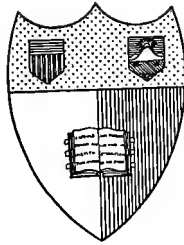




July 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, 1863.
June 12th 1889.

MICHIGAN
AT
GETTYSBURG

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BRONZE TABLET ON MONUMENTS.

MICHIGAN

AT

GETTYSBURG,

July 1st, 2nd and 3rd, 1863. June 12th, 1889.

PROCEEDINGS

*Incident to the Dedication of the Michigan Monuments
upon the Battlefield of Gettysburg,
June 12th, 1889.*

TOGETHER WITH

A Full Report of the Monument Commission,

AND A

DETAILED STATEMENT OF THE WORK COMMITTED TO AND PERFORMED BY IT, AND
THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE VARIOUS REGIMENTAL REUNIONS.

DETROIT, MICH.:

WINN & HAMMOND, PRINTERS AND BINDERS.

1889.

*
CB



His Excellency,
Hon. Cyrus G. Luce,
Governor of Michigan:

DEAR SIR—The undersigned having been requested by you to supervise the printing of the proceedings upon the occasion of the dedication of the Michigan Monuments on the Battlefield of Gettysburg, would respectfully report:

The occasion being one of such pathetic as well as wide-spread interest, it was thought best to make the publication in the character of a memorial volume, worthy to be preserved by all patriotic citizens and especially by the families and friends of those engaged in that memorable struggle. They have therefore gathered together such material as seemed of general interest. They have given the work of the Commission much in detail, to show the careful, thorough, painstaking, conscientious and thoroughly patriotic manner in which the gentlemen of that Commission have discharged the important and onerous duties imposed upon them.

They have given the exercises at the various monuments as far as they could be obtained. In some cases, however, such exercises were wholly impromptu, and no record was preserved. In such cases we have been obliged to trust to the recollection of those present. There have been delays in collecting the material which, owing to circumstances, have been unavoidable. We submit the result of our work, hoping that it may be acceptable.

Respectfully,

L. S. TROWBRIDGE,

FRED. E. FARNSWORTH.



Gettysburg Battlefield Monuments,

ERECTED BY THE STATE OF MICHIGAN TO HER TROOPS THAT WERE
THERE ENGAGED.

Act under which the Commission was Created.

AN ACT

To make an appropriation for marking by monuments, the places occupied by the 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 16th and 24th Michigan infantry, the 1st, 5th, 6th and 7th Michigan cavalry, the 9th battery, "I" Michigan artillery, and companies "C," "I" and "K," of the 1st regiment of U. S. S., and company "B" 2d regiment of U. S. S., known as Berdan's Michigan Sharp Shooters, or any other command of Michigan volunteers who fought upon the battlefield of Gettysburg, and providing for the erection of the same.

SECTION 1. *The People of the State of Michigan enact*, That the sum of twenty thousand dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated from any moneys in the State treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of erecting monuments to mark the places occupied on the battlefield of Gettysburg by the 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, 7th, 16th and 24th regiments of Michigan infantry; the first, fifth, sixth and seventh Michigan cavalry; the ninth battery, "I," Michigan artillery, and company "C," "I" and "K," of the first regiment of U. S. S., and company "B" second regiment of U. S. S., known as Berdan's Michigan Sharp Shooters, or any other command of Michigan volunteers, and to pay the commissioners appointed by this act to carry it into effect, who shall all be soldiers who actually fought upon the field at the battle of Gettysburg, and belonging to such regiments, to locate and erect the same, and for other necessary expenses, including clerk hire, as may in the judgment of the commission be actually necessary.

SEC. 2. The governor shall, within thirty days after the passage of this act, appoint a commission consisting of three officers or soldiers mentioned in section one of this act to carry the same into effect; they shall determine the style and number of monuments, not to exceed one for each of such regiments, battery and company of sharp shooters, to be erected as contemplated in this act, and shall, if necessary, purchase the sites therefor, and shall erect the said monuments with all convenient speed. The actual expenses of such

commission shall be paid out of the fund herein appropriated, and they shall report to the governor of the State of Michigan immediately upon the fulfillment of their duties, in detail, making an abstract of expenditures, with vouchers thereto; and all acts done or recommends made by them, together with information as gathered from their observation and pertinent in its relation thereto, shall be embraced in their report, as the commission shall think proper.

SEC. 3. Five thousand dollars of the amount appropriated by section one of this act may be paid to the Gettysburg battlefield memorial association for the acquisition, restoration and maintenance of important parts of the battlefield, including the ground on which Michigan commands fought in the battle of Gettysburg, the construction, fencing and repair of avenues and otherwise improving and preserving the field. *Provided*, That all acts and duties prescribed by this act may be done under the direction of the Gettysburg memorial association, if the commission in their judgment may so decide and think proper.

SEC. 4. The auditor-general shall add to and incorporate into the State tax for the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight, the sum of twenty thousand dollars, to be assessed, levied and collected as other State taxes are assessed, levied and collected, which sum when collected shall be placed to the credit of the general fund, to reimburse it for the sum appropriated by section one of this act.

This act is ordered to take immediate effect.

Approved June 22, 1887.

By virtue of the foregoing statute, His Excellency, Governor Cyrus G. Luce, appointed the following named persons as Commissioners to carry into effect the provisions of said act, viz.: Colonel Geo. G. Briggs, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Lieutenant Peter Lennon, Lennon, Mich.; Lieutenant Geo. W. Crawford, Big Rapids, Mich.

The Commissioners held their first meeting August 4, 1887, and organized by electing Col. Briggs Chairman.

In September following, the Commissioners visited Gettysburg, and with the aid of Col. Bachelder, the battlefield historian, located positions where the several commands were engaged and where monuments were to be placed.

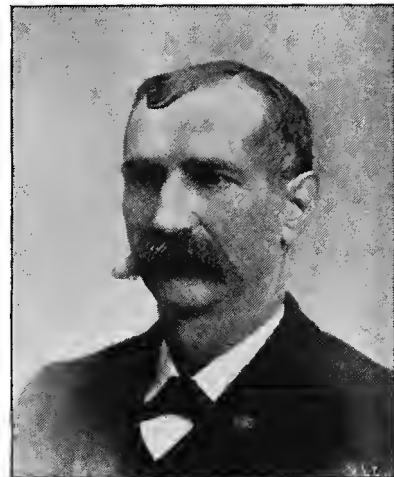
January 5th following, the Commissioners held a meeting in Detroit, at which time His Excellency, Governor Luce, with representatives of the several commands for which monuments were to be erected, were present. The action of the Board in locating positions upon the battlefield was approved. The following circular inviting designs and proposals for monuments was then issued, and copies of same mailed to the principal granite firms of the United States:



COL. GEORGE G. BRIGGS,
Chairman.



LIEUT. PETER LENNON.



LIEUT. GEORGE W. CRAWFORD.

Monument Commission.

[Circular Inviting Designs and Proposals for Monuments.]

Gettysburg Battle Field Commission of Michigan,

Appointed and Acting under Act No. 215 Session Laws 1887.

COMMISSIONERS.

COL. GEO. G. BRIGGS, *Chairman, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

LIEUT. PETER LENNON, *Lennon, Mich.*

LIEUT. GEO. W. CRAWFORD, *Big Rapids, Mich.*

The Commissioners above named invite designs and proposals for the erection of the monuments hereinafter named, to be submitted to them, and opened and examined, on Thursday, March 1st, 1888, at 2 P. M., at the office of Col. Geo. G. Briggs, No. 79 Canal street, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

The work required is as follows:

I. *To the Michigan Cavalry Brigade*—One monument. The brigade consisted of the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Regiments of Michigan Cavalry—Second Brigade, Third Division, Cavalry Corps. Five thousand and four hundred dollars will be available for the work.

II. *To the First Infantry*—One Monument. First Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars will be available for the work.

III. *To the Third Infantry*—One Monument. Third Brigade, First Division, Third Army Corps. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars will be available for the work.

IV. *To the Fourth Infantry*—One Monument. Second Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars will be available for the work.

V. *To the Fifth Infantry*—One Monument. Third Brigade, First Division, Third Army Corps. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars will be available for the work.

VI. *To the Seventh Infantry*—One Monument. Third Brigade, Second Division, Second Army Corps. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars will be available for the work.

VII. *To the Sixteenth Infantry*—One Monument. Third Brigade, First Division, Fifth Army Corps. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars will be available for the work.

VIII. *To the Twenty-Fourth Infantry*—One Monument. First Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps. Thirteen hundred and fifty dollars will be available for the work.

IX. *To Battery I, First Artillery*—One Monument. First Brigade, Horse Artillery. One thousand dollars will be available for the work.

FOUNDATIONS.

The earth shall be excavated to the full depth of six feet from the surface (and further, if necessary to reach a solid foundation) and a solid foundation of rubble and cut or split stone shall be set and sealed with Portland cement from the bottom of the excavation to height of from one to four feet above the level of the ground,

forming a solid wall of masonry with an area equal to the area of the base of the monument, and having on its upper surface a true bed to receive the monument. The upper course shall be of split stone at least six inches thick and perfectly weather-proof. The foundation above ground to be surrounded with soil, graded and covered with growing sod, the whole to form a symmetrical mound or sub-base, in correct proportion to the whole monument.

GRANITE.

Every stone used must be of the best quality of American granite and free from flaws and imperfections, such as knots, iron rust and seams, and shall be perfect in every particular. No offer of granite that is not generally known and admitted to have enduring qualities will be considered or accepted. The granite to be used and the quarries from which it is to be taken must in all cases be stated by bidders, and specimens of same must be exhibited with the proposals. In selecting the stone to be used, permanence will be the first consideration of the Commission.

NUMBER OF STONES.

Each monument shall be composed of the least practicable number of stones in order to secure the greatest possible solidity. The chief consideration is the durability of the monument. They are not to be for a day, but for all time, and designs should show stones of massive and impressive size and proportions, with deep cut inscriptions.

WORKMANSHIP.

All designs in bas-relief or other designs, and all lettering shall be cut bold and sharp, and equal in every respect, as regards detail and workmanship, to the best examples of monuments heretofore erected upon the battle field at Gettysburg.

INSCRIPTIONS.

The inscriptions will be plain, deep cut, large letters. They will give an account of the part taken in the battle by the command, and in some cases a brief sketch of the history of the regiment. They will contain from 50 to 150 words each. The commissioners will prescribe the form of the inscriptions. Each monument shall contain a design of the badge of Army Corps to which the Command belonged.

The inscriptions shall be square sunk, or V sunk, as the Commission may direct. Generally the same of the regiment, brigade, division, corps, etc., will be square sunk, and the rest of the inscription V sunk.

MARKERS.

The flank markers must each be of a single block of granite, set at least two feet and a half in the ground, and projecting eighteen inches above ground; they must be not less than one foot square above ground and properly cut. They are to be placed *corner-wise* at the points occupied by the flanks of the Command, and on the front faces nearest the monument must be the inscription, thus: for right flank, R. F. 1st Mich.; for left flank, L. F. 1st Mich. No markers will be required in the case of the Cavalry Brigade, which will also be true of two or three of the other Commands.

INSPECTION OF THE WORK.

Contractors must give ample notice to the Chairman of the Commission of the time when monuments and markers are to be erected, so that the Commissioners, or an Inspector designated by them, may be present and witness the work.

The spots where the monuments and markers will stand will be designated by the Commission.

The work will be done subject to the published rules and regulations of the Gettysburg Battle Field Memorial Association.

TIME FOR COMPLETION OF WORK.

All monuments and markers must be completed and erected, and all grading and sodding done, and the monuments ready for dedication on September 10th, 1888. The date will not be extended, as arrangements will be made for dedicatory exercises on September 15th, 1888.

BOND FOR COMPLETION OF WORK.

Persons to whom contracts are awarded will be required to execute a bond to the Commission, with satisfactory sureties in double the amount of the contract price, conditioned for the faithful and punctual performance of the work.

FORM OF PROPOSAL, ETC.

A separate proposal for each monument should be made, and the price must not exceed the amount available, as above stated. The proposals for each monument must include foundation, grading and sodding, and all details of every description necessary to the completion of the monument, ready for dedication.

Each proposal must be accompanied by two drawings—one in perspective and one in elevation. All drawings of elevations to be to a scale of two inches to the foot. Any scale not exceeding two inches to the foot may be used in perspective.

COAT OF ARMS.

Each monument shall bear upon its face the coat-of-arms of the State of Michigan, cast in real bronze and affixed to the monument in the most durable and substantial manner. It will be cast under the supervision of the Commission, and will be furnished to the party or parties contracting to erect the monument, at cost price, (say \$25.00 to \$35.00 each), the amount thereof to be deducted from the contract price.

All drawings, bids and samples of granite, together with all communications intended for the commission, should be addressed to

COL. GEO. G. BRIGGS, *Chairman*,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

In response to the foregoing circular, ten of the leading granite firms entered into competition for the work, and were present with designs and proposals at the date fixed for receiving same.

The Commissioners, after an entire week devoted to the careful examination and inspection of plans submitted, made the following awards:

Michigan Cavalry Brigade Monument,	}	To Ryegate Granite Works, Ryegate, Vermont.
Fifth Michigan Infantry “		
Twenty-Fourth Michigan Infantry Monument,		

First	Michigan Infantry Monument,	}	To Smith Granite Co. Westerly, R. I.
Seventh	“ “ “		
Sixteenth	“ “ “		
Ninth	Battery “		
Sharp Shooters	“	}	To Mitchell Granite Co., Quincy, Mass.
Third	“ Infantry “		
Fourth	“ “ “		

Contract for Bronze work was awarded to the American Bronze Co., Chicago, Ill.

The several parties entered into contract and bond as per the following form :

No. _____

FORM OF CONTRACT

TO BE EXECUTED IN DUPLICATE, FOR THE ERECTION OF A MONUMENT ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG,

FOR _____

THIS AGREEMENT, made this _____ day of _____ 1888,
at Grand Rapids, Michigan, between _____

of _____

of the first part, and GEORGE G. BRIGGS, PETER LENNON, and GEORGE W. CRAWFORD, as Commissioners of the State of Michigan, in accordance with and by virtue of the provisions of an Act of the Legislature of the State of Michigan, entitled "An Act to make an appropriation for marking by monuments the places occupied by Michigan Volunteer Organizations who fought upon the battlefield at Gettysburg, and providing for the erection of same," being Act No. 215, approved June 22d, 1887, of the second part,

WITNESSETH, That the party of the first part, in consideration of the covenants and agreements herein contained, and under the penalty expressed in a bond of even date herewith, and of one dollar paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do hereby agree to construct a monument to the _____

of Michigan Volunteers, and to erect the same upon the Gettysburg battlefield in the State of Pennsylvania, upon the site thereon which shall be designated by the party

of the second part, according to the designs and in strict compliance with the plans and specifications hereto annexed, and bearing even number herewith.

The party of the first part hereby further agree to construct, erect and complete said monument in all respects as herein provided, and to the entire satisfaction of the party of the second part, in every particular, ready for delivery, and to tender the same to the party of the second part on or before the 10th day of September, 1888.

The party of the second part hereby agrees, that upon the construction, erection and completion of said monument by the party of the first part, in accordance with the requirements of this contract, to their entire satisfaction in every particular, and upon the delivery to them of said monument free and clear from all claims and liens, and upon the acceptance thereof by them for the State of Michigan, they will certify the facts, and duly audit and approve the vouchers therefor when properly presented to them by the party of the first part, for that purpose, in the sum of _____

dollars, in order that the payment of that sum may be made by the Treasurer of the State of Michigan, as provided by said Act of the Legislature, and thereupon said monument shall belong to and be the property of the State of Michigan, forever.

But in case said foundation or said monument, or any part of said foundation or monument shall not be approved by the party of the second part, they may give notice of the fact to the party of the first part, and require the party of the first part to replace the foundation or monument, or the part thereof not accepted by the party of the second part, within a reasonable time, to be fixed by the party of the second part; and in case the party of the first part shall not comply with such requirements, the party of the second part shall have the right to cancel this agreement, and thereupon the party of the first part shall remove said foundation and monument immediately, and in case said monument and foundation shall not be removed when required as aforesaid, the party of the second part may remove the same at the expense of the party of the first part.

And the party of the first part hereto further covenants and agrees, that in the event of any defect in said monument or foundation thereof, either in material, construction or workmanship, shall appear or be discovered at any time within the period of three years next after the date of the acceptance of said monument by the party of the second part hereto, the said party of the first part will, within such reasonable time as the party of the second part shall require, replace said monument or foundation, or such portion thereof as may be defective, and complete the same so as to make such monument and foundation conform in all respects with the requirements of this contract.

And in case the party of the first part shall refuse or neglect to replace such defective monument or foundation, or defective portions thereof, and to complete the same in all respects as is above provided, then the party of the second part may remove such defective monument or foundation, or such defective portions thereof, and to replace and complete the same at the expense of the party of the first part.

It is further hereby expressly covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties hereto, that no acceptance of said monument shall in any way effect any claim or right which the said party of the second part would have had; *Provided*, the same had not been accepted, on account of any defect in the material, construction, or workmanship of said monument, which shall appear or be discovered prior to the expiration of the three years next after the date of such acceptance.

MICHIGAN AT GETTYSBURG.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the parties hereto have subscribed their names in person, or by their proper and duly authorized officers, and affixed their seal, the day and year first above written.

_____(SEAL.)
_____(SEAL.)
_____(SEAL.)
_____(SEAL.)
_____(SEAL.)

STATE OF MICHIGAN, }
COUNTY OF KENT. } ss.

On the _____ day of _____ 1888, before the undersigned, a Notary Public, in and for the County of Kent, personally came

_____ known to me to be the same persons described in the foregoing instrument, and thereupon they severally duly acknowledged that they executed the same.

Notary Public.

No. _____

Know all Men by these Presents, That we, _____

_____ of _____ as principal, and _____

as sureties, are held and firmly bound unto GEORGE G. BRIGGS, PETER LENNON, and GEORGE W. CRAWFORD, as Commissioners appointed under Act No 215, Session Laws of 1887, and their successors in office, in the sum of _____ Dollars, good and lawful money of the United States of America, to be paid to the said Commissioners or their certain attorney, successors or assigns, for which payment well and truly to be made. we bind ourselves and our several and respective heirs, executors and administrators, jointly and severally, firmly by these presents.

Sealed with our seals, dated this _____ day of _____ one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight.

Whereas, The above bounden _____ by an instrument in writing, duly signed and sealed, bearing even number and date with these presents, and hereto annexed, ha_____ contracted with the said Commissioners, to construct, erect and complete a monument to the _____ of Michigan Volunteers, upon the Gettysburg Battlefield, in the State of Pennsylvania, in the manner, on the conditions, for the consideration and in all respects in accordance with the provisions and stipulation in said contract mentioned, contained and referred to.

Now therefore, the condition of the above obligation is such, that if the said

shall well and truly construct and erect the monument, including the foundation therefor, mentioned in the aforesaid contract, and complete the same in accordance with the terms and provisions therein stipulated, and in each and every respect comply with the conditions therein contained, then this obligation to be void; otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

_____(L. S.)
_____(L. S.)
_____(L. S.)
_____(L. S.)
_____(L. S.)
_____(L. S.)

Signed and sealed in presence of

STATE OF _____ }
COUNTY OF _____ } ss.

On this _____ day of _____ 1888, before me, a
_____ in and for said county, personally came _____

to me personally known and known to be the same persons described in, and who executed the foregoing obligation, and severally acknowledged that they executed the same.

STATE OF _____ }
COUNTY OF _____ } ss.

I, _____, of _____
in the State of _____, being duly sworn, do depose and say
that I am a freeholder residing in _____ in the State of _____
and that I am worth the sum of _____ dollars, over
and above all my debts and liabilities, including my liabilities as bail surety or other-
wise, and over and above all my property which is exempt by law from execution.

_____(L. S.)

Subscribed and sworn to this _____ day of _____ 1888,
before me,

STATE OF _____ }
 COUNTY OF _____ } ss.

I, _____, of _____
 in the State of _____, being duly sworn, do depose and say
 that I am a freeholder residing in _____ in the State of _____
 and that I am worth the sum of _____ dollars, over
 and above all my debts and liabilities, including my liabilities as bail surety or other-
 wise, and over and above all my property which is exempt by law from execution.

(L. S.)

Subscribed and sworn to this _____ day of _____ 1888,
 before me, _____

SPECIFICATIONS.

FOUNDATIONS.

The earth shall be excavated to the full depth of six feet from the surface (and further, if necessary to reach a solid foundation) and a solid foundation of rubble and cut or split stone shall be set and sealed with Portland cement from the bottom of the excavation to height of from one to four feet above the level of the ground, forming a solid wall of masonry with an area equal to the area of the base of the monument, and having on its upper surface a true bed to receive the monument. The upper course shall be of split stone at least six inches thick and perfectly weather-proof. The foundation above ground to be surrounded with soil, graded and covered with growing sod, the whole to form a symmetrical mound or sub-base in correct proportion to the whole monument.

The top course of the foundation and each course of the monument must be carefully set and adjusted by the spirit level.

MORTAR

Must in all cases be made of one part in bulk of the best English Portland Cement, to two parts in bulk of clean and sharp sand, well and thoroughly mixed together, in a clean box of boards, before the addition of the water, and must be used immediately after being mixed. No mortar made over night will, in any case, be allowed to be used. The sand and cement will at all times be subject to inspection, test, acceptance or rejection by an inspector to be named by the commissioners.

II. When cement is accepted, if not immediately used, it must be protected from the weather and kept dry, and in no case will it be allowed to be placed upon the ground without blocking under the barrels.

III. Both cement and sand must in all cases be measured in the proportions above required.

GRANITE.

Every stone used must be of the best quality of American granite and free

from flaws and imperfections, such as knots, iron rust and seams, and shall be perfect in every particular. No offer of granite that is not generally known and admitted to have enduring qualities will be considered or accepted.

DAMAGED STONE.

Stones damaged in transportation, or setting, or in any other way, will be rejected.

WORKMANSHIP.

All designs in bas relief, or other designs, and all lettering shall be cut bold and sharp, and equal in every respect, as regards detail and workmanship, to the best examples of monuments heretofore erected upon the battlefield of Gettysburg.

INSCRIPTIONS.

The inscriptions will be plain, deep cut, large letters. They will give an account of the part taken in the battle by the command, and in some cases a brief sketch of the history of the regiment. They will contain from fifty to one hundred and fifty words each. The Commissioners will prescribe the form of the inscriptions. Each monument shall contain a design of the badge of the Army Corps to which the Command belonged.

The inscriptions shall be square sunk or V sunk, as the Commission may direct. Generally, the name of the regiment, brigade division, corps, etc., will be square sunk, and the rest of the inscription V sunk.

MARKERS.

The flank markers must each be of a single block of granite, set at least two feet and a half in the ground, and projecting eighteen inches above ground; they must not be less than one foot square above ground and properly cut. They are to be placed *corner-wise* at the points occupied by the flanks of the Command, and on the front faces nearest the monument must be the inscription, thus: for right flank, R. F. 1st Mich.; for left flank, L. F. 1st Mich. No markers will be required in the case of the Cavalry Brigade, which will also be true of two or three of the other Commands.

COAT OF ARMS.

Each monument shall bear upon its face the coat-of-arms of the State of Michigan, cast in real bronze and affixed to the monument in the most durable and substantial manner. It will be cast under the supervision of the Commission, and will be furnished to the party or parties contracting to erect the monument, at cost price, the amount thereof to be deducted from the contract price.

INSPECTION OF THE WORK.

Contractors must give ample notice to the Chairman of the Commission of the time when either foundations are to be put in for monuments, and markers are to be erected, so that Commissioners or an Inspector designated by them may be present and witness the work.

The spot where monuments and markers will stand will be designated by the Commission.

The work will be done subject to the published rules and regulations of the Gettysburg Battle Field Memorial Association.

TIME FOR COMPLETION OF WORK.

All monuments and markers must be completed and erected, and all grading and sodding done, and the monuments ready for dedication on September 10th, 1888. The date will not be extended, as arrangements will be made for dedicatory exercises on September 15th, 1888.

GENERAL PROVISIONS.

It being the object of these specifications to obtain a sound and durable foundation and a superstructure which shall endure for ages, it must be distinctly understood that nothing in them contained will justify the Contractor in a failure to furnish the best quality of material, or to supply the most experienced labor, and that, on the contrary, the Contractor will be compelled to make good any defects which may occur within a period of three years from the date of erection of the monument and its acceptance by the Commissioners, which may arise from any imperfection in the material, want of proper skill on the part of the Contractor's employees, or any culpable negligence whatever.

In the preparation of inscriptions reference was had to the "Red Book of Michigan," copies of official reports from the War Department at Washington, and by correspondence with surviving members of the several commands, as per following copy of circular letter:

GETTYSBURG BATTLE-FIELD MONUMENTS.

MICHIGAN BOARD OF
COMMISSIONERS.

ACT No. 215, SESSION
LAWS 1887.

COL. GEO. G. BRIGGS,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
LIEUT. PETER LENNON,
Lennon, Mich.
LIEUT. GEO. W. CRAWFORD,
Big Rapids, Mich.

COL. GEO. G. BRIGGS, *Chairman.*

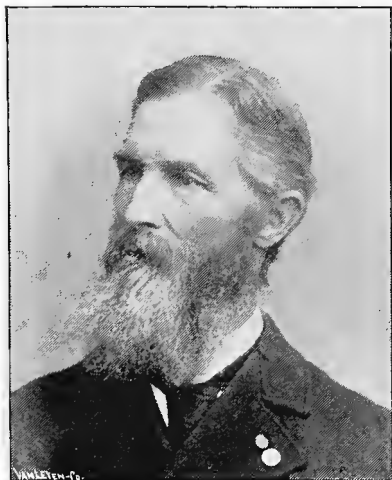
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., _____ 1888.

March 1st, next, the contract will be awarded for a monument to your regiment, to be erected at Gettysburg, Pa. The monument will be placed to mark the position held by the Command on the _____ days' fight, viz.: _____

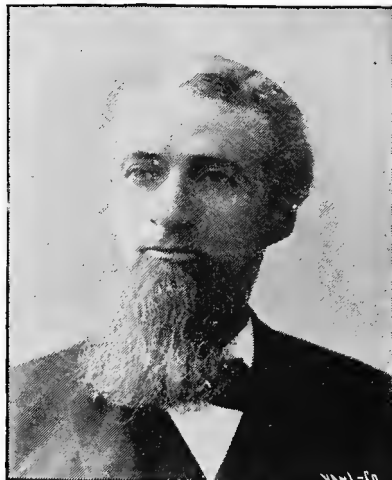
All monuments are to be completed and placed in position for dedication by September 10th, 1888, and it is therefore necessary that suitable inscriptions for same be at once prepared, approved by the Gettysburg Battle-Field Memorial Association, and given into the hands of those contracting for the work.



CAPT. ROBT. E. BOLGER,
Chairman.



GEN'L B. F. PARTRIDGE.



O. B. CURTIS.

Committee on Legislation.

For such inscription the following historical data relating to your regiment is at hand :

Mustered in at _____

Mustered out at _____

Total enrollment during term of service, _____ officers and men.

Killed in Action:	Died of Wounds:	Died of Disease:	Total, _____
_____ Officers, _____ Men.	_____ Officers, _____ Men.	_____ Officers, _____ Men.	

Participated in _____ skirmishes and general engagements, from _____ to _____

Effective strength of your regiment at the Battle of Gettysburg is given as follows:

_____ Officers, _____ Men; total, _____ Its casualties during the three days' engagement as per official report of the War Department at Washington, were as follows:

Killed:	Wounded:	Missing :	Total, _____
_____ Officers, _____ Men.	_____ Officers, _____ Men.	_____ Officers, _____ Men.	

If you have knowledge that any of the facts above given are inaccurate, please state wherein.

To enable them to properly complete inscriptions, the Commissioners earnestly invite your early co-operation in securing information and facts touching the following points:

FIRST.—The precise time your regiment held the position where the monument is to stand. (See position above named.)

SECOND.—Other important positions and movements during this day; if again engaged or in reserve.

THIRD.—A brief narrative of your movements from the time you reached the battle-field,—that is to say, different positions occupied; service performed; length of time at given point; time of the day, etc., etc.

FOURTH.—From data given and from information which you have, state what facts and in what FORM you desire same to appear as the inscription upon the monument to your regiment.

The Commissioners desire your early reply.

Address,

COL. GEO. G. BRIGGS, *Chairman*.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

A meeting of the Monument Commission, and others invited for consultation, was held at the office of the State Treasurer in Lansing on the 27th of March, 1889, to make preparations for the proper dedication of the monuments.

Gov. Luce was called to the chair, and L. S. Trowbridge acted as Secretary. Col. Briggs, Chairman of the Commission,

made an informal, but very full and satisfactory report of the work of the Commission. After a thorough discussion of the subject, the 12th day of June, 1889, was fixed upon as the time for the dedication, and the following committees were appointed to make the necessary arrangements:

On Transportation.—Gen. S. B. Daboll, Col. E. Crofton Fox, Col. Fred. E. Farnsworth.

On Flowers and Decorations.—O. B. Curtis, Wilbur Howard and Capt. H. N. Moore.

On Programme.—Gen. L. S. Trowbridge, Gen. S. S. Mathews and Gen. B. R. Pierce.

On Legislation.—Capt. Robert E. Bolger, O. B. Curtis and Gen. B. F. Partridge.

On Printing.—Gen. L. S. Trowbridge and Col. Fred. E. Farnsworth.

The Legislature appropriated two thousand dollars for the general expenses of the dedication, and five thousand dollars to assist in paying the expenses of Michigan soldiers who participated in the battle, to be disbursed under the direction of the Governor.

The following programme was prepared and published by the Committee:



Sir:

The Monuments erected by the
State of Michigan on the Battle Field of
"Gettysburg"
in honor of her brave sons who fell there,
will be dedicated June 12th 1889.

The dedicatory services will be held at the
rostrum in the National Cemetery, commencing
at 10 A.M.

You are cordially invited to be present.

Cyrus G. Luell
Governor of Michigan.

Lansing, May 23rd 1889.

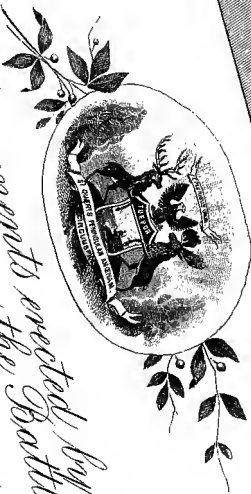
MICHIGAN

GET JULY



DEDICATION OF MONUMENT

JUNE 12th 1889.



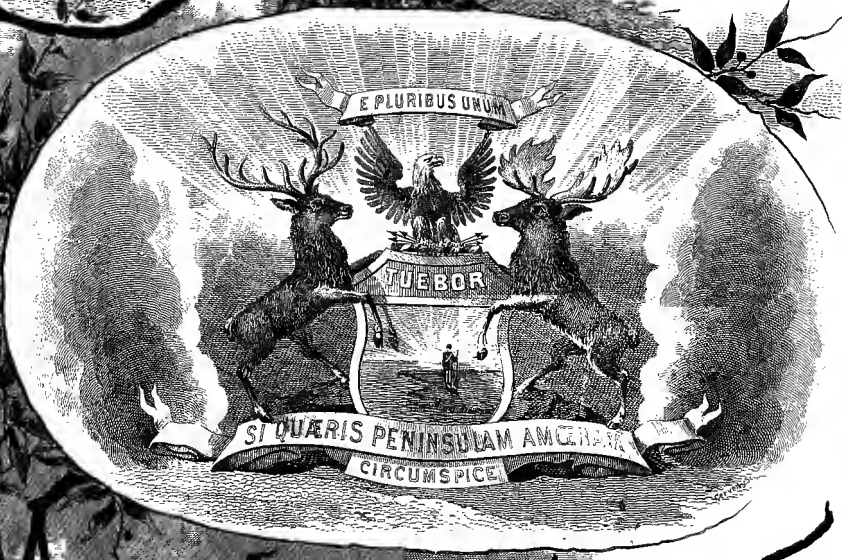
The Monuments on the Battlefield of
Michigan, on the Battle Field of
Gettysburg, will
State of Michigan, who fell there, will

in honor of her, her soldiers, the late war, and
dedicated in the name of the State,
All patriotic citizens, all who served in the late war, and
especially in making this occasion one worthy of our State,
to unite in making this occasion one worthy of our State,
and of the great event which it is intended to commemorate.

Jansing, May 25th 1889.

Leguna Governor of Michigan.

DETROIT



MICHIGAN DAY.



JUNE 12TH 1889.

DEDICATION

OF THE

MICHIGAN MONUMENTS

ON THE

BATTLEFIELD AT GETTYSBURG, PA.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12, 1889,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN
AND THE MONUMENT COMMISSION.

DETROIT, MICH.

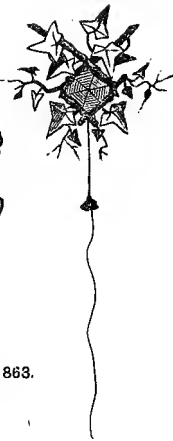
1889.

(17)

“The world will little note nor long
remember what we say here, but it can
never forget what they did here.”

PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

AT GETTYSBURG, NOV. 19, 1863.



CYRUS G. LUCE,

GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.

Monument Commission.

COL. GEORGE G. BRIGGS, LIEUT. PETER LENNON,
LIEUT. GEORGE W. CRAWFORD.

Committee on Transportation.

GEN. S. B. DABOLL, COL. E. CROFTON FOX,
COL. FRED. E. FARNSWORTH.

Committee on Decoration.

O. B. CURTIS, WILBUR HOWARD,
CAPT. H. N. MOORE.

Committee on Programme.

GEN. L. S. TROWBRIDGE, GEN. B. R. PIERCE,
GEN. S. S. MATHEWS.

Committee on Printing.

GEN. L. S. TROWBRIDGE. COL. FRED. E. FARNSWORTH.

Order of the Day.

* * * *

GETTYSBURG,

Wednesday, June 12th, 1889

NATIONAL SALUTE,

To be fired at Sunrise on Cemetery Hill.

DEDICATION OF THE MICHIGAN MONUMENTS

At the National Cemetery Rostrum, commencing at 10 A. M.

DEDICATORY SALUTE

Of Thirteen Guns in honor of the Michigan Organizations engaged in the Battle, to be fired from Cemetery Hill immediately after the close of the Dedicatory Exercises at the Rostrum.

DEDICATION OF THE GRAVES OF MICHIGAN SOLDIERS

In the National Cemetery, under the direction of the Committee on Decorations.

REGIMENTAL REUNIONS

At 2:30 P. M., Places to be Announced from the Rostrum.

MICHIGAN CAMPFIRE

At 8 P. M., Place to be Announced from the Rostrum.

Gen. BYRON R. PIERCE,

PRESIDENT OF THE DAY.

Col. SAMUEL E. PITTMAN,

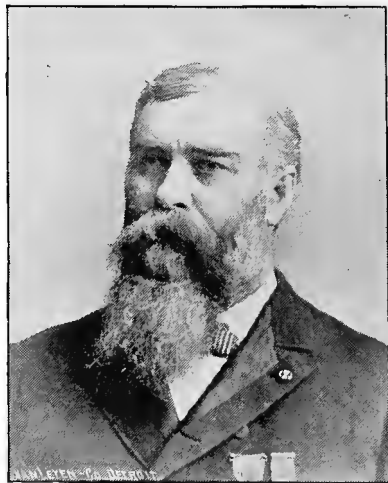
OFFICER OF THE DAY.



GEN'L L. S. TROWBRIDGE,
Chairman.



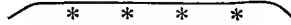
GEN'L S. S. MATTHEWS.



GEN'L B. R. PIERCE.

Committee on Programme.

Order of Exercises



AT THE NATIONAL CEMETERY ROSTRUM,

Commencing at 10 A. M.



Overture—

BAND.

Prayer— REV. WILLIAM C. WAY,

Chaplain 24th Michigan Infantry.

Loyal Song— Kücken

ARION QUARTETTE.

Address—MICHIGAN TROOPS IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

GENERAL L. S. TROWBRIDGE.

Song—"MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN."

ARION QUARTETTE.

Address—THE MONUMENT COMMISSION AND ITS WORK, AND PRESENTATION OF THE MONUMENTS TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE.

COL. GEORGE G. BRIGGS, Chairman of the Commission.

Response—AND PRESENTATION OF THE MONUMENTS TO THE BATTLEFIELD ASSOCIATION.

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE, Governor of Michigan.

Order of Exercises, Continued.

Response— IN BEHALF OF THE ASSOCIATION.

HON. JAMES A. BEAVER, Governor of Pennsylvania,
And Ex-Officio President of the Association.

Music—"THE SOLDIER'S DREAM."
BAND.

Song—"BLEST BE THE GROUND." Leavitt
ARION QUARTETTE.

Memorial Address— HON. AUSTIN BLAIR,
Governor of Michigan from 1861 to 1865.

Hymn— "AMERICA."
ARION QUARTETTE.
[All are requested to join.]

Announcement of Regimental Reunions

Doxology—"PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW."

Benediction— REV. JAMES H. POTTS,
Of the 6th Michigan Cavalry.



Immediately after the Exercises at the Rostrum, there will be a decoration of the graves of Michigan Soldiers in the the National Cemetery, with appropriate music, and an address by Rev. James H. Potts.

Michigan Organizations in the Battle of Gettysburg.

* * * * *

IN THE 1st ARMY CORPS.

24th INFANTRY—Col. Henry A. Morrow [wounded and a prisoner].
Capt. Albert M. Edwards.

IN THE 2nd ARMY CORPS.

7th INFANTRY—Lieut.-Col. Amos Steele [killed].
Maj. Sylvanus Curtis.

IN THE 3rd ARMY CORPS.

3d INFANTRY—Col. Byron R. Pierce [wounded].
Lieut.-Col. Edwin S. Pierce.
5th INFANTRY—Lieut.-Col. John Pulford [wounded].
Major Salmon S. Mathews [wounded].
COS. "C," "I" AND "K"—1st U. S. Sharpshooters, } Gen. Hiram Berdan.
Co. "B"—2d U. S. Sharpshooters,

IN THE 5th ARMY CORPS.

1st INFANTRY—Col. Ira C. Abbott [wounded].
Lieut.-Col. William A. Throop.
4th INFANTRY—Col. Harrison H. Jeffords [killed].
Lieut.-Col. Geo. W. Lombard.
16th INFANTRY—Lieut.-Col. Norval E. Welch.

IN THE CAVALRY CORPS.

1st CAVALRY—Col. Charles H. Town.
5th " Col. Russell A. Alger.
6th " Col. George Gray.
7th " Col. William D. Mann.
BATTERY "I," 1ST ARTILLERY—Capt. Jabez J. Daniels.

Location of Monuments.



- 1st INFANTRY—At the loop between the wheat field and Emmitsburg road.
3d “ In the peach orchard.
4th “ In the wheat field.
5th “ In the woods west of the wheat field.
7th “ On Cemetery Ridge, south of copse of trees.
16th “ On Little Round Top.
24th “ In Reynold's Grove.
BATTERY “I”—On Cemetery Ridge.
SHARPSHOOTERS—On Little Round Top.
CAVALRY BRIGADE—On the Rummell Farm, east of Gettysburg.



GEN'L S. B. DABOLL,
Chairman.



COL. FRED. E. FARNSWORTH.



COL. E. CROFTON FOX.

Committee on Transportation.

Strength and Losses in the Battle.

COMMANDS.	PRESENT FOR DUTY.			KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		TOTAL
	OFFICERS	MEN	TOTAL	OFFICERS	MEN	OFFICERS	MEN	OFFICERS	MEN	
1st Infantry.....	21	240	261	1	4	6	27	0	4	42
3d Infantry.....	19	267	286	0	7	3	28	0	7	45
4th Infantry.....	27	376	403	1	24	9	55	1	75	165
5th Infantry.....	21	262	283	2	17	8	78	0	4	109
7th Infantry.....	14	151	165	2	19	3	41	0	0	65
16th Infantry.....	17	339	356	3	20	2	32	0	3	60
24th Infantry.....	28	468	496	8	50	13	201	3	88	363
9th Battery.....	5	114	119	0	1	0	4	0	0	5
1st Cavalry.....	34	468	502	0	10	6	37	0	20	73
5th Cavalry.....	36	734	770	1	7	1	29	0	18	56
6th Cavalry.....	29	582	611	0	1	2	24	0	1	28
7th Cavalry.....	29	432	461	0	13	4	44	0	39	100
Co. "C," 1st U. S. S. S. }				0	0	1	5	0	1	7
Co. "I," 1st U. S. S. S. }	4	92	96	1	0	1	3	0	0	5
Co. "K," 1st U. S. S. S. }				0	0	0	4	0	0	4
Co. "B," 2d U. S. S. S. }	2	23	25	0	0	0	4	0	0	4
TOTAL.....			4834							1131

NOTE.

It is a source of great regret that the monuments of the 3d and 4th Infantry and the Sharpshooters were not in place in time to be photographed and the photographs reproduced for this programme. Should the proceedings of this occasion be hereafter published, those photographs will be furnished for that publication.

(The omitted photographs were afterwards supplied and inserted in the programmes which had not been distributed.)

1ST ARMY CORPS



24TH INFANTRY

2ND ARMY CORPS



7TH INFANTRY

4

3RD ARMY CORPS



3TH INFANTRY

1ST REG'T 3TH INFANTRY

1862

4TH ARMY CORPS



1ST INFANTRY

1862

5TH ARMY CORPS



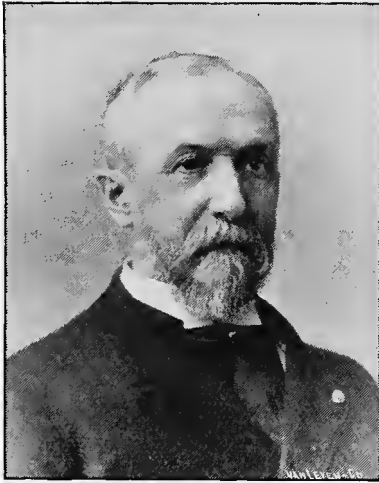
CUSTER'S BRIGADE

COMPOSED OF

1ST 5TH & 7TH CAVALRY

BATTERY 1ST ARTILLERY

4



COL. SAMUEL E. PITTMAN,
Officer of the Day.



GEN. B. R. PIERCE,
President of the Day.



REV. WM. C. WAY,
Chaplain.



REV. JAMES H. POTTS, D. D.,
Chaplain.

Officers of the Day.

Dedicatory Services.

The 12th of June was ushered in by a steady, gentle rain, which made a departure from the printed programme necessary. During the night about twelve hundred Michigan people had arrived at Gettysburg. The air was very hot and sultry, and the steady rain made it impracticable to hold the dedicatory exercises at the forum in the national cemetery as had been planned. Preparation for such an emergency had, however, been made by the thoughtful and efficient officer of the day, Col. Pittman. Anticipating such a possibility, he had risen early, and after studying the signs of the day and obtaining the opinion of some local weather prophets, he had concluded that the rain would prevent any out-door exercises, at least in the forenoon. He promptly secured the rink, and although the platform had to be changed and the seating re-arranged, before the time arrived for the exercises to begin, everything was in readiness, and a comfortable place was provided for the large audience. Promptly at the hour designated, a procession was formed at the Eagle Hotel and, preceded by the Gettysburg Band, marched to the rink, which was soon filled to its utmost capacity.

The President of the day, Gen. B. R. Pierce, called the meeting to order, and in a few well chosen words welcomed his comrades to the pathetic and sad, yet grateful duty for which they had assembled.

The programme of exercises as published and distributed to the audience was then carried out.

INVOCATION.

REV. W. C. WAY, CHAPLAIN 24TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY.

ALMIGHTY GOD, we thank Thee for the preservation of our lives to see this day, and to enjoy all that it signifies to us who are here assembled. We thank Thee for the preservation of our National life and unity, in spite of all treasonable efforts to sunder and destroy it. We thank Thee that so many of America's sons survived the shock of battle and the waste and ravage of disease, and are permitted to live and enjoy the blessings, in the defense of which, they imperilled their lives.

We thank Thee that so many of the brave sons of Michigan are permitted to assemble in this town, made memorable during the rebellion; men who left all, and hazarded all, for the defense of the nation's honor and life. May God bless them in their homes and lives, and grant them length of days, that they, with all our people, may enjoy the blessings of such a heritage as ours.

We are here to dedicate to the memory of Michigan's brave sons—they who laid down their lives on this memorable battlefield—monuments of granite, and we pray that so long as they last, so long may the memory and the deeds of these dead heroes be fresh and green in the minds and hearts of the people. Bless the President of this great nation.

Bless the State in which we are assembled to-day, and its Executive. Bless the people of this State in their great calamity and sorrow, and send them speedy relief.

Bless our own State and its Executive, and may we all prove to be worthy sons of a great and free republic.

Guide Thou, oh God, in the conduct of all the services of this occasion, and especially direct all who share in these significant services.

Guide us all to Thy praise, and when life's work is done, receive us to Thyself in heaven, for Christ's sake, amen.



GEN L S TROWBRIDGE.

Address of Gen. L. S. Trowbridge.

Michigan Troops in the Battle of Gettysburg.

Mr. President, Fellow Soldiers and Fellow Citizens :

We stand on hallowed ground to-day. Upon the occasion which has brought us together, surrounded, as it is, by so much that is grave and pathetic, I do not feel that I can properly discharge the pleasant duty assigned to me without some reference to the great cause which made this occasion possible. The fierce conflict which raged over these fields a little less than twenty-six years ago was the natural result of causes of long standing—the full fruitage, so to speak, of seeds planted before the formation of the government. While the Battle of Gettysburg was, in a sense, the culmination or climax of the war, the war itself was the culminating contest of forces which, for years, had maintained a constant and ceaseless struggle.

To the thoughtful student of history the story of the first century of our republic will present some striking and impressive lessons. Looking back over it, we find it difficult to understand how it could be that the founders of our government failed, as they did, to understand and appreciate the evils and dangers which lay concealed in the institution of human slavery. There were, indeed, a few who seemed to comprehend the dangers which it threatened, and whose minds were filled with gloomy apprehensions for the future, but they were very few, and marked exceptions to the great mass of their associates. The vast majority, men of clear perceptions and high ideals as they were, conceding the evil character of the institution, seemed to think it a small matter, and unimportant when compared with other great interests involved, and they trusted that in some way—how they could not tell—but in some way it would quietly disappear under the operation of natural causes.

Think for one moment of the startling inconsistency involved in the very origin and establishment of our independence. When, wearied, oppressed, and harrassed by the unreasonable exactions of their distant parent government, our forefathers determined to assert their independence, they deemed it necessary to so state their case as

to justify their course in the eyes of the civilized world. They therefore set forth their grievances in a declaration which has come down to us with almost the power and authority of inspiration. At the very outset of that declaration they declare as truths self-evident, needing neither argument nor demonstration, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. These were great truths and noble thoughts, worthy a brave and resolute people. They were old truths, but never before had been so distinctly stated or so boldly announced. But while they boldly proclaimed these great truths as self-evident, they knew that every day they were being practically denied. While flinging to the breeze their beautiful flag, and boastfully proclaiming this to be the land of the free and the home of the brave, they knew that, within the shadow of that flag, men were being bought and sold like cattle, families were being torn asunder, and the dearest rights of humanity utterly disregarded and basely violated.

What a hideous mockery the ringing sentences of the great declaration must have seemed to any thoughtful observer of the real situation. These truths are self-evident. They need no argument or demonstration. All men are created equal. They are endowed by their Creator with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that right is inalienable. There floats our flag, glorious symbol of these great truths, and the sure guarantee of their maintenance. Under its protecting folds shall all men be safe in the enjoyment of these God-given, inalienable rights. But hark! What means that sound of clanking chains; that mother's piercing shriek; that father's awful groan? What means that crack and whirl of the lash, as it buries itself in the quivering flesh of a human body, right here under the shadow of that flag? And that gang of men going down the road yonder chained together, with tearful eyes and bleeding backs, torn from their wives and children—who are they? Are they convicted criminals going to their appointed tasks? Oh, no; they are not criminals at all. They are not even accused of crime. They are slaves under an institution handed down to us by our fathers. It is undoubtedly an evil, but it will soon pass away. But are they not men, and have you not declared as a truth self-evident that they are

endowed by their Creator with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that that right is inalienable? How reads the great declaration? Oh, yes, that is true to some extent. They are men for some purposes. They are men sufficiently to swell the census returns and fix the ratio of representation in the halls of congress. They are at least three-fifths men, and good enough for that, but as to their having rights, why — that is another question.

Such was the rough logic of the discussion. Undoubtedly there were many who allowed the voice of conscience to be silenced by the demands of avarice and greed. As I have said, there were many who were willing to concede the evils of slavery, but who trusted that in some undefined, unknown way it would pass away under the operation of natural causes. It is not likely that any one dreamed that the small and harmless evil, as they deemed it, would one day drench the land in blood, and sweep into untimely graves thousands of the choicest spirits of our young manhood.

The wonder is that our forefathers were so slow to realize the inefficiency of all temporary measures, and the necessity for some remedy which should reach the root of the trouble. In medical science we understand that a remedy to be effectual must reach the roots of a disease. Applications which only treat the outward symptoms do not effect a cure. They may for a time soothe the pain and allay the outward irritation and inflammation, but they do not reach the cause of the pain. And so in the case of slavery. The poultice, or plaster, or surface dressing of compromise did not, and, of necessity, could not reach the virulent canker which was gnawing at the vitals of the republic. It might for a time allay the outward irritation, and soothe the patient into the fond hope of ultimate relief; but it did not, and could not reach the root of the disease. Sooner or later the inefficiency of this surface dressing will be discovered, and the sharp knife of the surgeon will be called into requisition.

Mark the progress of the disease. Three-quarters of a century have passed since the utterance of the great declaration. The small and weak government, established under great discouragement, and with much distrust, has grown to be a great nation. Its name and fame have spread to the remotest nations of the earth. Its flag is seen on every sea. It is still boastfully the land of the free and the home of the brave. But the little harmless evil which was soon to pass away under the operation of natural causes has grown, too. The

invention of the cotton gin has opened new and broad fields for the use of slave labor. The nature of slavery has not changed, but the demands of human avarice and greed have grown apace. Slave labor has become immensely profitable. The slave power, with its political allies, has become a great factor in affairs of state. It has grown robust and stout. From a weak and harmless thing, only to be tolerated and soon to disappear, it has become the haughty, arrogant dictator. It dictates laws. It rules the State. Its victims, once numbered by thousands, have increased to millions. Their cries may be heard in half the land, but they fall on dull and listless ears. The men of conscience, who really believe the self-evident truths of the great declaration, busy with their shops, their farms, their merchandise, are occasionally startled by the increasing demands of this great wickedness, but for the sake of peace they yield, and every concession has been construed as a fresh indication of weakness or fear. With the increased pecuniary value involved in slavery, has come the necessity of further, and better reasons for its justification, which have been eagerly sought and easily found. Men high in church and state have proclaimed its divine origin. The sublime truths of the great declaration are pronounced glittering generalities. The executive and legislative departments of the government have been called in to its support, and have promptly responded to the call. Without delay they hasten to obey its every mandate. And, strangest of all in this strange history, the highest judicial tribunal in the land has solemnly declared that a black man has no rights which a white man is bound to respect, aye, and more than that, that the constitution by its own force carries this accursed thing to the remotest corners of our free territories. And that by the court of last resort. Ah, is it the court of last resort? We soon shall see. The purposes of God are ripening fast.

Slowly the curtain rises on the last act in the great tragedy of this strange history. The prophetic words of Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln, wise indeed beyond their time, are about to be fulfilled. The conflict between freedom and slavery is now seen to be irrepressible, and the question whether the whole land is to be free or slave, is soon to be determined. Two hostile ideas are to meet in deadly strife. Two conflicting civilizations are to test their strength on the field of battle. On one side the defenders of the institution of slavery have at last discarded compromise. They have drawn the

sword, not to cut the disease from the body politic, but to murder the State, and establish a vast empire with slavery as its chief corner stone. On the other side it is the great free north girding its loins for one more struggle for human liberty. Disguise it as you choose, cover it up as you may, to that complexion must it come at last. There goes a cannon shot whose rebounding echoes are heard around the world. It is slavery's challenge to the conscience of the world.

The conflict is upon us with all its sickening train of misery and distress. For four dreadful years it drenched the land with blood. It swept into untimely graves thousands of our best beloved; our hills, and valleys, and plains were filled with mourning. But it reached an end at last, and, when it was over, there lay the great monster of human slavery, dead on the field of battle; slain by the sword to which it had appealed. And when the smoke of battle had rolled away, there was found on the corner stone of the great republic deeply graven by the point of the sword this new declaration of freedom: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, of which the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction."

My friends: Such was the contest in which the Battle of Gettysburg holds a most conspicuous place. Whether considered with reference to the magnitude of the forces employed, the vast extent of territory over which it raged, or the great questions involved in it, it has no parallel in human history.

It is true that in the beginning we aimed not at emancipation, but there was a divinity which shaped our ends. While in the beginning the defence of popular government was the inspiring thought with all patriotic citizens, before the struggle closed, even that great question was seen to be overshadowed by the necessity for the overthrow of the institution which, of itself, was the greatest danger to popular government. It is a gratifying thought now, that among those who rejoice most sincerely over the result, are to be found very many of those who were arrayed against us, and thousands of the brave men who so gallantly risked their lives in defence of slavery, now recognize in its overthrow a priceless blessing.

A writer in the Century Magazine, who himself followed the flag of the confederacy, in a little poem of rare force and beauty,

entitled "The High Tide at Gettysburg," voices, I am sure, the thoughts of thousands of his associates:

They fell who lifted up a hand,
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell who set the bars,
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of motherland.

They stood, who saw the future come,
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of christendom.

God lives! He forged the iron will,
That clutched and held that trembling hill,
God lives and reigns! He built and lent,
The heights for freedom's battlement,
Where floats her flag in triumph yet.

By common consent the fierce contest which raged over these beautiful fields nearly twenty-six years ago, is considered the most illustrious of the many that marked that bloody struggle.

We have met to formally dedicate the beautiful monuments which our patriotic State has erected in honor of the brave men, who, on this altar of their country, freely gave their lives that the nation might live, and that the thought of self-government, by a free and intelligent people, should not perish from the earth. I am bidden to speak to you of the Michigan organizations which took part in this great battle. I shall not confine myself to the dry statistics of strength and losses in the battle. They can be found in the histories, and the figures have been collected and placed in the programme with which you are furnished. Neither can I speak in detail of the tactical movements of the troops. It will be sufficient if I point out, as accurately as I can, the points where they were principally engaged, with some reference to the manner in which they discharged their duty. Yet there would seem to be no necessity for the latter, for never yet anywhere, on any field, under any circumstances, have the soldiers from our State turned their backs upon the enemy in disgraceful flight, and there is yet to be found the occasion when Michigan troops have not filled the full measure of their high duties and responsibilities.

If I speak of the regiments in their numerical order, I must of

necessity depart somewhat from the natural story of the battle. There are many places on this historic field whose names are as familiar to us as household words. Little Round Top, the Peach Orchard, the Wheat Field, Cemetery Ridge, Culp's Hill, Reynold's Grove, and, to the cavalry, Rummell's Farm are names strangely and painfully familiar.

On the second day of the battle, when Longstreet made his desperate attempt to turn the left flank of Meade's army and get possession of the Round Tops, from whose commanding heights he could successfully inflade almost the entire Union line, in a portion of the line now known as the Loop, between the Wheat Field and the Emmittsburg road, stood the 1st Infantry, veterans of many a hard fought field, but especially distinguished for its heroic valor in the awful carnage of Second Bull Run. In the fierce contest at the Loop, one of the bloody salients of this line of battle, those brave men gallantly resisted the efforts of the enemy to dislodge them, and by their splendid courage contributed greatly to the defeat of the enemy's cherished purpose. Its commanding officer, the gallant Col. Abbott, being wounded.

A little to the right of the 1st stands the Peach Orchard, still preserving its character as a peach orchard, a place as familiar to all students of this battle as Cemetery Ridge or Culp's Hill, and rendered doubly dear to all Michigan people by the costly sacrifice of her brave sons. There fought the brave men of the 3d Infantry, veterans of many a fierce fight, who, under the leadership of its gallant colonel, gained fresh and immortal glory. It was to this regiment that Gen'l. Sickles sent his last order before being wounded; an order expressing the highest commendation and warmest appreciation of its gallant conduct. It is a cause for sincere gratitude that the bullet which pierced the body of the colonel on that day, did not reach a vital part, but that his life was spared, and he is permitted to honor this occasion as our presiding officer.

A name not less familiar than the Peach Orchard is the Wheat Field. There the 4th Infantry held its ground against great odds, and by its splendid courage vindicated its high reputation already earned in many a fierce contest. It was there that the brave Colonel Harrison H. Jeffords perished by a bayonet thrust while defending the colors of his regiment.

In the piece of woods lying just west of the Wheat Field was

the sturdy 5th Infantry, a regiment with the sad but proud and glorious distinction of having lost more commanding officers than any other regiment from the State. In this bloody contest this gallant regiment maintained its high reputation earned in the earliest stages of the war, and confirmed and increased by every conflict in which it had been engaged.

This action was no exception to others as regarded casualties to its commanding officers. The first, Col. Pulford, was stricken down only to be followed by the second in command, Maj. Mathews. Fortunately their wounds were not fatal, and they are still spared to their devoted friends.

Farther to the left, on the slope of Little Round Top, the 16th Infantry, with the other regiments of Vincent's brigade, arrived just in time to avert serious disaster. We all know how the movement of Longstreet was revealed to Gen. Warren by a flash—literally a flash—from the shining pieces of the Confederate column, as they chanced to catch the sunlight. We know how, catching the full force of the meaning of that flash of light, like an inspiration, ordering the signal corps to keep up a vigorous waving of their flags, he hurried off to find troops to meet the impending danger. The first organization which he met was Vincent's brigade, in which was the 16th, which he hurried to the point of danger. Its arrival was most opportune. In such an emergency hours, minutes even are of priceless value. A delay of even a few minutes would have largely increased the threatened danger. By their timely arrival and their stubborn resistance they saved the army from great disaster.

In this struggle on Little Round Top, as well as in the Wheat Field and beyond, there were four companies of sharpshooters from Michigan, in the 1st and 2d U. S. Sharpshooters, under the command of Gen'l. Hiram Berdan, who manfully did their duty.

These troops were all engaged in resisting the attempt of Longstreet to turn the left flank of Meade's army. They were all in the thickest of the fight and bore themselves in a manner most worthy—worthy the State which sent them out, and worthy the high reputation they had gained in many fiercely contested fields.

On the third day of the battle, when Pickett made his heroic attempt to break the lines on Cemetery Ridge, among the many organizations to meet the charge was the 7th Infantry and the 9th Michigan Battery. The 7th Infantry had gained imperishable renown

at Fredericksburg, and in every engagement in which it had participated had maintained its high character. Here it lost its commanding officer, Lieut. Col. Steele, and by its heroic sacrifice again testified its devotion to the cause of human liberty. The 9th Battery discharged the full measure of its duty in defending this ridge against Pickett's fierce assault.

Having taken up the regiments substantially in their numerical order, I could not follow the order of the battle, and we are now taken back to the first day of the fight when such great results were accomplished by comparatively few men.

When the 1st Corps came on to the field on the morning of the 1st, among the first to be thrust into the baptism of fire was the 24th Infantry. Comparisons upon such an occasion as this are out of place, and yet it will not be improper to say that on no battlefield of the war was there greater heroism shown than by that regiment on that day. Confronted by vastly superior numbers, with most stubborn courage it maintained its ground until more than half its numbers lay dead or wounded on that bloody field. Out of twenty-eight officers in the fight twenty-two were either killed or wounded. Out of four hundred and sixty-eight men engaged, two hundred and ninety-four were killed or wounded. The loss was very great, but the emergency was great. Hours were most precious, and the check thus given to the enemy permitted the concentration of the Army of the Potomac and rendered possible the great victory of the third day.

It remains for me to speak of the cavalry. By the reorganization of the Cavalry Corps the four Michigan regiments, the 1st, 5th, 6th and 7th had been organized into a brigade under the command of Gen'l. Custer in Kilpatrick's division. This division, after some spirited engagements with Stuart's cavalry, reached Two Taverns early in the morning of July 3d. Kilpatrick was directed to take position on the left flank of the army, but Gen'l. Gregg, with a true soldierly instinct, anticipating the fierce struggle about to take place on the right, took the responsibility of detaining Custer and placing him on the right flank. I shall not attempt to give the tactical movements of each regiment, but shall content myself with speaking of the general result. In conjunction with the assault of Pickett on the infantry line, Gen'l. Stuart attempted with four brigades to turn the right of Meade's army, reach the Baltimore Pike, and by this diversion largely enhance the chances of Pickett's success. Had he succeeded

it is impossible to calculate the consequences. It is quite possible that the battle might have had a different ending.

Undoubtedly a force of six thousand cavalry in the rear of the Army of the Potomac, among the trains and the reserve artillery, might have wrought immense mischief. That he did not succeed was due in a large measure to the presence of Custer's brigade. I do not say that brigade did all the fighting, but it is no extravagance to say that the brunt of the fighting fell on that brigade. The Confederate officers who came here three years ago to assist in marking the locations of the various regiments, all, I think, without exception, spoke of the Michigan troops as those with which they were engaged. Did time and the occasion permit, a thrilling story could be told of that cavalry fight. It must suffice to say that all the regiments maintained the high character of Michigan soldiers. The 7th, under Col. Mann, in its gallant charge; the 6th in its irksome but important duty of supporting a battery; the 5th, under Col. Alger, now our honored and highly distinguished fellow citizen, with their Spencer rifles, holding the enemy in check until their ammunition was gone, then driving his dismounted men from the field in a mounted charge; the 1st, under that gallant soldier, Col. Town, in its dashing charge, unsurpassed by any in the war, hurling back in confusion a full brigade of the enemy, all, without exception, performed their duty nobly, and gained fresh laurels of honor for our beloved State.

I have spoken of the different organizations of Michigan troops engaged in the battle. I cannot close without one more reference. It is a curious fact that in popular estimation the whole thought of the Battle of Gettysburg seems to center about Pickett's charge on the third day. That charge and its repulse have been celebrated in song and story, and have received abundant attention at the hands of the historian. The men there engaged have received a soldier's reward, the crown of immortal glory. No word of mine shall detract in the smallest measure from the fame they so nobly won. But there were other services on other portions of the field which, in my judgment, have not received the attention which they have justly deserved. Time will not permit me to speak of them at length, and for my present purpose I must confine myself to one such instance. On the right of the infantry line, holding the important position of Culp's Hill, was the Twelfth Corps. On the second day of the fight, when its lines had been greatly weakened by sending reinforcements

to the Third Corps, the enemy had succeeded in forcing his way, against most heroic resistance, to the Baltimore Turnpike, and thus secured a position practically in rear of the Army of the Potomac, and full of threatening danger. It is impossible to over-estimate the possibilities of disaster had he been able to hold that position until Pickett made his charge. From that position he was driven by the returning troops of the Twelfth Corps, on the morning of the 3d, after a fight beginning about daylight and lasting several hours. Figures from the book of statistics recently published by Col. Fox, show that the killed and wounded in front of the Twelfth Corps exceeded by more than one hundred the killed and wounded in Pickett's charge. The Twelfth Corps was not composed of Michigan troops, but it was commanded by a Michigan man, one of the most worthy and distinguished soldiers produced by any State. It was through his skillful and brilliant generalship that that most important result was gained. A most accomplished soldier, a genial, courteous and courtly gentleman, a citizen whose patriotism was unmarred by the slightest appearance of self-seeking, he filled the full measure of our ideal as a patriotic soldier. All honor to brave, genial, unselfish General Alpheus S. Williams. We are happy to have with us to-day as our officer of the day one who was with him from the beginning till nearly the close of the war, Colonel Samuel E. Pittman.

Mr. President, though deeply tinged with sadness, the duty which brings us here is still a grateful duty. It is wise and patriotic to dedicate these beautiful monuments to our patriotic dead. We know full well that in the words of our martyr President, "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here." The cause for which they fought and for which they freely gave their lives was not the question of a passing hour, but in it were wrapped questions as broad as the wants of humanity, as lasting as time. Never before in the history of the world was any cause tested on the field of battle in which humanity had so much at stake. Not the humanity of a single race or age, but the humanity of all races and of ages yet to come. For here, on this field, not only the redemption of a race from slavery, but the possibility of self-government by a free and intelligent people hung trembling in the balance. We stand appalled before the huge hecatombs of human sacrifice which that great cause demanded, and

in agony we exclaim, oh! who shall measure the priceless cost of human liberty?

As we dedicate these monuments, let us all, especially you, my comrades, who were engaged in that great struggle, draw from this occasion fresh inspiration in the cause of loyalty. Loyalty to truth and righteousness; loyalty to the dear old flag; loyalty to the memory of the brave men who perished in that great struggle; loyalty to the bereaved and stricken ones at home; and loyalty to each other, as, in our declining years, we may stand in need of sympathy. Long after we shall have passed away shall these silent monuments, dumb and speechless though they be, proclaim the deep and lasting gratitude of a great people to their heroic dead.



COL. GEO. G. BRIGGS.

Address of Colonel George G. Briggs,

Chairman of the Commission, and Presentation of the Monuments to the Governor of the State.

Governor Luce :

Representing the Commissioners under whose supervision the work was performed, it now becomes my duty to present to your Excellency the monuments which have been erected by the State of Michigan upon this historic field, and which have been placed to mark the positions where her troops fought during those memorable days of July, 1863.

It will, no doubt, be expected in this connection that some account of the Commission and its work will be given. Such expectation, I trust, may be suitably met without consuming the time which statements in detail would require.

The duties performed by the Monument Commission in connection with the erection of these monuments have been of a purely business character, and it is therefore with figures rather than sentiment that we have to deal. The publication of statistics, however important, is always more or less uninteresting—especially will it be true at this time when crowding memories associated with the name of Gettysburg absorb our every thought. I feel assured, therefore, of being pardoned by the comrade who now visits this field for the first time since the date of the great conflict in which he took part—impatient to pick out the very spot where he then stood—and by the citizen anxious to explore and drink in the inspiration of these hills and valleys, if at this time only a brief summary of the Commissioners' work is submitted.

To the Governor, from whom we hold our commissions, there will hereafter be submitted an itemized statement of receipts and disbursements, and a report in detail of the work to us entrusted and performed.

It is due to the survivors of those commands for which monuments have been erected, that they be informed of the manner in

which the State appropriation has been disposed of. I do not know how I can meet such requirement better than by giving an extract from a report made by the Commissioners at a meeting of officers held at Lansing on the 27th of March last. This extract is as follows:

“Upon assuming the duties and responsibilities imposed by the trust it was determined by the Commissioners that every farthing of the appropriation which could be devoted to such purpose should be put into granite. To this end our efforts have been steadily directed. The act under which the Commission was appointed provided that, from the amount appropriated, viz., \$20,000, there should be paid as follows: to the Battlefield Memorial Association, \$5,000; compensation to the Commissioners for their services; all expenses incurred by the Board, including clerk-hire. These items permitted a serious encroachment upon the fund if indulged in to the limit allowed. They were reduced to the minimum, as will be shown.

“After correspondence and personal interviews with the officers of the ‘Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association,’ that body accepted \$2,500 as being satisfactory, and for which we received a conveyance in writing of all rights and privileges needed by our State to fully protect her interests. Members of the commission cheerfully voted to give their services without compensation, and in the same spirit the chairman of the Board has performed the duties of the secretary, thereby saving the amount required if a clerk had been employed.

“The saving to the fund as above indicated enabled the Board to apportion to each of the eleven regiments for monuments the sum of \$1,350; to the battery, \$1,000, and to the four companies of sharpshooters, \$500.

“In the preparation of circulars inviting competition for the work; in the examination and study of designs submitted; in making awards; in the preparation of contracts; in the selection of sites where monuments were to be placed; in the visits to contractors and inspection of work; in the preparation of inscriptions, and in conducting a large and at times important correspondence, our best efforts and months of time have been given.

“It is hoped the results of this labor may be satisfactory. The Commissioners feel the work might have been assigned to abler hands, but none could have been more devoted or given more conscientious efforts to its discharge.

“The expenses of the Board to date have been less than \$700, and it is believed no Board of Commissioners of any State ever performed a similar work at smaller cost.”

With this statement submitted there remains but a word to be said regarding the number of monuments erected, and their location.

In compliance with the request as expressed by a resolution adopted at a reunion of the surviving members of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, which was held at Vicksburg September 21st, 1887, the funds apportioned to the four regiments composing that command were used in the erection of a Brigade monument. As the Brigade fought as one command and upon the same field, being the extreme right of the Union line of battle on the 3rd of July, it appeared to the Commissioners both appropriate and fitting to mark the field by one monument instead of four. To the seven regiments of infantry, to the battery and to the four companies of sharpshooters one monument each has been erected.

These monuments will be found at positions upon the field made memorable by the desperate fighting that there took place. They stand in “Reynold’s Grove,” upon which the guns of the enemy first opened upon that fateful morning of July 1st; they are at the “Peach Orchard,” the “Loop,” in the “Wheat Field,” and upon “Little Round Top,” where the battle raged July 2nd until the darkness of night stopped the harvest of death for the day; they stand upon “Cemetery Ridge” and at the “Rummel Farm,” where the last desperate efforts of invasion were met and defeated July 3rd. These memorials attest the valor and bear fitting testimony of the service and sacrifice of the Michigan soldier in the great battle of Gettysburg.

In concluding this brief report the Board desire to acknowledge their indebtedness to the officers of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, to Col. Bachelder, of Boston, and Col. Vanderslice, of Philadelphia, for assistance rendered and for courtesy extended. To these gentlemen our thanks are due, and they are hereby expressed.

And now, your Excellency, through you, as Governor of the State of Michigan, we desire to transfer the care of these monuments to the Battlefield Memorial Association. May they stand forever, and forever stand as everlasting proofs that, in the war for the Union, we were right and they were wrong.



HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan.

Response of Hon. C. G. Luce,

Gov. of Michigan, and Presentation of the Monuments to the Battlefield Association.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Monument Commission :

On the seventh day of July, 1887, I had the honor to appoint you to the task you have so zealously pursued and to the supervision of the work you now pass over to us completed for acceptance. The sacrifice that has characterized your efforts has been without remuneration; and the only reward you have asked, has been the privilege of doing honor to the memory of fallen comrades. Not only have you earned that high privilege, but you have increased a debt of gratitude already greater than a loyal people can ever repay.

These ridges, beyond and between, have long been hallowed ground. The peach orchard and wheat field, Willoughby's Run, and yon Cavalry field, this cemetery hill and Round Top, have come to us in story, until their title has almost seemed to be ours. But not till now could the stranger visit these spots and stop to read on lettered shafts that Michigan blood had helped to make them sacred.

To me this ceremony to-day is far from being formal. Its impressiveness amid such environments brings thoughts beyond the power of expression.

Far from our homes and firesides we have made our journey to this shrine of freedom and Union; and we assemble now, where, in the ages to come, both in poem and prose shall be laid the scenes of valor and bravery.

When Independence was rocked in its cradle within these borders, our distant forests, peopled only with her dusky natives, echoed no answer to the call for patriots; but when years had gone, and here in this birthland of liberty the Union was battling with treason, and freedom with slavery, then did Michigan, peopled with Spartan sons, respond with her choicest manhood until she made these roads that lead out from Gettysburg

“ Paths of glory that lead but to the grave.”

The shelves of our libraries bend with volumes that tell of those July mornings of '63, of those days of battle and nights of watching, but before me is a fast vanishing history that shall never be written.

Among these scenes were started memories that can never be expressed in words, and that must live and die with you veterans; memories of you who, after more than a quarter of a century, have come to visit this Calvary of sacrifice and patriotism.

You need no guide or chart to tell the tale, for these enduring hills and slopes serve well that purpose.

I see you halting here and pointing there, I hear you tell the story of the crutch that bears you along, of the brother who fell by your side, of wounded and dying, and of your last farewell to a faithful comrade. I watch the teardrop upon your cheek and I know that sweeping over you is a history that words can ne'er describe or artist paint. Such, my friends, are the surroundings of this hour, and such its impressiveness.

In our cherished State from which we have come are many thousands of brave boys, none were braver, who, with you and these who sleep, met the enemy on a hundred fields to the south, and with you made forever honorable their names and their country's flag. Though to-day they are not with us, yet in sentiment and thought we do not forget them and would commemorate their heroism as well.

The old Romans used to place statues of their dead heroes in the porches and passage ways of their dwellings, that they might ever be silent reminders of the patriotism of those whom they would keep in remembrance. But not yet is this necessary with us. Left in our homes are yet pictured memories of fathers, brothers and sons that have faded not with the years they have slept in this angel-watched valley. The old sabre and musket, the canteen and worn Bible are yet the treasured mementos of love and friends; flags, battle-torn and shredded in the storm of death that swept over these heights upon which we stand, are preserved, revered and worshiped for the personal stories their silent folds relate.

And yet more dear than all, we have remaining to us war-scarred veterans; men who saw these blazing ridges come together and yon western one retreat over a plain covered with dead and dying. Though feeble with disease, crippled with wounds or bending with years, they shall be voices speaking more to us in our distant homes than granite shafts. Their presence with us shall be the statues in the porches and

passage ways of our dwellings, until from around the vestal fires of Michigan the last personal recollection shall have vanished and gone. But soon that time shall be, and this privilege we take with them to-day in marking the spots where glory came to them and those who sleep about us, is one to make perpetual the memories of those who shall follow.

The monuments we dedicate do not tell of fathers and brothers and sons, for their names do not appear upon their tablets; but rather, are they monuments to that which is imperishable and immortal, their patriotism and valor.

For the time shall come when the mother shall cease her mourning, when the sister, wife and orphan shall have dropped the last tear for these unreturning ones, and then

“ Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
 In deathless song shall tell,
 When many a vanished year hath flown
 The story how ye fell,
 Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor time's remorseless doom,
 Can dim one ray of holy light
 That gilds your glorious tomb.”

And now, to your Excellency, the Governor of Pennsylvania, and through you to the association you so honorably represent, do I entrust the keeping and care of these monuments for the years to come. Confidently do we leave them to your protection that they may long keep vigil over the brave who sleep at their feet. May you remember these resting ones as our sons and your brothers, remember that here are ties half buried, yet fast to living hearts,—remember them in spring time with the flowers that grow in these valleys—valleys made fertile with their blood,—and your remembrance of them and care for the graven stones that tell their deeds shall not be unrewarded.

When centuries shall have gone and the pilgrim shall come to visit these historic grounds, may these granite voices endure to tell him where the flow of treason began its ebb, where freedom had its dearest price, and where from our peninsular home among the lakes, the “Tuebors,” “I will defend,” came to glorify their faith and die beneath their shields.



HON. EDWARD McPHERSON,
Of Gettysburg.

Response of Hon. Edward McPherson,

In Behalf of the Battlefield Association.

Your Excellency, Gov. Luce :

You, and all our Michigan guests will, no doubt, pardon the absence of our eminent Governor, who was appointed to receive these monuments on behalf of the Battlefield Memorial Association, and will accept for his my poor words, when you learn that he is detained by duties devolved on him by the catastrophe at Johnstown—that ghastly horror which has touched the hearts of all Christendom.

In his absence, I have been deputed by the Association to perform the agreeable duty of accepting the monuments this day dedicated by the Governor and soldiery of Michigan. In so doing, I am instructed to express the sense of satisfaction of the Association with the taste shown by your Commission, and with their success in securing, at moderate cost, the very elegant memorials of the heroism of your troops. While this field endures, Michigan will need no eulogist, for here, in the hottest of the fight, the blows given by her sons were among the most effective in deciding the great issue to which the Union army was invited.

There is a constantly growing disposition on the “other side” to misstate and conceal the issues as fairly made up and put on record. This is of itself an unconscious tribute to the cause of the Union.

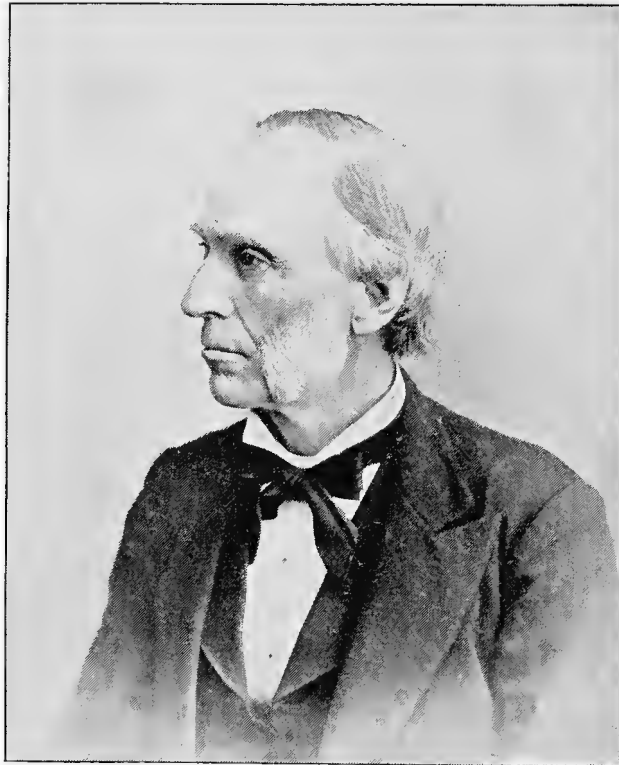
But it must never be forgotten that the force which was the deciding one between combatants so nearly equally matched, was the moral strength of our cause, and the moral weakness of their cause. We fought for Union and Liberty. They fought for disunion and Slavery. Nothing can gloss over this difference. It is the difference between light and darkness—the difference between strength and weakness—the difference between bounding development and hopeless stagnation. Our armies felt the inspiration of the one. Theirs felt the poison of the other. Military critics do not cease to wonder at the fact of the suppression of the Rebellion. It is the marvellous,

as well as the momentous, fact of the century. To most outside observers, it was a surprise—considering the wide extent of territory necessary to be held by the Union forces, the comparative equality in the numbers engaged, the not greatly disproportionate military resources of the two parties to the struggle, and the desperate nature of the conflict. But the error of those observers was in not estimating the vast reserve force behind the armies of the Union, and behind the people of the Union, who sustained and supplied those armies. That force was the unconquerable purpose of a nation of freemen to hold for freedom the magnificent domain which our fathers had dedicated to the great experiment of free republican government. With this experiment, the partisans of slavery proposed to interfere. This humane and blessed enterprise they proposed to blast. Nerved by a sense of duty to those who had gone before, and still more by a sense of duty to those who were to come after, the people mightily resolved that, whatever the cost, the Union and the Constitution should be spared from the mutilating hands of the Rebellion. They were so spared. The cost was heavy; but the prize was worth it all and a thousand times more to ourselves and to the advance of Liberal ideas throughout the world.

In wars, it generally happens that there is a division of merit between the two sides; but in the war of the Rebellion it was not so. The Rebellion, historically speaking, had not a redeeming feature. It was wholly bad. It was organized as a conspiracy, by stealth. It had its origin in passion, not reason. It was based upon a pretence, both false and fraudulent in fact. It was carried on in heat, not with the deliberation which befits a great movement for vindication of rights or redress of wrongs. It was ordained by a cabal who feared the votes of the people, and who in no case permitted a free, popular vote upon a proceeding of vast import which their act made irrevocable. It terrorized those whom it ultimately sacrificed. It was turbulent in its life and unhonored in its death. It went down amid the acclaim of all nations as a wicked attempt of ambitious men to reverse the trend of civilization and dedicate half the continent to an abhorrent institution. Had it succeeded, the world would have been distinctly the worse for it. And it is now clear, a quarter of a century after the event, that those who were drawn by cunning and fraud and force into the movement, have gained quite as much by defeat as the people of the adhering States have gained by victory.

Undoubtedly, multitudes of good men became its victims — men who had no share in the conspiracy of secession, but whom events beyond their control drew into the whirlpool of battle. Of these, nothing need be said, except to give our expression of sympathy for the misfortune which chained them to the car of unscrupulous leadership. But no consideration will justify a failure to bear testimony, on all proper occasions, to the undeniable facts of history, and to the guilt which, in the spring of 1861, attached to the men who planned and forced the conflict, in order that they might defile the Constitution and carve the Union into parts.

Soldiers of Michigan! The Battlefield Association will guard, as they will guard the memorials of our own dead, the magnificent memorials you leave in our care. What ours represent to us, these represent to you; and both are equally dear to the grateful citizens of the Union. And I promise you for the Association, tender watchfulness which will be alike our pleasure and our duty.



HON. AUSTIN BLAIR,
Governor of Michigan from 1861 to 1865.

Memorial Address of Hon. Austin Blair,

Governor of Michigan from 1861 to 1865.

Soldiers of Gettysburg and Fellow-Citizens :

The occasion is one of great interest to all of us who had any part in the suppression of the great rebellion. We have come from our far away home in Michigan to this great historic battlefield to dedicate these monuments erected by the people of our State, to perpetuate as far as we are able to do the great part taken by Michigan soldiers in the stupendous conflict fought out here in the July days of 1863. The people of Michigan have not been content to leave the record of these achievements to the pen of history alone; but they have desired now after more than a quarter of a century has passed in the face of a reunited country and people, to testify their deep abiding sense of the greatness of that service both to the State and the country, and to the magnificent courage, fidelity and constancy shown on this field.

The story of Gettysburg—the immortal story of Gettysburg—does not need any repetition at our hands. It has got itself told in the various languages of every civilized country in the world. In the most finished oratory, in the permanent literature of every land that has a literature, from pulpit and rostrum, in newspaper and magazine, in poetry and books of history, has this crowning victory of patriotism, of loyalty, liberty and nationality been told and fixed forever in the memory and in the permanent records of our country and of mankind. Gettysburg has taken its place in the history of the world along with Thermopylæ, Marathon, Plataea, Pharsalus and Waterloo, and all the great battles of history in which the fate of nations has been determined, and the progress of mankind in civilization and knowledge has been promoted. Our men engaged here were not mere soldiers; they were also fellow-citizens engaged in a mighty struggle, and with a definite purpose in view. They were volunteers who had enlisted in this great war with an intelligent sense of patriotic duty.

There is a certain glamour attendant upon all wars, and it could not be altogether absent from this. But we know that it was not on

account of this that the great body of our soldiers enlisted. The controversy was an old one. More or less it had troubled us from the very foundation of the government. It had grown steadily in magnitude until it threatened to destroy the entire fabric of republican liberty in America. We do not stop to discuss it here to-day or even to state it fully, since it has entirely passed away; we cannot quite forget it, however, on the field of Gettysburg. We are here to-day to dedicate these monuments, because we know that the men who fought and fell here, in the splendid Union army under George G. Meade fought in a cause that was wholly right. We make no attack upon their adversaries. Let them sleep peacefully under the willows in their graves; we can even admire the courage with which they fought, but the cause in which they fought we can never admire.

Our cause at least needs no apology; the men who fought and fell in it are forever canonized in the hearts of their countrymen. It always will remain true that the character and honor of a soldier will depend mainly upon the cause in which he fights. For this reason the greatest honor and the very highest character attaches to the men who fought in the Union army, both here and everywhere. They preserved the government from destruction, they stamped out the pestilent heresy of secession and they firmly established liberty here where it was only half done before. They crowned themselves with victory, and they who fell sleep under the "laurel" with their flag still waving above them. They do not need our feeble eulogy; their deeds far surpass our words. But we wish to emphasize the lesson they have taught, written with their blood.

Here was fought the first and only great battle of the war on Northern soil. The Confederacy was represented by the proudest army it had ever put in the field. It was led by its ablest and most trusted generals. The campaign was inaugurated in pursuance of a long-cherished design to bring the waste and ravages of war to the very doors of the Northern people; to quench our love of liberty in the blood of our people—amid the smoke of their burning homes. The army of the Potomac understood the gravity of the issue. It had but lately suffered serious reverses; it had been at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; it had as yet found no commander equal to every emergency, and now just on the eve of battle there was another change. But the spirit of the army was unbroken—it had faith in itself—more than any army that ever went out to battle. I believe

the private soldiers of this army were equal to the whole occasion. They knew who they had to fight, and why. They felt invincible on this Pennsylvania ground, and when they came into their position on Cemetery hill they breathed the air of victory. They were among the green hills where liberty dwelt. They were surrounded by a people who were their friends, and literally now they were defending their own homes. The whole body of this army understood fully that this was the great pivotal struggle of the war; all the immense consequences to follow the result were fully apparent to them. Victory meant security and safety for their homes and country—defeat involved more of destruction and ruin than the wildest prophet of evil could predict. The order of the commanding general promulgated to them on the day before the battle did not fall upon unheeding minds. The general himself was deeply impressed with the tremendous responsibilities weighing upon him and the army. This was the order:

The commanding general requests that previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, corps and all other commanding officers will address their troops explaining to them briefly the immense issues involved in this struggle; the enemy are on our soil; the whole country looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe; our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of this army. Homes, firesides and domestic altars are involved. The army has fought well heretofore; it is believed that it will fight more desperately and bravely than ever if addressed in fitting terms. Corps and other commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty at this hour.

By command of

MAJ.-GEN. MEADE.

The menace in the last clause was hardly necessary—no soldier was likely to fail in his duty there—most of them felt the extreme gravity of the situation as deeply as the commanding general himself, and they were ready to die here, as they afterward did in great numbers, in the most heroic manner.

Michigan had a large body of her troops in this army, and they conducted themselves with such gallantry as to win the universal applause of our people. It would not be difficult to give many most conspicuous examples of the heroism displayed by many of our officers and men on that great occasion. But it would be impossible within the limits of this brief address to do anything like justice to

all, and therefore we leave it to the historian to supply the details for which the materials are abundant. The roll of those who gave their lives for their country here has already been made up, and has passed into the permanent archives of the country. No roll of honor ever does, or ever can, be more conspicuous than this. As an example of the heroism displayed on this field and the sacrifices made, I copy a single clause from the letter of a correspondent, noted for his accuracy, as follows: "A single brigade (Hanow's), of which the Seventh Michigan is part, came out with fifty-four less officers and seven hundred and ninety-three less men than it took in. So the whole corps fought; so, too, they fought further down the line."

The losses in killed and wounded were very great. The army indeed fought more desperately than ever before. It had fought victoriously too, but it had its terrible losses to repair. I remember well that Fourth of July morning when the news came to us over the wires that a great battle had been fought at Gettysburg, and that the slaughter had been terrible; that our soldiers lay on the field in great numbers either wounded or dead—that Gettysburg was one great hospital, and yet could not care for half the wounded. There was a cry for help, for surgeons and for nurses at once. This message reached every corner of the State, and created the greatest excitement among the people whose friends and neighbors were in that army. The call met a prompt response. The greatest activity was displayed and abundant assistance was supplied. Fathers, brothers and friends were speedily on the way, and continued to go until every need was supplied.

We did not even know that morning whether Meade had gained a victory or suffered a defeat. We only learned of the honors of the battlefield after the fight was over. Our friends and neighbors had fallen there, and the people went immediately to their assistance. That a great victory had been won came later—that the proudest army of the Confederacy under the ablest and most trusted leaders had suffered a disastrous defeat and was rapidly retreating southward, was soon after understood. That the existence of the republic had hung suspended on the issue for three terrible days; that the dead and wounded heroes there had saved us and the country forever. All this came to us at last, and then we knew that Gettysburg had been the great crowning struggle of the war; that to the courage and fidelity of the men who stood there under the National flag for those three

murderous days the country owed its deliverance from the untold evils that menaced it. Then, indeed, was our mourning tempered with rejoicing. Amid the dirges could be heard the shouts of victory and songs of triumph. The dead men had died gloriously, "for love of country they had accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts and made immortal their patriotism and other virtues."

Many of them were buried on this field, while many more were taken up tenderly by loving hands and borne to honored graves among their kindred in our beautiful peninsular State. All over the commonwealth monuments rise in their honor, and will testify for all time to their patriotism and virtues. The country has been preserved and its waning sections reunited. There are very few remaining now who wish it otherwise. The bitterness of the struggle has mostly disappeared, and the whole country is in peace and prosperity, advancing with a most wonderful pace in all the arts and avocations of peace.

The population of the country has doubled since the beginning of the war, and its wealth has much more than doubled. Everything has been moving forward with lightning speed, and all observation proves that the movement is an ever and ever increasing one. We must endeavor to keep abreast with it however rapid it may be; even in looking back we have to remember that the world moves forward and not backward, and yet the principles that underlie all things do not change. The teaching of heroes will never pass away. Patriotism and manly courage will never cease to be revered among men, and the blood that is shed to put away wrongs will not all sink into the ground.

We will not multiply words. The men who fought here, as well those who have survived as those who fell, have made good their title to everlasting fame. Nothing we can say here will add a single line to the historic record. A grateful country will never forget the heroic sacrifices here made, nor will the monuments we have dedicated here to-day ever be permitted to fall into ruin. The quiet old town of Gettysburg by their valor has become famous forever; henceforth it is a shrine to which the patriotic and brave will come as we do, to pay homage to those who won the turning victory of the war and saved the Republic for all time.

Now it remains for the generations that come after them "to dedicate themselves" to the same great service.

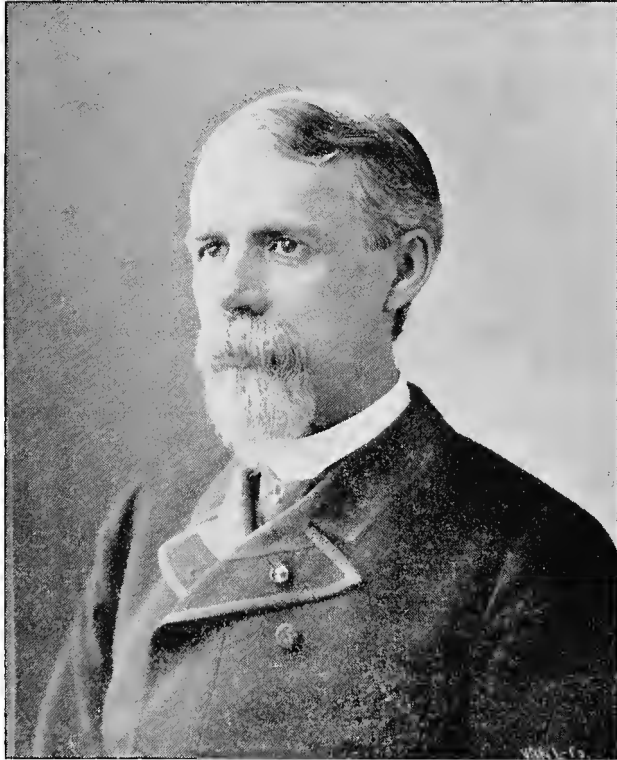
Let our fellow-countrymen follow the example here set for them and the future of this great government "of the people, by the people, for the people" shall never cease to exist.

The Governor, as he concluded the last sentence, folded up his manuscript and, holding it clasped to his breast, hesitated a moment and then with moist eyes went on:

And now, soldiers of Gettysburg, whom I see together here for the last time, to you I want to say that every one of the officers of the Michigan troops in this battle carried my commission. I followed them all, elsewhere and here, with a beating heart and profound anxiety. I deeply revere the memory of those who fell here, and for those of you who remain I offer my best wishes for your welfare and happiness.

These closing sentences brought tears to many eyes, and for a moment the scene was one of thrilling and pathetic interest. The great audience was profoundly moved by the Governor's words, and it seemed doubtful for a moment whether they would break forth into cheers or tears. It was a touching tribute to one whom all delighted to honor, not alone for his personal worth, but also for the great services which he had rendered his country at great sacrifice of personal interests.

At the close of Governor Blair's address, General Alger, who was sitting on the platform, was loudly called for, and responded in a few happy and appropriate remarks. Stepping forward he said in part :



GENERAL RUSSELL A. ALGER,
Ex-Governor of Michigan.

Address of Gen. R. A. Alger.

There is no reason why I should be called upon to talk to you. I have not expected to be called upon and, therefore, am not loaded for a speech. It is almost twenty-six years since we were here all together, and as Governor Blair, whose clarion voice we like to hear again, was speaking, I was thinking how you boys looked then.

The General again referred, as he has at other times, to the fact that the average age of Michigan's volunteer soldier was twenty-two years, and then continued :

I have been much touched by the speeches we have heard in their references to your work on this field. We from Michigan make no boast for ourselves, but we do say for our State that when Michigan men were called into action they were always equal to the emergency, and this fact impresses upon me how sad this other fact is that the men who stood in front seem to have lost their individuality in making up the record of an army's achievements. I hope the time will come when the history of each and every soldier will be preserved in the archives of our State and every State. I had occasion in a speech at Toledo not long ago to refer to this hope, and subsequently an officer told me how in some engagement, I do not now remember where, he became convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle and was about to order a retreat, when some reckless devil far down the line cried out, "Well, boys, let's give it to 'em once more, any way!" and they did, and that volley won the fight. So who can ever tell how many times one man or a few men hurled back the enemy, won the victory and saved the country?

As the speech was entirely impromptu it is to be regretted that no stenographer was present to furnish a fuller and more complete report.

The musical selections by the Arion Quartette were of a high order, especially appropriate for the occasion, and rendered with exquisite taste.

The following preamble and resolution offered by General Trowbridge were unanimously adopted with much hearty enthusiasm :

We believe the work of the Monument Commission deserves more than a passing notice. We know that its labors have been often times most trying and perplexing. Its highest commendation is in its completed work, so satisfactory to all. Therefore

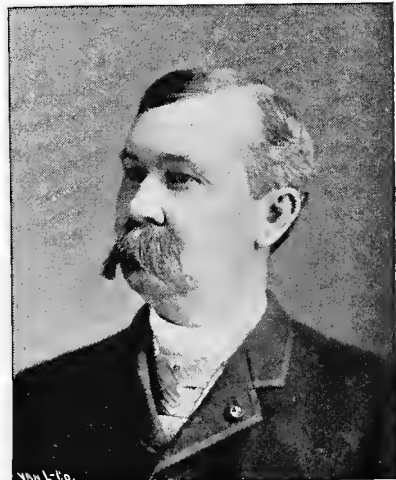
Resolved, That our grateful thanks are hereby tendered as they are most justly due to the members of the Monument Commission for the very creditable manner in which they have discharged their responsible duties. Their unselfish devotion to the discharge of a great and sacred trust will ever excite the warmest gratitude of a grateful people.



O. B. CURTIS, Chairman.



WILBUR HOWARD.



CAPT. H. N. MOORE.

Committee on Decoration.

Benediction by Rev. James H. Potts, D. D.,

Editor of the Michigan Christian Advocate, and formerly of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry.

O thou God of battles! We implore thy benediction and favor as we conclude the more public exercises of this day. As thou hast been with us in the past, and befriended our cause, so attend our steps in the present and in the future, and help us so to fight the great battle of life that when mustered out of the earthly service we may be marshalled under Christ, the great Captain of our salvation before Thy throne on high. And the blessings of Almighty God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, rest upon and abide with you forever. Amen.

An interesting feature of the dedication was the decoration of the Michigan graves in the National Cemetery with a car-load of Michigan flowers. Comrade O. B. Curtis, of the Twenty-fourth Michigan, assisted by Wilbur Howard, of Berdan's sharpshooters, and Capt. H. N. Moore, had charge of this work. The school children of Michigan contributed flowers in profusion from nearly every county in the State; the express and railroad companies conveyed them to Gettysburg without charge, and they were carefully arranged upon the graves of the Michigan heroes. Each grave was also honored with a good sized Union flag. The beautiful floral designs, when placed upon the green sward, presented a sight that won appreciative remarks from all who visited this sacred city of the dead.

It was a solemn and tender task. The touching messages of love and devotion that came with the floral packages were full of tender pathos: "Place this upon my grandpa's grave.

I never saw him." "For my brother's grave. He was killed by my side." "In memory of my dear boy—his mother." And so ran the requests. The 173 graves were carefully looked over amid the showers of heaven and the requests fulfilled as far as possible.



REV. JAMES H. POTTS, D. D.

Memorial Address of Rev. James H. Potts, D. D.

My Comrades and Fellow Citizens :

It scarcely seems possible that nearly twenty-six years—more than a quarter of a century—have rolled their length along since this battle-ground, now clothed in nature's robes of brightest emerald, was blasted by the breath of war, crimsoned with a mighty tide of fresh-shed blood, and strewn with the mangled corpses of 6,000 slain. It scarcely seems possible that this gentle, ambient air, so grateful to our lungs and essential to our life, was then lurid with the smoke and flame, and terrible with the shock and roar of hard-fought battle. Nature was as bright and quiet then as now, but opposing human forces, grown fierce and desperate by long continued strife, converted the orderly and peaceful scene into a chaos of confusion, a charnel house of death, and a hell of horror.

It has been said with truth by one who knew the cost of war, the Duke of Wellington, that "nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won." Blood and sacrifice and tears and lifelong grief are the price of every victory, as well as the gloomy accompaniments of every defeat. The battle of Gettysburg was not lost to us, but its victory cost Michigan some two hundred slain upon the field, and nearly one thousand wounded and missing. One hundred and seventy-one of these heroes lie buried here, others have their resting places in cemeteries of neighboring cities or in Michigan, where they were borne after the battle by sympathizing friends.

For long weeks and days after the bloody carnage Gettysburg was the scene of deaths and burials mournful to witness. Writing under date of July 15, 1863—twelve days after the noise of battle was hushed—Chaplain W. C. Way declared: "It is saddening to stand near the express office and see the coffined remains of scores and hundreds being sent for burial to their former homes. Many are dying, and it is almost impossible to get a coffin, so great is the demand."

But our honored chaplain knew that the dead taken home were only as a tithe compared with those laid here to rest. He himself, as loved and useful a minister as ever closed a dying eye or soothed a departing spirit, was compelled by the exigencies of that awful fray to go out with spade in hand and cover with a modicum of friendly dust the unburied heaps of his slain comrades. Dr. T. Tunicliff testifies that one day after the battle, while the chaplain was ministering to the wounded, "he (the chaplain) learned that thirty bodies of his regiment"—the gallant twenty-fourth, whose comparative loss in killed and wounded is almost unparalleled in the annals of war—"were lying unburied on the battle-field where they fell. He picked out two men who were but slightly wounded, and they went a mile and a half to the field and buried their comrades." [Turning to Mr. Way]: Honor to you, Chaplain Way. From me you need no words of praise. Your deeds are your eulogy.

It is sometimes intimated that chaplains are of no use in the army, and that the services of all preachers might as well be dispensed with. But if all chaplains are as useful as was the gallant chaplain of the Twenty-fourth, the army can ill afford to part with them. On general principles I notice that, in peace as in war, preachers are convenient fellows to have around when people are to be buried.

The slaughter of Gettysburg was awful. Michigan's number of killed was third in order of the seventeen States whose soldiers were engaged, and first in the order of population.

I wish it were possible to name and characterize every man who surrendered his life in this greatest battle of the war. The roll would be as bright as long, and as sacred as illustrious.

Yonder near old Round Top fell the gallant Col. H. H. Jeffords, of the Fourth Michigan, shot and then bayoneted—as brave a man as ever a traitor killed.

There, in the forefront of encounter, the first commissioned officer killed, and the one who fell nearest the rebel lines of any soldiers at Gettysburg, went down the brave Lieut. M. Dickey, of the Twenty-fourth, a promising young man of the highest integrity, who received his commission as the reward of valor.

There, the amiable Capt. William J. Speed, intelligent, courteous, brave, was instantly killed while vainly trying to save his men from a whirlwind of death, which speedily swept them nearly all away.

And there, fell Lieut. Newall Grace, brave, educated, daring, shot in the groin by a minnie ball, and cut in the side by the fragment of a shell, dying while the battle was raging the fiercest.

Time would fail me to tell of Capt. M. J. O'Donnell, as courageous a man as ever perished on the battle-field; Lieut. Winfield S. Safford, a good disciplinarian and an honorable man, who lost an eye at the battle of Fair Oaks; Col. A. E. Steele, shot through the head by a minnie ball; Lieut. Amos M. Ladd, Lieut. John P. Thelan, Capt. Peter Generous, Lieut. Butler Brown, Lieut. Wallace Jewett, Lieut. William H. Borden, Lieut. Walter H. Wallace, Lieut. H. Humphreyville, Lieut. Lucius S. Shattuck and Major N. H. Ferry—all distinguished for attention to duty and unflinching courage in confronting the foe. These, with hundreds more—non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, just as inflexible in faith, invincible in spirit and as essential to the victory as the rest—counted not their lives dear unto themselves so that they might serve their country and conserve the spirit of liberty. Never shall their deeds be forgotten. Their dust now mingles with the sacred soil in this national mausoleum, but their spirits are with the God of battles who rewards every man according to his works.

My comrades, Franklin said “there never was a good war nor a bad peace.” All war has in it a wrong side, and elements on both sides which are evil, only evil, and that continually. But if ever a righteous principle were contended for on any historic field, it was on the Union side in the great rebellion. Why was that war precipitated? What were the causes leading to it, and what the motives which inspired it? I have been pondering these questions for twenty-nine years, viewing them from every standpoint and in the light of every fresh suggestion, but for the life of me I can find no answer to them but this—the cause of that great rebellion was the growing power of slavery, the anticipated glory of secession and the vauntings of personal ambition.

“Say what you will,” says Gen. S. H. Hurst, whose sentiments I indorse, “say what you will of the glory of the ‘lost cause,’ tell what you may of the unselfish devotion and courage and pluck of the Southern soldiery, still it is true that the rebellion never had a motive, and never had an inspiration higher or nobler than it drew from secession and slavery, and their logical fruits and concomitants. The people of the North and the soldiers of the Union army were fighting

for the unity of the nation, for the life of the republic, and back of that and co-ordinate with that, they were fighting for human liberty in American civilization and government." This was a cause worthy of their valor and sacrifice, and compared with which the "lost cause" will ultimately be lost in contempt in the impartial verdict of future generations.

My brothers, I am not here to arouse a spirit of rancor. As soldiers we are not partisans. In the sturdy engagements of war we knew no political preferences. We knew only the American republic and the cause for which we fought. We were for our country, and against all who lifted a hand to strike it down. We were for the Stars and Stripes, and Gen. Dix voiced our sentiments when he said, "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." When Col. Morrow returned home to Detroit, after receiving his personal wounds on this bloody field, and seeing his beloved regiment literally shot to pieces, he made a speech on the Campus Martius to the citizens of Detroit and Wayne county, in which he said: "I am now as I was in 1862, and as I will be while there remains a rebel in this land; I am for my country. I have no politics, nor have the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. They are for the Union, and against all parties that do not uphold the flag. Should that army," said he, "be transported into this city, and any man should raise his voice against this war, they would eat him alive. He could not live, and by the Eternal, he ought not to live."

It was precisely this spirit of loyalty to the flag of our nation, this heroic determination to preserve the government intact or perish in the attempt, that resulted in such victories as makes Gettysburg forever memorable in the annals of the world's history.

I honor our Southern brethren. I forgave them long ago, as well as I could, for the great wrong they perpetrated upon the best government ever established on this earth. I love them to-day—that is, some of them, especially those who thank God that they got whipped—and they must in justice love me a little and forgive the allusion I am about to make to their fancy so long cherished that they could "clean out the Yanks" in the proportion of about three to one. They held, you remember, that idea before the war and during the war, until Gettysburg knocked a little bit of common sense into them. You see, they imagined that Northern men couldn't or wouldn't fight. Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and other *victorious defeats*,

tended to confirm them in the thought of their own superiority. Now, in all this they utterly misunderstood the real temper of the foemen they despised. The Northern man does differ somewhat from the Southern. It takes more to rouse him up, but when once he is awakened in a righteous cause he is a terror. He not only fights with desperation, but he never knows when he is whipped. Age does not diminish his manly devotion to the right, nor lessen his noble determination to put down the wrong. He loves peace, but he does not fear war. All in all, he is a fine illustration of Shakespeare's idea:

"In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger,
Strengthen the sinews, summon up the blood."

Well, that is precisely what the Northern men did when the late Confederates fired upon Sumter.

You remember that Gen. Pryor said at that time, as an excuse for the shots, that "a blow must be struck to fire the Southern heart." That blow succeeded, but in the end it proved a boomerang, recoiling upon themselves, for it fired the Northern heart, too. Never was cannonading heard farther away than was the bombardment of Sumter. Every shot resounded in Michigan, and brought a thousand Wolverine patriots to their feet, declaring that the men responsible for it ought to be threshed. And it wasn't long before they had an opportunity to do the threshing. I am well aware that they suffered many a hard knock in undertaking that task, but they never faltered for that. During the bombardment of Sumter, Sergt. Kearnan was knocked senseless by a piece of iron, concrete or something of that kind, slivered from the wall by a cannon ball. On recovering and springing to his feet, he was asked if he were badly hurt, and replied, "No; I was only knocked down temporarily," and he went to work again. So with the whole Northern army. When it suffered defeat it was only a temporary knock down, and for four long years it rallied from every shock, until at Gettysburg, Vicksburg, the Wilderness and Atlanta, it paralyzed the foe.

Somebody has said that if the Gettysburg victory had turned in the other direction, the rebellion would have proved a success. Gen. Lee would then have marched on to Washington, Philadelphia, New York, enriching himself and his men as he went, until at length Eng-

land and other foreign powers would have officially recognized the South as conqueror. May be so, but I don't believe it. By no possibility could Lee have won such a victory as would have annihilated the Army of the Potomac and removed every obstacle from his track. Our national resources were not yet exhausted. We had enough men of 65 or 70, like the heroic John Burns, of Gettysburg, to have seized their muskets and fought the veterans of Lee back into their own South land.

Napoleon said, "In war men are nothing, but *a man* is everything." The North had "a man," and the "men," too. It would have taken more than one victory on Northern soil to have crowned Jeff. Davis the American King. The very boys and babes we left with our wives and mothers at home, under the shock of such a calamity, would have grown six feet in one night, rushed to the battle and shot the Confederate chief into petticoats long before their fathers did.

My brothers, I speak the truth, but not with rancor. There is no bitterness in my heart, and I trust there is none in yours. It is time for us to have our hearts right. We are getting old. They call us veterans. I am one of the youngest among you, and I am 41 to-day. Was born on the 12th day of June, 1848, and was just past 15 when the battle of Gettysburg was fought. Yet my locks are beginning to silver, and I see that most of yours are gray. What does it mean? Simply this, that we are ripening for the sickle.

"There is a reaper whose name is death,
And with his sickle keen,
He gathers the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

Oh, what a harvest he gathered here! The beatings of what noble hearts he forever stilled. It was the highest honor to go into the great eternity with such a company; an honor to die fighting in such a cause; and an honor to rest on such a spot as this. I could wish no higher honor for my mortal frame when I have done with it than to be laid by my comrades in this beautiful retreat, owned by the general government, dedicated by the immortal Lincoln, with our beloved Michigan among the rest here to build her monuments.

But no such honors await us, brothers. We have lived too long for that. One by one we shall drop away, perhaps in some obscure retreat, and just as like as not many of us will be buried in the potter's field, our graves unmarked, unhonored and unknown. But it matters

not so that our spirits are ready to respond to the grand roll-call in the army of the skies. God will take care of our sleeping dust till he shall bid it rise.

There is nothing upon this earth so powerful to hold men together as the army regulations. Shoulder to shoulder we marched through the day, and tent to tent, when we had a tent, we slept at night. But when our time was out and we received our discharges, how quickly and widely we scattered. It is difficult to get us together now. Perhaps never again shall we all meet. But death has forever united our comrades here. Side by side they rest in quiet peace until the angel trumpet shall blow the resurrection. And oh, what an awakening will that be! The same blast that awakens the sleeping army here will penetrate the sleeping dust of their foemen yonder. Face to face once more they shall stand, but not in the same antagonism in which they fell. There is a tombstone somewhere of which I have read, that has sculptured on its face a picture of the occupant of the grave and the grim skeleton of death shaking hands. Enemies reconciled! So will it be hereafter. You know that the effect of sleep is to quiet the temper. The sleep of death will soothe the ruffled spirit. And though neither death nor life, nor hell nor heaven, nor time nor eternity, can make wrong right, nor right wrong, yet, let us hope that in the light of the eternal day we may have a better understanding of ourselves, of each other, and of the relations we have here sustained.

Sleep on, then, noble comrades, while admiring patriotism guards your treasured dust and fond affection strews your graves with flowers. The flowers may wither, and, as the generations come and go, affection for you may die, but patriotism, like your spirits immortal, shall live forever and hold in sacred reverence your priceless sacrifice of blood and life.

Rest on embalmed and sainted dead,
 Dear as the blood ye gave;
 No impious footsteps here shall tread
 The herbage of your grave.
 Nor shall your story be forgot
 While Fame her record keeps,
 Or honor marks the hallowed spot
 Where valor proudly sleeps.



Regimental Reunions and Exercises.

The following gives brief description of the several monuments erected, size of same, where located and the inscriptions they bear:

FIRST INFANTRY.

The First Michigan Infantry monument is upon a large rock south and east of Peach Orchard and midway between monuments of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry on the right and the Twenty-second Massachusetts on the left, facing southwest to the right and front of the Wheat Field. The monument is four feet square at base, ten feet and ten inches in height, of Westerley granite. On the main die is a bas-relief representing two standing guns, arranged picturesquely with cartridge box, canteen and cap. Upon the first base is the State coat of arms in bronze, surrounded on the outer edge by the following sentence: "Erected by the State of Michigan to her martyrs and heroes who fought in defense of liberty and union;" upon the second side is the name of regiment, brigade, division and corps; a belt cut in relief and upon the right and left of die polished corps badge. At the rear of the die is a raised and polished panel upon which is cut the following inscription:

"First Michigan Infantry, first brigade, first division, fifth corps, mustered in at Detroit, Mich., May 1, 1861 for 3 months; mustered in at Ann Arbor, Mich., August 17, 1861, for 3 years; re-enlisted as Veterans February 20, 1864, mustered out at Jeffersonville, Ind., July 9, 1865. Total enrollment, 2,144 officers and men. Killed in action, 12 officers, 106 men; died of wounds, 6 officers, 32 men; died of disease, 1 officer, 95 men; total, 252. From the first to the last. Early into Virginia and capture of Alexandria, May 24, 1861, to Appomattox April 9, 1865. Participated in 54 skirmishes and general engagements. The monument marks the position where the regiment fought July 2, 1863; present for duty, 21 officers, 240 men; total, 261; killed, 1 officer, 4 men; wounded, 6 officers, 27 men; missing, 4 men; total, 42.

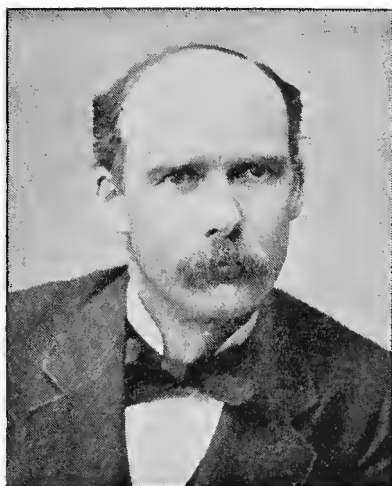
The regular annual reunion of the 1st Michigan Infantry was held June 12, in the afternoon, at the Regimental monument, with 30 members present. Adj. Widdicomb of Grand Rapids, president of the Association, presided. Short addresses were made by Cols. Ira C. Abbott and Chas. P. Lincoln, of Washington, Col. F. W. Whittelsey of Middletown, Conn., Capt. C. H. Manly of Ann Arbor, Capt. John Stepper of Coldwater, Capt. Carrick of Dundee, and other comrades.

Capt. Clinton Spencer of Lansing spoke as follows:

Address of Capt. Clinton Spencer.

Comrades of the 1st Michigan Infantry:

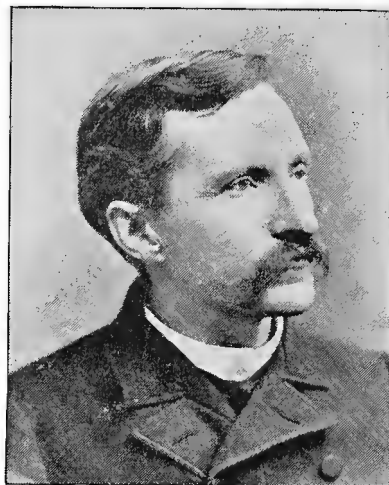
Conflicting emotions swell our hearts as we recall the events of more than a quarter of a century ago, which occurred on this sacred spot. Many of the comrades of that day yielded up the greatest sacrifice that it is possible for patriots to make in defense of the most vital principle that underlies our national existence. On this memorable field, which marks the highest tide in the flood of treason, their surviving comrades, in behalf of the State of Michigan, with loving hearts dedicate to their memory this monument, which shall be for the guidance and instruction of those that come after us, that the integrity of the National Union will ever be protected to the last extremity by the loyal sons of the whole country. We harbor no feeling of bitterness or revenge towards the then brave foes, who made these silent sentinels willing martyrs in defense of the right, and we gladly join hands with them in every good work to develop and strengthen our great commonwealth. We believe it to be our solemn duty, here above their hallowed dust to proclaim and reiterate, that disloyalty to the old flag *was, is, and always will be, TREASON, deep, dark, and damnable*, and the survivors of the Old 1st Michigan Infantry do not believe in palliating or shading in the least degree that definition of the term. If so, what mockery to mark the place where heroes fell. What lesson would it teach the sons of the North and South if we



LIEUT. WM. WIDDICOMB.

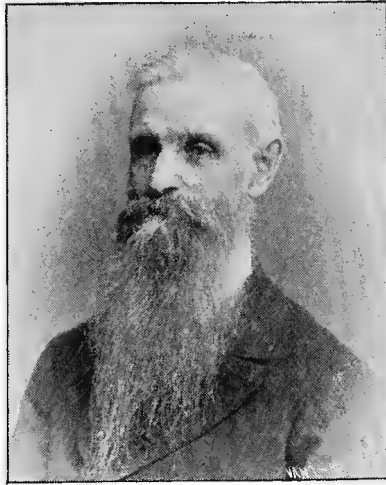


CAPT. CLINTON SPENCER.

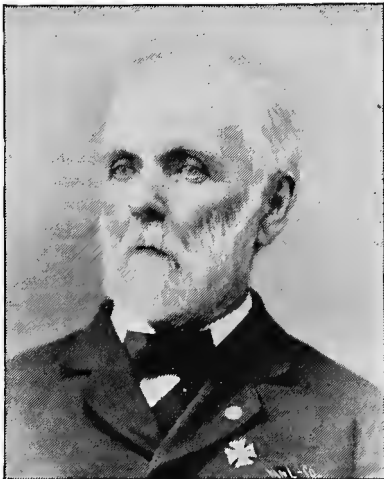


CAPT. CHAS. W. CARRICK.

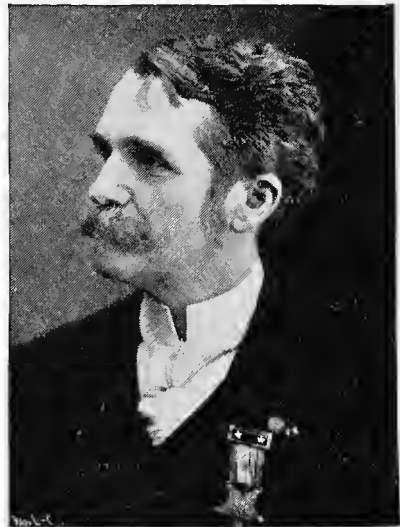
First Infantry.



GENL. IRA C. ABBOTT.



COL. F. W. WHITTELSEY.



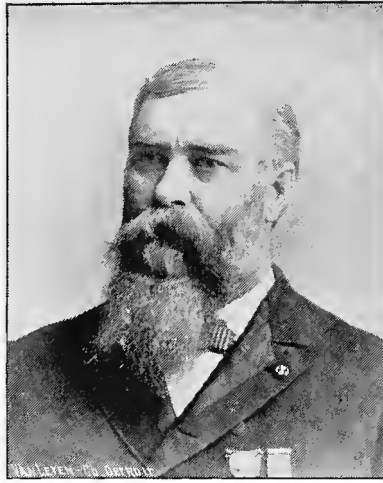
COL. C. P. LINCOLN.

First Infantry.

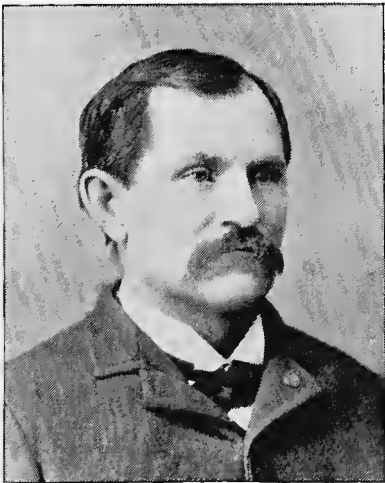
say that the other side simply erred in their construction of the Constitution? No, no; words are cheap. Let us make this no meaningless ceremony, and let us let the world know that we fought this great battle in defense of a righteous cause, and that the blood of these our comrades shall be the seed that shall spring up and overspread this whole country with a people whose highest ambition shall be to work for the common good and best interests of the grandest government ever founded by mortal man.

Comrades, we salute our dead, and may the God of battles help us so to live that when we shall be mustered into the ranks of the grand army on the other shore, we may prove worthy of a place in the company of those whose devotion to their country made them martyrs of liberty and loyalty to the National Union.

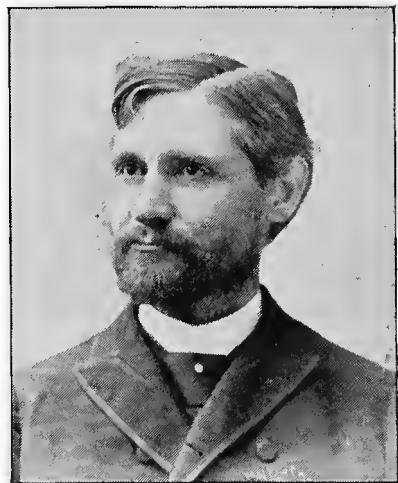
A letter from Maj. G. C. Hopper of Detroit, regretting his absence, was heartily cheered by the boys. No member of the organization is held in warmer remembrance than the Major, and always ranks as the "regimental favorite." Col. Abbott was elected President and Geo. H. Van Antwerp Secretary for the ensuing year. East Saginaw was chosen as the place, and June 27 the time for the next reunion.



GEN'L B. R. PIERCE.



A. S. SHATTUCK.



REV. WASHINGTON GARDNER.

Third Infantry.



For Merit in the Field 1862-1863

DEPARTED IN
GRAND RAPIDS
MICH. JUNE 13, 1861



ARMY PIONEER
FIRST BULL HEAD
TO
APPOINTED

THIRD INFANTRY.

The Third Michigan Infantry monument, commemorating the second day's fight, is located at the southeast corner of the Peach Orchard; skirmish line a quarter of a mile in advance of this position. This monument is of Oak Hill granite, 11 ½ feet in height, resting upon a base 6½x5 feet. The bas relief on die is life size and represents two skirmishers in action. Upon the second base is the name of regiment, brigade, division and corps and in the center the corps badge, as also at the right and left of the die, and upon the cap the State coat of arms in bronze. The badges and portions of the monument used for inscriptions are raised and highly polished, while the other surfaces except where rock-faced, are of ten-steel finish. Upon the second base are two raised and polished panels, with the following inscription:

“Third Michigan Infantry, Third Brigade, First Division, Third Corps, July 2, 1863. This regiment, deployed as skirmishers 150 yards in advance of this position, held the line extending from the Peach Orchard east to the woods, was the right of De Trobriand's brigade, and connected with the left of Graham's. Went into action with nineteen officers and 267 men — total 286. Seven men killed, three officers and twenty-eight men wounded, seven men missing — total forty-five. Mustered in at Grand Rapids, Michigan, June 10, 1861. Army Potomac. First Bull Run to Appomattox.”

About thirty members of the regiment assembled at their monument on the afternoon of the 12th. Gen. B. R. Pierce presided. Rev. Washington Gardner, past department commander of the G. A. R. for the department of Michigan, made the prayer of dedication, and A. S. Shattuck of Lansing delivered the address.

Address of A. S. Shattuck.

July 1 we went into camp on the grounds of St. Joseph's Academy at Emmitsburg and remained there for the night, but were astir at an early hour on the morning of July 2, making a forced march of twelve miles to Gettysburg, while the almost death-like stillness on all sides as we moved along foreboded the storm that was to break upon our heads so soon. On reaching Gettysburg, or the scene of action near that place (for the regiment never saw the village), we were halted and informed that we could get our dinner, which we set about as promptly as we could, but again disappointment met our wishes and needs, for before the water for our coffee had begun to boil we were ordered to fall in, and in quick time moved on our back track, or in the direction from which we had just come. We halted for a few minutes in the peach orchard, where there was a small force of cavalry sitting uneasily in their saddles, but soon we were ordered forward to support the sharpshooters, who were on the skirmish line. But hardly had the battle opened when it was found necessary to lengthen the skirmish line, when we were ordered forward on the right of the sharpshooters, while they were crowded to the left to near or into Little Round Top. In this position, unsupported by even any excuse for troops, we fought and even gained considerable ground, which we held until the right had been broken and a large force of the enemy were pouring down across our right flank. Still the "Old Third" held on, until Gen. De Trobriand, riding onto the line unattended by staff or orderly, commanded us to change front to right, saying as he did so, "Third Michigan, change front to right. I give ze order tree or four times. Change quick, or you all be gobbled up; don't you see you are flanked? Ze whole rebel army is in your rear." And true it was, a very large force of the enemy had broken through on our right and were swarming across our right flank. Never did a regiment change its front in quicker time than did the "Old Third" on this occasion, all the time contending for the ground which the rebels were trying to reach, and after our lines were once more established we did hold them in check until reinforced, when they were driven from the field, and we retired a short distance to cook and eat our supper. But little sleep visited our eyes on that night, for

well we knew that Lee was not whipped and would renew the conflict as soon as he could make his new plans, which had been upset by Gen. Sickles's prompt action this day. We were kept under arms all night, and long before daylight were in line awaiting the attack which we knew would come and expected every moment, but, having failed to carry this point, Lee turned his attention in another direction, thinking to catch some one napping, but again he found Michigan on guard and was confronted by Custer and his Michigan Brigade of Cavalry, and was again driven from his desired position. But having cast his lot here, he must fight or surrender, and to Gen. Lee, surrender was an unknown term, so he chose to carry out his plans, hoping by desperate attacks to force the Army of the Potomac from their position, and thinking that his cavalry had carried out their part of the program, he opened upon us from all the guns he could train upon our position. It has been said there were 125 of them belching forth their thunder and showering their iron hail upon our lines of infantry and batteries which had not been equalled except, perhaps, at Malvern Hill and Fredericksburg. They continued this terrific fire until our batteries were silenced, as they supposed, then came those veterans of Longstreet's corps in solid column from their rendezvous, direct toward the position still occupied by the "Old Third" and the one they had tried so hard to carry the day before. Every one believed this was his intention, for once in possession of these heights and the Army of the Potomac was done for. Our lines were quickly formed, our batteries put into the best position for defence, and everything was in readiness to receive their onslaught; but disappointment again awaited us, for on reaching the low ground half way between their starting-point and our line, they broke by the left flank, and at a run made their way to the front of Cemetery Hill and charged that with all the courage born of desperation. But with such courage of the flower of his army Lee was doomed to see that idol of the South wither and fall as the grass before the scythe, for our officers were as quick to interpret that movement as the rebels themselves, and battery after battery changed their position, those that could not get a new position changed their direction of fire, and every soldier not absolutely necessary for picket duty was put on the run by the right flank. The distance being shorter than the one the rebels had taken made up for the advantage they had of being first in motion. When they did strike our lines of artillery, which were now pouring grape and canister into their lines with terrible effect, our lines

of infantry numbered nearly fifty to contend for the possession of those guns and heights, and well did that infantry do its duty, holding the rebels back at the point of the bayonet, while the gunners double-shotted their guns and poured the contents upon the advancing columns. In this famous charge the "Old Third" formed the tenth line of battle, and while they did not fire a shot they received their share from the enemy's guns and did their duty in holding this very important point. Having vanquished the enemy, large details were made from many of the regiments. Here again the "Old Third" came in for their full share in carrying off and caring for the wounded and prisoners, working all night to get the wounded rebels into comfortable quarters. On the morning of the Fourth of July a detail was made to feel the enemy's position, but were soon recalled and removed to the old position they had held up to their call to assist in holding the heights on the afternoon of the third. Here they remained inactive, except details to bury the dead, until the morning of the seventh they advanced by way of Emmitsburg, Frederick City and Middletown, and recrossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry on the 17th; crossed the Shenandoah and marched around the mountains and up the eastern slope, until near Leesburg, and halted for the night. The march was continued without incident of any great consequence till the morning of the 23rd, when, after an all night's march, we found ourselves nearly through Manassas Gap, and after a hasty breakfast we deployed our skirmishers and commenced our advance upon the—not rebels, for they were too far away to be reached even by cannon shot, but we could see them on the mountains several miles away and tried to shoot them but had the satisfaction of seeing our bullets ground, on the mountain side a long distance below them. This ends the Gettysburg campaign, and standing here in this Peach Orchard to-day, where we stood twenty-six years ago, though under very different circumstances, I look upon this small band of heroes, a remnant of that noble band of patriots who filed out from their pleasant camp at Grand Rapids, Mich., just twenty-eight years to-morrow morning, the largest regiment of infantry in point of numbers that was sent out from our State, and, allowing my mind to run backwards, I take in the pleasant ride to Washington, one month of preparation at Chain Bridge, the march to Bull Run, our baptism in the art of war on the field at Blackburn's Ford, the retreat to Arlington, our daily toil building fortifications, the pleasant camp in Michigan during the winter of '61 and '62,

the Peninsular campaign, Yorktown, Williamsburg and Fair Oaks, where we left many of the noblest sons of Michigan to enrich the soil of the Old Dominion, the disastrous nine days from June 25 to July 4, in which Gen. McClellan made his masterly change of base from the Pamunkey to the James at Harrison's Landing; the second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and thence to this memorable field; again I see the long line of patriots who have laid down their lives that the nation might live, and turning I behold this beautiful granite monument erected to the memory of the men who fell not alone on this field, but on every battle-field on which the "Old Third" took part, and that stone tells a tale of the heroism of as brave and noble a band of patriots as ever shouldered a musket in any cause, and ages after the last man who took an active part in this struggle has passed away, the traveler will pause as he approaches this spot and, reading this inscription "from Bull Run to Appomattox," may exclaim: "What volumes would that fill if properly written!"



CAPT. GEO. L. MALTZ.



CAPT. L. H. SALSBURY.



CAPT. CHARLES R. MILLER.

Fourth Infantry.



4th MICHIGAN INF.
2nd BATT. 5th CORPS.
PARTICIPATED IN THE BIRMINGHAM AND GENERAL ENGAGEMENTS
FROM BULL RUN VA. JULY 21ST 1862 TO APPROX. TEX. VA. APRIL 9th 1865.

FOURTH INFANTRY.


The Fourth Michigan Infantry second day's fight monument is at a point where Col. H. H. Jeffords was mortally wounded while defending the colors of the regiment at the front and right of the Wheat Field. The stone is thirteen and one-half feet high, with a base 7x5 feet 2 inches, of Oak Hill granite. The bas relief is a spirited life-size representation of a color-bearer in action. Upon the right side of the stone is the corps badge and upon the left the State coat of arms in bronze. The monument is finished the same as others described, and upon a raised panel on the second base is the following inscription:

Fourth Michigan Infantry, Second Brigade, First Division, Fifth Corps, mustered in at Adrian, Mich., June 20, 1861. Veterans consolidated with First Michigan Infantry June 30, 1864. Total enrollment, 1,325 officers and men. Killed in action, 8 officers, 113 men; died of wounds, 4 officers, 50 men; died of disease, 1 officer, 95 men—total, 273. Participated in 53 skirmishes and general engagements from Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861, to Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865. This monument marks the position held by the regiment July 2, 1863; present for duty, 27 officers, 376 men—total 403. Killed, 1 officer, 24 men; wounded, 9 officers, 55 men; missing, 1 officer, 75 men—total, 165. Col. Harrison H. Jeffords fell, mortally wounded, at this point, thrust through by a bayonet in recapturing the colors of his regiment.

“From his bosom that heaved, the last torrent was streaming,
And pale was his visage, deep marked with a scar,
And dim was that eye, once expressively beaming
That melted in love and kindled in war.”

About forty members of the regiment gathered around the monument on the afternoon of the 12th. Capt. George L. Maltz was made chairman. The exercises were opened by singing “America.” Capt. L. H. Salsbury delivered the memorial address. Lieut. Seage read an original poem entitled, “Gettysburg.” Capt. C. R. Miller was called for and responded in some impressive and eloquent remarks, and the exercises were brought to a close by singing “Nearer My God to Thee.”

Address of Capt. L. H. Salsbury.

Comrades of the Fourth Michigan Infantry: 

The years pass by, but they leave their baggage.

The leaf is turned over, but the words are still in the memory. So the deeds of the past that are heroic and grand live, and at such times as these come thronging upon the memory in panoramic succession.

Nearly twenty-six years have sunk in the tomb of time since those mighty events took place on this historic field that call us here at this time.

We are standing within the theater of the greatest battle of American history; and if its greatness is measured by the importance of its results to humanity, the greatest battle of the world; where for three terrible days nearly two hundred thousand men grappled in deadly combat, and fought and swayed backwards and forwards, like Titan giants struggling for the mastery, until these hills, slopes and valleys were strewn thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosia with the wounded, dead and dying.

We are on the soil of the grand old commonwealth of Pennsylvania. But Michigan has an interest in this soil, for many of her gallant sons lie here sleeping the years of their manhood away; whose blood made sacred this ground, for during those awful three days, where the battle was fiercest, where the carnage was deadliest, there in the forefront of battle, were the heroic sons of Michigan, fighting desperately and tenaciously for the flag and the Union of States.

Ah! my comrades, human speech is dumb to tell the story of what you did here. No orator, be he never so eloquent, though his lips be touched by the fire of inspiration, can fitly portray it. No poet, be he never so gifted, can embellish or illumine it by the touch and fire of poesy. No limner, be he never so skilful, can transfer it to canvass. These monumental piles, these gleaming head-stones tell your story far beyond the power of language to add or detract. As was said in yonder cemetery by the revered Lincoln, in immortal

speech: "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what you did here." Your heroism and devotion here enabled the hope of this man's great patriotic heart to expand into the bow of promise, voicing all his prayers for the maintaining and perpetuity of the Union of States that he had sworn to defend. You wrote here a page in your country's history no time can efface. You built here a monument to liberty and union that shall last when the marble and granite erected here to-day shall have crumbled into dust, a monument, the glint and sheen of whose topmost pinnacle, pressing hard against the concave surface of God's ethereal dome, reflects the light of freedom through the dark recesses of every dungeon on earth and sets the captive free.

Before this war men called statesmen, standing in the high places of the earth, declared that the Union was a rope of sand, a mere partnership of States, from which any State had a right to withdraw at pleasure. Amid the whirlpool of death on this sacred field you sounded the death knell of that sentiment, and pointed the idea of an imperishable union with bayonets, loaded it with powder and ball, and sealed it forever with your blood. No sane man will ever again declare that this nation has no power of self-preservation, no power to coerce a State. Secession will never again rear its horrid front in this land. At last we are a nation of free men, with common interests, a common purpose and a common destiny.

Holy! Holy! Holy! has been, and ever will be, the name and memory of our forefathers who, scorning ease and comfort, crossed the sea, and amid toil and suffering, sacrifice and death planted in the western world this matchless nation of the free. Thrice blessed will be the incense of your heroic deeds, the peculiar glory that irradiates your names and lives forever, because of your fidelity to the responsibilities of the hour, because you here wrought out the mighty problem that haunted the patriotic hearts of our fathers like a specter, to glorious result, and wrote the solution thereof in imperishable history in the blood of your heroic hearts. The inspiration of our fathers was with us in this war impelling to gallant deeds. Bunker Hill spoke from the throats of the Union guns at Bull Run, so the spirit of Warren was on this bloody field, standing in the storm-swept cemetery, mounting to the summit of Round Top, fighting incarnate in the heroes that struggled along this fiery line. So in the future, if needs

be that another carnival of blood shall deluge our fair land, Gettysburg and Vicksburg will thunder by the side of Saratoga and Yorktown; there, fighting by the side of Warren will be the young hero Ellsworth; there, standing by the immortal Washington will be the *deathless Lincoln*, "with malice towards none, with charity for all." Thus the spirit of liberty lives, thus its manifestations come down to us through the ages, and thus let its echoes be heard, its fires continue to burn until the millenium shall come when free self-government shall fill the earth as the mighty waters fill the sea.

Ah! how different this peaceful scene from that which transpired on this field on those fateful three days of July, 1863. Then Lee's army, inspired by the recent victories at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, sought to transfer the besom of war, with its deadly waste and destruction, north of the Potomac river. That army had come to regard itself as well nigh invincible, and certainly no braver, better trained, or better led army ever trod the earth than the ninety thousand war-bronzed veterans in gray that Lee and his mighty lieutenants, Longstreet, Hill, Ewell and Stuart, led across the Potomac river and finally ranged in battle array along Cemetery Ridge, confronting the old Army of the Potomac. These giants had met and grappled with each other on many bloody fields before, their tattered war-stained battle flags spoke in grim and awful language of war's stern realities, and now here they again stood, nearly equal in numbers, discipline and appointment, about to engage in the most fiercely contested battle of all history, the fate of the Union trembling in the balance. It seemed as though the God of battles had ordered thus so that the heroic valor of that gallant army of the Union might be all the more manifest in turning back the victorious hosts of Lee, and the gratitude of the nation more richly earned. The initial disaster of that first day filled the nation with gloomy foreboding. Happy was the choice of the peerless Hancock when he decided that this was the field on which to settle the fate of the impending battle. Hither the 3rd, 5th, and 6th corps were impelled by forced marches during the night of the first of July and the next forenoon. The 5th Corps, in which were the 1st, 4th, and 16th Michigan regiments, having marched thirty-six miles from morning to sun-down, halted at Hanover, where the news came that it was to march to Gettysburg, twenty miles away, yet that night; weary, foot-sore, hungry,

that heroic body of men without a murmur plodded along the Han-over Pike, hour after hour measuring off that weary twenty miles, until about three A. M., when they were halted a short distance from the battle-field to catch a few hours of much needed sleep, and then were marched to their position on the left of our line of battle. Think of this, oh owl-eyed scribe, and grumbler, who begrudge these men the miserable pittance of a pension some of them may be receiving to help eke out an existence made miserable by such hardships as that. Can you conceive of no higher, holier motive on the part of these men to endure such trials than because they *liked it* and got *thirteen dollars per month*? If you cannot, then may God have mercy on your narrow contracted souls—if He can find them. When Sickles' corps was crushed back from its advanced position near the Emmitsburg Pike by the tremendous sweep of Longstreet's corps (comprising fully one-third of Lee's army), the 5th corps rushed to the rescue, and became hotly engaged to drive back the wildly cheering on coming foe, and hold intact our line of battle. With death-defying valor it grapples with Longstreet's men, and no more terrific fighting ever was seen than what then took place on the slopes of Round Top, in the valley of death and the whirlwind of slaughter in the wheat-field. The 1st, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 16th Michigan regiments gallantly breasted that storm of war, poured out their blood like water in that bloody fight, and shed undying honor and glory on our beloved Peninsula State that is here to-day to dedicate monuments to perpetuate the valor and devotion of her noble sons who died here that the nation might live. Our own gallant 4th, standing like a stone wall against the masses of the exultant foe, and fighting heroically to maintain its position, was finally flanked and fast being surrounded by the rebels who had hurled back the last of Sickles' corps. Then commenced that terrible harvest of our brave men. "Rebels to the right of them, rebels to the rear of them, and rebels in front of them, volleyed and thundered," and came on like a wave of the sea in fearful charge. Swinging the right of his regiment back so it stood at an acute angle with the left, our brave Colonel, the very incarnation of a hero, fought his regiment in two directions at the same time, shouting, "Stand firm, my brave boys; my brave 4th Michigan, stand firm." Ah! Men could never

leave such a leader, and the regiment fought like tigers at bay. Yelling like demons, the rebels rush upon our little band, crowding us back by sheer force of numbers, step by step, into the murderous wheat field, and pressing right into the heart of the regiment, when, our color guard all down, they seize our flag. The heroic Jeffords, his hat off, his eyes flashing with the light of battle, with drawn sword, rushes full upon them, calling upon his men to rescue the flag. An accomplished swordsman, he strikes down the rebel that holds the flag, and parries the desperate thrusts of the others. Unwilling to yield the prize, the rebels rush forward and literally pin the gallant Jeffords to the earth with bayonets. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensues, in which our boys are finally victorious, and bring off the flag and the body of our lion-hearted Colonel. No grander hero fell on this dreadful field than Harrison H. Jeffords, the only officer of the army killed with the bayonets of the foe. There, on that low ground, (pointing about six rods to the southwest), is the spot where that fight for the flag took place, and where the soil drank the blood of our hero chief, and of many of our bravest comrades. After Jeffords was down Lumbard assumed command. It was now that he showed of what stuff he was made. Swinging his sword in fiery circles above his head, his clarion voice was heard above the roar and din of battle, shouting, "Stand firm, my brave boys, stand firm. This is the time for men to die. If I die, I want the earth quaking." The God of battles saw fit that the blood and life of this brave man should help pay the price of the liberty we now enjoy, but in taking them He granted him this last boon, for he was slain in the Wilderness, when the earth fairly reeled with the thunder of battle and the shock of armies struggling for the mastery. In this terrible conflict our regiment lost more than 50 per cent. of its men actually engaged in thirty minutes. No greater percentage of loss in the same length of time was suffered by any regiment in this great battle, with the single exception of the 1st Minnesota at the bloody angle on the third day. But by the obstinate fighting of our division, aided by the gallant charge of the Pennsylvania Reserves just at night-fall, the foe was driven back with bloody penalty, the line of battle restored, and the living heroes of that day sunk down on bloody couches to await the awful and final struggle of the next, when Lee made his last desperate assault on the Union lines at Cemetery Ridge.

Oh, the pitiful handful that assembled under our flag the next morning! Death had wrought fearfully among our bravest and best; shining marks were his to strike that day. As the position of our division on the left precluded it from taking any very active part in crushing back Pickett's famous charge of the next day, except by the use of artillery, I shall not detain you at this time to detail any part of that gallant fight. Suffice it to say that Pickett's splendid charging host was rolled back from the crest of Cemetery Ridge, bleeding, despairing, dying, defeated; the rebel army was defeated, the victory won, Washington saved, Baltimore saved, Harrisburg saved, Philadelphia saved, New York saved, the Union saved, the backbone of the Rebellion broken, the tide of war turned. Eternal honor to that grand army of volunteers who here wrought out this grand consummation for us, and wrote its name high among the historic armies of the earth.

Oh! Matchless people! Oh! Glorious republic; within your own borders, living in humble homes, with unheralded names, are men equal to any emergency. Men ready to respond to the direst needs of the Republic. Is a great chief magistrate needed, of loyal, loving heart, of great intellect, of wise counsel, of unflinching purpose, to pilot the nation through among the rocks and reefs of its darkest hours, lo! there looms up in the far off West the tall, gaunt, rugged form and kindly face of the rail-splitter of Illinois, the lamented Lincoln, last martyr of conquered treason's hate. Is a mighty army of freemen needed to crush out armed rebellion and maintain the Union of States, lo! there, from the farm, from the workshop, from the forge, from every calling in life, like the inrolling tide of the sea, wave upon wave, come the long blue lines of our glorious volunteers, shouting Union, God and Liberty. Is a mighty chieftain needed to lead that matchless host to victory, lo! there comes forth the silent, unpretentious tanner of Galena, the unconquered and immortal Grant.

Silent monument to the dead, rear your stately structure towards the heavens, and, standing here, the faithful sentinel to mark the spot where our gallant comrades laid all they had in priceless sacrifice upon the altar of their country, tell in mute eloquence to our countrymen of to-day, and to the millions yet unborn, of the cost and value of

American liberty, that standing 'neath thy shadow, and recounting the story of those who died here, they may catch the inspiration of loyalty and fidelity to the Union that shall last for a lifetime.

Oh, shades of the mighty dead! are you not hovering round at this hour, while your living comrades who stood shoulder to shoulder with you on this gory field are now, with bowed and uncovered heads, in your sacred presence, doing what little they can to commemorate your heroic valor on the very spot where you paid the last full measure of devotion to your country's cause?

Ah! Was not yours the highest privilege after all, that on this historic field, in the greatest battle of the war, you were permitted to mingle your blood, even to the death, with the sacred stream that waters the tree of liberty; were permitted to write your names in characters immortal, high on the scroll of those who have died for liberty and fellowman; were permitted, while yet in the dewy morning of your vigorous young lives, covered with your own blood, to find a resting place in silent companionship with that army of heroes who lie underneath this green sod. This was God's fight, and you were His chosen instruments to turn back the tide of rebel invasion and place the seal of doom upon the efforts of those in rebellion to plant a government in this land with human slavery as its corner stone.

"Battle and heroes of Gettysburg, written immortal forever, all hail, and amen!"

Address of Capt. Miller.

Mr. President and Comrades of the Fourth Michigan Infantry :

Your President has done me a great honor in announcing me as an honorary member of the Fourth Michigan Infantry — a compliment only equalled by my surprise at his further announcement that I would now address you.

This scene and this occasion should not be celebrated by any random and haphazard remarks, but by the best the man is capable of who makes the speech. And yet, it seems to me any one who was a soldier and who is not dumb, standing here in this presence, at the foot of this monument, on the very spot made sacred by the blood of this glorious regiment, can say something — something that, if not trimmed and polished to the rules of rhetoric or gemmed with poetry, will at least come warm and true from a soldier's heart, and may meet a friendly response from the men whose blood sprinkled every foot of the ground whereon we stand.

It was not my fortune to be in this great battle. I did not belong to the Army of the Potomac, but did what came to me to do as a soldier under that glorious old hero, Gen. George H. Thomas, in the department of the Cumberland.

History will record it as an unquestioned fact, that the turning-point of the rebellion was reached when Pickett's charging column went reeling back in fragments from the unbroken Union line at Gettysburg. It was high tide there! And as the crest of Pickett's terrible rush was stayed and its ruins flowed back, the tide of treason changed. From thence onward to the end it ebbed and ebbed till, at Appomattox, it was at rest.

This great tragedy of our history has three scenes showing the pitiless logic of its argument.

The first scene was old John Brown, fighting, bleeding, with a score against an army, in the old brick fort at Harper's Ferry. From the fort to the scaffold — from the scaffold to immortality, his soul went marching on.

The second scene was here on this field, among these ravines and along these rocky heights that make the field of Gettysburg.

The third scene is at Appomattox, when Lee yielded his sword to Grant.

There rang the curtain down ; the play was ended.

From out the storm and smoke of battle—up from the lowly graves of these heroic dead—came the nation, better, purer, stronger and nobler, free in fact as well as free in name.

Not only did we of these United States advance, but the whole human race made a long leap onward and upward during these four glorious, terrible, mournful years.

Ah! The fearful cost of it!

And yet no drop of hero's blood was ever anywhere shed in vain. By the baptism of blood is every great cause ennobled and made sacred.

By this struggle two great truths were so proven, thence henceforth no man will question them.

One is, that no man has any right to hold any other man in bondage ; the other is, that no State nor any number of States has the right to secede from the Union.

The demonstration of these two truths was made by the blood of 500,000 men.

Among the men who did their best in this Titanic contest, no men did better—no men have a prouder or more glorious record—than the men of Michigan. They never failed ; they never faltered. If to stand like stone walls, or like upheaved walls, to fall, was duty, like walls they stood, like walls they fell.

Among the men of Michigan, none have a record more glorious than that of the "Old Fourth." Already famous on other fields, it was reserved for the Fourth on this field, right where we stand, to make its name immortal. Here, in thirty fateful minutes, half its noble men went down ; here, its brave Colonel Jeffords fell, with the rescued colors red with his blood.

This beautiful monument worthily commemorates your deeds. It is the enduring witness of the honor in which you are held by our great Commonwealth. On this historic field, among the many beautiful and noble monuments that stand, none have been raised, and none will, that will do honor to braver and nobler dead, or to a more gallant and heroic regiment, than to those of heroes dead and heroes living who made up the Fourth Regiment of Michigan Volunteers.

Poem of Brevet Major R. Watson Seage.

The Army paused to rest awhile,
 All hearts were light, each face a smile,
 And jokes went round through rank and file,—
 We knew not then of Gettysburg.

Perchance a wit roused up, and then
 Played the buffoon for graver men;
 Nor dreamed we of the future, when
 The cloud should burst o'er Gettysburg.

A Bugle sounds. "What means it! Say?"
 A General Staff just passed this way.
 Said one,—"I think we'll fight to-day,
 For Lee's in force at Gettysburg."

The veterans well knew what it meant,
 For Meade had re-enforcement sent
 To Reynolds' men, now well nigh spent
 In holding ground at Gettysburg.

Our three days' march was nearly done;
 Foot sore and scorched 'neath burning sun,
 We waited now the signal gun;—
 To take our turn in Gettysburg.

And presently there came a sound,
 That filled the heavens and shook the ground,
 And echoed wildly all around
 The woods and vales of Gettysburg.

"Fall in! Fall in!" The host uprose,
 With one consent, to meet its foes;—
 Thus did the morning dawn for those
 Who fought with us, at Gettysburg.

What were our thoughts?—You ask in vain,
 For scarcely two men felt the same;
 Before us on the open plain—
 'Twas LIFE or DEATH at Gettysburg.

Some thought of HOME, and raised the prayer:
 "Father, this day our firesides spare,
 And if we fall, in mercy care
 For those bereft by Gettysburg."

MICHIGAN AT GETTYSBURG.

And some with doubts and fears oppressed,
 Others with thoughts of sin distressed,
 And some said: "Comrades, Breast to Breast
 We'll stand or fall at Gettysburg."

Said Christian men: "We humbly pray,
 O, God! for our success this day,
 Help Thou the right, aid us to say
 Thy will be done at Gettysburg.

As on we hurried came the cry
 Of battling hosts for victory;
 "Unfurl Your Colors!" Let them fly
 To cheer the men at Gettysburg.

We pass by scores the Boys in Blue,
 Jaded and sick and wounded, too,
 They'll rest awhile, and then anew
 Fill up the Gaps in Gettysburg.

"Fresh Troops! Hurrah!" rings over the field,
 Now to the North, the South must yield;
 We knew them not; their hearts were steeled
 To WIN or DIE at Gettysburg.

This was the turning point; if won
 By Southern arms their work was done.
 Were ours the day, a Northern sun
 Would shine as now o'er Gettysburg.

The cannon roar from every mound,
 And horsemen fly at bugle sound,
 While wounded men upon the ground
 Were bruised and crushed at Gettysburg.

In ghastly heaps the dead were thrown;
 In shapeless piles the wounded strewn;
 Like fields of grain the men were mown
 By shot and shell at Gettysburg.

And still the carnage fiercer grew,
 And yet the fight fresh troops renew,
 And more the murderous bullets flew,
 Laden with death at Gettysburg.

And still the strife throughout the day
 Abates not 'tween the Blue and Gray,
 At nightfall Thirty Thousand lay
 Upon the field of Gettysburg.

The end has come. Let those who bled
Be e'er revered as honored dead.
Let Peace her glorious mantle spread
And hide from all men Gettysburg.

What of the Living? Were they not true
In time of need and danger, too?
They fought for Right, for Home, for You,
And shunned not even Gettysburg.

Honor them well, Old Comrades Brave,
They did their best the land to save,
Wealthy or poor, their all they gave
Before the guns at Gettysburg.

If then these sufferings made us free,
And gave our bond men Liberty,
We'll say: Thrice blessed the chastening be,
And thank the Lord for Gettysburg.

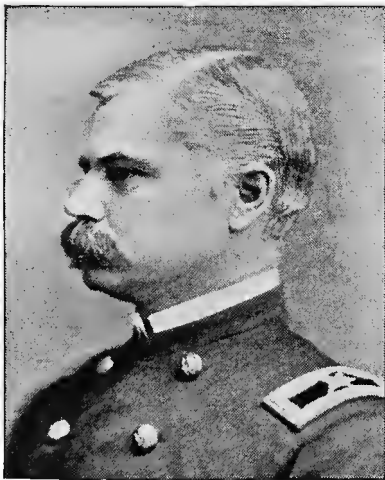
Let us in unity to-day,
Lift up the prostrate foe and say
The Northern Blue and Southern Gray
Brothers shall be since Gettysburg.

If well the PAST has been, or ill,
We have the glorious PRESENT still.
In FUTURE let us trust His will
Who brought us safe through Gettysburg.

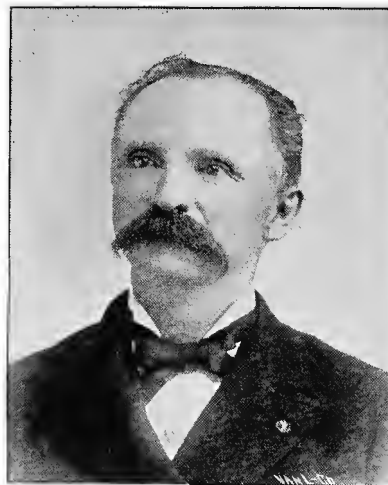
Comrades, we send a brother's cheer,
As you convene from far and near.
May this eclipse each former year
In harmony since Gettysburg.

Live honest lives. Let every one
Be faithful till his time shall come,
Then heaven will surely "Welcome Home"
Each Noble Son of Gettysburg.

"God of our sires," within whose hand
The Nations rest, "like grains of sand."
Bless Thou our great and glorious land
Baptized in blood at Gettysburg.



GEN'L JOHN PULFORD.



GEN'L S. S. MATTHEWS.

Fifth Infantry.



FIFTH INFANTRY.

The fifth Michigan Infantry monument commemorating the second day's fight is on the line of battle just west of the Wheat Field and midway between the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania on the right and the Seventeenth Maine on the left. The monument is of Hardwick granite, $6\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ feet at the base and $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The first base is rock-faced and the second polished with name of regiment, brigade, division, corps and State coat of arms in bronze. The figure is cut in half relief and represents a soldier in the act of loading a musket. On the right and left side of this are the raised corps badges, and on the rear of this upon a raised and polished panel is inscribed the following:

Fifth Michigan Infantry, Third Brigade, First Division, Third Corps, mustered into U. S. service at Detroit, Mich., Aug. 28, 1861, mustered out at Jeffersonville, Ind., July 5, 1865. Total enrollment, 1,950 officers and men. Killed in action, 18 officers and 141 men; died of wounds, 6 officers, 75 men; died of disease, 3 officers, 163 men—total, 398. Engaged in 47 battles and skirmishes, from Pohick Church, Va., Jan. 9, 1862, to Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865. Effective strength, July 2, 1863. Present and in detached service, 21 officers and 262 men—total, 283; Casualties—killed, 2 officers, 17 men; wounded, 8 officers, 78 men; missing, 4 men—total, 109. The regiment fought here about 4.30 o'clock p. m., July 2, 1863, after it had been assembled from the skirmish line far in advance of this position. It moved to the support of the Second Corps in resisting Pickett's charge, July 3.

About thirty members of the regiment gathered around their monument, which was covered with flowers. General John Pulford presided. Prayer was offered, and General S. S. Matthews delivered the memorial address.

Address of General S. S. Matthews.

My Comrades :

After a lapse of more than twenty-five years, we find ourselves a mere remnant of the original organization, standing on the ground where fought the Fifth Michigan Infantry, on the second day of July, 1863, and where fell and were buried many of our bravest and best.

I shall not attempt an oration upon this occasion, and were I to attempt it I could not portray the historic incidents, trials and casualties of the terrible borderland conflict, which turned the tide of war in favor of freedom and right. To-day is not the first time these hills and valleys have echoed to the words of eloquence and pathos. The story of the rebellion is an oft-told tale, and the "Battle of Gettysburg" has been the inspiration of statesmen, orators and poets, as they have stood upon this historic ground and dilated on the glorious victory won on this memorable battle-field.

Our inspiration is drawn from our personal experience in the desperate ordeal of the terrible fight, when for a trinity of days the heavens were vexed and rent with the roar of artillery, and the earth trembled with the ceaseless roll of musketry, and death stalked unchallenged through the rocky recesses of "Devil's Den," where the hiss of the serpent was drowned by the sharper hiss of the "minnie."

And then came the terrible sequel of fallen and wounded braves, to whose memory the loyal and patriotic people of the State of Michigan have erected monuments, which, in their solemn silence, speak more eloquently and effectually than I can, of the price of the sacrifice of those who fell on that day of days of the rebellion struggle.

In the call for volunteers for the defense of the Union in 1861, the response was unparalleled in the history of the world. In the old Trojan battles of defense, the hero, aroused in the night, rushed into the streets crying, "Where is the point of attack; what citadel is most in danger?" When the tocsin of war first sounded at Sumpter, a cry went up, all over the broad Northland, "To arms!" and 75,000 men put on the habiliments of war, and marched to the defense of the citadel of liberty, and the preservation of the Union. A grand, inspiring cause, and a march under a flag that is a symbol of the

world's richest civilization, and the most propitious in its benefits upon the welfare of the people, of any country on the globe. Heroes have been cherished idols in all ages, and the period between 1861 and 1865 was prolific in the production of heroes whose deeds of daring performed on many a field, have been preserved in history, story and song. Deeds performed not alone by captains and leaders, but by the rank and file—"the man with the musket," who, with unyielding fortitude and unflinching bravery, formed the invincible barrier of defense, against the bullets and bayonets of the enemies of free government.

"Is it deeds that have their claim,
Upon earth's most holy fame?"

I answer, yes; when these deeds are performed for the advancement of human interests, and the defense of home and country. The dead over whom we bow to-day, with memorial offerings, died for national perpetuity. The preservation of that grand declaration, principle of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and it is our mission to-day to speak of those who gave their lives to secure the inestimable blessings we now enjoy.

Of the troops composing the Union army, Michigan contributed an organized quota of upwards of 90,000 men. Of this number is counted the Fifth Michigan Infantry. Coming together from so many parts of the State, and sent to rendezvous in a fort of the United States, we were "unclaimed." No poet, no historian, not even "our own correspondent," has felt called upon to chant our praises or herald our victories, and we have only to depend upon the plain, cold facts of history. I shall not give the movements of the regiment in detail, during the various operations of the war. They are familiar to you all. Who does not remember our leave-taking at Fort Wayne, when we filed aboard the steamer waiting to transport us over the bright river on the first stage of our journey? The father laid hands that trembled with age and emotion upon the head of his son, and breathed a parting blessing. The loving mother with a silent prayer welling up from a heart overflowing with love for her first-born. Wives holding the infant child to the husband and father, for the good-bye kiss—in many instances the last they ever received from him. And that night, as the family gathered round the hearth in the dear old home, we know that many were the words of prayer to the

God of battles, for the protection of dear ones who were following the flag. Aye! comrades, if on that occasion at the parting, "something on the soldier's cheek, washed off the stains of powder," blush not. "The bravest are the tenderest; the loving are the daring."

Months and years passed by, and "beardless boys became strong men." We had passed our first winter in camp, entered the spring campaign on the Peninsula under McClellan, participating in all and everything in the fighting line—"Siege of Yorktown," "Battles of Williamsburg," "Fair Oaks," "Glendale," "Peach Orchard," "Malvern Hill," and many lesser skirmishes; acted as rear guard in leaving the Peninsula; bore an active part in the campaign under Pope, with its battles of Bull Run, Chantilla and others; fought with Burnside at Fredericksburg, and marched with him in the mud, and again at Mine Run; present under Hooker, at the Cedars and Chancellorsville, and in June, 1863, we find ourselves still under his command, breaking camp on the Rappahannock, and skirting the Blue Ridge Mountains, with faces turned toward the Potomac; closely watching Lee's army, that is about to make an invasion of the peaceful States of Maryland and Pennsylvania. In 1863 the great civil war had, like the sun at midday, reached the maximum of heat and intensity.

The Confederacy had forged and launched its most destructive thunderbolt of war. An army armed and equipped to the highest state of perfection, emboldened by its success at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, under an able leader, one whom his soldiers had come to believe invincible, and on whom the whole South was looking with pride and confidence, and with hopes born of recent victories, they saw in the near future, as the result of this invasion, the defeat of our army, the capture of the National Capital, recognition by England, and the establishment of the Southern Confederacy.

Such an army as Lee brought to Northern soil they could never get together again, and upon the success or defeat in the battle that must result from its march northward, hung the fate of their cause. While this assured host was casting its blighting shadow across the borderland of freedom and slavery, the Union army was not idle. Hooker was in command of the valiant sons of the loyal North, and with skill and caution held his army on Lee's flank like an avenging angel.

On the 26th of June we crossed the Potomac, at Edward's Ferry, Lee having crossed on the 24th and 25th, at Williamsport and Shep-

pardstown, and pushed rapidly on into Maryland and Pennsylvania, Ewell going as far as Carlisle, and Longstreet and Hill halting at Chambersburg. Shortly after crossing the Potomac, a change of leader was made for our army. Hooker had asked to be, and was relieved, and General Meade placed in command. As far as the soldiers were concerned, the change made no apparent difference; they were ready at any and all times to do their full duty, and a change of commanders was not a frightful circumstance to them.

Meade now moved his army, threatening Lee's communications, who, as soon as he learned this fact, ordered his advance corps in, and his army recoiled upon itself like a huge serpent preparing to strike. Gettysburg was the point chosen for concentration, and from that time and for all time to come, the quiet little village nestling in the valley, under the shadow of the Pennsylvania hills, became known throughout the world as the place where one of the fiercest battles of modern warfare was fought, and in the magnitude of the issues involved in its result, was without a parallel. This hallowed ground on which we stand, was the spot chosen for the crucial battle. On the first day of July, 1863, the two armies were approaching Gettysburg, each from opposite directions, Buford with his cavalry having reached there the morning of June 30. Our Third Corps, under Sickles, was near Emmetsburg. The rank and file knew very little of the relative positions of the two armies, yet their soldierly instincts told them the coils were being gathered up, and that a battle was near at hand. In the forenoon of the first, the far-off sound of artillery was borne to us from the Northward. This, we learned afterwards, was the first collision between Buford's Cavalry and Heth's Division of Infantry, of Hill's Corps, beyond Gettysburg. Our Brigade was here detached from the Third Corps, which was at once put in motion, marching toward the sound of battle, Sickles believing that even at the risk of straining his orders his corps should be led where the fight had already begun.

The Brigade to which the Fifth Michigan was attached, was turned aside to temporarily guard a pass in the mountain, near Emmetsburg. Let us look for a moment upon the picture of our Bivouac, on the night of July 1, 1863.

We were near the village, in the grounds of the college situated there. We were totally ignorant of what had taken place during the day at Gettysburg. Our guards were detailed, and at an early hour

the last camp song had ceased and the tired soldiers rolled themselves in their blankets, and rested upon the bosom of mother earth. A grove of trees stood near us, and a little farther removed was the garden of the college, and the night wind came to us laden with the perfume of its flowers, while beyond the garden rose the dark walls of the college buildings. It was my fortune to be acting as Brigade officer of the day, and as I looked upon the peaceful scene at midnight, it seemed impossible to believe that war was in the land, and within a few miles two immense armies were encamped, only waiting the coming day to wake the echoes of the hills with the noise of two hundred cannon, and to cause the very air to become mad with the crazed efforts of nearly 200,000 men in deadly strife. The silence continues, the soldiers are still sleeping. Alas, it is the last earthly sleep for many of our comrades. Who can tell who the demon of battle shall select for his victims on the morrow? Just as the first blush of crimson appears in the eastern sky, a horseman rides into camp. He is conducted to Brigade headquarters, and delivers an order to the General to move his command at once to Gettysburg, and gives us the news that a battle begun the day before, will be resumed to-day, and that he is three hours behind time in reaching us.

The bugle sounds, and almost in an instant the Brigade is under arms and the march has begun for the field of blood. At a rapid step we move out, as the ten miles must be made as quickly as human endurance will permit. As we near Gettysburg a halt is ordered to give a few moments to make a little coffee, but almost before the fire is kindled the assembly is sounded, and we double quick out of the field just in time to escape capture by a flanking column of Lee's troops, who are extending their line on their right. On we go, and soon we ascend the hill at the Peach Orchard, incline to the right into the field to avoid Longstreet's sharpshooters, and are soon with our comrades of the old Third Corps.

The forenoon is devoid of any particular excitement, and a little after noon finds the Third Corps, under our gallant leader Sickles, deployed as follows:

General Humphrey's Division, stretching along the Emmetsburg road, its left resting near the Peach Orchard and joining the right of Graham's Brigade, of Birney's Division, at that point. General Birney made a sharp turn to the left at the Peach Orchard, running along this wooded knoll across the front of the wheat field, crossing the stone

fence in our front, diagonally, prolonging the line through the woods beyond and resting his left near Plum Run, a little short of and in advance of Little Round Top. The place we now occupy was the position held by a regiment whose thinned ranks proved their valor on a score of battlefields, and whose surviving members are present to-day on this ground to drop the tears of friendship at the graves of their fallen comrades—*The Fifth Michigan Infantry*. Our left rested on the wheat field, the colors near where we now are, and the right prolonged the line toward the Peach Orchard.

The skirmishers were thrown out beyond the wooded hill to a large wheat field in their front.

Here amid a silence of nature that could almost be felt, even the birds deserting their leafy covers as if to escape the coming storm, the regiment numbering but little more than two full companies, but every man a veteran, sat upon these rocks, or lay upon the ground in quiet but busy thought, awaiting the bursting of the battle-cloud already darkening the sky.

Minutes became hours, and yet the terrible stillness was unbroken, except by the low murmur of words as the men conversed with each other.

After a time a cannon shot is heard from a point where the enemy is supposed to be. The men spring to their feet and grasp the ready musket, as the shell passes over to the rear. Again all is still, and the men are resting as before. It was the enemy "feeling the woods." The shot is repeated at intervals, but our artillery makes no reply. The waiting becomes intense, but it is soon to end.

At four o'clock, under cover of a powerful artillery fire, the enemy made the assault. Mingling with the roar can be heard the pattering fire of our skirmishers as they fall back before the heavy column of Hood's advancing troops. The regiment is in line, guns at "ready," and a determined look on the men's faces. As they try to catch the first glimpse of the enemy, the skirmishers are seen coming out of the wood, closely followed by line after line of the soldiers in grey. On they come and the single Union line must stop them, and stop them it did. The crashing of musketry drowns the roar of cannon. The woods are thick with smoke, branches of trees are falling cut by shell and solid shot, and still the fight goes on. Frightful gaps are made in the line of the regiment, and there are no new men to fill them. Overwhelming numbers are forcing us back, but slowly;

for every inch of ground is hotly contested. The dead and dying of the regiment strew the hillside, and still the fight goes on—not even a lull in the firing of the enemy.

Company officers report they have not men enough to keep an alignment. "Close in on the colors, then, we must hold this ground until relieved." Muskets become so heated they are useless. They are thrown down and others taken from the ground, whose owners will never use them more. The 40 rounds of ammunition are exhausted; "rifle the cartridge boxes of the dead." The regiment knows nothing of what takes place in other parts of the line; but they do know they must not quit this ground until relieved. For nearly two long hours this regiment stood as a bulwark in the path of the desperate charges made by Longstreet's veterans. Such was the struggle in which you and your dead comrades engaged, on that bright afternoon of July 2nd, 1863.

Late in the day you were relieved and the regiment left the field. The regiment? No, it was a mere handful of men, rallying round the colors, hardly more than a guard. One hundred and five of the two hundred and fifty comrades who went into this wood on that afternoon, were not with you when you came out; and late in the evening when that brave commander of the brigade, Gen. DeTro-
biand, came to your bivouac, as his eyes rested upon the few remaining soldiers, he asked: "How have you fared?" "These only are left, General," was the answer. With tears in his eyes and in a trembling tone, he exclaimed: "Oh! My little 5th, my little 5th; I had rather command you than command a division."

How well you remember that night, comrades! What words can express your feelings? The comrade who had during the past months and years shared with you nightly the blanket that covered you; marched by your side through storm and sunshine; had given you cheering words when bullets were raining thick about; will never again give you earthly greeting.

Officers: You remember these dead heroes. How many times have you heard their prompt response, "here!" as the roll was being called. They who by their cheerful response to all demands made upon them, had won your confidence and friendship. They were sleeping under the bright stars, with the night dew resting upon their dead faces, as if it were the tears of heaven. Our comrades died for the noblest cause that ever marshaled men for war. A cause that

they felt to be eternally right and holy ; and after a quarter of a century the whole civilized world has affirmed their verdict.

During the second day of July of that terrible year, the ear of every loyal man in the North was turned towards Gettysburg ; and the morning and evening enquiry was, "What's the news from the battlefield?" As a witness and participant in that struggle, I want to say the details of individual suffering and sacrifice will never be known; as the dead never return.

We, who have lived since the struggle ended, can appreciate in some degree what the fruits of the victory won for this country meant.

Additional stars have been placed in the blue of our banner. Millions of people have been added to our population, and an era of prosperity for this whole nation, the South as well as the North, dawned upon us and has continued to the present time.

In 1887, the loyal people of Michigan, with a consciousness of their indebtedness and gratitude to the defenders of the nation, made provision, by legislative appropriation, for the erection on this ground of regimental memorial tablets or monuments, to her departed heroes ; and it is the completion and acceptance of these, that brings us here to-day.

Our dead have been gathered into the beautiful cemetery near where they fell, and almost under the shadow of the "Round Tops," which stand as grim sentinels, guarding the "bivouac of the dead."

To-day your hands have placed upon the graves of your comrades the richest gifts of nature ; and the perfume of flowers is mingled with the breath of the evergreens that quiver above their mounds. The word "Gettysburg" has found a place in every home in the land ; and this spot is becoming the "Mecca" of battle-fields, the "Waterloo" of America.

"When the warm pulsing blood of our hearts shall become chilled by the icy winter of death," the memory of the deeds of these our comrades, whose resting place is marked by the tablet erected by the hands of the loving people of our commonwealth, will be yet dear to those who shall come after and listen to the story. And long after these tablets shall have turned to dust, will the story be repeated by generations yet unborn ; the story of the second struggle for freedom, "the battle for the Union." And long without length of limit, may that Union flourish under the favor and blessing of God, with the preservation of which their names are inseparably connected.



SEVENTH INFANTRY.

The Seventh Michigan Infantry, third day's fight; monument located on Cemetery Ridge, near copse of maple trees and midway between positions of Fifty-ninth New York, and Twentieth Massachusetts. The monument is 8 feet high, resting on a base 5 feet 2 inches square. The bas relief represents muskets crossed, arranged differently from the First regiment, with cartridge box and caps, canteens, badges and wreaths. The name of the regiment is carved upon the cap, and upon the rear of the die a panel is inscribed as follows:

Seventh Michigan Infantry, Third brigade, Second division, Second corps, mustered in at Monroe, Mich., August 22, 1861; mustered out at Jeffersonville, Ind., July 5, 1865. Total enrollment 1,393 officers and men. Killed in action, 6 officers, 123 men; died of wounds, 5 officers, 47 men; died of disease, 3 officers, 154 men—total, 338. Participated in 37 skirmishes and general engagements from Ball's Bluff, Va., Oct. 21, 1861, to siege of Petersburg, Va., April 3, 1865. Regiment held this position during the engagement of July 2 and 3. On the evening of the 2nd changed front to the left, meeting and assisting in driving back the enemy. On the 3rd assisted in repulsing Pickett's charge, changing front to the right and assaulting the advancing force in flank. Present for duty, 14 officers, 151 men—total 165. Casualties: Killed, 2 officers, 19 men; wounded, 3 officers, 41 men—total 65.

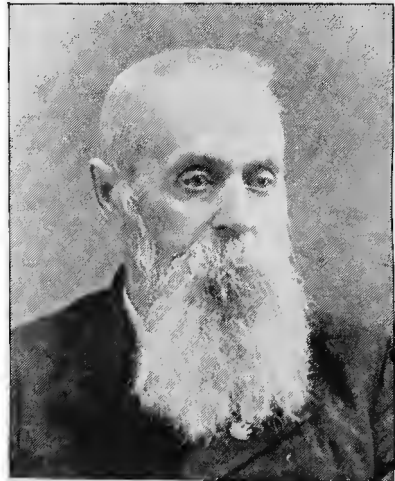
There were no special or dedicatory services at this monument. The time and place for the regimental reunion had been previously appointed and could not well be changed. It was a source of great regret, but it could not be helped.



JOHN WELLER.



COL. EDWARD HILL.



REV. WM. H. BROCKWAY,
Chaplain.

Sixteenth Infantry.



SIXTEENTH INFANTRY.

The monument of the Sixteenth Infantry is situated on the southwest face of Little Round Top, midway between the monument to Gen. Vincent on the left and the One Hundred and Fortieth New York on the right. The base is 7 feet 4 inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and the monument of Westerley granite, $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. Upon the cap of the monument in bas relief are a musket, corps badge and wreath, and upon the die beneath upon a raised panel is the name of regiment, brigade, division and corps with the Michigan State coat of arms in bronze in the center. The inscription upon the other side reads:

Sixteenth Michigan Infantry, Third Brigade, First division, Fifth corps, mustered in at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 8, 1861, mustered out at Jeffersonville, Ind., July 8, 1865. Total enrollment, 2,318 officers and men. Killed in action, 10 officers, 155 men; died of wounds, 2 officers, 48 men; died of disease, 128 men—total, 342. Participated in 52 skirmishes and general engagements from Yorktown, Va., May 4, 1862, to Appomattax, Va., April 9, 1865, and was one of the regiments detailed to receive Lee's army with its arms and flags on April 13, 1865. Regiment held this position during the afternoon and night of July 2, 1863, and assisted in defeating the desperate attempts of the enemy to capture Little Round Top. Present for duty, 17 officers, 349 men—total, 365. Casualties: Killed, 3 officers, 20 men; wounded, 2 officers, 32 men; missing, 3 men—total, 60.

About thirty members of the regiment assembled at the monument on Little Round Top by appointment at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June 12th. The president of the regimental association, John Weller, called the meeting to order. Prayer was offered by the chaplain, W. H. Brockway, and the memorial address was delivered by Col. Edward Hill.

Address of Col. Edward Hill.

Comrades :

To the casual wanderer, the contemplation of a field made historic by a great battle, naturally inspires solemn reflection, deep emotion and high resolve.

What then must be the feelings of a comrade, who stood on Little Round Top, his feet upon this battle line, his face toward the foe, as he looks back through the vista of more than a quarter of a century, to the day when the sun, obscured by sulphurous smoke, sank behind Round Top, and mercifully closed from sight the appalling carnage of Gettysburg. Will he not again in memory see Warren's signal flags wildly waving on this mount? Will he not involuntarily look for Meade and Sykes, Griffin, Barnes and Vincent, as hurriedly officer and staff dash across these fields? Will he not cast his eyes toward the Wheat Field and Peach Orchard, on the right, where Sickles' corps is swiftly forming in the ranks of war? Will he not again feel the muscles of his body yield, as he places his shoulder to Hazlett's Battery wheels, lifting its guns in position on rocky eyries where eagles built their nests? Will he not again listen for the voices of our own beloved dead, Welch, Elliott, Brown, Wallace, Jewett, Borden and Butler, cheering on the sixteenth leading brave Vincent's Brigade, as it swept forward in its grand charge, securing the Round Tops, thus saving the Army of the Potomac from disaster and assuring victory to the Union arms? Will he not, in imagination, as line of battle is formed at a double-quick across the crest of this scarred mountain top, realize that the air is filled with bursting shell, and that Hood's Brigades of Robertson's and Law's are rallying on this objective point, deploying from Devil's Den, their deadly sharpshooters behind every rock along this slope, their battle line scarcely ten paces away? Then the desperate onset of a hand-to-hand struggle that only ceased with life. All that valor could attain, all that human endeavor could accomplish with the most modern weapons of destructive warfare, sabres clashed, bayonets crossed, guns clubbed, stones hurled with barbaric strength, death welcomed in a teeth-a-set and hand-to-throat

embrace, mercy vainly asked of the deaf and guidance of the blind. Every man of the color guard, save one, were killed. The Colors, as if in pitying sympathy with their brave defenders, fell, shot from the staff, enveloping the fallen with their silken folds like a funeral pall. When the brave sergeant lifted them up, their latest guardian with his life blood ebbing fast, prayed to die beneath their silvery stars. Weed, O'Rorke and Hazlitt lay dead amidst their men. The heroic Vincent, mortally wounded, still sought to direct the movements of his brigade. That famous "Third Brigade" whose signal bugle-call had so often enthused the mustering regiments from Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan and Maine, that here determinedly fought for victory, or bravely to die in the attempt.

The impetuous assault, and fiery counter-charge at last ceased. Victory had been won, yet the victor dared not proclaim it. Duty fulfilled, yet none extolled it. Protecting night spread her sable wings, under whose shelter the shattered battalions of a defeated enemy took refuge in retreat. All around lay the sacred dead and wounded comrades on many a weary march and hard fought field. Neither the pen of the writer, the pencil of the artist, the rhetoric of the orator, can describe the horrors of the scene. Nor can the enactments of legislatures add glory to the renown of those who died here, that the Nation might live. Comrades of the gallant Sixteenth, these memories are the ghastly legacies bequeathed the veteran, who in retrospective silence recalls the close of that dreadful day. There can be no invidious distinction made in favor of one body of men over another who fought at Gettysburg. The record of one regiment is the history of all, they were a tried army of veterans. No new recruits here for the first time gazed with a thrilling awe upon the bloody issues of battle. The touch of elbows gave the incentive to action, and made a common cause sacred. The ranks broken by casualties, were voluntarily closed to the right. The soldier was aware that, before him lay the great army of Northern Virginia, fresh from victorious fields of invasion, glutted with the spoils of rich cities, commanded by its idolized general, crowding every available man forward to the attack, supported by every gun. With him, the veteran army of the Potomac, commanded by George G. Meade, its greatest general, and its last. Appointed but three days since, untried, until now, except as a corps commander, unfamiliar with the ground as a field for battle. Every soldier knew this, and realized, too, that behind

him were the capital of his country, his wife and little ones, and his intense responsibility to duty calling for the exercise of great devotion and unqualified patriotism. History does not show that the ranks of any army ever displayed more courage, military intelligence and fidelity to duty than the Army of the Potomac on this noted field. Men have fought in the ranks carrying muskets, who were in every way capable of commanding brigades and divisions. The records of the battle prove that where commanding officers of companies and regiments were killed, enlisted men bravely led forward to the deadliest work, with no thought of being relieved or turning back. The graves of this battlefield, mark the place where secession received its fatal thrust, where victory at last and finally proclaimed "The Union Now and Forever." The battle smoke of this transcendent sacrifice made our Centennial, in which sixty-five millions of freemen rejoiced, a possibility, and so far as human reason can devise a fact, for unborn millions for centuries to come. The Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, animated by the spirit of patriotism, co-operating with the legislatures of the several States whose sons here find earthly sepulture, have acquired by gift and purchase, embellished, and set apart for all time, this battlefield as a hallowed place. Here the emancipated pilgrim may ever find a lighted shrine, dedicated to the cause of human liberty, the student of American history, an Academy wherein he may study lessons of heroic valor. Consecrating it apart, the martyred Lincoln here plead to the living, "that from these honored dead we take increased ardor to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion." Let the nation never forget that the decisive victory of Gettysburg was won by the sublime valor of its fighting men. Strategy, or the art of directing masses upon the theatre of war, logistics, or the art of moving armies, but slightly entered into the sum of its results. The Greek name is greater in art, more renowned in war, than that of any other nation, because, in antique Greece, art and valor permeated its ideal worship. For centuries after the battle of Thermopylæ, the names of the three hundred slain in defending that narrow pass, were repeated from memory daily, as an exercise, by every student in the public schools of Greece. So, may a grateful people ever hold in reverential trust the remembrance of our blessed dead, slain at Gettysburg. On this holy ground, sanctified by the blood of heroes, we dedicate this shaft to you, our fallen comrades, a mute testimonial to your fidelity and devotion, and that

you died "upon the field of honor." "As the early light of the morning sun gilds it, and parting day lingers and plays upon its summit," may it ever be a beacon to guide the loyal wayfarer in the paths of patriotism, wherein you trod. Your names are to us an eternal benediction, and to Thee, O God of Battles, we commend your immortal souls.



SHARPSHOOTERS.

The sharpshooter's monument is on the southeast side of Little Round Top, and is in honor of the four companies of Michigan sharpshooters, companies C, I and K, First regiment, and company B, Second regiment. It is of Westerley granite, 4x4 feet at base and seven feet three inches in height. Upon the base is the name of brigade division and corps in raised, polished letters, while on the die appears the bronze Michigan coat of arms and corps badges. Three sides of the cap are raised and polished and upon the front cap are the words, Michigan Sharpshooters, and upon four polished panels of red granite are the following inscriptions :

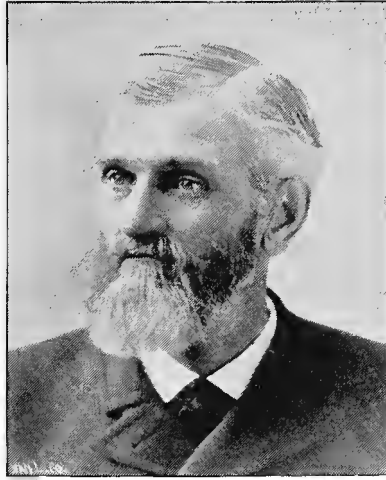
Company C, First regiment U. S. Sharpshooters, mustered in at Detroit, Mich., August 26, 1861, served until the war ended; fought upon this field July 2, near Sherby house—here July 3. One officer and five men wounded, one man missing—total, 7.

Company I, First regiment U. S. Sharpshooters, mustered in at Detroit, Mich., March 4, 1862. Served until the war ended. Fought upon this field July 2, near Pitzer's Run—here July 3. One officer killed, one officer and three men wounded—total, 5.

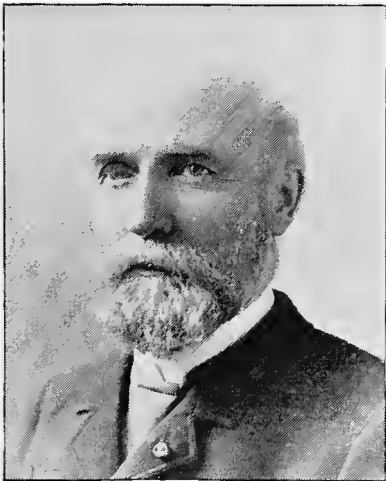
Company K, First regiment U. S. Sharpshooters, mustered in at Detroit, Mich., March 20, 1862. Served until the war ended. Fought upon this field July 2, near Sherby house—here July 3. Four men wounded.

Company B, Second regiment U. S. Sharpshooters, mustered in at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 4, 1861. Served until the war ended. Fought upon this field near Slyder house, on extreme left, afterwards at this point, July 3, on Cemetery Ridge near center of line. Four men wounded.

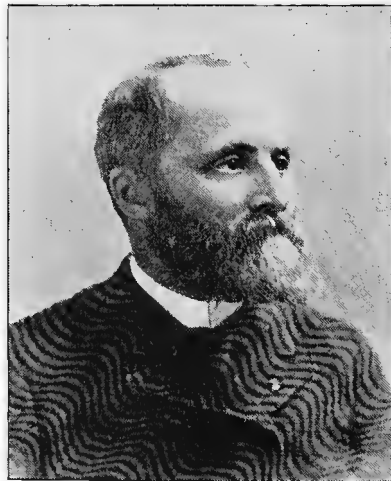
There was no formal dedication of this monument by the survivors of the four Michigan companies. Gen'l Berdan, who commanded the two regiments of sharpshooters, was present, but aside from him less than a dozen were present of those who "clutched and held that trembling hill" on the second of July, 1863.



CAPT. W. G. VINTON.



MAJ. E. B. WIGHT.



LIEUT. C. C. YEMANS.

Twenty-fourth Infantry.



TWENTY-FOURTH INFANTRY.

The Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry monument commemorating the first day's fight, stands in Reynold's Grove, where Gen. Reynolds was killed and the confederate Gen. Archer was captured, sixty yards from Willoughby Run. The monument of the Nineteenth Indiana is on the left and the Seventh Wisconsin on the right, and the monument faces the northwest, in which direction the regiment charged across Willoughby Run. The base is five feet square and its height is $14\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Upon the face of the plinth is the bronze State coat of arms, while the bas relief on the die represents two flags crossed, together with a wreath and corps badge, and upon the second base the name of brigade, division and corps. The plinth of the monument is surmounted by a life-size figure of a soldier in the act of loading a musket. Upon the polished die appears the following:

Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry, First brigade, First division, First corps, July 1, 1863. Arriving upon the field to the south of these woods in the forenoon of July 1, the regiment, with others of the brigade, charged across the stream in front (Willoughby's Run) to the crest beyond, assisting in the capture of a large portion of Archer's Tennessee Brigade. It was then withdrawn to this position where it fought until the line was outflanked and forced back. It went into action with twenty-eight officers, 468 men—total 496. It lost, killed and mortally wounded, eight officers, eighty-one men—total 89; otherwise wounded, thirteen officers, 205 men—total 218; captured, three officers, fifty-three men—total 56; total casualties, 363. Five color bearers were killed and all the color guard killed or wounded. Position July 2 and 3 on Culps Hill. The regiment was raised in Wayne County, Michigan, and mustered into the U. S. Service August 15, 1862. Mustered out at Detroit, June 30, 1865.

The monument was dedicated in the presence of 126 members of the Regiment, of which number 115 were actual participants in the battle of Gettysburg, and of the latter number,

forty-seven were wounded and thirteen were prisoners. These survivors formed on the public square in Gettysburg on the afternoon of June 12th, 1889, under the command of Captain William R. Dodsley, assisted by Lieuts. E. B. Welton and Charles H. Chope, and marched to place of dedication with the Regimental and old Iron Brigade flags. Captain Warren G. Vinton presided at the exercises, which were opened with prayer by Dr. Charles C. Yemans, after which Maj. Edwin B. Wight delivered an address, at the conclusion of which the Regiment sang the "Sweet Bye-and-Bye" in memory of their fallen comrades, and "Old John Burns of Gettysburg," who was wounded there while fighting in their ranks.

Maj. E. B. Wight spoke as follows:

Address of Maj. E. B. Wight.

Comrades and Countrymen :

It is one of the cardinal features of the Moslem faith that its devotees shall prayerfully face daily toward Mecca ; but this further injunction is laid upon them that, "health and wealth permitting," every member of that great religious family shall, once at least during their lives, make a pilgrimage thither.

No conveniences of travel mitigate the discomforts of the journey but, in the fashion of their ancestors, they plod on in the beaten caravan route, spending weeks or possibly months in their faithful efforts to reach the spot which they deem the holiest on earth.

We are inclined to sneer at these pilgrims and to write them down fanatics ; but, surely it would not harm us to imitate sometimes the zeal with which this reverence of locality has inspired them.

With something of their spirit, to-day we stand upon hallowed ground and now we see before us and around us the Mecca towards which our pilgrim feet have turned.

Since the hour, more than twenty-five years ago, when our "tramp-tramp-tramp" was first heard among these hills, many of us have been

virtually pilgrims, and our way up and down the earth has been a winding one and strange.

Some of us could not, if we would, have revisited these scenes during all these years—while other some, fanciful as it may seem, would not if we could; and so it has happened that not many of the five hundred whom we represent to-day have gazed upon these vales and ridges since the days when they gleamed in the July sun of 1863.

And as we now fall in and, seeking to live over again our soldier experiences, begin to call the roll, how slowly and how sadly come back the responses, and what long waits there are between the answering voices.

Many, alas, how many, almost within eye-shot of where we now stand, passed over to the silent majority. For them can only come the softly spoken words, and yet most glorious ones, with which, for many years, answer was made when the name of the First Grenadier of France was called—“dead on the field of honor.” For others, we know that their final discharge came in the still watches of the night and that they were silently borne away from some hospital ward where they had long contended in their steadily losing fight with wounds or disease, or both.

Still others long time starved and then passed away from earth 'mid the confines of crowded and horrible southern prisons, while other some, bearing within them the seeds of disease contracted through long and exhaustive campaigns, or with the insidious poison of never healing wounds sapping the life current, have, in the more peaceful surroundings of their own firesides, shifted their camp across the river and are tenting on the higher plains beyond.

The many are gone—the few, the small minority remain to answer “Present” as their names are read.

Each passing year makes deeper inroads among the ranks of the survivors, and soon—ah—too soon the last of the Old Guard will have “folded his tent and silently stolen away,” leaving but a memory behind.

What think you? Can it ever be such a memory that the “world will willingly let it die?” This monument, so long as it shall stand, will give prompt answer to your query.

Michigan, in a larger way, has had her day of dedication and has fittingly emphasized the fact that thirteen independent organizations of her own did valorous service for the country on this field.

Her tablet inscription evidences to all how lovingly and how reverently she has performed the act of erecting these memorials "to her martyrs and heroes who fought in defence of liberty and union.

And while we come to join in this general demonstration of affectionate remembrance of all the Michigan heroes and martyrs, it is most natural that we should feel more closely drawn to the comrades of the dear old 24th, with whom we tented and marched and fought and with whom our lives were wondrously united for so many long months.

And, in attempting to hold our own special services to-day, we do insist that we shall not be charged with the design of unduly seeking to parade our own deeds. We simply hold to-day, as we often have held in the past, our regimental reunion.

It matters not that we have changed our place of meeting. For the Old Flag is here. The "boys" are here. Not perhaps the lively, singing, quick-stepping boys of '63—but still the boys, with much of the old-time spirit and all of the old-time patriotic blood pulsing rapidly through their veins.

We come, not as at first, from the single County of Wayne, but from various parts of the State and even from other States—but, from wheresoever we come, we bring with us the deepest devotion to the Old Regiment, the One Flag and the One Country.

And we should be less than human if there did not come to us, as we stand upon this spot and group ourselves about this monument, a true feeling of pride that, as representatives of this most loyal State, we were permitted to fight this battle through from start to finish.

Surely none dare blame us for this feeling. We only sought to do our duty and modestly we now claim our meed of praise.

With rare compliment, you have asked me to speak to you at this reunion, and I confess that I am awkwardly embarrassed for a theme.

At former meetings the regimental history has been most fully rehearsed and personal incidents most delightfully told. It would seem that these topics were worn so threadbare that he would be rash indeed who ventured to make use of them here and now. And yet after all, the "nothing new under the sun" helps us to conclude that the old things may lose something of their staleness, if a little different posing of subject is given or some change of color is dashed in.

When Gen. Lee had put his army in motion for an extended invasion of the North, the Washington City Guard, or rather the Army of the Potomac was started upon a similar mission. Without serious mishap, though there were many sharp collisions between the Cavalry forces of the two armies, the Potomac River was crossed and the "sacred soil of Virginia" was soon exchanged for the less trodden one of "Maryland, my Maryland."

Gen. Hooker had brought the Union Army from its old camping-ground along the Rappahannock, moving it with consummate skill, even into Pennsylvania, until it seemed as if, at any hour, the two great rival forces would meet in deadly combat and then—just then, the old drama must be re-enacted and the Potomac Army must have a new Commander.

What a patient, long-suffering, hard-marching and harder fighting army that was! Composed of some of the best combative material in the whole country, it often saw its sturdiest efforts to win victory completely balked by the inscrutable jealousies of its higher officers, by the indecision of its then commander, or by the machinations of meddling politicians. There was no lack of proper stuff from which to make Division, Corps and Army Commanders—that was shown over and over again—but, in the early years of the war, no officer dared to be too successful.

What a wearying burden the martyred Lincoln carried upon his brain and heart. View the picture of his surroundings as you read the story of that life, so full of devotion to the single thought of preserving the Union of the States, and wonder not at the careworn brow and at the aching heart. Think of his days of toil and suffering and suspense—think of his restless, sleepless nights, and all this intensified by the harrassing thought that those who should have been staunch supporters and hearty co-operators in his patriotic labor, were often proven to be spies in the camp and thwarters of his every move.

Thank God all were not such. Many were of a nobler mould and gave him their best thought and word and deed—yea, life itself, if that were needed.

Foremost among these noble ones, we are proud to place our old Corps Commander, John F. Reynolds. Perhaps few knew him intimately, for he was a strangely reticent man, and it may be that the fate of other officers, his equals in rank, taught him more and more the wisdom of guarded speech.

But the quiet demeanor could not wholly mask the ardent spirit. His opponents recognized his ability, and his soldiers knew that he held in reserve a latent force of clear and cool-headedness that could always be relied upon. They trusted him implicitly. And when the news reached the First Corps that Gen. Hooker had been relieved, it was not strange that many of us jumped to the conclusion that our Reynolds would be selected to lead the whole army in the contest that so soon was to occur upon the soil of his native State.

We should have considered that his promotion was only a fitting tribute to his worth, and that his military success was certain, if the opposition to his plans came only from Lee and his lieutenants. And yet all the while we felt that we wanted him with us, and as our special leader, rather than have him gain the higher office, for which he was so pre-eminently qualified. If this we wished, our wish was granted.

Gen. Meade was placed in command of the Union Army but three days before the contending forces met. Brief space indeed to familiarize himself with the task imposed upon him; a task from which a less cautious and more brilliant soldier might well have shrunk. But he found worthy coadjutors. Reynolds was continued in charge of the Left Wing of the Army (consisting of the 1st, 3d and 11th Corps) and much, very much was left to his discretion.

No one seemed to know just where or when the blow would fall. Only this was definitely known, that Lee had checked his northward advance and was either at a standstill or else, holding his forces well in hand, was concentrating towards Gettysburg, or towards some point in that vicinity. The Union troops were feeling their way along at a snail's pace, covering much ground of necessity with their trains and artillery, and yet all within reasonable supporting distance when all the circumstances of the case are considered.

Gen. Meade had conceived the idea of taking up a defensive position on Pipe Creek. He had examined the locality, had recognized its natural advantages, and had hoped and perhaps planned that the expected battle should there occur. This might have been well enough if he could have been positive that Lee would surely attack him then.

This Lee might possibly have done, for he is reported to have said that "he was weary of all this marching, campaigning and bloodshed and was strongly desirous of settling the whole matter at once."

Besides, the Army of Virginia was in the best possible condition. Officers and men were elated with their triumph at Chancellorsville; they had carried the war into the enemy's country; they had easily brushed the militia from their path; they had enjoyed rare foraging and feasting in Pennsylvania and, evidently, were ready and anxious for a fight anywhere and everywhere.

As opposed to any defensive warfare, read what Gen. Doubleday, in his book on Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, says on page 122:

"Reynolds had the true spirit of a soldier. He was a Pennsylvanian and, inflamed at seeing the devastation of his native State, was most desirous of getting at the enemy as soon as possible. He told me at Poolesville that it was necessary to attack the enemy at once to prevent his plundering the whole State. As he had great confidence in his men, it was not difficult to divine what his decision would be. He determined to advance and hold Gettysburg. He directed the Eleventh Corps to come up as a support to the First, and he recommended, but did not order, the Third Corps to do the same."

Providence seemed to have inspired the plan of Reynolds.

The light of the first July sun of 1863 is just penciling a tinge of brightness amid the leafy shadows of Marsh Creek and, as here and there, its rays penetrate deeper and deeper and light up the misty forest gloom, stalwart forms are seen to spring lightly from their sylvan couches and to step quickly out into the warm sunlight and to drink in the tonic air of the wooded hillside. Out upon the vibrant air sound the bugle notes of reveille, and soon all the peaceful quiet of the scene is changed.

The early day routine goes on and then brief space of anxious waiting; for all are expectant, restless. Marching orders come and, ere half the distance to Gettysburg is compassed, fighting orders are inferred as the boom of the cannon and the crack of the carbine announce that Buford has engaged the enemy, and our Division, as the nearest at hand, is needed at the front.

No loitering now. The ordinary march step is quickened, and then this is doubled, till the "black-hatted fellows" are seen and heard from as they envelop and complacently invite to the rear a goodly portion of Archer's Brigade. This is the first success of the day.

The few, swift minutes of fighting resulted however, not only in considerable regimental loss, but they had been sufficient to deprive

us of our chief. Yet even then the messenger of death was merciful, for the bullet instantly did its fatal work. Verily, the "architect of the battle had fallen dead across its portal."

It is useless to speculate as to what would or would not have been done July 1st, had Reynolds' life been spared. The odds against us were too great to have made it possible to do more than offer stubborn resistance to the enemy's attacks.

No officer in the army would have fought the few troops then in hand with more tactical skill and judgment than Reynolds would have done, and with less hazard and consequent loss. He believed in his soldiers, and they as thoroughly believed in him; he knew that they could be depended on to fight, and to fight well, wherever he would lead them; he considered Gettysburg a fitting battle ground, and there he fought and there he fell.

The First Corps owes much of its success to his forming hand and to his wise, keen brain, and every member of it reverences his memory with undying affection.

After Reynolds' death there comes a brief lull in the combat. Thus far the 1st Division of the 1st Corps and Buford's Cavalry have been the only Union troops engaged, and the two remaining Divisions of the Corps did not arrive upon the field till 11 A. M. An half hour later Gen. Howard makes his presence known and assumes command. His 11th Corps does not appear till about 1 P. M. And now the conflict is renewed, with even more vigor and deadliness than before.

But who can depict all the happenings of this day? Who can venture to say that his description will prove satisfying to his comrades or even to himself? For after all, how small a portion of a battle-field, its topography or its incidents, come within the actual knowledge of a line officer and shape themselves into tangible form before his eyes.

Recall, if you can, any engagement of the war and positively state, of your own knowledge, that you passed through some particular field (a wheat field, for instance) when you were ordered forward to charge the enemy's position. You did pass through the open; so much you remember, but the nature of the field you never once considered.

You took possession of a strip of woodland, as a bit of shelter from the skurrying shot, but the character of the fruit or forest trees did not impress itself upon your memory. Some hill or ridge was

near; you occupied it as a natural vantage ground for present or later conflict—but how it sloped, or what were its surroundings, you had no time to note. You charged the enemy, or were charged by them; but just how you advanced or how you met the onset, you were too busy then to enter in your mental memorandum book.

Subsequently, some military or civilian report mentioned a Wheat Field, or Peach Orchard, an Oak Hill or a Seminary Ridge, and thenceforth you adopted the names in your attempted description of the battle. But while the battle raged your horizon range was limited. The lines of your regiment, or possibly of your brigade, covered all the field that your vision seemed able to compass and accurately note. And even then, in the excitement of the struggle, many little incidents occurred in your immediate vicinity of which you were not cognizant.

Volumes have been written, with The Battle of Gettysburg as sole and only topic, but the whole story has not been told. Much of the planning and more of the doing has been omitted. The living may have given their version of what they did and of what they witnessed there—but, oh—if the dead lips could be unsealed, what truer and larger testimony might be spread upon the pages of history.

Then we should learn, in fullest measure, how the brave 9,000 First Corps men fought on open plain and on unfortified ridge and hillside “with no other protection than the flannel blouses that covered their stout hearts;” holding their own, for two long hours, against nearly twice their number and then were slowly and steadily forced back, contesting, however, every inch of backward move so bloodily that welcome night cried “halt” before the victorious larger force concluded that they might have accomplished even more, had they but resolutely pressed on.

The great loss inflicted upon our opponents, and the fear that still greater loss might ensue, if farther advance was made, begot a caution that proved the salvation of the few remaining Union heroes on that eventful afternoon.

Defeated, but not disheartened, the shadowy remnant of the Old First Corps gather on Cemetery Hill and darkness draws its sheltering curtain about them and grants them needed rest.

Rest came indeed to weary limbs, but hearts were overborne with sorrow, and sadness banished sleep. For, of the 9,000 that went into action that day, two-thirds were among the killed, wounded and

missing, and, of the missing, a very large proportion were either killed or wounded.

And three-fourths of those who answered to the Twenty-fourth's regimental roll-call in the morning at Marsh Creek were not present at nightfall.

Listen to the inscription cut so enduringly on yonder shaft:—
“Went into action with 496 officers and men. Killed and mortally wounded, 89. Otherwise wounded, 218. Captured, 56. Total casualties, 363. Five color bearers killed, and all the color guard killed or wounded.”

What a record of heroism! What a record of loss! Col. Fox, in his compilation of Regimental Losses in the Civil War, page 390, says: “The largest number of casualties in any regiment at Gettysburg occurred in the Twenty-fourth Michigan. It was then in the Iron Brigade, Wadsworth's (1st) Division, First Corps, and fought in the battle of the first day, while in position in McPherson's Woods near Willoughby Run. It was obliged to fall back from this line, but did not yield the ground until three-fourths of its number had been struck down.”

I would add that Col. Fox insists that the number of killed and mortally wounded at Gettysburg was 94 and not 89, as given on the monumental tablet; and he claims to have verified all his figures by a personal and thorough examination of State as well as Government Records.

Whichever should eventually prove to be the correct number, this fact will always remain, that the casualties that day were simply frightful; the total of killed and mortally wounded being nineteen per cent, while that of killed, wounded and missing reached the staggering figures of seventy per cent of the whole number engaged.

We do stand to-day upon ground which we helped to make historic. Within the scope of our vision occurred the greatest battle of the war. Greatest, not in the number of troops upon the battle field, for, in the seven days' battle, Lee's Army of Virginia, was about 100,000 strong, while at the Wilderness Gen. Grant had about 125,000 men. But greatest, in that here the loss of life exceeded that of any other field of combat, and that here the Confederate Cause found its Waterloo, and henceforward it became more and more a “Lost Cause.”

We would not depreciate the valor of the Southern Soldiery, for that would make of but little worth the courage we ascribe to our

own. They were "foemen, in every way, worthy of our steel," boasting the same lineage, and proud to be called Americans. When we fought them, we styled them traitors, and we fought them to the death. To-day, we heap no harsh epithets upon them; for the war is over, and we know but One Country, and all the inhabitants thereof are countrymen. And we claim that we shall be none the less loyal to the cause for which we fought, if now we show to all our former foes that we cherish "malice towards none," and only the largest "charity for all."

To friend and foe alike this whole field is sacred. The baptism of fire and of blood is upon it. It was dedicated in smoke of cannon and rifle, which rose like incense during three long summer days, and it needs no word nor stroke of pen to reiterate the consecration then given to it.

Yet, since that date, eloquent lips have inspiringly told the story of the mighty struggle that these hills and valleys witnessed.

State after State has commemorated with shaft and column the deeds of their noble citizen soldiers, and thus have marked for all time one of the localities where these brave men so grandly exhibited their loyalty.

As a regiment then, as individuals, we would tender to "Michigan, my Michigan," our grateful acknowledgments for the graceful and appropriate monument that crowns this knoll, and we would heartily thank all who, by vote or voice, helped to place it here.

With the countless other ones that range along these slopes and ridges, this shall prove a marker that shall worthily show where the strong tide of battle ebbed and flowed.

Thousands will visit this spot and, recalling the names of some who fought and of some who fell upon this field, will rejoice that the Peninsula State has here so handsomely remembered her gallant soldiers.

These State days and these Regimental days that specially dedicate these memorial shafts in honor of the Union soldier, seem but a fitting sequel to that earlier service of consecration in November, 1863, when our great War President uttered in yonder cemetery the words that thrill us even now with their strange pathos:

"In a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or

detract. The world will little note what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that, from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

A quarter of a century ago these words were spoken, and the task that weighed upon this noble heart had not been finished.

With "these honored dead," of whom he so touchingly speaks, he dedicated and devoted his life to this unfinished work. His words come to us to-day with peculiar meaning, and they commend themselves to our most earnest thought.

For perhaps we need increasingly to learn what patriotism really signifies and what a wealth of meaning is infolded in that lofty, loyal spirit which places love of country and devotion to that country's best interests far above and beyond all petty sectional feeling and party success.

Gleaning then an object lesson on this patriotic field, our presence here shall be productive of unquestioned good.

It may be that I should apologize because I have made no personal mention of any member of the regiment, and have avoided all allusions to any incidental happenings on the march or in the field. If, in this omission, I have disappointed any, I can only express my sincere regret, and humbly beg to be forgiven.

At Gettysburg, everyone did full soldierly duty, and filled the niche he was called upon to occupy. Officer and man, rank and file, all were in the places assigned them, and all were equally brave and deserving of the highest praise.

We grasp the hand of the living, and try to show them how glad we are that an over-ruling Providence protected them and spared their lives, not only through the terrible storm of shot and shell that fell about them on that first July day, but for so many years thereafter and has brought them safely onward to this present, and has granted them the possession of so many earthly enjoyments.

We would pay fitting homage to the silent ones who peacefully sleep on yonder hill or in the quiet God's Acres in our own State, and would garland their resting place with amaranthine flowers.

Their memory we shall ever cherish as a priceless treasure.

Many of the heads I see before me are tinged with grey; the upright forms of long ago are bending over towards Mother Earth; the old-time lope has given way to the slow and measured pace, and the eyes are losing much of their pristine brightness. These facts touch us solemnly as we reflect that this may be, for some of us, our last reunion.

Since we have met and traversed these hills and valleys together, there has come to us a sense of sadness and disappointment. For we find not here all that we sought or hoped to see. How changed is all the landscape. And, as with all the goodly things around us, so with us time has wrought most startling changes. Nature here has covered with her mantle of green, or has hidden with great growth of shrub or forest, the spots which we thought that we could easily recognize. And as we gaze about us, we stand amazed at the outlook; for the scars of conflict are all concealed, if not wholly blotted out.

Is it not, my friends, one of God's loving ways of teaching us that He is constantly seeking to overlay our heart-sorrows with greater and more lasting heart-joys?

The battle here, with all the woe and pain and death it brought to many an individual soldier, resulted in a glorious fruitage. For the laurel of victory was the precursor of the olive branch of peace. An entire nation, united and prosperous, now rejoices in the blessings that were made possible, in God's good time, by the bloody field of Gettysburg.



NINTH BATTERY.

The Ninth Battery monument is on Cemetery Ridge between Round Top and a copse of trees, about one hundred feet to right of monument to Companies C and F, First Pennsylvania Light Artillery, and to the left of position occupied by, First New Hampshire Sharpshooters, facing south-west. The base is 7 x 5 feet, and the monument is of Westerly granite, 9 feet and 3 inches high. On the face of the die near the top appears the corps badge, and beneath an artillery wheel, the hub entwined, and the battle flag, cannon balls, swab and cap neatly arranged, and beneath this the bronze coat of arms and the name of battery, brigade and corps, while on the opposite side appears the following inscription:

Ninth Michigan Battery, First Artillery, First Brigade Horse Artillery, Cavalry Corps, mustered in at Detroit, Mich., August 29, 1862; mustered out at Detroit, Mich., July 1, 1865. This monument marks the position held by the Ninth Michigan Battery from 12.30 P. M., July 3d, until 7 A. M. the following morning. Three hundred and twenty-two rounds of shot, shell and canister exploded. Casualties: One man killed and four wounded, Battery sustained a loss of twenty-three horses killed in this engagement. Army of the Potomac from December, 1862, to October, 1863. Army of the Cumberland, November, 1863, until close of service, in 1865.

Albert Crosby, a member of the Battery, writes from Flint:

"There were no formal ceremonies performed at the monument for Battery I or Ninth Michigan Battery. There were but seven of the Battery boys there; none of our officers and no speakers on the occasion. Therefore, we gathered around the monument and held a silent reverie for a few moments over the memories of what happened there near twenty-six years previous. I think that there was not a dry eye in the little group of seven."



IVER

No. 1075—Michigan Cavalry Monument

CAVALRY BRIGADE.

The monument of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade, composed of the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Regiments of Michigan Cavalry, stands on an elevated spot south and east of the Rummell farm buildings, three miles east of Gettysburg. It stands on a foundation 11 feet square, is 40 feet in height with the principal shaft 15 feet high and 4 feet through, composed of four columns, one for each regiment, terminating in a capital at the top of a horse's head. Above the capital is a ledge five feet square upon which stands the figure of a trooper dismounted, eight feet high. The base rests upon a massive pedestal and the whole presents tall, graceful and elegant proportions and is composed of Barre and Hartwick granite. Upon the face of the first die is a bronze plate 3 x 4 feet, representing a cavalry fight; upon the face of the cap is carved a wreath of oak and laurel, while upon the face of the upper die is a bronze medallion of General Custer 2 x 2 feet. On the face of the first plinth is the name of the brigade, and upon the third base the name of brigade, division and corps, with corps badges and state coat of arms. Eighty tons of granite were used in its erection, and upon the polished sides of the die appears the following inscription:

The Michigan Cavalry Brigade organized Dec. 12, 1862. "The fame of the whole is greater than any one." This monument marks the field where the Michigan Cavalry Brigade under its gallant leader, General Geo. A. Custer, rendered signal and distinguished service in assisting to defeat the further advance of a numerically superior force under the confederate general J. E. B. Stuart, who, in conjunction with Pickett's charge upon the center, attempted to turn the right flank of the Union army at that critical hour of conflict upon the afternoon of July 3d, 1863. Field held from 8 A. M. until 7 P. M.

"But foremost in the fight you'll see,
Where'er the bravest dare to be,
The sabres of thy Cavalry,
Michigan, my Michigan."

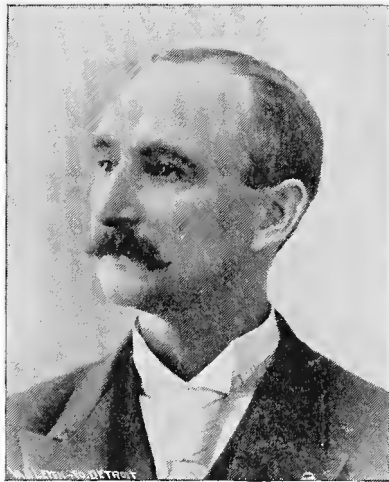
First Michigan Cavalry mustered in at Detroit, Mich., Sept. 13, 1861, mustered out at Salt Lake City, Utah, March 10, 1866. Total enrollment 3,244 officers and men. Killed in action 10 officers, 92 men; died of wounds 5 officers, 46 men; died of disease 5 officers, 246 men; total, 404. Participated in 67 skirmishes and general engagements from Winchester, Va., March 23, 1862, to Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865.

Fifth Michigan Cavalry mustered in at Detroit, Mich., Aug. 30, 1862, mustered out at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, June 22, 1865. Total enrollment 1,198 officers and men. Killed in action 4 officers, 94 men; died of wounds 1 officer, 23 men; died of disease 3 officers, 233 men; total, 358. Participated in 56 skirmishes and general engagements from Hanover, Pa., June 30, 1863, to Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865.

Sixth Michigan Cavalry mustered in at Grand Rapids, Mich., Oct. 13, 1862, mustered out at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Nov. 24, 1865. Total enrollment 1,624 officers and men. Killed in action 7 officers, 95 men; died of wounds 18 men; died of disease 266 men; total 386. Participated in 56 skirmishes and general engagements from Hanover, Pa., June 30, 1863, to Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865.

Seventh Michigan Cavalry mustered in at Grand Rapids, Mich., January 16, 1863, mustered out at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Dec. 15, 1865. Total enrollment 1,779 officers and men. Killed in action 2 officers, 47 men; died of wounds 2 officers, 24 men; died of disease 1 officer, 246 men; total, 322. Participated in 56 skirmishes and general engagements from Hanover, Pa., June 30, 1863, to Appomattox, Va., April 9, 1865.

A large number of the survivors of the four regiments comprising the brigade assembled at the monument on the morning of June 13. About nine o'clock General Alger, President of the Brigade Association, called the assemblage to order, and introduced Rev. W. H. Brockway, one of the pioneer



GEN'L JAMES H. KIDD.

Cavalry Brigade.

preachers of Michigan, who offered prayer. General Alger then in a pleasant speech addressed his old comrades, vividly recalling the scenes of twenty-six years before, and setting out in bold relief the importance of the action in which the brigade took so conspicuous a part, and the relation which it bore to the general success which crowned the third day's fight. He then laid upon the entablature of the die bouquets of Michigan flowers, one for each regiment.

The following note from a little daughter of Sergeant Lowden of the Fifth, accompanying a box of flowers, touched the hearts of all present:

“Will General Alger, if nothing better presents itself, accept this bouquet for Major Ferry's grave? From a child,

“GRACIE LOWDEN.”

The General then introduced General James H. Kidd, who read the following address on “The Operations of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade in the Gettysburg Campaign:”

Address of General James H. Kidd.

The duty of writing a sketch of “The Operations of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade in the Gettysburg Campaign,” is one which the writer would fain have shirked, had the summons come from a source which he felt at liberty to disobey. It would seem, indeed, that the work had already been done, and well done, so that it will be difficult to add to it anything of positive and permanent value.

It is now nearly five years since the dedication of yonder granite shaft, erected through the liberality of a number of survivors of those who fought here twenty-six years ago, and intended to mark the exact spot where the fierce hand-to-hand sabre contest between the hardy Wolverines and the flower of Southern cavaliers took place. On that occasion a distinguished son of the Keystone State, himself a trooper of Gregg's command, delivered a finished and exhaustive oration upon “The Cavalry Fight on the Right Flank at Gettysburg.” It was

admirably done, evidently a labor of love, and characterized by a spirit of fairness, a moderation, and judicial tone highly commendable. To peruse its glowing periods is to visit again these scenes. To the writer it is more. It brings back with full force, as if it were but yesterday, the events of that bright July day in 1863, when Gregg and Custer crossed swords with Stuart, Hampton, and Fitzhugh Lee, when the fate of this nation hung suspended by a thread on the plains and heights of Gettysburg. He is once more seated on his horse, in front of his squadron of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, to the left of Pennington's battery, watching the tumult that is going on below. He hears the rumble and roar, as the earth quakes under the terrible artillery duel on Cemetery Hill; the sputter of the carbines as Alger's dismounted skirmishers drive back the Confederate line; the roar of Pennington's guns; the yells of the troopers as they charge and countercharge. The entire plan is spread out like a picture, and he can see it all again.

A debt of gratitude is hereby acknowledged to Colonel Brooke-Rawle. But, with all due deference to the brilliant orator, it must be said that he speaks with an almost too evident partiality for Pennsylvania and the Second Cavalry Division. His encomiums upon Michigan are perfunctory, and not from the heart. Bright and imperishable chaplets of laurel were gathered here, and our friend would loyally place them upon the brow of his own ideal hero, and not upon that of "Lancelot or another."

But there were honors enough to go around, and General Gregg and his command, with their brilliant record, can well afford to render unto Custer and his Michigan Brigade that which is their due. Twice, during the war, the Michigan Cavalry Brigade came opportunely to the relief of the Second Division — once at Gettysburg, again at Hawes' Shop, May 28, 1864. The mind does not dare consider what might have been the result on either of these occasions had Custer been eliminated as a factor in the contest. If the order which took him to the Hanover pike on July 3, 1863, was, as Kilpatrick intimates in his report, "a mistake," it was a most fortunate blunder. This, Colonel Rawle would doubtless be one of the first to admit.

There are some controverted questions concerning the battle which took place on this ground. There are certain differences which, surrounded by the mists of doubt and distance, it is hard to reconcile. The official reports, many of them, are meagre, some misleading. The Michigan regiments seem to have been peculiarly unfortunate in this

regard. I was unable to find in the War Records office in Washington the official report, written in 1863, of a single one of their commanding officers, covering the operations of the Gettysburg campaign. The maps received from the United States Engineers' office were sent to me with a caution that they must not be regarded as official, since the positions occupied by the different commands have not all, as yet, been definitely determined.

I shall, in the following pages, hew to the line as closely as possible, and endeavor to be as accurate as the accessible data and my ability will permit.

The Michigan Brigade was the outgrowth of the reorganization of the Federal Cavalry that followed Lee's invasion of the North and Hooker's consequent movement into Maryland. It consisted, originally, of three regiments—the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh. They were all organized in 1862, and, at the time which we are considering, were, in the language of another, “fresh from pastures green.” The commanding officer was Brig. Gen. J. T. Copeland, a Michigan man, promoted from the colonelcy of the Fifth. The battalion commanders were, respectively, Colonels Russell A. Alger, George Gray and William D. Mann. The first had seen service in the Second Michigan as captain and major, under Cols. Gordon Granger and P. H. Sheridan; the last in the First Michigan, under Brodhead and Town. Colonel Gray was appointed from civil life, and was having his first experience of “war's rude alarms.”

At two o'clock on Thursday morning, June 25, 1863, the Brigade, with its Division, under Stahel, left its camp in Fairfax county, Virginia, where it had been maintaining a cordon of videttes around the Department of Washington, and the head of column turned toward Edwards' Ferry, on the Potomac river, the Sixth Michigan acting as rear guard. The march was slow, the roads being blocked with wagons, artillery, ambulances, and the other usual impedimenta of a column of troops in active service. It was long after dark when the rear guard reached the ford. The night was cloudy and there was no moon. The river was nearly, if not quite, a mile wide, the water deep and the current strong. The only guide to the proper course was to follow those in advance; but, as horse succeeded horse, they were gradually borne farther and farther down the stream, away from the ford and into deeper water. By the time the Sixth reached the river the water was nearly to the tops of the saddles. Marching thus

through the inky darkness, guided for the most part by the sound of plashing hoofs in front, there was imminent danger of being swept away, and few, except the most reckless, drew a long breath until the distance had been traversed and our steeds were straining up the steep and slippery bank upon the opposite shore.

But, safely across the river, the column did not halt for rest or food, but pushed on into Maryland. To add to the discomfort, a drizzling rain set in. The guide lost his way, and it was 2 o'clock in the morning when the rear guard halted for a brief bivouac in a piece of woods, near Poolesville. Wet, weary, hungry, and chilled to the marrow, as they were, it was enough to dispirit the bravest men. But there was no murmuring, and, at daylight, the march was resumed. That day (26) we passed the First Army Corps, commanded by the lamented Reynolds, and reached the village of Frederick as the sun was setting. The clouds had cleared away, and a more enchanting vision never met human eye than that which appeared before us as we debouched from the narrow defile up which the road from lower Maryland ran, on the commanding heights that overlooked the valley. The town was in the center of a most charming and fertile country, and around it thousands of acres of golden grain were waving and nodding in the sunlight. The rain of the early morning had left in the atmosphere a mellow haze of vapor which reflected the sun's rays in tints which softly blended with the summer colorings of the landscape. An exclamation of surprise ran along the column as each succeeding trooper came in sight of this picture of nature's own painting. But, more pleasing still, were the evidences of loyalty which greeted us on every hand as we entered the village. The stars and stripes floated above many buildings, while from porch and window, from old and young, came manifestations of welcome. The men received us with cheers, the women with smiles and waving of handkerchiefs. That night we were permitted to go into camp and enjoy a good rest, in the midst of plenty and among friends.

On Saturday morning (27), much refreshed, with horses well fed and groomed, and haversacks replenished, the Fifth and Sixth moved on to Emmittsburg, the Seventh having gone through the Catoctin valley by another road.

On Sunday (28), the Fifth and Sixth, the former leading, moved by way of the Emmittsburg pike to Gettysburg. Thus it was that Gen. R. A. Alger had the honor of leading the first union troops into

the place that was so soon to give its name to one of the great historic and decisive battles of the age. It was a gala day. The people were out in force, and in their Sunday attire to welcome the troopers in blue. The church bells rang out a joyous peal, and dense masses of beaming faces filled the streets as the narrow column of fours threaded its way through their midst. Lines of men stood on either side with pails of water or apple butter; others held immense platters of bread. Ladies took the slices, covered them with apple butter, and passed a "sandwich" to each soldier as he passed. At intervals of a few feet were beavies of women and girls, who handed up bouquets and wreaths of flowers. By the time the centre of the town was reached, every man had a bunch of flowers in his hand, or a wreath around his neck. Some even had their horses decorated, and the one who did not get a share was a very modest trooper indeed. The people were overjoyed, and received us with an enthusiasm and hospitality born of full hearts.

Turning to the right, the command went into camp a little outside the town, in a field where the horses were up to their knees in clover, and it made the poor, famished animals fairly laugh. That night a squadron was sent out about two miles to picket on each diverging road. It was my duty, with a squadron, to guard the Cash-town pike, and a very vivid remembrance is yet retained of the "vigil long" of that July night, during which I did not once leave the saddle, dividing the time between the reserve post and the line of videttes. No enemy appeared, however, and, on Monday (29) the Michigan regiments returned to Emmittsburg, the First Cavalry Division coming up to take their place in Gettysburg. In this way it came to pass that heroic John Buford, instead of the Fifth and Sixth Michigan, had the honor of meeting the confederate advance on July first.

At Emmittsburg it was learned that many changes had occurred. Among them, Kilpatrick succeeded Stahel, and Custer was in place of Copeland. The Michigan Brigade had been strengthened by adding the First Michigan Cavalry, a veteran regiment that had seen much service in the Shenandoah valley under Banks, and in the second Bull Run campaign with Pope. It was organized in 1861, and went out under Col. T. F. Brodhead, a veteran of the Mexican war, who was brevetted for gallant conduct at Contreras and Churubusco, while serving as lieutenant in the Fifteenth United States Infantry. He

was mortally wounded August 30, 1861, at Bull Run. His successor was C. H. Town, who, at the time of which we are speaking, was Colonel of the regiment. He also was severely wounded in the same desperate charge wherein Brodhead lost his life. There had also been added to the Brigade Light Battery "M," Second United States artillery, consisting of six rifled pieces, and commanded by Lieut. A. C. M. Pennington.

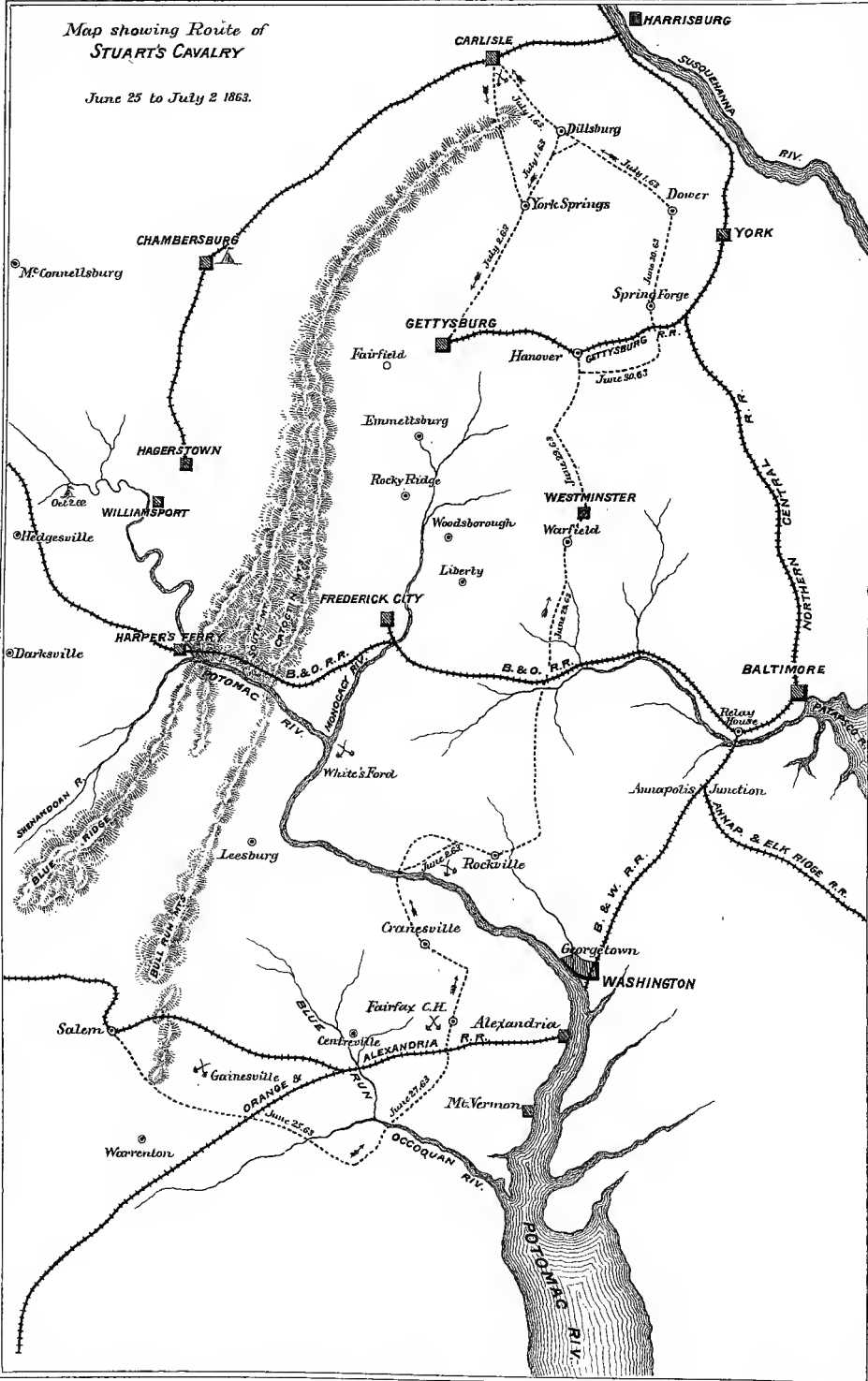
The Third Division was now ordered to concentrate in the vicinity of Littlestown, to head off Stuart, who, having made a detour around the rear of the Army of the Potomac, crossed the river below Edwards' Ferry on Sunday night, June 28, and, with three brigades under Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee and Chambliss, and a train of captured wagons, was moving northward, looking for the Army of Northern Virginia, between which and him was Meade's entire army. On Monday night he was in camp between Union Mills and Westminster, on the Emmitsburg and Baltimore pike, about equi-distant from Emmitsburg and Gettysburg. Kilpatrick at Littlestown was directly on Stuart's path, the direction of the latter's march indicating that he, too, was making for Littlestown, which place is on a direct line from Union Mills to Gettysburg.

On the morning of June 30, Kilpatrick's command, which had been scouting through the entire country east and southeast of Gettysburg, in search of Stuart's raiding column, was badly scattered. A part of it, including the First and Seventh Michigan and Pennington's Battery, was at Abbottstown, a few miles north of Hanover; Farnsworth's Brigade at Littlestown, seven miles southwest of Hanover. The Fifth and Sixth Michigan, after an all-night's march, also arrived at Littlestown at daylight. The early morning hours were consumed in scouring the country in all directions, and information soon came in to the effect that Stuart was headed for Hanover. Thither Farnsworth, with the First Brigade, went, leaving Littlestown about 9 or 10 A. M. The portion of the command that was in the vicinity of Abbottstown was also ordered to Hanover. The Fifth and Sixth Michigan were left for a time at Littlestown; Troop "A" of the Sixth, under Capt. Thompson, going on a reconnoissance toward Westminster, and Col. Alger with the Fifth on a separate road in a similar direction.

The Sixth remained in the town until a citizen came running in, about noon, reporting a large force about five miles out toward Hanover. This was Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade, and, to understand the situation, it will be necessary, briefly, to describe how Stuart was marching.

Map showing Route of
STUART'S CAVALRY

June 25 to July 2 1863.



When he turned off the Baltimore pike, some seven miles southeast of Littlestown, he had ten miles, due north, to travel, before reaching Hanover. From Littlestown to Hanover is seven miles, the road running northeasterly, making the third side of a right-angled triangle. Stuart thus had the longer distance to go, and Kilpatrick had no difficulty in reaching Hanover first. Stuart marched with Chambliss leading, Hampton in rear, the trains sandwiched between the two brigades, and Fitzhugh Lee well out on the left flank to protect them.

Farnsworth marched through Hanover, followed by the pack trains of the two regiments that had been left in Littlestown. The head of Stuart's column arrived just in time to strike the rear of Farnsworth, which was thrown into confusion by a charge of the leading confederate regiment. The pack trains were cut off and captured. Farnsworth, however, dashing back from the head of the column, faced the Fifth New York Cavalry to the rear, and, by a counter charge, repulsed the North Carolinians, and put a stop to Stuart's further progress for that day.

In the meantime, when the citizen came in with the news of Fitzhugh Lee's appearance, "To horse" was sounded, and Col. Gray led the Sixth Michigan on the Hanover road towards the point indicated. Several citizens, with shot guns in their hands, were seen going on foot on the flank of the column, trying to keep pace with the cavalry, and apparently eager to participate in the expected battle. When within a mile of Hanover, the regiment turned off into a wheat field, and, mounting a crest beyond, came upon Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade, with a section of artillery in position, which opened upon the head of the regiment (then moving in column of fours), with shell, wounding several men and horses. Lieut. Potter, of company "C," had his horse shot under him. Col. Gray, seeing that the force in front of him was preparing to charge, and aware that one raw regiment would be no match for a brigade of veteran troops, made a detour to the left, and sought by a rapid movement to unite with the command in Hanover, Maj. Weber, with one squadron, being entrusted with the important duty of holding the enemy in check while the other companies effected their retreat. Right gallantly was this duty performed. Three charges upon the little band were as often repulsed by the heroic Weber, and, with such determination did he hold to the work, that he was cut off and did not succeed in rejoining the regiment until about 3 o'clock next morning.

Col. Alger, with the Fifth and company "A" of the Sixth, also had a smart encounter with the same force, holding his own against much superior numbers, by the use of the Spencer repeating carbines, with which his regiment was armed.

Soon after noon, the entire regiment united in the village of Hanover, and a vigorous skirmishing was kept up until dark with Stuart's men, who had retired to a commanding position on the hills south of the town.

It was here that the Michigan Brigade first saw Custer, when he appeared mounted on his horse, riding close up to the line of skirmishers, who had been dismounted to fight on foot, giving orders in a tone that was resolute and, to us, reassuring.

Under his skillful hand the four regiments were soon welded together as a coherent unit, acting so like one man that the history of one is apt to be the history of the other, and it is often difficult to draw the line where the credit that is due to one leaves off and that which should be given to another begins.

The result of the day at Hanover was that Stuart was driven still further away from a junction with Lee. He was obliged to turn to the east, making a wide detour by way of Jefferson and Dover; Kilpatrick meanwhile maintaining his threatening attitude on the inside of the circle which the redoubtable confederate was traversing, forcing the latter to swing clear around to the north as far as Carlisle, where he received his first reliable information as to the whereabouts of Lee. It was the evening of July 2 when he finally reached the main army. The battle had been then going on for two days, and the issue was still in doubt. During that day (2) both Stuart and Kilpatrick were hastening to rejoin their respective armies, it having been decided that the great battle would be fought out around Gettysburg. Gregg's Division had been guarding the right flank of Meade's army on the ground where we now stand, but at nightfall it was withdrawn to a position on the Baltimore turnpike near the reserve artillery.

Kilpatrick reached the inside of the union lines in the vicinity of Gettysburg late in the afternoon, at about the same hour that Hampton, with Stuart's leading Brigade, arrived in Hunterstown, a few miles northeast of Gettysburg. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the Third Division, moving in column of fours, was halted temporarily, awaiting orders where to go in, and listening to the artillery firing close in front, when a staff officer of some infantry commander

rode rapidly along the flank of the column, crying out as he went, "Little Mac is in command and we are whipping them." It was a futile attempt to evoke enthusiasm and conjure victory with the magic of McClellan's name. There was scarcely a faint attempt to cheer. There was no longer any potency in a name. Soon thereafter, receiving orders to move out on the road to Abbottstown, Kilpatrick started in that direction, Custer's Brigade leading, with the Sixth Michigan in advance. When nearing the village of Hunterstown, on a road flanked by fences, the advance encountered a heavy force of confederate cavalry in position. A mounted line was formed across the road, while there were dismounted skirmishers behind the fences on either side. The leading squadron of the Sixth, led by Capt. H. E. Thompson, boldly charged down the road, and at the same time two squadrons were dismounted and deployed on the ridge to the right, Pennington's battery going into position in their rear. The mounted charge was a most gallant one, but Thompson, encountering an overwhelmingly superior force in front, and exposed to a galling fire on both flanks, as he charged past the confederates behind the fences, was driven back, but not before he himself had been severely wounded, while his first lieutenant, S. H. Ballard, had his horse shot under him and was left behind, a prisoner. As Thompson's Squadron was retiring, the enemy attempted a charge in pursuit, but the dismounted men on the right of the road kept up such a fusilade with their spencer carbines, aided by the rapid discharges from Pennington's Battery, that he was driven back in great confusion.

General Kilpatrick, speaking of this engagement in his official report, says:

"I was attacked by Stuart, Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee near Hunterstown. After a spirited affair of nearly two hours, the enemy was driven from this point with great loss. The Second Brigade fought most handsomely. It lost, in killed, wounded and missing, 32. The conduct of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry and Pennington's Battery is deserving of the highest praise."

On the other hand, General Hampton states that he received information of Kilpatrick's advance upon Hunterstown, and was directed by Stuart to return and meet it. "After some skirmishing, the enemy attempted a charge, which was met in front by the Cobb legion, and on either flank by the Phillips legion and the Second South Carolina Cavalry."

This position was held until eleven o'clock that night, when Kilpatrick received orders to move to Two Taverns, on the Baltimore pike, about five miles south-east of Gettysburg, and some three miles due south from this place. It was three o'clock in the morning (Kilpatrick says daylight) when Custer's Brigade went into bivouac at Two Taverns.

One of the most singular, not to say amusing, things in Colonel Brooke-Rawle's oration, is the statement that Custer, "after his fight with the confederate cavalry at Hunterstown, *spent the night of July 2* in bivouac with the rest of the Third Division at Two Taverns." Having had the honor to command the three companies of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry that were dismounted to the right of the road at Hunterstown, I remember distinctly that they were kept on that line until near midnight, when the Division moved away; and I also remember well the weary night march, which lasted until the first streaks of dawn had begun to appear in the east. It was then, and not till then, that Custer's men were permitted to stretch their limbs upon the ground and snatch a brief rest, preparatory for the work of the coming day. The manner in which the Sixth Michigan Cavalry "spent the night" is pretty indelibly photographed upon the memory of every survivor who served with it in the Gettysburg campaign; and never were the experiences of a single night less calculated to prepare soldiers for the tremendous duties of the succeeding day, than were those which the Michigan Brigade underwent on the night of July 2, 1863. From the time when the Fifth and Sixth regiments left Emmittsburg on the afternoon of June 29, they had hardly been given a moment for rest, and had been in motion for the most part by night as well as by day. It may be surmised, therefore, that Custer's men were not "fresh," if they were from "pastures green,"* when, early on the morning of July 3, they came upon this now historic ground, ready and willing to do their part in the great conflict that was impending.

The Second Division, which held this position on July 2, as has been seen, was withdrawn in the evening to the Baltimore pike, "to be available for whatever duty they might be called upon to perform on the morrow." On the morning of the third, Gregg was ordered to resume his position of the day before, but states in his report that the First and Third Brigades (McIntosh and Irvin Gregg) were posted on

* Col. Brooke-Rawle, referring to Custer's Brigade, employs this language.

the right of the infantry about three-fourths of a mile nearer the Baltimore and Gettysburg pike, because he learned that the Second Brigade (Custer's) of the Third Division was occupying his position of the day before.

General Kilpatrick in his report says:

"At 11 P. M. (July 2) received orders to move (from Hunterstown) to Two Taverns, which point we reached at daylight. At 8 A. M. (July 3) received orders from headquarters cavalry corps to move to the left of our line and attack the enemy's right and rear *with my whole command*, and the reserve brigade. By some mistake, General Custer's Brigade was ordered to report to General Gregg, and he (Custer) did not rejoin me during the day."

General Custer, in his report, gives the following, which is without doubt the true explanation of the "mistake." He says:

"At an early hour on the morning of the third, I received an order through a staff officer of the brigadier general commanding the Division (Kilpatrick) to move at once my command and follow the First Brigade (Farnsworth) on the road leading from Two Taverns to Gettysburg. Agreeably to the above instructions my column was formed and moved out on the road designated, when a staff officer of Brig. Gen. Gregg, commanding the Second Division, ordered me to take my command and place it in position on the pike leading from York* (Hanover) to Gettysburg, which position formed the extreme right of our line of battle on that day."

Thus it is made plain that there was no "mistake" about it. It was Gregg's prescience. He foresaw the risk of attempting to guard the right flank with only the two decimated brigades of his own division. Seeing with him was to act. He took the responsibility to intercept Kilpatrick's rear and largest brigade, turn it off the Baltimore pike to the right, instead of allowing it to go to the left as it had been ordered to do, and thus, doubtless, a serious disaster was averted. It makes us tremble to think of what might have been, of what inevitably must have happened, had Gregg, with only the two little Brigades of McIntosh and Irvin Gregg, and Randol's Battery, tried to cope single-handed with the four brigades and three batteries, comprising the very flower of the confederate cavalry and artillery, which those brave knights—Stuart, Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee—were marshaling in person on Cress' ridge. If Custer's presence on this field was opportune, and, as has often been said, providential, it is to Gen. D. McM. Gregg, to whom, under Providence, the credit for bringing him

* Custer in his report mistakes the York for the Hanover road.

here is due. Gregg was a great and a modest soldier, and to him let us pause a moment, before we enter upon a description of the coming battle, to pay the tribute of our admiration. In the light of all the official reports, put together link by link, so as to make one connected chain of evidence; we can see that the engagement which took place here almost 26 years ago was, from first to last, a well planned battle, in which the different commands were maneuvered and placed with the same sagacity displayed by a skillful chess player in moving the pawns upon a chess board; in which every detail was the fruit of the brain of one man, who, from the time when he turned Custer to the northward, until he sent the First Michigan thundering against the brigades of Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee, made not a single false move; who was distinguished not less for his intuitive foresight than for his quick perceptions at critical moments.

That man was Gen. D. McM. Gregg.

This conclusion has been reached by a mind not—certainly not—predisposed in that direction, after a careful, recent study and review of all the information within reach bearing upon that eventful day. If the Michigan Brigade won honors here that will not perish, it was to Gregg that it owed the opportunity, and his guiding hand it was that made its blows effective. We shall see how, later in the day, he again boldly took responsibility at a critical moment and held Custer to his work on the right, even after the latter had been ordered by higher authority than he (Gregg), to rejoin Kilpatrick, and after Custer had begun the movement.

Now, having admitted, and, I think, demonstrated, how Gregg did the planning, let us briefly show how Custer and his Brigade, for the greater part, at least, did the fighting.

Following the example of my predecessor in this field, I propose to halt and let Custer tell his own story up to a certain point, when the narrative will be resumed:

“Upon arriving at the point designated, I immediately placed my command in position, facing toward Gettysburg. At the same time I caused reconnoissances to be made on my front, right and rear, but failed to discover any considerable force of the enemy. Everything remained quiet until 10 A. M., when the enemy appeared on my right flank and opened upon me with a battery of six guns. Leaving two guns and a regiment to hold my first position and cover the road leading to Gettysburg, I shifted the remaining portion of my command, forming a new line of battle, at right angles to my former position.

The enemy had obtained correct range of my new position, and was pouring solid shot and shell into my command with great accuracy. Placing two sections of Battery "M," Second regular artillery, in position, I ordered them to silence the enemy's battery, which order, notwithstanding the superiority of the enemy's position, was done in a very short space of time. My line, as it then existed, was shaped like the letter L. The shorter branch, formed of one section of Battery "M" (Clark's), supported by four squadrons of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, faced toward Gettysburg, covering the pike; the long branch, composed of the two remaining sections of Battery "M," supported by a portion of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry on the left, and the First Michigan Cavalry on the right—with the Seventh Michigan Cavalry still further to the right and in advance—was held in readiness to repel any attack on the Oxford (Low Dutch) road. The Fifth Michigan was dismounted and ordered to take position in front of my center and left. The First Michigan was held in column of squadrons to observe the movements of the enemy. I ordered fifty men to be sent one mile and a half on the Oxford* (Low Dutch) road, and a detachment of equal size on the York (Hanover) road, both detachments being under command of the gallant Major Weber, who, from time to time, kept me so well informed of the movements of the enemy, that I was enabled to make my dispositions with complete success."

General Custer says farther, that, at 12 o'clock, he received an order directing him, on being relieved by a brigade of the Second Division, to move to the left and form a junction with Kilpatrick; that on the arrival of Colonel McIntosh's brigade he prepared to execute the order; but, to quote his own language: "Before I had left my position, Brig. Gen. Gregg, commanding the Second Division, arrived with his entire command. Learning the true condition of affairs and rightly conjecturing that the enemy was making his dispositions for vigorously attacking our position, Brig. Gen. Gregg ordered me to remain in the position I then occupied."

I have given so much space to these quotations because they cover a controverted point. It has been claimed, and General Gregg seems to countenance that view, that Custer was withdrawn, and that McIntosh, who was put in his place, opened the fight, after which Gregg brought Custer back to reinforce McIntosh. So far from this being true, it is just the reverse of the truth. Custer did not leave his position. The battle opened before the proposed change had taken place, and McIntosh was hurried in on the right of Custer.

* General Custer in his report erroneously speaks of the Hanover as the "York" road, and the Low Dutch as the "Oxford" road.

The fact is, the latter was reluctant to leave his post — knew he ought not to leave it. He had already been attacked by a fire from the artillery in position beyond the Rummel buildings. Major Weber, who was out on the cross road leading northwest from the Low Dutch road, had observed the movement of Stuart's column, headed by Chambliss and Jenkins, past the Stallsmith farm to the wooded crest behind Rummel's, and had reported it to Custer. Custer did indeed begin the movement. A portion of the Sixth Michigan, and possibly of the Seventh, had been withdrawn, when he met Gregg coming on the field and explained to him the situation — that the enemy was "all around," and preparing to "push things." Gregg told him to remain where he was, and that portion of the brigade which was moving away halted, countermarched, and re-occupied its former position. The Fifth Michigan had not been withdrawn from the skirmish line, and Pennington's guns had never ceased to thunder their responses to the confederate challenge.

Col. Brooke-Rawle unwittingly endorses this view of the case; for, after having said in one part of his oration that "as soon as Custer, with his Brigade, had moved off for the purpose of joining Kilpatrick near Round Top," he, later on, goes on to say that "the confederate battery now opened fire, and Pennington, who was *still in position* near the Spangler house, replied with promptness." It is absurd to suppose that Custer, "with his Brigade," could be on the way to join Kilpatrick, while Pennington was "still in position," replying to the confederate artillery. Battery "M" was as much a part of the Second Brigade, Third Division, as was the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, and Custer could not have been marching away, leaving Pennington "still in position." No one claims that he was ordered to go with his Cavalry only. Gen. Gregg does not so state. There is then no room for any other conclusion than that Custer was to go, with his entire command, including the artillery. Pennington did not go — Col. Rawle says he did not. No more did Col. Alger or Col. Town. The Sixth and Seventh moved a few rods away, but immediately returned before their position had been occupied by other troops. McIntosh was not in position on the right when the battle opened; for, according to the same authority still, after Pennington's reply to the confederate battery, McIntosh had to send back for Randol's guns, which were not yet up. By Col. Rawle's account, Pennington was playing a queer part — holding his position at the Spangler house without orders and without support,

while his own Brigade was marching away to Round Top. Custer, too, must be assumed to have overlooked the fact that he had a battery in his command, and to have gone off, leaving Pennington to decide for himself whether to remain and fight it out, or to limber to the rear in his own good time, and catch up with the cavalry by galloping across country, when the necessity for so doing should have been determined by his own sweet will.*

Custer says that the enemy opened upon him with a battery of six guns at 10 A. M. Stuart, on the contrary, claims to have left Gettysburg about noon. It is difficult to reconcile these two statements. A good deal of latitude may be given to the word "about," but it is probable that the one puts the hour too early, while the other does not give it early enough; for it is impossible that Custer could have been attacked until after the arrival of some portion of Stuart's command in the neighborhood of the battle field.

As stated before, the official reports are often meagre, if not misleading, and must be reinforced by the memoranda and recollections of participants before the exact truth will be known.

Major Charles E. Storrs, who commanded a squadron of the Sixth Michigan, was sent out to the left and front of Custer's position soon after the brigade arrived upon the ground. He remained there several hours and was recalled about noon—he is positive it was later than 12 M.—to take position with the companies on the left of the battery. He states that the first shot was not fired till some time after his recall, and he is sure it was not earlier than 2 o'clock.†

When Stuart left Gettysburg, as he says, about noon, he took with him Chambliss' and Jenkins' Brigades of cavalry and Griffin's Battery. Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee were to follow; also, Breathed's and McGregor's Batteries, as soon as the latter had replenished their ammunition chests. Stuart moved two and a half miles out on the York turnpike, when he turned to the right by a country road that runs southeasterly past the Stallsmith farm. (This road intersects the Low Dutch road, about three-fourths of a mile from where the latter crosses the Hanover pike.) Turning off from this road to the right, Stuart posted the brigades of Jenkins and Chambliss, and Griffin's bat-

*Since the delivery of this address I have received a letter from Gen. D. McM. Gregg in which, after mentioning that he has read it, he says: "There is no conflict between your recollection and mine as to the events of that day."—J. H. K.

†Since writing the above a possible solution of this difficulty has come to my mind. It is this: That Gen. Custer originally wrote "1 o'clock" and that in copying his report the "1" and the "o" were mistaken for "10" and "o'clock" added.

tery, on the commanding Cress' ridge, beyond Rummel's, and more than a mile from the position occupied by Custer. This movement was noticed by Maj. Weber, who, with his detachment of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, was stationed in the woods northeast of Rummel's, where he could look out upon the open country beyond, and he promptly reported the fact to Custer.

The first shot that was fired came from near the edge of the woods beyond Rummel's. According to Maj. McClellan, who was assistant adjutant general on Stuart's staff, this was from a section of Griffin's Battery, and was aimed at random by Stuart himself, he not knowing whether there was anything in his front or not. Several shots were fired in this way.

Maj. McClellan is doubtless right in this, that these shots were fired as feelers; but it is to me inconceivable that Stuart should have been totally unaware of the presence of any federal force in his immediate front; that he should not have known that there was stationed on the opposite ridge a brigade of cavalry and a battery. Gregg had been there the day before, and Stuart must at least have suspected, if he did not know, that he would find him there again. It is probable that he fired the shots in the hope of drawing out and developing the force that he knew was there, to ascertain how formidable it might be and how great the obstacle in the way of his further progress towards the rear of the union lines.

The information he sought was promptly furnished.

It was then that Custer put Pennington's Battery in position; and the three sections of rifled cannon opened with a fire so fast and accurate that Griffin was speedily silenced and compelled to leave the field.

Then there was a lull. I cannot say how long it lasted, but during its continuance Gen. Gregg arrived and took command in person. About this time, also, it is safe to say, that Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee came up and took position on the left of Chambliss and Jenkins. The confederate line then extended clear across the federal front, and was screened by the two patches of woods between Rummel's and the Stallsmith farm.

A battalion of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, of which mine was the leading squadron, was placed in support and on the left of Pennington's Battery. This formed, at first, the short line of the L referred to in Custer's report; but it was subsequently moved farther

to the right and faced in the same general direction as the rest of the line, where it remained until the battle ended. Its duty there was to repel any attempt that might be made to capture the battery.

The ground upon which these squadrons were stationed overlooked the plain, and the slightest demonstration in open ground from either side was immediately discernable. From this vantage ground it was possible to see every phase of the magnificent contest that followed. It was like a spectacle, arranged for us to see. We were in the position of spectators at joust or tournament, where the knights, advancing from their respective sides, charge full tilt upon each other in the middle of the field.

The lull of which I have spoken was like the calm that precedes the storm. The troopers were dismounted, standing "in place rest" in front of their horses, when suddenly there burst upon the air the sound of that terrific cannonading that preceded Pickett's charge. The earth quaked. The tremendous volume of sound volleyed and rolled across the intervening hills like reverberating thunder in a storm.

It was then between 1 and 2 p. m. (Major Storrs says after 2). It was not long thereafter when Gen. Custer directed Col. Alger to advance and engage the enemy. The Fifth Michigan, its flanks protected by a portion of the Sixth Michigan on the left, by McIntosh's Brigade on the right, moved briskly forward under its gallant and zealous commander towards the wooded screen, behind which the enemy was known to be concealed. In this movement the right of regiment was swung well forward, the left somewhat "refused," so that Col. Alger's line was very nearly at right angles with the left of Stuart's position. As the Fifth Michigan advanced from field to field and fence to fence, a line of gray came out from behind the Rummel buildings and the woods beyond.

A stubborn and spirited contest ensued. The opposing batteries filled the air with shot and shrieking shell. Amazing marksmanship was shown by Pennington's Battery, and such accurate artillery firing was never seen on any other field. Alger's men, with their eight-shotted carbines, forced their adversaries slowly but surely back, the gray line fighting well, and superior in numbers, but unable to withstand the storm of bullets. It made a final stand behind the strong line of fences in front of Rummel's and a few hundred yards out from the foot of the slope whereon Stuart's reserves were posted.

While the fight was raging on the plain, Weber, with his outpost, was driven in. His two companies were added to the four already stationed on the left of Pennington's Battery. Weber, who had been promoted to Major but a few days before, was ordered by Col. Gray to assume command of the battalion. As he took his place in front of the leading squadron he said: "I have seen thousands of rebels over yonder," pointing to the front; "The country over there is full of them." He had observed all of Stuart's movements, and it was he who gave Custer the first important information as to what the enemy was doing; which information was transmitted to Gregg, and possibly had a determining influence in keeping Custer on the field.

Weber was a born soldier. Although but 22 years of age, he had seen much service. A private in the Third Michigan Infantry in '61, he was next battalion adjutant of the Second Michigan Cavalry, served on the staff of Gen. Elliott in the south-west, and came home with Alger to take a troop in the Sixth Cavalry in '62. The valuable service performed by him at Gettysburg was fitly recognized by Custer in his official report. He was killed 10 days later at Falling Waters, while leading his squadron of the Sixth Michigan in a charge which was described by Kilpatrick as the "most gallant ever made." Anticipating a spirited fight, he was eager to have a part in it. "Bob," he said to me a few days before while marching through Maryland, "I want a chance to make one sabre charge." He thought the time had come. His eye flashed and his face flushed as he watched the progress of the fight, fretting and chafing to be held in reserve while the bugle was summoning others to the charge.

But the Fifth Michigan, holding the most advanced position, suffered greatly, Hampton having reinforced the confederate line, Maj. N. H. Ferry being among the killed. Repeating rifles are not only effective but wasteful weapons as well and, at last, Col. Alger, finding that his ammunition had given out, felt compelled to retire his regiment and seek his horses. Seeing this, the enemy's line sprang forward with a yell. The union line was seen to yield. The puffs of smoke from the muzzles of their guns had almost ceased. It was plain that they were out of ammunition and, for that reason, unable to maintain the contest longer. On from field to field, the line of gray followed in exultant pursuit. Breasted and McGregor opened with redoubled violence. Shells dropped and exploded among the skirmishers, while thicker and faster they fell around the position of the reserves on the ridge. Pen-

nington replied with astonishing effect, for every shot hit the mark, and the opposing artillerists were unable to silence a single union gun. But still they came, until it seemed that nothing could stop their victorious career. "Men, be ready," said Weber; "we will have to charge that line." But the course of the pursuit took it towards the right, in the direction of Randol's battery, where Chester was serving out canister with the same liberal hand displayed by Pennington's lieutenants, Clark, Woodruff and Hamilton.

Just then a column of mounted men was seen advancing from our right and rear, squadron succeeding squadron, until an entire regiment came into view, with sabres gleaming and colors gaily fluttering in the breeze. It was the Seventh Michigan, commanded by Col. Mann. Gregg, seeing the necessity for prompt action, had ordered it to charge. As it moved forward and cleared the battery, Custer drew his sabre, placed himself in front, and shouted, "Come on, you Wolverines!" The Seventh dashed into the open field and rode straight at the dismounted line, which, staggered by the appearance of this new foe, broke to the rear and ran for its reserves. Custer led the charge half way across the plain, then turned to the left; but the gallant regiment swept on under its own leaders, riding down and capturing many prisoners.

There was no check to the charge. The squadrons kept on in good form. Every man yelled at the top of his voice until the regiment had gone, probably, 1,000 yards straight toward the confederate batteries, when, by some error of the guide of the leading squadron, the head of column was deflected to the left, making a quarter turn, and the regiment was hurled headlong against a post-and-rail fence that ran obliquely in front of the Rummel barn. This proved for the moment an impassible barrier. The squadrons coming up successively at a charge, rushed pell mell upon each other and were thrown into a state of indescribable confusion; though the rear companies, without order or orders, formed left and right front into line along the fence and pluckily began firing across it into the faces of the confederates, who, when they saw the impetuous onset of the Seventh thus abruptly checked, rallied and began to collect in swarms upon the opposite side. Some of the officers leaped from their saddles and called upon the men to assist in making an opening. Among these were Col. George G. Briggs, then adjutant, and Capt. H. N. Moore. The task was a difficult and hazardous one, the posts and rails being so firmly united

that it could be accomplished only by lifting the posts, which were deeply set, and removing several lengths at once. This was finally done, however, though the regiment was exposed, not only to a fire from the force in front, but to a flanking fire from a strong skirmish line along a fence to the right and running nearly at right-angles with the one through which it was trying to pass.

While this was going on, Briggs' horse was shot and he found himself on foot, with three confederate prisoners on his hands. With these he started to the rear, having no remount. Before he could reach a place of safety the rush of charging squadrons from either side had intercepted his retreat. In the melee that followed, two of his men ran away; the other undertook the duty of escorting his captor back to the confederate lines. The experiment cost him his life, but the plucky adjutant, although he did not run away, lived to fight again on many another day.

In the meantime, through the passage way thus effected, the regiment moved forward, the centre squadron leading, and resumed the charge. The confederates once more fell back before it. The charge was continued across a plowed field to the front and right, up to and past Rummel's, to a point within 200 or 300 yards of the confederate battery. There another fence was encountered, the last one in the way of reaching the battery, the guns of which were pouring canister into the charging column as fast as they could fire. Two men, privates Powers and Inglede, of Capt. Moore's company, leaped this fence and passed several rods beyond. Powers came back without a scratch, but Inglede was severely wounded. These two men were certainly within 200 yards of the enemy's cannon.

But seeing that the enemy to the right had thrown down the fences, and were forming a column for a charge, the companies of the Seventh fell back through the opening in the fence. Capt. Moore, in whose company sixteen horses had been killed, retired slowly, endeavoring to cover the retreat of his dismounted men, but, taking the wrong direction, came to the fence one hundred yards above the opening, just as the enemy's charging column struck him. Glancing over his shoulder, he caught the gleam of a sabre thrust from the arm of a sturdy confederate. He ducked to avoid the blow, but received the point on the back of his head. At the same time a pistol ball crashed through his charger's brain and the horse went down, Moore's leg under him. An instant later Moore avenged his steed with the

last shot in his revolver, and the confederate fell dead at his side. Some dismounted men of the Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry took Moore prisoner and escorted him back in the rear of their Battery, from which position, during the excitement that followed, he made his escape.

But now Alger, who, when his ammunition gave out, hastened to his horses, had succeeded in mounting one battalion, commanded by Maj. L. S. Trowbridge; and when the Ninth and Thirteenth Virginia struck the flank of the Seventh Michigan, he ordered that officer to charge and meet this new danger. Trowbridge and his men dashed forward with a cheer, and the enemy in their turn were put to flight. Past the Rummel buildings, through the fields, almost to the fence where Moore had halted, Trowbridge kept on; but he, too, was obliged to retire before the destructive fire of the confederate cannon, which did not cease to belch forth destruction upon every detachment of the union Cavalry that approached near enough to threaten them. The Major's horse was killed, but his orderly was close at hand with another and he escaped. When his battalion was retiring, it also was assailed in flank by a mounted charge of the First Virginia Cavalry, which was met and driven back by the other battalion of the Fifth Michigan, led by Col. Alger.

Then, as it seemed, the two belligerent forces paused to get their second breath. Up to that time the battle had raged with varying fortune. Victory, that appeared about to perch first on one banner and then on the other, held aloof, as if disdaining to favor either. The odds, indeed, had been rather with the confederates than against them, for Stuart managed to outnumber his adversary at every critical point, though Gregg forced the fighting, putting Stuart on his defense and checkmating his plan to fight an offensive battle. But the wily confederate had kept his two choicest Brigades in reserve for the supreme moment, intending then to throw them into the contest and sweep the field with one grand, resistless charge.

All felt that the time for this effort had come, when a body of mounted men began to emerge from the woods and form column to the left as they debouched in the open field. Squadron after squadron, regiment after regiment, orderly as if on parade, came into view, and successively took their places.

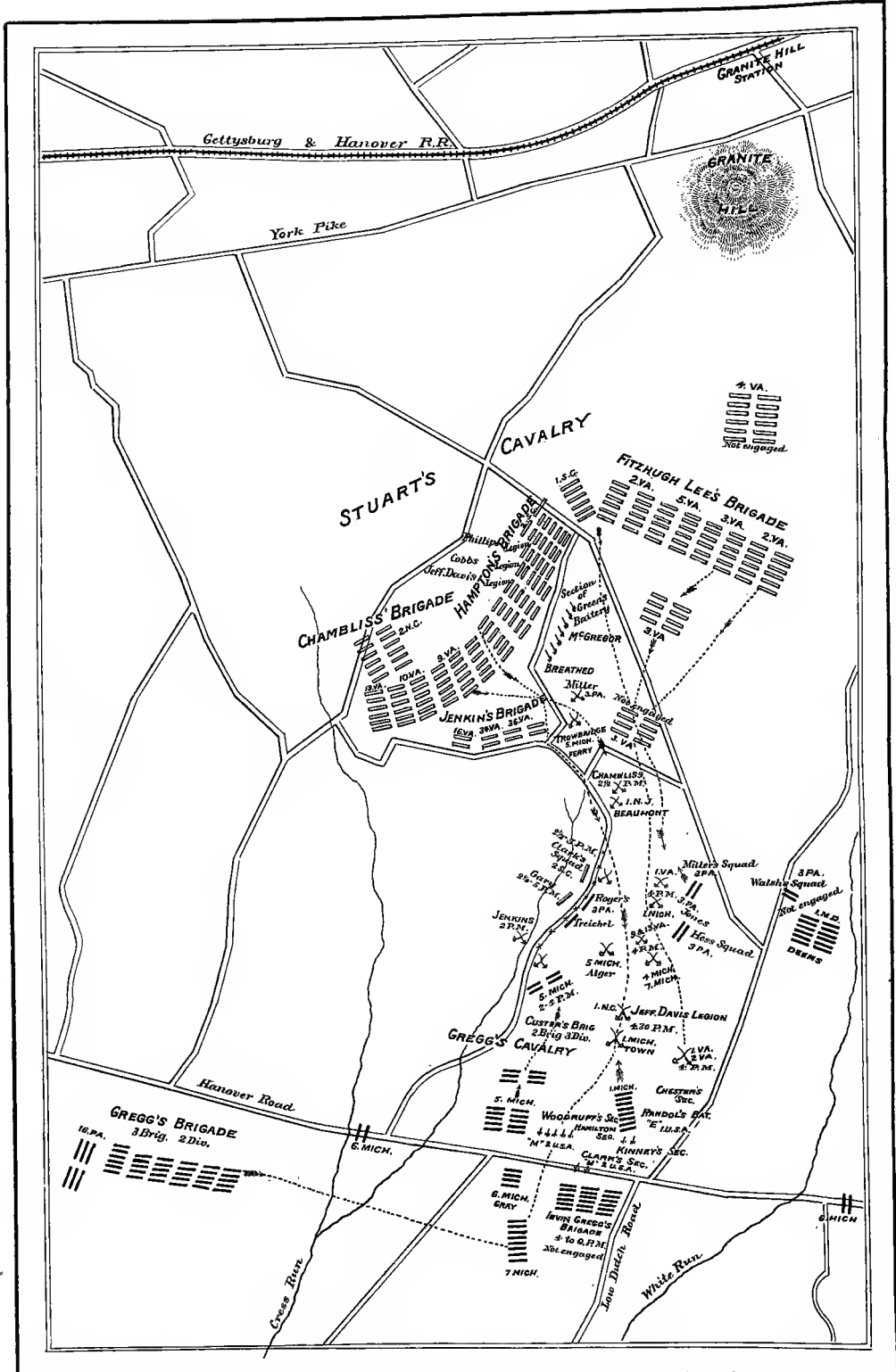
Then Pennington opened with all his guns. Six rifled pieces, as fast as they could fire, rained shot and shell into that fated column.

The effect was deadly. Great gaps were torn in that mass of mounted men, but the rents were quickly closed. Men and horses were shot away, but others took their places. Then they were ready. Confederate chroniclers tell us there were two brigades — eight regiments, under their own favorite leaders. In the van floated a stand of colors. It was the battle-flag of Wade Hampton, who, with Fitzhugh Lee, was leading the assaulting column. In superb form, with sabres glistening, they advanced. The men on foot gave way to let them pass. It was an inspiring and imposing spectacle, that brought a murmur of admiration from the spectators on the opposite ridge. Pennington double-shotted his guns with canister, and the head of the column staggered under each murderous discharge. But still it advanced, led on by an imperturbable spirit that no storm of war could cow.¹⁴

Meantime Alger, with his Fifth, had drawn aside a little to the left, making ready to spring. McIntosh's Squadrons were in the edge of the opposite woods. The Seventh was sullenly retiring, with faces to the foe. On and on, nearer and nearer, came the assaulting column, charging straight for Randol's Battery. The storm of canister caused them to waver a little, but that was all. A few moments would bring them among Chester's guns, who, like Pennington's lieutenants, was still firing with frightful regularity as fast as he could load. Then Gregg rode over to the First Michigan and directed Town to charge. Custer dashed up with similar instructions, and, as Town ordered sabres to be drawn, placed himself by his side, in front of the leading squadron.

With ranks well closed, with guidons flying and bugle sounding, the grand old regiment of veterans, led by Town and Custer, moved forward to meet that host, outnumbering it three to one; first at a trot, then the command to charge rang out, and, with gleaming sabre and flashing pistol, Town and his heroes were hurled right in the teeth of Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee. Alger, who with the Fifth had been waiting for the right moment, charged in on the right flank of the column as it passed, and some of McIntosh's Squadrons did on its left. One company of the Seventh, under Lieut. Dan Littlefield, also joined in the charge.

Then it was steel to steel and Greek met Greek. For minutes — and for minutes that seemed like years — the gray column stood and staggered before the blow; then yielded and fled. Alger and



Colvert Lith. Co. Delmit

Map of the Field of Operations of Gregg's (Union) and Stewart's (Confederate) Cavalry at the BATTLE of GETTYSBURG July 3 1863. 2 to 5 P.M.

McIntosh had pierced its flanks, but Town's impetuous charge in front went through it like a wedge, splitting it in twain and scattering the confederate horsemen in disorderly rout back to the woods from whence they came.

During this last melee the brazen lips of the cannon were dumb. It was a fierce hand to hand encounter between the Michigan men and the flower of the Southern Cavaliers, led by their favorite commanders, in which the latter were worsted.

Stuart retreated to his stronghold, leaving the union forces in possession of the field.

The rally sounded, the lines were reformed, the wounded cared for, and everything made ready for a renewal of the conflict. But the charge of the First Michigan ended the Cavalry fighting on the right at Gettysburg. Military critics have pronounced it the finest charge made during the war.

It was a famous fight and a bloody one. Custer's Brigade lost one officer and 28 men killed, 11 officers and 112 men wounded, 67 men missing; total loss, 219. Gregg's Division lost one man killed, seven officers and 19 men wounded, eight men missing; total, 35. In other words, while Gregg's Division, two brigades, lost 35, Custer's single Brigade suffered a loss of 219. These figures apply only to the fight on July 3.

I find from the official records that the Brigade during the three days, July 1, 2 and 3, lost one officer and 13 men killed, 13 officers and 134 men wounded, 78 men missing; total, 257. It is difficult, however, to get the full figures, for regimental commanders did not make their reports on the same basis. The above compilation gives the Sixth Michigan only one man missing—a manifest absurdity, unless "missing" is construed to mean those, only, who could be accounted for in no other way. This rule, evidently, all did not follow. Had the Sixth Michigan been given its proper credit for "missing in action," the total loss would be still greater than it appears from the figures given.

The operations of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade in the Gettysburg campaign properly began at Gettysburg June 28, and ended at Falling Waters July 14, or perhaps a little later, when the pursuit of Lee beyond the river ceased. Any sketch that does not cover that entire period, will fall short of doing justice to Custer and his command. But, to pursue the subject further at this time, would be

to violate the proprieties and abuse the patience of my hearers, if, indeed, I have not done so already. I would like to go on and speak of the pursuit on July 4; of the midnight battle in the mountains at Monterey; of the fight at Boonesborough, and the bloody affairs at Hagarstown, Williamsport and Falling Waters; to tell the story of the death of Weber and Jewett, of Royce, Bolza, Elliott, McElhenny and Snyder, and all the noble men who fell with them during those last few eventful days. But this must be done, if at all, on some future occasion. Suffice it to say that during the period named the Brigade lost thirty officers killed and wounded, whose names are here given:

KILLED.

First Michigan—Capt. W. R. Elliott, Capt. C. J. Snyder, Lieut. J. S. McElhenny—3.

Fifth Michigan—Major N. H. Ferry—1.

Sixth Michigan—Major P. A. Weber, Capt. D. G. Royce, Lieut. C. E. Bolza, Adjutant A. C. Jewett—4.

WOUNDED.

First Michigan—Capt. D. W. Clemmer, Lieut. E. F. Bicker, Capt. A. W. Duggan, Capt. H. E. Hascall, Capt. W. M. Heazlett, Capt. G. R. Maxwell, Lieut. R. N. VanAtter—7.

Fifth Michigan—Col. R. A. Alger, Lieut.-Col. E. Gould, Lieut. T. J. Dean, Lieut. G. N. Dutcher—4.

Sixth Michigan—Lieut. G. W. Crawford, Capt. H. E. Thompson, Capt. J. H. Kidd, Lieut. E. Potter, Lieut. S. Shipman—5.

Seventh Michigan—Lieut. J. G. Birney, Lieut. J. L. Carpenter, Lieut. E. Gray, Lieut. C. Griffith, Capt. Alex. Walker—5.

It has not been possible for me to obtain a list of the men killed and wounded for that particular period. The record, however, shows that the four regiments during their entire time of service, lost 23 officers and 328 men killed; 8 officers and 111 men died of wounds; 9 officers and 991 men died of disease; a grand total of 1,470 men, who gave up their lives during those four awful years. This does not include those who have died since the war from the effects of wounds and sickness, imprisonment and privations incurred while in the line of duty.

Col. Fox's history of the casualties in the war shows that there were 260 Cavalry Regiments in the Union service during the war of the Rebellion. Of these, the First Michigan lost the largest number of men killed in action of all, with one exception — the First Maine. In percentage of killed, in proportion to the number of men engaged, the Fifth and Sixth Michigan rank all the rest, not excepting the two first named; and it must be remembered that the Fifth and Sixth went out in '62, and did their first fighting in the campaign which we have now been considering. They also stood third and fourth respectively, in the number killed, being ranked in that respect by the First Maine and First Michigan alone.

Comrades: This is a record to be proud of. No man will ever blush to own that he was one of Custer's Michigan Troopers. Their record is written in history, where it will have a permanent as well as an honorable place. As we stand here to-day, within the shadow of the beautiful monument erected to commemorate the courage and patriotism of the men whose fortitude helped to save the union right, let us renew our fealty to the cause for which they fought, and resolve that in the years that are left to us we will be loyal to ourselves, true to the manhood that was here put to the proof — true as were those noble dead who gave their lives for the union.

Letters of Regret.

Vice-President Morton,

RHINECLIFE, N. Y., May 31, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I regret that previous engagements deprive me of the pleasure of accepting the invitation with which you have honored me to be present on the occasion of the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, on the 12th of June next, in honor of the brave sons of your State who fell on that historic field.

His Excellency,

CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan.

Very faithfully yours,

LEVI P. MORTON.

Secretary of the Treasury.

{ TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1889.

The Secretary of the Treasury acknowledges the courtesy of the invitation of the Governor of Michigan, to be present on June 12th, at the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, and regrets that the requirements of his official duties will prevent his attendance on that interesting occasion.

Secretary of the Navy.

{ NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
MAY 31, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have your kind invitation to be present at the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan at Gettysburg, and regret that on account of official engagements it will be impossible for me to attend.

HON. CYRUS LUCE,
Governor of Michigan,
Lansing, Mich.

Very truly yours,*
B. F. TRACY.

Secretary of the Interior.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, MAY 28, 1889.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge your invitation to be present at the dedication, on June 12th next, of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg. As a soldier of the late war I am most deeply interested in the commemoration of a great and historic battle, and of the citizen-soldiers who fell upon its field, and I sincerely regret that the many demands upon my time will not permit me to join in the exercises on this most impressive occasion.

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan,
Lansing, Mich.

Yours truly,
JOHN W. NOBLE.

Mr. Justice Bradley.

WASHINGTON, MAY 28, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge your courtesy in inviting me to attend the dedication of the monuments at Gettysburg—erected to the memory of soldiers of Michigan, who fell there,—to take place on the 12th of June. I regret to say that I shall be entirely unable to be present on that interesting occasion. With thanks, however, for the honor done me by the invitation, I am dear sir,

His Excellency,
GOVERNOR LUCE.

Yours very truly,
JOSEPH P. BRADLEY.

Mr. Justice Blatchford.

165 WEST 58TH ST., NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to thank you for your courteous invitation to attend the dedication of the Michigan Gettysburg Monuments, and to express my regret I will be unable to be present.

His Excellency,
CYRUS G. LUCE.

Very truly yours,
SAMUEL BLATCHFORD.

Senator Charles F. Manderson.

{ UNITED STATES SENATE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
JUNE 7, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of cards of invitation to be present at the ceremonies attendant upon the dedication of the monuments erected by Michigan to the memory of her patriotic dead who sleep at Gettysburg. It would assuredly afford me great satisfaction to be with you on the 12th of June inst., but my prior engagements are such that I will not be able to attend. Thanking you kindly for your consideration, I remain

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Lansing, Mich.

Truly yours,
CHAS. F. MANDERSON.

Gen. W. T. Sherman.

75 WEST 71ST ST., NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—Returning to the city this evening after a brief absence in Philadelphia, I find, on my desk, the printed invitation signed by yourself, to the dedication of the monuments erected by your goodly State in honor of her brave sons on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, June 12, 1889.

It is a matter of deep regret with me that the date of these exercises conflict with that of the Graduation exercises at West Point Military Academy, to which I have long been committed, and in consequence of which I must forego the joining with you in that inspiring service.

Please accept for yourself and comrades my cordial thanks for their kind remembrance,

Faithfully yours,

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Lansing, Mich.

W. T. SHERMAN,
General.

Admiral Porter.

{ OFFICE OF THE ADMIRAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
MAY 31, 1889.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your polite invitation to attend the dedicatory services, on the 12th of June next, on the occasion of the erection, by the State of Michigan, of the monuments on the Field of Gettysburg, in honor of her brave sons who fell there.

If it is possible for me to be at Gettysburg at the time stated, I shall be most happy to avail myself of your invitation. I have the honor to be,

His Excellency, Very respectfully,

CYRUS G. LUCE, Your obedient servant,

Governor of Michigan. DAVID D. PORTER, Admiral.

Major-General John Pope, U. S. A.

3112 LACLEDE AVE., ST. LOUIS, JUNE 1, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of May 23rd, conveying an invitation to me to attend the dedication of the monuments to the Michigan Soldiers who lie buried on the Field of Gettysburg, and I beg you to accept my thanks for the honor you have done me. I regret, however, that the condition of my health will altogether prevent me from being present on an occasion so full of sorrowful interest. I am very certain that my enforced absence will occasion me far more regret than can be felt by anyone else.

With sincere assurances of my sympathy, I am very truly

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE, Your obedient servant,

Lansing, Mich.

JOHN POPE, Major-Gen'l, U. S. A.

Major-General J. M. Schofield.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 31, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—Your cordial invitation to be present at the dedicatory services of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, at Gettysburg, in honor of her brave sons who fell there, to take place June 12th, is received.

I regret very much that my official duties will prevent my being present on that occasion.

Very truly yours,

His Excellency,

J. M. SCHOFIELD.

CYRUS G. LUCE, Governor of Michigan,
Lansing, Mich.

General John R. Brooke.

{ HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE PLATTE,
OMAHA, NEB., JUNE 1, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your invitation to be present at the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, June 12th, 1889, and regret exceedingly that the pressure of my official duties here will prevent my being present on that occasion.

GOV. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Lansing, Mich.

Yours very truly,

JOHN R. BROOKE, Brigadier-Gen'l.

General W. Merritt.

{ HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI,
FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, JUNE 3, 1889

DEAR SIR:—Accept my most cordial thanks for the honor done me in the invitation to be present at the dedication of the monuments to the dead of the Michigan regiments who fell at Gettysburg. With great respect,

To His Excellency,

W. MERRITT,

CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan.

Brigadier-General, U. S. A.

General John Gibbon.

{ HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE COLUMBIA,
VANCOUVER BARRACKS, W. T. JUNE 4, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I have to regret my inability to be present in response to your invitation received yesterday, on the Field of Gettysburg, on the 12th inst, to assist in the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, in honor of her soldiers who fell in that battle. Thanking you for the invitation, I am, Governor,

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan,

Very truly yours,

JOHN GIBBON.

Lansing, Mich.

General J. C. Kelton.

{ WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, MAY 21, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—With many thanks for the courtesy extended, I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation sent me to attend the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan at Gettysburg.

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan.

Very truly yours,
J. C. KELTON,
Col. and Ass't Adjutant-Gen'l.

General Wm. B. Rochester.

WASHINGTON CITY, JUNE 1, 1889.

General William B. Rochester has the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's polite invitation to be present at the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, in honor of her sons who fell at Gettysburg, on the 12th instant, and to express his regret that other engagements will make it impracticable for him to be present on that occasion.

To His Excellency, CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan, Lansing, Mich.

General J. Mills Browne.

{ NAVY DEP'T, BUREAU OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY,
WASHINGTON, JUNE 3, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend, on the 12th instant, the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, and I have to regret my inability to be present. Gratefully recognizing your courtesy, I am very respectfully,

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan.

Your obedient servant,
J. MILLS BROWNE,
Surgeon-General, U. S. A.

Colonel John M. Wilson.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 5, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I am greatly indebted to you for your courtesy in forwarding to me an invitation to the services incident to the Michigan monuments, shortly to take place at Gettysburg.

I wish that it were in my power to pay my personal tribute of respect to the noble men from your State, who took part in that action.

COL. FRED. E. FARNSWORTH,
Detroit, Mich.

Very truly yours,
JOHN M. WILSON, Col. U. S. A.

General O. M. Poe.

DETROIT, MICH., JUNE 6, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor of acknowledging the receipt, through you, of an invitation of the Governor of Michigan, to attend the dedicatory services at the unveiling of the monuments to the memory of the Michigan soldiers who fell at the Battle of Gettysburg.

I regret that owing to the pressure of official business upon the date fixed for these ceremonies, it will not be possible for me to avail myself of this great courtesy.

COL. FRED. E. FARNSWORTH,

Sincerely yours,

Detroit, Mich.

O. M. POE.

Colonel H. M. Black.

FORT WAYNE, DETROIT, MICH., JUNE 8, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, this day, of your courteous and complimentary invitation of yesterday, to attend the dedicatory exercises in honor of the revered and noble heroes of your State, at Gettysburg, on the 12th instant. I highly appreciate your kind invitation and *greatly* regret that I am prevented from joining you, or, being present upon that date. With assurances of high regard, I am,

Yours truly,

GOV. C. G. LUCE,

H. M. BLACK,

Lansing, Mich.

Colonel 23rd Infantry.

Captain John T. Rodgers.

{ WAR DEP'T, QUARTERMASTER-GENERAL'S OFFICE.
WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 29, 1889.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt with thanks, of the kind invitation of the Governor of the State of Michigan, extended through you, to attend the services connected with the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, on the 12th proximo, and regret that previous engagements will prevent me from availing myself, on said patriotic occasion, of the courtesy extended.

Very respectfully,

COL. FRED. E. FARNSWORTH,

Your obedient servant,

Detroit, Mich,

JOHN T. RODGERS,

Capt. & M. S. K., U. S. A..

Ex-President Grover Cleveland.

NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to return my thanks for your courteous invitation to be present at Gettysburg on the 12th instant, when the monuments erected on that bloody field, in honor of the brave sons of Michigan, who there nobly fell in their Country's cause, will be dedicated.

I regret that I shall not be able to witness the impressive ceremonies of the occasion, and must content myself with an expression of very deep interest in all that seems to perpetuate the memory of the heroic deeds and the sacrifices of our soldier dead.

Yours very truly,

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Governor of Michigan.

General Lucius Fairchild.

MADISON, WISCONSIN, JUNE 1, 1889,

DEAR SIR:—I thank you heartily for the invitation to attend the dedication of the Michigan monuments at Gettysburg on the 12th instant.

It would give me especial pleasure to be there on that occasion to meet my old comrades of your 24th regiment, which on that field, as on others, did gallant service to the Union cause. Having served with them in the Iron Brigade, I had frequent opportunity to observe them, and do not hesitate to say that the members of that regiment have a right to believe, as all who knew them do, that there was no more gallant and efficient regiment in the Union Army. I am, Governor,

GOVERNOR LUCE.

Respectfully yours,

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

General Belknap.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 3, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—So many of my dear soldier friends served in Michigan regiments in the army of the Tennessee, that I would be made more than glad to accept your invitation to the monumental dedication, at Gettysburg, on July 12th,—But it cannot be. I thank you most sincerely, and assure you that I appreciate most thoroughly the honor of the invitation.

Yours very truly,

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,

WM. W. BELKNAP.

Governor of Michigan, Lansing.

General Clinton B. Fisk.

NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1889.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:—I desire to make grateful acknowledgment of the invitation you sent me to be present at the dedicatory services of the Michigan monuments, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, on the 12th instant. I wish it were conveniently possible for me to accept this invitation. An engagement in Connecticut on the 11th now stands in the way. I shall do my utmost to so adjust affairs as to report at Gettysburg on the morning of the 12th. I am, my dear sir,

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,

Very respectfully yours,

Governor of Michigan,

CLINTON B. FISK.

Lansing, Mich.

Ex-Governor Thomas C. Fletcher.

ST. LOUIS, JUNE 1, 1889.

GOVERNOR:—I am very grateful for your kind invitation to be present on the interesting occasion of the dedication of the monuments erected by your loyal State on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, in honor of the brave and patriotic men of your State who fell there in assisting to uphold the National authority.

Neither the State nor the Nation, the present or future generations of the Republic, can honor their memory too highly. I regret that I shall be unable to be present in person, but in my heart and soul, I fully share the sentiment of gratitude which prompts the ceremony.

Truly yours,

His Excellency,

THOS. C. FLETCHER.

CYRUS G. LUCE, Governor of Michigan,

Lansing, Mich.

Governor Edwin C. Burleigh.

{ STATE OF MAINE, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
AUGUSTA, MAY 28, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your kind invitation to attend the ceremonies of the dedication of the monuments erected by your State on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, to occur on the twelfth day of June next, for which I desire to express my sincere thanks. I find I have engagements for every day up to the 14th of June and shall therefore be obliged to express my regrets at my inability to be present at the time stated. With the assurance of my sincere regard, I remain,

GOV. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Lansing, Mich.

Yours very sincerely,
EDWIN C. BURLEIGH.

Governor W. R. Merriam.

{ STATE OF MINNESOTA, EXECUTIVE DEP'T,
ST. PAUL, MAY 28, 1889.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:—I acknowledge receipt of the invitation extended to me to be present at the dedicatory services of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, to be held at the National cemetery on June 12th, 1889. I regret that it will be impossible for me to be present. Please accept my congratulations on the noble manner in which Michigan has evidenced her remembrance of those of her sons who fell upon the Nation's Battle Fields.

To His Excellency,
CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan, Lansing, Mich.

Yours respectfully,
W. R. MERRIAM,
Governor.

Governor Sawyer.

{ THE STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, EXECUTIVE DEP'T,
CONCORD, MAY 5, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's courteous invitation to the dedication of the Michigan Battle monuments, on the Field of Gettysburg. I regret that my engagements are such that I shall not be able to avail myself of the privilege so kindly extended. My official term expires to-morrow, and my successor, Hon. D. H. Godell, would probably be the appropriate representative of this state on the occasion which is to honor the memories of the brave and patriotic men of Michigan, who fell in that great and decisive battle.

His Excellency,
CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan.

Yours respectfully,
C. H. SAWYER.

Governor Hill.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, ALBANY, MAY 29, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I have received with pleasure your invitation for the dedicatory services of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, which services are to be held at Gettysburg, on June 12th. The courtesy thus extended is greatly appreciated, but I regret that engagements already made make it impossible for me to be present. I am,

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor, Lansing, Mich.

Very truly yours,
DAVID B. HILL.

Governor Fowle.

{ STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE DEP'T,
RALEIGH, MAY 31, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the dedication of monuments to be erected by the State of Michigan at Gettysburg, in honor of her brave sons who fell there, which will be dedicated June 12th, 1889. I regret that other engagements at that time will prevent my attendance. I am,

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan,
Lansing, Mich.

Very respectfully yours,
DANIEL G. FOWLE,
Governor.

By the Governor,
F. B. SATTERTHWAITE,
Executive Clerk.

Governor Richardson.

{ STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
COLUMBIA, MAY 30, 1889.

SIR:—I am directed by Governor Richardson to acknowledge the receipt of the invitation to attend the dedication of the monuments on the Battle Field of Gettysburg erected in honor of the sons of Michigan who fell on that Field of Battle. He heartily sympathizes with all such demonstrations of a people in honor of those brave men who lost their lives in support of their principles, and their belief of right. If his official duties would permit his absence from the state at that time, it would give him great pleasure to attend the ceremonies at Gettysburg. I have the honor to remain,

To His Excellency,
CYRUS G. LUCE, Governor of Michigan.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
W. E. GONZALES,
Private Sec'y.

Governor Dillingham.

EXECUTIVE DEP'T, STATE OF VERMONT, 1889.

Governor Dillingham directs me to extend his regrets to Governor Luce that he cannot be present at the services to be held in the National cemetery, June 12th inst., on the occasion of the dedication of the monuments erected on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, by the State of Michigan, in honor of her brave sons who fell there.

Respectfully,
FRED. A. HOWLAND, Sec'y.

Governor Fitzhugh Lee.

{ COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,
RICHMOND, VA., MAY 29, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to the dedication of the monuments at Gettysburg, to the Michigan soldiers who fell in that battle. I regret that a prior engagement for that very day, which cannot be postponed or set aside, will prevent my testifying in person to the courage of the brave men of your State. I am, very respectfully,

To His Excellency,
CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of the State of Michigan, Lansing, Mich.

Your obedient servant,
FITZHUGH LEE.

Governor Hoard.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, MADISON, WIS., JUNE 3, 1889.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:—I am in receipt of your favor of 23rd ultimo, inviting me to be present at the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan to her patriot sons who fell at Gettysburg, on the 12th of June next.

I regret that official duties will prevent my acceptance, for I assure you, dear Governor, that it would afford me great pleasure to witness this mark of respect paid by a great State to her soldiers who gave up their lives in this great struggle which prevented the invasion of the loyal states by the soldiers of the Confederacy. In that great struggle the men of Michigan and Wisconsin fought side by side, and the valor of the former is well attested by all of the survivors of the latter.

GOV. C. G. LUCE,
Lansing, Mich.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM D. HOARD.

Mayor Fittler.

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1889.

SIR:—His Honor, Mayor Edwin H. Fittler, directs me to state he sincerely regrets his inability to accept your kind invitation to be present at the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, in honor of her brave sons who fell on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, owing to his expected absence, in connection with a previous engagement on the date named—June twelfth. I have the honor to be,

To His Excellency,
CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan.

Respectfully yours,
LEWIS E. ZEITLER,
Secretary.

Mayor Chapin.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, BROOKLYN, MAY 28, 1889.

SIR:—Mayor Alfred C. Chapin begs leave to acknowledge your courteous invitation to attend the dedicatory services by the State of Michigan, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, June 12th, 1889, and regrets that he cannot be present.

Very respectfully,
To the Governor. DANIEL B. PHILLIPS, Sec'y.

Mayor of Boston.

{ CITY OF BOSTON, EXECUTIVE DEP'T, CITY HALL,
MAY 31, 1889.

YOUR EXCELLENCY:—The Mayor of Boston is honored by your invitation of the 23rd instant to be present at the dedication of the Michigan monuments, on the Field of Gettysburg, on June 12th. The Mayor regrets that engagements at home make it impossible for him to join you in your patriotic and reverent exercises, save in spirit.

His Excellency, I am your Excellency's obedient servant,
CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan.

C. W. ERNST,
Secretary.

Mayor Latrobe.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, BALTIMORE, MAY 29, 1889.

SIR:—I have been directed by Mayor Latrobe to say that he has received your kind invitation to be present at the dedication of the monuments to the soldiers of Michigan at "Gettysburg" June 12. Official duties will prevent his acceptance of the same. But he will be very glad to see you and party at the City Hall if you should pass through the City of Baltimore.

To His Excellency,
The Governor of Michigan.

Very Respectfully,
WM. H. LOVE, Sec'y.

Mayor Shakspeare.

{ MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
CITY HALL, MAY 30, 1889.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to attend the dedication ceremonies of a monument to be erected on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, in honor of Michigan's brave sons, who fell there.

I regret that my duties here will deprive me of the pleasure of being with you on that spot made holy by the blood of heroes, who, on whichever side they fought, set by their death the seal of honest purpose and high manhood on their acts.

The day is dawning when all Americans who love their country will claim as a common heritage of priceless value, the fame won alike by the men in Blue and Grey.

While I write, the several Confederate Veteran Associations of this city are forming, in sadly diminished numbers, but in full force, to march to the National Cemetery on the Battle Field of Chalmette to lay their Cypress and Laurel leaves upon the Union dead, there buried.

Consider, sir, that I am, at least, in sympathy with you at Gettysburg on June 12.

To His Excellency,

I have the honor to be

CYRUS G. LUCE,

Your Obedient Servant,

Governor of Michigan,
Lansing.

JOS. A. SHAKSPEARE,
Mayor.

Mayor Royal C. Taft.

79 WATERMAN ST., PROVIDENCE, MAY 29, 1889.

SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your Excellency's polite invitation to attend the dedicatory services on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, on June 12th, 1889. It will give me much pleasure to attend should circumstances permit. Permit me to add that my successor, Hon. Herbert W. Ladd, was inaugurated into office yesterday, 28th inst. Thanking you for your distinguished consideration, I am,

To His Excellency,

Very truly yours,

CYRUS G. LUCE.

ROYAL C. TAFT.

Ex-Senator T. W. Ferry.

GRAND HAVEN, MICH., JUNE 4, 1889.

DEAR GOVERNOR:—I am in receipt of your cordial invitation to be present at the services dedicatory of monuments erected by our State, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, to be held in the National cemetery there, on the 12th proximo. While thanking you for the invitation, I am obliged to forego attendance by a prior engagement which takes me from home on that day. I greatly regret this, since having lost a brother, who fell in the Gettysburg memorable struggle, and served as Commissioner for Michigan on the Board of Managers of the Gettysburg Soldiers' National Cemetery. I take much interest in whatever commemorates that great Battle Field.

Though bodily absent, in spirit I shall share in the imposing services which shall formally consecrate the spots where heroic citizens gave lives that the Nation might live.

Very respectfully yours,

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Gov. of Michigan, Lansing, Mich.

T. W. FERRY.

Congressman Belknap.

GRAND RAPIDS, MAY 27, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your very kind invitation to Gettysburg Battle Field June 12.

I fear that other business will prevent my attendance, unless it is desired by you that Michigan's delegation to the next Congress should all be present. Should such be the case, I will most certainly be with you.

I did not have the great honor to take any part in this battle, but did my part on other bloody fields to save the Union.

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,
Governor of Michigan.

Very Respectfully,
C. E. BELKNAP.

Congressman F. W. Wheeler.

WEST BAY CITY, MICH., JUNE 6, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your kind invitation to be present at Gettysburg, June 12, '89, I have deferred replying, thinking perhaps I might be able to go; but I see plainly now that I will not be able to be present. I wish you all a joyous and happy time, and wish I could be with you.

HON. GOVERNOR LUCE,
Lansing, Mich.

Yours truly,
F. W. WHEELER.

President Angell.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR, JUNE 4, 1889.

SIR:—I beg to thank you for the kind invitation to attend the dedication of the Michigan monuments, at Gettysburg, on the 12th inst. I regret that I shall be unable to be present.

Yours respectfully,

To His Excellency,
CYRUS G. LUCE.

JAMES B. ANGELL.

President Mosher.

HILLSDALE COLLEGE, HILLSDALE, MICH., JUNE 3, 1889.

GOVERNOR LUCE:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to be present, June 12, at the dedication of the monuments erected at Gettysburg to the memory of the sons of Michigan who fell there. It would afford me great pleasure to attend such exercises, representing a college that sent 200 of its students to the war, and left 26 on its Battle Fields, but the date of the dedication falls so closely in connection with our Commencement that I must decline the invitation. I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE T. MOSHER,

President of Hillsdale College.

President Butterfield.

OLIVET COLLEGE, OLIVET, MICH., JUNE 4, 1889.

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in acknowledging your kind invitation to be present June 12th, at the dedication of the monuments erected by the State of Michigan, on the Battle Field of Gettysburg, in honor of her brave sons who fell there. Every patriot must feel like making a pilgrimage to that sacred spot where Pickett's charge was repulsed and the highest wave of the Rebellion began to recede. If I could, I would, gladly, drop all business and be present on that occasion. I thank you for the honor of this invitation.

Yours with much respect,

His Excellency,

HORATIO J. BUTTERFIELD.

CYRUS G. LUCE, Governor.

President Hunting.

ALMA COLLEGE, ALMA, MICH., JUNE 6, 1889.

The invitation to be one of the goodly companionship who will bear honors to the dead at Gettysburg was duly received. Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to touch elbow with comrades on that memorable field; but duty demands my service here. May God honor you as you honor the martyred dead who died for us.

HON. CYRUS G. LUCE,

Yours sincerely,

Governor of Michigan.

GEO. F. HUNTING.

REGRETS

WERE ALSO RECEIVED FROM THE FOLLOWING :

HON. D. B. HENDERSON,	Dubuque, Iowa.
COL. W. L. BARNUM,	Chicago, Illinois.
COL. H. A. WHEELER,	Chicago, Illinois.
COL. E. J. ENSIGN,	Sán Diego, California.
MAJOR E. C. DAWES,	Cincinnati, Ohio.
MAJOR WM. E. WARE,	St. Louis, Mo.
HENRY GLEASON,	New York City.
E. J. HOWLETT,	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN S. SMITH,	New York City.
M. C. BURCH,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
J. ESTABROOK,	Lansing, Mich.
ALBERT DICKERMAN,	Muskegon, Mich.
DR. HERMAN KIEFER,	Detroit, Mich.

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