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FIFTH

CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,

Dedication

Excursion and Reunion,

— AT —

GETTYSBURG,

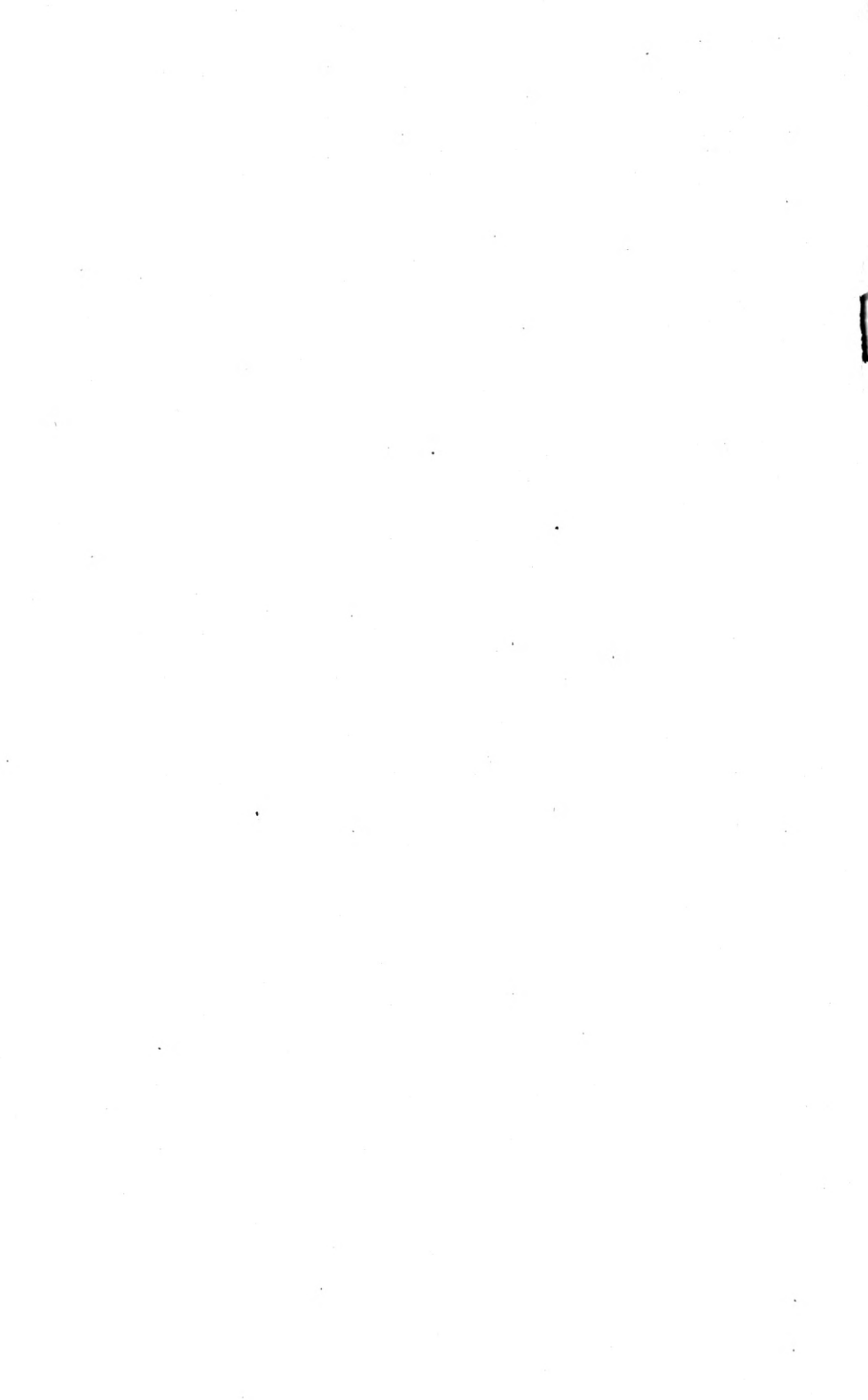
August 8th, 9th and 10th,

1887.

HARTFORD, CONN.:

PRESS OF WILEY, WATERMAN & EATON, 354 AND 356 ASYLUM ST.
1887.









12 TH CORPS



5 TH CONN. INFANTRY

JULY 2, & 3, 1863.

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FIFTH CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS,

DEDICATION EXCURSION AND REUNION

AT GETTYSBURG,

1887.

INTRODUCTORY.

At the 19th annual reunion of the Reunion Association of the Fifth Connecticut Volunteers, held at New Haven, August 10, 1885, it was voted :

“1. That a committee of three be appointed to examine the whole subject of appropriately marking the position in the line of battle at Gettysburg, Penn., fortified and occupied by the regiment July 2, 1863, and to report on the ways and means therefor at the next annual meeting.

2. That Surgeon J. B. Lewis, Lieut. Colonel Wm. S. Cogswell and Colonel George D. Chapman, be such committee.”

During the winter following, the committee presented the subject to the Legislature and secured from it an appropriation of \$500 for the monument to be erected, and it also agreed upon a design for it.

The committee reported its action to the 20th Reunion held at Middletown, August 9, 1886, when it was resolved as follows :

1. “That Surgeon John B. Lewis, Colonel Geo. D. Chapman, Lieut. Colonel Wm. S. Cogswell and Captain E. E. Marvin be appointed a committee to receive the amount appropriated by the State under the resolution, approved April 13, 1886, providing for memorials on the battle field of Gettysburg.”

2. “That said committee be authorized to make all necessary arrangements for having the memorial erected.”

3. “That the design presented by the committee be adopted.”

The committee were called together to locate the monument and make arrangements for the dedication at Gettysburg, Penn., May 19th, 7 P. M. Major Webster kindly came from Washington to meet the committee, and acted with them.

Major E. V. Preston and Captain D. B. Hamilton were added to the committee and notified.

The committee found that they were in danger of "reckoning without their host," and concluded that before deciding anything as to the arrangements, the number to arrange for be ascertained.

For this purpose the circular of June 1, was arranged and circulated, setting forth the special train plan.

On the 28th day of June, a second meeting of the committee was held at New Haven, and it was found that but thirty had pledged themselves to go, but it being believed that many others preferred this plan and designed to go, but for some reason had neglected to give notice of such intention, it was thought best to give a limit for such notices, and accordingly the circular of July 1, was issued.

The limit of July 20, passed and but fifty-six had pledged to go by special train plan, and July 22, the committee met for the last time in Bridgeport and arranged the excursion as set forth in the programme, circulated to all members July 25, and which was substantially followed and carried out.

THE ASSEMBLY AND START.

Before eight o'clock, August 8, comrades had commenced to assemble at the New York station of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, foot of Cortlandt Street, and from that time until nine o'clock the frequent arrival of others made it a continual reunion of veterans.

Badges were here distributed bearing the red star of the Twelfth Army Corps, and the words "Fifth Connecticut Veteran Volunteers. Gettysburg, 1887."

Two passenger cars were placed at the exclusive use of the excursionists for the round trip without change, and

at 9:15 we sped away westward from Jersey City, enjoying the most comfortable weather that had brightened any morning since July came in. The following are the names of the party :

MEMBERS OF THE REGIMENT.

Chas. H. Corey, Delano Carpenter, Colonel Geo. D. Chapman, L. G. Clark, C. S. Lyman, Lieut. Colonel Wm. S. Cogswell, Capt. E. J. Rice, Luke Flynn, Michael Shea, Charles C. Higby, Timothy Quinn, J. H. Mintie, Samuel Woodruff, David E. Godfrey, Capt. John H. Brewster, H. B. Curtis, Lieut. Geo. F. Selleck, Lieut. E. A. Sage, E. A. Alvord, Captain Wilson Wyant, John A. Bowen, E. R. Gilbert, Wm. Snagg, J. A. Linsley, Edwin E. Symonds, Adolphus Mush, Lieut. Wm. H. Webster, Henry T. Baldwin, Captain E. E. Marvin, Captain D. B. Hamilton, Charles B. Mattoon, Colonel W. W. Packer, Captain H. P. Rugg, Wm. E. Beers, Captain James Stewart, Rufus Mead, C. F. Blodgett, C. F. Hallock, Major E. V. Preston, Geo. A. Case, Chaplain Horace Winslow, Richard H. Skinner, Surgeon J. B. Lewis, E. B. Cooledge, Henry Hart, Geo. B. Squires, Barney Gilroy.

RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.

Mrs. Geo. D. Chapman, Middletown, Ct., Miss May L. Chapman, Middletown, Ct., N. M. Fanning, Westport, Ct., Geo. Edward Cogswell, Jamaica, N. Y., Samuel Brewster, Birmingham, Ct., John M. Nettleton, New Haven, Ct., A. W. Williams, New Britain, Ct., Henry H. Gray, So. Norwalk, Ct., Mrs. C. F. Hallock, So. Norwalk, Ct., Miss Alice McGuernsey, So. Norwalk, Ct., N. E. Peck, So. Norwalk, Ct., Frank M. Selleck, New Haven, Ct., J. H. Batterson, Trenton, N. J., Mrs. J. H. Batterson, Trenton, N. J., Jesse Batterson, Trenton, N. J., Carlton Grant, Rockville, Ct., Albert Hyneck, Rockville, Ct., F. A. Linsley, Branford, Ct., Joseph Curtis, Branford, Ct., J. Hubert Bradley, Branford, Ct., E. T. Spooner,

Warehouse Point, Ct., Matthew Tucker, Warehouse Point, Ct., James Hartenstein, Baltimore, Md., E. J. Moore, Middletown, Ct., A. D. Jackson, Middletown, Ct., John Buchannon, Waterbury, Conn., E. R. Lampson, Waterbury, Ct., C. P. Bronson, Waterbury, Ct., W. D. Carter, Waterbury, Ct., Matthew Addison, Waterbury, Ct., Mrs. D. B. Hamilton, Waterbury, Ct., Mrs. Warren W. Packer, Mystic River, Ct., Mrs. Chas. B. Mattoon, Frederick, Md., E. G. Lasbury, Hartford, Ct., Richard McCrone, Hartford, Ct., Mrs. Urania Rugg, Middletown, Ct., Alfred Howe, Birmingham, Ct., Frederick Carter, Waterbury, Ct., Samuel S. Hurd, Monroe, Ct., W. E. Burns, Goodspeeds, Ct., Watson Olmsted, So. Norwalk, Ct., Eugene Case, Plantsville, Ct., Miss Nellie I. Cooledge, East Hartford, Ct., M. G. Addison, 340 Bridge Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Twenty minutes were given for lunch at Philadelphia, where we arrived at 11:30, and again we were going westward towards Harrisburg, over one of the best roads and through some of the finest country in the world.

We did not forget the impression that these huge red farm barns, beside the more modest farm houses, made upon us as we lazily crawled through Pennsylvania on our way to the front more than twenty-six years ago.

At Harrisburg, we were switched to the Cumberland Valley Railroad, and after twenty minutes delay were on our way again, but this time southward.

Eight or ten of such as would own up that they could sing were now assembled, and under the leadership of Sergeant George B. Squires, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mr. Matthew Tucker, of Warehouse Point, a veteran of the 13th New Jersey, of our old division, which dedicated their monument July 4th, when he was unable to attend, and who was now making the excursion with us, developed at once remarkably good music, and assured us that we should be able to meet all the demands of our programme in that respect.

At 5:55 we were delivered in safety at the depot in Gettysburg, and in a very few minutes were all established

in very good quarters under very many different roofs, and all of which proved very satisfactory.

Most of the members of the excursion had assembled at the Eagle Hotel, at 8 P. M., to participate in the reception announced for that hour and place in the programme, when an invitation was received from the officers of Corporal Skelly Post, No. 9, Department of Pennsylvania, G. A. R., to occupy their hall for that purpose.

The invitation was accepted. We marched to the hall, about three blocks away, which was a commodious room, made doubly interesting to us by its treasures of relics from the battle field.

REGIMENTAL RECEPTION, AUGUST 8TH.

Captain E. J. Rice presided. Wide awake speeches were made by Captain Rice, Lieut.-Colonel Cogswell, Barney Gilroy, Captain H. P. Rugg, Captain James Stewart, and others, and glorious music was furnished by Sergeant Squires and his "Duffers," as he called the band of singers which he headed.

At 10 P. M. the meeting adjourned, and marched back to the hotel, where the "Duffers" again, gathered around the center table, made music all the night, or at least until they had gone through the whole list of army songs and repeated many of them twice over.

At 8 o'clock August 9th, the company were promptly on hand for the carriages. At 9 A. M. we were at the monument in the woods to the right or south of Culp's Hill, ready for the exercises.

It was a cool, delightful morning, still and quiet; and the few flecks of sunlight that fell brought no discomfort to our little party, as it dismounted and took its stand at the right of the monument in a little opening in the wood free from tree trunks and rocks, and a very pleasant congregation of the good people of Gettysburg, already on upon the ground, closed in around us.

Several bouquets of bright colored flowers had been placed on our tablet, through the kindness of Miss Annie Bushman, of Gettysburg.

EXERCISES AT THE MONUMENT.

Colonel George D. Chapman, of Middletown, Conn., the second colonel of the regiment, commanding it during its most notable campaign, presided.

The Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association was represented by John W. Kranth, J. Lawrence Schick and J. A. Kirtzmiller, Esqs., of Gettysburg.

The exercises commenced with singing "America," by our choir, the whole congregation joining with wonderful harmony.

Rev. Horace Winslow, of Simsbury, Conn., the second chaplain of the regiment, offered prayer.

Colonel W. W. Packer, of Mystic River, Conn., who commanded the regiment at Gettysburg, in 1863, followed with a welcoming speech to comrades, as follows :

My Dear Colonel, Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen :

Your worthy committee has selected me to extend a welcome to you on this occasion.

Words are inadequate to express the satisfaction that it gives me to perform this service. You are thrice welcome here to-day. You were received upon this ground once before; but how different the surroundings. Then you came by the orders of your commanders, to repel the enemies of your country. To-day you come with your hearts overflowing with happiness, mingled with sorrow; happiness to greet your surviving comrades, and sorrow with the memories of our martyrs, for we miss those heroic comrades whom we honor upon this occasion.

You are indeed welcome, because you, by your bravery and sacrifices, made it possible for us to meet together here. You are welcome, because this crimson field is a part of our inheritance, made so by the blood of our comrades. Twenty-four years have passed away, since we stood shoulder to shoulder upon this forever memorable field, intent in giving our lives, if necessary, to preserve our Republic, and the Union of the States, intact and free. Once again, thank Heaven, we meet together here, but how different now our mission; then to protect and preserve the nation's life; now to place an enduring symbol of honor above the brave heroes, who lost their lives in the great pivotal battle. Twenty-four years ago, my voice was the voice of command; now it is simply the voice of happy and sacred comradeship. When the memories of

those three days pass before me, they distinctly recall the forms of those who fell that the nation might live, and I find myself ever asking this question: Was the sacrifice too great, and are lessons of the war taught to those who follow us? Why do we honor the memories of our fallen comrades? It is to teach the lesson of the immeasurable worth of Liberty, and that it is well to die that our country may live.

We cannot forget those brave men, our fallen comrades, and we love to meet and do honor to their memories. We, who were among the favored ones to survive the bloody conflict, and to whom this task is assigned, are proud in the fulfillment of this duty; our hearts are in this work. And who can tell a soldier's heart, except a soldier. Who but ourselves and those like us, who heard the call from Sumter, and the echoing call from Abraham Lincoln, and the summons from the noble Buckingham, and from all the loyal bosoms of our land, who sprang from our peaceful and happy homes, from farm and shop, and peaceful mart, who hastened to the embattled front, under the radiant and inspiring stars and stripes, who trod the fiery fields, and met the hosts of revolt; who but we, and such as we, can understand the thoughts and feelings that animate our souls, that bind us together in an unspeakable and indissoluble fellowship, and that give to this gory field, and others kindred to it, an immortal fame. Comrades, our hearts are too full of great recollections, of great throbs of patriotic sentiments, of great perils endured, of great sacrifices freely made, that freedom might triumph over oppression and rebellion, and that the starry flag of this Union might forever wave "o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave." Comrades, it is an unutterable satisfaction to us to extend to each other our greetings here on this great stage, where we were actors in one of the greatest war dramas of history, where the tide of a gigantic rebellion was turned back, and our eclipsed stars began to shine again through the sulphurous clouds. And here we are inexpressibly happy in the full conviction and proof, now on every hand admitted, that the triumph of the union arms was the salvation of our whole country, north and south, east and west, the regeneration of our republic, and the redemption of our continent. Words are weak-winged in this new and high historic air, that God has breathed upon this field.

Welcome! Welcome! Thrice welcome! With old and new cheers, loved comrades of the Connecticut Volunteers.

Poem by Captain E. E. Marvin, of Hartford, Conn., as follows:

CONNECTICUT'S BULL DOGS.

The brave and true do never die.
 If so in name, still in our hearts
 Their life, perennial springs, for aye,—
 Renewed, as on the generations march,
 In every generous soul for others given;
 And so we come to see and feel and know,
 An immortality beneath the heaven,
 A glorious life, forever borne below.
 As in the shock of deadly charge
 A stricken flag to earth, may lower,
 Yet scarcely droop before we see emerge
 A score of stalwart arms to bear it high once more.
 So sooner than the memory of the true can fade,
 Their life caught up along the line,
 Doth all the following ranks pervade,
 And with redoubled lustre shine.
 The patriot blood, that flowed upon thy hills,
 Oh, Gettysburg, poured forth no precious life,
 Which lives not yet, and evermore distills,
 Through all the columns marshalled in the strife;
 What if their lustrous names shall fainter wear,
 And dim forgetfulness like dust from marching men,
 Too soon invade these legends fair.
 Their cause was truth's, and for such end,
 They flung their youthful lives upon the die;
 So in its triumph do they live again;
 Each season's leaves in dust forgotten fly,
 The oak they build, for ages doth remain.

'Tis not for those who fought or fell,
 Or sank to earth with bleeding wound,
 We dedicate this spot by patriots held,—
 Along this battle line, this sacred ground;
 We come to place this modest block to stand,
 To show, when we march on and pass away,
 Where Connecticut's sons, a gallant band,
 Stood staunch and ready for the fray.
 'Twas not for them, as oft before,
 To lead the charging lines through deadly fire,
 Sweeping with desperate strife and contest sore
 The stalwart lines of gray with carnage dire.

As on that day, so full of pride and grief,
Which dawned with Cedar Mountain at the front,
Which closed, each company undone, each tent bereaved,
On which their old brigade had borne the brunt,
Had swept through triple lines of foes alone,
Had grandly won, while yet the field was lost,
And Dutton, Smith and Blake and Stone,
A hundred brave ones more, the awful cost.

Nor yet, at dead of night, midst winter's snow,
To break their camp in blinding storm;
Climbing South Mountain, toiling slow,
Freezing, along the slippery way, till morn,
Themselves, in Stonewall Jackson's path, to place,
To keep him off the soil of Maryland;—
How well they learned, repeating oft this race,
The road from Muddy Branch to Cumberland.

Nor yet indeed to stay the surging tide,
When Stonewall's legions, circling wide and far,
With overwhelming force and giant stride,
Had pounced on unformed ranks with wild huzza,
Smiting the panic stricken crowd with fierce assault,
Where but the grip of steady lines of men,
Could bring the yelling devils to a halt,
And firmly push them back again.

Nor yet with deadly leaden hail,
From rock and tree to drive a stubborn foe,
Up, backward from the Peach Tree's tangled vale,
Till when the ridge was won, Atlanta lay below.

Nor yet, as later on, with constant tramp
And trudge from day to day and week to week,
They southward lugged their shifting camp;
Straight into Georgia took a headlong leap;
Resolved in sooth to be or not to be,
To loose the rebel heartstrings at the core,
To cut a Union highway to the sea,
And drive Rebellion from the shore.

Not such indeed was here their high behest,
But yet along this ridge they held their sway,
Behind each tree a Yankee soldier pressed,
Around each rock a dozen watching lay;

They peered along the aisles of yonder wood,
 No stirring thing escaped inspection close,
 At hand their loaded rifles stood,
 "Old Ferry's Bulldogs" at their post.

Upon the line of yonder mound, they piled
 Huge trunks of trees in strong defense;
 Behind them, wrought the expectant files,
 And busy plied the spade along the trench.
 They worked and watched for foe to dare,
 Of all that wide encircling rebel host,
 To dare and face them in this rocky lair,
 "Old Ferry's Bulldogs" at their post.

Ah, yes, when comes a charging, yelling throng,
 Naught but to fight, will do as well,
 But good enough it is, to be entrenched so strong,
 And safe; the dangerous looks alone, repel!
 So here they wrought and stood in stout array,
 Prepared to fight, is all their boast,
 Kept patient ward throughout the day,
 "Old Ferry's Bulldogs" at their post.

Historic, grows this battle line,
 Its heroes here its varying scenes review,
 Its deep significance the clearer shines,
 As pregnant years retouch the picture new;
 Where stood each line that met invasion here,
 The grateful States, some monument impose,
 As we to-day with pride this stone uprear,
 Where stood our "Bull dogs" at their post.

Illustrious field! Along these terraced heights
 Was bought, how dear, a nation's unity;
 Yea, more, here grew the Union's stars and stripes
 To be the flag of human liberty!
 And while these oaks shall lift their arms above
 To wave to favoring heaven their leafy host,
 All hearts the spot shall stronger love
 Where stood the nation's guardians at their post.

Oration by Lieut.-Colonel William S. Cogswell, of
Jamaica, N. Y.:

COMRADES :—Many years, nearly a quarter of a century, have passed since we here stood side by side with those prepared to seal the full measure of devotion to liberty and country with their lives. How great the contrast between that gathering and this! Now the ear can catch only the sound of singing birds, of yonder murmuring brook, or perchance the laughter of children at play around their happy homes. These kindly woods give shelter from the heat; the neighboring fields, clothed with rank on rank of waving corn, show only nature's bounty. The smoke that rises so dreamily from the town speaks to us only of industry and thrift, while the more distant hills form a fitting framework to a scene so suggestive of prosperity and peace. What stranger standing here to-day could even dream of the awful scenes that once made these woods and hills and plains a living hell of passion, suffering and death?

I shall not attempt to tell the story of the battle nor recount in detail our part in it. It was our good fortune that, though sent to almost every part of the line as emergency required, the regiment was not seriously engaged, and our losses were light. As you remember, our corps reached Gettysburg on the afternoon of the 1st, too late to participate in the contest of that day, but bringing relief to the heroic band whose desperate resistance against overwhelming odds had saved the field, and made final victory possible. Here on the morning of the 2d, we built the works that crowned this crest. In the afternoon we went with our division to the relief of Sickles on our left, only the leading brigade becoming engaged. Held there in reserve until after night-fall, on attempting to return to our works, we found them in possession of the enemy. At daylight on the 3d the contest to regain them opened, but before the infantry became engaged the regiment was detached to support Winnegar's battery, near the Baltimore pike, and just at night was sent to support the cavalry on our extreme right. On the morning of the 4th, the regiment went with the cavalry across our right front, found the enemy had retired from the town, and then rejoined the brigade in the works we had built here on the 2d. Such is the brief story of our part in that eventful combat.

Comrades, we gather here to-day not because of the part we took in this and other battles of the war. We took the field in answer to our country's cry for help, and in so doing did but our bounden duty. God, in His providence, permitted us to see the end accomplished, to know that all the sacrifice, suffering and sorrow was not in vain, and "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, did not perish from off the earth." We richly enjoy the results that followed our final

success, and a grateful country has honored us as no nation ever did reward its defenders. But we were not all. What of those who went forth with us in answer to that cry and for whom at roll call some comrade must answer, "Died on the field of battle"? What of those who sleep in the valley of the Shenandoah, and on the slopes of Cedar Mountain; at Chancellorsville, Resaca and Dallas; at Kennesaw Mountain and Culp's Farm by Peach Tree Creek, at Atlanta and Silver Run? At the mention of these names how memory sweeps away the years! Again we hear their voices and touch elbows with our fellow comrades.

Ah, yes, for them, and that the memory of their valor, patriotism and death shall never fade, it is most fitting that we who survive them should gather here to recount the story of their heroic deeds and inscribe them on enduring granite, that in the years to come our children's children may repeat the tale and teach their children to honor and revere the names of those who died that we and the nation might live.

After the speech of Colonel Cogswell the formal presentation of the monument was made by Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Lewis, Surgeon of the regiment and Chairman of the committee, his address being as follows:

SURGEON LEWIS'S ADDRESS.

COMRADES: It becomes my duty, as chairman of your Memorial Monument Committee, to briefly review some of the events which have led to our gathering here to-day. At our regimental reunions, the subject of placing a monument on this field to mark the position of the Fifth, has been frequently discussed, but with no formal action until at the meeting of August 9th, 1885, when a committee was appointed to take the preliminary steps to accomplish this purpose. At our next reunion, August 9th, 1886, the committee was instructed to continue its work, select a site, and have the monument placed in position. This we have done to the best of our ability, after numerous meetings, much correspondence, and a visit to the Gettysburg field.

The site selected, is as you know, upon the spot where the Fifth was assigned to the duty of building and defending these earthworks, the remains of which still mark the position of the right of our army as lined for battle on the morning of July 2d, 1863. Although ordered to other parts of the field, and on duty at other points of the line during the fearful struggle of July 2d and 3d, yet there is not another locality known to your committee as being so unmistakably defined, as is this particular one which has been selected. The work of your committee is finished.

Mr. Secretary, (addressing the secretary of the Gettysburg Association): On behalf of the veterans of the Fifth Connecticut Infantry, I now commit the care and trust of this monument to the officers of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, well knowing that in their hands it will be secure. The enduring monuments of granite and bronze, which have been placed on this field by those who participated in the stormy events of the rebellion, will remain as mute witnesses long after we shall have passed away. Of this we are assured by placing them in the keeping of your noble association. God grant that they may serve, not only to quicken the present personal recollections of the old soldier, but when he shall have passed from his remembrances of march and of bivouac, of skirmish and of battle, of victory and of defeat, to awaken in future American generations the spirit of a true national pride, and an imperishable affection for our whole country.

Response by John W. Krauth, Esq., Secretary of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, as follows:

Veterans of the Fifth Connecticut Volunteers:—

On four occasions similar to this, it has been the pleasure and the privilege of a representative of the association on whose behalf I am here to-day, to welcome to this field sons of Connecticut. I can assure you that it gives me sincere and hearty pleasure to repeat that welcome here to-day. We welcome you because you have made this sacred pilgrimage from your distant homes to perpetuate the memory of your comrades who here fell for the holiest of human causes, and to commemorate the service which you shared with them in maintaining the integrity of the Union and the establishment of impartial liberty. We welcome you because you are worthy sons of an honored commonwealth which sent nearly 60,000 brave men to battle for the Union, and whose services were illustrious and conspicuous upon every battlefield of the republic. We welcome you because we are not unmindful of the fact that the State which you so worthily represent was one of the first to cheerfully and ungrudgingly make a liberal and generous appropriation to promote the objects and purposes of this association—an appropriation which was most grateful and most useful.

We cordially congratulate you upon the completion of this chaste and beautiful monument. Its tasteful and finished form, its simple but suggestive inscriptions modestly tell the story of the record and sacrifices of one organization of the Grand Army of the Union. In selecting a location for it from the many, very many historic fields which attest the unconquerable valor of your comrades and yourselves, you have fitly chosen Gettysburg, a field which will be remembered when all the others may be forgotten, and which the future historian will class

with the decisive battles of the world. In accepting the care and custody of this enduring memorial we appreciate the fact that our act is no unmeaning ceremony, but that we are assuming a sacred trust, and one which you rightly expect us to faithfully and conscientiously execute. I can assure you in behalf of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association that we accept it in this spirit, and that we will zealously guard and protect it, and after our work shall be done will transmit it to the custody of a board of directors, who, with us, believe that if the cause for which the gallant men gave the "last full measure of devotion" was worth dying for, it is equally worthy of eternal commemoration. May this classic monument stand a perpetual memorial to the heroism, courage, sacrifice, and patriotism of the gallant men of the Fifth Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, is the earnest wish of all the members of the association whose representative I am.

The exercises at the monument closed with a song written by Chaplain H. S. Stevens, of the Fourteenth Connecticut Regiment, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and entitled

THE VETERAN'S AULD LANG SYNE.

We meet again, old comrades dear,
 All veterans tried and true;
 We meet to grasp the friendly hand
 And old-time love renew;
 We've marched and fought and suffered all,
 In sun and stormy time,
 Shared tented camp and chill bivouac
 In war times old lang syne.

Chorus:—In war times old lang syne,
 Shared tented camp and chill bivouac
 In war times old lang syne.

The days of war are over quite;
 Its perils dread are past;
 We hear no more the battle call,
 Drum-roll or bugle-blast;
 We meet in peace and quiet here,
 All veterans true and tried;
 We pledge our hearts, we give our hands;
 Comrades we'll e'er abide.

Chorus:—Comrades we'll e'er abide;
 We pledge our hearts, we give our hands;
 Comrades we'll e'er abide.

So here we pledge fraternity
With every human life
That sang the songs of victory won,
Or fell amid the strife;
And when, at last, we answer "Here!"
As Death each name shall call,
We'll leave these ranks with charity
And loyalty to all.

Chorus:—And loyalty to all,
We'll leave these ranks with charity
And loyalty to all.

Following the dedication, the members of the regiment took their carriages again and passed over the Union line of battle from extreme right to extreme left, visiting Culp's Hill, East Cemetery Hill, National Cemetery, Cemetery Ridge, Ziegler's Grove, Bloody Angle, Peach Orchard, Devil's Den and Little Round Top.

Sergeant W. D. Holtzworth, of Gettysburg, accompanied the excursion as its guide, and from three points, viz.: East Cemetery Hill, Little Round Top and Bloody Angle, from which points respectively all the ground occupied and fought over on the second and third days of the battle, and most of that of the first day, was in full view, explained in order all movements and engagements on ground visible from the respective points.

It is doubtful if, in all his many years of experience as a guide to this battle field, he ever explained the position and movements of the action to any group of tourists who maintained their interest better in all he said, from the beginning to the end of the tour, which occupied from 10 A. M. till 2:30 P. M., than on this occasion.

REUNION DINNER.

About 3 P. M., the veterans and their friends sat down to their annual dinner at the Eagle Hotel, Major E. V. Preston presiding in the absence of Captain William N. Mix, of Wallingford, President of the Association.

After the party had satisfied their appetites, speeches were in order for a short time.

Chaplain Horace Winslow, being called out, spoke as follows :

Mr. President and Comrades :

These laughable and ludicrous incidents in the experience of the soldier, are naturally suggested on the occasion of these reunions. But the services and scenes of to-day lead my thought in another direction. The addresses of Colonel Packer and of Colonel Cogswell, and the sentiments of the poem, with the object of our gathering on this spot, where the regiment stood in the fiery ordeal, awaken serious and solemn reflections in my mind.

Those of you who now survive may feel an honorable pride in the career of this command. The regiment has a noble record, and what we have done to-day on this battle field is just and fitting; but the honor to which it is entitled, has come with great cost.

As I stood on the spot which this regiment has made historic, and as I listened to the words of comrades who spoke from experience, the trials, sacrifices, suffering and death, which war brings, seemed to pass in vision before my mind, not simply the thinned ranks of this organization, but a great multitude, laid down in death.

There are two facts which claim our consideration, and which will be subjects of interesting study for generations to come, namely: The cost of this war and what it was for. The cost was immense in treasure and in men. But the waste of wealth was as nothing to the sorrow and suffering experienced. Dying on the field of battle, wasting away in prisons, and homes far away full of mourning for those who would no more return, they fell on a hundred battle fields, some in a moment cut down, others through hunger and thirst, through heat and cold, finally lying down in death.

But what was all this for? It was for the union and liberty. This movement to arms was in the highest sense patriotic. The love of country was a fire burning in these northern hearts; and the flame was more intense, because the saving of the union was the saving of liberty. There is nothing in this world and of this world that so thrills the soul as liberty. The enjoyment of it is most precious to every one. There is something sublime in the enthusiasm which the cause inspires in the human heart. It was this sentiment which aroused the North, as our country was imperiled—a love of liberty stirring the depths of the soul, and the patriotic tide was deep, majestic, like the swell of the sea. Your service in this trial of arms, and in this national crisis, you may not now properly appreciate. You can recall scenes and incidents of

camp and field, and the going over of that past with comrades will be full of interest; but you may not consider that that service has taken hold of the profoundest interests, in civil affairs, for all time.

At these reunions you very naturally call up amusing events of camp life; but these will be no more when you are gone. But there are other matters which will go into history, and will be the study of generations yet to come. Our children and our children's children, and the increasing multitude of this land, will have an intense interest in this period, and the lessons it will furnish. They will see, and all students of history in other lands will see, that the destiny of the Union was determined in this conflict, in which you were triumphant, that this suffering and death through which you moved was a great up-lift to the nation, that it widened the domain of liberty, and with blessings of liberty given to millions in these States, it gave new hope to peoples struggling for the rights of man throughout the world. This nation, among the nations of the earth, holds now a position, in the interest of liberty and humanity, not recognized before. Nay, it has come to a higher place, and is to be accepted as the leading nation on the face of the globe, in the fundamental principles of human rights.

Our flag has a significance for struggling peoples throughout all lands. It represents the principles of human rights as no other flag does which floats in the breeze. It is the banner of the foremost nation on the globe, in the interest of human rights, and as it moves around the world it tells of the triumphs of liberty, and kindles hope in struggling masses, and commands the respect of all governments.

“The Stars and Stripes! What hand shall dare
To desecrate the flag we bear?
The flag of stars, whose cheering light
Brightened oppression's gloomy night!

“The flag of stripes, whose heavenly dyes
Flashed freedom's day-spring from the skies!
Our flag! The standard of the free!
Symbol of hope and liberty!”

Yes, now, the symbol of hope for the world, a standard which, as it moves among the nations, tells what an inspired people may accomplish.

Following this eloquent address, the following poem was read by Comrade George B. Squires, of Brooklyn, N. Y.:

Comrades, the charm that gathers us to-night,
 Is common interest in the cause of right;
 The strongest bond that bearded men can know,
 The soldiers' brotherhood of weal and woe,
 The fellowship of camp, and march, and fray,
 Of many a weary night, and toilsome day,
 Of dangers and fatigues together met;
 Of arduous service in a cause as grand
 As history owns in any age or land.
 This is our bond, and this our sacred tie—
 One pride, one glory, one fraternity.

What memories throng to-night each wakened brain,
 What scenes familiar visit us again;
 How fondly to our softened thoughts recur
 The days of burnished gun and clinking spur;
 The canvas camp, with streets of dingy white;
 The barrack huts, with pine and cedar bright;
 The rampart slopes of sand, the reddish clay;
 The smoke wreaths floating upward, far away;
 The miry roads where mule teams toiled along,
 Urged on by imprecations loud and strong;
 The artillery park—a wilderness of wheels—
 Resounding with its frequent bugle peals;
 The leafy stables of the cavalry;
 The signal flags wig-wagging on high;
 Brigade headquarters gay with orderlies;
 The sanitary depot of supplies;
 And where the breeze is fresh and sunlight falls,
 The red flags of the general hospitals.

Within each camp, how well we bring to mind,
 The sentry to his listless beat confined;
 The shining stacks before the guardhouse door,
 The prisoners pacing still the tracks they wore;
 The colonel's tent, a little paradise,
 Disclosing comforts rare to envious eyes;
 The wall tents of the field, and staff, and line,
 Still gorgeous, though a trifle less divine;
 And in the streets, stockaded well with staves,
 The humbler mansions of the common braves;

See yonder hut, where lodge the happy force
 Who help the commissary issue beans and horse,
 And know full well, from what they save and steal,
 The gourmand's pleasure in a good square meal;
 The smoky precincts of the cook's retreat,
 The throngs of men awaiting bread and meat;
 The sutler's tent, where reckless chaps can buy
 Embodied indigestion—army pie;
 Where fly-bit fruit, strong cheese, and crackers stale,
 And sometimes bottles of clandestined ale,
 The patriot can purchase at a rate
 Full seven times their cost, or may be eight.

What merriment can a peaceful life confess
 Like that which animates the army mess ?
 What songs so cheering as the songs we sang
 Beneath the shelter of our rude shebang ?
 What simple relish like the morning sup
 Of fragrant coffee from the battered cup ?
 Or yet, what draught falernian can refine
 The pungent bitterness of pure quinine ?
 Oh, how shall feather beds, or bolsters deep,
 Restore to us our heartiness of sleep,
 That sleep a soldier can so well enjoy
 When drills, nor calls, nor orderlies annoy,
 Until his peaceful dreams of morning flee
 Before the first notes of the reveille ?
 And, ah! How still upon the air arise
 The bugle's notes, the fife's shrill melodies;
 How from the startled hill the echo comes
 To answer noisily the noisy drums.

How Courage waved his hand, and Duty hers,
 When we were ordered out as foragers;
 How we invaded roosts and 'tater pens,
 How ruthlessly we charged on hostile hens,
 And how around us rose at day's decline
 The piercing death song of the southern swine.

Such are the memories of the camp;
 The field a wilder, brighter portraiture can yield:
 The loose disorder of the route-step march,
 The song, the shout, the witticisms arch,
 The hourly halt, the welcome noontide rest;
 Or, if the column were more sorely pressed,

The grim, unresting toil, that wearies limb,
That makes the brain to faint, the eye to swim,
That tests so well how much a man can bear
Of fierce fatigue and physical despair.

But when at last the day's march neared its close,
How fences melted from their zig-zag rows;
How soon the woods and fields were all alight
With countless camp-fires blazing warm and bright;
What merry groups are formed behind the stacks,
How unctuous glow the faces of the blacks,
And how around in the tall old ragged pines
The upward halo of the firelight shines.

Far in the gloom the picket watchful stands,
His trusty rifle "ready" in his hands;
Behind—the glimmer of the camp; before—
Darkness and danger—death perchance in store;
How through the night he strains his aching eye,
In bush or tree a foe to descry;
Or pauses on his lonely beat to hear
The raccoon's yell, the owl's cry of fear,
Till, when the stars had nearly wheeled their flight,
When dawn first enters on the edge of night,
A murmur swells upon the morning breeze—
A sudden rush of footsteps through the trees—
A challenge rings upon the startled ear;
A flash—a shot! and rattling far and near
The brisk irregular fire of skirmishers
Sweeps toward the camp, which wakes and wildly stirs.

Who does not know the excitement of a fight?
The first anxiety, the faint affright,
The whitened face, the beating heart, and then
The color mounting to the face again;
The glow of battle, and the din of strife,
The unconscious recklessness of life;
The fierce enjoyment of the "charge,"
The high exulting triumph of the victory;
The hiss of bullet, and the shriek of shell,
The roar of cannon, and the angry swell
Of musketry along the stubborn lines;
Where smoke floats sullenly among the pines;
And through the fallow fields, with fatal breath,
Stalk the stern messengers of death?

Who has not seen his comrade fall and die,
With glazing eye turned upward to the sky—
Who has not lost a friend in scenes like this ?
And who would take so grand a death amiss ?
How far beyond the sick-bed's slow decay—
The battle-path to death—the nobler way !

So, comrades, in this mighty fellowship,
With more to bind us than a word or grip,
We gather here to-night, thus, solemnly,
To dedicate ourselves anew to liberty,
To holy memories of our duties done,
To firm resolves in duties just begun,
To fellowship with comrades in distress,
To aid the widow and the fatherless ;
To readiness, should e'er our country call,
To take our war-worn weapons from the wall,
And strike again, as we have struck before,
For the dear flag our patriot fathers bore.

It is scarcely necessary to add that both speech and poem were received with the abundant applause merited by them. Further short speeches were made by Colonel Chapman, Captains Hamilton and Stewart, Barney Gilroy and others.

After dinner, a large number of the comrades went back to revisit the scenes of the forenoon, and to hunt for relics ; but the majority took carriages again and, under Mr. Holtzworth's guidance, completed the inspection of the battlefield, by going northwest from the town to the first day's battlefield.

At Willoughby's Run, Oak Hill, and on the site of the monument of the Seventeenth Connecticut Volunteers, still further to the north, the movements of the fighting columns were explained, and the positions taken by the First and Eleventh Corps pointed out, and it was not till twilight came down upon us that we returned to the town, and Mr. Holtzworth left us with the heartfelt thanks of the party, for the ability and thoroughness with which he had performed his task.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL REUNION.

At 8 P. M. the Twenty-First Annual Reunion was called to order in the hall of Corporal Skelly Post, No. 9, and the annual reunion business transacted, Vice President Lieut.-Colonel Cogswell presiding.

Upon the invitation of Captain Hamilton, Waterbury, Conn., was chosen as the place for the next reunion, August 9, 1888, and Captain Hamilton, Colonel Packer and Captain Rice appointed a committee of arrangements therefor.

The following named comrades were, on nomination of a committee consisting of Comrades Bowen, Mead and Rugg, appointed for the following year :

Lieut.-Colonel William S. Cogswell, *President*.

Captain D. B. Hamilton, *Vice President*.

“ E. E. Marvin, *Secretary and Treasurer*.

The Monument Committee, through Surgeon Lewis, Chairman, reported as to the monument, that it had been designed and placed in position for the \$500 received from the State, and that the duties of the committee were ended, except the legend as to the services of the regiment yet to be placed thereon.

The thanks of the Association were voted to the committee for the able and satisfactory manner in which they had performed their duties, and they were continued in office, as to the matter of the legend, another year.

The thanks of the Association were voted, also, on motion of Colonel Packer, to Mrs. Captain Hamilton for the flowers from old Connecticut, with which she had decorated the tables at the reunion dinner.

Also, on motion of Surgeon Lewis, to Corporal Skelly Post, No. 9, G. A. R., for the use of their commodious hall for our various meetings upon this occasion.

The Treasurer reported the expenses of the Association for the year to be \$39.54, and a collection was taken by Captain Rice to cover the same.

The President read the names of the following named comrades, who had been reported as having died within the year, the Association, according to its rules, in the meantime standing uncovered :

Lieutenant E. R. Starr, of Co. K, at Waterbury, Conn.
 Sergeant Theron J. Hill, of Co. B, at Adrian, Mich.
 John Alexander, of Co. B, at Port Royal, Penn.

Letters of regret were received from A. H. Byington, Esq., of the *Norwalk Gazette*, and Comrades William N. Mix, A. J. Gilson, Robert McClure, George F. Barker, Edward Fowler, Miner Spicer, Eugene F. Hawley, Isaac B. Rogers, George Chappell, Theodore W. Norton, and others.

Comrade Marvin, on behalf of Colonel Packer, presented to the Association a beautifully engrossed and substantially bound copy of the colonel's diary, covering the period from July 29, 1861, to September 30, 1864, to be kept for use and reference.

On motion of Lieut.-Colonel Cogswell, the thanks of the Association were presented to Colonel Packer for his very valuable and acceptable gift.

On motion of Comrade Carpenter it was voted that the proceedings and exercises of this dedication excursion and reunion be printed by the Secretary, and distributed to the members of the Association.

The Association adjourned, *sine die*.

REGIMENTAL RECEPTION.

Major William H. Webster took the chair, and gave an interesting history of his service in the army connected with the Freedmen's Bureau, after the war till 1870.

Interesting speeches were made by Major Preston, Captain Hamilton, Colonel Chapman, Colonel Edward Hayes of the Twenty-ninth Ohio, and others.

Sergeant Squires added several of his delightful recitations, and interspersed the exercises with the songs of his

“Duffers” till 10 P. M., when the meeting adjourned at the hall ; but similar exercises were kept up in the parlors of the Eagle Hotel for an hour or two longer.

THE RETURN.

At 9 o'clock, August 10, we left Gettysburg, with many relics of its battlefield, with our hearts full of kind remembrances of the many kindly offices of its citizens towards us, of the propitious weather that had been vouchsafed to us, and of the delightful and successful reunion in which so many of us had been permitted to participate, and each of us said over and over again, as we sped homeward during the hours of that short day : I do not think I shall ever miss a reunion again.

The many courtesies of John W. Krauth, Esq., Secretary of the Battlefield Association, and of Mr. Yingling of the Eagle Hotel, who supplied us with the best his house afforded and refused us nothing, and patiently endured our racket ; and of Mr. W. T. Ziegler, who supplied the carriages and furnished ample room for all, and provided for us, at his own expense, the services of the able guide who took us over the battlefield, and in many other ways attended to our welfare, were duly appreciated by all of us.

At 5:50 we were saying our good-byes to each other at the foot of Courtlandt street, New York, and one of our most memorable reunions was ended.

The Gettysburg *Star and Sentinel*, in two numbers of its paper issued after our excursion, had the following notices of our visit :

FIFTH CONNECTICUT.—Last evening a very pleasant party of ninety survivors and friends of the Fifth Connecticut regiment arrived for the purpose of dedicating their beautiful monument on Culp's Hill, near Spangler's Spring. After they had refreshed themselves with supper the party went to the hall of Corporal Skelly Post, G. A. R., where Major Rice presided and the boys had a delightful evening with speeches, reminiscence and army songs. This morning at eight o'clock they took carriages for their monument, and the dedicatory exercises are taking place as we go to press.

FIFTH CONNECTICUT MONUMENT.—The dedicatory exercises of the survivors of the Fifth Connecticut regiment on last Tuesday were highly interesting and in most excellent taste. The regimental party was not large, but it was representative of the sterling worth and intellectual strength of New England. Many of our citizens were present. Col. George D. Chapman presided and opened the exercises with a brief and pertinent address; Rev. Horace Winslow invoked the divine presence in a fervent and impressive prayer; Col. W. W. Packer, commander of the regiment in this battle, delivered an eloquent and touching address of welcome to the comrades; the poem of Capt. E. E. Marvin was a spirited and superior production, well worthy of preservation; Col. W. S. Cogswell's oration was brief but eloquent and appropriate; Surgeon J. B. Lewis after a few happy remarks to the survivors transferred the monument to Memorial Association, and John M. Krauth, Secretary, accepted it. The photographers followed, and every one went away impressed with the excellent taste and happy manner in which all the exercises had passed off.

After a ride over the field the party held a banquet at the Eagle Hotel where Major Preston presided, and several clever post-prandial speeches were made, with music and recitations. Another trip over the field followed to return to a late supper.

In the evening the party again assembled in the Post room. A business meeting was held at which it was determined to publish in pamphlet form the proceedings at their dedication. The thanks of the regiment were returned, in a most cordial manner, to Post 9, and to the citizens of Gettysburg for their courtesy and kindness. After business a sparkling and lively camp-fire followed. Major Webster presided and it was soon evident that a good selection had been made as he was literally full of reminiscences connected with the history of the regiment. All upon whom he called responded with promptness, as he had insisted that as he was in command he would expect obedience. The recitations of Comrade George B. Squires were rendered in first-class style, and could not have been done better by a professional elocutionist (perhaps he is one). His "Return of the Standards," by General Horace Birney Sergeant, was specially timely in view of recent events. His rendering of Bandy Tim and an original poem were very fine. The only regret upon the part of our citizens present was that the meeting had not been held in the Court House where more of them could have heard it.

The excursionists returned on Wednesday morning and were quite enthusiastic in expressions of pleasure in their trip. Our people were equally glad to see them and hope to meet them again as pilgrims to the field they helped to win.

E. E. MARVIN,
Secretary.

HARTFORD, Aug. 30, 1887.

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