

Remarks

at

Geelysburg Pa

Oct 15<sup>th</sup> 1890

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No 22

Subject

Some famous heroes of  
Geelysburg



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The MAIL & EXPRESS

OCT 22 1890

WILLIAM R. WORRALL.

proof to Geh O O Howard, Governor's Island then hold for orders from Colonel

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: It is twenty-two years since I was at Gettysburg. One year after peace, when I sat by Gen. Meade, who is now no more, at the spot where Abraham Lincoln in dedication gave his classic and wonderful address the preceding year, there I gave what was called the oration and we laid the corner-stone of the great monument, erected and consecrated in remembrance to our dead.

A gentleman, signifying his disappointment, said to me after my address: "Why did you not give an account of Gettysburg?" I replied: "Wait till I am 90 and I will make the attempt."

Nothing could have affected me more than this visit along the lines now so distinctly marked by monuments. Permit me to say in the outset that I have listened to Gen. Slocum's excellent address with profound sympathy and complete indorsement. With regard to your guest, the Comte de Paris, and to those of his companions who were here in '61 and '62, there is a little word that comes from association with our Methodist people that applies. It is "Amen"—whether you pronounce it with a broad or a long "A." I say to the General's earnest tributes of praise and appreciation—"Amen and Amen!"

It has occurred to me to speak a few words concerning some fallen heroes. As we passed along Gen. Doubleday's lines to-day we came to the spot where Reynolds fell. There is the mark on the tree; there is the monument to his memory. I felt, as I stood there reading the inscriptions, as I think the Comte de Paris did when the other day he stood by McClellan's grave, when he said, with much emotion, "My dear commander!"

I knew Gen. John F. Reynolds well before the war. He was (May, 1861,) at West Point as commandant of cadets, and I was one of the instructors. When I received Mr. Blaine's telegram inquiring if I would take the colonelcy of the Third Maine Regiment, should I be elected, I went to Reynolds and consulted with him. It appeared too great a leap from a lieutenantcy to such a lofty pinnacle of command, and I hesitated.

Reynolds laughed at me. "Why," he said, "men almost destitute of military knowledge are taking such rank, and will you, an educated soldier, decline?"

He took down the "Army Regulations" and showed me what applied to regimental organization and discipline.

After my return home and consulting with my lieutenant-general, Mrs. Howard, I telegraphed Mr. Blaine "Yes." Hence I was at Gettysburg in '63; so you see me here.

The night before the battle Gen. Reynolds, who commanded our wing, was at Marsh Run and I at Emmitsburg. He sent for me to visit him. With an aide and orderly I rode the six miles, and found him in a little room on the south side of the small house there. A table and a few chairs were the furniture. On the table were piled the maps and dispatches. He read some to me, and particularly Meade's grand order, in which he told corps commanders to properly address their men, and, expecting a great battle, called all to patriotic sacrifice. Reynolds appeared to me to be sad, almost as if he forecast the future. It was the last time I saw him, my excellent commander, alive.

As we stood to-day upon Little Round Top we were deeply moved by Mr. Long's careful and detailed account of those who had fallen, among them Gens. Vincent, Zook and Weed. Weed was a classmate and friend. Thus he fell, Lieut. Hazlett across his body, so that they breathed their last together. There was Warren in bronze, standing upon the high ledge, where he signaled the danger and provided for it.

Back by the terrible "Devil's Den," and not far from it, was the singular double monument to Col. Cross, of the Fifth New Hampshire, who served with me so long. Gen. Zook hardly anybody speaks of. He was a pleasant gentleman, a modest man, a good soldier and friend. We must not forget such. It is a good thing that the Comte de Paris, who so actively participated with us in our great struggle for liberty and existence, and who has written so thoroughly and impartially the history of the war, has come back to us.

We corps commanders who have had the fighting spirit in us are growing older, and perhaps kinder, certainly more tolerant of each other. Notice that five or six of such have been riding together all day. We ascended to the top of the seminary; we went to the right; we went to Sickles's left; we visited the cemeteries; crept to the summit of the tower; looked upon Culp's Hill; stood upon Little Round Top and in the council room of Meade, and returned to hear an affecting address at the Bloody Angle; and lastly we took in Gen. Gregg's vital cavalry operations beyond Slocum's right, and we corps commanders and other representative leaders have had not one word of difference. All right. Furthermore, some of our Confederate opposers have been mentioned. Every unkindly word of censure toward any individual of them has been repressed. That is best, always to follow the precept of our great leader, whom we all reverence, Abraham Lincoln, and say, "with malice toward none, but with charity for all," so, we will distinguish this historic occasion.



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