Remarks

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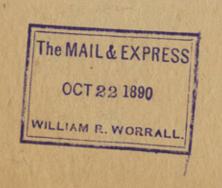
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Some falm heroes of Geleysbury



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. Sloomn's excellent address with profound sympathy and complete indorsement. With regard to your guest, the Come 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 here 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, 1951.) 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 lientenancy to such a lofty pinacle of command, and I as

ren 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 setively 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 act 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 occasien. - Militaria

