## **VETERANS'**

THE GATHERING OF THE SUR-VIVORS OF THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH.

Secretary Fuller's Complete Report of the Twenty-fourth Recurrence of an Always Happy Event-The Roll Call-Letters of the Absentees -Reminiscences That Delighted the Foot Soldiers of the Old Bemus Heights Baitalion.

It was a jolly party that gathered in Galway village Sept. 17th, 1896, to attend the twenty-fourth reunion of the Survivors' association of the seventyseventh regiment, N. Y. S. F. Vols. Though the threatening storm caused a number to decide not to go, it did not prevent those who were present to fully appreciate the Galwayians' efforts; for we had one of those enjoyable times which made us feel not only welcome but repaid us for the fifteen mile ride in the rain. And when the two hundred, or more, sat down in Union hall, on North street, for rations prepared by the host it partook more of a family gathering; a reunion in which those who touched elbows in the charge (on the tables) with their wives and children and sisters, father and mother even, participated. About high twelve Secretary Fuller stated that neither President French nor Vice-president Rowland would be present: Comrade French being at the reunion of the Army of the Potomac association in Burlington, Vt. Comrade Rowland, much to his regret, being kept at home attending to influenza, which had tak-en possession of him. Therefore, on motion of the secretary, Comrade W. G. Caw was unanimously chosen chairman.

After a prayer, ex-Assemblyman Frank L. Smith(candidate for school commissioner and elected Nov. 4) wel-

comed the veterans. He said: Old soldiers of the 77th N. Y. regiment and those of other regiments who are here today, in the name of the citizens of Galway, I greet you. It would have been well if one with more experience and a more eloquent tongue than mine had been chosen for the task which I am about to undertake, but as the first duty of a soldier is to obey, when the summons came to me for help on this happy occasion, I told your committee that such assistance as I could give, I would give gladly. The story of the deeds and achievements of the war of 1861-5 comes to us this morning in three different ways. To some of us who are young in years as a matter of history To others as a personal recollection of the history of our own time, and to you, old soldiers, as a memory of scenes in which you actively participated. The history of the 77th is, I am sure, an honorable one, as it was composed of honorable men. For the benefit of those who were too young at that time to remember, and those who have arrived at the scene of action in later years, let me recall a little of its early history. In the spring of 1861, after the attack upon Fort Sumpter after the aggressive movements of the rebel army, Presi-Lincoln issued a call for troops, which number was dent thought to be amply sufficient to suppress the rebellion and restore the union to its former condition. This number of soldiers was quickly raised and many of the Saratoga county men and boys were enrolled in the different regiments them are here today to welcome the soldiers of this later formed regiment. But the war did not cease. The force was found to be inadequate to cope with the southern men, who staked their all on the issues of the war, and so a second call was made for more men, and it was responded to in the words of that well known period, "We're coming, Father Abraham, 300,000 more." It was then that the citizens of Saratoga county decided that it was time that they had a regiment that they could call their own, and measures were taken to secure its formation. Puplic meetings were held in many places and recruiting agents were busy at work securing the signatures of those who were willing to go to the rescue of their beloved land. I can remember as if it was but yesterday, the tones of one of those public speakers as he earnestly pleaded with his hearers to "come to the rescue, come when the roll of drums is heard and rifles gleam." In due time the several companies were enlisted duly armed, and the regiment called the 77th N. Y. or the Bemis Heights battallion. Then came the departure, and the minds of many of you will revert back to that scene as it was enacted in the different towns and villages of Saratoga county. Here is the picture of one of those scenes that I will sketch for you this morning, a picture that hangs on the walls of my memory as fresh and as real as it did that September morning 35 years ago. A little country village far away from the busy turmoil and bustle of the surrounding cities, a country tavern before which, drawn up to a front face in irregular order, is a little band of men and boys who have levally responded to their country's call, and have enlisted for three years, or for the war. The beloved pastor of the

village giving them a few well chosen

words of advice and bidding them God speed and wishing them a safe return and a speedy end of the war. The wives, the mothers and fathers, the children and sweethearts of the men, loyally but cheerfully giving their last sad greeting, the always present group of small boys, and among them one a bey of 9 years, who watched the proceedings with curiosity mingled with admiration, and wished, oh! as earnestly that he was old enough to go with them. Are there any here who recognize the picture? The country town is Charlton. The little band of men and boys is a part of Company H. of the 77th regiment on the morning of their departure for the seat of war. and the little bey is—me. That same scene, with but slight variations, was being enacted all over this broad land, and loyal hearts responded promptly to their country's call. Those were stirring times, when literally brother warred with brother and "a man's foes were they of his own household; Through all the long years of the war while you old soldiers were fainting from the effects of the long weary march, camping on the damp ground, living on scanty rations, fighting the battles of the union, or perchance languishing in southern prisons, those whom you left behind suffered none the less. The old lines that read, "They also serve who only watch and wait. was never more real than during the days of the civil war. What it cost the wives, the mothers, and the sweethearts to give up the 'boys in blue,' God only knows. What days of weary waiting for the war to end. What anxious suspense when a battle was reported until news could obtained that he in whom they were most interested was safe. How eagerly the columns of the newspapers were if among the scanned to see dead list of dead and wounded, was the name of one whom they most loved. Then there came oft times the sad news that as the old times the sad news that as the old and wounded song goes "Somebody's darling" had fallen, and sad hearts awaited the arrival of the train that should bring home the body of him who had given his life that his country might live, The little country grave yards are dotted here and there with graves where every spring the little flag, the tells faded wreath flowers story the somebody's sacrifice for his country. Well, the war was finally ended, and there are perhaps some of you present today who followed that great commander of men. Gen. U. S. Grant. Some of you perhaps marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, and perchance some of you followed the starry guidon in the whirling charges under Sheridan.

The war was ended, but not until the ground had drunk deep with human gore, not until the southern hillsides had been thickly planted with soldiers graves. The results of the war will never be effaced from our Never more on American soil will be heard the crack of the slavedriver's whip, never will the doctrine of states rights be upheld, but, accepting the issues of the war, southern states will vie with northern in upholding the honor of the old flag. Old soldiers, the war is over forever. Never more on bloody batlefield will the troops who were the Union blue march against those who wore the Confederate gray. The stripes and bars have been forever furled, and over our broad land there floats but one flag, the grand old stars and stripes. The recollections of the war are to you proud ones, you are honored of all men. This is an age of buttons and badges. We have the comic button that tells us that "a girl is wanted," the advertising button, the button of the secret society, and hosts of others, but the button above all others, which gives the wearer a proud distinction among the fellows is the little bronze button of the Grand Army of the Republic. Old soldiers this to you should be a happy occasion when you meet with old comrades, year after year and recall the events of days long since passed. It is also to you a solemn occasion, for of necessity your ranks must yearly grow thinner, and when once broken there is no one to fill the gap. You were loyal to your country in her time of need and fought valliantly her battles, in these latter days loyal to your God, and fight nobly for his honor. You were quick to respond to your country's call, and, if you have not already done so, I urge you to be as eager to enlist under the banner of the Prince of Peace. and I trust that you may be all found so living that at the last roll call you may be able to say with that grand old soldier of the cross, "I have fought a good fight." The people of this little town are honored by your presence today. We have no temples or stores of art upon which you may gaze. The only thing to which we can bid you welcome, are the hearts and homes of the citizens of this town. We greet you with outstretched hands and warm hearts. For the citizens of the town of Galway I have the honor to say to you, you are welcome, thrice welcome.

The Rev. E. A. Braman, who served in the 118th New York, Comrade Caw said in introducing is a Grand Army man all over, every day, responded. He quickly caught the attention of the "boys." He hoped that all would appreciate the Galwayians preparations for we'uns. That we would soon be going to that other country and the great question is have we all got the countersign? If we all have we will all meet in the great camping ground, where so many have gone, who are waiting for us in one grand reunion. The survivors roll was then called.

Immediateley after the dinner call,

without any urging, secured the attention of all.

Business was resumed after dinner by the paying of dues. As Treasurer Thurber was not present, no treas-

urer's report was submitted. Secretary's report:-Notwithstanding the threatening storm the morning of Sept. 17, 1896, over four-score veterans (of 1861-i) though not leaving "camp" so early as they did thirty-four years ago, arrived at their rendezvous, Galway, shortly after 10 o'clock. They came from afar and nearby for the welcome of "ye country folk," has always been hospitable. Confidence was not misplaced, for one of those hearty, good times was had, which while making the "old boys" forget that they are not "in it" now, causes them to exclaim we are glad the war is

Thirty-four years ago today the second division of the Sixth Corps, left camp near Crampton's Pass, at 6 o'clock in the morning (of Sept. 1862), arriving on the field of battle, near Antietam Creek, four hours later, after a march of ten miles. The third brigade had only got into line (with the first and second brigades on either flank), when it was ordered forward to meet a charge of the enemy, whom it drove, with severe loss. At this point the severe flank fire from the woods received by the Thirty-third and Seven-ty-seventh New York regiments, slightly confused both regiments, but they quickly rallied. The success of the charge secured that part of the field, though the brigade was subjected to artillery and sharpshooters fireuntil relieved about noon of the 18th, after being under fire for twenty-six con-secutive hours. The loss of the Sixth Corps at Antietam was 439; of its second division 373, the third brigade, of which lost 342 and the Seventy-seventh in which brigade it was lost 32. As the regiment went into this fight with only 175 men including officers (and the highest officer present for duty a captain), Capt. N. S. Babcock, commanding, its loss of eighteen per cent. of those engaged tells how faithfully they did their duty.

Nearly four hundred notices of the Twenty-fourth reunion were sent to the addresses on the survivors roster, to which sixty-one were so thoughtful as to reply.

We know that the notice of the reunion brightens the eye of every survivor and the report of the reunion gladdens the heart of every recipient, Let us hope that all in turn will not only reply hereafter to the reunion notice but will also write and send some of their personal experience of the days when their "board and bed" was furnished them by their Uncle Sam.

The following named were present: Robert Aucock, George Bowers, E. M. G. H. Brown, W. A. Baker, Samuel Burton, William Brooks, Nathan Brown, A. M. Burrows, E. O. Burt, O. G. Bentley, George Barnes, W. G. Caw. J. M. Clute, Otis Conklin, D. H. Cole, S. J. Clarke, A. H. Clements, J. J. Clements, Marvin Cornell, C. E. Deuel, J. H. Dowen, S. C. Davis, G. H. Ellison, Nathan Eldridge, George Fry, Hudson, George Housman, B. H. Hudson, M. B. Hall, J. H. Holsapple, Edwin Ham, W. J. Hammond, C. H. Hodges, A. D. Hammond, Alexander Hovt. C. E. Jennings, Henry Jones, S. E. Kidd, A. H. Kingsley, W. T. Lattimore, L. E. Miller, J. H. Mosher, John Mitchell, Henry Morgan, J. M. McIntosh, Terrance McJovern, H. A. Post, Charles Palmater, Gardner Perry, G.E.Pulling, Alfred Pickett, Fred Quant, Frank Reed, Cornelius Rose, Peter B. Simmons,

H. A. Smith, Jeremiah Stebbins, George D. Story, A. D. Shippee, Oliver Sutliff, G. A. Scott, A. J. Sprung, Josiah Stratton J. T. Sawyer, D. A. Thompson, J. B. Thorn, B. Vandenberg, J. M. Wood, G. L. Wandell W. H. Yale, W. H. Zeinstein.

Hoping that if not at the next reunion, may at some future one be present, and hoping that all may have an enjoyable time, regrets for inability to be present were received from Wm. Armstrong, Thomas Broughton, Chas. Blanchard, B. B. Bennett, G. C. Berry, J. H. Cozzens, J. M. Connors, John J. H. Cozzens, J. M. Chapman, David Davenport, E. B. Dord Michael Dowling, William Denel, Michael Dowling, William Dowen, W. A. DeLong, J. E. Evans, Edward Evans, Nicholas Geltsleighter, W. C. Howe, I. S. Hodges, W. E. Johnson, Thomas King, G. E. Lane, W. H. McLean, William McAdoo, Stephen Mab, Allen McLean, F. N. Perkins, E. J. Patterson, W. H. Quincy, H. C. Rowland, J. N. Rose, W. A. Rose, S. R. Root, N. N. Rice, G. B. Russell, D. M. Stringham, M. F. Sweet, J. N. Sling-erland, C. E. Stevens, Albert Snyder, D. C. Simonds, Stephen Trumbull, G. L. Tucker, Frank Whitney, G. W. Welch, Henry Warner, L. Vanderwerker, W. W. Velie, A. P. Waldron, W. H. Wright, C. E. Wetherby.

William Armstrong, New York City. "While in Camp Instruction, near Alexander, Va., my curiosity helped me to climb the steep sides of Fort Ellsworth so that I could examine the big guns I saw protruding on every side of it, many of which I thought I could have spiked without discovery so lax appeared the discipline. My curiosity having been satisfied, I started to leave through the entrance to the fort, when a sergeant of the guard asked me 'how did you get here?' and threatening to put me under arrest. After telling him he was skeptical that unaided I scaled the steep embankment, but evidently con-cluding that himself and sentinels were not blameless, kindly allowed me to depart-with a reprimand.

Early in the morning of May 6, 1864, I started to return to the regiment from Washington, D. C. battle of the Wilderness was in full blast. Having no gun or equipments, I removed the equipments from the body of a dead comrade when I on the battlefield and put them and taking his rifle, I was ready for action. Seeing a detachment of our division-the Second, known by white cross-moving to the left and thinking that my regiment was amongst them, I followed and took part with them in the action that ensued late in the afternoon. Inquiring for the third brigade, I was told 'it is on the right with the rest of the Marching to where I thought was the right for my regiment, over ground upon which were many Union dead, their bodies sheltered from the fierce rays of the sun by the dense thicket of scrub oak and pine, I began to get apprehensive, and pausing on a low hill to get a better view, a shot close to my left ear disclosed that I was unconsciously near the picket lines of the enemy. My legs thereupon making good racing time, I was soon back in our lines. After passing the night under guard, as a straggler, the next morning I was allowed to go to regiment. I believe ground I marched over in search of the Seventy-seventh was the gap in the Union lines which General Burnside was ordered to fill with his corps, the Ninth, to envelope Lee's right. The afternoon of May 10,1864, we were ordered to carry rifles, equipments, canteen and haversack and marched out of the breastworks, where General Sedgwick was killed the day before, across low swampy ground into woods where we formed in line of battle. "Forward, double quick, charge," and we were running across an open field that separated the woods, we formed in from the woods the rebels were strongly intrenched in behind two lines of breastworks, with flank rifle pits. Many brave soldiers fell in that famous Upton charge. Among those killed were Sergeant Wells and Harrison Davenport. The rebel line was pierced and completely broken. I was among those who jumped over the second line of works. The front had now become a mere skirmish line. I got demoralized and suddenly sought safety in flight to the first line of works where many of the charging column was so exposed by a flank fire from the left that I proposed to continue my flight, when a mounted officer showed me in which direction duty was, emphasizing it with his sword. Not being properly supported we had to abandon the works we had taken and returned to our own lines, which were reformed in proper order. Aboutnine o'clock p. m., feeling hungry. I put my hand back for a hard tack, but, alas! no hard tack was with me, as a fact my haversack, containing five days' rations, had been shot off; my bayonet sheath hung by a mere thread and the left side of my coat was riddled by shot.

Two days later, on May 12, 1864 at the salient, or bloody angle, Spot-sylvania court house, after firing eight rounds I was struck by a rebel bullet in the left side of my head, and fell unconscious. When I regained consciousness I found I was covered with blood, the wing of my left ear split, the bone immediately behind it fractur-

Thinking myself dangerously wounded I went to the division hospital tent. An operating surgeon asked me "what ails you?" "A bullet in my neck," said I. "There is not." said the surgeon, as he examined the wound. "There is; cannot I feel," said "Not another word, or I shall put you under arrest," said he, as he washed off the blood and put on a piece of sticking plaster. "Go back to your regiment," said he. I waited a few days, however, before obeying the surgeon's order.

H. Kingsly, writes: "One day in the spring of 1862 our brigade made a reconnoiswrites: sance, finding no enemy by night, went into camp. Companies A., H. and F. of our regiment and one company of the seventh Maine were detailed to go on picket. Company A was lett at a deserted building; the other companies advanced as a picket line, after Major Hyde of the seventh Maine, who was in charge, told us that no fires could be made, that we should be alert. That if we were attacked, as we might be, we must hold our position until re-Two mounted orderlies, Charles Severance, Pat Bolyn, Willis and I were stationed on the left. If attacked the orderlies were to immediately ride to brigade headquarters and inform General Davidson. Though the day had been hot, the night was dark and so cold that we got very chilly. About an hour after we had gone on post, Severance, declaring he was sleepy, went into a delapidated shed near by and from the snoring was soon soundly sleeping. H company disregarded orders and started fires. About midnight Pat Boyln said: 'Listen, I hear something!' 'In what direction?' asked I. 'I do hear something,' he repeated. The two orderlies agreed with him. Pat was so sure and begged so hard to be allowed to fire that I ordered him to fire. The two orderlies also fired their revolvers at the foe. Willis and I fired as Charles Severance came rushing out of the shed. The pickets ran in and as the foe was perfectly quiet some one volunteered to go out; about one hundred paces in the front he found stretched out on the ground two dead-calves. Major Hyde came rushing up on his horse asked, "what is the matter boys; what does this firing mean?" After hearing our explanation he ordered us back to our positions where we remained the rest of the night without visitation from the enemy.'

W. A. DeLong, Brooklyn writes: "I was very much gratified to receive the Gettysburg Medal. It is something to be proud of. Though I am not as young as we once was, I have no pains or aches and weighing only 175 pounds, could go again if they would carry me as they did Li Hung Chang."

Thomas King, Buffalo, N. Y., rites: "When I think of the writes: marches and the hardships had to endure during three years and eight months of service, I thank God that I have escaped through it all, especially the winter of when I was in Libby prison. I hope to see a good many comrades of our regiment in Buffalo when the thirtyfirst National Encampment convenes next year, and to have then come and stay with me while in Buffalo.

W. H. McLain, Malta, Montana, writes: It has always been my aim and wish to meet with the boys and talk with them about old times. I have seen but two who belonged to our regiment since I left the East years ago. My regards to ail the boys, especially

Company C "Boys."
Allen McLain, Washington, D. C., writes: "At the last moment I find it impossible to be present as intended and sincerely hope it will be my luck to be with you at the next reunion. One little affair that was quite amusing after it was over was when the regiment charged at Mechanicville, Va. in 1862. Outside of the town, I with three others went into a house whose occupants had apparently leftinahurry for though no human person was around we found a hot breakfast in the fireplace and preserves in the pantry awaiting to be cared for; and we could not be so cruel as to desert them.'

F. N. Perkins, Neodesha, Kansas, writes: "That as Hoke Smith has knocked me out, I canot meet you this fall as I hoped. I don't know of another 77th boy in the state, though I met some in the Indian Territory, but don't know their names or addresses. For Comrade Perkins' information, John S. Harris of Concordia; C. H. Murray of Yoder, Reno Co., and R. E. Nelson of Seneca, appear on the secretaries' roll as residents of Kansas. C. E. Stevens of Westport, N. Y. Writes: "This thirty-fourth anniversary of the Battle of Antietam is just one more than the number of the boys of the seventy-seventh that fell on that battle field, killed or wounded out of the little band of the seventy-seventh that went into the fight without one of its field officers present to command it, and only a few line officers present, certainly shows that the material of the seventy-seventh had no superior.in the Grand Old Army and that every one of the regiment can feel proud to say "I was a member of the seventyseventh New York."

Frank Whitney, Broadalbin, N. Y. writes: I am a helpless cripple, have been confind to my bed and chair for over two years; am lifted from one to the other, as I cannot stand on my feet. I would be glad to write some reminisences, but my hand is so drawn out of shape that it is very difficult for me to write. Tell the boys that my name is Whitney, the boy down at the end of the roll, with one eye, who shot left handed and who would be glad to see any comrades who can come."

A. P. Waldron, Burlington, writes: "Because of not being well and of the reunion of the society of the Army of Potomac here on the 16th and 17th inst., I cannot meet with you this vear.

Charles E. Wetherby, Hudson, Wis., writes: After passing hours looking over the rest of the New York delegation while attending the National Encampment at St. Paul and finding not one of the seventy-seventh, I felt like kicking because thereby I missed the chance of viewing the parade sitting heside my hest girl and seeing the New York delegation pass, which some said 'is the finest looking lot of veterans in the line.' Well, boys! there is another rebellion to be put down; one that threatens the honor of the Republic; and I have no doubt that we will all line up and drive the enemy from the field Nov. 3. And now I extend my hands across the chasm of twelve hundred miles and give each one of you a hearty shake for the days

of Auld Lang Syne."
W. H. Wright, Colton, California, "I will remain at home on the writes: day of the reunion and complete a lecture on 'Reminiscences of Army Life.' On April 2, 1865, at the breaking of the line at Petersburgh, Va., I was the first one over the works, for which I received a commission dated April 2,

Let us hope that Comrade Wright will send us a copy of his reminiscence for our next reunion, as no doubt it will be interesting to all of his com-

rades. S. B. Root, Fresno, California, writes: "By the long lapse of years which have succeeded the era of the great war, there seems to have formed a sort of halo, which invests all and serves to soften the hardest of the hard experiences. Surely, very many and pleasant are the memories of the stern and stirring times of the sixties, when with that proud Army of the Potomac, now so fast melting away, I a 'soldier boy' was. I would be most happy to again 'touch elbows' in the line of the brave battalion of Bemis Heights and under the trusty leadership of its still lingering commander, participate in a grand reconnaissance of the later and greater battle grounds. But, alas, by the breadth of a continent I am held away; and desire must accordingly be restricted to your poet's accompanying,

SONG.

A song for noble Sedgwick! Than him that led the "Cross," Our corps in all its sufferings, Saw not a greater loss! In smoke the sun is sinking: In shadow steals the tramp; And song is what we want, boys, Going into camp!

A song for Howe and Getty! A song for Smith and French, And all our smaller warriors, From parapet and trench!
In cloud the moon is blinking; In silence sweeps the damp; And song is what we want, boys, Going into camp!

A song for all the marches! A song for all the moil That came of all our wanderings Upon the Southern soil! In blue a star is twinkling; In sores the pedals cramp; And song is what we want, boys, Going into camp.

A song for all the battles! A song for all the blood That came of all our slaughterings For human brotherhood! Of peace the earth is drinking; Of honor stands the stamp; And song is what we want, boys, Going into camp!

The committee to draft resolutions on deceased comrades submit the following:

Resolved, That it is with sorrow that we learn of the death since our last reunion of Comrades Charles Bordwell, Harvey A. Reed, C. F. A. Schmidt, James Taylor, William K. Young, Gideon A. Tripp and James Drummond, who were brave and faithful soldiers and good citizens. That in their death we are reminded that it is only a little while longer ere we shall join them again. That we extend our compassion to the families of the deceased and that a copy hereof be

GEORGE D. STORY, T. SCOTT FULLER, C. E. JENNINGS, Committee

The committe on regimental badge reported that as only three comrades had advised Secretary Fuller that they wanted a badge, no contract had been made for badges, the cost of which would be about seventy-five cents each.

Comrade Bailey, referring to the battle of Fort Stevens, in which the regiment had a prominent engagement, the only battle of the war of which President Lincoln was a spectator, is with-out a stone on said field to note what had there taken place and saved the National Capital; and thought that a monument ought to be erected on said battlefield; and, therefore moved that a committee of three, of which Gen. French shall be chairman, be appointed to memorialize Congress to erect a suitable monument thereon, that would show how postponement from night to morning saved the National Capi-

Gettysburg veteran medals were given to Henry Jones, Michael Fancher, George Hausman, Charles Palmater, H. A. Post, George Bowers, George Fry, W. W. Finch, E. H. Gates, Alexander Hoyt, Albert Snyder, W. A. De Long, who had not heretofore received one.
The invitation for the next reunion

from Gloversville was accepted and Comrades Robert Aucock, E.M. Ba, iley, G. C. Berry, D. H. Cole, S. J. Clark, Michael Fancher, W. H. Hare, Alexander Hoyt, W. W. Morrison, James Mc-Intosh, Frank Reed, Oliver Sutliff, Andrew J. Sprung, J. F. Sawyer, B. Van Denberg and G. W. Welch,named as the executive committee to make the arrangements for it for Tuesday, Sept.

Upon the conclusion of the business meeting, immediately after passing a resolution of thanks to W. B. Carpenter. Post No. 634 and the citizens of Galway for their generous welcome and bountiful dinner, there was a general exchange of words between old tent mates and other comrades, who never grow weary in reviewing the experience of their soldier youth.

The committee of Galwayians then took command of the meeting and with short speeches and singing of familiar songs made us forget the inclement weather and glad that we had accepted their invitation and came, and leaving a desire to be asked to come again. SECRETARY.