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THE BOYS OF THE 77TH.

FULL ACCOUNT OF THEIR ANNUAL RE-UNION.

The Survivors Association Gathers in Gloversville for the Twenty-fifth Annual Re-union—The Official Proceedings—The Veterans Present—Letters From Absentees.

On the morning of September 14, 1897, the bright rays of the sun made happy a representative group of old soldiers gathered in Gloversville for the twenty-fifth re-union of the survivors Association of the Seventy-seventh Regiment, New York State Foot Volunteers.

Canby G. A. R. Post rooms were filled when about 11 o'clock the chairman of the local committee, Walla W. Morrison, reported ready. President Winsor B. French, who succeeded Colonel James B. McKean to the command of the regiment, called the meeting to order and invited the Rev. W. Groat to make a prayer. After the patriotic invocation, Chairman Morrison introduced the mayor, Hon. C. S. Cummings, who said in concluding his remarks that it is a great pleasure to greet veterans and he was glad to have the honor of welcoming veterans.

President French responded, saying in part that some of the pleasures of these reunions was in bringing together, though only for a few hours, those who thirty-two years and more ago lived as one family, whose only business was to and in the preservation of the Union, that the flag could continue to float in honor. How successful were our efforts the pages of history attest, though the old soldier is now not infrequently pushed aside.

Chairman Morrison then introduced Recorder W. A. McDonald, who said in part: It is a pleasure to come out from the cares of business to listen to the stories told by the veterans. His earliest recollection of the war was from his mother's lips; of the form that went out full of life and hope to defend his country, brought back and taken to the cemetery, to the sound of the muffled drum, where the honors of a soldiers' burial was given him. The next to being a veteran the proudest thing a man can say is, "my father was a veteran."

During the calling of the roster of survivors which followed, Comrades George Gick, David Stanton, John Chase, George C. Berry,, B. Alonzo Briggs, Michael Dowling, Charles R. Fisher, Silas M. Fay, John Mitchell, H. A. Perkins, Jacob H. Van Ornum, Kenner Wilcox and Alfred Weaver were reported dead.

Those present were: Robert Aucock, E. M. Bailey, Levi A. Brooks, William Brooks, Nathan Brown, Hector Bentley, John M. , W. H. Cath, W. G. Caw, C. E. Cheadle, D. H. Cole, S. J. Clark, J. H. Cozzens, Charles Chapman, J. J. Clement, J. E. L. Deuel, B. A. DeWitt, George W. Dingman, C. E. Deuel, J. H. Downen, Barnett Downen, Edward Evans, W. B. French, George Fry, W. W. Finch, T. Scott Fuller, Michael Fancher, E. H. Fuller, G. S. Grovenstein, Nicholas Geltz?eighter, Alonzo Howland, C. E. Houghtailing, George Hoyt, W. H. Hare, William Hawley, J.P. Hudson, George Hausman, W. C. Howe, M. B. Hall, I. S. Hodges, Edwin Ham, W. J. Hammond, Ezra Harris, James Hudson, C. E. Jennings, Henry Jones, S. B. King, S. E. Kidd, John Lee, W. T. Lattimore, J. H. Mosher, W. W. Morrison, Maxfield Miller, Allen C. McLean, J. M. McIntosh, Henry Morgan, W. H. Miller, W. H. Nelson, G. N. Peacock, Charles P?lma?er, Gardner Perry, George E. Pulling, Frank Reed, H. C. Rowland, Cornelius Rose, Job S. Safford, Oliver Sutliff, Arthur Scott, A. J. Sprung, J. F. Sawyer, S. B. Shepard, C. D. Thurber, B. Van Den Berg, W. W. , D. N. Weatherwax, G. W. Welch, W. G. Watson, George F. Will and W. H. Zenstein; also several comrades who did not register of other regiments. Among them, Judson A. Lewis of the Eleventh Vermont, and Christopher Yenney of the Eleventh Minnesota. Among those present was probably the oldest and youngest member of the regiment. Allen McLean, one of four brothers, two of whom enlisted in the Seventy-Seventh, having been fourteen years and ten months old when he enlisted. September, 1861. He was present with the regiment for duty all the time and in all its engagements to May 12, 1864, when he was severely wounded. The oldest, Arthur Scott, being almost eighty-eight years old at this reunion.

Dues were then paid to the treasurer, C. D. Thurber, and letters read from absent comrades.

Thirty-five years ago this morning the advance was sounded about 10 o'clock for the attack of Crampton and Turner Passes of the South Mountain, Maryland range. Strongly fortified as the passes were, which were natural, strong military barriers and stubbornly defended as they were, they succumbed to the persistent and steady attack of the "boys in blue," Turner Pass about 3 o'clock, yielding to the troops of Burnside and Hooker. The Sixth Corps about dark succeeding in capturing Crampton Pass.

Now (about 1 o'clock) the bugle has sounded the advance for Royal Templars' hall for the attack on the dinner. Eagerly as all responded, they were warmly received and attentively served by the Women's Relief Corps to the excellent spread before them.

With remembrances and hoping those present would have a good and pleasant time, regrets for inability to be present were received from William Armstrong, Dudley Avery, C. H. Bartlett, E. O. Burt, W. A. Baker, Charles Blanchard, Mansfield Bruso, S. O. Cromack, S. W. Crosby, S. E. Campbell, E. B. Deuel, David Davenport, Dr. W. A. DeLong, William Downen, John E. Evans, William Francisco, Norman

Fox, J. Y. Foster, C. S. Huyck, William Ireland, W. E. Johnson, W. T. King, G. E. Lane, Abram Lent, C. H. McNaughton, C. W. Mosher, C. H. Murray, William McAdoo, S. C. Miller, Peter Morris, J. A. Paddelford, E. J. Patterson, F. N. Perkins, W. H. Quivey, Patrick Riley, J. N. Rose, C. W. Rowe, David Stringham, Dr. G. T. Stevens, J. N. Slingerland, C. E. Stevens, M. F. Sweet, D. B. Smith, Albert Snyder, Hubert Schmidt, H. L. Stiles, D. C. Simonds, Frank Thomas, D. E. Wilbur, Henry Warner, Frank Whitney, W. H. Wright.

Sidney O. Cromack, Willow Lake, Clark county. South Dakota, writes: Nothing would please me more than to be with you Sept. 14. The only time I met with you was when I drove from Bennington to Bemis Heights, arriving as Tom White brought a squad of Seventy-Sevensers to a front. I came to this part of the country in 1881. Have seen only one member—Lieut. Fowler—of the Seventy-Seventh since. He was quartermaster sergeant when I was sergeant-major at Camp White, Oak Church. Va. One day while in Clark (our county seat) I met our county auditor accompanied with a man whose face recalling other days was familiar, though I could not place him. On my return to my hotel I again met the county auditor. As he was alone, I asked him the name of his companion when we met earlier in the day. "The Rev. Thomas Fowler of Warren township," he replied. I said: "When you next see him ask him if he was a member of the Seventy-Seventh Regiment. New York Volunteers." Later in the day I saw Fowler walking rapidly towards the hotel. As he reached me he stopped and said: "Yes, I was a member of the Seventy-Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers. Who are you?" I told him, and then we had a visit such as only comrades enjoy who have not seen each other for years. I take seven papers and magazines; not one interests me or gives me so much pleasure as the reading of the report of the reunion of the Seventy-Seventh survivors.

Sanford E. Campbell, Spring Creek, Pa., writes: I have not met one of my regiment since 1868, and would be glad to see any of the Seventy-Seventh who might call.

C. H. Murray, Yoder, Reno county, Kansas, writes: I have met no ex-member of the Seventy-Seventh out here, though I learn there are half a dozen in the state. I often think of the times we had in the three years I was in the army. I hope to receive a report of the reunion which takes me back to company H boys, to whom I especially send remembrance.

F. N. Perkins, Neodesha, Kansas, says he and Corporal Skinner put the stars and stripes on the house of Colonel Rise, at Williamsburg, Va., at which place Corporal Skinner, with a squad of men taking care of some sick and wounded, said to me in a joking way, "as you are the cook, it is your duty to get something for the boys to eat." With haversack and gun I started for "market." Returning from my successful marketing about three blocks from the academy, I reached a house that looked as if it was occupied. In response to my knock, a fine looking old man opened the door and asked, "What do you want here, Yank?" I replied, "Dinner for six, or you folks may cook this stuff I have here, so that we can eat it." He said that he would see, and called 'mother.' He told her what we wanted. After

looking at it she said she could cook the hulled barley if I could wait. As she took it and went in, the old man invited me to come in. I told him that I had better stand guard while the lady was cooking. He asked me what state and regiment I was from. I told him the Seventy-Seventh Regiment, New York Volunteers. Said he come in, young man, if you are from New York state you are no robber or thief. He said that he had heard that all the northern states had pardoned their prisoners to enlist to take up arms against the south. I told him that I had never heard that and that it is a lie. He said did you say the state of New York has 77,000 men in the field? Said I, more than that number, for I know of the One Hundred and Twentieth New York Volunteers. He asked what part of New York state are you from? I told him Saratoga county. Said he, I used to go to Saratoga Springs to board summers. Who is your Colonel? Said I, James B. McKean. With an expression of surprise, he said: "I knew Mr. McKean well. Mother if such persons as he are here we are all right." Said I, perhaps if you have been a visitor to Saratoga Springs you may have met my uncle, Henry Garrison. Said he, I knew Garrison and his little girl, black-eyed Mollie. Said I, that little girl is my sister; mother being dead she is living with my father's sister, Mrs. Garrison. The little girl's name is Mollie Perkins, my sister. I then showed him her picture. He stepped to the stair door and called his daughter. When she came in, pale and timidly, her father showed her the picture and told her who I was and where from. As she shook hands with me she cried. She went to a closet, returning with a rebel officers coat, saying as she showed it to me "that was the coat of my husband who was killed yesterday, and maybe you are the one who shot him." Said I, If so it was to prevent him from shooting me first, and there is no knowing how many he and his men may have killed. She forgave our armies, saying they must be in the right or they could have not taken Fort Magruder. The old man told her to get that little Fourth of July flag. As she handed it to her father he said. I know what it is to be a soldier, young man. I was a colonel in the Mexican war. He handed me the flag and a hatchet and nails, saying, put it up somewhere. As I stepped to the door I saw Corporal Skinner. He came up, said he was looking for me; we nailed the flag to the jam of the door. They gave us our barley in two tin buckets, well cooked, and bade us good-by and a safe and early return to Saratoga Springs.

W. H. Quivey, Jackson, Mich., writes: The coming reunion is within two days of the anniversary of our first general engagement under Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley. Many of you, no doubt, will vividly recall some of the lively scenes of that memorable day. The charge on a rebel battery in the afternoon and the loss of our brigade commander, leaving our commander, French, the ranking officer present for duty, to assume the command of the brigade.

Patrick Riley, Bay City, Mich., writes: It is now thirty-two years since I have seen or heard from any of the boys of the regiment, especially those of company C and I, any of whom, if they remember Patrick Riley, who now lives at 701 Garfield avenue, Bay City, Mich., he would be glad to hear from them.

D. B. Smith, Perry, Dallas county, Iowa, writs: Do any of the boys remember being detailed for rations and going over to a rebel farmer's house and putting in a claim to apples, potatoes, ham and bacon and then letting down the rails to a pen so that the hogs could go to the Union camp for protection?

Hubert Schmidt, 669 Bushwick avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: I had been in the United States only three days when I enlisted. As English I did not speak or write nor understand, I was in luck to meet six other Germans, just enlisted, who understood and spoke English. I think it was Corporal Wood of B company who instructed us. As he did not instruct in German, I could understand only by watching the others and trying to do what they did. They had great fun with "Dutchy," and I don't forget it. Nor can I forget the 19th of October, 1864, the fight at Cedar Creek. It was a great battle, in which we lost many good comrades. And after the rebels chased us in the morning from our lodgings about nine miles, we got tired, and turning drove them back, we camping and sleeping again that night in the same place which we so unceremoniously, suddenly departed from in the early morning. Great was our rejoicing when our cavalry came back that same evening with 4,000 prisoners and 40 canons. Soon after this battle we went into winter quarters. On the evening of April 1, 1865, we broke camp and marched all night until morning. We had little rest in the days that followed, for we had a general—Grant—who seemed never to tire, who was always looking for the enemy, whom he seemed always to find, and so successfully that on April 9 he surrendered. At the grand review in Washington I was sun struck and was carried to a hospital. A few days after I was returned to my regiment, from which I was discharged June 24, 1865, because "the war is over." The Union boys victorious; the flag of the free flying undimmed over the whole United States. If there are any comrades who remember me, I gratefully ask them to send me their address to assist me in getting a pension. For nine years past I have been disabled and sick, not having been able even to see the outside of the street during that period.

Frank Whitney, Broadalbin, N. Y., writes: I pass the time when I can sit up in making scrapbooks. So if any of my comrades have a bundle of old papers which they can send me I shall be very glad to receive them.

S. B. Roolt, Fresno Cal., writes: So many of the boy are going into camp across the river, we who are privileged to remain should feel the more and more impelled to observe the gathering of survivors. If we cannot be present, we should say something by letter and thereby contribute to the interest of our report.

O Brother mine! Of Spirit bold! Give me your hearty hand! Thro' summer's heat and winter's cold
'Twas side by side in days of old. We stood to save the land; Give me your hearty hand; O Brother

mine! The bloody past is sighing Thro' echoes ever dying; The busy years are flying; And we fast are nearing camp.

O Brother mine! Of Spirit bold! What scenes awake below! Of all the ills and dangers sore, Of all the joys immingled o'er, The earth may never know; What scenes awake below!

O Brother mine! Of spirit bold! Unswept is southern sand; With tent and couch forever rolled, With straps and sack in sightless mold. In stacks the muskets stand! Unswept is southern sand.

O Brother mine! O spirit bold! The steps are few before! With starry Peace and Flag entwined, With starry trust upon our kind, We see the silent shore! The steps are few before.

O Brother mine! The bloody past is sighing, Thro' echoes ever dying! The busy years are flying; And we fast are nearing camp.

Comrades W. W. Morrison, W. G. Caw, W. W. Finch, W. J. Hammond and J. E. L. Deuel, the committee on resolutions on the death of members, reported that

Whereas, Comrades George C. Berry, Benjamin A. Briggs, John C. Chase, Michael Dowling, Charles R. Fisher, S. M. Fay, George Gick, John Mitchell, H. A. Perkins, David Stanton, Jacob H. Van Ornum, Kenner Wilcox and Alfred Weaver have died since our last reunion, be it

Resolved, That in their death this association has lost the companionship of brave men and faithful soldiers. That the whole country owes them a debt of gratitude which never can be paid. That the sincere sympathy of this association be extended to their families. That as their death reminds us that we must soon follow them, its influence should be demonstrated in our daily life and intercourse with each other.

Interesting reminiscences were given by Comrades McLean, Zenstein, Nelson, Howland, Shepard, Watson, Jennings, Cole, Bailey, Evans and Christopher Yenny of the 11th Minnesota.

Edwin Forbes, born in the Island of Nantucket, Mass.—Therefore a genuine Yank, says that with my parents moved to Fulton county, N. Y. Father erected buildings at Tompkins Tavern half mile north of West Galway; called Topnotch. Would like to be at the reunion Sept. 14 and with of my schoolmates yet living talk our school days at the little old school house near Van Rancon's tavern. My old home was on the hillside above mill pond. I am told that it is yet known as the Forbes place. I would like to correspond with any comrade living near my old home to whom I will send specimen relics, etc., from the land of Daniel Boone, where I am now living at Fordsville, Ohio county, Ky. In the spring of when 1816, when I was nine years old, my parents moved west. I enlisted September 13, 1861, in



Co. A, 17th Ky. serving three years, four months and ten days. I recruited Post No. 11, Department of Kentucky G. A. R. and was its commander for six consecutive years.

Peter Morris, enlisted Sept. 7, 1864, in Co. K, 77th Regt., N. Y. for one year; transferred to Co. B Nov. 19, 1864, and was discharged June 16, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by S. O. No. 152 A. of P. of 1865. Comrade Morris now living at Boulder Creek, Cal., was wounded at Fort Fisher, Va., March 7, 1865, losing his right eye. A German, familiarly called Jack, was with Morris when he was wounded. The address of any comrade remembering Morris will be gratefully received by him.

Mrs. Stephen R. Frost of Greenwich, Washington county, New York, would like to have any one who remembers Stephen R. Frost of Co. B. send her their address as she is seeking necessary evidence relative to his service.

Gettysburg veteran medals were given to those present entitled to one.

On motion of W. J. Hammond It was voted to hold the reunion for 1898 at Saratoga Springs.

A vote of thanks was heartily given to members of Canby Post, the Women's Relief Corps and the citizens of Gloversville for their generous welcome, bountiful and excellent

SECRETARY.