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THE 126TH
NEW YORK INFANTRY
AT
GETTYSBURG

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126TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.
On Cemetery Ridge, at Ziegler's Grove.



WILLIAM SHERRILL.

DEDICATION
OF THE
MONUMENT
TO THE
New York Infantry 126th Regt. 1862
126TH REGIMENT
N. Y. INFANTRY
ON THE
Battlefield of Gettysburg,
OCTOBER 3, 1888.

REPORTED BY
W. G. LIGHTFOOTE,
Canandaigua, N. Y.

E. A. B. C.
D. E. F. G.
H. I. J. K.

The Excursion to Gettysburg.

In June, 1886, when the 111th, and 126th regiments, N. Y. volunteers, united in an excursion to the Battlefield of Gettysburg, the wish was expressed that within two or three years they might again visit the place for the purpose of erecting monuments in honor of their respective regiments.

The excursion of the 126th regiment on the 1st of October was the realization in part of such wish.

The excursion left Canandaigua at 8:30 o'clock Monday evening, October 1st, 1888, by a special train.

Owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather, the number of persons was comparatively small, only about sixty uniting in the excursion. The run from Canandaigua was made without delay, accident, or special incident, the train arriving at Gettysburg at half-past six Tuesday morning.

Breakfast was soon in readiness, to which the party did ample justice.

Everything had been most thoughtfully and elaborately arranged for the comfort of the excursionists and to aid them in seeing the most in the shortest possible time.

At eight o'clock Mr. Ziegler's carriages were at the door of the hotel, and in charge of the well-known battlefield lecturer, Capt. James T. Long, of Gettysburg, the party was soon on its way to view the battlefield.

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The first point of interest was the National Cemetery, on the way to which marks of bullets were pointed out, and houses in which fragments of shell were still imbedded.

In the cemetery the bodies of 3,564 soldiers lie buried—979 of whom are unknown.

Hard indeed must be the heart which would not be touched by a walk or drive through this beautiful spot, as he passes the many graves of those whose lives were given in defence of home and country, and where the winds through the pines sing a constant requiem for the dead.

At the side of the National Monument, where Abraham Lincoln, dedicating the cemetery, delivered his memorable address, Capt. Long gave the history of the cemetery, quoting as his closing words those from the lips of Lincoln, inscribed on the monument—"that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, 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."

Thence to East Cemetery Hill, Culp's Hill, Spangler's Spring, and to the right of the line. Thence by way of the Baltimore Pike to the Harrisburg Road, to the right of the 11th corps line, to Chambersburg Pike, to Reynold's Grove, to Katalsine Springs, to the left of 1st corps line, to Seminary Ridge and back to Gettysburg for dinner. After dinner the party, again in company with Capt. Long, visited the Peach Orchard, the Loop, the Wheatfield, the Devil's Den, the Valley of Death, Big Round Top, Little Round Top, the Bloody Angle, and Cemetery Ridge to Ziegler's Grove.

From Cemetery Hill, from the tower on Big Round Top,

and from Seminary Ridge, one has commanding views of the whole battlefield—and while listening to the thrilling descriptions of Capt. Long, one sees again the two armies drawn up in line of battle, hears the roar of musketry and cannon, sees the armies swaying to and fro, hears the groans and shrieks of the wounded and the dying, sees the sun darkened by the smoke of battle—the Valley of Death, covered so closely with the dead and wounded that one can walk its entire length on the bodies which strew the ground—till one grows faint and sick at heart. But who can realize what the struggle was during the three days battle of July 1st, 2d, and 3d of 1863—or what the cost—or how terrible the scenes of suffering were, save those who had a share in it all, and risked their lives as a willing sacrifice to the cause of Right! We look, we listen, we ponder, until we find ourselves breathing the prayer that no such bloody days will ever come again to this beloved land as those three days of battle at Gettysburg. Hither for many years, aye for centuries, shall the feet of pilgrims tend as to a shrine to Liberty.

The grounds of the battlefield association are constantly being made easier of access by the opening of new avenues, and beautified, and increased in interest by the erection of costly monuments.

Tuesday morning the 125th regiment, N. Y. V., from Troy, N. Y., with some of its friends, arrived on the grounds for the purpose of dedicating a monument on the following day.

Tuesday evening the members of the 126th regiment held their annual business meeting, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—John F. Randolph, Penn Yan.

Secretary and Treasurer—Henry P. Nichols, Penn Yan.

Executive Committee.--Gilbert W. Peck, Allen's Hill, Ontario County; George Donnelly, Waterloo, Seneca County; James Taylor, Penn Yan, Yates County.

The next re-union will be held on the 22d day of August, 1889, in Yates County, at such place as the officers will hereafter designate.

Wednesday dawned clear and bright. The morning was spent in walking over portions of the battlefield, in renewing old acquaintances and associations, in talking over incidents of 25 years ago, still fresh in memory as if happening but yesterday, and in completing arrangements for the interesting exercises of the afternoon—the dedication of the monument to the 126th regiment, with the Sherrill memorial, and the monument to the 125th regiment. The monuments for the two regiments stand but a short distance apart on Cemetery Ridge, the 126th, at Zeigler's Grove, and the 125th at the left of the Bryan House. It was decided that the two regiments should unite in the dedicatory services, holding them at the same time at the pavilion erected for that purpose near the 126th monument. A very warm feeling of friendship exists between the two regiments, and as they went to the place of their services the soldiers marched in twos, a man of the 125th by the side of a man of the 126th, and formed in a body in front of the pavilion.

The 126th regiment was accompanied by Mrs. Ellen S. Babcock, of East Orange, New Jersey, and Mrs. Mary S. Dickerson, of Kansas City, Mo., daughters of Col. Sherrill, and by Mrs. Louisa B. Moore, a daughter of Mrs. Babcock, also of East Orange.

The exercises were most impressive and appropriate.

Major Chas. A. Richardson, of Canandaigua, N. Y., presided

during that part of the exercises in behalf of the 126th regiment, and Col. Levin Crandell, of the city of New York, during the exercises in behalf of the 125th regiment.

The services began with music by the Gettysburg band, after which Rev. J. R. Dunkerly, pastor of the Methodist church of Gettysburg, offered a brief, but very comprehensive, prayer. This was followed by a statement of the movements of the 126th regiment at the battle of Gettysburg and a summary of its losses during the war, by C. A. Richardson, and the unveiling of the monument by Mrs. Babcock.

After listening again to music by the band, Hon. John Raines of Canandaigua, delivered a masterly and eloquent dedicatory address, holding his hearers to the closest attention during the delivery.

At the conclusion of the address, Col. Crandell was called upon to preside during the remainder of the programme.

Hon. Martin I. Townsend, of Troy, was introduced and delivered an eloquent extemporaneous address.

Gen. Henry W. Slocum responded to a call and spoke briefly as follows:

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

I am glad of this opportunity to do justice to one of the gentlemen sitting beside me on this platform, and who knows something of this monument.

I happened on this field a few years ago. I found monuments to the States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, but none to our state—the great State of New York.

Two or three days after I was at Canandaigua. I was at a soldiers' re-union and mentioned the matter to Major Richardson. He took it up at once, and prepared a bill and presented it to Raines, then of the Legislature, who introduced it and it became a law.

It is due to these two men, Major Richardson and Senator Raines, that these monuments are erected.

I knew about the 126th regiment, knew something of its history, but little thought so many men had fallen in the battle of Gettysburg as I learn to-day. We

need these monuments; let them stand. The history of our State is a grand one.

I wanted to improve the opportunity by speaking these few words, and I thank you for your attention.

General Joseph B. Carr, who was seated on the platform, was also called for, and said:—

Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

I thank God I am spared to meet with you to-day. I feel grateful to your president to be invited here on this occasion. I have much too clever feeling towards you to address you at any length. You have placed out here a beautiful monument, to stand for all time. This monument will tell to pilgrims for hundreds of years to come your line of position, where your line advanced, and where your gallant Colonel fell. Eloquence is there, as your monument points to heaven, where your brave comrades now are. Eloquence, as it stands to mark the lines of the 125th and 126th regiments. Col. Crandell was my Adjutant in a regiment before the war. He did good service before the war, and has since.

Again I thank you for the privilege of being here to-day, and hope as you come here year after year you will find this monument well cared for.

We hear a great deal of talk these days about the "surplus." I hope the government will use part of its great surplus in extending its work in erecting monuments. This field should be owned by the Government. Make it the Mecca of America. Put its military school here, and educate its young men in loyalty and love of country. Make it the place for visitors, where all who come will be strengthened in patriotism and devotion to our beloved country."

The benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Dunkerley, after which the band played as its closing selection, "God be with you till we meet again."

A photograph of the monument, with the members of the regiment and daughters and grand-daughter of Col. Sherrill grouped about it, was taken, after which the monument of the 125th regiment was formally unveiled.

The monument of the 126th regiment is of granite, and stands sixteen feet high, and is eight feet five inches by seven feet five inches at the base. The sub-base and first base is of

Gettysburg granite, the second base and all above is of Quincy granite. It is surmounted by the badge of the Second Corps—the well-known trefoil—cut in granite. On its face, or west side, is a bronze medallion, bearing the Coat of Arms of the State of New York. Below is the bas-relief portrait of Colonel Sherrill in bronze, with an oak branch carved in granite above it. On a large die below the portrait is the following inscription:

"126TH NEW YORK INFANTRY,
3D BRIG., 3D DIV., 2D CORPS,
JULY 3D, 1863.

On the right, or north side, is a bronze tablet on which is the following:

COLONEL ELIAKIM SHERRILL,
BORN FEBRUARY 16TH, 1813. DIED JULY 4TH, 1863.
SERVED AS MEMBER OF CONGRESS AND STATE SENATOR.
ENTERED THE U. S. MILITARY SERVICE AS COLONEL OF THE 126TH
N. Y. INFANTRY IN 1862.

MORTALLY WOUNDED JULY 3D, 1863, WHILE IN COMMAND OF HIS BRIGADE.

On the east, or rear side, is a bronze tablet, bearing the following inscription:

The regiment was in position two hundred yards at the left July 2d, until 7 P.M., when the brigade was conducted thirteen-hundred yards further to the left, and the regiment with the 111th N. Y., and 125th N. Y., charged the enemy in the swale, near the source of Plum Run, driving them therefrom and advancing one hundred and seventy five yards beyond, towards the Emmittsburg road, to a position indicated by a monument on Sickles Avenue. At dark the regiment returned to near its former position. In the afternoon of July 3d it took this position and assisted in repulsing the charge of the enemy, capturing three stands of colors and many prisoners.

	NO. ENGAGED.	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING
Officers, - - -	30	5	9	-
Enlisted men, - - -	425	35	172	10.

On the left, or south side, is inscribed the principal battles in which the regiment was engaged, as follows:

The Regiment participated in the following engagements:

Harper's Ferry, Gettysburg, Auburn Ford, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, Morton's Ford, Wilderness, Po River, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plains, Ream's Station, Boydton Plank Road, Sutherland's Station, Farmville, Appomattox.

The portrait of Col. Sherrill was modeled by C. Buberle, sculptor, of New York City, and cast in bronze by the Henry Bonnard Bronze Company of the city of New York. The monuments of both regiments were constructed by Messrs. Frederick & Field, of Quincy, Mass.

THE CAMP-FIRE.

The interesting events of the two days found an appropriate ending in the Camp-Fire held in the Court House, Wednesday evening, in which the two regiments united. The large courtroom was filled with an expectant and attentive audience.

Major Charles A. Richardson, of the 126th N. Y., in calling the meeting to order, said :

This town seems like a western Mecca—a Mecca of Liberty to which pilgrims come to get inspiration of patriotism. A little more than two years ago the survivors of the 126th and the 111th regiments of New York Volunteers belonging to the same brigade came here on an excursion and in the evening of their departure held a camp-fire in this room. We have come again; this time the 126th N. Y., with another regiment of the same brigade—the 125th N. Y.—we have visited the battlefield, have dedicated the monuments to our regiments, and now we come here to have a pleasant time together—to compare notes, and to speak of the feelings which have stirred our hearts to-day, before leaving on our return home

I now call upon Hon. John Raines to preside at this camp-fire.

Mr. Raines presided in a very happy manner, and with pleasing story and interesting incident, called one and another from the audience until he had seated about him on and near the platform, Dr. Chas. S. Hoyt, of Canandaigua, surgeon of the 126th N. Y., Col. Levin Crandell, of the 125th N. Y., Calvin

B. Hamilton, of the First Penna. Reserves, now a resident of Gettysburg, Major C. A. Richardson, of Canandaigua, Captain Joseph Egolf of the 125th of Troy, N. Y., John M. Krauth, Esq., of Gettysburg, secretary of the Battlefield Memorial Association, Capt. W. D. Taylor, of the 125th N. Y., Dr. Henry L. Taylor, principal of the Union School, Canandaigua, N. Y., Capt. J. F. Randolph of the 126th N. Y., and Col. John B. Bachelder, of Boston, Mass., the Gettysburg Battlefield historian.

Mr. Raines then spoke as follows :

Gettysburg has had many camp-fires, they are no new thing with you here, but the large crowd present speaks the interest which the citizens of this place have in them.

I leave it to you, ladies and gentlemen; comrades to say if we haven't this entertainment well organized. I am one who enjoys a meeting of soldiers. I judge the ladies do too. They like the boys, and why shouldn't they like them. Ask any soldier to give a reason why they should not. Ask the soldiers if they endured more than the wives, the mothers, and the sisters who remained at home. I believe the mothers, wives and sisters endured keener anguish and more greatly suffered than the soldiers at the front. Their's was the waiting in suspense and doubt, always so hard to bear. Here we have men from different parts of New York and from Pennsylvania. Soldiers from Troy, from Canandaigua, and from all parts of the States reach out their hands in fraternal greeting.

I heard quoted in an address the other day, words put into the mouth of Henry V., by Shakespeare, just before the battle of Agincourt which seems so appropriate on an occasion of this kind that I quote them here:

“If we are marked to die, we are anow
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men the greater share of honor.
 God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
 By Jove I am not covetous for gold;
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
 It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
 But if it be a sin to covet honor,
 I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
 God's peace! I would not lose so great an honor,
 As one man more, methinks, would share for me,
 For the best hope I have. O do not wish one more,
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
 That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
 Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse;
 We would not die in that man's company,
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian:
 He that outlives this day and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian;
 He that outlives this day and sees old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
 And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian;
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's Day,
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd,
 This story shall the good man teach his son,
 And Crispin, Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition;
 And gentlemen in England, now abed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day."

So he painted in that language the feeling of every boy in blue who shed his blood for the old flag, and in '63 saved the whole north land from a rebel hand. This the same feeling which brought these men together at this time and will bring them together so long as any monuments remain to be dedicated, and to see the spot on which they fought and where their comrades fell.

Dr. Chas. S. Hoyt, formerly surgeon of the 126th regiment, and now Secretary of the State Board of Charities of the State of New York, was then introduced, and said :

I am very much embarrassed to speak in this presence, and to follow one so happy in his remarks as the presiding officer of this evening. I am often taken for a serious fellow, and have been called chaplain since I have been here. I know about this excursion. My friend Major Richardson is a near neighbor to me at my home in Canandaigua. This excursion is his child, and the plans for it have been laid before me. Another reason I feel embarrassed in speaking is, the danger that I shall get off on questions of lunacy, pauperism and crime.

When our war broke out, we had only a small regular army, less than twenty thousand men.

When we came to handle an army of one hundred thousand the medical men found a great problem, how to manage their work. The efficiency of the medical force was due largely to the experience of the medical men in the regular army. The difficulties were met by men ignorant of such work, but who were advised by men of experience, and the country doctors were the ones to bring about so much that was excellent and valuable in the medical science.

I am proud that I belonged to the medical class. The casualties of the war were large, but in a short time wounded men were made comfortable. The great auxiliary was the home. The Christian and Sanitary Commissions received aid from every village and from nearly every home. I bear my testimony to the value and efficiency of this service and its help to the medical service.

I am gratified to be here. Have met old friends and the children of old comrades. I hope to have the privilege of meeting many times again with you all at this spot.

Col. Levin Crandell of the 125th regiment was next introduced, and spoke as follows :

Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades of the 125th and 126th Regiments:—

The trouble is, the 126th regiment covers all the ground and leaves nothing for anyone else to say. I am not a public speaker. I want only to say what you all

know, that a great deal of sympathy exists between the three regiments, the 126th, 125th, and 111th, N. Y. They stood side by side in the great conflict, and when we meet it is with a hearty fraternal feeling. There is no feeling of jealousy between these regiments, at least if there is I don't know it. It has been my fortune to meet many soldiers, and no matter where, whether in New York, Ohio, Illinois, or Michigan, anywhere, soldiers meet with a degree of friendship existing between no other class of people.

I want to thank the members of the 126th regiment for their kind invitation to meet with them and for the kind attention they have shown us while here.

Major George W. Cooney, Secretary of the New York Commissioners for the Gettysburg Monuments was next called upon and sang with considerable feeling and spirit the familiar war song, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching"—the audience joining in the chorus.

Prof. Calvin Hamilton, of the 1st Pa. Reserves, was the next speaker, and spoke as follows :

Mr. Chairman, Comrades of the 126th and 125th—but especially the 126th:—

I esteem it a great privilege as well as a great pleasure to attend a camp-fire of the 125th and 126th New York Volunteers.

Aside from the Division to which I belonged, which was together during its entire term of service, no other command with which we were brought in contact made so lasting impression on my mind as the 126th N. Y.

It seems hardly possible that it is more than a quarter of a century ago that the 1st Regiment Pa. Reserves—like a disorderly mob—came to your camp at Union Mills, Va., and marched at the point of your bayonets to clean slaughter houses and work on fortifications, and were the recipients of your hospitality and kindness. It seems but yesterday so vivid is it in my memory. It gives me great pleasure to welcome you to this field, consecrated as it by the blood of so many of your comrades, and I know I express the sentiments of this entire community in extending to you a most cordial greeting.

Your command did valiant service on this field, losing more men than any other brigade engaged, save two—the Iron brigade of the First corps and Harrow's brigade of your own corps. I congratulate you on the completion of your monuments; may they stand while civil liberty is prized among men and nations exist, a memorial of your valor and devotion to your country and your country's

flag. * * * * I close with the hope that you may live to make many pilgrimages to this field rendered immortal by your valor and those who fought with you to preserve our union and our liberties.

In introducing the next speaker, the chairman said: A large number of regiments of other States had erected monuments before any were erected by the State of New York. Perhaps General Slocum did say it would be a disgrace if New York did not erect monuments, but Major Richardson deserves much credit. He got the laws from the different States in reference to the matter, and he drew the bill which was passed, by which two hundred thousand dollars was appropriated for that purpose. I take great pleasure in introducing Major Charles A. Richardson, of Canandaigua.

Major Richardson spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman:

It is proper to say in reference to the bill that has been referred to, that if it were to become a law it would have to be placed in the hands of the right man in the legislature, and Senator Raines was the man.

He entered into the matter heartily, and presented the bill and it became a law. And so with the subsequent bills pertaining to the same subject, they all passed through his hands; he introducing them and looked after them and they became laws.

He is to be a member of our next Congress. He will be the man to help us out if we need any help from the general government.

I remember the facts and incidents given by Prof. Hamilton in his remarks. I remember the condition of his regiment—the First Pennsylvania Reserves—when it first went into camp at Union Mills near us.

I think he is inclined to speak of them too slightly. We had heard of their bravery and valor in battle, and their dusty clothes and worn appearance seemed badges of honor rather than of disgrace. I was Officer of the Day then, and said to Col. Sherrill that they appeared like good soldiers, and I asked the privilege of requesting the officers of the companies of our regiment to supply the corresponding companies of that regiment with coffee and rations. He approved and it was done, and we supposed everything was all right until we received orders to take away their arms.

General Hays then placed the regiment under the orders of Col. Sherrill, who, being satisfied of their good character as soldiers, ordered the men from their work on fortifications back to camp, and restored them their arms. A warm friendship thereafter existed between the two regiments.

In introducing Capt. Joseph Egolf, of Troy, the chairman referred to him as being a great favorite with the ladies, and created a laugh at the Captain's expense.

Capt. Joseph Egolf spoke as follows :

Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades of the Jury:

At the opening of this Court I was asked to plead guilty; I would not plead guilty to the gentlemen of the Court, but to these ladies I am willing to plead guilty.

A few survivors of the 126th and 125th regiments meet here to-night to revive the friendships that during the war had been created between these regiments. Many of the men who meet to-day have never met before since the close of the war.

Twenty-five years and three months ago to-day was the last day of the fight at Gettysburg.

Many have met to-day for the first time since they had the privilege of touching shoulders in the bitter struggle for home and country and starry-flag. The bond binding these two regiments together has been welded to-day stronger than ever before.

We see on these grounds where we have been to-day the turning point of the great struggle. We see the men who went forth to that struggle in the bloom of youth and strength, now lame and halt and gray-headed. We come here to-day to pay a tribute to those who sleep in yonder cemetery, and to mark the spot with monuments.

The monuments that mark the spot will outlive you and me, and our children and children's children, that they may know, after we have passed to the great roll-call, the victories which were here achieved.

It ought to be the grandest thing that they can say, in pointing to this spot—my father, or my brother, fell here fighting for his country.

To these parents let me say—train your children never to despise a soldier, even though he may be a tramp. Don't call them that. We have them. Dissipation has brought them there, but it may be that some hidden painful wound has

induced it all. Never say tramp, but give him the best you can, say a kind word to him; say you fought for my country, you saved the flag and made it possible for my wife and mother to live in this land.

Mr. Krauth, of Gettysburg, was the next speaker.

Mr. President and Veterans of the 125th and 126th Regiments:—

I listened to-day with great delight to the addresses at the dedication of your monuments. The lofty patriotism of the addresses stirred my blood as in the days of the war. I would be glad to be a listener to-night, and would remain so but for my interest in Major Richardson. He has taken a great interest in the Battlefield Association and in the erection of monuments. I know the sentiment of the people of Gettysburg, and feel that I speak in behalf of every man, woman, and child when I say we welcome you to our midst.

We welcome you as citizens of the great State of New York. We welcome you as soldiers who saved this nation. We welcome you as members of the brigade which fought so valiantly.

Your valor is told by the losses you sustained rather than by any mere words. Your arms were covered with glory. Your glory shall never fade until the glory of the flag shall fade.

As a member of the battlefield Memorial Association I welcome you. This Association was organized a month after the battle for the purpose of preserving the field, and has since been acquiring lands until it owns upwards of five hundred acres, which include nearly all the principal points covered by the battle of Gettysburg. Some two hundred monuments have been erected, and probably one hundred more will be erected next year. These shall stand to preserve the memory of the men who achieved so much glory on this field.

Captain W. D. Taylor, of the 125th regiment, spoke as follows:

Your Chairman is not aware that I am no speaker. Last summer we decided to dedicate our monument on this field this fall. We wished to be ready at the same time as the 126th regiment. When it was found that we had chosen the same day and I began to talk with our men about it I found they were as pleased as was my little boy when I told him he could go to Gettysburg.

We are glad to be here to-day and meet you again and revive the pleasant associations formed so many years ago. I thank you for the privilege of meeting you here to-day, and of having this opportunity to publicly thank you.

Dr. H. L. Taylor, of Canandaigua, was then introduced and spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Comrades:—

May I call you comrades? I who never carried a gun nor marched in the ranks, but whose blood now tingles with the thoughts of what you have suffered and seen on these historic heights. May I call *you* comrades of the 125th and 126th New York Volunteers?

It has been my privilege to stand on some of the historic battlefields of America. I have stood on Cape Diamond and looked down from that giddy height upon the waters where a man-of-war bearing six hundred soldiers and marines looked like a toy ship. I have passed the massive gates of Quebec and stood upon the Plains of Abraham. In imagination I see the dying Wolfe and hear the cry, "they run, they run!" "Who run?" "The enemy, sir!" "Then, praise God, I die in peace." And well he might, for then and there was solved the vexed question what people shall settle America. Follow the course of that people through the eighteen years that elapse, and again you find them face to face with a great issue: "what form of government shall this people have."

It has been my privilege to visit the plains of Saratoga, to ride through the streets of Stillwater, and to stand on Bemis Heights. From the summit of that important field I see kingcraft in America receive its fatal blow, and the possibility of a "government by the people" established. And now it is my privilege to stand on the historic heights of Gettysburg, where that people have settled for the present, and probably for all time, the question, that "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people" shall not perish from the earth.

This day is the proudest of my life. More honors have been crowded into it than into any day I have ever known before. I have had the honor of meeting General Slocum, of asking questions of a corps commander on awful Gettysburg, the honor of walking and talking with survivors of this bloody field, men who stood shoulder to shoulder with comrades who now lie on the green slopes of Cemetery Hill, with officers and men as they traced the route of Willard's charge, and marked the spot where Willard fell; the honor of walking among the dead of yon green slopes.

"And have they not high honors
The hillside for their pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall?"

The honor of witnessing the dedication of your monument to your heroic dead, when the unbidden tears started at sight of the daughter's grief in presence of the father's features cast in enduring bronze.

Historic Gettysburg! Little do we realize the height of thy greatness, or the depth of thy sorrows!

How little can we grasp the conception of the mighty hosts that five-and-twenty years ago met in mortal combat on these fateful heights! But now a vivid picture comes to me that may perchance deepen the impression of its magnitude. Listen to the tramp, tramp, tramp of the ranks, four deep, fifty a minute, as they pass down yonder street. How long? Seventeen hours are they in passing the door of this court house, and oh, the startling thought that for four long hours they march in rank and file only to lay down their lives and soon to be covered by the sod on Pennsylvania hills.

This morning while wandering on Culp's hill we were startled by the report of a single gun; then who can describe the sublimity and terror of that third day's famous artillery duel. And yet some hearers of mine heard that awful cannonade and saw these moving columns, or nursed the wounded, soothed the dying, and buried the dead.

Height of absurdity! that my feeble thoughts could interest or instruct citizens of this immortal village, participants of its strife and sorrow! that a lad playing at war with twigs and apples when these men were offering life and limb in their country's defense should expect to interest these soldiers by tales at their camp-fire; to interest this people in whose presence "honest old Abe" let fall words of wisdom, linked chains of light, in whose presence have rung the silvery tones of America's greatest orators—an Everett or a Curtis.

How I have wished that I might have seen those charging hosts, and heard those shouts of victory.

Tears will fall on those unknown graves when our graves are unknown.

Last night I stood in the cupola of the seminary and looked upon the same fields that greeted exulting Lee; this morning I entered the humble room that sheltered anxious Meade, and I thought those look-outs typical of the men that used them. The former, rejoicing in past victories confidently looked down upon his opponent and eagerly awaited the morrow; the latter bowed down by a load but three days borne, with scattered forces and an unknown field, bravely, patiently, and humbly awaited the day and prepared for the worst.

The sun was setting in all his brightness. Rolling up from the west were dark banks of storm clouds, while ridge and valley, field and farm house, stood out clear and bold in the waning light.

Below me on the rolling slopes to the west were the McPherson woods and farm buildings in sight, the spot where Reynolds fell, while the words of General Hunt's quotation of Riddle's eulogy ran through my mind: "No man died on that field with more glory than he, yet many died, and there was much glory." All honor to Reynolds!

To the North the afternoon of the first day's fight was waning; the eleventh corps retreats in disorder through the streets of the nestling village, the gallant first corps withdraws to rally around Steinwehr's division on Cemetery Hill, while stragglers come in, and darkness puts an end to strife and hurries preparation. South-eastward Culps Hill looms up, and thoughts of the second day's fight crowd in. Longstreet advances, the surging tide of battle sweeps upon the left of our line; the Peach Orchard, Devil's Den, Round Tops, and Valley of Death rise through the twilight of the second day's fight into historic places, while a Willard, and a Cross, a Vincent, Weed, and Hazlett seal their loyalty with their lives. The combat rages on our right, and Early's famous charge is made. How vivid the advance, the climax and the retreat! while farther to the right and rear Johnson lies within our entrenchments and waits for light. The third day comes, and with it the contest that lasts from dawn until eleven o'clock. Now the hurried and continuous preparation for the grand and final charge. The two hours cannonade, the forming ranks, the swift advance, the repulse of Pickett and Pettigrew, and the field of Gettysburg is won!

The sun has settled behind the storm cloud never to rise again.

As I look forth from the cupola of the seminary and catch the gleams of sunshine reflected from the numerous monuments that stud this famous field, I fain would build a monument. Upon the slopes of yon quiet cemetery gather the many monuments already reared and the countless yet to rise. With these for material build a pyramid, symbol of eternity. Let the cap stone bear a massive cross in honor of the Son of Man. Now search through history for a name to carve upon the cross. Neither Moses for the Jews, nor Phocian for the Greeks, nor Cæsar for the Romans, nor Chatham for the English, but the name of a statesman, American by birth, who towers above them all. A soldier as well, he stands in recent history the peer of a McClellan or a Grant. In politics wise, sagacious, and without an equal in the past or present.

I would carve upon the cap stone of America's grandest monument the name of her greatest statesman, soldier, and philosopher, the wise and courageous, the patient and sad, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lieutenant J. F. Randolph, of the 126th regiment, was the next speaker, and said :

Ladies, and Gentlemen, Comrades of the 126th and 125th:—

Some twenty-five years ago we paid an unexpected visit as tramps to the village of Gettysburg. We were given a warm reception, and a grand display of fireworks was gotten up for our benefit.

We come again to the same village and are again given a warm reception, but this time without the fireworks. The pleasures of this occasion have not been without deep feelings of sadness.

We think to-night of Sherrill, of Shimer, of Herendeen, of Wheeler, and of Holmes and others who on this bloody field gave the full measure of their devotion to the country they loved. They did not leave home merely to brave a foe, not to win a name on the roll of fame. They were actuated by deeper, stronger, purer motives—the love of country and of right.

I attended, but a short time ago, the twenty-second National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Columbus, Ohio, at which twenty-five thousand survivors of the late war gathered. Here was given the largest and finest parade since the grand review in Washington at the close of the war, in which seventy-five thousand men marched. But it would have been grand if but few were there, for these were of the men who helped to save and preserve this nation and make it as it is—the land of the free.

Col. Bachelder, of Boston, Mass., Government historian of the battle of Gettysburg, was next introduced and spoke as follows :

Mr. Chairman, Veterans of the 125th and 126th Regiments, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

As has already been said the hour is late, and our time limited, and the subject is so extensive that one hardly knows where to begin.

I am reminded of my last visit to this hall. I was invited by General Slocum to make some remarks in behalf of one of the finest regiments of the army of the Potomac, and in that invitation the audience was reminded that I was the historian of the battle, by which it was implied that whatever I might say would be historically correct, and so thinking it my duty I tried to tell the truth in regard to the regiment. I did so, saying that it did its duty and did it well. But judge of my surprise when on my way home a wet blanket was thrown over me. A man came and said : “ What have you against our regiment ? It seems to me you said only disparaging things of us, and that we always came into the fight just too late.”

The truth was the men had talked so much about the engagement of their regiment that they had come to think that it did all the fighting that was done in their vicinity, when in fact it only lost one man in the battle of Gettysburg. But when I come before this audience and speak of the 125th N. Y. Vols., which lost 139 men, and the 126th which lost 231 men, I can make no mistake when I speak of these regiments in the highest terms of praise—when I tell the story of their acts truthfully.

I was invited this morning to address you to-night, but I have tramped all day over these fields with no opportunity of preparing a speech for this occasion.

When Major Richardson spoke to me about speaking at this camp-fire, I was standing in the presence of that grand soldier, General Slocum, who is pleasant under all circumstances, and who was always calm in the midst of danger; and General Carr was there, whom the people of Massachusetts loved so well, for he had three of her favorite regiments in his command, and another General—Graham—is in town, whose health will not permit his presence here to-night. And there was still another officer upon whom I looked whose face seemed familiar, but whom I could not for the moment recognize. It was Col. Crandell, I had not seen him since 1864, when I visited the army of the Potomac for the purpose of gathering information concerning the battle of Gettysburg.

When Major Richardson invited me I thought,—“here are these distinguished men in our midst, Slocum, Carr and Graham, and I wonder whether the people of Gettysburg know how closely the commands of these three men were associated in the battle of Gettysburg and how intimately they are indented with the history of this place.

The facts were these:

On the second day of the battle of Gettysburg Graham's brigade, which was posted at the angle of the Peach orchard, received the shock of Barksdale's attack. At the right of Graham was Carr's brigade supported by Brewster's brigade. When Graham's troops fell back from the Peach orchard Carr received the shock of Barksdale's attack on his left. Then came the order from General Humphreys, so difficult to execute in battle, to “change front to rear,” the better to meet Barksdale; and most grandly did Carr's command execute that difficult evolution.

Then the most startling events occurred. General Carr was wounded, General Humphrey's horse was killed under him, and the whole division was pressed back by the victorious foe.

Then your brigade was ordered to the left to help General Humphreys' hard pressed troops. While moving to the left the order came to move by the right

flank, in line of battle; and the 111th, 125th and 126 regiments charged the enemy.

As soon as you entered the bushes you found Barksdale's command, and in the fierce struggle which followed he went down in death; but Willard's brigade went on nearly up to the guns of Alexander, artillery battalion, and when it was known that the brigade was not supported, the order came to fall back; and then it was that the gallant Willard fell and your brave and gallant Colonel Sherrill assumed command.

When that grand assault of Longstreet was made and repulsed, and when it receded, every regiment of your brigade performed well its part. The 125th rushed down to the stone wall, and opened fire, the 126th moved to the right, and eventually crossed the wall, and attacked the enemy; all did their duty well. A large number of colors were captured by the 126 regiment, but your loss was heavy, including the death of the gallant Sherrill, who fell at the moment of victory.

One word only as I close—my comrades correct me if I err in any of my statements—it is the truth—only the truth—that I wish to tell.

At the conclusion of the address by Col. Bachelder a vote of thanks was tendered the citizens of Gettysburg for their cordial reception and generous hospitality, and on motion the camp-fire was adjourned.

After hearty hand-shakings and warm good-byes, the company found its way to the train which was waiting for them, and thus another enjoyable excursion of the 126th regiment was ended.

Perhaps no other re-union of the 126th regiment has left so many pleasant memories as this one. And yet as the farewells were spoken there was a feeling of sadness in realizing that so few of the survivors were left, and that with each passing year the number is lessened, and the question, "Who will live to meet at the next re-union," intrudes itself, to which comes the unspoken response, "God be with you till we meet again."

The following are the names and residences of the members of the 126th New York and their friends who were in attendance at Gettysburg:

Allen, Ellery G.,	Farmington, N. Y.	Burton, A. P.,	Erie Pa.
Beary, William,	Waterloo, N. Y.	Burton, Mrs. A. P.,	do
Bullock, Reuben,	Barrington, N. Y.	Crane, Oscar N.,	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Carey, D.,	Auburn, N. Y.	Crane, Mrs. Oscar N.,	do
Cooper, O. C.,	Ovid, N. Y.	Durfee, Allen,	Grand Rapids, Mich.
Dixon, J. R.,	Naples, N. Y.	Durfee, Mrs. Allen,	do
Donnally, George,	Waterloo, N. Y.	Ebert, Fred.,	Rushville, N. Y.
Edwards, E.,	Waterloo, N. Y.	Fowler, O. A.,	Odessa, N. Y.
Field, Henry M.,	Canandaigua, N. Y.	Hemiup, Chas. L.,	Geneva, N. Y.
Harris, John,	Italy Hill, N. Y.	Hoyt, Dr. Chas. S.,	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Harris, Mrs. John,	do	Hulburt, J. H.,	Naples, N. Y.
Haskell, Gilbert,	Cheshire, N. Y.	Hyatt, Charles M.,	Albany, N. Y.
Haskell, Mrs. Gilbert,	do	Lockhart, Richard C.,	Odessa, N. Y.
Hendricks, Benj.,	Waterloo, N. Y.	Nichols, Henry P.,	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Lapham, O. C.,	Macedon, N. Y.	Proudfit, Chas. H.,	Stanley, N. Y.
Lightfoote, Wm. G.,	Canandaigua, N. Y.	Proudfit, Mrs. Chas. H.,	do
Nichols, Andrew F.,	Milo Center, N. Y.	Rappleye, P. W.,	Farmer Village, N. Y.
Peck, Gilbert W.,	Allen's Hill, N. Y.	Richardson, C. A.,	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Peck, George W.,	do	Sheffer, Allen R.,	Rochester, N. Y.
Raines, John,	Canandaigua, N. Y.	Sheffer, C. H.,	Shortsville, N. Y.
Randolph, John F.,	Penn Yan, N. Y.	Snook, Jordan,	Port Gibson, N. Y.
Ransom W. J.,	Canandaigua, N. Y.	Stevenson, John,	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Sands, Jacob,	Waterloo, N. Y.	Taylor, Mrs. H. L.,	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Seymour, James,	Lima, N. Y.	Taylor, Anna Mabel,	do
Shay, Daniel C.,	Cheshire, N. Y.	Taylor, James,	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Shay, Mrs. Daniel C.,	do	Yeckley, Mrs. J. A.,	Gorham, N. Y.
Taylor, C. E.,	Miller's Corners, N. Y.		
Taylor, Mrs. C. E.,	do		
Taylor, Dr. H. L.,	Canandaigua, N. Y.		
Wilson, Abram,	Ovid, N. Y.		
Yeckley, J. A.,	Gorham, N. Y.		

Address of Hon. John Rains,

DELIVERED AT THE FOUNDATION OF THE MONUMENT.

It is not my purpose to recite the history of the 120th regiment. Its deeds of heroism must be a part of the history of our country. Through disasters and struggles of a glorious struggle, every step of the way is marked by that fortitude and high courage which were characteristic of the true soldiers who composed its ranks.

From Harper's Ferry to Annapolis, on more than twenty battle fields, its dead are buried. Blowing twenty-five years the fighting winds have done some good and a removal above the graves where rest the remains of those who died on this field of sad yet glorious memories.

It was fifty years before the battle of Gettysburg that Edwin Sherman, the Colonel of our regiment, was born.

Like Grant, he was the son of a farmer and tanner. Those who knew him best in God's life early recognized his worth. When but 31 years of age he was called to represent his district in Congress, and seven years later he occupied a seat in the Senate of the Empire State. When in 1860 he removed to Genoa, we knew we had received a valuable addition to the number of our public-spirited citizens.

I am proud to say he was my personal friend, and I well remember when in 1861, a year before the 120th regiment was organized, and immediately after the disaster at Bull Run, I went with his approval to Auburn, where the 23d was being organized, to ascertain whether an arrangement could be made by which he could aid in placing some companies from Ontario County in that regiment whose fortunes he should share.

Had that project been accomplished, the name and fame of Sherrill would not to-day be the pride and glory of the 120th regiment and of the old 20th Senatorial district.

But the organization of the 75th had been perfected, and so it came to pass that when the 120th was formed, it had the benefit of his dignified and courteous intercourse, his moral example, and was inspired by his lofty courage, until on this fateful field, at the moment of triumph, when the rising tide of rebellion broke against the solid rock of the 3rd Brigade of the 3rd Division of the 2d Corps, and their comrades on either flank, and while in command of the Brigade, the fatal bullet found its mark, and Sherrill died; and there fell with him on this field 40 killed and 181 wounded of the sons of Yates, Seneca, and Ontario, who had followed the colors of the 120th regiment where Sherrill led.

To-day we have come from our distant homes, with hearts imbued with mingled feelings of gratitude for what was done here, and regret for the precious blood shed here, to pay a tribute of respect and loving remembrance to those who were near and dear to us—our heroic dead.

In commemoration of their worth, of their valor, and of their gallant deeds, the State of New York and the citizens of Seneca, Yates, and Ontario have erected to their memory this monument, which shall stand through long years, to call afresh to the minds of the generations of our sons and daughters who shall come after us, thoughts of the heroic sacrifices and unconquerable valor of the men who in the perilous days of '61 and '65, when for a space it seemed as though the foundation of our Government would be destroyed, laid anew the corner stone, cemented with it their blood, and by their courage and devotion secured to us an heritage of freedom, of equal laws, and just government.

As the years follow each other, the sun in his course shall shine upon it, and the sentinel stars keep their silent watch above it, yet far more enduring than the shaft we have erected, shall be that grandest of all monuments to their valor and patriotism—the land they and their comrades saved, the nation they reclaimed.

What hand shall paint, what mind shall conceive or what tongue tell, the magnificent splendors of that creation, of that monument, whose base covers from ocean to ocean, from the lakes to the gulf, resting alike on East and West, and on North and South, that monument, which shall stand "Amid the solitude of time, beneath whose shade worlds may moulder, and about whose summit eternity must play." As the years recede and the events of the past become a faint recollec-

tion, the curtain of forgetfulness is drawn closer and closer about the deeds which as they transpired filled the whole world with awe.

The achievements of great leaders may indeed be indelibly impressed upon the pages of the Nation's annals, and the names of Washington, Lincoln, and Grant be as household words through all time. Men will not perhaps forget that Vicksburg, Winchester, Gettysburg, and an hundred other glorious deeds were fought and won, but who shall tell of the bravery, of the gallant deeds of individual courage done by the vast host of those who served as faithfully as Hancock or Meade, as Hooker or Thomas, and fell with a consciousness of duty as well performed? Aye, who of you to-day can tell me the names of one-tenth of the battles of the war, or make a correct roster of the officers of the regiment in which you served? To-day 147,000 of our dead, of the men who wood shoulder to shoulder as a bulwark between the North and the hosts of rebellion, rest in our National cemeteries in graves at the head of which is inscribed the sad word "unknown." Yet, of the three hundred thousand of our Fathers, Brothers, Husbands, and Sons, who marched from our presence in the full flush of manly manhood—"bearing in strong right hands the safety of the land, the pride and glory of the North," but alas who never came back to the embrace of loved ones who waited for their coming—147,000 sleep in graves upon whose grassy mound not eye of mother, wife, or sister shall drop the tear of sorrow, nor hand of comrade strew the flowers of springtime. In patient remembrance, save as an offering to the "unknown dead."

"He was by my side as we marched at double quick to the sound of the enemy's guns." "He was in front of me in line of battle as we made the fearful charge." "As the line was driven back I saw him fall." "He may have been killed, or if wounded is captured, but he never came back." Such is the brief record, such the message which perchance sent by faithful comrade reaches the eye and pierces the heart of wife or mother as she

"stretches despairing hands,
Out to the blood-red battle fields,
Which crimson the Southern sands,
As she waiteth and watcheth for one
Who has never come back from that Southern land,
Though the terrible war is done."

To know his fate would be a relief; to know him dead by the sudden rifle shot, were not so terrible; but oh! to think him a prisoner, bring to the mind the awful thought of Andersonville and Salisbury, with their accumulation of horrors,

which can hardly be imagined, and have never been told—of Andersonville with 13,714 graves, of Salisbury with 12,126 graves, the occupants of 12,032 of which are the "unknown dead"—25,840 men to whom grim death even was welcome as a relief from torture. Some of your sons sleep there, some of the men from Yates, Seneca, and Ontario, who served with you, are at rest there.

There they await the reveille which shall be sounded at the order of the "Great Commander," when shall be gathered the dust of all who sleep, and the vast army of the buried, no longer "unknown," shall pass in review before the "God of battles."

Until that day shall come, let all the generations of men watch and pray that over them shall float no rebel flag.

As memory flies back, let me draw for you a picture on the canvas of the past. It is a lovely day in June. The blue skys smiles above forests clad in the green vesture of summer; the fields, rich with the promise of an abundant harvest, gladden the eyes of the patient toilers, and from grassy meadow to tree-clad mountain top we seem to hear, as now, the echo of "that voice" proclaiming "peace on earth, good will to men." In the midst of this restful scene nestles a pleasant village. The merchant is busy at his desk, the student at his task, the laborer at his toil, the good housewife at her work, while the merry laughter of children at their play falls upon the ear. But in a few hours all this is changed. The merchant with startled look and forboding heart abandons his counting house, the student hastens from his his task, the laborer ceases from his toil, the matron looks from the window with anxious gaze, the laughter of the children is hushed, as they gather with blanched faces within the shelter of the homes of Gettysburg.

Out upon the highway leading down to this old town, the rising columns of dust indicate that others than the solitary traveler are approaching, and soon the sound of rapidly beating hoofs, and the rattle of sabres is heard, and in a moment there bursts upon the bewildered gaze the advance guard of the "Army of the Potomac." On through the dusty streets they pass, and now the columns of blue under the starry flag of the Union follow with hurrying feet, out to the fruitful fields beyond, tramping to the earth the waving grain, and rapidly forming in battle array seeking the foe. Lee, with an audacity born of over confidence and some successes, has abandoned his line of the Rappahannock, swept northward through the valley, across the Potomac, over the mountains, and has penetrated to the very banks of the Alleghany. It seems for a brief space as if no power could stay the onward march of his columns. But at last he turns, and hoping with one

grand effort to crush his ancient foe, the Army of the Potomac, and established his Confederacy upon the wreck of the Union, he hazards all, and directs the march of his scattered divisions upon the Village of Gettysburg. And now the storm of battle rages in all its fury.

"It is a glorious sight for one
Who has no son or brother there."

It is indeed a struggle of giants, and day after day with changing fortunes is it continued, until at last amid the roar of 300 cannons charged for slaughter, and with the furious onset of 18,000 men, the storm is over, and from this very spot hurled back, the beaten foe with what haste he may, betakes himself to the fastnesses of the Wilderness, there to await the fate which culminates at Appomattox.

A few brief months have passed away and here, upon "Cemetery Ridge," which in those July days had been so thickly sown with cannon and rifle balls, has been prepared with loving care, the last resting places of many who in those three days of battle had filled to the full the measure of the patriot soldier's devotion to his country and her flag.

Here have been gathered from the Peach Orchard and the Wheat-field, from Round Top, and the Devil's Den, from Cemetery Hill, and Culps Hill, from Ziegler's Grove, the rail road cut, and from all this gory field, the mangled bodies of 3,555 Union dead. Here they are at rest; above them floats the flag they and their comrades carried to victory. Here within this "city of the dead" are assembled many of the great men of the nation.

Here is Lincoln, on whose rugged face seems to rest the shadow of a great sorrow; and whose heart is lifted to God in the prayer "that the dead there buried may not have died in vain." Can it be that as with far-off look he scans the field where these men fought, he sees foreshadowed the fate that is before him, or can feel upon his brow the pressure of his crown of martyrdom? Here too are the members of his Cabinet, his counsellors through all the weary years. Here also the eloquent Everett, whose silver tongue is to tell of deeds of heroes themselves have made immortal. Here a vast concourse are met to re-dedicate this field of death, so lately sulphurous with the smoke of blazing cannon, and sodden with the blood of thousands, and so Lincoln speaks:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a New Nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We

are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as a final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But 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, nor long remember 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 that they have thus far so nobly carried on. 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 the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion ; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the 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."

Thus with imposing array and in grand presence was dedicated the field of Gettysburg. But the sentiment which moved the heart of Lincoln, which inspired Everett, and found expression in the acclaim of the people gathered there, has survived the fleeting years, and has prompted you to aid in erecting and dedicating this monument to the dead and living of the 126th.

It is the same sentiment which has inspired the people of our Empire State to say that to every organization from our State which took part in this great battle, a suitable monument shall be erected to commemorate the valor and sacrifices of her sons, that all viewing this historic spot may know that here the men of New York stood shoulder to shoulder with those of Massachusetts, of Ohio, and of all this North land, in resisting to the death the desperate designs of a traitorous oligarchy. Who were they to whom this day we ascribe all honor, to whom we dedicate this monument ? They were our kin, "our boys," who when they went out from our firesides were followed by our prayers, and whose deaths filled our homes with mourning. Of such were the million who composed our armies. They who stood with McClellan in the seven days, they who stormed Maryes Heights with Burnside, who won Vicksburg, who hurled back the veterans of Lee on this bloody field, who marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, and with Grant from the Wilderness to Appomattox, were not hired mercenaries who shed their blood for a price, and whose trade was slaughter. They were men who thought as they fought, men who knew the issue that depended on their valor. To them patriot-

ism was not the last refuge of a scoundrel, or the flag of their country an unmeaning symbol.

They were face to face with the issue that for long years the wisest of the Nation had sought to avert. Compromise after compromise had been submitted to, in the vain hope that white-winged peace might continue here to abide. For nearly a century the country had remained part slave and part free, and that this condition could not longer endure seemed but an idle prophesy. It was difficult to realize that God rules in the affairs of nations as of men; that for an act of injustice inflicted to-day, compensation must be made to-morrow. It might have been remembered that as the groans and tears wrung from the Israelitish slaves by Egyptian task-masters were by the fiat of the Almighty visited in judgment by all the plagues which swarmed upon the people, and the rushing waters of the Red Sea, so the accumulated wrongs of a century of oppression, piled upon the backs of sable bondsmen and women, might, in the wisdom of the Omniscient demand as an atonement the sacrifice of the first-born in all the homes of America, and so the sins of the fathers were visited upon the children, and there fell upon our generation the awful infliction of judgment. Surely the Angel of Death passed by but few households, and in the Red Sea of battle was overwhelmed not only the oppressor, but they who had complicity in the wrong.

No army could have been raised to release the bondsmen from their chains. Year after year the rivets were tightened; but when the bondsmen's masters reached out to the Ark of the Covenant—the Constitution—to destroy it, raised their hands against the Union and tore down the flag, there was heard, as it were, the sound of many waters, "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred-thousand more." And amid the clash of sabres, the crash of musketry, the bursting of shells, and the roar of cannon, was born the new and better Union. And now, from the battlements of the skies, looking down on the piled shackles stricken from the limbs of four million slaves, the souls of the martyred Lincoln and his brave boys in blue can realize at last that "a Nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, can endure," that "this generation will transmit to its posterity unimpaired a Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, while upon that flag,

Flag of our free hearts, hope, and home,

By Angel hands to valor given—

no stain of humiliation rests.

On every hand in public park and square, as well as in "God's Acre," and on this battlefield, monuments and statues to the honored dead are multiplied.

But now and again we hear the voice of some utilitarian, who sees no benefit in anything in the heavens above, or in the earth beneath, which yields not cent per cent on the investment, ask what is the use of this expenditure? what benefit do we or the world derive from these piles of monumental marble or granite. Is not this building of monuments a mere sentiment? True, my friend, this is only the expression of a sentiment, of an emotion of the soul of man. Do you not appreciate the fact that sentiment rules the world? It is the power which prompts to noble actions and great deeds. Tell me the motive which prompted the sons of the thrifty farmers of Yates, Seneca, and Ontario, heirs to your fruitful acres, the pride of your homes, who were to be the staff and comfort of your old age—your sons, who enjoyed all the advantages your means could command—to abandon all for the privations of the camp, the hardships of the march, the terrors of the hospital; to face the storm of battle and the horrors of the prison pen? It was nothing but a sentiment—the sentiment of loyalty. Since the war, what binds together the 300,000 members of the Grand Army, and prompts them each year to contribute of their meager substance thousands upon thousands of dollars to the relief of their needy comrades? It is nothing but sentiment, the sentiment of fraternity and charity.

Pray tell me what but a sentiment has for 20 years caused this great people from East to West, in every city, village, and hamlet, so often as the 30th of May recurs, to offer at the shrine of patriot graves the incense of grateful hearts? So the monuments we raise to commemorate great events, to perpetuate the names and deeds of heroes are tributes paid through sentiment. But they teach important lessons.

In Trafalgar Square, in the City of London, stands a monument to England's great Admiral Nelson, and inscribed thereon are the words, "England expects every man to do his duty." This monument, these words, can have but one effect upon the generations. There, before the eyes of each Englishman, in more impressive form than speech of orator or record of historian, is an object lesson in patriotism. There he sees embodied the glory of grand achievements, of great victories, and as he looks his heart swells with pride at the thought that he, too, is an Englishman.

In the Capital City of this Nation there towers towards the heavens the grand shaft which a grateful people have erected in honor of the first President of the United States; and there it shall remain during the centuries to come, to speak to the millions who shall succeed us of the wisdom, of the fortitude, the patriotism of Washington.

This monument which, as the result of the generosity of the State of New York and of your efforts, we dedicate to-day, shall also teach the lesson of loyalty, of obedience to law—of the duty of sacrifice for country and the right. To those in whose honor it has been erected, life was as sweet as it is to you, home and loved ones as dear—yet for country they gave up all, they suffered not alone, and to-day this shaft seems to me to commemorate also the bravery and the suffering of the mothers, wives, and sisters of your hero dead.

To stand in the front rank of battle while the reaper Death claims his victims on either hand, to suffer on beds of pain in hospital, or to endure the tortures of the prison pen was indeed most terrible; but to feel the agony which crushes the heart of mother, wife, or sister, as month after month, year after year, she waits and watches for one of whom no tidings ever come, is torture almost unbearable. When the final history of these days shall be written the saddest page therein will be that which shall record her sufferings, blotted as it will be by the tears of mourners who can never be comforted, each word a sob, each line the record of a broken heart, while its brightest page will be that which shall be illumined by the record of the heroic self-sacrifice which marked the loyal women of the North.

My friends, our pleasant duty is nearly completed. We have spoken of our dead. Could those heroes speak to us to-day, they would in words of no uncertain sound remind us of our duty to the living. While we raise in their honor the enduring monument, we should hear in that solemn presence a voice exhorting us to renew our pledges to aid those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon the Nation's gratitude, the soldier's and the sailor's widow and orphan. Were they visible to mortal eye we should see them with unmoving finger point to the alms houses of the land, from within whose dreary portals 12,000 veterans, forced by cruel necessity to find shelter from the tempests of adversity which beat upon their shattered forms and have wrecked their hopes, hold out beseeching hands, when, with a voice that should reach even the ear of a dead conscience, they ask—is it thus that a great nation redeems its pledges to the men whose valor opened the Mississippi from Cairo to the gulf, who marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the Sea, who rolled back the rising tide of rebellion from the heights of Gettysburg, and won victory with Grant at Appomatox?

Let those who should heed the lesson. Let us all remember,
 "Till memories fade,
 Their loyalty the grand old Union saves,
 And o'er each sacred mound the old flag waves;
 Thank God, our dead, who sleep in Southern graves,
 Rest 'neath its shade."

Summary Statement

OF THE HISTORY OF THE 126TH NEW YORK INFANTRY, AND OF ITS
MOVEMENTS AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG,
BY C. A. RICHARDSON.

The One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth New York Infantry was raised in 1862, in the counties of Ontario, Seneca, and Yates, under the call of the President, issued on the 1st day of July, 1862, for 300,000 men.

The regiment was mustered into the United States service at Geneva, N. Y., on the 22d day of August, 1862, with thirty-nine officers and nine hundred and fifty-six enlisted men, and sent to Harper's Ferry, and there armed. On the 12th of September, a portion of the regiment was ordered to Maryland Heights, where on the following day it was engaged with Kershaw's South Carolina Brigade, supported by Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade of Me-Laws' Division, until ordered to retire. In this engagement it inflicted a severe loss on the enemy, much greater than it suffered, notwithstanding which, it was basely slandered by cowardly officers of other commands, who sought thereby to conceal their own guilt. In this engagement Col. Sherrill, was severely wounded.

On the 15th of September, 1862, the regiment was surrendered and paroled with the garrison at Harper's Ferry, in all a force of 11,000 men, including the 39th, the 111th, and the 125th New York Infantry.

The regiment was sent to Chicago, and being soon exchanged, was re-armed and went into camp and on duty at Union Mills, and afterwards at Centerville, Va., the 39th, the 111th, the 125th, and the 126th New York, constituting a brigade in Casey's Division, afterwards the third brigade, commanded by Gen. Alexander Hays, in Abercrombie's Division.

On the 25th of June, 1863, the Brigade was assigned as the third Brigade of the 3d Division of the Second Corps, General Alexander Hays commanding the division, and Col. George Lamb Willard, of the 125th N. Y., commanding the Brigade.

The Brigade thereafter participated in all the battles in which the Army of the Potomac was engaged until the close of the war.

The Brigade reached Gettysburg at 8 o'clock A. M., July 2d, 1863, and was formed in line on the crest of the ridge south of Ziegler's Grove, and the Bryan House. At 3 o'clock P. M., when the enemy's artillery, south of the Seminary, opened on our line, it was moved forward to the stone wall.

While here, companies B, H, and K charged on and captured the Bliss barn, with quite a number of prisoners.

At about seven o'clock in the afternoon, General Sickles having been wounded, and General Hancock having been placed in command of the third corps with his own, personally conducted the Brigade nearly a mile to the left, to the rear of a bushy swale filled with boulders, near the source of Plum Run, through which a portion of Birney's Division of the Third corps

had just been driven. Here the 125th N. Y., on the left, the 126th N. Y., in the center, and the 111th N. Y., on the right, charged into the thicket held by the 13th, the 17th, and the 18th Mississippi Regiments of Barksdale's Brigade—the 39th New York having been faced to the left to prevent a flank and rear attack on the other three New York Regiments. These three New York Regiments, although receiving a deadly volley at less than ten paces from the concealed enemy, charged and drove them to the further edge of the swale, almost at arm's length, where large numbers of the enemy threw themselves down and raised their hands in token of surrender, and the rest fled up the hill pursued by our Brigade 175 yards, towards the Emmittsburg road, when the artillery fire from the front and the left became so hot that the Brigade fell back to the swale, taking with them several pieces of artillery which had previously fallen into the hands of the enemy. Here Col. Willard was instantly killed, and the command devolved on Col. Sherrill of the 126th N. Y., and Lieut.-Col. Bull took command of the regiment.

In the meantime the 21st Miss. of Barksdale's Brigade had swept down from the Peach Orchard, where they had wounded and captured Gen. Graham (now the Engineer of our New York Commissioners for Gettysburg Monuments), past Bigelow's Battery and across Plum Run and captured Watson Battery I, 5th United States Artillery, which was wholly unsupported, when Lieut. Peeples of that Battery, seeing our 39th New York standing where it had been placed, ran over and induced it to attempt to re-take his battery, and the 39th at once charged and drove the enemy from the guns and recaptured everything which had been lost, and conveyed it safely to the rear. Thus while *our* other three Regiments were driving *Barksdale's* other three

Regiments back towards the Emmittsburg road, our detached 39th drove back Barksdale's detached 21st, and recovered from them Watson's Battery.

General Hancock, in his official report, says of Willard's Brigade in this charge: "There were no other troops on its right or left and the brigade soon became engaged, losing its commander, Col. Willard, and many officers and men."

Further on he says: "General Barksdale of the rebel service was left on the field mortally wounded.

"The 3d Brigade of the 3d Division, commanded by Col Sherrill after Colonel Willard's death, made a gallant advance on the enemy's batteries to the right of the brick house, [Sherfy's] in which the 111th New York Volunteers, under Colonel MacDougall, bore a distinguished part. This Brigade lost nearly one-half its numbers."

Gen. Hays in his official report says: "Colonel Willard, 125th New York Volunteers, commanding the 3d Brigade, was late in the day withdrawn from the division by the Major-General commanding, [Gen. Hancock], and took a prominent part in the engagement on our left. The history of this Brigade's operations is written in blood. Colonel Willard was killed, and the next day after the Brigade had rejoined the Division his successor, Col. Eliakim Sherrill, 126th New York Volunteers, also fell.* Colonel Dugald McDougall, 111th New York Volunteers, and Major Hugo Hildebrant, 39th New York Volunteers, were each

* Colonel Eliakim Sherrill of the 126th New York, commanding the Brigade, fell mortally wounded near the position of the 39th New York during the engagement, and was borne to the rear by two soldiers of that regiment—his own regiment not knowing that he was shot, until after the repulse of the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Bull of the 120th New York, then being the senior officer, assumed command of the Brigade.

Colonel Sherrill died at the 11th Corps Hospital at eight o'clock the following morning—July 4th, 1863—and his body was taken to Baltimore by Surgeon Chas. S. Hoyt and there embalmed and sent to his late home in Geneva, N. Y., and there buried with military honors. His funeral was attended by fully ten thousand people.

severely wounded, leaving the Brigade in command of a Lieutenant-Colonel.

“The loss of this Brigade amounts to one-half the casualties in the Division. The acts of traitors at Harper’s Ferry had not stained their patriotism.”

At dusk the Brigade returned to a position nearly in the rear of that occupied during the day, and there remained until the afternoon of the 3d. After the shelling had ceased on the 3d, and just before the charge of the enemy on the line of the Second Corps, the Brigade, excepting the 126th N. Y., was moved up to the line it occupied the preceding day, now occupied by the 12th N. J., 1st. Del. and 14th Com., of the 2nd Brigade, so that the line was four ranks deep. The 126th N. Y. was moved to the right of the 108th N. Y., of the 2nd Brigade, and just in front of the right of Woodruff’s U. S. Battery, so that it was the right regiment of the corps and just opposite the left of the enemy’s charging line. Brockenbrough’s Brigade of Virginia Regiments and Davis’s Brigade of three Mississippi Regiments and the 55th North Carolina Regiment, having broken, and Lane’s Brigade of N. C. Regiments, with the 33d N. C. on its left, advanced on the extreme left of the charging line.

The 126th N. Y. was by order advanced, and wheeling to the left it opened an enfilading fire on the enemy, who soon broke in confusion, when the 126th N. Y. charged on their flank and captured many prisoners and several stands of colors, three of which were duly turned over and the medals authorized by the act of Congress for the capture of colors, were issued therefor to private Jerry Wall, company B., to private George H. Dore, company D., and to Capt. Morris Brown, Jr., of company A. The colors captured by Capt. Brown had inscribed thereon twelve battles, one of which was Harper’s Ferry.

Gen. Hays in his official report says: "The division captured and turned into corps headquarters, fifteen battle-flags or banners." Thus it appears that the 126th captured and turned over three of the fifteen flags captured by the division of thirteen regiments.

It is proper to add here, that when the left of the enemy's line had reached the Emmittsburg road, Capt. Armstrong, of the 125th N. Y., (now General Armstrong, of the Hampton School, Va.,) in command of a detail of skirmishers from the brigade, who had retired his command to the Emmittsburg road, outside of the enemy's charging line, opened a sharp fire on the enemy's flank, and aided in throwing their left into confusion. This flank movement of the 126th N. Y., although not specially mentioned in the official reports, is well remembered by the officers and men of the regiment, and is fully established by the report of the Confederate General Lane, and the statements of the officers of the 33d North Carolina, which was the left regiment of Lane's brigade, and the left of the enemy's line at the last.

In reference to the attack of the enemy on the third day, Gen. Hancock says: "In front of Hays' division it was not of very long duration; mowed down by canister from Woodruff's battery and by the fire from *two regiments* judiciously posted by General Hays on his extreme front and right, and by the fire of different lines in the rear, the enemy broke in great disorder, leaving fifteen colors and nearly two thousand prisoners in the hands of this division. Those of the enemy's troops which did not fall into disorder in front of the third division were removed to the right and reinforced the line attacking Gibbon's division."

By the official reports, the 126th N. Y. lost in killed, five officers and thirty-five enlisted men, in wounded, 9 officers and

172 enlisted men, and as missing, 10 enlisted men. The missing, in fact, were all killed or wounded. Total 231.

According to the official reports there were only four regiments that lost in killed and wounded at Gettysburg more than the 126th N. Y. The 24th Michigan, 1st Corps, 1st Division, 1st Brigade, lost 272; the 111th N. Y., 2d Corps, 3d Division, 3d Brigade, lost 235; the 151st Pennsylvania, 1st Corps, 3d Division, 1st Brigade, lost 233; the 1st Minnesota, 2d Corps, 2d Division, 1st Brigade, lost 223; the 126th N. Y., 2d Corps, 3d Division, 3d Brigade, lost 221.

It may be of interest to note briefly some other facts in the history of the regiment.

At Harper's Ferry its losses in killed were one officer and 15 enlisted men; in wounded, 4 officers and 35 enlisted men. Total 51. It went into the battle of Gettysburg on the 2d of July with 30 officers, and 425 enlisted men, bearing arms. Its loss was 231, as before stated.

On the 14th of October, 1863, when the battles of Auburn Ford and Bristoe Station were fought, there were present two field officers, 11 line officers, and 242 enlisted men.

At Auburn Ford the regiment lost 5 enlisted men killed, and 17 wounded, and on the same day at Bristoe Station it lost 6 killed and 13 wounded; total on that day, 41. At Bristoe Station the brigade, with the aid of Arnold's Battery, nearly annihilated Cooke's North Carolina Brigade of Hill's Corps, and captured four guns of McIntosh's Artillery, each regiment drawing off one piece.

At Morton's Ford, February 6, 1864, 3 enlisted men were killed and 19 wounded. April 4, 1864, two line officers and 100 enlisted men were detailed for duty at Corps Headquarters, where they remained till the close of the war.

On the 6th of June, 1864, Lieut. Col. Baird, commanding the regiment, reported to General Hancock concerning the losses from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor as follows:

“At the opening of the campaign from the Rapidan, the strength of the regiment present and absent was twenty-six commissioned officers and four hundred and ninety-six enlisted men; of whom eight officers were on detached service, two absent sick, and one absent with leave, and one hundred and sixty-three enlisted men on detached service, one hundred and eleven absent sick (principally from wounds) three in arrest, making a total of two hundred and seventy-seven absent. The number for duty was fifteen commissioned officers and one hundred and eighty-eight enlisted men, including twelve musicians.

“During the present campaign, of those present for duty, there have been killed, wounded, or missing, eight commissioned officers and one hundred and twenty-one enlisted men, but during the campaign both officers and men have joined the regiment, so that at the present time the number present for duty is one Lieutenant-Colonel, one Adjutant, one Acting Quartermaster, three Captains, three Lieutenants, and sixty-nine enlisted men.”

After this the regiment lost in killed and wounded the first week before Petersburg, as follows: The Lieutenant-Colonel, the Adjutant, one Captain, and two Lieutenants, killed; and one Captain, and one Lieutenant wounded; leaving on the 22d of June no field officer in command, and only one of the line officers, which were reported present for duty on the 6th of the month. Its losses in enlisted men were also severe.

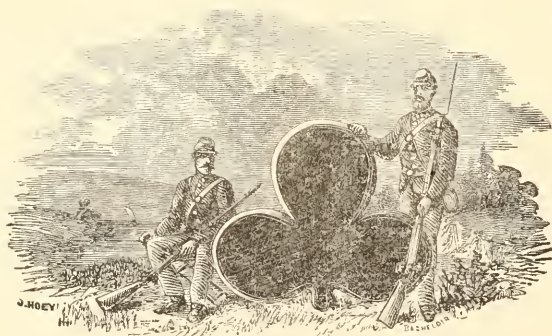
During its term of service the regiment lost sixteen commissioned officers, killed in action or died of wounds received in bat-

tle, a loss of officers in action greater in proportion to its number of officers than that suffered by any other regiment from this State, and exceeded by but few in the service.

While the regiment lost so heavily there was no battle in which the regiment was engaged, in which it did not inflict much greater losses on the enemy than it received, except at Tolopotomy, an engagement on the Weldon Railroad, and at Sutherland's Station, where the regiment took the offensive.

Of the officers who returned with the regiment, Surgeon Hammond, Chaplain Harrison, and Captain T. E. Munson, alone remained of the thirty-nine original officers who were mustered into the service two years, nine months, and twelve days before and they have since died.

The regiment was mustered out of service on the 3d day of June, 1865, with 221 men.



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