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SURVIVORS'  
ASSOCIATION



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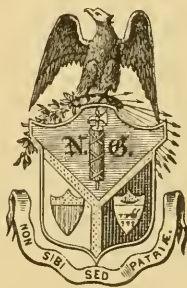
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REUNIONS OF THE SURVIVORS  
OF THE  
Ninetieth Penna. Vols.  
(INFANTRY,)  
ON THE  
Battle-field of Gettysburg.

September 2d & 3d,  
1863.



September 1st & 2d,  
1863.

DEDICATION OF "TREE" MONUMENT.

Locating their position on the afternoon of July 1st, 1863; junction of Oak Ridge and the Mummasburg road.

DEDICATION OF "EAGLE" MONUMENT.

Front of Ziegler's Grove, western base of Cemetery Hill; position of July 3d, 1863.

DEDICATION OF CHAPLAIN HORATIO S. HOWELL'S MEMORIAL

Within Christ Lutheran Church, Chambersburg Street, Gettysburg, and on the steps thereof, where he was killed July 1st, 1863.

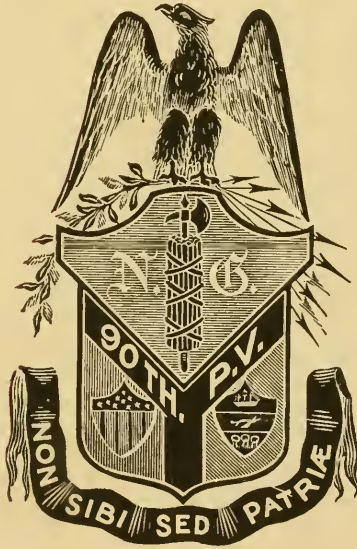
DEDICATION OF "BOULDER" MONUMENT.

Half way between Cemetery Hill and Round Top; position on afternoon of July 2d, 1863.





SOUVENIR  
—  
SURVIVORS'  
ASSOCIATION



GETTYSBURG  
1888-9.

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COMPILED BY COMRADE A. J. SELLERS AND PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION.

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**BVT. BRIG. GEN. PETER LYLE,**

Commander 19th and 90th, P. V.

(Deceased July 17th, 1879.)



## Our Pilgrimage to Gettysburg.

The Survivors and their many friends, of both sexes, left Philadelphia on Saturday, September 1st, at 11.50 A. M., being escorted to the depot by a detachment of the 2d Regiment, N. G. P., from their armory, under Lieut. McIntosh, of Co. I, and Lieut. Beans, of Co. B, preceded by the Frankford Band. The Mackinaw helmets, ribboned in blue with gold letters, made expressly for the survivors, gave them a uniform and soldierly appearance; and the handsome badge, woven in silk, was pronounced the most beautiful and appropriate yet manufactured. The torn battle-flags and guidons of the old 90th, and the Brigade flag, were carried in line, and frequently received a deserved ovation, for beneath their battle-scarred folds, many a brave and patriotic hero yielded up his life, that the nation might live.

Preparatory to the march, the following order was officially promulgated:

GENERAL ORDER, No. 2.

PHILADELPHIA, September 1st, 1888.

The following comrades will report and be assigned to duty, as follows:

Major Jacob M. Davis,	. . .	Acting Lieu't-Colonel.
Capt. John T. Durang,	. . .	" Major.
Capt. John A. Harris,	. . .	" Quartermaster.
Capt. William P. Davis,	. . .	" Surgeon.
J. Emory Byram,	. . .	" Ass't Surgeon.
Joseph G. Patterson,	. . .	" Paymaster,
Capt. William H. Warner,	. . .	" Aid-de-Camp.
Capt. Samuel B. Roney,	. . .	" "

Color-bearers, Wm. H. Paul, Thos. E. Berger, Johnson Roney.

Officer of the Day, for Saturday, Capt. George W. Watson.

“ “ “ Sunday, J. Emory Byram.

“ “ “ Monday, Lieut. Hillary Beyer.

Sergeant-Major, . . . . . Patrick Graham.

Commissary-Sergeant, . . . . . William H. Crouse.

Quartermaster-Sergeant, . . . . . Robert Earley.

Right General Guide, . . . . . Alex. Reed.

Left General Guide, . . . . . George W. Hunterson.

Comrade Alex. Reed will look after Mrs. E. J. Warren's guests.

“ Chas. McKinley “ Mrs. Roop's “

“ Wm. Weiseisen “ Mr. Isaac Culp's “

“ Jos. G. Patterson, “ Mrs. C. B. Myers' “ whose

residence will be used as Head Quarters.

It is enjoined upon *all* participating in this trip, a strict observance of duty, and that each and every one will endeavor to restrain any outside influences that will in any way tend to a breach of discipline and decorum, or mar the enjoyment of any of its participants. The veterans of the 90th know too well how to respect the presence of their lady guests.

By order,

A. J. SELLERS,

*Acting Colonel Commanding.*

W. W. MAYBERRY,

*Acting Adjutant.*

Gettysburg was reached, via Harrisburg, the same day before dark, and without any ceremony, we repaired to our respective abodes, under escort of our genial hosts, who were in waiting and had every arrangement consummated for our mutual enjoyment and comfort. Colonel Sellers and staff, before retiring, were the recipients of a delightful serenade from the G. A. R. Band of Gettysburg. Having sought sweet repose by retiring early in the evening, we early in the morning assembled at the locality known as the “Square,” where vehicles were in readiness to convey us to the battle-field, under the guidance of two practical chaperons and lecturers, Capt. Jas. T. Long and Maj. Chas. A. Hale. The weather being most auspicious, it was truly

a day of pleasure and instruction, never to be forgotten—nothing omitted, nothing slighted; our trip was replete with an account of almost every incident connected with the encounter, so accurately compiled and vividly portrayed by the aforesaid comrades and students of history. Doubly so was our battle-field trip so decided a success, because it was so admirably arranged, whereby we were permitted to reach our temporary homes in time to enjoy a good square inviting dinner, a short quiet rest and then resume our circuit of the field, which occupied until almost dark. Nothing of interest escaped our observation, so thorough were the labors of our guides. The view from the observatory on Big Round Top, on account of the then pure atmosphere, was one long to be remembered and appreciated. The writer has travelled extensively and cannot call to mind a view, where the eye can take in at a glance, such a range of extended and beautiful scenery. The observatory at Penn Mar is discernible to the naked eye. From Little Round Top, the lamented Warren detected the enemy moving to turn our left flank and thwarted their efforts by opportune demonstrations, but it was, however, a close call. On our way home, we visited the house used by Gettysburg's hero, Meade, as his headquarters, and there saw the wood chest which had been pierced by a Confederate shell, and other evidences of the danger which for a time encircled our wise and skillful Commander.

To crown the pleasures of the day, to cap the climax, as it were, we were favored with one of the most beautiful sunsets that it was ever our gratification to witness. Everything seemed to favor our enjoyment, the weather being most delightful; and from the diversified experiences of the day, we soon found repose in the arms of Morpheus. Monday morning, bright and early, we were on the alert. The veterans assembled at the Square, fully equipped, formed line and marched through Chambersburg Street to the depot, carrying the three battle-flags, that seemed to

inspire the boys with a vigor of manhood and pride, as of yore. In five minutes the iron horse had conveyed the entire party to the Mummasburg road, where the line was formed; a few minutes' march brought us to Reynolds' Avenue on Oak Ridge, where we halted in front of the veiled "Tree" monument. A large covered stand, provided with seats, had been erected by the genial Peter Culp, to whom we are indebted for kindnesses, and in the shadow of this luxury our lady friends sought refuge. A smaller stand was occupied by Vice-President Buehler, of the Battle-field Memorial Association; Hon. S. McSwope (burgess); Rev. J. K. Demarest, President A. J. Sellers, Vice-President J. M. Davis, and Hillary Beyer, Chairman of Monument Committee; the three latter of the Survivors' Association. A very unique, appropriate and handsome embossed Souvenir program was carried out; exercises commenced at 9 o'clock; A. M.





## Dedication of Tree Monument.

Scene of the first day's fight. Junction of Mummasburg road and Oak Ridge, Gettysburg. Survivors' Association 90th Regiment, P. V., (infantry). September 3d, 1888. Anniversary of the acceptance of regiment for three years service by the War Department, U. S. A., September 3d, 1861.

Music—"Reconciliation," Gettysburg G. A. R. Band.

Invocation—Rev. J. K. Demarest, of Gettysburg:

O thou, almighty and eternal, who rulest in the affairs of nations as well as of individual men, we acknowledge thee the God of battles. We thank thee for thy goodness shown in the continued life and health of those whom thou hast permitted to re-gather on this spot of sacred memory. We thank thee, that with the thoughts now coming back to them of that famous day—that awful day of war and blood and death, when last they were here side by side, is now associated and forever bound up, the knowledge of victory, of a sacred cause, of a united, prosperous and glorious nation. May the lessons of patriotism, valor, self-sacrifice and heroism taught on this field be learned—be learned by ourselves, our children, and our children's children. Bless our whole nation. More and more may our beloved land be as the kingdom of Heaven on earth—a land of abundance, of liberty, of righteousness, of peace and of joy. Bless these survivors, their accompanying friends, the homes whence they have come, and all who are in them. Bless us all. May we do well our part in the great battle of life and through Jesus Christ gain such victory, as that we may find entrance at last into the land of thy presence, where there shall be no more strife, and no farewell shall be said forever. *Amen.*

Presentation address—Lieut. Hillary Beyer, Chairman:

*Comrades and Friends.*—The efforts of the Survivors' Association of the 90th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, with the kind assistance of its friends, have been crowned with success in erecting two monuments on the sacred soil of Gettysburg, to mark the spot where the regiment stood as a stone wall between their homes and their country's foe. The question might be asked just here, "what means this small body of men, who call themselves the Survivors' Association?" It means this, they are those of the 1600 who were enrolled in the 90th Regiment, and who have survived the many battles, lost and won.

The erection of these monuments does not tell the whole story of the three long years of toil, hard-fought battles and weary marches that the regiment participated in; only the survivors themselves can give you that history. The enrollment dates from September 3d, 1861, but it first saw its military light in the 2d Regiment, National Guards, when its services were offered to the government, in response to President Lincoln's call for 75,000 men to serve three months; it was accepted as the 19th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and when this regiment was mustered out of service many of the officers and men were enrolled for three years, under the 90th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers. It was recruited, equipped and encamped at Philadelphia, and on April 1st, 1862, was ordered to the front by way of Baltimore and Washington, to Acquia Creek, Virginia, and in a short time moved on to Fredericksburg, where it was attached to Gen. Rickett's Division, Army of Virginia. It was here that the regiment was put in light marching order, for the purpose of crossing the Rappahannock River and on to Richmond, by way of Hanover Court House. But a new danger presented itself—Stonewall Jackson was moving up the valley; Washington, the Capitol of the Nation was threatened! An order came to retrace our steps, and many days of long marches

and counter-marches from Fredericksburg to Acquia Creek, thence to Alexandria, Manassas, Front Royal, then a return to Manassas, then to Warrenton and Rappahannock, to Culpepper, to Cedar Mountain, August 9th, 1862, where the regiment received its baptismal fire. After the battle we moved to the Rapidan River. But alas, some one had blundered! and our brigade (Tower's) was selected to cover the retreat, made by way of Culpepper, then to Rappahannock, where we were under fire, then to Warrenton and Thoroughfare Gap, where we joined our division, which had stopped the forward march of a whole army corps of the enemy. Night closed the conflict. We withdrew during the night and by a long, hard march arrived at the memorable battle-field of Bull Run, August 30th; we went into action, about 4.30 P. M., at a place called Groveton. The conduct of our brigade and division called forth special mention by Gen. Pope, who commanded. The loss in our regiment was 218, and in the brigade, of four regiments, a total of 696, officers and men. At the close of the day we fell back to Centreville, then to Chantilly, where the brave Kearney and Stevens gave up their lives for their country; from Chantilly to Hall's Hill, where we became a part of the Army of the Potomac, under McClellan, the great organizer of that army.

The enemy were now in Maryland, and we marched from Hall's Hill through Washington and Frederick City, Maryland, and on up to South Mountain battle-field, arriving at the close of the day, September 14th, 1862, and became engaged about 8.30 P. M., at the command of "up and at them!" We lost but two men, the enemy losing 169; one single volley of buck and ball did the work. On September 15th we moved on to Antietam, and on the 16th went into position. On the morning of the 17th we became hotly engaged in the memorable cornfield, losing 98, officers and men, in a very short time. You all know how the enemy was hurled back into Virginia!

We went into camp, were supplied with clothing, and then moved once more into Virginia. Crossing the Potomac at Berlin, we arrived in front of Fredericksburg. We crossed the river on December 12th, and entered the battle on December 13th, 1862. This engagement was severe, and resulted in a loss of 106, officers and men. We recrossed the river and performed various kinds of duty near Fredericksburg and Pratt's Point, and in the spring of 1863 went on the memorable "mud march." We participated in the second battle of Fredericksburg, and at Chancellorsville, where we were under fire. The army fell back to the east side of the river, our regiment going into camp at White Oak Church.

In a short time Lee started for Maryland and Pennsylvania, and an order came for the old 1st Corps to move also. It is needless for me to tell you of the long weary marches through Virginia and Maryland into Pennsylvania. You remember them too well, and how we reached this memorable spot where this monument now stands, and which I, as Chairman of the Monument Committee, am about to convey to the sacred trust of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association.

The tablet on this monument tells you and future generations the number of men lost on this spot July 1st, 1863. The dove (the emblem of peace) perched on the edge of its nest, proclaims the sentiment of brave and true men who fought right here. The gun and knapsack attached to the tree proclaim to all that the war is over.

The monument was covered with the storm flag of the 2d Regiment, N. G., of Philadelphia, the successors of the old 90th P. V.; for be it known, that the 90th was originally the 19th of the line (three months' service), previous to which, in the service of the State (prior to April, 1861) it was the 2d Regiment, P. V. M; all three regiments commanded by Col. Peter Lyle,

Brevet Brigadier General, whose remains now rest in Ivy Hill Cemetery, Philadelphia. At a given signal Capt. John T. Durang, Co. A, who was carried off the field during the battle, supposed to have then been mortally wounded, being shot through the lung, drew the rope which unfurled the flag (a pole having been erected), and to the breeze it floated, amidst the roar of artillery, the music of the Star Spangled Banner and the applause of the assemblage, as the beautiful, unique and appropriate granite representative of the grand old oak of the forest was exposed to view. Many were the expressions of delightful approval; and by some of the residents pronounced, because of its significance, the most appropriate memorial on the grounds when you study out the sentiments thereon expressed. The old oak, indicative of strength, dignity and manhood; the powerful missile of war left its mark and track and even a cannon-ball is imbedded therein. In the crevices the birds (in bronze), emblems of love and peace, have sought shelter and built their nest above harm's way. The ivy vine (in bronze) entwining around the bark with nature's tenacity, symbolic of that fraternity which binds the veterans of the war unto each other in charity and loyalty. The gun and accoutrements (in bronze) of an infantry soldier (90th P. V.) no longer to be used in bloody strife, are suspended from a cut off limb, there to hang as a reminder, that compromise after compromise proved a failure, and treason was fought out on this line—the high water mark of the rebellion—to its ultimate death. The disc, in polished granite, represents the 1st Corps badge, beneath which is the bronze tablet, inscribed as follows:

RIGHT OF FIRST CORPS.

Here fought the 90th Pennsylvania Infantry on the afternoon of July 1st, 1863. Killed and mortally wounded, 11; wounded, 44; captured or missing, 39; total 94, of 208 engaged. Organized October 1st, 1861; mustered out November 26th, 1864. Inscription on the bronze knapsack, 90th P. V., 2d Brigade, 2d Division, 1st Corps. On the reverse side (east) is the Pennsylvania Coat of Arms in bronze.

The right and left flank of the regiment, is indicated respectively by the stump of a tree, cut from granite, the bark as in the tree accurately imitated, the top or surface of stump lettered "right and left flank, 90th P. V." Our line of battle here indicated an angle, one-third facing the west, the remainder facing the north, and in this position stood the shock of the terrible onslaught.

Chairman Beyer, in a few appropriate remarks, then introduced the Hon. S. McSwope, who represented the Battle-field Association. The writer has no desire to pass any encomiums, other than is deserving, but he would fail of his duty did he not say, on behalf of the survivors, that the address was a grand and eloquent portrayal of the part enacted by the 90th, and was ever so much appreciated by them, inasmuch, as that their hearts were made glad by the expressions of commendation, for in well doing their aim was accomplished, and actions duly appreciated always prompts renewal of praiseworthy deeds.

Some men are possessed with a presence, seemingly magnetic, that at once interests the hearer and wins the closest attention, such an one is Burgess McSwope, who so ably accepted the memorial, on behalf of his colleagues, in the following address:

*Mr. President, Veterans of the 90th Pennsylvania Volunteers,  
Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association compliments you upon your efficient and perfect work; and it most cheerfully receives into its hands, and promises you to guard with a loving and continued care, this beautiful memorial of yours, you have planted upon the spot where you fought and your comrades fell, fighting in defence of the Union, and in trying to drive back from the free soil of your own loved State, the presumptuously invading cohorts of rebellion.

The ground upon which your monument stands, the enemy



recovered from you; but your retreat from here was inevitable, as you were facing the whole Army of Northern Virginia. And yet, in the face of all disadvantages, though fighting with but a single line, and against overpowering numbers, how grandly, how bravely, and how long you held this position!

You were following the instructions of your early lost and lamented Reynolds,—you were fighting for time, until reinforcements could come up, until commanding heights on the other side of the town, to which you could fall back, were safely secured; and you fought like brave men, long and well. You piled this ground with rebel slain, and you conquered, although you finally retreated. The stubbornness of your resistance here, the matchless heroism with which you contested every inch of ground, checked the enemy's advance, gave our reinforcements a chance to come up and locate themselves, and distinguished the valor of our arms on the first day of this battle, as *unsurpassed* by any fighting that occurred on the second or the third, or in the annals of any war. It matters not where you fought, or what you did, on the following days, the 2d or the 3d—you could not have done more effective or gallant work, than you did here.

Your corps, after a forced march, were first to come on this field, to the relief of Buford. Your great commander, anxious to see for himself what was best to be done, hastened in person to the front, where he was almost instantly killed. What a loss to you and the cause of the Union was that! The value of a thousand men went down, when the gallant Reynolds fell.

You will remember you were first formed in line of battle at the foot of this hill, and were advanced to its crest just in time to meet a fierce charge of the enemy, *which you repulsed*. Your regiment here performed one of the most difficult movements possible in battle, that of changing regimental front while under fire, and you did it so creditably and so well, as to secure from your

brigade commander a *complimentary* notice thereof in his official report.

Here you repulsed charge after charge of the enemy, but as quickly as you drove back one set of men, others were at hand to take their places. Here you captured Iverson's North Carolina Brigade; and from this place you would not and did not go, until humanity could no longer withstand the press of overpowering numbers. Here you met the advance of Lee. Stubbornly and for hours you held him in check, thus accomplishing much toward the final victory.

We are glad to see such bravery and devotion to country as you and your fallen comrades here evidenced, and which has made this hill immortal and this ground sacred, so fittingly marked by your beautiful memorial. As we said before, it will be our pleasure to guard it with a loving and continued care.

At the conclusion, many were the expressions of approbation from all those who had the fortune to hear it.

The Survivors' Committee of Arrangements selected its President to deliver the oration, as a compliment to him for the earnestness and perseverance of his labors, in connection with the most successful consummation of everything appertaining to the credit and welfare of the organization.







RIGHT OF FIRST CORPS  
BATAVIA  
PENANG  
1878

90th P.V.  
2nd Brig. 1st Div.  
FIRST CORPS.

## Oration at Tree Monument.

Chairman Hillary Beyer introduced Col. A. J. Sellers, President of the Association.

Col. Sellers then delivered the following address, but as a prelude, heartily thanked the HON. S. McSWOPE, on behalf of the Veterans, for the very complimentary allusions, so feelingly recounted; and the echoes of the artillery (manned by the comrades of Post 9, G. A. R.) seemed to add an additional salutation to the eloquence of Gettysburg's distinguished citizen.

*Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Gettysburg! If ever there be consecrated ground, then can you well say, naught is more hallowed except the path the Saviour of the world wended, as he ascended the rugged heights of Calvary. As he died for the salvation of men, so our comrades died to make men free.

Gettysburg, so often quoted as the high water mark of the rebellion, was truly the turning point in the war for the preservation of the Union. The magnitude of the conflict, and its far-reaching consequences, give it rank among the world's greatest battles. As the years roll by, its interest increases, and these memorial shafts are erected in commemoration of the great deeds of the heroes who here gave their all, their lives, that the Nation should, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people should not perish from the earth. So spoke the immortal Lincoln, on yonder hill, in 1863.

"If General Lee wants provisions, let him go and look for them in Pennsylvania," was the reply sent from the Richmond

authorities; and this was the sentiment of its President and the popular southern feeling. For this purpose did we find General Lee massing his forces in Pennsylvania, July, 1863, concentrating in the vicinity of Gettysburg. Ewell and Earley had passed through the town a few days before, apparently marching on Harrisburg, with Philadelphia and Washington as objective points. Ascertaining that the Union army was in closer proximity than he had anticipated, he intended to seek a defensive position, and so assured his lieutenants—thinking he would have ample time to select and occupy such a one. Gettysburg was the point of concentration decided upon, by way of the southern and western routes. General Meade was equally desirous of securing the advantage of a defensive position, and he selected for the advance two of his subordinate men, noted for quickness of perception, promptness of decision and gallantry on the battle-field—Reynolds and Buford—to operate his left flank.

Buford took in the situation at once, and on the early morning of July 1st dismounted his two brigades, Gamble and Devens', reducing thereby his command one-fourth to care for the horses; and at about 8 o'clock in the morning the cavalry engaged Heth's Division of Hill's 3d Corps Infantry (Archer and Davis' Brigades), they supposing their opponents were infantry. A severe struggle took place on the banks of Willoughby Run. Buford had his artillery admirably posted. His object was simply to retard the enemy until Reynolds' 1st Corps, which was near at hand, could be placed in position; they having that morning made a forced march from Marsh Creek, about five miles from Gettysburg.

The gallant Reynolds, having been informed of the opening of the battle by Buford, proceeded in advance of his infantry column, following the sound of battle, at full gallop, to bring the assurance of speedy relief to our cavalry and its valiant chief-



tain. And here I desire to speak of the magnificent stand made by our gallant troopers, pitted against Hill's veteran infantry.

The 1st Corps was on the lead in the march from Marsh Creek and Emmitsburg, where it had bivouacked for the night of June 30th; the 90th that day having made a march of twenty-three miles, through mud and rain. General Reynolds commanded the 1st Corps and the advance of the Army of the Potomac—the 1st, 11th and 3d Corps. Soon after his arrival, about 9.45 o'clock, A. M., in making disposition of his command, he was too early made immortal, and in the glory of his manhood (but forty-three years of age), rapidly rising to the zenith of fame—he fell upon his native soil, a martyr to his country, and lamented throughout every loyal State of the land he loved. The position selected for the 1st Corps, under the direction of General Reynolds, was an inferior one, in comparison to the strategic one of Cemetery Hill, and knowing that the enemy were in advance of us, and that Lee's forces could be concentrated somewhat sooner, he chose the more indefensible one to fight upon, so that in the event of disaster, our advancing troops could occupy and fortify Cemetery Hill, a powerful line of defense, with Culp's and Power's Hills on the right and the two Round Tops on the left. As he approached Gettysburg he noticed the magnificent position of Cemetery Hill; it could not, in fact, have escaped his trained military eye. Had he occupied that position on the first day, the overwhelming numbers of Ewell's and Hill's Corps, would have driven the 1st and 11th Corps from it, and perhaps precipitated a disaster dreadful to contemplate.

Cutler's Brigade of Wadsworth's Division (76th and 147th N. Y. and 56th P. V.) led the advance of the 1st Corps, facing the west, north of the then unfinished railroad. The 95th N. Y., 14th Brooklyn, with Hall's 2d Maine Battery, were located south of the railroad cut. The 56th P. V., Col. J. W. Hofmann, of Phil-

adelphia, delivered the first infantry volley. On their left was the road from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, and still further to the left was the Hagerstown road; upon these roads Hill's Corps was moving. Between these roads is the historic Reynolds' Grove, extending westward to Willoughby Run. Both armies wanted possession of these woods to cover their movements. Gen. Reynolds ordered the Iron Brigade to enter. They pushed forward and were confronted by Archer's Tennessee Brigade, who had just crossed the run, and by a brilliant movement of Fairchild's 2d Wisconsin and Col. Morrow's 24th Michigan, of the Iron Brigade, turned the right flank of the Confederates, capturing several regiments (upwards of 500 men), including their brigade commander, Gen. Archer, driving the remainder of the brigade beyond the stream at the bayonet's point.

Pending this movement is when the gallant Reynolds fell, supposed to have been shot by a sharpshooter. Heth's Division now pressed forward upon our right flank and attacked Cutler's Brigade, front and flank, they having located *en echelon*. Hall's 2d Maine Battery here lost a gun, which was subsequently recaptured. Two regiments of Davis' Mississippians, to avoid a withering concentrated fire, were forced into the railroad cut and there captured, with their colors. This fortunate occurrence partially relieved Cutler's Brigade. During a lull, Heth reorganized his shattered division to await the assistance of Pender's Division, for a fresh attack. Four weakened brigades had been contending with eight well filled Confederate brigades, who here found out that their sudden attacks *en masse* were more dangerous and more difficult of execution along the open country of Pennsylvania, than among the thickly wooded settlements of Virginia, where they did not stand in dread of slanting fires. The remainder of the 1st Corps were marching into position on the right, it being Doubleday's and Robinson's Divisions, the former commanded by Gen. Rowley, Doubleday

having succeeded Reynolds. At the same time Pender's Confederate Division was being deployed and the engagement renewed with increased vigor.

The Bucktails' Brigade, under Col. Roy Stone, were now placed north and adjoining the Reynolds' Grove, fighting with conspicuous bravery, shouting "we have come to stay;" and Biddle's Brigade, located south of the Grove (facing the west), with no wood to rest upon to disguise its weakness, was our extreme left, where they felt the power of the immense force arrayed against them. Rowley's Brigade, under Col. Biddle, confronted what seemed to be a division coming down upon their front from the west and south in heavy lines, and upon his flank, Brockenbrough's Virginians emerged under cover of the woods. Cooper's Union Battery was wheeled into position. Terrible rents were made in the advancing lines, but closing up they came on undaunted. Hill at this time had Pender's Division of four brigades, and Heth's four, making eight large brigades to six of the 1st Corps. Pender and Heth by this time developed their full strength and faced the 1st Corps with nearly three times as many men, and their line connected on their left with Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps, who had so opportunely arrived from Carlisle. At this juncture our regiment, the 90th P. V., went into position under the fire of the guns stationed on Oak Hill, and we being on the extreme right of the 1st Corps, were obliged to in part refuse, or face the north. Our general line of battle was facing the west, frequently *en eschelon*, and upon our regimental front was O'Neal's Alabama Brigade, and Page's Virginia Battery stationed at the red barn, where they suffered so severely, losing fully one-half their men in killed and wounded. Upon Oak Hill, enflading our line of battle, was Carter's Battalion of Artillery, Rodes' line of battle facing the south and east, Iverson on our left, Daniels and O'Neal in the centre, and Doles far beyond, whose direct line of fire was to

the left of the 11th Corps; Ramseur's Brigade was in reserve, but subsequently engaged. A portion of our brigade took advantage of a stone fence, which protected us from view, and as Iverson's North Carolinians advanced, which was about 2.30 o'clock, we delivered such a deadly volley at very short range, that death's mission was with unerring certainty, and so destructive were the volleys we rapidly delivered that we followed it up with a charge, ordered by the plucky Baxter, which resulted in the capture of three regiments of the brigade. This was a decisive blow, but we could not withstand the succeeding lines of battle, and the enfilading artillery fire from Oak Hill. Confederate Rodes, in his report, speaks of his command being subjected to a murderous enfilade and direct infantry fire from the time it commenced its advance.

O'Neal's troops felt confident of turning our right—the force of the attack fell upon the 90th P. V., your regiment—but they were repulsed with heavy loss and the remnants thereof hurled back; no longer did they attempt an advance, until we were later on ordered to a position near the Seminary, under cover of the woods. The brigade of North Carolinians, under Ramseur, and O'Neal's Alabamians were held in check by the undaunted courage of the gallant Robinson and his troops. The unusually large number of Confederate officers killed and wounded, as well as our own, attest to the severity of the conflict and the daring of the 1st Corps. Six brigades constituted the corps, commanded by Meredith, Morrow, Robinson, Cutler, Biddle, Roy Stone, Paul, Wistar, Dana, Leonard and Baxter, and who repeatedly thwarted the brilliant charges made by an equally valiant foe. Six of these brigade commanders were wounded. For over five hours the corps held the enemy in check. At last another desperate attack by Daniels, of Rodes' Division, was made on Roy Stone's Brigade. The enemy, unable to make any impression upon Baxter's and Paul's Brigade of Robinson's

Division, the blow fell with withering effect upon Roy Stone, shortly before 3 o'clock. In two lines the enemy moved forward, parallel to the pike, but the 149th P. V. sheltered themselves behind the railroad cut, the 143d P. V., Col. Dana, on the right and rear of the 149th. The 149th, Col. Dwight, poured two terrific volleys, and by a brilliant bayonet charge, magnificently supported by the remainder of the brigade, broke their lines, and in dismay they fell back, a beaten foe. Davis' Brigade, of Hill's Corps, failed to co-operate. Wistar succeeded to the command, Col. Roy Stone being wounded. Once more they moved against the Bucktails (Daniels' and Davis' Brigades), from the north-west, only to be again repulsed; as also in a subsequent attack, the 150th P. V., under command of Col. Huidekoper, distinguishing itself by brilliant fighting, ending in a bayonet charge. Huidekoper, though badly wounded, held his position. Here Col. Wistar, of the 150th P. V., commanding the brigade, was wounded, Col. Dana succeeding him.

Frequent assaults were made upon Paul's and Baxter's Brigades (the latter including the 90th P. V.), but they stubbornly held the ground, and would not be driven from their position, until their ammunition began to grow scarce, some having fired their last cartridge, and were supplied from the boxes of their killed and wounded comrades. Their position now became untenable, from the numerically overwhelming superiority of our foes, who were taking advantage of the gap in our line of battle on our right.

It was then shortly after three o'clock, and the two divisions of the 11th Corps had been routed; the 1st Corps was still continuing the struggle in the position it had been defending since morning. Doubleday, appreciating the new danger to which he was about to be exposed, sent to Gen. Howard for immediate reinforcements, or the order of retreat. The only support he

offered Doubleday was Buford's Cavalry, who at the time was covering with difficulty the retreat of his corps on the extreme right. Reynolds' men can never forget how near they were to being sacrificed. Howard was subsequently superseded by Hancock, a junior officer, who had arrived upon the field of action, about 4.30 o'clock. Pender's Division of eighteen regiments replaced Heth's Division of exhausted and discouraged troops. Pender, about 3.30 o'clock, assails the three small brigades of Stone, Morrow and Biddle, now reduced to 1500. Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps, no longer assailed by the 11th Corps, turn in for a general attack, supported by thirty pieces of artillery, and make a rapid descent upon the stone wall, behind which a portion of Robinson's Division was posted, and thus apparently hemmed in, the order was given to abandon the position we so gallantly had maintained.

It was at this time that Gen. Paul, who commanded the 1st Brigade, was so severely wounded in the head, losing both eyes, and the Adjutant of our regiment, David P. Weaver, acting Brigade Adjutant General, was so severely wounded; and for all this undaunted courage, the 1st Corps was, by a general officer of another corps, unfairly criticized, because two regiments of Cutler's Brigade, sooner than be annihilated or captured, were ordered to fall back early in the fight, under cover of Seminary Ridge; but they subsequently returned, achieved brilliant lustre by their heroic conduct and manfully held their position with the brigade. Our men made a firm resistance around the Seminary, to which point we withdrew, under cover of the woods, and by the aid of our batteries under Col. Wainwright, Chief of 1st Corps Artillery, beat back the first line of Scales' North Carolina Brigade, wounding both Generals Scales and Pender.

Scales says, that he arrived within seventy-five feet of our guns, and adds that every field officer but one was killed or wounded. Gen. Doubleday, in his report, gives to Baxter's Bri-



gade of Robinson's Division, of which the 90th P. V. was a part, the credit of holding in check the left of Scales' North Carolina Brigade, while our artillery withdrew along the railroad embankment; a portion of the 90th having been in support of Stewart's Battery B (4th U. S. Artillery), north of the railroad cut. With all our casualties, the 1st Corps lost but one gun, (Reynolds' 2d N. Y. Battery), the horses having been shot, and there being no time to disengage them.

About 4.15 P. M. Gen. Doubleday ordered us to fall back from the Seminary into the town, the 11th Corps having been already driven therein, and many captured in the streets of Gettysburg. It was a stubborn retirement—Scales', Daniels', Ramseur's and O'Neal's Brigades almost surrounded us,—Robinson's men being the last to vacate Seminary Ridge. The 1st Corps was broken, but not dismayed, showing the true spirit of soldiers. They reached the gate of the Cemetery on the hill, which was our rallying point. I call to your mind that this magnificent fighting by the 1st Corps was a single line, unsupported, unrenewed—artillery on its front and right flank—and chiefly unprotected by breastworks. It was a series of brilliant charges and counter charges. Could there have been a corps up at that time to support the 1st, how decisive might have been the results. A gallant resistance was made by it between Willoughby Run and Seminary (or Oak) Ridge, against superior numbers, viz., Heth's and Pender's Division of Hill's Confederate Corps, who, by their own vastly underestimated report of 15,000, and four brigades of Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps of 8,000, in all 23,000, marched against the gallant 1st Corps, numbering 8,200 maximum (three to one), and not until 4 o'clock, P. M., did they succeed in dislodging the 1st Corps from their position. The records of war present no instance of more gallant, stubborn and persistent fighting than that offered by Reynolds' men.

You will observe that the series of repeated assaults on our

line were isolated attacks by brigades, and changes of front were frequent. Open manœuvring of troops was more fully carried out on the first day's battle than is usual, on account of the topography of the country; and the captures made by the 1st Corps were by brilliant manœuvres—chiefly whole regiments, and including the only captured confederate unharmed general officer (Archer) at Gettysburg, while our losses were isolated men, mostly in the falling back from Seminary Ridge, of mixed and indiscriminate commands, in the streets and immediate suburbs of Gettysburg, where we were hemmed in and the avenues of escape so well guarded. The losses sustained by the 1st Corps after as brilliant fighting as was done at Gettysburg (with all due deference to the valor of other corps), attest to the verification of my assertion. The 1st Corps lost 5,750 out of 8,200 (70 per cent.); Robinson's Division losing 1,600 out of 2,500 engaged. These figures tell eloquently of the terrible ordeal through which they passed. The Confederates admit a loss on the first day of 7,500, and only a loss of 829 in front of the 11th Corps; almost as many casualties as we had effective strength in the entire corps. Our loss, however, was proportionately greater by far, than that of any other corps engaged, and it inflicted greater damage upon their opponents. Its beloved leader fell, but his keen sagacity and military genius gave us the advantage of position, which finally resulted in a glorious victory.

Very diverging figures as to the respective strength of the two armies have been given by different authorities; therefore it is difficult to clearly establish the fact. The Comte de Paris, who is considered as an impartial historian, places the Union forces engaged—not what was carried on the rolls, as more tolerance was shown in the Union army, as to keeping up the effective strength, than in the Southern army—at from 82,000 to 84,000 actual fighting strength, and 327 guns, including cavalry and

artillery, making proper allowance for the sick, stragglers, detached men and the like.

The 6th Corps, the largest in the army, under Sedgwick, did not arrive on the field until late in the afternoon and evening of the second day, having made a forced march of forty miles, being that far away when the battle commenced; consequently they did not all receive the shock of battle like unto the other corps. Corse's Brigade, of Pickett's Division, and a regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade were left at Hanover Junction; also three regiments of Earley's Division at Winchester, and the ratio of deduction, on account of sick, etc., like unto our own, made the Confederates' effective force at 69,000 men and 250 guns, a difference of about 14,000 men. There has been too much exaggeration as to the fighting strength of both armies.

One peculiarity in the organization of the Confederate forces was that troops of the same State almost invariably formed entire brigades; this was rarely the case in our army.

A finer body of disciplined veterans never followed the Stars and Bars at any previous period; its morale was of the finest—flushed with victory just before at Chancellorsville. Our army had scarcely recovered from that terrible shock, where our casualties were 17,197, and the Confederates 13,019. The losses on this field to both sides were nearly equal, about 23,000 each.

The number of belligerents at the world-renowned Waterloo, June 18th, 1815, was 140,000: Under Napoleon, 72,000; under Wellington, 68,000. The timely arrival of Blucher's Prussian Corps (fully 50,000) decisively crushed out Napoleon's failure to defeat Wellington. At Gettysburg, the combined forces aggregated 152,000, with a joint loss in killed and wounded of 31,800, in comparison with the joint loss at Waterloo of 30,600, which occupied but eight hours, while Gettysburg lasted three days, but not continuous fighting, owing to the battle be-

ing precipitated ere the arrival of our entire army. Waterloo and Gettysburg rank as the two greatest battles of modern times.

Gettysburg was conspicuous for hand to hand fighting, stalwart men were cut down in the saddle ; Confederate Gen. Wade Hampton received a severe sabre wound. The Union and Confederate cavalry on the right hew each other with sabres, amid demoniac yells, and on the left, Kilpatrick desperately fought his cavalry, losing one of the bravest cavalry officers that ever drew a sword, Farnsworth, who fell at the head of the 1st Vermont, and the Confederate accounts say, though severely wounded, he, by his own hand, severed his existence, sooner than surrender.

In a charge, generally one or the other of opposing ranks break before the touch of weapons. The desperate but unsuccessful charge on the evening of the 2d, by Avery's and Hay's Brigade of "Louisiana Tigers," on the 11th Corps and the batteries of Rickett and Weidrick, who expended 500 pounds of canister, was a terrible hand to hand conflict, on the north side of Cemetery Hill. Individual bravery was here never surpassed. Carroll's Brigade of the 2d Corps charged and saved the day. The assault by Wilcox, Perry and White, on the second day, penetrating our 3d Corps line on Seminary Ridge, where the 1st Minnesota was almost annihilated, equals almost the desperate, but brilliant attack of Pickett's Division on the third day, which history has immortalized. On the left, during the second day, the whole space from the Peach Orchard to the Devil's Den had been fought over and over ; thousands fell in that bloody arena.

Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts Battery particularly distinguished itself in a stubborn hand to hand encounter with Humphrey's 41st Mississippians—the only regiment that actually crossed Plum Run, dealing death with fearful pace. The battery sacrificed itself for the safety of our line ; its losses being unequalled by any light battery engaged in any battle of the war save one, at

Iuka, Mississippi. Its guns were that evening recaptured. In the wheat field Col. Jeffers, of the 4th Michigan (5th Corps), was killed by a bayonet thrust. And when, at 1.15 P. M., on the third day, 150 Confederate guns opened upon our position from Seminary Ridge, I shall never forget that artillery cannonade, just previous to Pickett's charge, which presented one of the most magnificent battle scenes witnessed during the war. The hills on either side were capped with crowns of flame and smoke, as about 300 guns, equally divided between the two ridges, launched their iron hail upon each other. Dense clouds of smoke settled over the valley, assisting thereby to cover the subsequent advance of Pickett's and a portion of Hill's command. The shells went hissing and screaming on their errand of death, through the dense vapor; numbers exploded over the valley, apparently with venomous impatience, as they met each other in mid-air, lighting up the clouds with smoke like flashes of lurid lightning. While this grand artillery duel was in progress, with the thermometer indicating 87 degrees in the shade, Pickett's, the last division to reach the field and the only Confederate division that had not been engaged, followed with his world-renowned charge of Virginia troops, and a portion of Hill's Corps. In three lines, with inadequate support, they press forward on their fatal march, taking and dealing death at every blow. Like leaves in autumn gales, they drop along the line. The summit is reached! Meade's line is broken in the very centre of our position, crowning Cemetery heights with the flag of Virginia and the Confederacy; they bear themselves with a gallantry that cannot be surpassed. Into their ranks we pour a deadly fire, before which the Confederate line curls and withers like leaves in the flames. No panic seized the Union troops; with one spontaneous effort officers and men fell upon them like an avalanche, and the flag of the Confederacy drops on the high tide of the rebellion,—Gettysburg is won!

A desperate attempt was made to drive us from Culp's Hill, on the morning of the 3d, after we had recaptured our vacated works, and from the Round Tops on the afternoon of the 2d; and while all efforts to turn our flanks failed, the Confederates, notwithstanding, exhibited a degree of valor unsurpassed by any troops of modern times. It was truly, jointly, American valor.

The fighting of our batteries throughout was of the grandest and most fearless character, frequently hand to hand, an example of which is seen in Cushing's grand defense and noble sacrifice. The brilliant manœuvering and charges to and fro, on the field of the 1st Corps, resulted in the capture of entire rebel regiments and a general officer; and when overwhelmed, the disciplined withdrawal of the 1st Corps, fighting and disputing the ground foot by foot, won for them the admiration alike of friend and foe.

The contest of the first day, I am sorry to say, has by some been underestimated, who prate that the battle of Gettysburg was fought only by the contestants of the second and third days. The 1st Corps opened the battle and was in at the final blow. On the second day it was divided.

Wadsworth's Division at Culp's Hill, prolonging the line of the 12th Corps on the evening of the 2d, assisted in the repulse of a ferocious attack by Ewell. Robinson's Division was in support of the 3d Corps, after their repulse early on the evening of the 2d. On that eventful Friday of the 3d, Doubleday's Division was on the left of the 2d Corps, where the stalwart Green Mountain boys, under Stannard, received their baptismal fire and so brilliantly crushed in the flanks of Pickett's and Wilcox's men, at that most decisive hour, leaving no silver lining in the clouds that hung so darkly over the field, to cheer the drooping spirits of the foemen, worthy of our steel.

Who can measure the evils that would have resulted, had our erring brethren succeeded. Possibly we should now have a dis-



membered Republic, slavery still in existence, and woe and humiliation beyond conjecture; but it was decreed otherwise. To an all wise Providence we ascribe praise and thanksgiving.

The war is over. In a day, the two armies returned to peaceful citizenship, and no punishment was inflicted on the vanquished. Against a foreign foe the blue and the gray would merge wholly into the red, white and blue. True, the resentments of the war linger here and there, but chiefly, like the scattered flashes of the lightning on the edge of a thundercloud, just passed by.

The Confederate soldier believed equally with us that he was fighting for the right, and maintained that faith with a courage that fully sustained the reputation of "American" valor, and yet, one side or the other was wrong. The God of Battles decided for Liberty and Nationality. The outgrowth of their failure has been the magnificent development of the South, and the hills and mountains are yielding up their treasures, to the founding and building of new Birmingham and Sheffields.

Take, for instance, the construction of railroads during the present year. The South is far ahead. California first, but Georgia next, with 195 miles; then Alabama, 146 miles. The greatest activity is thus to be seen in the South. These enterprises open and develop territory, and invite emigration to a new agriculture and to mines of wealth.

The youth of the land are now taught and imbued with the sentiment that this Republic is not a confederacy of independent States, but a Nation, with power to use the last dollar and enlist the last man to maintain the authority of the Constitution and the supremacy of the Flag. It required complete and utter exhaustion, so as to leave no truce to recuperate for subsequent agitation; hence to close the conflict in the early years of the rebellion, would have left an unconverted and unreconstructed people.



I call to mind, how often do we hear that the "pensioner" is a term of reproach, instead of honorable recognition of the country's gratitude. These men, at a compensation of \$13.00 a month, left behind them prospects for promotion in their respective vocations; in most cases gave the best period of their life, and for three years or more, marched under blazing suns, slept upon the ground, breathed the miasma of the swamps, racked with fevers, endured the horrors of the prison-pen, and amidst shot, shell, and sabre thrust, kept their colors aloft to eventual triumph, which secured for the people of the Republic and their descendants, civil and religious rights and business opportunities unsurpassed, if even equalled by any other nation. The spirit of patriotism will ever continue and protect these grand results. We are a Republic! a tried Republic—tried in the crucible of fire—enduring to the end of time.

Comrades—age, disease and death are fast thinning our ranks. Our active service will soon be only glorious memories for the inspiration of others. Our story will be the recruiting sergeant of coming generations. Two grand facts stare us in the face, facts standing like monuments at the beginning and close of our grand old Army of the Potomac: It owes its existence to the masterly organizing abilities of McClellan and ended the war under the superb generalship of Grant. As we recall the memories of the dead, the spirits of all the warrior heroes of the past come floating before us. Washington and his generals! Enrolled in their company and encircled with their glory, are Grant and McClellan, Meade and Reynolds, Hooker and Hancock, Burnside and Kearney, Thomas and McPherson, Sedgwick and Sumner, Warren and Sykes, Custer and Kilpatrick, Farragut and Foote, and last, our lamented Sheridan, who so gallantly plucked victory from defeat.

Let us recall to mind that noblest of historical groupings, when Lee, the brilliant strategist, surrendered to the greatest

soldier of his time, the lamented Grant, and there sealed anew the life of the nation; and last, but not least, the rank and file—whose glittering walls of steel environed and encompassed that brave and fearless band of southern soldiery at Appomattox.

But who shall tell of the unknown heroes who have fallen unmarked, unhonored and unsung?

What bright hopes may there be buried,  
 Who the slain "no one can say;"  
 Yet we know "somebody's darling"  
 Sleeps on yonder hill to-day.

On his grave the sunlight lingers,  
 And the silvery moonbeams fall;  
 Though he sleeps far, far from kindred—  
 Sleeps until the last great call.

Who shall enlogize those of lower rank, who, upon the field of battle, have in their places displayed a degree of courage rarely excelled, seldom equalled? Who shall record the sacrifices of the humble and lowly soldier or sailor? While much depended upon the commander of an army, yet the personal efforts would avail nothing if not seconded by the heroism and devotion of their men.

Twenty-five years have passed since you stood in battle array on this sacred spot, consecrated by the blood of many a true and valiant soldier. The echoes and passions of war have faded away. The charm of your soldier life, its bonds of friendship and its glorious memories still linger. We have met to-day to dedicate two Monuments to mark the two positions of the old 90th P. V., in which you so faithfully served—your watch-word, "one country and one flag." Those sacred folds, that we followed in war and cherish in peace, are now in the hands of the gallant defenders, Sergeants William H. Paul, Thomas E. Berger and Johnson Roney, who carried them on hard fought battle-

fields, and beneath their precious folds fell Sergeant Roney, maimed for life. Comrade John C. Bowen touches elbows with us here, under the same old brigade flag that he so bravely carried aloft a quarter of a century ago. I quote—"Proud memories of many fields. \* \* Sweet memories of valor and friendship. \* \* \* Sad memories of fallen brothers and sons, whose dying eyes looked last upon their flaming folds. \* \* \* Grand memories of cherished virtues, sublime by grief. \* \* \* Exultant memories of the great and final victories of our country, the Union and the righteous cause. \* \* \* Thankful memories of a deliverance wrought out for human nature, unexampled by any former achievement of arms. \* \* \* Immortal memories, with immortal honors blended, twine around the splintered staffs and weave themselves amidst the fabrics of our country's flags, war-worn, begrim'd, and baptized with precious blood."

The statistics of the War Department show that you entered the fight with 208 officers and men, and after a contest of three hours, exhausted your cartridges. We left the field when commanded, with a list of casualties amounting to 94, equal to 48 per cent. Your position was one of great danger, and in military parlance, the post of honor, being on the extreme right of the 1st Corps. Rodes' Division of Ewell's Corps kept you actively engaged, and you in turn did not forget to help take good care of Iverson's North Carolina Brigade, and grandly repulsed the onslaught made by O'Neal's Alabama Brigade. Page's Confederate Battery, located on your front, at McLean's red barn, lost very heavily; and frequently, Carter's Battalion of Artillery, stationed on Oak Hill, reminded us that we were in range. Our position was a trying one, and when the 11th Corps, who failed to connect their left with our right, by almost one-half mile, were hurled back by Ewell's command, our position was truly then a precarious one. As I have already de-

scribed, after taking up a position with our depleted numbers upon Cemetery Hill, we supported batteries on the second day, and late in the afternoon moved to the left in support of the 3d Corps, our regimental skirmish line bringing in the Confederate General Barksdale, who fell mortally wounded but a short time before, in making that brilliant charge with his Mississippi Brigade. On the morning of the third day we lay between Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, ready to support the 12th Corps and a portion of our 1st Corps under Wadsworth, who repulsed the formidable attack of Ewell's to turn our right flank; and Stuart with his Confederate cavalry repulsed by Pleasanton, trying to capture the Baltimore pike, so that in the event of disaster, our retreat would be cut off,—adroitly conceived, but, through the indomitable bravery of our gallant soldiers, frustrated.

The war is over! The dove, which brought the glad tidings of a regenerated world, here is used to symbolize the era of peace and good will between man and man. The wearers of the blue and the gray have met each other in the field, have manfully fought out their differences, accepted the situation, discarded the bitterness and animosities of the war, and now recognize that we are all of one country and one flag, desirous only to increase our country's greatness and prosperity.

We have no enmity for those  
Who, by *their acts* not ours, were foes—  
But charity : and from malice free,  
Would cherish with sincerity.

The roll-call shortens fast; the list of casualties is not yet complete; the strain of that long struggle is fast laying even our strongest low; we close up our thinner ranks, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, holding nearer and dearer together.

May the God of heaven bless this day's work, and may it add to the sanctity of a wedded affection for the land we love, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The oration was listened to with profound attention from beginning to end, the details having been accurately compiled from the best authorities; and at times, when the speaker directed his hearers to the typography of the surrounding scene, whence charged the foe, and in fervent language depicted the result, how the hearts of the veterans throbbed with the emotions of the scene, then and now, and how sympathy and pride was stimulated in the hearts of the veterans, whose nearest of kin were present to mutually share in the joys, pleasures and thanksgivings of a reunion of fraternal hearts, welded together in the heat of carnage, twenty-five years ago.

An incident of unusual importance transpired during the address, relating to the regiment's flags, which awakened the tenderest sensibilities, as the bullet-riddled flags of the regiment were advanced in line to the front, by the surviving color bearers, Comrades William H. Paul, Johnson (Magistrate) Roney, who was crippled for life while bearing aloft the colors presented by the Sixth Ward School Section, and Thomas E. Berger, also wounded; all color-sergeants, spared to again bear aloft the sacred battle-flags, in peace as in war.

At the conclusion of the address the speaker was heartily applauded, warmly shaken by the hand and congratulated by the honored guests present occupying the stand.

The band at once struck up the National Hymn, "America," and the audience joined in with hearty and enthusiastic accord, singing

"My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty."

Comrade Mayberry, the tenor robusto, wielding the baton in his usual happy vein.

The exercises were here concluded by the Rev. J. K. Demarest, who in a most feeling and impressive manner, pro-





SURVIVORS ASSOCIATION  
DORIS P. W.





nounced the benediction; a fitting close to a most interesting and long to be remembered ceremony.

The battle-field photographers, Rile & Co., and W. H. Tipton, had their guns (cameras) mounted, and at once commenced to lay siege to the place, soon capturing it, with all its adjuncts. For once, the veterans quietly submitted to the onslaught and grouped around the monument, the artists succeeded in obtaining excellent pictures of the veterans, their families and friends, likewise their guests. For years to come, with what pleasurable sensations they can look and live on the history of the past, in which they enacted so honorable and conspicuous a part. As the years roll on, how much more will they be prized by their children and grandchildren, who will speak reverently of their father's loyalty and patriotism. Loving hands, who accompanied us from Philadelphia, decorated the monument with flowers, and then ended the exercises at this "post of honor." The line of march was then resumed to the special train near at hand, pending which our old comrade in arms, John Stulen, Jr., of old Co. H, just arrived from Pittsburgh, and was heartily greeted, he having hastened to this scene, commemorative of a bright day in his soldierly career. We also had with us a comrade who was endeared to us all, P. A. Graham (Paddy Graham), the drummer boy of Co. A, who did the foraging for the corps, and was a travelling storehouse for epicureans. How do you suppose he managed it? That little drum of his did the work—and he *never got left*. He now resides at Escondido, San Diego County, California, a prosperous merchant, and came all the way to attend the reunion of his old comrades, and renew the ties of fraternity begotten in the tempest of war. The train soon landed us at the Emmitsburg road, about a half mile below the celebrated Ziegler's Grove.

## Dedication of Eagle Monument.

ZIEGLER'S GROVE, (11 o'clock, A. M.)

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Surrounding the veiled monument was a large gathering of visitors, awaiting the arrival of the special train from the Mummasburg road, where the interesting ceremonies attending the unveiling of the "Tree" monument had just been consummated. Promptly as ordered, the train arrived and the line of march was formed on the Emmitsburg road, preceded by a train of carriages containing our guests and the crippled veterans, followed by the Gettysburg G. A. R. Band, in their handsome uniforms, discoursing most exhilarating music, but very subdued and tame compared to the music of the whirring "minnie" and shrieking shell, that saluted our ears twenty-five years ago, as we trod this identical Emmitsburg road. In a most self-complaisant mood we kept step to the sound of sweet music, as it reverberated over this historic spot, and, as we neared our second tribute to our comrades' memory, the valley resounded with the echo of Superintendent Nick Wilson's G. A. R. Battery, seen in the distance on the elevation, reminding us of the old shout "lie down." It was a sight long to be remembered. Colonel Sellers halted the command and formed a square, when a most beautiful selection of music, entitled the "Soldier's Dream," was admirably performed by the band, followed by the unveiling of the monument, with artillery salute, and "Hail Columbia" also rendered by the band.

Chairman Hillary Beyer then presented the monument to the Commissioners, in the following appropriate address:

*Comrades and Friends :*

This monument marks the spot where the 90th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, stood on the afternoon of July 3d, 1863, at the time Pickett's Division made its famous charge across this plain, and was so handsomely repulsed by the Union troops. By this repulse the crowning blow was given which finished the battle and gave a victory for the Union.

Although the battle of Gettysburg was a crushing blow to the Confederacy, the war was not over. Many long marches and hard-fought battles were participated in by the 90th Regiment. The official account of the War Department of the losses in this regiment, of officers and men, in battle up to and including Gettysburg, gives 518, or about one-half of the number taken to the front April 1st, 1862.

From this spot back to Virginia, under General Meade, they were engaged in the Mine Run campaign. This ended their work for 1863.

General Grant came, and the first blow was struck in the Wilderness, May, 1864. The old 90th fought valiantly there, as also at Laurel Hill (making three bayonet charges in a single day), Spottsylvania, South Anna River, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Jerusalem Plank Road, Weldon Railroad, and Poplar Spring Church.

The losses in officers and men, in all these hotly-contested battles, were very heavy, and I have no official returns to show the actual number. I wish just here to refer to the officers and men captured during this campaign, and especially those taken at the battle of Yellow Tavern, or Weldon Railroad, on August 19th, 1864. Our brigade and regiment fought nobly! and repulsed the enemy in our front, but by some mistake they were allowed to get in our rear. The order came to us to fall back, but its execution was impossible. Here Lieut. Bonsall was killed and one hundred taken prisoners, including Lieut. Col. William

A. Leech and Major Jacob M. Davis. Thirty-four of the ninety-eight enlisted men captured perished in prison, and many more died afterward of disease contracted in those terrible places in which they were incarcerated. It is useless for me to tell you of the sufferings of those men; history has already recorded them as one of its blackest pages.

The 90th Regiment was mustered out of service November 26th, 1864, two companies being organized out of the veterans of the regiment, who served in the 11th Pennsylvania Volunteers until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

Many instances of individual bravery and heroism might be recorded of this regiment that would fill a volume, but time will not permit. Truly has it been called a "blood-christened" regiment. We can only say of those who fell, "they have fought a good fight, finished their work, and gone to their final reward."

I now convey this monument to the sacred trust of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association.

Burgess McSwope then feelingly received the Ninetieth's second memorial, on behalf of the Battle-field Association, greeting the survivors with the evidence of their energy, perseverance and reverence, in thus commemorating the brilliant deeds of their comrades. After appropriate selections by the band, Col. Sellers proceeded to speak as follows:

*Comrades:*

Briefly will I recount to you, that during Pickett's famous charge, on the afternoon of the 3d, you were brought over on the double-quick to support the 2d Corps, and arrived just in time to witness the collapse, many of the vanquished Confederates passing through our line to the rear. We were then placed in position in front of this (Ziegler's) grove. So accurate was the fire of the Whitworth guns from the Confederate left, that we

temporarily withdrew under cover of the grove, from whence we furnished details to the skirmish line, some of whom took shelter in

“Those low green tents  
Whose curtains never outward swing.”

At the recent reunion on yonder hill, a now much distinguished citizen, who fought as a general officer on the other side, manfully proclaimed, in all sincerity, that the cause for which they fought was eternally wrong, and that we were eternally right.

Swords will never again be drawn to sever the Union. The graves of the fallen on both sides now bind the nation together, and there is a grand future before us. A broader and healthier sentiment prevails, and we look back upon the scenes with wonder and amazement.

In front of this grove you have erected a second monument, whereon is inscribed your record in more extended phrase than our representative of the stalwart oak tree, on Seminary Ridge, will warrant us doing.

Comrades, how forcibly am I reminded, as I look into your faces and discern the evidences of time, that life is short at best, and that the prime of your life was devoted to your country's salvation. Your locks, that were once like the raven, are fast changing to white as snow, yet down the hill side of life we'll go, hand in hand, and at the foot sleep together in Fraternity.

“Praise God from whom all blessings flow” was then rendered in chorus by the entire audience, with band accompaniment, followed by the benediction from Rev. J. K. Demarest, in his usual impressive manner.

Once more we touched elbows around our third day's memorial, and also in company groups, Rile & Co., and W. H. Tipton, the celebrated photographers, caught the sentiment, and eventually the dollars of the participants, but it was a just equivalent.

## Description of Eagle Monument.

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Invincible Banner! the Flag of the Free!  
 Oh, where treads the foot that would falter for thee,  
 Or hands that would be folded till triumph is won,  
 And the EAGLE looks proud as of old to the sun.

Made of Westerly granite, surmounted by drum, complete in detail, the head of which being a disc or circle represents the corps mark; perched thereon was a very large and handsome bronze eagle, in the act of arising, the wings partially distended, measuring over five feet from tip to tip. A bayonet is cut on the apex or four corners of the top base which supports the drum. The following inscription is cut on the front of the monument:

“This Regiment, recruited in Philadelphia, responded to the first call, April 16th, 1861, served until August 9th, as the 19th P. V., reorganized October 1st, 1861, as the 90th P. V., serving in the 1st and 5th Corps, and participated in all the important battles of the Army of the Potomac, until mustered out, November 26th, 1864.

*“NON SIBI SED PATRIÆ.”*

In the centre of the panel is cut in relief and blended the 1st and 5th Corps badges, polished, in which corps the regiment served. The bronze tablet on the north or right side of the monument reads as follows:

“Erected by the ‘SURVIVORS’ ASSOCIATION,’ aided by grateful friends, to commemorate the valor and patriotism of our honored dead, and the cause for which they and their comrades fought.

“This monument marks the position of the 90th Pennsylvania Volunteers, of Philadelphia, July 3d, 1863; COLONEL PETER LYLE commanding the 1st Brigade, MAJOR A. J. SELLERS the Regiment. July 1st, from 1 to 3 o’clock, P. M., the Regiment fought on the extreme





F. W. WOODCOCK  
PHILA. 10-45

WEEKS





right of the 1st Corps, on Seminary (Oak) Ridge, as indicated by its monument there; eight companies being refused, facing the Mummusburg road. It there engaged Page's Virginia (Confederate) Battery and O'Neal's Alabama Brigade, of Rode's Division, until its ammunition was exhausted; losing 11 killed and mortally wounded, 44 wounded, 39 captured and missing; total 94, out of 208 engaged.

"Three regiments of Iverson's North Carolina (Confederate) Infantry were captured on our brigade front. July 2d it occupied Cemetery Hill, and in the evening moved to the left of the 2d Corps, returning during the evening to this position."

On the east, or rear side, is a bronze representation of the ammunition used by the 90th, the buck and ball, which is fastened in a circular recess, encircled by the words "Buck and Ball, calibre 69," cut in the stone.

On the south panel is a beautiful bronze representation of the canteen in bas relief, lettered "90th P. V.," suspended by the strap from a nail, partially encircled by a wreath of oak and laurel—very natural and artistic, even to the acorns, which are blended in with the oak leaves. The noble sentiments, "Fratern-

ity, Charity, Loyalty" in large letters in a semi-circle above the canteen, which Miles O'Reilly so eloquently portrayed:



"We have shared our blankets and tents together,  
We have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,  
And hungry and full we have been.  
We had days of battle and days of rest,  
But the memory that clings to us best,  
We have drank from the same CANTEEN.

"90th Pennsylvania Volunteers,"—"2d Brigade,"—"2d Division,"—"1st Corps," are respectively cut, in large polished letters, on all four sides of the base, next below panel. This memorial is located just without the grove (Ziegler's), at the base and west of the National Cemetery, on the turn of the

avenue (Hancock) constructed by the Battle-field Association. Two markers designate where the right and left flanks rested. This monument was erected without any State aid,—solely by the generosity of the comrades and their many friends.

The line of march was then resumed to the train in waiting, which soon hurried us to our destination, the town, where we dispersed to our various hostelries to enjoy the goodness of a beneficent Providence.



## The Departure.

The last hour spent in Gettysburg rapidly passed away. The kind wishes and hearty congratulations of newly made acquaintances and friends will linger in our memory, like bright spots in the oasis of time.

At 1.10 P. M. we were comfortably seated in the train, and amid the salutations of comrades—some of whom remained with their families, others to take a different route—and the “good bye, God speed you,” of appreciative friends was spoken, we sped on our way, longingly glancing at historic Gettysburg, as it vanished from our gaze, and then we momentarily relaxed into a state of quietude, to think and meditate over the pleasant and enjoyable incidents of our much delightful journey to the mecca of American valor. The hours rapidly passed by, as we wended our way homeward on the “meteor” train, interspersed with scenes of a most humorous character,—trials by courts-martial, always resulting in a unanimous conviction, and the most ludicrous sentences. Our enjoyment was a theme of mutual congratulation, and longing for a reunion next year and for years to come. We are now nearing our journey’s end; Philadelphia’s marble edifice, like a beacon light, is looming up in the distance; we cross the winding Schuylkill, and at 7 o’clock, P. M., roll into Pennsylvania’s spacious depot, to give the parting kiss and to one and all speak the parting words, “good-bye!” “happy days!!” and yet again, “good-bye!!!”



## Participants in the Dedicatory Exercises.

### —SURVIVORS—

Henry S. Allebaugh.	Lieut. Charles McKinley.
Lieut. Hillary Beyer.	Sergt. Richard W. Morris.
Sergt. Thomas E. Berger.	Joseph Miles.
Corp. George Beck.	Eduard Miller.
J. Emory Byram.	Sergt. Chas. C. McCormick.
Lt. Henry J. Bockius.	William W. Mayberry.
Com. Sergt. William H. Crouse.	D. J. McAllister.
Hudson B. Calvert.	R. P. Northrup.
Capt. Frank A. Chadwick.	William O'Keefe.
Sergt. Christian C. Crouch.	Joseph G. Patterson.
Bowen M. Cave.	Sergt. Josiah Pancoast.
Capt. John T. Durang.	Sergt. William H. Paul.
George B. DeHaven.	Sergt. George W. Potts.
Capt. Wm. P. Davis.	Sergt. Alexander Reed.
Capt. John S. Davis.	Capt. Samuel B. Roney.
Maj. Jacob M. Davis.	Capt. Nathan Raymond.
Jefferson Davis.	Sergt. Johnson Roney.
Sergt. Robert J. Early.	Sergt. John Robson.
Corp. Thomas F. Fenlin.	A. T. Rottenbury.
Lieut. Edward W. Ferry.	Sergt. Charles F. Simmons.
Lieut. Edward J. Gorgas.	John A. Sergeant.
P. A. Graham.	A. J. Sellers.
W. B. Geiyer.	William H. Siner.
Corp. Thomas H. Gardner.	Augustus Sauerman.
John Howell.	John Stulen, Jr.
Corp. George W. Hunterson.	Sergt. Benjamin H. Tyre.
James Hughes.	Corp. A. M. Theiss.
Lieut. John A. Harris.	Capt. William H. Warner.
Philip Kalavur.	William Weiseisen.
William D. Lelar.	William S. Wismer.
John C. Levick.	Capt. George W. Watson.
Kirk Marple.	

## —GUESTS AND ACCOMPANYING FRIENDS—

Col. C. H. Buehler, Vice-President Battle-field Association.  
 Hon. S. McSwope, Battle-field Association.  
 Rev. J. K. Demarest, Gettysburg.  
 N. G. Wilson, Esq., Battle-field Association.  
 John M. Gessler, 19th P. V.  
 George E. Paul, 185th P. V.  
 Theodore Leidig, 4th N. Y. V.  
 Jacob Raymond, Commissary Sergeant, 19th Pa. Cav.  
 Capt. Charles H. Worman, N. G. P.  
 Philip Hichborn, Sr., Boston, Mass., (since deceased.)  
 William Hichborn.  
 Christian Roch.  
 Charles J. Roney.  
 Henry Fowl, Pennsgrove, N. J.  
 Jacob M. Davis, Jr.  
 H. V. B. Osbourn.  
 Masters Willie and Bert Weiseisen.  
 Master Arthur Hughes.  
 “ Miles.  
 “ Bockius.

Mrs. Nathan Berkenstock.	Mrs. Robert J. Early.
“ E. A. Ashmead.	“ D. J. McAllister, New York
“ Hillary Beyer.	“ Geo. W. Watson and daughter, Washington, D. C.
“ Johnson Roney.	“ John M. Gessler.
“ William D. Lelar.	“ Jefferson Davis.
“ S. A. White.	“ James G. Osbourn.
“ John Robson.	“ Edward DeCernea, N. York.
“ R. P. Northrup, Tunkhan'ck	Miss Lillie Berkenstock.
“ Charles F. Simmons.	“ Sadie Billman.
“ Edward J. Gorgas.	
“ Charles C. McCormick.	



## Correspondence.

The following correspondence, appertaining to the presentation of the handsomely framed photographs of our two monuments by the Association, is explanatory of itself.

PHILADELPHIA, November 7th, 1888.

Commander and Comrades of Alexander Hamilton Post, No. 182,  
Department of New York, G. A. R.

Greeting:—On behalf of the Survivors' Association of the 90th P. V., I have the honor to request your acceptance of the accompanying framed photographs of our regimental memorials, erected on the historic field of Gettysburg, where our regiment held the extreme right of the 1st Corps for three hours, against superior numbers, pending which our ammunition was exhausted. We were pleased to have in our brigade the 82d New York (9th militia), of your city, which distinguished itself so admirably on that memorable day.

The interchange of sentiment and feeling between soldier organizations, prompt us to congratulate you in having enrolled in your Post a comrade of our organization who so faithfully did his duty, and won for himself the admiration of his comrades of the old 90th.

We salute you, in being mutually honored with us in the appointment on the G. A. R. Department Staff of your State, our worthy comrade, D. J. McAllister, as Ass't Inspector, with rank of Major.

With the assurance of our highest regards and fraternal greetings, we are

Yours sincerely, in F., C. and L.,

A. J. SELLERS.

President.

In response thereto the following communication was received:

HEAD-QUARTERS ALEXANDER HAMILTON POST, No. 182,  
Department of New York, G. A. R.

Col. A. J. Sellers,

President Survivors' Association, 90th Regt., P. V.

*My Dear Sir and Comrade:*—By direction of this Post, it becomes my pleasant duty to tender to you and your comrades its grateful thanks for and due appreciation of the superb photographs of the



memorials of the 90th Regiment, which have been erected upon the sacred field of Gettysburg. While that ground needs no monuments to perpetuate the memories of the men who struggled there, it is a loving privilege still to particularize, to individualize, to localize and memorize, by such methods, the names of those whose deeds will not only survive the most enduring tablets which your Association can erect, but which must grow brighter with the ages to come.

Let me thank you for the sentiments expressed in your letter, in admiration of that member of the "old Ninetieth" who is now an honored and worthy member of this Post, and also assure you that we regard Maj. McAllister no less highly than your estimate of him, for he is now, as he was a quarter of a century ago, deserving of all the honors, and favors, and blessings that life and circumstance can bestow.

Fraternally yours,

F. S. BARTRAM,  
Adjutant.

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PHILADELPHIA, November 8th, 1888.

To the President, Officers and members  
of the Volunteer Firemen's Association.

*Gentlemen* :—On behalf of the Survivors' Association of the 90th Regiment, P. V., I have the honor to request your acceptance of the accompanying framed photographs of our two monuments, erected on the Gettysburg battle-field, as a memorial to the valor and patriotism of our dead and living heroes.

Your Association has exhibited a degree of courtesy and goodness of heart towards us, as well as all soldiers, which we greatly appreciate, coming as it does from those who, in the days gone by, have imperilled their lives and health, solely for the public good.

Yours sincerely,

A. J. SELLERS,  
President.

Which elicited the following reply :

HALL OF THE VOLUNTEER FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION.  
Philadelphia, December 8th, 1888.

Col. A. J. Sellers,  
President Survivors' Association, 90th Regt., P. V.

*Dear Sir* :—At a stated meeting of the Volunteer Firemen's Association of Philadelphia, held on the evening of Nov. 8th, 1888, the following resolution was unanimously adopted :

"*Resolved*, that a vote of thanks be tendered to the Survivors' Association of the 90th Regiment, P. V., for the handsome frame containing the photographs of the monuments erected by the sur-

vivors on the historical battle-field of Gettysburg, and will receive a prominent place in our Hall."

The thoughts expressed in your communication meets with a hearty reciprocity of feeling and sentiment on our part. The "old Ninetieth" achieved a glorious reputation for bravery and efficiency, in the gigantic struggle for the nation's existence, and Philadelphia can well feel proud of its gallant record.

Extract from minutes.

JOHN G. HOLLICK,  
Secretary V. F. A.

PHILADELPHIA, November 24th, 1888.

Col. R. P. Dechert,  
2d Regiment, N. G. P.

*Dear Sir and Comrade:*—By direction of the Survivors' Association of the 90th Regiment, P. V., I have the honor to present to your command, framed photographs of our two monuments erected at Gettysburg, to commemorate the valor and patriotism of the dead and living heroes of our regiment, who fought on that historic field.

The history of the 19th and 90th P. V. is so grandly blended with the 2d Regiment, N. G. P., that the wreaths of oak and laurel, with all their significance, can well encircle the triumvirate of commands, and around the halo of its lustre shine resplendent in all its glory, faithfully exemplified by its motto, "*Non Sibi Sed Patrie.*"

I have the honor to be Yours fraternally,

A. J. SELLERS,  
President.

Whereupon the gift was acknowledged in the following communication:

HEAD-QUARTERS 2D REG'T INF'Y, 1ST BRIGADE, N. G. P.  
Philadelphia, November 27th, 1888.

Colonel A. J. Sellers,  
President 90th Reg't P. V. Association.

*Colonel:*—I am directed by the Board of Officers of the 2d Reg't Inf'ty, National Guard of Pennsylvania, to extend through you, to the 90th Reg't P. V. Association, the sincere thanks of the Board, for the framed photographs of your beautiful monuments on the battle-field of Gettysburg.

The hearts of every member of our organization echoes back the sentiments contained in your communication, and with pleasure and pride we recall the brilliant record made by the old 90th, during its entire term of service.

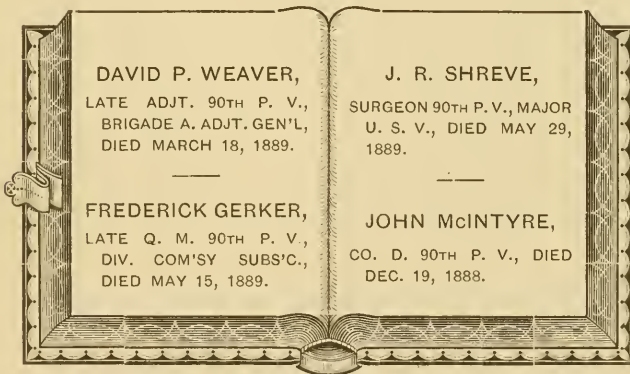
Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. H. HARTUNG,  
1st Lieut. and Adjutant.

## Reunion of 1889.

Another year has swiftly glided by and the harbinger of death has summoned four of our comrades to answer the final roll-call—whose march is over, their souls following the long column into the depths of eternity. We leave them to rest, where over them will bend the arching sky, as it did in great love when they pitched their tents or lay down, weary and foot-sore, by the way or on the battle-field, for an hour's sleep.

### IN MEMORIAM.



The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,  
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.



## The Veterans' Jaunt.

Ever since the journey of a year ago, to the battle-field of battle-fields—never to be forgotten Gettysburg! the veterans and their friends have been looking forward to this year's anniversary and dedication, with renewed ardor and enthusiasm. The work of last year was but half completed, and the Association resolved to cease from their labor of love, only when their position was truly defined for each day, in which they bore so conspicuous a part; and finally, to honor the memory of their much beloved Chaplain, by a tribute in keeping with his simplicity of character as a man and noble virtues as a christian soldier.

The route agreed upon was by the rapidly improving B. and O. road to Harper's Ferry, passing scenes of interest familiar to the veterans on their marches and pontoon adventures during 1862-63.

From Washington, special service was furnished through to Gettysburg, via Weverton, Keedysville and Hagerstown,—combination cars, whose exterior heralded along the route, in letters that could not be mistaken, that the occupants were "warriors of old," whose grim-visaged front was evenly tempered with the smiles of womanly presence.

C. R. Mackenzie, an agent of the road, accompanied the veterans, and contributed much to the enjoyment of all by his courtesy and descriptive faculties; likewise, Conductor Fredericks, in charge of the train, who was also a Captain in the 4th Maryland (Union) Cavalry. The soldier companionship is a marvel of fascination, which clings with devotional tenacity.

The recent flood left its traces here and there, and the once celebrated Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is no longer an avenue of commerce and plenty.

The writer will here quote from a different stand point, by republishing from that excellent sheet the *Germantown Independent*, of September 3d, 1889:

**The Survivors of the 90th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, visit Antietam and Gettysburg.**

“On Saturday morning last one of the proprietors of the *Independent* was induced to take a trip over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, with the 90th Regt., Penna. Vols., to visit the battle-fields of Antietam and Gettysburg, where they distinguished themselves with so much valor, and to dedicate a memorial to the late Horatio S. Howell, the Chaplain of the regiment, who was killed at Gettysburg, and a Boulder to mark the spot the regiment occupied on Hancock avenue in the last day’s fight.

Leaving Germantown at 7.27, the train arrived at Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets at 8 A. M., where the veterans and their friends, under Col. A. J. Sellers their President, were in waiting. All aboard, speeding on our way, the bridge over the Susquehanna,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  miles long, the longest bridge in the United States, was crossed at 9.20, the train arriving in Baltimore at 10.25, and Washington at 11.30. A view of the Capitol buildings was had, but the train was a limited express, and soon ‘all aboard!’ was heard. After a run of a little over an hour Harper’s Ferry was reached. The scenery at this point is picturesque and grand, the confluence of the Shenandoah with the Potomac, where the latter passes through the Blue Ridge of the Alleghanies, being over fifty miles north-west from Washington.

“The old ‘John Brown Fort,’ formerly used as an engine house, inside the grounds of the U. S. Arsenal, still stands, and is pointed out to the visitor as the place which ‘Osawatomie’

captured with twenty-six men on Oct. 16th, 1859, after breaking in the armory gate with a crow-bar, and overpowering the watchman. Thousands of bullets were embedded in the little engine house, where Brown and six of his men were barricaded, after the others had been shot down, by the men under the command of Col. Robt. E. Lee. 'This bundle of nerves,' as Gov. Wise called him, was finally captured by Lieut. J. E. B. Stuart, who afterwards figured so prominently as a Confederate cavalry officer at Gettysburg. Nothing remains of the U. S. Arsenal building, where so many thousands of muskets were manufactured, but the foundation walls. The place was graphically described by Frank and James Taylor, of Mill street, who were among the excursionists. Loudon Heights, on the Virginia side, which was occupied by Lee, in the fall of 1862, rise up hundreds of feet, and commands Bolivar Heights, on the Maryland shore, where Gen. Miles surrendered 12,000 men without firing a gun. He was afterwards shot by one of his own men.

"After a run of half an hour Keedysville was reached. A drive of two or three miles brought us to the Antietam battlefield, where McClellan succeeded in turning the rebel army and driving them back into Virginia. McClellan had been relieved of the command of the Army of the Potomac on June 27th, 1862, and Pope placed in command. After being defeated at Manasses he fell back upon the defences of Washington. Burnside was asked to take command, but refused for the second time, and in its extremity McClellan was again called upon by the Administration. He brought order out of chaos, and succeeded in defeating the enemy at Antietam creek. On November 10th McClellan was again relieved and Burnside placed in command, the enemy at the time being divided, Longstreet and Jackson being separated by at least two days' march. McClellan and Burnside were warm personal friends, and the former gave his successor the benefit of his projected plans. The surviving sol-

diers on the excursion went over all these facts, but they were only reiterating facts in history.

“From the Antietam battle-field there is to be seen the first monument erected to General Washington. It stands on South Mountain, many miles away. It was built by citizens of Washington and Frederick counties, on the line of the route surveyed by Washington, between Pittsburgh and Washington. The large stones have been pebble-dashed and whitewashed, and when the sun reflects on the shaft, forty-six feet high, it can be seen for thirty miles. Just before the war part of it fell down, and was re-erected by the Odd Fellows of Boonesboro.

“The National Cemetery on the battle-field is one of the handsomest in the country, being surrounded with a high wall and fence. Roads leading to it are being built, at considerable expense, by the national government. A granite statue, twenty-six feet high, on a massive granite base, is said to be the most elaborate in the United States.

“A dinner at Keedysville, in which fried chicken formed an important part of the menu, a favorite Maryland specialty, was enjoyed by all. Chickens are brought up to respect the frying-pan, and they are never of danger. Fried chicken for breakfast, dinner and supper. There are no Italian laborers to be seen on the railroads between Washington and this point, the natives being in command.”





## Over the Battle-field.

The writer will here resume, by congratulating D. H. Wyand, the proprietor of the hostelry at Keedysville, Md., for the cordial greeting given us, the excellent provision for our comfort immediately on our arrival, and the substantial dinner provided, to which all did justice,—making it mutually agreeable.

On our arrival at the National Cemetery, at Antietam, we were shown by one of the attachés, objects of interest, and being a commanding position, an excellent opportunity was afforded to view the topography of the battle-field. From this point Confederate Lee issued his orders during the conflict, and the rock, upon which lay his charts, was removed to beautify the surroundings of the colossal granite Soldier Monument. 4,683 soldiers are interred in this “city of the dead.” Time would not permit us to visit the Burnside stone bridge, which our Pennsylvania troops stormed and captured so gallantly.

From the eminence, we wended our way in carriages to the celebrated Dunkard Church, on the Sharpsburg pike, in front and north of which the renowned corn-field is located, where such desperate fighting was waged, that the Confederate line of battle could then be distinguished by the line of dead, which lay so close together. The recollection of that terrible day of carnage, September 17th, came vividly to our mind, as we recalled the advance of our regiment, in line of battle, from yon wooded ridge into the open field. It was truly a slaughter-pen, and when the position became untenable, we withdrew in good order to the woods, until reinforcements took our place. Never will I forget with what undaunted courage Color-Sergeant Wm. H.

Paul retraced his steps, bearing aloft our starry emblem, but all the way with his face to the foe; he seemed to possess a charmed life. The irrepressible photographer, Rile, had journeyed all the way from Gettysburg, anticipated our coming and there had his forces drawn up in line of battle; we sought refuge under the shadow of the church, and posed to the gratification of the disciple of Daguerre. From this point we left the pike, and wound around through wild and beautiful scenery, back to Keedysville, where our special train was in waiting.

It was just twenty-seven years ago when we here disputed the advance of Lee, and from a scenic and agricultural point of view, it was a handsome battle-field. Forest foliage then presented its verdant green as now. A toot of the whistle, a ring of the bell, and the 90th rolled off in the direction of Hagerstown at a lively pace, through a lovely and picturesque country. With a clear track we sped on, changing conductors at Hagerstown, and the journey from thence to Gettysburg, over the Western Maryland R. R., was at a rate of speed that just suited our desires, for our ambition was to make it by 8 o'clock, to accomplish which, the weight of opinion was adverse. The sympathy of the obliging conductor, Rufus Shead, was enlisted, and, true to his promise, we rolled up to Carlisle station, Gettysburg, at 8 o'clock precisely, with an appetite bordering on voracity. A few minutes' walk brought us to our quarters, the McClellan House, genial Samuel J. Diller proprietor, where everything was in readiness for us—rooms all located, through the tact of his chief clerk, Merville E. Zinn, who met the train at Hagerstown.

After enjoying hugely the bountiful supper provided by our host, we started out in groups for a promenade, making calls on acquaintances formed the year previous. The walk was in the light of exercise, and we returned refreshed for our night's rest, to whose embrace we soon sought that relief which wafts us

to sweet repose; some perhaps to dreamland, while the fond soul, wrapped in gay visions of enchanting bliss, still paints the illusive form, from which we wake to find it all an illusion.

It is a beautiful Sunday morning, September 1st, and as time waits for no man, we prepare for an early start over the battlefield, in the conveyances supplied by Col. W. T. Ziegler, commander of the local Union Vet. Legion, accompanied by Capt. Long as chaperon and lecturer. We went over the field of the first day's fight, stopping where our regiment, in matchless splendor, resisted the assault of O'Neal's Alabama Brigade, aided, however, by the destructive volleys of the 13th Massachusetts. The more the historian studies out the part enacted by Reynolds' men on the first day, the more impartial will be criticism, and "honor bestowed where honor is due." The terrible loss sustained by the Confederates in front of the 1st Corps, clearly demonstrates how glorious and effective was the stand made by the old 1st Corps; and only the overwhelming numerical superiority of the foe, compelled them to fall back to the heights of Cemetery Hill, *we* the possessors of a number of Confederate standards and a general officer—a prisoner of war. The 1st Corps lost but one color, under the following circumstances: The flag of the 150th P. V. was taken from young Corporal Gutelius, who, weak from the loss of blood, sat down to rest on a door step. He was killed while holding on to his flag by a lieutenant and detachment of men of Ramseur's Brigade. The flag was presented to Jefferson Davis with a great flourish of trumpets, and was found in his wagon train when captured by Wilson in 1865. It is now at Harrisburg with the other flags.

Our drive was resumed back through the town, to that portion of Cemetery Hill where lay our honored dead and where our martyred President, Lincoln, delivered that celebrated oration, at the dedication of the National Cemetery, 1863. Capt. Long most graphically dwelt on what transpired here, July 2d

and 3d, twenty-six years ago. We then proceeded to that portion of the hill where the observatory is located, there the lecture was resumed and eloquently portrayed to a thorough comprehension, in all its details.

A simultaneous attack had been ordered on the evening of the second. Confederate Johnson's Division, of Ewell's Corps, had been ordered to capture Culp's Hill from the 1st and 12th Corps, which proved a failure, and Hoke's and Avery's Brigades, of Early's Division, were to assault Cemetery Hill (this position). They approached with great caution and under cover of the hills. The Louisiana Tigers, with matchless courage, led the assault. Weidrick's 11th Corps and Rickett's batteries were overrun, and a desperate hand to hand conflict ensued. Stevens' 12-pounders (5th Maine), from a position half way up Culp's Hill, terribly enfiladed the Confederate attack, and Carroll's Brigade of the 2d Corps arrived on the double-quick and swept them from the face of the hill, Col. Avery, a Confederate brigade commander, being mortally wounded.

Had the strategy been carried out as intended, it would have severed our lines and divided our forces, to an ignominious defeat. It was intended to be a simultaneous blow on our western front from Longstreet, Johnson to turn our right on the east, and Early to flank us on Cemetery Hill from the town. Brilliantly conceived, but the resisting qualities were too staunch and impregnable.

We journeyed on to Culp's Hill, where the 1st, 6th and 12th Corps' monuments are profuse and elaborate, passing the celebrated Spangler Springs, where, during the night of the second, friend and foe alike quenched their thirst. We now turned our horses homeward, passing over a parallel road to that which we rode going to the outer post on Culp's Hill—the road, following the original line of earth works still intact, and the trees to this day bear evidence of the terrible volleys fired during the con-

flict. We emerged from the wooded hill and soon struck the Baltimore pike, and home through the town, passing that house of interest on the right, as you enter the suburbs of the town, there, the very door through which the deadly bullet sped on its mission towards our lines, that ended the young life of the fair Jennie Wade; for in this locality, the sharpshooters of both armies were secreted, watching for chances; gable ends of houses (containing a window or more) were the shelters of marksmen—church steeples, lofty trees and the like, the recluse of the long-range sharpshooter. Here stands a house in which is embedded a shell, there another; there we see a house in which a Union officer, wounded, was for two or more days within the rebel lines, protected and fed by one of the noble women of Gettysburg. All this and more that we saw, go to make up the history of the immortal field.

We soon drew up in front of our hostel, the McClellan, which is on the north-east corner of the square or plaza, the junction of the Carlisle, Baltimore, Chambersburg and York pikes. At this time, music hath no charms to soothe a single savage breast, but the commissariat, in the person of our host, jolly and rotund in appearance, bade us welcome to a bountiful repast, which our keen appetite, nurtured by the most exhilarating and enjoyable drive, was craving for. Having done full justice to Diller's menu, 2.15 o'clock found us on the train, speeding towards little Round Top, whose summit we soon reached, but the grand view of the battle-field amply repaid the exertion we made in climbing its rugged heights, where we met a large delegation of the New York survivors, who were here to celebrate the morrow—Brooklyn day. The Mayor and Board of Aldermen of that city were acting as an escort to the veterans of the 10th N. Y. Infantry and 4th N. Y. Cavalry, come to dedicate their monuments. The second day's battle, on our left, was here vividly described by Capt. Jas. T. Long, and having in view all

the points of interest, which were so fiercely contended for, the mind readily grasped the situation and knowledge was implanted, never to be forgotten.

Here, from this eminence, looking towards the west-north-west, over the valley of death, we see the celebrated "Peach Orchard," on the Emmitsburg road, where Sickles' 3d Corps had advanced—he claiming it requisite to secure this position because of its elevation. This movement it is claimed was without authority, and at the time disapproved of by Gen. Meade. Longstreet fiercely assaulted Sickles and though reinforced by troops of the 2d and 5th Corps, was forced back to our original or main line. The Pennsylvania Reserves brilliantly charged over the renowned wheat field, where Gen. Zook was killed, directly in front of little Round Top, and with the 6th Corps' firm line of battle, checked further advances by the enemy. The slaughter was terrific at this end of the line, and the casualties of Hood or McLaws respectively greater, in killed and wounded, than that sustained by Pickett's Division in its celebrated charge. From this hill Warren, the sagacious leader, whose statue in bronze has been erected here by loving friends, discovered the enemy manœvering to flank our left, and speedily brought up reinforcements in time to save this most important key to our position. On this hill fell our Gen. Weed and Lieut. Hazlett killed, and Gen. Vincent mortally wounded. At the foot of the hill are traces of Plum run, just across is the celebrated Devil's Den, so named because of the immense boulders huddled together by some convulsion of nature, forming a natural fortress, from whose crevices numerous Confederate sharpshooters picked off our officers and men from the summit of Round Top. To the north can be seen the Trostle farm, on which Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts Battery was almost annihilated.

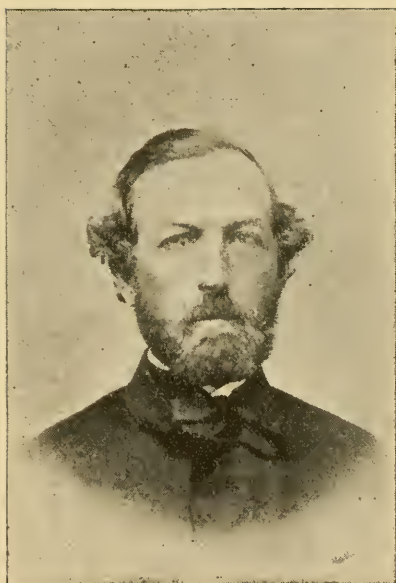
The attack intended by Gen. Lee on the second day, was for Longstreet to commence on his right (our left) and be made *en*

*eschelon, i. e.*, as soon as Longstreet was fairly engaged, Hill's (the centre) Corps were to advance and as soon as hotly engaged, Ewell, on their left (our right), was to hurl his forces upon us, with the power of an avalanche. We holding the interior or shortest line, could readily reinforce where the attack was most formidable. Lee intended to frustrate this by a simultaneous attack, as heretofore stated, but for some cause, the concert of action was a failure.

After Longstreet's battle with Sickles' (3d) and Sykes' (5th) Corps, Anderson's Division of Hill's Corps (Wright and Wilcox's Brigades) attacked the 2d Corps, and by magnificent fighting succeeded in momentarily penetrating our lines, but the remainder of Hill's Corps failed to co-operate, and a portion of the old 1st Corps (OUR 90TH INCLUDED), 2d and 12th Corps, took a hand and forced Hill's men back, to and beyond the Emmitsburg road. It was at this time that Gen. Meade withdrew a portion of the troops from Culp's Hill, on our right, to assist in repelling this attack by Hill. Scarcely had the strife died away, when the two brigades (Louisiana Tigers) made that desperate assault on Cemetery Hill, heretofore spoken of. When Slocum's men (12th Corps) returned to the right, to occupy their original works, Johnston's Division of Ewell's Corps had possession. Thus ended the second day's battle.

Our party now descended to Plum valley beneath, and inspected the Den. We now retraced our steps to the base, east of Round Top, where the train was in waiting at 4 o'clock, to convey us back to Gettysburg; soon we reached the depot and repaired to our quarters, where undergoing an ablution, resulting in a rejuvenated condition, we reported present for duty.





THE LATE CHAPLAIN,  
REV. HORATIO S. HOWELL.



At 4.45 P. M. we left our quarters, preceded by the G. A. R. Band, and marched in couples to

## Christ Lutheran Church,

Chambersburg street, where an overflowing audience was assembled. The Trustees kindly placed the church at the disposal of the Association. Around the pulpit were seated the Rev. Dr. C. A. Hay, Pastor; Rev. J. K. Demarest, of Gettysburg; Rev. Dr. Wm. Aikman, of Atlantic City, N. J., the Orator of the occasion. Seated in the chancel were Col. A. J. Sellers, President of the Association; Lieut. Hillary Beyer, Chairman of the Monument Committee; Col. C. H. Buehler, Vice-President of the Battle-field Association; Prof. E. S. Breidenbaugh, Sc. D., Secretary of Church Council; Rev. Fredk. W. Conrad, Editor of Lutheran Observer. Horatio S. Howell, son of the late Chaplain of the regiment, sat beside Vice-President of the Association Johnson Roney. The tattered battle-flags occupied a conspicuous position around the chancel, and were looked upon with sacred reverence. Programmes were distributed at the church entrance, and the following order of exercises adhered to:

SELECTION—organ, Miss Alice K. Baugher.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS, by the President of the Association, Comrade A. J. Sellers, who stated the mission of the 90th Veteran Association this year to Gettysburg, was to place in bronze and granite, a tribute to commemorate their love and veneration for the memory of their departed Chaplain, whose many endearing qualities as a man and exalted character as a christian soldier, won the admiration of the entire regiment. We selected Sunday for this pleasing duty, for on that day, of all others, our

Chaplain never failed to administer to the spiritual wants of all whom he could interest. He was ever trying to do his duty and fulfill the mission entrusted to him. To Dr. Aikman, he would leave the theme that was then uppermost in our hearts. To also convey, on behalf of the Survivors, our appreciation and gratitude for the kindness and courtesies received from pastor and officers of the church, and those connected therewith.

Rev. Dr. C. A. Hay, Pastor of the church, then delivered a very pathetic invocation.

Comrade Hillary Beyer, Chairman of Committee, confided the Chaplain's memorial to the custody of the Church Council, in the following very appropriate and touching language :

*Comrades and Friends :*

It now becomes my duty, as Chairman of the Monument Committee of the Survivors' Association, 90th Regiment, Penna. Vols., to place in the keeping of the President and Trustees of Christ Lutheran Church, this tablet, and I linger a moment to say, that never was a charge more freely and fully surrendered than this one,—knowing that the church which has so nobly and generously tendered this ground for the erection of this memorial, will ever cherish the spot which has become sacred, by being baptized with the blood of a hero and a martyr! Many a time have we listened to that voice in religious and friendly counsel. Many a dying soldier has been comforted and cheered in his last moments, by his sympathy and prayers; and where is one of our survivors who did not reverence Horatio S. Howell? In the name and on behalf of the Survivors' Association, I thank the church for their disinterested generosity, and place in their care this treasured tablet—a tablet which but feebly expresses the reverence and affection we retain for the one who fell here! And may I not express the hope that the members of the church, the members of the Survivors' Association, and all who hear my

voice, when the dark river is crossed, may, with him who fell here, spend an eternity in heaven.

Prof. E. S. Breidenbaugh, Sc. D., of and on behalf of the church, then received the tribute in the following choice address:

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Survivors' Association  
of the 90th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers:*

We, in common with all others of our people, take pride in everything which evidences the valor and endurance of those who gave or imperilled life or health in the war for the Union. In several places on this field, you have appropriately recorded your very creditable participation in the events which followed the meeting of brave men with other brave, but mistaken men in honorable warfare.

There also comes to you the duty—happily a rarely occurring duty—of recording in this place an act of cowardice and cruelty. But the monument you have placed in front of this church stands for more and better things than this. It is a tribute from you to the memory of one, who when you were in camp drilling and preparing for active service in the field, was preparing you for the service of the great leader; who, in times of angry conflict, represented before you the Prince of Peace; who, in times of suffering and anguish, came to you with comfort and blessing. It is therefore fitting that you should recognize the great, the faithful service, even to death, of your late Chaplain.

It is a fitting circumstance, that this monument stands in front of one of the churches used as a hospital, during and after the battle. This was by no means a misuse, but a very excellent use of the church of God—to make it a shelter for the wounded and dying.

Remembering all it stands for, this monument should inspire every one who passes by or enters the church, to greater faith-

fulness for the Master, in whose service Chaplain Howell gave his life.

We, of Christ Church, are glad to have been of any assistance in arranging for to-day's event. We accept the custody of this monument in the terms and in the spirit in which it is tendered. We congratulate you on the beauty and the appropriateness of this monument, which is an ornament to our edifice.

SELECTION—vocal, by a volunteer choir, rendered with pleasing effect.

## Oration,

By REV. DR. WILLIAM AIKMAN,

(Of Atlantic City Presbyterian Church.)

*Soldiers, Friends and Fellow Countrymen :*

The service which you have assigned me for to-day is a very grateful one. I am here to help you set up a memorial, not only to your comrade but to my friend, the friend of my early manhood.

But I am here too with a sense of double bereavement. You had wisely and well made your selection of my venerable friend, the late Reverend Doctor James P. Wilson to address you here and now. It was entirely appropriate that you should do so. Doctor Wilson, for many years, stood in close personal relations to Chaplain Howell, whose memory you perpetuate. He presided over Howell's studies, preparatory to the christian ministry; was his attached friend through his life, and laid him away in his grave in Greenwood.

Doctor Wilson, as I know, looked forward with interest to this occasion. He intended, as he told one near to him, to "speak some words right from the heart."

But the loving heart is stilled, the loving words must be forever unspoken. Doctor Wilson, too, was my personal friend,

who took me when scarcely more than a boy into his affection, and permitted me to love him. In the fullness of his years and in the ripeness of his work he has passed into the silent heaven—a noble chivalrous christian man, a devoted minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, an unfaltering friend; he has left a track of unbroken light behind him.

I am glad that you have asked me to take Doctor Wilson's place, and to try to do what he would so worthily have done—lay a chaplet on this memorial of stone and bronze.

Horatio Stockton Howell and I knew each other well. We walked, we talked, we worked together. His house and my house were interchanged places. When his home became desolate by his absence, and, after years of bereavement, his widow went away from earth, it was mine to close her eyes, to try to comfort her children and to lay her away beside her husband. So I have rightly, I think, my place before you now.

We stand on this church porch in the quiet of this Sabbath day, in the shadow of this September sun, and try to call up those tumultuous scenes of twenty-six years ago. The early dawn had seen you and your comrades hastening to Seminary hills, the slow moving hours had seen you breasting the waves of the rebel hosts—a wall of patriot bosoms torn by shot and shell, but standing unmoved and triumphant; they had seen Reynolds die in that wood yonder, and then when the pressure of the gathering rebel army became too great, had seen you falling steadily back while facing the foe, taking your stand on the field behind us, made forever memorable in the history of the world.

All day long there has been coming the mournful procession of ambulances and stretchers, as the wounded were borne to the rear, a rear soon to become the front of battle. That procession rightly finds its way to this spot, and just as it ought to be this church becomes a hospital, to which the wounded are brought. The yellow flag is floating languidly in the hot July air, over



yonder porch. The Chaplain has been doing his work of gentle ministration to the sufferers within, assisting at the instant a surgeon in dressing the wound of a soldier who had had an artery of his leg shot away. He hears the shots and confusion of the retreat, and says to the surgeon "I will step outside for a moment and see what the trouble is." He has scarcely taken his place on the steps by the side of a surgeon, looking at the backward sweep of the battle, as it showed its ragged edge on the street, when round yonder corner rides a rebel cavalryman, in the reckless excitement of the hour. He sees the group above him and levels his carbine at the church porch; chaplain and surgeon insignia are not regarded, probably not seen; they do not stay his hand nor turn his eye. The fatal ball sharply sings, passes the surgeon's head, strikes the face and tears through Howell's brain. In an instant he passes out of life and this place becomes forever consecrated by his blood.

So our friend fell, at his post and before his men. He fell in the vigor of his manhood. He was born at Ewing, New Jersey, August 14th, 1820; he was killed on July 1st, 1863, in the forty-third year of his age.

Chaplain Howell entered the Presbyterian ministry, having been a student in Lafayette College and graduated at the Union Theological Seminary, in New York city, in the year 1845. He was pastor in the Presbyterian church at East Whiteland, Pennsylvania; at Elkton, Delaware, and at the Delaware Water Gap till the year 1861, when he became Chaplain of the Ninetieth Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. He died here on that first day of the battle of Gettysburg.

Chaplain Howell was of a peculiarly gentle and quiet disposition, one of the last to choose battle scenes, and one of the last to be thought of as dying by the bullet of an enemy. But he was brave and patriotic, as he was calm. At the call of his country he entered her service, leaving home and children and wife, en-

during the privations and self-sacrifice like the good soldier that he was, and at the last giving the crown of his devotion—his life.

Of Howell's work as an army chaplain, you, my soldier friends, are more competent to speak than I, for you saw it and knew it. But from what I knew of the man, I am sure that you saw him to be one in whom you could repose the supremest confidence, who everywhere and at all times adorned his sacred profession. I know that you never found him shirking a duty or betraying a trust. You saw that his acts were illustrations of his preaching, and himself a christian minister of unblemished life and efficient service. You have told me how you enjoyed his companionship, and how you cherish its memories.

If I am not mistaken, to-day, you unveil the first monument that has been set up on a battle-field to perpetuate the memory of a chaplain slain in battle. I congratulate you, soldiers, that you have done so. It is a worthy, an honorable, a grateful act. I felicitate myself that I have a part in the service.

As far as I have been able to discover, by careful inquiry at the War Department, and elsewhere, there were but three chaplains killed by the enemy in the war of the Rebellion. Two of them were my personal and familiar friends. One of them, the Rev. George W. Dunmore, was my classmate in the University of New York and in the Union Theological Seminary of that city, and with him I passed seven years of pleasant fellowship and lasting friendship. After spending some ten years as a missionary in Turkey, he returned to this, his native land, perhaps for a vacation or to recover health for himself or his family. He was not a man to be idle, and he took, I apprehend, very soon after his return, his place as army chaplain. He was with his regiment in Arkansas, when the enemy made a sudden night attack on his camp. Dunmore was too impulsive and too brave a man to falter at a critical moment. He seized a rifle and stood

with his boys to repel the foe, and he fell with them at St. Anguille Creek, Arkansas, August 3d, 1862. He was in the forty-second year of his age, having been born at Rush, Pennsylvania, October 5th, 1820.

I am glad that you have given me this opportunity of speaking of Chaplain Dunmore, and to associate him with your Howell.

As I call over the names of these chaplains, a long past scene comes up, and it becomes to me an open door into a chaplain's life. It was in the spring of 1864, while the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House were being fought. Under commission from the Governor of the State of Delaware, I had hastened, with a small company of men accompanying me, towards the front, as soon as the tidings of the battles came. On my way to Fredericksburg I found myself, on the first and a stormy night, at Belle Plain, on the Potomac river, where the wounded and sick were gathered, on their way to the hospitals at Washington. To relieve the overworked and wearied men of the Sanitary Commission—I was also one of them—and at their request, I took charge of their tent and work for the night.

With a tin plate I had dug a trench—you have often done such things—around the tent, to keep the water from overflowing our sleeping place on the ground. As I stood in the rain and gloom, at the flap of the tent, a stalwart horseman drew up, and stepping slowly from his horse, came towards me. His slouch hat, encompassed with its cord and its tassel tarnished and worn, his blue coat and cavalry boots were wet and covered with Virginia mud. As he strode towards me, he said "Have you, comrade, anything for a tired man to eat, or a place where he may sleep a little?" A glance, and the sound of his voice were enough. "Condron, my boy, is that you?" I cried. With a call of wonder and joy came the answer "Why, Aikman, is that you!" And then and there, in the night and storm, we al-

most hugged each other. We had been fellow pastors in the city of Wilmington, Delaware, and he had become a chaplain and was now at the front.

I took Condron into the tent and soon placed some of our stores before him. He ate as a hungry soldier knows how to eat. Soon, he said I have come up from the battle-field in charge of a train of wounded men, I am all tired out; can't I sleep a while? I was only too glad to clear a space on the floor for him. He stepped out of the tent to the tree under which his horse was tied, and soon was back with saddle and holsters in his arms. He laid them on the ground for a pillow, threw himself down, drew his overcoat over him and in an instant was in a sleep such as only a wearied soldier knows.

My friend Condron did not, like Howell and Dunmore, die under the fire of the enemy, but he died just as the many thousands died, of the long, lingering disease contracted in the swamps of the Chickahominy—still another chaplain that I loved, who gave himself for his country and left frail wife and children behind him.

That far-back night reveals a chaplain's life. The chaplain was not called to go into battle, but that was nearly the only thing that was lacking to complete the soldier life which he was called to lead. He, like the rest, gave up his home, his family and himself, to the work and privations of the army. Like his comrades, he took the toil of the march and camp, and bore that sense of loneliness which, after all, made the most unbearable part of many a soldier's day. Yet, it was just the one thing that a soldier, officer or private, could never speak of. Who but the man who experienced it, could know what was that sense of unbearable bereavement which would, at times, sweep over his heart, as the thought of wife and children or loved one came up, and the dread uncertainty whether their voices should ever be heard or their faces be seen again; thoughts that would come in

the midst of stirring scenes, which would make pictures in the darkness when he would awake from dreams where he had had them in his arms, to find those arms clasping only a vacancy; when the dull ache of conscious separation would become a sharp and immeasurable pang; when the low murmur hardly listened to, but never ceasing, would wake into a wail of grief!

That was what made, in the darkness, tears silently steal over bronzed cheeks and heavy beard, and no one but God and the angels knew it. That was a strain and tension that no battle-cry ever made. You, soldiers, know what I mean. Your Chaplain knew it too, this chaplain whom we remember to-day.

It was, too, the chaplain's part to take and bear, as the pastor of his regiment, a burden of care and responsibility that called out all his sympathies, and often wrung his heart. It was his, not to repress and stifle these sympathies, as largely officer and surgeon must do. It was his to allow them scope and activity as he helped his men morally and religiously. Ah, my friends, to stand by a dying man and try to lift him up toward hope and heaven, to take into one's heart the burden of sorrow that a dying man tells, there to hear and record messages of love and grief, to send word that you know will crush hearts forever, blot out smiles, make tears to flow endlessly—some of you would rather go into battle than do that! It was the chaplain's work, and he must not, if he would do it well, steel his heart. That tempestuous night scene, that hungry and weary chaplain in mud and rain, that wagon train of wounded and dying, was a type of a world of work and sorrow of a true chaplain's life—and your Howell was a true chaplain. You remember it as you to-day honor his memory and his work. Rightly you have carved on the bronze

“He being dead yet speaketh.”

We are approaching the end of these monumental occasions. The places where the brave stood and the lamented fell, have

been marked, and they will abide in the memory of the living and, in the years to come, will tell of what they did on this field.

I ask, why are you gathered here, and why have your fellow soldiers gathered all over these valleys and hills, fixing, with solemn reverence and affection, where you fought and where your comrades died? Is it simply that here men fought a bloody battle? Is that all? No, no! You set up these monuments to tell to the coming generations the patriotic devotion of those who stood here. If there were no patriotism, no heroic self-sacrifice for their country, those memorials of bronze and stone would not be set up.

But of late, other thoughts and words, that meant other things, have had a place even on this field, as well as over the land. Men have been talking as if all who fought here, and on either side, were worthy alike of reverence and honor. It is more than time that a halt was called, and that we should have a clarified atmosphere, while this dusty mist of false irenic sentiment passes away.

I am a man of peace. My profession is that of preaching the Gospel of Peace. I hate war, I was taught to hate it from my infancy. I am not here to glorify war. The tragic scene which we commemorate would forever forbid it.

So my heart cries out, all my nature cries out, against the men who made the war, against the men who led those sixty thousand men to trample these fields and moisten them with blood, and make them fields of the dead; the men who planted those two hundred cannon on yonder heights, to pour an infernal fire over these peaceful hills.

I have seen, at one of the most memorable spots on this field, where you stood after you had come in from battle on the hills before us, just in the Bloody Angle, a stone, marking with memorial words where a rebel general fell within our lines. With all the admiration I must have for bravery, I cannot but

feel that that stone is out of place. It goes against my dearest convictions, as I see it right in the spot made immortal by the death of my countrymen. I think that a lofty sense of honor and propriety would not have asked that it should be put there. It was unparalleled magnanimity that allowed it. That general was rushing forward, leading desperate men, in a fierce attempt to do what? To kill the defenders of this government, to strike down your country and mine, by laying them low in death.

The feeling which prompts one to grasp the hand of the man whom he has vanquished, but who has fought bravely, is natural and spontaneous to a man of noble instincts. To forgive, and have pass into seeming oblivion, a wrong done but confessed, is both manly and christian; I honor the sentiment which prompts it. But a wise man will have a care, lest in the forgiveness and the welcome, the distinction between right and wrong be not lost. There may be a profound and lasting injury by the words and the manner of forgiveness.

In the exuberant joy over the cessation of war, with its attendant and immeasurable sorrows, in a country saved from dismemberment and ruin, there has been too often a forgetfulness of what caused the sorrow and danger. The men who brought them both have been honored because they were able and brave.

It has become almost a fashion to glorify the names and the deeds of those who fought against this government and country. Some in my own profession have been foremost in it.

It has been doing, in my estimation, wide-spread harm. It has been an injury to the living and a dishonor to the dead.

What has been the net result of this teaching? Just this—to have helped the training of the people, in a large part of the land, to believe that the great attempt to destroy this government was no error, that the man who died in the attempt was a hero and a martyr, above the man who died in its defence. Half the country has been taught to accept only the inevitable;



that the lost cause was a just cause, crushed but never conquered, beaten down unrighteously by a brute but resistless force; taught not to welcome the Union, only to accept it, and not to love the good that was everlastingly in it; taught not to honor the flag, that flag that you so often saw before you, which nerved your arm and gave lightsomeness to your tread, which to-day is the most beautiful thing that floats in air, "Old Glory" you call it; taught not to love, only to tolerate it and permit it to wave. This teaching, I fear, has been increasing in volume. I believe it to be unpatriotic and mistaken. Here, in my place, I lift up my voice against it.

I am entirely aware what will be said of these utterances. It has often and flippantly been asserted that the men who fought do not talk thus, that only those who remained at home say such things. But when a man from his childhood has been taught to think along the lines of human right, and from his early manhood has been familiar with the causes which brought on the war; when he has been accustomed, for forty years, to write and speak publicly about them, he may be permitted to have some convictions and some knowledge of the things he speaks of.

For a man to stand day after day, month after month, year after year, in a slave state before the war, during the war, after the war, speaking uncompromising and unsparing words for liberty and the Union, risking position, reputation, means of livelihood for wife and little ones, and even life itself, with enemies near who would gladly take it if they dared; with, what was harder to bear, the tremulousness of timid friends, not for one month or one year but for nine weary years—years that he thanks God he was permitted to live—this, I say, possibly required as much courage as under the fierce excitement of a day of battle, with shout of comrade and thrill of drum and bugle call to sweep forward in the deadly charge. A man who has ministered day after day to the suffering and the dying, placed in

his charge while desperate battles were going on, and with the distant boom of cannon in his ear, while every day the awful debris of the battle came back to him, and groans and shrieks and maniac cries and death were in the tainted air, knows something of the horrors of war.

These things are nothing to speak of, least of all to boast of, but the man who has done them has earned at least the right to speak what he thinks, as I do to-day.

It is greatly to be feared, that by all the natural and kindly talk about forgetting the past and taking to our arms our late enemies, there has not been an obliteration of the everlasting distinction between the men who fought to defend, and the men who fought to destroy this government. But, my friends, the great truths which were truths in those fateful days, between sixty and sixty-five, are as true to-day as they were then. Some men were risking all that they held dear, giving life itself, to uphold and perpetuate their country; other men, with all the abilities, all the energies, all the resources that they could summon, were endeavoring to kill them and their cause. It was a fact, and you cannot take a fact out of this universe.

Rebellion is the same as it was on that day when Reynolds lay dead in yonder wood, where you, the old Ninetieth, were helping to hold in check the gathering army of the foe; it is the same as on that afternoon when Howell lay dead on these church steps. Time has not changed the fact, that the men whose praises are now sung, were leading their hosts, and that these hosts were rushing forward in battle, to sweep you and your friends away in death, because you were standing for your country and government, while they were seeking, through your wounds and death, to destroy both.

I have heard the cry, when I have elsewhere spoken, the old familiar cry, "The war is over." I answer back, "Truths are not over, principles are not gone." They abide to-day as they

were more than a quarter of a century ago. The Rebellion was a crime, one of the crimes of the ages—a crime in the way of which neither treasure nor tears, widows' speechless gaze or orphans' low call of woe were permitted for a moment to stand. No lofty qualities of mind, no saintly character shall obscure from me the fact that great powers were used to beat down and blot from the earth my country, and to take the life of my countrymen who were defending it; I will never honor the memory of such men. No glamour of martial pomp, no soft smiling talk of fraternity, no sneers at what they call "keeping up the animosities of the war," shall prevent my lifting up my voice in condemnation of the acts of men who laid my friends and yours in the grave, nor shall prevent my teaching my children's children to abhor the work and mourn the memory of leaders in cabinet and field who did it.

The crime of the Rebellion has been excused because the men who were engaged in it were conscientious, and did what they believed to be right. But some of the greatest crimes of history have been committed by men who deemed that they were right and wise. "The time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service," said our divine Lord mournfully to his disciples, and his word was fulfilled. But killing saints and apostles was a crime.

Twenty-four years ago, on a spring morning, just after dawn, there lay dying on the porch of a country house in Maryland, a young man, handsome in form and feature, refined and cultured. He was the assassin of Lincoln. He had been hunted as a wild beast and shot while he stood at bay. As one of his captors bent over him, in unavailing sympathy, he was heard murmuring in the gasping of a fading life. He looked at his hand, lying helpless by his side, paralyzed by the cruel bullet, and said "All useless!" Then his thoughts, going out to his dearest one, he whispered, "Tell my mother that I thought I did right."

Here was the efflorescence, the consummate baleful flower of the great American Rebellion; an epitome and condensed illustration of it all—a fateful act, vainly but conscientiously done, followed by immeasurable disaster and sorrow. Here was an error, conscientious, criminal, useless.

I walk in thought among the myriad graves of southern soldiers, I see the desolated homes! the sob of widows and the moan of orphans comes to me out of the mournful past. I weep over the slain, and in my grief I cry “They are my slain countrymen! For what was all this death? for what these tears? Useless! useless! It need not, it ought not to have been.”

I would have the mourners decorate those graves, I would have the sorrowing hallow them. I weep the more bitter tears because it was so wrong they died at all. I mourn the half million dead, causelessly slain, but with the benedictions of a saved nation forever singing over their graves; their dead with mournful memories ever more, with no sweet and blessed fruitage, the generations to come sighing “It need not, it ought not to have been!”

To-day, on this field, sacred and to live forever in human history, where patriot men suffered and died—here, on this spot, where a minister of the Gospel was shot down, in front of the wounded and the dying he was consoling—here, as we look one another in the face, we say softly to each other, “Brother, we were not mistaken when we took our place in those darkened days of war.” We hold rather the immeasurable consolation to our hearts, that we then stood by flag and country. There is no misgiving in our souls, only solemn joy that we did. We will go from this scene of sorrow and memorial, thanking God for the living and praising him for the dead.

At the conclusion of this very able address, many were the expressions of approbation and warm congratulation bestowed

upon the speaker. He certainly handled the subject with marked ability.

The Rev. Dr. James P. Wilson, of Newark, N. J., formerly of Philadelphia, was originally selected to deliver the Howell dedicatory address, in view of the close relationship that existed between these life-long friends.

The following correspondence, originals of which are with the records of the Association, speaks for itself:

NEWARK, N. J., February 11th, 1889.

COL. A. J. SELLERS.

*My Dear Sir.*—I thank you for sending me the circular, containing notice of the proposed memorial to the memory of the Rev. Horatio S. Howell. I send herewith a small tribute, and will do more if necessary with the greatest pleasure. Mr. Howell and his wife (since deceased) were my dearest friends. I paid the expenses of his education in college and through the Theological Seminary. He lived in my family two years. I ordained him at his first installation and secured for him his subsequent "calls" to his two following congregations, in Delaware State and at the Water Gap; and it was by my counsel he became Chaplain in the army, and died a noble death. I buried him at Greenwood Cemetery, on a beautiful Sunday morning in July, and have often since visited his grave. He was a sincere lover of his country, a truly noble man—my best and dearest friend. He never forsook a friend at *any* critical moment. He was a very pious man. Too much cannot be said of such a man.

If not too much trouble, I would like to know, at your leisure, your plans respecting your monument, its cost, the probable time of its erection, etc., and the attendant ceremonies. I have visited the spot where he fell, twice.

Please excuse this tedious and incoherent letter. No one knew him better than I did, and no one, except his wife and children, felt and mourned his loss more.

Yours truly,

JAMES P. WILSON,

41 Spruce Street.

On the 23d day of May, 1889, after a long and useful career, death suddenly overcame this zealous christian gentleman and devoted minister of the Gospel, whose sermons were remarkable for their exalted style, clear reasoning and profound research. We mourn the loss of this eminent divine, jointly with that of our revered Howell.

Rev. Dr. Aikman, alike with our Chaplain, the protegé of Dr. Wilson, was then selected to perform the honored duty, and, in reply to our request, penned the following expressive letter:

122 States Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.

June 25th, 1889.

COL. A. J. SELLERS.

*Dear Sir.*—Please find with this my check, in aid of the memorial tribute to the late Chaplain Horatio S. Howell, of the 90th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and I gladly accept your invitation.

Chaplain Howell was a friend of many years, whose memory I am glad to aid in honoring. I have twice reverently visited the place made forever sacred by his death—once, a couple of months after he fell, and again last fall.

His murder was an emphatic expression of the cruelty of a wicked rebellion, a rebellion destroyed by the devotion of just such men as our lamented friend and your comrades. I bow reverently to his memory, while I greet you and your soldier men who survive.

It was my sad fortune to have two of the three chaplains who were slain in the war as my personal friends. Howell, and Dunmore who was killed as he was bravely, with rifle in hand, repelling a sudden night attack of the enemy in Arkansas.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM AIKMAN.

During a selection (a March) by the organist, Miss Bangher, the Clergy, Church Council and Survivors' Association withdrew to the church steps, followed by the large audience, to unveil the tribute. The memorial, through the kindness of Col. C. H.





CHAPLAIN HOWELL'S MEMORIAL.



## DESCRIPTION OF THE HOWELL MEMORIAL.

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Represents a Pastor's reading desk, over four feet in height, standing where the Chaplain was killed. The base is of rough Fox Island granite, rock-face finish—corners champhosed to an octagon, hammered margin—surmounted by a highly polished column of Bellevue granite (very dark), upon which rests the desk—ornamented edges—of highly polished Westerly granite, supporting an excellent representation of an open Bible, in bronze. Inscribed on the left page, "In Memoriam. Rev. Horatio S. Howell, Chaplain 90th Penna. Vols.; was cruelly shot dead on these Church steps, on the afternoon of July 1st, 1863." On the opposite page, "He delivereth me from mine enemies; yea, thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me."—Psalms xviii, 48. "He being dead, yet speaketh."—Hebrews xi, 4.

A bronze tablet on the lower front of base, in raised letters, "Our Tribute." "Survivors' Association of the 90th Penna. Vols., and personal friends of the lamented Chaplain."

Buehler, Vice-President of the Battle-field Association, was covered with the national color, and as Comrade Geo. W. Watson, late Captain of Company H (who left a limb upon the battle-field in the Wilderness, Va., on the 5th of May, 1864, on Grant's grand forward movement), unveiled the beautiful and appropriate monument, the National Hymn, "America," was rendered by the Band; the audience joined in singing.

My country 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,  
 Of thee I sing,  
 Land where my fathers died;  
 Land of the pilgrims' pride:  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
 Land of the noble free,  
 Thy name I love,  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills,  
 My heart with rapture thrills  
 Like that above.

Rev. J. K. Demarest then closed these very interesting exercises by a prayer, in language so appropriate and sympathetic as to move upon the hearts of all present, and to lead them to realize the solemnity of the occasion and the lesson which it inculcated.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," was then sung (Band accompaniment) with a warmth of fervor and unanimity, followed, by the benediction from Pastor Demarest. It was truly a very touching ceremony all through.

The line of march was then resumed back to our headquarters and the command dismissed, to assemble at the railroad

depot, Monday morning at 9 o'clock, from thence to Hancock station, close by the Boulder monument, which marks our position late on the afternoon of July 2d, 1863.

Monday, September 2d, 1889, dawned upon us most auspiciously, indications of a pleasant day brightening our hopes and anticipations. We are rested and refreshed by a quiet night's repose; and waiting for breakfast, our thoughts wandered back to the time when we, as soldiers, were at the front and at times on meagre fare, glad to get our hard tack and salt horse, and perchance a refreshing cup of coffee; and as we munched our hard tack, would draw on the imagination and conjure up bills of fare and festive dinners at Kopple & Jones', the famous resort for epicureans just previous to the war. Whenever you find a good natured soldier, make up your mind that his heart lies near his stomach, and to keep him in that happy state of mind, cater well to that reservoir of likes and dislikes.

7.30 o'clock found us enjoying our morning meal, and soon thereafter we started in column, to the inspiring music of our Band, halting in front of the Lutheran Church, where we arranged ourselves around the Chaplain's memorial and on the steps, while Prof. Rile succeeded in obtaining a good picture of the entire party, save several whose nerves were not sufficiently steadied—it being too early in the morning.

We soon reached the depot and in ten minutes arrived at Hancock station. Our line reformed and a short walk brought us to the spot where our Regiment was engaged on the afternoon of July 2d, 1863. Nick Wilson's battery fired a salute of three guns as we formed around the veiled memorial.

Standing there and listening to the booming of cannon, how vividly we called to mind the scenes of twenty-six years ago, and how thankful we felt, that during the intervening years, we had been providentially spared to meet again in the halo of the com-

panionship of soldierly affection. Every comrade present represented somebody's boy, who had quit mother and home, or some one's husband or father, who had left an aching void in the hearts of wife and children, more than a quarter of a century ago.

[SELECTED.]

Loving hearts mayhaps have waited  
 For the "unknown" one to come—  
 Long, perhaps, yes, long, long after  
 He had found his narrow home.  
 Now when hope has died in anguish,  
 Aching hearts this blessing crave,  
 That love soothes his last hard pillow,  
 Love still tends the "unknown" grave.

Oh, ye mothers, wives and daughters,  
 Tend the "unknown" grave with care,  
 Who can tell, your own loved darling  
 May have been called their fate to share.  
 Then as ye would have some fair one  
 Strew with flowers his lonely bed,  
 With kind hands and hearts most loving  
 Watch and tend our "*unknown*" dead.



## Dedication of Boulder Monument.

The order of exercises were begun by a selection (dedicated to the 90th P. V.) by the G. A. R. Band, followed by an invocation from the REV. DR. WM. AIKMAN.

Presentation of memorial to the Battle-field Association by Chairman, COMRADE HILLARY BEYER, in the following excellent address:

### *Comrades and Friends:*

Where this rock stands the old 90th Penna. Vols. stood, late on the afternoon of July 2d, 1863. The inscription on the plate tells you and future generations, what the Regiment did on this field, but let me remind you that the number of men in it at this time, were but a few over one hundred; the shattered Regiment went forward once more to stay the advancing foe, and held the position assigned to them until night closed the conflict, and the Regiment was ordered back to Cemetery Hill. On July 3d, they were in several positions—about mid-day at the base of east Cemetery Hill, and during the progress of the greatest artillery duel of modern times they occupied a position on the summit of the hill, immediately in the rear of the batteries; this position was occupied until Pickett made his appearance on his famous charge, then the order came to join our lines at Zeigler's grove. I would have you look upon this boulder. Is it not one of nature's own works? No trace of the sculptor's hand (except the inscription), no finger of art has ever drawn a line! It is a sample of grand old nature in its immensity! And we trust, that as long as a memorial remains on this field, this one will stand, to tell to future generations that here a handful of brave men stood at their



BOULDER MEMORIAL.



## DESCRIPTION OF BOULDER MEMORIAL.

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A huge rock weighing seven tons, brought down from Round Top; standing over seven feet, from behind whose moss-covered surface, the sharpshooter dealt death and destruction,—quite historical! The front, facing Hancock avenue, contains a large bronze descriptive tablet, in raised letters, as follows:

“90TH REGIMENT, PENN’A VOLS., OF PHILADELPHIA,

“2d Brig., 2d Div., 1st Corps,

“was heavily engaged July 1st, 1863, on Oak Ridge and Mummasburg road, where the granite Tree Monument stands. Upon the retirement of the Corps, it was formed in line of battle on Cemetery Hill supporting a battery. On the evening of July 2d, it was ordered to this position and deployed as *skirmishers*, advancing beyond the Emmitsburg road. The Confederate General Barksdale, who had fallen mortally wounded in the attack upon the 3d Corps, was found upon the field and carried to the rear, by men of this Regiment. After dark, the Regiment returned to Cemetery Hill. On the 3d, it first moved to the east or rear of Cemetery Hill, to the support of the 12th Corps engaged on Culp’s Hill, then to the support of batteries on the brow of the hill, and soon after, at the time of the terrible assault on the 2d Corps, the Regiment changed position on the *double-quick*, and joined their line of battle at Ziegler’s Grove, as indicated by the Eagle Monument there.

“*NON SIBI SED PATRIÆ.*”

Above, a 1st Corps mark (the disc), 90th, P. V. thereon. On the side facing the north the Pennsylvania Coat of Arms, on a circular bronze plate with the words “Erected by the Survivors’ Association.” On the south side, a bronze representation of the Buck and Ball, caliber .69—the ammunition then used. To the eyes of some, this rugged mass is more beautiful than many costly shafts, because it is nature’s handiwork, and unique in its character.



post of duty. May this be indeed, a "Rock of Ages," ages to come! when those who live after us will read and wonder at the deeds of valor done on this ground. As Chairman of the Monument Committee of the Survivors' Association, I now convey this marker to the sacred trust of the Gettysburg Battle-field Memorial Association.

As the last words were spoken, Comrade Thomas E. Berger, late a Color Sergeant of the Regiment, removed the flag covering the memorial and exposed to view the "Rock of Ages." The comrades of Post 9, G: A. R., fired an artillery salute.

The acceptance, on behalf of the Battle-field Association, was in an address eloquently delivered, by JOHN M. KRAUTH, Esq., of Gettysburg, in very complimentary language.

A Poem, by FLORENCE McCURDY, of Philadelphia, was read by Rev. J. K. Demarest in so able and impressive a manner, as to merit the most deserved applause it so warmly received.

*(FIRST DAY'S ENGAGEMENT—SEMINARY RIDGE.)*

'Twas on this site, at Gettysburg,  
 In eighteen hundred sixty-three,  
 The Ninetieth Pennsylvania fought,  
 Our land from bitter feud to free.  
 Three hundred stalwart sons and brave,  
 In battle's armor all complete,  
 From many hard-won fields had come,  
 And in one common cause to meet.  
 'Mid clanging sounds of hoof and steel,  
 And cannons rattling loud and clear,  
 They came, those valiant heroes came,  
 And set their standard colors here.  
 The day was sultry, hot and clear,  
 And gorgeous shone the July sun,  
 Its splendor flashing far and near  
 From rifle, musket, sword and gun.

A deep and solemn stillness reigned,  
 The drowsy vales and hills along,  
 The insect choirs no longer chirped,  
 Nor trilled their lays the birds of song ;  
 For two opposing armies stood  
 In battle's dread and grim array :—  
 One clad in uniform of blue ;  
 The other, in Confed'rate gray.

At length came forth the stern command,  
 And forward moved their bold brigade  
 With steady pulse, undaunted mien,  
 And hearts by terror undismayed :  
 Unmindful of the battle's din,  
 And sabre-clash and tramp of steeds.  
 Those manly boys made sacrifice  
 Of noble lives in gallant deeds.  
 For three long hours they held their post,  
 That "Post of Honor" bravely won,  
 Tho' comrades dying lay, and dead,  
 And ranks were thinning one by one.

Foot-sore and weary, famished, faint,  
 Those dauntless soldiers then withdrew ;  
 But Oh ! it was a ghastly sight  
 That battle-field disclosed to view !  
 The tide that coursed those sun-kissed hills  
 In rivulets of deepest dye,  
 And poured its flood o'er mead and fen,  
 Outvied the crimson of the sky.  
 And, yet it was a glorious charge  
 Those gallant soldiers that day made  
 A charge that shall on record live,  
 Though with a ransom dearly paid.

And here again at Gettysburg,  
 The brave survivors meet once more,  
 While fervent hearts and thrilling tongues  
 Rehearse the story of the war.

Near by this hallowed battle-ground,  
 Full many a moss-grown grave is seen—  
 Where fallen heroes peaceful rest,  
 Tho' long sad years have rolled between.  
 O, careless stranger, as you pass  
 Yon sacred spot, with rev'rence tread ;  
 For sleepeth there no craven soul,  
 In that lone "City of the Dead."

The National Hymn, "America," was rendered by the Band; the audience joined in singing with a warmth of feeling in keeping with the grand thoughts the ode signified.

President A. J. SELLERS then delivered the following

## Dedicatory Address.

*Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Once more we lay aside the employments of the world, forget the busy scenes of life, and assemble to recall the memory of those solemn days when the destiny of the country hung in the balance—when fratricidal hands sought to strike down the genius of liberty, and to undo the work founded by the Fathers of the Republic—by the loftiest memories cherished of patriotic sacrifice and devotion.

We come here, however, not to fan the dying embers of animosity, shaped in the fierce heat of passionate civil war—for in one grave, passion, hate, sectionalism and the shackles of the slave are now happily buried by ploughshares in peaceful fields, or in the calm cities of the dead, where the daisies of forgiveness and the sweet roses of reconciliation entwine antagonistic colors in friendly embrace. Our inflexible purpose is to maintain the unity and indivisibility of the Republic, and to keep bright that patriotic fervor, in obedience to which our comrades gave up the ties of home and friends, and in the din of battle

laid down their lives. We come to commemorate the noble deeds of the men, who with us stood sentry over the nation, who in summer's fevered heat and amid winter's cold and storm, upheld the glorious symbol of our country, and carried it through the tempests of battle, until the last armed foe surrendered. Our comrades gave away their lives, but took with them an immortal glory and the gratitude of endless generations; they may repose in unknown graves south of the Potomac, or sleep beneath the sea, yet poetry and eloquence will embalm their memory and keep ever bright the recollection of heroic deeds. If we should omit from history all its heroism and the story of its heroic deeds, how barren would be the record.

The national history of Great Britain is kept alive to-day by her Marlborough, her Wellington and her Nelson; Prussia by her Frederick; France by her Napoleon. The Grecians who at Marathon routed the Persian hordes, expelling the Turks from the free soil of their native land, were "echoes that aroused the entire world." In later years, the shot the loyal farmers fired at Lexington, gave to an overbearing nation an earnest demonstration that a free and independent people could have an existence. It was the entering wedge, the laying of the foundation stone of the grandest, the freest nation that will ever have an existence while the world lasts. It was the remembrance of that struggle that, in 1861, aroused the national spirit to the protection of national life. Twenty-eight years have passed since the stars and stripes were fired upon at Sumpter, and as time rolls on, the rising generations ask, "What is the meaning of these ceremonies? Why these monuments of granite and bronze? For what then did these men fight and die?" The answers to these questions are requisite, now and for years to come, to keep alive in the national mind the value of our institutions and the tremendous cost to perpetuate them.

No people can afford to forget the noble deeds of any of its

citizens who have suffered and endured for each other in the past, and who are willing to suffer and endure in the future whenever true patriotism calls upon them to suffer. It is just such wonderful deeds, as those performed by the heroes in our great civil strife, which proves to the world that we possess the elements of valor and self-sacrifice, which constitute a great nation among the people of the world; and the moment you cease to recollect and cherish all the valiant deeds of the past, you will at once destroy all guarantees for the future. When the sun sinks in the west, it leaves the clouds flushed with the roseate hue of departed glory; so the recollection of our beloved comrades still lingers, suffusing us with the glory of fond and tender memories.

Comrades, another year has rolled by, since we assembled on yonder ridge, and there dedicated our "Tree" Monument, to commemorate the valor and patriotism of the old 90th Penn'a, for our regiment there held the post of honor, the extreme right of the 1st Corps on that memorable July 1st afternoon, twenty-six years ago. Not until their ammunition was exhausted, after having replenished from the cartridge boxes of the slain and wounded—not until then did we reluctantly withdraw, overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers. A remnant of the regiment crowded around the guns of Stewart's Battery B, 4th U. S. Artillery, and did yeoman service, assisting for a time in checking the victorious onslaught of Hill's superior numbers. The guns were saved and on Cemetery Hill echoed back the thunder of Lee's reveille.

One year ago, we also erected at Ziegler's Grove a second memorial, known as the "Eagle" Monument, to mark our position on the third day, where our decimated numbers were sent on the skirmish line; some of whom there answered their last roll-call. Yesterday we unveiled, on the steps of the Christ Lutheran Church, on Chambersburg Street of Gettysburg, a

memorial to commemorate the noble attributes of our lamented Chaplain, Rev. Horatio S. Howell, who was cruelly shot down on the steps of the church, where he had been administering to the wounded and dying.

Standing by my side is the worthy son of an honored sire, Horatio S. Howell, named after his father; and as I grasp his hand, we the Survivors, commune in spirit through him with our departed friend and Chaplain.

We are now assembled around this "Rock of Ages," appropriately inscribed and embellished, to commemorate our position on the second day of July, our brigade having been brought from Cemetery Hill to strengthen the line of battle that had been penetrated by Longstreet, in his grand assault upon the 3d Corps, which finally resulted in his being compelled to withdraw. From this position we were again sent upon the skirmish line, as explained in the description on the tablet. Let us rejoice that the horrors of the battle-field are over.

Permit me to say a word in conclusion for the noble women of the war. Scarcely had the cannon ceased to roar when the sisters of christian benevolence, ministers of compassion, angels of peace, hastened to the field and the hospital, to moisten the parched tongue, to bind the wounds, to soothe the parting agonies alike of friend and foe, and to catch the last whispered messages of love from dying lips. "Carry this miniature back to my dear wife, but do not take it from my bosom 'till I am gone!" "Tell my sister not to grieve for me; I am willing to die for my country!" "Oh that my mother were here!"

A thousand glorious actions, that might claim  
 Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,—  
 Confused in clouds of glorious actions lie,  
 And troops of heroes undistinguished die.

May the rising generation be imbued with the spirit of loyalty and love of country; let them read the story of those heroic

struggles o'er and o'er again, that gave the nation a new birth of freedom, that they may see in the Stars and Stripes the emblem of liberty, equal rights, and national unity.

No man who has never been a soldier can understand the full meaning of the word "Fraternity." You felt it when you shared your blanket or the contents of your haversack and canteen with a comrade. It thrilled as an electric shock at the touch of elbows amid the hail storm of death's missiles upon the battle-field. The ties of fraternity were welded in the fire of battle. Fraternity, begotten in the heat of battle, will bloom in the sunshine of peace.

With this fourth memorial, our work in this direction is completed, and we rest from our labors, with the assurance that it was not in vain we rallied round the Stars and Stripes.

My comrades, the evidence of your devotion is written upon many a hard fought battle-field; the silent tents of green, where sleep those who went out with you in '61-62-63, but did not return, are the eternal witnesses of your patriotism. The evidence of your loyalty shines forth from every star, and is written by the finger of heroism upon every stripe of the nation's flag.

The granite minstrels' voiceless stone,  
 In deathless song shall tell,  
 When many a vanished year hath flown,  
 The story why ye fell;  
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,  
 Nor time's remorseless doom,  
 Can dim one ray of holy light  
 That gilds each glorious tomb.

The manifestations of applause and the congratulations that followed the address, clearly evidenced the hearty appreciation of the sentiments expressed and the pleasure it evoked.



The Band then rendered a selection, entitled "The Soldier's Dream," listened to with wrapt attention.

The ceremony closed with the singing of the Doxology, Band accompaniment, and the Benediction by the Rev. J. K. Demarest. This event marks the completion, by the Survivors' Association, of a most pleasant and enjoyable duty. The closing account of the services from the *Gettysburg Star and Sentinel* are quoted "The church was crowded to overflowing, the exercises were of unusual interest, but our people were not surprised as the 90th have been here before and they know what to expect."

The deeds of the living as well as the dead heroes, have been commemorated in bronze and granite for all time to come, and the rising, and generations to come can point to these monuments, reminders of the undying love and unselfish devotion of the patriots who in 1863, stood between rebel bayonets and the altar of our country.

As long as on earth the green grass grows,  
 The deeds of our soldiers shall live in story:  
 As long as the sea tide ebbs and flows,  
 The tale shall be told of our navy's glory.

As long as the day dispels the night,  
 Our flag shall shine in its beauty bright—  
 The radiant emblem, by shore and sea,  
 O'er a land whose sons will ever keep free.

At 10.15, a parting salute was given us, as we wended our way along Hancock avenue to the clump of trees (now railed in) and the stone wall, known as the Bloody Angle, where a lecture was given by the battle-field guide, Capt. Long, on the day's contest. The writer will briefly summarize that eventful day: Johnson, of Ewell's Corps (Confederate), having occupied, on the night of the second, the intrenchments south of Culp's Hill (our right), vacated by the 12th Corps, who went to the relief of

the 3d Corps, when so closely pressed by Hill (Confederate),—and having advanced so near to the Baltimore pike where our ammunition trains were parked (of which he knew not), grew suspicious and fearing it a trap, withdrew to the more secure position around Culp's Hill. Slocum's men (Union) having returned late on the evening of the second, found the enemy in possession, but waited until daylight of the third, when they fiercely attacked and drove them back, regaining their original position. Thus did Lee fail in his attack on our right, left and centre, when he concluded to make a final effort to pierce our lines this (the third) day, he having been reinforced by Stuart's Cavalry and the fresh Division of Pickett.

History does not record a greater, if as great an artillery battle as that which preceded the final heroic charge of Lee's subordinates—Pickett, Pettigrew and Pender. 138 Confederate guns, for two hours, belched forth torrents of shrieking shell and shot upon our lines; caisson after caisson were blown up, until at times the lowering clouds of smoke obscured the view. With equal ferocity, the 150 Union guns replied, reverberating like unto peals of thunder, which fairly made the earth tremble as though an earthquake was at hand. Finally, Gen. Hunt (recently deceased), our Chief of Artillery, directed a temporary cessation in order to reserve our ammunition, for what he keenly anticipated, the grand infantry assault. This lull misled Lee, who took it for granted as a favorable indication of the destructiveness of his concentrated fire—partial demolition of some of our batteries and a general demoralization. It was then that the sagacious and intrepid Longstreet was directed to form, much against his will, for the ever memorable attack. The strong column consisted *not only* of Pickett's Division, as we hear it so often erroneously stated, which included the Virginia contingent—the flower of his army, but Pettigrew's Division and two Brigades of Pender's Division of Hill's Corps. Stuart, with his cavalry, at this op-

portune time, made an unsuccessful attack on our right and rear, (the cavalry shaft is discernible on a clear day north-east from Cemetery Hill,) but the gallant men of Gregg and Custer, after a severe battle, overcome and forced Stuart to retreat. Kilpatrick, on our left, kept Longstreet engaged to prevent his reinforcing Pickett, pending this dying gasp of chivalrous Lee on free soil.

On came the magnificent line of battle, but Wilcox's Alabamians and Perry's Floridians, who should have guarded Pickett's right flank, became separated from it, the line not being kept intact—no doubt by the terrible havoc created by the murderous fire and the Codori buildings. On however they pressed, regardless of the harvest of death they were reaping.

Armistead, surrounded by his men, leaped the stone wall and reached our Cushing's guns, and in the hand to hand conflict both Armistead and Cushing were killed, martyrs to their respective cause. But, there the assault was forever stayed.

Of Longstreet's Corps, Pickett's three Brigadiers, Garnett and Armistead were killed and Kemper wounded. Fry, who commanded Pettigrew's Brigade of Hill's Corps, was dangerously wounded, as was also Pettigrew. Only one field officer of Pickett's Division came out unhurt.

Stannard's Vermont Brigade, of the staunch old 1st Corps, largely contributed to the grand result of the day by that adroit strategic movement, in taking advantage of Pickett's divided column, quickly forming line of battle in the interval and opening a most terrific and destructive enflading fire on them upon both flanks. This Brigade of the 1st Corps covered themselves with glory, equally with the Philadelphia Brigade, who received the shock of Pickett's charge. Robinson's Division, also of the 1st Corps (*which included our 90th*), came over Cemetery Hill on the double-quick and assisted in repelling the tidal-wave, and there witnessed the collapse of the high water mark of the Re-

bellion. Pickett's supports failed him ; the battle was over and Lee must have therefore seen Appomatox!

"Baffled and beaten backward they reeled,  
From stubborn Meade and a barren field."

The echoes of victorious Gettysburg came reverberating back from Vicksburg, with a halo of glory resplendent with immortal lustre. Grant and Meade, the heroes of the day!

The train being in waiting at Hancock station we, at 11.15 A. M., returned to the town and at once made preparation for our departure. This year we were all located under the same roof, thereby having our forces well in hand, a better concert of action disciplined all our movements. The last meal was a particularly enjoyable one. Diller was determined to send us away *full* and rejoicing, and to keep his end of the line up in harmony with all the rest of our enjoyments, for we had been especially favored in many particulars—fortunate as to the weather, a most important dispensation of nature's blessing.

Had we deferred our journey until September 12th, known as Pennsylvania Day, we would have experienced the most inclement weather; also, the great inconvenience attending overcrowded hotels, boarding houses and streets. The writer knows whereof he speaks, he being an attendant upon the State ceremonies appertaining to the dedication of Pennsylvania's State monuments. The 90th was, however, well represented and, had the parade not been abandoned on account of the rain, would have been the fourth organization in the column. The following comrades were in attendance: Johnson Roney, William H. Crouse, John S. Davis, J. Emory Byram, John A. Harris, Geo. F. Peall, C. A. Von Hartleben, Chas. F. Simmons, Albert C. Johnston, Fredk. Genter, Jas. J. Hasson, Kirk Marple, John Shiels, A. M. Theiss, Jas. F. Hefley, F. A. Chadwick, Henry S. Berge, John S. French, Jos. G. Patterson, Henry J. Bockius,

Assistant Surgeon Geo. P. Tracy, Chas. King, David Hughes, Jas. J. Edmunds, Uriah Transue and A. J. Sellers.

The hour arrived to bid farewell to our Gettysburg friends; the special cars, which had been retained for us on the side track, were brought into requisition, all aboard from the conductor, and at 1.33 P. M. we bade adieu to Gettysburg, starting for Baltimore, over the Western Maryland road. With a clear track, on we sped, passing Hanover and other beautifully located Maryland towns, and through a lovely picturesque country, without a stop until we reached our destination—Fulton station, Baltimore, at 4 o'clock, where large four-horse commodious transfer coaches conveyed us to Camden station. The ride was a most delightful one, and enjoyably varied the mode of transportation, giving us a partial view of Baltimore.

An amusing episode transpired as we alighted from the coaches and entered the depot. The ladies' ribboned badges and the gilt lettered hat bands of the Veterans caused a momentary inquiry as to who they might be. "Oh," says a wiseacre, or perhaps an unreconstructed, in a satirical manner, "they are the Salvation Army." Quick as a flash came the repartee, from our Mrs. B——, "Truly spoken! Yes, they are, *the 'SALVATION Army of '63,'* and don't you forget it!"

At 5.35 P. M. we left Camden station; the train intact crossed the Patapsco river on the transfer steamer John W. Garrett; looming up in sight, was Fort McHenry and Locust Point, at which place our old 19th Regiment was stationed during July, 1861, but the march of improvement has partially obliterated the old landmarks. Soon Baltimore was lost to sight as we whirled along, making splendid time towards our own home-like city.

Just previous to our journey's end, the time passed most rapidly, in the interchange of parting salutations; old and new

acquaintances were extending invitations for future visits and reunions. We reached our destination at 7.50 P. M. (Sept. 2d), without an accident, or anything whatsoever, to mar the enjoyment that we, one and all experienced.

Philadelphia is good enough for us, notwithstanding so oft quoted slow (which has become a threadbare story, but let us add, sure and solid. Having awakened from its oft told lethargy, the march of permanent improvement is greater than ever before, and when effected, will consume several millions of dollars. The signs of progress are seen on every hand. It is the most thoroughly native-born American city of all the large cities of the North, East and West. The wages, profits or fortunes earned in Philadelphia come from steady industry and real work. This is a making or producing city—speculation is not rampant, hence why *so much* is invested in real estate, particularly by those of humble station in life.

The large, magnificent and unique buildings erected during the past few years compare most favorably with any like structures in the land, evidencing a spirit of enterprise and go-ahead-ativeness.

On the 28th day of August, 1609, the Delaware river was first discovered by Henry Hudson, an Englishman (after whom the Hudson or North river is named). He was interested in the Dutch East India Company.

In 1610 Thomas, Lord De-la-War in his voyage to Virginia, stopped at the bay and was supposed to be the discoverer of the river. The first explorer was Cornelius Jacobsen May, who in the year 1613 entered the river in the craft "FORTUNE."

It was in 1637 that the Swedes settled upon a narrow strip of land on the edge of the forest, known formerly as Southwark, in Philadelphia. Penn afterwards came in his good ship "Welcome," and effected an amicable exchange of land with the Swedes, whereupon he was permitted to settle there. Gloria

Dei Church, better known as "Old Swede's," the oldest church in Philadelphia, was erected in 1698 of brick; the main body of the church remains in its original state. For fifty years previous it had been a log church, and made use of as a block-house for defence against hostile Indians. Christ Church, built 1695, whose steeple contains the oldest chime of bells in America, cast 1754. Washington was a worshipper in this renowned edifice.

The first Bible published in this country was by Christopher Sower, 1743. Germantown had the first type foundry, 1735: first newspaper, 1739. Philadelphia the birth-place of the nation, where the first Continental Congress assembled, in *Carpenter's Hall*, in 1774.

INDEPENDENCE HALL, the most interesting object in Philadelphia, was begun in 1729, completed 1735. On July 4th, 1776, Congress met here, when the Declaration was adopted, and proclaimed from the steps on the same day. Within the National Museum there now hangs the "*old bell*," which pealed forth the glad tidings from Leviticus xxv, 10.

The greatest manufacturing industries in the world are to be found in Philadelphia, some of them have no rivals. The renowned DISSTON Saw and File Works; the famous BALDWIN Locomotive Works, with 4,168 employees; the BROMLEY Carpet Mills; the DOLAN Woolen and Worsted Mills; the WHITE Dental Depot; the LIPPINCOTT Publishing House; the immense sugar refineries, foremost amongst whom is CLAUS SPRECKELS, recently located here in preference to any other city; POWERS & WEIGHTMAN, manufacturing chemists, and the renowned CRAMP & SONS, ship builders. These are but a few of Philadelphia's *vast* enterprises.

It has always taken the lead of all other American cities, viz., in the aggregate of establishments, variety of articles made, number of persons employed, and the value thereof. Statistics corroborate this. With its 12,000 factories and over, giving em-



ployment to more than 240,000 persons, and a manufacturing capital of \$375,000,000 dollars; its capitalists are prominent in extending railway systems in the largest cities of the Union.

Pennsylvania being the great petroleum and coal producing State, Philadelphia is the great centre for exportation; but her commerce is retarded, owing to the obstruction in the Delaware channel, of the islands opposite the city. Their removal would afford a new wharf line, adequate to accommodate traffic and the largest vessels. Favorable legislation by the National Government is early anticipated. Even the Schuylkill, at the city wharves, will permit of thirteen to fourteen feet draught vessels.

Broad street is a noble thoroughfare, 113 feet wide, through the heart of the city, extending 15 miles, at the foot of which is League Island Naval Station (600 acres presented by the city to the government), destined to be the finest in the country—possessing so many natural advantages not to be found elsewhere. The two dry docks which the government has recognized, with other improvements, will be of the most *elaborate* character.

In *iron ship building*, Philadelphia surpasses any other locality in the United States. The Delaware river is the “American Clyde.” The famous ship building yards of the Messrs. Cramp and Sons, of great magnitude, who made a world-wide reputation in constructing the “New Ironsides,” and very recently crowned their many successes in the construction of the American cruisers, the fastest and finest in the world.

With the exception of London, no city in the world can lay claim to the miles of paved streets, over 900; or public sewerage, over 300; or railway tracks, over 300,—and to Philadelphia belongs the credit and enterprise of having the *first* street passenger railway. In the general plan of and the numbering of its streets, it stands unsurpassed, as also in its system of sewerage, due in part to its locality between two rivers; and to not being huddled together, hence the reputation of being such a healthy

city, for by the recent statistics, published in a New York journal, *Philadelphia stands third* in its ratio of minimum mortality, San Francisco first, Washington second. The area of the city is 129 square miles, or 82,700 acres. Chicago this year enlarged her municipal borders, so as to include an area of 174 miles, yet with this addition, fails numerically, in securing second place. Philadelphia has now a population exceeding one million (females in the majority). The wonderful growth of the city is demonstrated on every hand; 1889 breaks the record, in the erection of new buildings, viz., 6,498 in the first six months, the cost of which, \$19,860,317, add \$1,000,000 for alterations, equal to \$21,000,000. The number of its *residences* is over 260,000, far, far greater in proportion to its population than any city in the Union. A scarcity of tenement houses is noticeable and the citizen is largely the custodian of his own homestead.

Philadelphia is renowned for, and has larger hospital accommodations, in proportion to population, than any other city in the States; many rivalling in beauty the best in the land.

There are 45 colleges and institutions of learning, 21 medical colleges,—120 hospitals, dispensaries and asylums, besides numerous beneficial institutions and homes—possessing some of the most elaborate and commodious buildings and grounds—In Bank, Trust and Safe Deposit Companies—its buildings outrival any other city. 44 Banks with a combined capital of \$300,000,000. 515 places of worship—Protestant Episcopal in the advance, followed in succession by the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Roman Catholic, Lutheran and Friends—comprising some of the largest and most beautiful church edifices in the land.

It is with a sense of pride that we point to that stately imposing marble edifice, our PUBLIC BUILDINGS with its 520 rooms covering a tract of floor room  $14\frac{1}{2}$  acres, and whose tower will stand 537 feet, 4 inches above the pavement; the Eiffel tower

and Washington Monument alone exceed it. Philadelphia can lay claim to possessing the largest municipal building in America; one of the largest buildings in the world, and its cost will be about fifteen million dollars.

Our GIRARD COLLEGE, occupying 50 acres and walled in, whose Trust is the custodian of property approximating fifty millions. Over 1,300 boys, now residents thereof, are fed, clothed and educated in all branches, including scientific and mechanical attainments. The central edifice is one of the most magnificent structures of its size in the world; in the lower vestibule rests the remains of Stephen Girard, beneath a marble statue of himself.

The RIDGWAY LIBRARY, a large and imposing granite structure costing \$1,500,000, with an immense library. The Philadelphia, Mercantile, Franklin Institute, Apprentices' and other excellent libraries, containing hundreds of thousands of volumes.

Our MASONIC TEMPLE, the finest Masonic building in the world, built of granite and costing \$1,300,000; its tower 250 feet in height.

The ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES, the oldest in America, founded 1812,—a fire proof building with a library of 30,000 volumes and the largest collection of birds in the world (35,000 specimens), combined in a collection of 250,000 various curios. Agassiz pronounced it one of the finest natural science collections in the world.

Our spacious ACADEMY OF MUSIC—seating capacity 3,000—is claimed to be the finest music hall in America, particularly so on account of its strength, its acoustic properties, and facilities for egress.

Where is to be found more stately and beautiful newspaper edifices and offices than the PUBLIC LEDGER and RECORD, in their advantageous locations, or a building in the whole world that can compare in size and magnitude with the Grand Depot of John Wanamaker, and conducted on such an elaborate scale.

When Philadelphia is to be represented on any public occasion, or the city has guests to be honored, "JOHN" is always equal to the emergency. His fidelity to his city has prevented the acceptance of many opportunities to locate elsewhere.

Of public spirited and charitable men, Philadelphia is largely represented. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of the *Public Ledger*, stands forth a model philanthropist.

Our commodious hotels compare very favorably with those of any other city.

The Pennsylvania, and Baltimore and Ohio Depots are models of beauty and convenience,—regarded the finest of the kind in the country.

Aside from the Brooklyn Bridge, Girard Avenue is the finest and widest promenade bridge in the world; built of iron, and a belgian block roadway; costing a million and a half dollars.

Approaching the city by the Delaware, next to the Public Buildings, looms up the highest and largest banking house building in the country, the DREXEL white marble palace, whose banking facilities branch over both Continents.

Our PENNSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY with its buildings, and our MEDICAL COLLEGES, the pride of our city.

Our ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, with its many valuable private collections, possessing all the new improvements essential to a successful exhibit, as well as a student's resort.

Our Blind, Deaf and Dumb, and West Philadelphia (Kirkbride's) Asylums, all admirably conducted private institutions, whose spacious grounds are unequalled anywhere. The same can be said of the United States Naval Asylum.

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, embracing 200 acres, adjoins Fairmount Park, and is celebrated as one of the most beautiful in the country; and from its high bluffs is afforded one of the handsomest scenic views that nature can bestow. The "Diss-ton" tomb is a noteworthy mausoleum therein. The Woodland

Cemetery in West Philadelphia contains the "Drexel" mausoleum, one of the costliest in America. The Mount Vernon Cemetery—the "GARDEL" tomb, on the front of which, marble statues of life size, represents an Egyptian funeral procession.

The water advantages offered by the beautiful and placid Schuylkill, affords our well disciplined and equipped SCHUYLKILL NAVY a vast field of pleasure and exercise, and the many handsome boat houses are a credit to them and an ornament to the city. The Philadelphia BALL PARK and grand pavilion is unsurpassed, if equalled, by any like structure in the States.

No better organized, equipped and disciplined MILITARY body, with such spacious armories, can be found anywhere. At the recent Presidential inaugurations, the Press of the land accorded to the Pennsylvania troops the credit they so justly merited. Philadelphia always was celebrated for its VOLUNTEER FIRE organization, now replaced by one of the best paid fire departments in the world, ably seconded by its Insurance Patrol.

The ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN'S lovely grounds—33 acres—with its stately trees, once the country seat of John Penn, grandson of Wm. Penn, is the only institution of its kind in the country that can boast of a collection of animals comparing favorably with similar gardens in Europe.

FAIRMOUNT PARK, with its 2,740 acres, the largest *city* park in the world, adorned with natural beauty, wealthy in attractive drives; also including our tranquil Schuylkill and romantic Wisahickon, full of charming scenery all along its tortuous windings, sylvan nooks and flowery dells.

MEMORIAL HALL, a splendid stone edifice erected upon a terrace, at a cost of \$1,500,000, now used as a receptacle for industrial and art collections, is without an equal in the country.

HORTICULTURAL HALL, with its 7,000 specimens of rare and choice plants and trees, surrounded with magnificent landscape gardening, stands forth the queen of the park.

Where can you find more beautifully located suburban residences than Philadelphia's vicinity? All of which go to beautify and popularize Penn's choice for a model city. On Lemon Hill, near the lofty iron observatory, is the residence (now used as a restaurant) where Robert Morris, the great financier, lived during the Revolutionary War.

I quote from a *New York stand point, i. e.*, the American Publishing and Engraving Co's work on Philadelphia, published in New York, 1889: "Philadelphia is one of the most marvelous cities of this marvelous New World, dating back to 1682, when founded by William Penn—marvelous in its growth, her progress collectively in the fields of literature, science and art, manufacturing and business advantages warrant that appreciative comment so eminently due it; and forming a revelation of progressive enterprise in the annals of American history, surpassed by none and equalled by few, if any of the cities of the New World. Philadelphia possesses more relics of the past, more edifices around which hang a halo of history, than any other city of the Union; as a manufacturing centre, the name and fame of Philadelphia stands pre-eminent from the Atlantic to the Pacific; to the man of science, no city can boast of better equipped institutions of learning, and to the mechanic, artisan and journeyman laborer of all classes, the diversified character of her manufactures opens an avenue for the practical exhibition of her talents nowhere presented to them under such favorable auspices.

"Philadelphia is essentially a city of business principles, and of severely utilitarian ideas, yet these having been carried out to their logical ends, have resulted in placing the Quaker city in the front rank of municipalities which have combined business enterprise with the most necessary expression of beauty and sentiment. Fairmount Park exemplifies this, which for extent and beauty cannot be excelled on the continent, possibly not in the world. Dividing and through the Park runs the Schuylkill river

and romantic Wissahickon—the ever present charms of natural scenery, whose exquisite beauty has received but the touch of human genius. Fairmount Park stands alone pre-eminent as one of the best examples of what a park should be—the lungs of the city, the recreation ground of its people, rich and poor alike.

“Whatever the census of 1890 may show positively, there is no denying the fact, that in all the features which distinguish a great metropolis as connected with religion, morality, charity, benevolence, industry, trade, art, science, literature, education, Philadelphia is behind no city of its size in the world, while by its broad territorial size, peculiarities of building, cheap and good markets, with an abundance of air, light and water, it *exceeds* in comfort and within the reach of the poorest classes, any other city of the world, and is justly entitled to the appellation of the ‘City of Homes,’ as well as to that of the ‘City of Brotherly Love.’” A very just expression of opinion!

It is with considerable pride and pleasure that we recount the unanimity that has characterized all our deliberations, appertaining to the selection of designs, and details in general, even to the perfecting of arrangements governing our two pilgrimages and to all other matters, wherein the Association had any interest. The records show unanimous action in every instance; this is remarkable, in view of the oft quoted opinion expressed regarding old soldiers being the greatest of “kickers.”

The annual benefit of the Association was marked by an event of which the following extract from the Philadelphia *Times*, of November 7th, speaks for itself:

#### PRESENTATION AT THE PARK.

COL. A. J. SELLERS AGREEABLY SURPRISED BY HIS FRIENDS.

“The Survivors’ Association of the Ninetieth Pennsylvania Volunteers gave a benefit last evening at the New Park Theatre to commemorate the successful erection by the Association, of



four monuments on the battle-field of Gettysburg and as a tribute to the President of their society. When the curtain had fallen upon the fourth act of "Josephine," Comrade J. Emory Byram arose from his proscenium box and in a neat little speech, in the course of which he alluded to Colonel Sellers' creditable career in both the Nineteenth and Ninetieth Regiments during the Rebellion, and his work in assisting to erect the monuments at Gettysburg, presented him with four magnificently bound volumes of the *Century Annals of the Civil War*, and Colonel Fox's valuable work on *Regimental Losses* (both armies), a volume of vast research and interest. The Colonel, in reply, expressed his thanks and outlined the work already done, and projected by the Association of which he was President. Among those interested in the presentation, who occupied seats either in the boxes or the body of the house, were Mr. John M. Gessler, who erected the Gettysburg statues; Magistrate Lelar, Magistrate Roney, William H. Crouse, Samuel B. Roney, Health Officer Joseph G. Patterson, John S. Davis, Francis A. Chadwick, Wm. P. Davis, Chas. F. Simmons, M. V. B. Davis, Wm. H. Siner, Geo. E. Paul, Theo. Leidig, Dr. James Collins, and others."

It would be an act of injustice to close this narrative, without bestowing praise where praise is due. Comrade John M. Gessler, of the 19th P. V. (Post 2), erected three of the memorials, and the Association, in meeting assembled, recorded their endorsement of his part, with unanimous thanks, in having so intelligently and faithfully portrayed in granite, the sentiment expressed by the designer of the monuments. We feel proud of his workmanship, and the satisfaction given is only measured by his integrity, as practised in all his dealings with us.

For Bureau Bros., who designed and wrought out the details in bronze, entrusted to their skill and judgment, we have words of congratulation and commendation.

To Florence McCurdy, of Philadelphia; Rev. J. K. Demarest, Comrades Nicholas G. Wilson, Supt. Battle-field Association; Col. W. T. Ziegler, Veteran Legion; Photographers Rile & Co., and Wm. H. Tipton, all of Gettysburg, we are much indebted for and appreciate the many acts of kindness.

#### AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST!

The financial status of the Association, in view of the large expenditure on account of monuments, is very gratifying to us, because of no indebtedness. The generous and liberal response of our own membership, is a source of pride and mutual congratulation. Grateful friends co-operated and nobly responded, in a substantial manner, thereby fully appreciating the services and sacrifices of the soldier and sailor, and identified themselves in commemorating, on the field of Gettysburg, the heroic deeds and achievements of the actors who stood between rebel bayonets and their homes and firesides.

Particularly is this due to the Second Regiment, N. G. P., Col. R. P. Dechert. The *heartfelt thanks* of the Association is ardently tendered to these *generous friends*, for their interest in and appreciation of the object that was uppermost in our hearts.

Our duty has been performed. With the close of the Rebellion we relinquished all animosities engendered by the war. Victory was with the right, and now in fraternal unison we clasp our erring brethren by the hand and join in mutual loyalty to the reconstructed Republic,—“one Flag and one Country.”

For two successive years have we visited the Mecca of American valor, there to commemorate the heroism and patriotism of our fallen comrades, and the valor of living heroes. That mission is now complete, and we look forward to other localities for our annual tour, where we can renew the same fraternal spirit and pleasurable emotions that have characterized our pilgrimages of 1888-89.

## The Ninetieth's Tourists.

The following comrades participated in this most enjoyable jaunt:

A. J. Sellers, President.

Sergt. Johnson Roney, V. Pres.	Joseph G. Patterson, Treas.
William W. Mayberry, R. Sec'y.	Capt. S. B. Roney, F. Sec'y.
Capt. George W. Watson.	Samuel Harkness.
Corp. A. M. Theiss.	Carl A. V. Hartleben.
Sergt. Benjamin H. Tyre.	James J. Hughes.
John Stulen, Jr.	Lieut. William H. Hewlings.
Augustus H. Sauerman.	Corp. Thomas H. Gardner.
William H. Siner.	W. B. Geiyer.
John A. Sergeant.	Capt. John S. Davis.
Sergt. John Robson.	Capt. Wm. P. Davis.
George F. Peall.	M. V. B. Davis.
D. J. McAllister.	George W. Devimmy.
Sergt. Chas. C. McCormick.	Com. Sergt. Wm. H. Crouse.
Eduard Miller.	J. Emory Byram, left Gen'l Guide
Joseph Miles.	Sergt. Thomas E. Berger.
Sergt. Richard W. Morris.	Lieut. Hillary Beyer.
John C. Levick.	Henry S. Allebaugh.
William D. Lelar.	

The trip was made doubly interesting because of our Auxiliary Corps, which included the following guests and friends—who all, more or less, contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion:

Rev. Dr. Wm. Aikman, of Atlantic City, N. J.: Mr. Horatio S.

Howell, son of our late Chaplain, and Mr. C. R. Mackenzie, of the B. & O. R. R.

The Germantown contingent.—Horace McCann, Esq., Editor of the Germantown *Independent*, and wife; Mr. Myers Hamilton, Mr. Jas. Taylor, Mr. Francis Taylor, Mr. Elias Cox, Mr. Daniel T. Idell, Mr. T. R. Beyer, Mrs. Hillary Beyer and her brother, Comrade Jacob Raymond of Post 2, G. A. R.

Brevet Comrade Solomon May, the 90th's old stand-by in many a trying time; Comrade Theodore Leidig, of the 4th N. Y. Cavalry; Comrades Wm. G. Mason and Elijah Cundey (the twins), of the 71st P. V., and Thos. L. Golcher; Mr. Wm. Genter, Mr. Harry Tyre, Mr. John N. Harkness, Mr. J. S. North and wife, Mr. John Brooke, Comrade Wm. P. Parker, of the 85th O. V., and wife, Mr. Chas. R. Wildey and wife, Mrs. William H. Siner, Mrs. D. J. McAllister, of New York city, Mrs. Johnson Roney, Mrs. William D. Lelar, Mrs. J. Emory Byram and her friend Miss A. M. Engelman, Miss Maud E. Patterson, Mrs. Geo. W. Deviny, Mrs. M. V. B. Davis, Mrs. E. A. Ashmead, Miss Alden, Mrs. A. H. Sauerman, Mrs. Charles C. McCormick, Mrs. William H. Crouse, Miss Sadie Billman Mrs. John Robson, Sergt. Isaac P. Nixon of the 1st Del. V., Mr. Charles W. Mingle and wife, Miss Harriet Wildey, Miss Lillie L. Siner, Masters Robert M. White, Benjamin Miles and Frank M. McAllister of New York city, son of Major D. J. McAllister, Ass't Inspector, Department of New York, G. A. R.



# Ninetieth Regiment, ... Infantry,

1861



Pennsylvania Volunteers.



1864

Volunteered April 16th, 1861; accepted as the 19th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, upon the first call of the President of the United States for three months' troops. Discharged August 9th, 1861.

Reorganized and accepted by the War Department, September 3d, 1861, for three years, unless sooner discharged. Mustered out November 26th, 1864.

## PARTICIPATED IN THE FOLLOWING BATTLES:

CEDAR MOUNTAIN.	RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.
THOROUGHFARE GAP.	SECOND BULL RUN.
CHANTILLY.	SOUTH MOUNTAIN.
ANTIETAM.	FREDERICKSBURG.
CHANCELLORSVILLE.	GETTYSBURG.
MINE RUN.	WILDERNESS.
SPOTTSYLVANIA.	NORTH ANNA.
TOLOPOTOMY.	BETHESDA CHURCH.
PETERSBURG.	WELDON RAILROAD.

## OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

A. J. SELLERS, President.

JACOB M. DAVIS, Vice President.

JOHNSON RONEY, Vice President

SAMUEL B. RONEY, Secretary.

JOS. G. PATTERSON, Treasurer.

### *Finance Committee.*

JACOB M. DAVIS, Chairman.

JOS. G. PATTERSON, Treas.

CHAS. P. TALLEY.

M. V. B. DAVIS,

WM. H. CROUSE.

HILLARY BEYER.

JOHNSON RONEY.

### *Monument Committee.*

HILLARY BEYER, Chairman.

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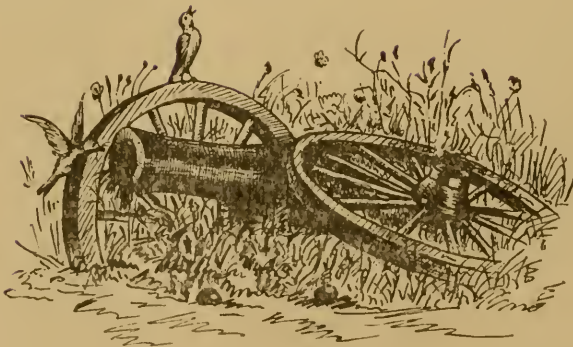
DAVID P. WEAVER, (deceased.)

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\*DECEASED.





[SELECTED.]

## YOU PUT NO FLOWERS ON MY PAPA'S GRAVE.

C. E. L. HOLMES.

With sable-draped banners, and slow measured tread,  
 The flower-laden ranks pass the gates of the dead ;  
 And seeking each mound where a comrade's form rests,  
 Leave tear-bedewed garlands to bloom on his breast.

Ended at last is the labor of love ;  
 Once more through the gateway the saddened lines move—  
 A wailing of anguish, a sobbing of grief,  
 Falls low on the ear of the battle-scarred chief ;  
 Close crouched by the portals, a sunny-haired child  
 Besought him in accents which grief rendered wild.

“ Oh ! sir, he was good, and they say he died brave—  
 Why ! why ! did you pass my dear papa's grave ?  
 I know he was poor, but as kind and as true  
 As ever marched into the battle with you—  
 His grave is so humble, no stone marks the spot,  
 You may not have seen it. Oh, say you did not !  
 For my poor heart will break if you knew he was there,  
 And thought him too lowly your offerings to share.  
 He didn't die lowly—he poured his heart's blood,  
 In rich crimson streams, from the top-crowning sod  
 Of the breastworks which stood in front of the fight—  
 And died shouting, ' Onward ! for God and the right !'  
 O'er all his dead comrades your bright garlands wave,  
 But you haven't put *one* on *my* papa's grave.  
 If mamma were here—but she lies by his side,  
 Her wearied heart broke when our dear papa died.  
 This way, it is—here, sir—right under this tree ;  
 They lie close together, with just room for me.”

“ Halt ! Cover with roses each lowly green mound—  
 A love pure as this makes these graves hallowed ground.”

“ Oh ! thank you, kind sir ! I ne'er can repay  
 The kindness you've shown little Daisy to-day ;  
 But I'll pray for you here, each day while I live,  
 'Tis all that a poor soldier's orphan can give.  
 I shall see papa soon, and dear mamma too—  
 I dreamed so last night, and I know 'twill come true ;  
 And they will both bless you, I know, when I say  
 How you folded your arms around their dear one to day—  
 How you cheered her sad heart, and soothed it to rest,  
 And hushed its wild throbs on your strong, noble breast ;  
 And when the kind angels shall call *you* to come.  
 We'll welcome you there to our beautiful home,  
 Where death never comes, his black banners to wave,  
 And the beautiful flowers ne'er weep o'er a grave.”











