

RETURN OF  
**GEN. CONCORAN**  
 OF THE  
**GLORIOUS 69<sup>TH</sup>**

Dedicated to His Noble Commander, Michael Concoran,  
 on his return home. Air: 'The Glorious 69th.'

The Southerner's in fierce array against the Northern bold,  
 When Irish voices ring on high, as in the days of old,  
 And, in one loud, united voice that rent the very sky,  
 They swore they'd put base Traitors down, and conquer them or die!

'Twas then the Gallant Sixty-Ninth, with spirits light and gay,  
 Cheered by the ones they dearly love, when marching down

Went forth to meet the rebel foe, who would destroy the land,  
 That gave them birth and nurtured them, the dastard rebel band!

'Twas not to enslave the South these Irish Braves went forth,  
 Nor emancipate their negroes, to satisfy the North...  
 But bring them back unto the laws, their noble Sires had made,  
 And place again, beneath our Flag, each Southern Renegade.

'Twas at the battle of Bull-Run, when first they met the foe;  
 They charged the rebels with cold steel, and laid their columns low;  
 And, while the Northern ranks were broke, 'mid showers of steel  
 and shell,

The Gallant Sixty-Ninth still stood, nor flinched, but nobly fell!

God bless the noble CONCORAN, who led them on the field!  
 Against the odds of two to one, he fought, but could not yield;  
 For CONCORAN, valiant CONCORAN, the bravest of the brave,  
 Would fight to death, but ne'er retreat before a rebel knave.

God bless the Gallant Sixty-Ninth! God bless each manly heart!  
 They've done their duty faithfully, they acted well their part;  
 For, on the bloody battle-field, where lay their martyrs dead,  
 Was heard their wild and fierce hurrah, when Southern traitors fled!

As at the charge of Fontenoy, our brave men of to-day,  
 With Gallant blougher, drove the foe, in terror and dismay;  
 For, at the battle of Fair-Oaks, as at the Seven-Pines  
 The Irish charge, with one wild yell, broke through the rebel lines.

A **CEAD MALLT FAISNE** we give to thee, brave man,  
 Thou hero of the Sixty-Ninth, who nobly led the van!  
 With a hundred thousand welcomes, we grasp thee by the hand,  
 And proudly claim thee, CONCORAN, brave son of Erin's Land!

Hurrah! Hurrah for the Sixty-Ninth! how brave they look to-day,  
 With Gallant CONCORAN at their head, as if to meet the fray;  
 God bless our Irish soldiers, in our hearts we shall entwine  
 The name of Michael CONCORAN, and the Gallant Sixty-Ninth!

# GORCORAN'S BALL!

Written expressly for Thomas L. Donnelly, Esq. and sung by him, with tremendous applause, at the New-Bowery Theatre by John Mahon. -- Air : Lanigan's Ball.

Of course, you've all heard of the Great Michael Corcoran,  
That true Son of Erin, so brave in the strife ;  
The National cause he was ever a worker in,  
And the Union to him was more precious than life ;  
When dashed Secession raised its dark crest upon  
This Glorious Country, he answered her call ;  
And though, at the moment, he sorely was press'd upon,  
He went off, right gleefully, to open the ball.

Chorus : Then come to his Standard from ev'ry region, Boys,  
Do not delay your response to his call ;  
His excellent band, the brave Irish Legion, Boys,  
Will furnish the music at Corcoran's ball.

At that ball, there will be a Reception Committee, Boys,  
Of Heroes who managed such parties before ;  
Thousands will go from our own Empire City, Boys,  
And Professor McCallahan will manage the floor ;  
The right kind of Partners, too, will be provided, Boys,  
Muskets and bay'nets, shot, powder and all ;  
We'll teach those who would have our Union divided, Boys,  
The Skedaddling dance at Corcoran's ball.

There will be a beautiful order of dancing there,  
Printed quite neatly with types made of steel ;  
'Reck! your own Glorious Simbust! you'll all be  
advancing there,

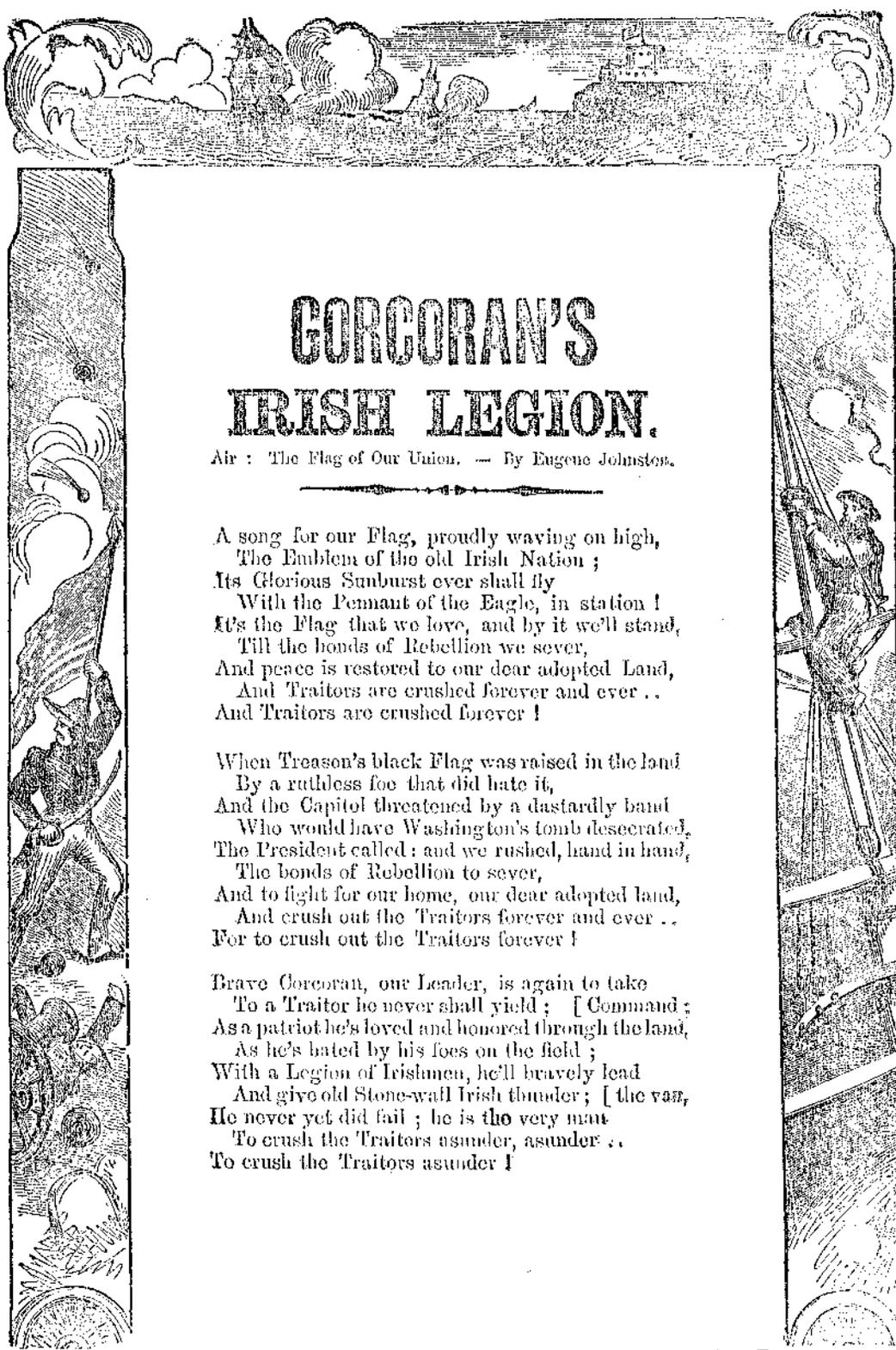
To open the ball with a Virginia minn,  
And, oh ! but your Country with rapture will greet you, Boys,  
When she hears of the glory you've won, one and all ;  
Hundreds of thousands will turn out to meet you, Boys,  
And welcome you home from Corcoran's ball !

Come to the rescue, Boys, raise Erin's flag on high ;  
Tear Treason's Emblem of villainy down !  
Jeff Davis will view your appearance with agony,  
And the Monster-Insurrection will flee from your brow.  
The bright Star of Corcoran's Glory hath risen, Boys ;  
Hark to his music, brave Irishmen all !  
He spent thirteen months in a Southern prison, Boys,  
Forming plans to get up this ball.

His own 69th, who once fought so gloriously  
That even the Rebels their prowess admired,  
Are going again, and they'll surely victorious be ;  
For, their bosoms with virtue and honor are fired !  
Such dances as these are their Nation's proclivity ;  
The music they love is the warrior's call ;  
Some of them passed many months in captivity,  
Practising steps for Corcoran's ball.

Come to the ball, Boys ; let us not linger now ;  
The music strikes up, choose your partners at once ;  
Let old Jeff Davis raise but his finger now,  
And soon we'll be smashing his ugly old recone.  
Away with you now, Boys ! your presence is needed ;  
Go with the man who would take no parole.  
Irishmen ! let not his call be unheeded ;  
Make Treason 'skedaddle at Corcoran's ball !

H. DE MARJAN, Publisher, Songs, Ballads,  
and Glee, organ dolls, &c. all platinum cards, motto  
songs, &c. 111. Broadway, N. Y.



## GORCORAN'S IRISH LEGION.

Air : The Flag of Our Union. — By Eugene Johnston.

A song for our Flag, proudly waving on high,  
The Emblem of the old Irish Nation ;  
Its Glorious Sunburst ever shall fly  
With the Pennant of the Eagle, in station !  
It's the Flag that we love, and by it we'll stand,  
Till the bonds of Rebellion we sever,  
And peace is restored to our dear adopted Land,  
And Traitors are crushed forever and ever . .  
And Traitors are crushed forever !

When Treason's black Flag was raised in the land  
By a ruthless foe that did hate it,  
And the Capitol threatened by a dastardly band  
Who would have Washington's tomb desecrated,  
The President called : and we rushed, hand in hand,  
The bonds of Rebellion to sever,  
And to fight for our home, our dear adopted land,  
And crush out the Traitors forever and ever . .  
For to crush out the Traitors forever !

Brave Gorcoran, our Leader, is again to take  
To a Traitor he never shall yield ; [ Command ;  
As a patriot he's loved and honored through the land,  
As he's hated by his foes on the field ;  
With a Legion of Irishmen, he'll bravely lead  
And give old Stone-wall Irish thunder ; [ the van,  
He never yet did fail ; he is the very man  
To crush the Traitors asunder, asunder . .  
To crush the Traitors asunder !

H. DE MARSHAN, Publisher, of  
Songs, Ballads, Toy books, &c.  
No. 51 Chatham Street, N. Y.

# BATTLE OF BULL-RUN

Dedicated to the 69th Regiment, N. Y. S. M.

Our gallant soldiers they are gone and left their friends to mourn,  
To watch and pray, both night and day, their quick and safe re-  
They are gone to face the enemy, and put Rebellion down; [tura.  
May they return victoriously, and wear a Laurel Crown!

Our gallant soldiers they are gone to fight a glorious cause,  
To defend the Flag and Union, the Government and its laws;  
Kind Fortune, smiles upon their brow, whor'ever they do go,  
To never yield, upon the field, to any daring Foe!

Our gallant soldiers they are gone to the Battle-field of fame,  
To defend the glorious Stars and Stripes, and put to flight,  
Each proud Secession-Leader, with bayonet, sword and gun,  
And make them pay severely for the Battle at Bull-Run!

The gallant Fire-Zouaves they fought like lions brave;  
So did the Massachusetts most manfully behave;  
Likewise the Twenty-Seventh their foes they did not shun;  
But the glorious Sixty-Ninth was the terror of Bull-Run.

Long life to Captain Meagher, that Irish blood of fame,  
Who wore the Harp and Shamrock upon the Battle-plain,  
Who said unto his warlike men: Remember Fentonoy!  
Then the whole, at large, with bayonet's charge, soon  
did their foes deploy.

The field of fame we did maintain against an enemy  
Conceal'd in woods and ambuscades and their masked batta-  
Till Johnson, with his forces and the Black-Cavalry, [ties,  
Turned our scale of battle, or we'd gain the victory.

When the gallant Colonel Corcoran lay prostrate on the ground,  
Weary, and fatigued, and exausted from his wound,  
He cried unto his gallant men: Brave Boys, I'm not undone,  
We'll make them pay some other day for the Battle of Bull-Run!

Over ten long hours, we fought most manfully  
Against four to one, a fearful odds of men we could not see,  
Untill, amongst our teamsters, a panic had begun;  
Then we did retreat, but were not beat at the Battle of  
Bull-Run!

H. De MARSAN, Publisher,  
54 Cortland Street, New-York.

"THE DEAD OF THE BRIGADE."

The vault of Calvary Cemetery has within the past few days received the remains of three more of the gallant fellows who, little more than a year ago marched out under the green banner of the Irish Brigade, full of life and energy, animated by the most fervent devotion to their adopted country, and hoping still, as only Irish patriots can, for the future of their native land.

The body of Lieutenant Charles Williams, of Co. C, 69th Regt., reached this city on Tuesday of last week, in charge of his brother, and was conveyed to his late residence, corner of Pearl and Vandewater sts., from whence his funeral took place the next day. The officers of the Brigade now in the city, wounded or on recruiting service, who were able to be present, attended the melancholy cortege to Calvary, where the deceased was interred. Lieut. Williams, we believe, was a native of Kerry. He was of a kind and urbane disposition, and was beloved by his brothers in arms for his many excellent qualities. He served with the Brigade through all the battles in which it was engaged, until the fight at Antietam, in which he fell.

On Saturday morning the bodies of Captain P. F. Clooney, Co. E, 88th Regt., and Lieut. John Conway, Co. K, 69th Regt., arrived in charge of Quartermaster P. M. Haverly, 88th, and Mr. Martin, brother of Brigadier-Quartermaster Martin. They were enclosed in handsome metallic coffins, and were conveyed to the headquarters of the Brigade, 596 Broadway, where they lay in state until Sunday, when they were conveyed, with appropriate military honors, to Calvary. The funeral cortege was one of the most imposing we have witnessed in a long while. Twelve officers of the Brigade acted as pall-bearers, while the others, incapacitated from walking by their wounds, followed in carriages the long line of citizens who marched mournfully behind the hearses. The escort, as before, was furnished from Gen. Corcoran's "Irish Legion," and consisted of a detail of men of the 69th N. Y. S. M., under Capt. Dempsey. A large number of carriages closed the sad procession, which was headed by a fine band. The funeral arrangements were under the direction of Mr. Nicholas Walsh, 6th Avenue, and were most creditably carried out. The coffins were draped with Irish and American flags, and the hearses, each, drawn by four white horses, covered with the Stars and Stripes.

On reaching the Cemetery, the funeral service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Joyce; after which the coffins were taken to the receiving vault, where the escort delivered over them the soldier's last salute, and in a few brief moments the heavy iron doors shut from the gaze of their comrades the cases which contained the ashes of the brave. May their rest be peaceful.

The body of Captain Shanley had not arrived up to the time of putting our paper to press.

Elsewhere will be found a sketch of Captain P. F. Clooney. To that eloquent tribute from one who knew him in those moments of trial which develops all that is noble in the human character, it would be idle for us to add a single word; nor shall we attempt to do so.

Of his companion in death, however, we may, with propriety speak. Lieut. John Conway was born in Tubamore, King's County, Ireland, and arrived in this country in 1840. Foremost among those who sprang to arms at the formation of Gen. Meagher's "noble little Brigade," he served in it with distinction and honor on every battle-field to the hour of his death; when, like many of his brave companions, he was struck down, on the 17th of September, at Antietam, leading his command to the charge. Courteous, affable, loving and truly brave—he was as much beloved in social life by all who knew him, as in camp by his fellow-officers, who esteemed him as a "noble fellow," and mourn him to-day as an irreparable loss. Aged but thirty-six years, his young life is another sacrifice of Ireland for America, in the annals of which, as a staunch and trusty soldier, the name of John Conway should be cherished.

# RECORDS

OF

## Irish-American Patriotism.

NUMBER FOUR.

NEW YORK, October 11, 1862.

To the Editor of The Pilot.

Your correspondent presents to your readers this week brief sketches of some of the fallen heroes of—

### THE IRISH BRIGADE.

#### CAPTAIN TIMOTHY L. SHANLEY.

Another gallant officer of the Irish Brigade has gone to his eternal rest. Captain Timothy L. Shanley, of Co. D, 69th Regiment N. Y. V., (Col. Robert Nugent), died in Frederick, Md., on Wednesday, Oct. 1, from injuries received in the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17. Captain Shanley was born in Ireland early in January, 1833, and was consequently twenty-nine years and nine months old at the time of his death. He had been a resident of Chicago for many years prior to the commencement of the present struggle, and had also been a lieutenant of the Shields' Guards of that city. The Guards served under Col. James A. Mulligan, in the Chicago Irish Brigade, in Missouri, and during the siege of Lexington won honorable distinction. Having been liberated on parole by the rebel leader, the Brigade returned home. When an exchange of prisoners was effected, Captain Shanley hastened to offer his services to General Thomas Francis Meagher, and the offer was eagerly accepted. A company was raised by him and annexed to the first Regiment of the Brigade, the 69th N. Y. V., Col. Nugent. At the head of this company the brave fellow took a prominent part in every action in Virginia, in which the Brigade was engaged. In the desperate battle of Malvern Hill he was severely wounded in the arm. He was allowed to go home until sufficiently recovered from his injuries to resume active duty. His reception in Chicago, in the latter part of last July, was most enthusiastic. During General Meagher's visit to this city, early in August, he was assigned to the recruiting service. Your correspondent had the honor of an introduction by the noble General to the gallant Captain, at the head-quarters of the Brigade, (then at the corner of Broadway and Walker street),—immediately after his arrival from Chicago. No thoughts of his early death entered our minds. The impression made by him on your correspondent was extremely favorable. He was rather under the medium height, of a well-knit frame, open, manly, countenance, fair complexion. He was very resolute in manner, yet had all the modesty of the true soldier. His noble General viewed him with evident partiality. On the 5th of August, at the Bleeker House, in this city, he was presented with a beautiful sword and field glass, as a recognition of his valuable services in Missouri and Virginia, by his friends and admirers. The presentation of the sword was made in a very complimentary manner, by Mr. James McCullough. Captain Shanley made a happy and characteristic acknowledgement. He closed with an earnest promise that when this war was crushed out, he would be ready to follow General Meagher to Ireland, and would never sheathe the sword till Ireland's wrongs were avenged and the Green once more above the Red. Poor fellow! The grass will soon be green above his red grave. Captain Shanley rejoined his regiment prior to the evacuation of Harrison's Landing, and was constantly with his company, until fatally wounded in the shoulder on the battle-field of Antietam. He lingered in the hospital in Frederick, until

Wednesday, Oct. 1, when he breathed his last, in the presence of his afflicted wife and devoted brother-in-law, who had been with him, from the time of receiving the news of his injury. His remains were interred in the Catholic Cemetery of Frederick, Oct. 2. May his soul rest in peace.

**The Firemen to Assist in the Reception of General Corcoran.**

It is the wish of the firemen generally to turn out in honor of Brigadier General Corcoran, but want of time prevents a meeting of the engineers and foremen in season to make the necessary arrangements. However, Chief Engineer Decker proposes to remedy the mishap by issuing the following recommendation:—

New York, August 20, 1862.

Whereas the firemen of the city of New York have, from time immemorial, displayed their love to their native city by rendering their services voluntarily to the citizens of this metropolis, and their undying loyalty and fidelity to the government of the United States; and whereas the Common Council of the city of New York design giving to Brigadier General Michael Corcoran and his companions such a reception as their services in the field, and their sufferings in prison in the French cause, so justly entitle them to; and whereas the firemen of the city of New York have been awarded by the Common Council such a position in the escort to meet the gallant hero, I recommend that the firemen do assemble P. M., in uniform—fire cap, red shirt, black pantaloons and belt—without apparatus, for the purpose of taking such part in the ceremonies on the reception as we have been requested to do by the Committee on National Affairs of the Common Council of this city.

As the time specified is too short to call a formal meeting of the Board of Engineers and Firemen, I feel compelled that this unofficial call will be responded to in the same spirit in which it is made.

JOHN DECKER,  
Chief Engineer New York Fire Department.

**Obituary.**

LIEUTENANT P. J. KELLY.

Among the victims of the battle of Antietam was Lieutenant P. J. Kelly, of Company G, Sixty-ninth regiment New York Volunteers, who was struck down while leading his men under the hottest fire of the enemy. He was a brave and experienced officer, as well as a warm friend and genial companion, whose loss cannot be easily replaced. The funeral will take place from his late residence, Melrose, Westchester county, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. The deceased leaves a widow and five children.

**The Funeral of Col. Dolney.**

In our obituary notice of Col. Michael Dolney, published in yesterday's issue, it was erroneously stated that his funeral services would take place on Thursday instead of Friday morning at eleven o'clock. The services will, therefore, begin to-day, and preparations have been made to procure a military escort. Col. Martin Murphy, of the Third Regiment, has issued the following order, which we transcribe:—

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT, UNITED STATES, New York, April 2, 1862.

The officers of this regiment are hereby ordered to assemble, with their arms, at four o'clock on Friday morning, 4th inst., at the Sixty-ninth regimental armory, for the purpose of attending the funeral of the excellent and gallant patriot Col. M. Dolney. The officers will proceed from the above armory in coaches. By order of MATTHEW MURPHY, Colonel.

T. LAYTON, Acting Adjutant.

The Board of Officers of the Sixty-ninth regiment held a meeting last evening, at their headquarters, and passed a series of resolutions of condolence, to be presented to the family of the lamented Colonel Michael Dolney. It was also resolved that the officers of the regiment assemble at their headquarters, at nine o'clock this morning, in full uniform, to attend the funeral.

**GENERAL MEAGHER'S IRISH BRIGADE—COLONEL NUGENT OFF TO THE WAR ONCE MORE.**

The recruiting for Meagher's Irish brigade has been eminently successful during the past week, and there is every hope that this gallant band of soldiers will soon be reinforced to the full number. Colonel Nugent, of the Sixty-ninth regiment New York State Volunteers, who has been on here for some time, for the double purpose of recruiting and benefiting his health, returns to his command to-morrow. The Colonel has been very much indisposed for the past few weeks, but is now nearly recovered. He has the good wishes of all with whom he is acquainted that his career in the field may be a prosperous one, and that the gallantry and efficiency which he has exhibited hitherto may be duly rewarded when occasion offers.

## THE CASE OF COLONEL CORCORAN.

### Corcoran Demonstration in Boston.

Boston, Feb. 5, 1862.

There was an immense and enthusiastic Corcoran demonstration in Faneuil Hall to-night. The old Cradle of Liberty was crowded to its largest capacity. Mayor Wightman presided, supported by sixty Vice Presidents.

The Mayor recited the circumstances attending the capture and imprisonment of Colonel Corcoran, and lamented that by the act of our government that noble man and the hostages with him were now imprisoned in a felon's cell, because we insist upon holding the prisoners of the Savannah as pirates, and not as prisoners of war. The new threat upon the lives of Colonel Corcoran and the others proved that this meeting was timely. He denounced in indignant terms the intemperate demand made by Jell. Davis that the bridge burners of Missouri should be placed upon the same footing with the hostages of Colonel A. O. Brewster, and made a stirring speech. He said it was pitifully said that these men should, by the action of the federal government, be held to stake out their lives in more than an Austrian prison. The President could do no more magnanimous act, none more popular, than to take measures for their immediate release.

Hon. Benjamin Hallett sent a letter, in which he claimed that the watchword should be, "Free Corcoran, free Wilcox and the other colonels." There were hopes for them now, for since the call for this meeting the Hatteras prisoners had been released from Fort Warren. Why not now send Barron back to Wilcox? Colonel Corcoran? He contended that the Savannah prisoners were not pirates by any law of war. Mr. Hallett quoted a private letter, which stated that the hostages were confined in a cell seventeen feet by eleven, that for two months these brave men never saw the light of day, and yet they have never lost their Christian fortitude, nor suffered the first complaint to be made to the government. The exchange of prisoners was no concession. The President could not do an act more humane than to take immediate measures for the release of the hostage colonels.

Judge Russell said in time of war he knew not how to criticize the government; he only knew how to support it. He trusted the government would act more promptly for the release of Colonel Corcoran, and his fellow hostages, and the country would once more see that gallant man at the head of his regiment, you at the head of a brigade, an Irish brigade, doing deeds worthy of the field of Fontenoy. This brave man was taken prisoner because there was one military movement he did not know how to obey—the order to retreat. He asked the release of Colonel Corcoran as a proper tribute of gratitude and justice for the services rendered by the adopted citizens in their hour of national peril.

Hon. John G. Buckley asked why it was that Boston called a meeting for Col. Corcoran's release, and his own almost native State had not? He would say it was not the fault of New York. In December last ex-Governor Clifford, of Massachusetts, Judge Denning and Mr. O'Gorman, visited Washington and informed the government that a meeting of this character was to be held in New York, and they were told if they were to forego their intent, immediate steps would be taken for the release of the prisoners they wanted, and Colonel Corcoran is not yet released. He would say, however, act with great prudence, and not blame the government; it might be that these mighty measures were perfected for their release. He could not have the meeting act hastily. In the name of Irishmen, he said, let us not show ingratitude, and call only for the release of Colonel Corcoran, but for all the hostages with him. They are all in the same plight. There is no Irishman, no Yankee now. They will hear the same groans if they die, the same hospital, if wounded, and there is one thing, Irishmen will have for the next three generations at least, the stamp of true men.

A series of resolutions were reported asserting the regard of the adopted citizens of Massachusetts for the constitution and the Union, laudatory of Colonel Corcoran and his brave regiment, concluding with the following resolutions:—

Resolved, That it is the voice of this meeting that the President of the United States should take immediate steps to facilitate the liberation of the patient and uncomplaining Col. Corcoran and his fellow prisoners, and this they ask in the name of the thousands of loyal Irish citizens throughout the country, in the name of his dear kindred and faithful friends, and in the name of his sufferings. The resolutions were adopted by acclamation.

Resolved, That they be transmitted to the President of the United States, with the earnest request that he will interpose his executive power to obtain the release of Colonel Corcoran, Lee and others with them, now held as hostages in rebel prisons.

It being now half-past nine o'clock the Mayor announced that General Butler had asked permission to shelter the Maine Eighth regiment, which had just arrived, in the Cradle of Liberty.

The meeting was then dissolved, after three cheers for the Hon. Benjamin Butler. There were no less than four thousand persons who participated in this demonstration.

Wednesday, Oct. 1, when he breathed his last, in the presence of his afflicted wife and devoted brother-in-law, who had been with him, from the time of receiving the news of his injury. His remains were interred in the Catholic Cemetery of Frederick, Oct. 2. May his soul rest in peace.

**The Firemen to Assist in the Reception of General Corcoran.**

It is the wish of the firemen generally to turn out in honor of Brigadier General Corcoran, but want of time prevents a meeting of the engineers and foremen in season to make the necessary arrangements. However, Chief Engineer Decker proposes to remedy the mishap by issuing the following recommendation:—

New York, August 20, 1862.

Whereas the firemen of the city of New York have, from time immemorial, displayed their love to their native city by rendering their services voluntarily to the citizens of this metropolis, and their undying loyalty and fidelity to the government of the United States; and whereas the Common Council of the city of New York design giving to Brigadier General Michael Corcoran and his companions such a reception as their services in the war entitle them to; and whereas the firemen of the city of New York have been awarded by the Common Council such a position in the escort to meet the gallant officers alluded to as their good services merit; therefore, I recommend that the firemen do assemble in the Park, on Friday, the 22d inst., at two o'clock P. M., in uniform—fire cap, red shirt, black pantaloons and belt—without apparatus, for the purpose of taking part in the ceremonies on the reception as we have been requested to do by the Committee on National Affairs of the Common Council of this city.

As the time specified is too short to call a formal meeting of the Board of Engineers and Firemen, I feel convinced that this unofficial call will be responded to in the same spirit in which it is made.

JOHN DECKER,  
Chief Engineer New York Fire Department.

**Obituary.**

LIEUTENANT F. J. KELLY.

Among the victims of the battle of Antietam was Lieutenant F. J. Kelly, of Company G, Sixty-ninth regiment New York Volunteers, who was struck down while leading his men under the hottest fire of the enemy. He was a brave and experienced officer, as well as a warm friend and genial companion, whose loss cannot be easily replaced. The funeral will take place from his late residence, Melrose, Westchester county, at ten o'clock tomorrow morning. The deceased leaves a widow and five children.

**The Funeral of Col. Doherty.**

In our obituary notice of Col. Michael Doherty, published in yesterday's issue, it was erroneously stated that the funeral services would take place on Thursday instead of Friday morning at eleven o'clock. The services will, therefore, occur to-day, and preparations have been made to procure a military escort. Col. Martin Murphy, of the Phoenix Brigade, has issued the following order, which explains itself:—

REGIMENTAL ORDER—NO. 16.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST REGIMENT PHOENIX BRIGADE,  
New York, April 8, 1862.

The officers of this regiment are hereby ordered to assemble, with side arms, at ten o'clock on Friday morning, 4th inst., at the Sixty-ninth regimental armory, for the purpose of attending the funeral of the exalted and distinguished patriot Col. M. Doherty. The officers will proceed from the above armory in coaches. By order of

MATHEW MURPHY, Colonel.

T. LEONARD, Acting Adjutant.

The Board of Officers of the Sixty-ninth regiment held a meeting last evening, at their headquarters, and passed a series of resolutions of condolence, to be presented to the family of the lamented Colonel Michael Doherty. It was also resolved that the officers of the regiment assemble at their headquarters, at nine o'clock this morning, in full uniform, to attend the funeral.

**GENERAL MEAGHER'S IRISH BRIGADE—COLONEL NUGENT OFF TO THE WAR ONCE MORE.**

The recruiting for Meagher's Irish brigade has been eminently successful during the past week, and there is every hope that this gallant band of soldiers will soon be reinforced to the full number. Colonel Nugent, of the Sixty-ninth regiment New York State Volunteers, who has been on here for some time, for the double purpose of recruiting and benefiting his health, returns to his command to-morrow. The Colonel has been very much indisposed for the past few weeks, but is now nearly recovered. He has the good wishes of all with whom he is acquainted that his career in the field may be a prosperous one, and that the gallantry and efficiency which he has exhibited hitherto may be duly rewarded when occasion offers.

## THE MASSES IN THE PARK.

### Twenty Thousand Enthusiastic Recruits.

Speeches of Mayor Opdyke, Gen. Corcoran, Gen. O. M. Mitchel, Gen. Buxteed, Gen. Walbridge, Gen. Wright, Gen. Wetmore, Hon. Moses F. Odell, Hon. Mr. Arnold, Hon. James Briggs, Col. Nugent, Hon. Luther Marsh, Ethan Allen, and Others.

### LETTER FROM SECRETARY SEWARD.

### PATRIOTIC RESOLUTIONS.

### Magnificent Donations and Promises for More.

### ARRIVAL OF THE SIXTY-NINTH.

### Great Demonstration in Honor of Corcoran and His Old Regiment.

### A Vigorous War Policy Demanded.

In response to a call issued by His Honor the Mayor, in behalf of a Committee composed of the most influential men in the City, a vast concourse of people met in the Park yesterday afternoon.

As on other recent occasions, New-York astonished herself, furnishing scenes of thousands of citizens, at a day's call, who obeyed the rallying call of the Chief Magistrate, to consult together concerning the state of the nation, and plan for its assistance.

Three stands were erected in the Park; one—the Grand Stand—immediately fronting the centre of the City Hall, and obstructing the view of the Washington botch, and a second and a third on either side of the wings of the same building. About these stands was stationed a most efficient body of policemen, who, prior to the beginning of the meeting, kept the most absolute order, and held the enthusiastic citizens under a salutary discipline.

The stands were beautifully and patriotically decorated with the National ensign; garlands of flowers depended from the uprights; smaller flags hung from every possible staff; and a general winding up in the ever popular red, white and blue, caused each platform to appear cheerfully and intensely American.

Appropriate mottoes were used as facings to the stands, and the memorable words of Jackson, WASHINGTON and CLAY were again conspicuously brought to the notice of the people.

At the hour of 4, not more than ten thousand people had gathered around the Hall. The steps of that edifice, the immediate front of the stands, the roofs of contiguous houses, and the branches of the neighborhood were well filled, but the body of the pro-