

Death of Col. Sherrill.

The news of the death of Hon. Eliakim Sherrill, who sacrificed his life for his country, at Gettysburgh, will sadden many hearts in this section of country, where he was so well and favorably known.

Col. Sherrill represented the 10th Congressional District, (Delaware and Ulster) in the 30th Congress in 1847—9. He at that time resided at Shandaken, Ulster Co., where he was engaged most extensively in the tanning business. In 1854—5 he represented the 10th Senatorial District, (Ulster and Greene) in the State Senate. In both these positions he won golden opinions as a faithful representative.— From Ulster he removed to Brooklyn, we think, in 1856. For the last four years he has resided at Geneva, where a year ago the War Committee of his district called upon him to lead the Regiment (26th) raised under the Presidents' call for 600,000 men. His bravery on the battle-field was second to none. He was severely wounded at Harper's Ferry, but was not long absent from his command. He was an ardent Whig and Republican, and of course a firm supporter of the War. His age was 50 years—a native of Greene County.

DEATH OF COL. SHERRILL.—We regret to learn of the death, in the Gettysburg battle of Col. Sherrill, of the 126th (Ontario) Regiment. The Colonel was a man much beloved by his neighbors for his many excellent qualities. His regiment was taken prisoners at the capture of Harpers Ferry over a year ago and he was severely wounded in the mouth. The regiment was afterwards exchanged, and Col. Sherrill having recovered and joined them was killed while leading his men in a charge upon the rebels. He fell with his face towards the foe.

FUNERAL OF COL. SHERRILL AT GENEVA.

—The corpse of the lamented SHERRILL, late Colonel of the Ontario Regiment, (the 126th,) reached Geneva on Saturday morning, via Elmira.

The funeral obsequies on Sunday were very imposing, and the number in attendance was very large.— Mr. TRIO SMITH acted as Marshal, assisted by Messrs. PROUTY, LEWIS and S. S. COBB. Maj. PLATNER, of the late 89d, had command of the military, with PERKINS' Brass Band of Rochester. The procession moved from the residence of the deceased about 2½ o'clock P. M., through Genesee, Castle and Main streets, to the Presbyterian Church, where the religious ceremonies were conducted,—clergymen of the various denominations taking part, Rev. Dr. WOOD, the Pastor, preaching the sermon. At the conclusion of the exercises, the procession re formed, passing up Main, through Hamilton, Fulton and Washington streets to the Cemetery, where a vast crowd were waiting. Here the burial service was read, after which three volleys were fired over the grave, closing the last sad ceremonies.

Col. SHERRILL was acting as Brigadier General at the time he received his wound.

DEATH OF COL. SHERRILL.—The family of LEWIS H. BABCOCK, Esq., are deeply afflicted by intelligence of the death, on the battle field, of COL. ELIAKIM SHERRILL, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth Regiment, the father of Mrs. BABCOCK. Seeing the name of Col. SHERRILL among the killed and wounded in yesterday's New York papers, Mr. BABCOCK last evening employed the telegraphic wires to obtain the fullest information regarding his father-in-law. In a very short time he learned that the news that Col. S. was killed in Friday's battle at Gettysburg was too true, and that his remains, embalmed and *en route* for home, had already reached Baltimore.

Col. SHERRILL has won a name in both political and military life. Born in Greene County in 1818, his business and political career reached its height, if it did not begin, in Ulster County. Carrying on a heavy tannery, and prosperous in business, he yet gave large attention to politics, and the people of his district honored him with elections to seats in the State Senate and the National House of Representatives. He was a Whig until the organization of the Republican party, to which he attached himself. He has been a resident of Geneva during the last four years, occupying a rich farm and proving his interest in Agriculture by his enlightened management of his estate and his service as a member of the Executive Committee of the State Agricultural Society. When, a year ago, about sixty Regiments were raised in this State under the call of the President for 600,000 men, Mr. SHERRILL was designated by the War Committee of his Congressional District for the Colonelcy of the One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth; and under his auspices the ranks soon filled. Going to the field, he bore himself bravely till the day of his death. At Harper's Ferry, last September, he was desperately wounded, and narrowly escaped with his life; ere he was fully recovered, he returned to his command, and has since remained with his men. For his courage and fidelity at Harper's Ferry, he was highly complimented by the Committee which investigated that affair. Every part of his military career will bear the scrutiny of patriotic men.

Mr. and Mrs. BABCOCK left town this morning for Geneva, to attend the funeral of the deceased.

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The funeral obsequies were very imposing and the masses in attendance from above and below, as well as the surrounding country, was very large. Mr. Theo. Smith acted as Marshal, assisted by Messrs. Prouty, Lewis and S. S. Cobb. Maj. Platner, of the late 13d, had command of the military, with Perkins' Brass Band from Rochester. The procession moved from the residence of the deceased about 2 1/2 o'clock P. M., through Tennessee, Castle and Main streets, to the Presbyterian church, where the religious exercises were conducted.—Clergymen of the various denominations taking part. Rev. Dr. Wood, the Pastor, preached the sermon, after which the procession reformed, passing up Main and through Hamilton, Multrney and Washington Streets to the Cemetery, where a vast crowd were waiting. Here the burial service was read, after which three volleys were fired over the grave, closing the last sad ceremonies.

We learn that Col. Sherrill was acting a Brigadier-General at the time he received his wound. Another of nature's noblemen thus added to the roll of true men, who have sealed their devotion to their Country with their blood.

DEATH OF COL. SHERRILL.—This gallant soldier was killed at Gettysburg! No truer patriot ever entered the field. He loved his country with the intensest affection, and deemed his life, as nothing, if, by its sacrifice, he could contribute to the restoration of the Union. And he has made the sacrifice. He died on the field of battle—a hero martyr to Freedom; and his memory will live in the hearts of all who knew him, so long as the Flag which he followed shall remain the emblem of Liberty Justice and Humanity.

The Utica Observer says:—

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COL. SHERRILL KILLED.—The report of the death of Col. Eliakim Sherrill turns out to be too true. He was killed in the battle of Gettysburg. He commanded the 126th Regiment, N. Y. V., recruited at Geneva.—Col. Sherrill was wounded at Harper's Ferry last fall; and, although the wound was severe, (in the mouth and face,) he had sufficiently recovered to rejoin his Regiment.—He was one of nature's noblemen. Many in Ulster and Greene will remember him as a gentleman, esteemed and honored by his fellow-citizens. Col. Sherrill formerly represented Ulster and Delaware in Congress, and afterwards Ulster and Greene in our State Senate.

DEATH OF COL. SHERRILL.

We are pained to learn of the death of Col. SHERRILL, of the 126th. He was killed at the battle of Gettysburg on Friday last, while gallantly leading his regiment against the enemy. He was a brave and faithful officer, and his loss will be deeply felt by those under his command.

The *Geneva Courier* in remarking upon his death says: We have no need to eulogize the fallen. He left behind him a reputation of spotless integrity—an unblemished character, combining all of the virtues, and God knows if he had faults, we know not what they were. Generous, unselfish, noble, self-sacrificing—patriotic, brave. Beloved in all the relations of life—as husband, father, friend, Commander, he has yielded up his life a willing sacrifice on the altar of his Country. His military career has been singularly unfortunate. Wounded at Harper's Ferry, he suffered terribly, and his reputation for bravery and courage on that memorable occasion, was fully established. Before he recovered from the effects of his wound, he was off to his regiment again, and the fearful story of three hundred gone from its ranks, tells how well it has done its duty on this occasion. He loved his men with sincere affection, and they looked upon him as a father and a friend.

The 126th appears to have been in the thickest of the fight, judging from the loss which it has sustained, and we fear that full particulars of the battle will furnish sad news for many families in our county who have contributed loving fathers, sons, and brothers to its ranks.

ONE OF THE SLAIN.—Col. Sherrill of the 126th regiment, N. Y. V. who was killed at Gettysburg, can almost be claimed as an Ulster man. He was for many years identified with our County business, as one of its most successful and largest tanners. And he claims a place in its political history, having represented it in Congress and in the State Senate. He is well remembered as a judicious, enlightened and liberal minded man, and gentleman in its truest sense.

In one of the disastrous battles of 1862, he was so shockingly wounded at the head of his regiment that we supposed he never could take the field again, and the first news that he had done so, comes in the bulletin of his death at Gettysburg. Honor to the memory of Eliakim Sherrill.

FUNERAL OF COL. SHERRILL.—The funeral of this brave and lamented officer took place at Geneva last Sunday, and was attended by an immense concourse of people. The village was crowded with a dense mass of citizens from all parts of this Senatorial District. The remains of the hero and true man were buried with military honors.

The late Col. Sherrill.

The old residents of this county will remember the late Col. SHERRILL, who was killed at Gettysburg while commanding the 126th Regiment. He was a man of great usefulness and popularity, having been a member of Congress from the Ulster district, and afterwards State Senator. He was also prominently identified with the State Agricultural Society. At Geneva, where he has resided for some years past, most impressive funeral obsequies were held. ELIAKIM SHERRILL was born in Greenville, Greene County, N. Y., Feb. 19th, 1813. His father and mother were of high respectability and were among the earliest settlers of the place. He was the seventh of eight children. He learned his father's trade of tanning, and removed to Salisbury, Herkimer County, 1832, to assist his father in that business. He there married a daughter of Judge ELDRIDGE, of Madison County. After residing there about six years, he removed to Shandaken, Ulster County, then an almost unbroken wilderness, to aid in the management of an extensive tannery.

GENEVA COURIER.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1863.

The Funeral of Col. Sherrill.

This sad occasion brought together on Sunday last, one of the largest and saddest assemblages, that ever met in our Village. The demonstration showed both the respect that is felt for the memory of the man and the sympathy that pervades the community, for the cause in which he so nobly, so heroically lost his life. At half past one o'clock the assemblage of persons at the late residence of the deceased, on North Street, was already large and rapidly increasing. At about two the procession was formed, under the control of Messrs S. S. COBB, PHINEAS PROUTY, J. S. LEWIS and T. E. SMITH. It was preceded by the Rochester Band and Companies of Infantry, under the immediate command of Major PLATNER, of the late 33d Regiment, and was made up of discharged soldiers, who, in consequence of having served their time or wounds, incapacitating them for further service, had been discharged.

Then followed the Military Bearers—Gen's SWIFT and HILLHOUSE, Col. STEWART, and Captain CRAVEN of the Navy.—After these four civilians as Bearers

also—then the Clergy of the place. Following the Hearse were the mourners, the horse of the late Col. SHERRILL and a long train of friends in carriages. The procession passed down Genesee Street, up Castle to Main Street to the Presbyterian Church. The Sidewalks—the Park—the Streets in all directions, were full. At the church the services were solemn and impressive.— The Discourse, by the Rev. Dr. Wood, the Pastor, and although prepared in great haste, and under almost every conceivable disadvantage—was appropriate, and in points exceedingly touching and eloquent. We hope it will be published, and therefore forbear any further remarks concerning it.

After the services at the Church the Procession formed again in front of it, and moved slowly and sadly toward the new Cemetery where the body was deposited, with appropriate words from Dr. Wood, and three volleys of musketry by the soldiers. Cannon had been fired at intervals of about half an hour during the day.— These services over, the vast multitude slowly retired—thoughtful, and as we cannot doubt, more firmly resolved than before, that come what might, this Rebellion which has cost the Country so many of its most cherished citizens, and so much of its best blood, shall be put down—and put down too so far and completely that it can never arise again.

We hope next week to be able to give a further account of Col. SHERRILL. We will only add that we learn on inquiry—and our intelligence comes from one who was by him when he fell—that Colonel SHERRILL had been wounded in the left shoulder, early in the day of the 3d of July. At about six o'clock in the afternoon, while in command of a Brigade, resisting a charge from the enemy, he was struck in the abdomen by a musket or minnie ball. He was on foot at this time with the men in an orchard, where the limbs of the trees were so low as to interfere with his riding about on horseback. He was immediately picked up by two men and carried to a hospital. Care was taken of him until he died—which, as we understood—was about five o'clock on the fourth of July—and a few hours after he had been found by his friend, Lt. Col. BULL, who succeeded him in the command of the Regiment.

No purer—no truer or more loyal man ever fell in his country's cause than Col. ELIAKIM SHERRILL. And, although he had lived with us but a short time, so deeply had he endeared himself to all who knew him, that scarcely a man could have been taken from our midst who would have been longer remembered, or whose loss would have been more deeply regretted. Such men are the bone and sinew

of our Nation, and by the sacrifice of such lives are the rights and liberties of a people gained and perpetuated. Next to the martyrs to Religion none stand higher in the awards of fame, or in the gratitude of posterity, than the martyrs to their Country's

COL. SHERRILL.

BY MILLIE.

Ah! never shall the land forget
How gushed the life-blood of the brave,
Gushed warm with hope, and courage yet,
Upon the soil they fought to save.

BRYANT.

One more hero gone with his glory yet
fresh upon him. One more patriot given to
the soil, which his blood flowed forth to save
And so, here we are mourning inconsolably
for a brave man who might have given
more than one collossian deed for the National
preservation and majesty.

The people always lament the death of
a man whose life has been potent in the
great aims and deeds of ennobling human-
ity; and if he had lived his four score
years and ten, and his powers had wrought
all the works of valor and wisdom, which
God, by virtue of his life, had allotted
him, in this lamentation for the dead, there
is always the fullness of rest. That he did
what he could, and that all which his
powers held, was spent to earth-long im-
mortality, with the perfect vigor of his
manhood, and the creative scope of his
broadest life, and prime, upon them.—
There was nothing more left uncreated for
the public good. They knew the breadth
and volume of the man. They had his
talents all come out in great works, and
the grave had hidden nothing from them
in its ravenous maw. All he could do was
done. And with mournfulness but satis-
fied repose, they consign his worn-out
body to the tomb, and his ever fresh, ma-
jestic mind, to their eternal records, and
to a world of immortality. Thus it was
with Wellington. All heroes are made of
the same stuff. They are all born of the
same royal dynasty—that of God's—and
some have expanded to their heroic girth,
and some have been taken ere their meas-
ure was half filled. But they are all sub-
lime heroes, who were born for the world's
grandeur; whether veteran Wellingtons—
or newly-made American Colonels.

We cannot rest in the full fruition of
SHERRILL's scope of being; and we
mourn in terrible bitterness, vast and un-
soothable for him, but a little time since
a citizen of peace, and then a brave war-
rior, wondrously rising to the broad ma-
jesty of hero bravery—and at last a mar-
tyr for the cause of Eternal Right, coming
still and useless from the battle field
among us, and drawing us to an agony of
worshipful sorrow, by the potency of his

dumb presence. I said "coming, still, and useless from the battle field." The great God knows that never in all the records of the Recording Angel, was there a less useless body borne from the field than this body of our citizen warrior.— He proved to the world that a man born with an olive branch in his hand, can go out with his sword, when *duty calls*, and bear off as noble victor-palms, as he who came into life, with the boom of cannon, in his ears. A man can be a veteran hero for Freedom's sake.

There are winged seeds from this man's glory and death, which shall spread broad cast through the land, and shall germinate more than one brave patriot and sturdy yeoman soldier. Then call not his body useless, for it shall rise ten fold in the souls of other freemen. Where now there is one body impotent to our glory through death, there are scores of living ones, nerved with untried vigor, whose future shall record in our coming glory, this man's name a thousand times o'er. From this sacred dead a living host shall spring and swell their memories to his own, until the future alone shall measure the height of this memorial monument.

We are a nation, athletic and healthy, with Freedom—and shall there none arise, inspired from the circle of this man's intrepid daring? Great God forbid that one fallen Chief fell in vain! Forbid it God! that American hearts should be so cold that a great man's life and death, should awaken no kindred fires of patriotism for a like victorious life, and if need be—death.

Notwithstanding all this which his few but wonderful deeds have done, and will do, we are heavy with sorrow for greater deeds which *we know* are left undone in his unfinished life. We cannot fathom the future. We cannot lift the mystery from our Chieftain's grave. But we know that he who could step from the plough to the battle field; he who, bred for peace and seclusion, could ride valiantly out, like a veteran Chief, to as high and daring an honor as has ever been chronicled for any of our brave men—and yet fresh in the novitiate of war, would have still wrought wonders for his name, and cabalistic charms almost for the blood-purification of our land.

We know that many an unheralded work yet uncreated, was buried in the fat of our brave Colonel. We must feel that he who could master one great achievement, would be the master-mind of man more.

Stricken down in the lusty hardiness of manhood, when the soul and body, and mind were wrought strongly and courageously; just when all powers of life had culminated to the highest heights of perfection.

It was terrible to be thus lain aside for ever, when the very nerves were swollen with energy, and the soul had expanded to such a breadth of valor, that it must have submerged more than one unholly traitor in its ocean-like immensity—and when every physical element was inspired with an heroic theurgy, and a broadening mentality, gloriously meting out to these physical powers, this terrible theurgy, and plenipotence of war. God help us to bear the unutterable loss thrust upon us, by the death of this brave soldier-leader with the true fortitude of a brave and strong-willed people. If we could only have seen the true breadth of this man's energies—if all which he might do, could have been done for the salvation and re-resurrection of our almost fallen mother-land, we should have walked with proud and peaceful mournfulness, to

a tomb which held but relics of that life which should still lives, and of that presence which should be present with us through our earthly lives forever. But now we mourn inconsolably, for we know what the grave hath hidden from us; and from the past we know the grander purposes and fulfillments of the future. We weep o'er the grave of an unfinished hero, and from its shadow rises the semblance of a gigantic hero, which might have been. But mourn we though forever, the future will still be unarm'd; and the dead warrior will expand no more to our eyes in the tomb.

God leaves us nothing but resignation, and with His Almighty arm, bending us mercifully, we will bow to his strong Providence.

Why should we not consecrate this name of our honored citizen, beloved in peace, and worshipped devoutly in war, to the village memorial of our sacred dead.

We all know how nobly he responded when the Country called him. I don't believe there was a throb of Col. SHERRILL's heart that swerved from the terrible duty before him. He went into the work with such a kind, big soul—so much patriotism in his purposes, so christianly in his love for those brave soldiers under him—"the boys," as they say of each other; well, it does seem terribly mysterious, that God should have taken the man, of all men, which we needed most.

They were dear to us as our hearts' blood—every one of those soldier boys—and yet we reposed, with trustful hope, in the intrepid skill of their leader. It was a vast and awful legacy, which we gave him; but we knew the man would gloriously sustain it, and so he did. He led our kinsmen to victory, and many of them to Death. But it was an heroic death—and it were better to be orphaned, and widowed, and childless, than welcome back a kinsman with the curse of cowardice stamped, Cain-like, on his brow. It was god-like to die for one's country; and to this supreme honor was Col. SHERRILL gathered with many of his brave followers; and to them we look with pride as well as sorrow.

Well, as I said, Col. SHERRILL, as a godly, upright man—built by the great God for a pillar to our fallen nation, stood up like a kind Father in his supremacy over our soldier boys; and we at home grew hopeful and contented, knowing that when war tidings should reach us, leader and followers would prove brave and worthy of each other, and of the land. And thank God our hopes found their fruition.

So our boys left us, and many a shadow, and vacancy, went in to possess our hearthstones. There were no more the dear torments and teazings of brothers; no more the protective embraces of husband, neither were there fatherly blessings for many of us; but down towards the grand Potomac, fled our saddened souls, and we saw them all, those who had made such sunshine for our homes—and they were sublimed into fearless heroes, with their lives in their hands, and girded mightily for war; with freedom eternal, and forever high in their hopes, and leading them on, as did God in the pillar of fire, those who in another age fled into freedom. And so our souls went with them, paying drop for drop, in anxiousness for all sufferings and privations.

It was but a little time after they went from us, crowding the noble steamers, which swept mercilessly through the water and our hearts at once, that our cheeks grew crimson, and our hearts painful, at the unjust contumely, thrown upon our boys—"Harper's Ferry Cowards"—and amidst this terrible sadness, Col. SHERRILL returned to us: not as he had gone, but with wounded body, and nobly perfected patriotism of soul. We mourned his physical sufferings—grew proud over his glorious daring which came to us from the battle field.

But God spared the life of our brave Colonel; and we were grateful and full of thanks; and He spared his patriotism to us, and for that we were thankful, because it gave back to "our boys" a beneficent and noble-hearted leader, who would guide them to honor, were the road through a wall of bayonets, and piled mountains high with rebel slain, and ocean deep with blood.

With hardly restored strength, and with more than restored energy of purpose, he went from our sorrowing midst, back to his men; and we all bid him "God speed!" for we all knew how much such daring, iron-willed men were needed: and altho' we parted with him sadly, we were glad the man would so soon stand again on Potomac plains at the head of our little village army.

We again rested in his broad strength. We were like the rich man in the Bible.—We said to our souls "Take thy rest!"—And we tore down our little granaries of anticipation, and built larger ones, filling them high with rich argosies of expected triumphs, and splendid victories, and great achievements—all for our boys and their leader on the next battle field, and their lives yet spared for our honors and our hearts.

But God overruled us. The hand of Him who ruleth the nations, struck our golden granaries down; and a monument, soddened in blood, and splintered bones, reared its craped front in their ruins—for the future, and life-long agony of many of us.