

SEAL BOOK





Editor Evening Journal:
 This motto was on the front of a horse on last
 Decoration Day:
 "Man never made
 And nature never created
 Anything more beautiful
 Than the American Flag."
 Will you, if possible, give me the author of this
 noble, patriotic sentiment. R. J. RINECLIFF,
 No. 478 Eighth street, Brooklyn.



GEN. GRANT



TIBBITS VETERAN CORPS,

Twelfth Separate Company, Third Division, N. G. S. N. Y.,

Troy, May 23, 1881.

COMPANY ORDER No. 10.

I. In compliance with the resolution unanimously adopted by the Company at the Regular Meeting, held May 4th, 1881, at the Armory, you are hereby *Ordered* to report at the State Armory, in the City of Troy, on *MONDAY, MAY 30th, 1881*, at 9 o'clock A. M., fully uniformed, armed and equipped, according to law and regulations, for Parade.

II. As we are called upon to devote but one day in the year to rendering tribute to the memory of our dead comrades, it is expected that upon that day, the pursuits and cares of daily life will be put aside, and that every member of the Company will participate in the Parade; thereby showing that with us, at least, the memories of our dead companions-in-arms have not grown dim with passing years, and that we, who, through the dispensation of a kind Providence, have been permitted to survive them, fully appreciate the privileges we enjoy.

III. Comrades, let this day not be one of merriment or festivity, but a day when the mind of the American Soldier is given to sober thoughts and earnest acts, as pure and patriotic as those that moved him when he went forth to battle for his country and its honor. As the associations of the day are sad, and its memories sacred, may it influence in each of us a pure and more generous patriotism. While we are thus engaged, in what we deem a sacred duty, we must ever remember that a loyal nation joins us in paying the yearly floral tribute to the Nation's dead, who so freely gave their lives for the existence of the Government and the prosperity of our people.

By Order

JOSEPH EGOLF,

Captain.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

TROY DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Prayer—Public Meetings—Loyal Mobs—Recruiting—In Camp—Lunch Hunters—Dressing Gowns for Hospital Use—Mustered In—The Home Guard—Col. Carr, Ensign Alden, Sergeant Egolf.

Even the actors in the great war drama which was begun in May, 1861, have forgotten the details of the part which they filled, and fail to recall many minor incidents which occurred. The youths of that day can but dimly recall the stirring events of the period, and even when memory's chambers are stored with facts relating to those days, it yet requires the narration of events by others to wake in full the slumbering recollections. To the soldier the recounting of events in his career is always a pleasure, and to the many who were not participants, or whose lives have been too brief to reach to the early days of the civil war, the re-statement of events in Troy during the first days of the rebellion may prove interesting and entertaining. So we proceed to cull from documents, newspapers and memory a few of the initial events in Troy during the civil war.

RUMORS OF WAR

were denied by many in position to know the truth. The "rumor fiend" was abused and branded as a liar, and columns were written in favor of a belief in peace, and published, even when the guns in Charleston harbor were booming the signal for civil war. The 12th of April, 1861, settled the matter in the minds of all, and thereafter Troy was the scene of active work and aid for the Union cause.

PRAYERS.

Sunday, April 14, the Rev. Dr. Coit of St. Paul's Church read the collect to be used "in times of war and tumult." The Rev. Herrick Johnson of the First Presbyterian Church prayed that peace might come and that God would protect the right, and later, in an able sermon, showed that, in his opinion, the northern states were right. Monday morning, April 15, the news was printed that the President had called for 75,000 men. The volunteer enrollment law was passed and Troy began its work.

PUBLIC MEETINGS

were held in all parts of the city. At Harmony Hall April 15 a vast crowd assembled. The meeting was called to order by Isaac McConihe, Jr., and John A. Griswold was elected chairman. Martin I. Townsend, N. B. Starbuck and others addressed the meeting. The hall becoming crowded, and many persons being unable to gain admittance, the meeting adjourned to the Union Depot. Politics were thrown aside, and Democrat and Republican urged patriotism and force to preserve the Union. Flags were at once displayed on nearly all public buildings, stores, warehouses, etc., and on many private residences.

LOYAL EMBLEMS.

Men, women and children wore badges of loyalty, envelopes and letter paper were stamped with union designs, and by the way, many persons mistook the designs for postal frank and thus sent their letters to the dead letter office. Neckties, handkerchiefs and caps were in patriotic red, white and blue. A. L. Hotchkin, our esteemed townsman, announced in the daily papers that he had "opened a new hat store at 223 River street, where the 'Major Anderson' hat and the red white and blue 'Union' cap were for sale."

Immediately after the call for troops was made Joseph B. Carr, then colonel of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, state militia, was appointed to receive recruits for a regiment to be formed in Troy. While waiting for the necessary papers a meeting of the Twenty-fourth Regiment was called and after patriotic speeches had been made the regiment was requested to offer its aid to the government. Nearly all the members did so as individuals and served during the war. In an account of the meeting just referred to, the daily papers state that "Colonel Carr, Lieutenant Colonel Lawton and Major Stenberg are ready to lead the Twenty-fourth into action."

LOYAL MOBS

were at times incited to violent action by the actual or reported treason of individuals. Copperheadism was strong, and the utterances of such men as Stephen A. Douglass had not yet been heard in defense of the Union. One member of a firm of brewers then located up town, announced his determination to display a "secession" flag from the staff on the top of his brewery, but after a few citizens had informed him that a total wreck would be made of his property if he persisted, he was dissuaded and did not hoist the flag. A grocer located on North Second street, near Jay, gave no heed to the warnings of citizens and displayed a rebel flag on the top of a pole he had caused to be erected. The flag was immediately torn down by citizens, the pole cut away and the grocer informed that a repetition of the act would entitle him to a coat of tar and feathers, if no worse occurred. He subsided for the time, but later was a blatant copperhead. F. W. Parmenter, a respected citizen, was engaged in manufacturing machinery, etc., at his shops on Second street below Adams street. He had—previous to the breaking out of the war—received from John B. Floyd, the arch-traitor, an order for a bullet machine, and several gun carriages. After the opening of hostilities the citizens learned that the work was progressing, and thinking that Mr. Parmenter designed delivering the work to the Confederate Government, a mob collected in front of the machine shops and became extremely threatening. There was grave fear that the shops would be wrecked, so the Citizens Corps was ordered out to protect them. Mr. Parmenter protested that he would under no circumstances send the work to the enemies of the government and proved his loyalty to the satisfaction of all who knew him. The mob saw its mistake and departed. The bullet machine was soon thereafter purchased for the State by the lieutenant governor of New York. A committee was appointed to seek out and examine all treasonable enterprises and prohibit the sale of any materials or comforts to the enemy. The committee was composed of Hugh Ranken, Charles Eddy and James Fleming.

A STRIKE.

As flags were displayed on every public building the absence of one was sure to attract attention. Smith, Sheldon & Co., foundrymen had had a flag flying from the first day of the war. Loosing it one morning to a neighbor, and intending to replace it during the day, the firm were more than surprised when the moulders in their employ marched from their work and demanded that the flag be raised, or in default they would refuse to work. Of course the flag was at once raised. A Fulton street confectioner was known to have a correspondent in Charleston, S. C., and the absence of a flag being noticed the mob waited on him and compelled him to raise a flag. He was, however, a staunch Union man.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

to a large amount were made by the citizens of Troy. George M. Tibbits, Henry Burden and Mrs. R. P. Hart gave each \$1000 at the first call for funds. Hundreds of others subscribed large amounts. The Hon. William Kemp said, at a public meeting in Harmony Hall, that he did not possess a martial spirit, but he believed that half his income was not too much to contribute in every month that the war would last. He gave liberally to the cause.

RECRUITING

was inaugurated as soon as the news arrived that Sumpter had fallen. Men paraded the streets with drums and fifes and called on citizens to "fall in and enlist," an invitation that was accepted by hundreds. In some instances the whole force of a workshop would turn out and enlist. We remember the case of a cigar manufacturer, whose shop was then on River, between Second and Third streets, wherein he was left without a man to work for him as every man arose, followed the fifes and enlisted. In the beginning of the recruiting for companies efforts were made to recruit men according to the whim of the organizers of the scheme, tall men, Germans, French, Irish and men of other births, firemen and men belonging to the same social organization were banded together as soldiers, but few companies of this peculiar kind were completed as started. It was proposed to unite the lawyer's in a company of light dragoons as it was deemed that a united charge made by them would rout any enemy. Sergeant Riggs of the Citizens' Corps began the recruiting of a company of men all to be six feet in height or over. Great care was

exercised in procuring sound men and many recruits were discharged for slight physical blemishes. Later the government was not so finical. Advertisements appeared stating that Captain So and So had room for a few more recruits, but "make haste as the opportunity will not long remain." Didn't it, though?

IN CAMP.

When the enlistments had proceeded far enough, the companies were ordered into Camp Willard, on the grounds and buildings of the Rensselaer County Agricultural Society on Vail avenue. The association had offered the use of the property to the government. Arrangements were made for the comfort and convenience of the soldiers, yet such accommodations were not deemed sufficient by men who later in the war would have deemed the whole thing too luxurious. Straw beds, plenty of covering, stoves, cooking utensils and other means for comfort were at hand. The rations were plentiful and of the best quality and kind, yet complaint was made by the soldiers that while the food was good, the dishes upon which it was served were not scrupulously clean! A few months later a cast away tomato can was good enough for a coffee pot and dishes there were none—too liable to break, you know. Some idea of the knowledge of camp necessities that prevailed at this time may be given by detailing a few of the kindnesses shown the volunteers by Frojans. Colonel Isaac McConihe, Jr., subscribed \$250 toward a fund to purchase a pair of revolvers for each man in his brother's company of recruits. Firms advertised that "a pair of revolvers will come handy to the soldier in the field; every volunteer should carry one."

We copy from an old record the following: "Received at Camp Willard, April 16, 1861. Donated by the ladies of Troy, N. Y., one box army lint, 15 dozen hospital shirts, 25 dozen towels, 3 dozen hospital dressing gowns, 3 1-2 dozen heavy flannel dressing gowns. Imagine a veteran of '63 'coming down to breakfast' in a bright colored dressing gown!" But then the officers in command knew but little of camp life then and the ladies of Troy, bless them, in the goodness of their hearts sent what they deemed best, and imagined that when the poor soldier was recovering from his wounds, and was able to sit in his easy chair on the sunny side of the piazza, he could not appear without some suitable wrap, so the gowns were sent.

HINTS OF HARD FARE.

Before the soldiers got away from camp in Troy, a small hint of future needs was given. The government was unable to obtain the necessary clothing on time, and some men in camp were without shoes, coats, etc. Lieutenant Colonel Joseph B. Carr, seeing a sentry on duty in the rain, without covering enough on his feet to exclude cold and water, took his, (Carr's.) boots off and handed them to the sentry.

OFFICERS.

On the 24th of April an election of field officers were held for the Second New York Volunteers and the following named officers were elected: Colonel, George L. Willard; lieutenant colonel, Joseph B. Carr; major, R. Wells Kenyon. The United States authorities refused to allow Colonel Willard to resign from the Regular Army and another election was held May 10th when Joseph B. Carr was elected colonel, R. Wells Kenyon lieutenant colonel and R. D. Bloss major. Timothy Quinn ran close to Bloss on the vote (for major.) The staff appointed by Colonel Carr was announced May 12th as follows: Adjutant, Timothy Quinn; quartermaster, C. L. Mac Arthur; surgeon, R. B. Bontecou; assistant surgeon, Le Roy McLean. At this date Colonel Joseph Egolf was first sergeant in Company D, Empire Union Guards. As soon as appointed the officers entered upon the discharge of their duties. Regular drills were instituted and the theoretic instruction of officers and non-commissioned officers commenced.

THE CAMP

was picketed and guarded in military fashion and passes were required to obtain admittance, but passes were easily obtained and up to a late day the camp was crowded with visitors. The road leading to the camp was at all times during the stay of the Second regiment lively with equipages and pedestrians going to and from the camp. The visitors at times rendered themselves obnoxious, and rules were formulated rendering the procurement of passes much more difficult.

AN EARLY TRAMP.

One day while on a visit to the camp we met a procession near the outer gate, headed by a forlorn appearing man and made up of drummers, fifers and other soldiers. The tune that was being played was "The Rogue's March," and the forlorn chap was the victim of the crime of eating a soldier's grub. Capt. John Arts found the fellow, a civilian, messing with the volunteers, and as that had become a nuisance from its frequency, Capt. Arts ordered the fellow drummed out of camp.

INSUBORDINATION

was frequent and sometimes comical. At first the volunteers seemed to believe that the whole thing was a sort of picnic, and resented the interference of officers with their little whims and pleasures. Scaling the fence and taking a furlough was thought no more of than a boy playing "hookey," and at first no punishment was inflicted on those who practiced it. But officers being elected and the rules and regulations promulgated there was a change in respect to discipline and subordination. After the oath had been administered, mustering in the regiment, military discipline prevailed throughout the camp.

MUSTERED IN.

The Second Regiment having been recruited to the required standard, and having thirty-seven commissioned officers and 753 enlisted men, was mustered into service at Camp Willard by Captain Sitgreaves, U. S. A. The ceremony was full of pomp, and the full details were observed. Three or four men departing, at the latest moment, to take the required oath, they were ignominiously drummed out of camp, and we remember that a crowd outside the camp attacked them as they were thrust from the camp.



THE HOME GUARD

was organized for the protection of "our altars and our fires," particularly the latter, according to the statement of a "veteran" of the guard. This company was organized in the early days of the war and was a bona fide organization for home protection. John A. Ggiswold was president, A. B. Olin vice president, William H. Young secretary, John L. Flagg treasurer, and E. H. Virgil and James W. Cusack and W. E. Kisselburg committee on by-laws. Many parades were made and quite a martial spirit prevailed. The officers stated that the arms were to be of the best in the world, but for some reason second-hand muskets were purchased, and as each one weighed eighteen pounds, it required some muscle to handle the "piece" during parade. John L. Flagg, finding that during parade his gun was much too heavy for comfort, took it to a tinsmith and had a tin tube inserted in place of the original one. So with the lock, and he then had, he said, "a piece that it was some comfort to own." The uniforms were of the Zouave style, then very popular. Many members later served in the field in other corps, and those that remained were never called on to "thrust the foul traitor back."

A broker's Bible knowledge. Son—"Who was Esau, father?" Wall street broker—"Well, let me see. Oh, Esau went 'short' on his birthright, Jacob having 'cornered' him, and 'called' in all the 'pottage.' There was not much left on the 'market,' and—ask your mother, boy."—[The Judge.]

AN HONOR WELL BESTOWED.

Col. Egolf Appointed Inspector-General of the G. A. R.

Col. Joseph Egolf of this city has been appointed by State Commander H. Clay Hall of the G. A. R., inspector-general of the department. The honor could not be bestowed on a more worthy man and reflects credit upon the grand army. Col. Egolf is a veteran of so well established record in Troy that it is not necessary to rehearse his qualifications for the important post. Nor is his record a local one. There is not a better known or more popular comrade in the department of the state. His gallant service during the days that tried men's souls, when true patriotism was appreciated, and his efforts and sacrifices in behalf of the grand army, and his untiring devotion to the welfare and interests of unfortunate comrades and their families since, all stand as evidence of his worth and as proof that the honor conferred upon him now is deserved. He went away from Troy with the old second regiment as a private at the first call for men and came back a captain, being promoted on the field for service. Instead of resting on his laurels he re-enlisted as a first lieutenant in the 125th regiment, waiving his rank of captain. At the battle of Reams Station he lost his right arm and was taken prisoner, and getting into the service again he was advanced to captain, major, and brevet lieutenant-colonel which rank he now holds. He was the organizer of the famous Tibbits Veteran corps and had the confidence and respect of the lamented Gen. Tibbits, whose name the company perpetuates, and he has to-day the confidence and esteem of the citizens of Troy. His new position gives him surveillance of 542 posts of the grand army and of 30,000 men. That he will discharge the duties of the office faithfully and with credit is confidently believed by every man who knows him. Inspector General Egolf will make his headquarters in this city.

X

CRUTCH IN THE CORNER.

Why, Billy, your room is as cold as the hut
We had by the swamp and the river,
When we lost our Major and Tim, you know,
And twenty more with the fever.
Well, Tom, old comrade, its hard enough;
But the best at times knock under;
There's nary a stick of wood in the house
But that crutch in the corner yonder.

Sorry I listed? don't ask me that, Tom;
If the flag was again in danger,
I'd aim a gun with this aching stump,
At the foe, were he brother or stranger.
But I say, ought a wound from a shot or shell,
Or a pistol bullet, by thunder!
Forever doom a poor fellow to want,
With that ar' in the corner yonder?

That crutch, my comrade, ought ever to be
A draft at sight on the nation,
For honor, respect and a friendly hand,
For clothing, and quarters, and ration.
I'd sooner have kicked the bucket twice o'er,
By a shell or a round ten pounder,
Than live such a life as I'm doin' now
With that ar' in the corner yonder.

There's nary thing left for to pawn or sell,
And the winter has closed on labor;
This medal is all that is left us now,
With my pistols and trusty sabre;
And them, by the sunlight above us, Tom,
No power from my trust can sunder,
Save the power that releases me at last
From that ar' in the corner yonder.

I can raise this arm that is left to me
To the blessed heavens above us,
And swear by the throne of the Father there,
And the angels all who love us,
That the hand I lost and the hand I have
Were never yet stained by plunder;
And for love of the dear old flag I now
Use that ar' in the corner yonder.

Do I ask too much when I say, we boys
Who fought for the nation's glory,
Now that the danger is past and gone,
In comfort should tell our story?
How should we have fought when the mad
shells screamed
And shivered our ranks, I wonder,
Had we known that our lot would have been
to beg,
With that ar' in the corner yonder?

There's little we hear of nowadays
But pardon and reconstruction,
While the sejer who fought and bled for both
Is left to his own destruction.
'Twould be well, I think, in these nipping times,
For the Congress fellows to ponder,
And think of us boys who use such things
As that ar' in the corner yonder.

SOME WAR REMINISCENCES.

ROY DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

NINTH ARTICLE.

[Written for the TROY NORTHERN BUDGET.]

Bounty Brokers—Substitutes—Hospitable Kidnappers—The Winning Hand—Ill-Gotten Gains—Trojans Who Sent Substitutes—Shot as a Spy—General McClellan in Troy—Premature Obituaries—United States Hospital—Captured by the Alabama—Rebels in Troy—Heydrick—St. Albans Raid—Off to Canada—Ammunition.

One of the immediate results of the high bounties paid in 1864, and afterwards was the establishment of "bounty brokers" and "substitute" depots.

THE BOUNTY BROKER

was numerous in Troy. The gamblers and sports, of intelligence, went into the business, and soon a flourishing trade in "subs" was established. Many Trojans had reasons for declining to leave the city under circumstances that would endanger their lives or business prospects, and when the names of such individuals came out of the "wheel" and they had received notification that they were conscripted into the service of Uncle Sam, they sought industriously for men who would for money consideration serve in their stead as soldiers. The "brokers" agreed to furnish such men, and also recruited men for volunteer service for this city and county, and for other localities, but the manner in which contracts were carried out were not always legal or honest.

VANISHING VALUES.

The substitute was often of a migratory and unreliable class of men whose aim, at times, was to receive all the bounties obtainable, and as the "broker" was usually a man morally paralytic, he would find no cause for wonder in a "sub" presenting himself several times as a candidate for bounty. A Trojan now engaged in business on River street was among the famous few whose names were drawn as conscripts. He entered a "broker's" office, located on the corner of River and Federal streets, and purchased a substitute, paying a bounty of \$300. The sub marched out after the preliminaries had been gone through with, and started down with his purchaser, to be enlisted and enrolled in lieu of the said purchaser. But he did not go further than Fulton street when a sudden thought seemed to come to him. He stopped walking for an instant and then ran away from his conductor. Our friend went back to the broker's and demanded his cash, but was told he could not have it. "The sub was furnished and it was the purchaser's risk if he escaped."



HOSPITABLE KIDNAPPERS.

Let a man having the appearance of a tramp, a "countryman," or of being simple, pass along the streets of Troy during those days of bounty and substitutes, and a "runner" for a broker would at once volunteer to entertain him. If the victim accepted of the kindness he was made drunk as soon as possible, and in that condition cajoled into enlisting, promised a big bounty, two-thirds of which the broker usually kept—and was in soldier clothes an enlisted man when he recovered his senses. Several Trojans were in trouble at the time this work was in progress, and in one case a great scandal was created, the person charged with the crime holding a position of public trust. In other cases where an arrest was made the culprit usually got off without punishment. One of Troy's most noted characters, now a quiet citizen, was charged with abducting the school-boy, Allan, a son of Edgar Allan. The boy was a student at Niagara, and was home on a visit. About the same time Bob Magee was charged with selling Garret Vanderheyden as a "sub." No punishment was inflicted in either case, although the penalty, on conviction, was ten years in prison.

THE WINNING HAND.

A tall, unsophisticated, poverty stricken man came to Troy about this date, and paraded the streets evidently in search of work or food. With his hands buried deep in the pockets of an old linen duster he was a figure to attract the eyes of any bounty-broker. Several "runners" cultivated his acquaintance, and after many drinks interspersed by promises on the part of the "guest" to enlist, the negotiations would suddenly end. It was a mystery to each successive broker, until it finally transpired that the successful imbiber had but one hand.

ILL-GOTTEN GAINS.

Many of these brokers made a large sum of money in the ways indicated above, but few seem to have profited by their gains. We know several of the men now resident in Troy, and they are as a rule very poor. But one of all the reputed brokers seems to have retained any part of the "blood money." A notable case is that of two brothers doing business in the neighborhood of the railroad bridge. We will not name them, or indicate the exact locality, for the reason that respectable members of their family now live within the realms of the BUDGET. These men are reputed to have made more than \$40,000 in "shoving subs," as the phrase went, but both were reduced to actual poverty a few years subsequent to the close of the war. Among

TROIJANS WHO SENT SUBSTITUTES

we noticed, among many others, the following names credited on the United States Marshal's books: G. G. Moore, Silas L. Covell, John M. Francis, George A. Stone, C. W. Tillinghast, Joseph W. Fuller, James A. Burden, George S. Thompson, John L. Blanchard, S. Tappen, S. M. Vail, L. C. Fisk, George B. Thompson, I. T. Burden, E. R. Vail, J. S. Garnsey, William A. Thompson, E. P. Schoonmaker, George B. Cluett, Henry E. Weed, John A. Griswold, W. A. Shepard, Chester Griswold, Henry Galusha, C. M. Wellington, J. Frank Calder, Thomas Buckley, S. S. McClure, J. E. Hannaman, Gardner Rand, J. K. P. Pine, S. B. Saxton, S. C. R. Ingalls, John I. Thompson, William S. Earl, Jesse, B. Anthony, George T. Lane, James E. Kimball, James M. Hawley, J. H. Peck, Charles H. Billings, James H. Kellogg, Henry S. Church. The men who sent substitutes did not wait to get clear by other means but proceeded to send a man to represent them in the army. Some few of those whose names appear above were drafted, however, and some who were exempt from the draft also sent substitutes.

A TROJAN SHOT AS A SPY.

Professor Locke, a former resident of Troy, and at one time a leader in the Universalist Church choir, enlisted in the Confederate army to serve as a spy, receiving for his services \$500 per month in greenbacks, wisely refusing confederate bills. Shortly after the battle of Murfreesboro he was detected in the act of sketching the Union fortifications. He was arrested and searched, and plans of the entire defenses were found upon him. While being tried he attempted to escape, and was promptly shot dead by the sentry on duty.

GEN. M'CLELLAN IN TROY.

June 28th, 1864, General McClellan was expected to arrive in Troy, and his friends in this city made preparations to receive him in a style which they deemed suitable to his exalted rank. All Democrats of any standing were out, and the depot was crowded with people of all classes. But the general was slow in his arrival, and did not come to the front until the following day. The



COL. JOSEPH EGOLF

ANTE-MORTEM OBITUARIES.

A letter received from Colonel Crandall, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, stated that the regiment had been badly cut up at Petersburg and that Captain Joseph Egolf was among the killed. Immediately the daily papers published columns of regrets and praise. Take this excerpt:

"Ours is a mournful task to-day—to record the death of Captain Joseph Egolf, of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth regiment. Joe, the lion-hearted soldier, the true friend, respected citizen, and loyal patriot, is no more—the rebel bullet at Ream's station added to the roll of heroes a name of deathless memory.

"Make him a grave where the sunbeams rest,
Where they promise a glorious morrow.
They shall smile in the turf like a light from the west,
And brighten the mantle of sorrow."

There if Joe didn't feel sorry when he read obituary notices like the above, we don't know him. How sad to read such praise, and then go right along living. Joe still lives to "smile on the turf like a light from the west,"—especially when the vets have a picnic, and thus "brightens the mantle of sorrow." The papers were all led into an error. The gentlemen sent on to bring home the body, did so, but found it full of life and good for many a battle. Captain Joe had been captured, after having had his arm shot away, and was sent to Libby Prison, from which he was soon released in exchange for a rebel held in the North. He received promotion as reward for his bravery and services. General Alden is another of our veteran officers who had the opportunity, if not the pleasure, of reading his own obituary. Just subsequent to the capture of Fort Fisher the general's death was reported, and in view of the fact that his services in the army had been decidedly meritorious, and his character as a man above reproach, the obituary articles were one and all filled with praise of the man and soldier and expressed deep regret at his death. Surely few men have ever survived injuries so serious as those inflicted on General Alden at Fort Fisher. But he is to-day a man far from infirmity, and appears able to survive many years. As the sources of information in regard to the wounded and captured were not reliable, many instances occurred where the death of an individual was reported and the man would, later, send word from his prison to his friends.

The United States General Hospital, was the official designation of the hospital established in North Troy on the site of the old camps. The buildings were fitted up and interiors furnished to accommodate the patients to be sent to Troy for care and treatment. The officers in charge were: Surgeon, Dr. Geo. H. Hubbard; assistant, John Sullivan; quartermaster, Captain Clark Smith; commissary, Captain McMurray. As soon as the hospital had been opened many women offered their services as nurses but were refused, the surgeon stopping applications by stating that only homey, aged women, would be accepted. The wounded and disabled did not arrive in vast numbers, and were situated too far from the seat of war, so our hospital did not attain prominence as a war institution.

CAPTURED BY THE ALABAMA.

The Alabama had just begun her piratical career when she sighted the whaling ship Ocmulgee off the coast of Flores, one of the Azores. Rufus B. Crissy was on board the whale ship, and was one of the first to sight the Alabama. After an ineffectual attempt to get away from the Alabama, the whaler surrendered and was at once taken possession of by the privateer. After the crew had been removed to the Alabama the ship was plundered of all things found that might be of service to the captors. Then a ball of tow soaked in oil and pitch was lighted and dropped into the hold of the whaler, and she was soon ablaze in all parts. The crew were kept on the Alabama for a day or so, and then paroled and landed on another island of the Azores. The Alabama cruising in the neighborhood for several days at last departed, and the crews of the captured vessels got a chance to ship for another port, and from thence home to Boston. For all the damage done to Mr. Crissy and other American citizens, John Bull paid a good round figure. Mr. Crissy was indemnified for his lost property on board the whaler.

REBELS IN TROY.

A regiment of one thousand men, under command of Col. Diamond, passed through Troy in June, 1864. This regiment was composed entirely of men who had served the Confederacy and had escaped to join the Union forces. The men were generally of Northern birth or parentage, and were unlike, in general appearance, the typical, thin, cadaverous Southerner.

OIL COMPANIES.

In the latter part of the year 1864 and the beginning of 1865, the oil fever struck Troy, and many of our citizens suffered severely from its effects. Trojans were deputed to visit the oil regions and select the property that was to be purchased. The Trojan Oil Company was the first enterprise of the kind started in Troy. The preliminary meeting was held, and a subscription list opened. The reports read at the meeting rehearsed the tale of fortunes made in the oil stocks, and it was said that one and a half millions of dollars were subscribed daily. The Heydrick Co. is still a sad reminiscence. The history of this oil fever and like subjects we reserve for a separate article.

had been made, and the rebels in Canada with their allies had invaded the Northern borders, robbing the St. Alban's Bank and committing other crimes. The citizens of Troy held an indignation meeting, and endorsed Gen. Dix's order to shoot on the spot any of the raiders, and if, pursued, they should cross to Canadian soil, follow them and punish them on Dominion soil, if necessary. The militia were notified that their services might be required, and that they should be ready to move at an hour's notice. This order had the usual effect. Many militia men sought to retire from the ranks. The trouble was not renewed on the border, so that our doughty knights of the home guard were not called upon to do and to suffer.

TRAVELLERS FROM TROY.

The Canada border was, in 1865, the scene of unusual bustle and business. Many Trojans had become sure that the second draft about to be inaugurated would not be so easily avoided as was the first draft. The newspapers of the day state that clerks, proprietors and laborers all started for Canada, many leaving unpaid accounts and house rents. Troy was not alone in this kind of travellers. Nearly every city in the Union contributed its quota. A leading officer in our home guards filed a physician's certificate that he, the leading officer, was subject to fits, and consequently not liable to serve

great guns of the local Democracy were obliged to stand and wait without reward. Next day, June 29th, McClellan arrived, and was welcomed by a large body of citizens. Mayor Thorn made the address of welcome, and Major Steenberg was on hand, as usual, with the famous Twenty-fourth. The BUDGET of the period states that when McClellan saw the major and his men, he exclaimed: "Why this is the very regiment I waited for, to take Richmond." A procession was formed to escort the general to the boat and it passed down Broadway to the steamboat dock where General McClellan bid adieu to Troy and went to his room on board the Vanderbilt. He knew the boat, by the way, as he had been on board many times while she was in use during the peninsular campaign. Isaac McConihe, Jr., escorted Mrs. McClellan from the cars to the boat.



—The Tibbits corps will start for Philadelphia on their centennial excursion to-morrow night. The corps will, no doubt, attract considerable attention, as it is the only organization in the country composed entirely of veterans, and represents the navy and over forty regiments. Col. Egolf has ordered a dress parade on Washington square before taking the boat to-morrow night. The excursionists will remain in Philadelphia until next Thursday evening. They will take the day boat Friday morning from New York for Albany, and will make a street parade in that city upon their arrival. They will return home about 8 o'clock Friday night. Doring's band will accompany them. The following is a list of the officers and members of the corps, together with the regiments in which they served during the rebellion:

Captain, Joseph Egolf, 2d N. Y. and 125th N. Y.; lieutenant, John Oathout, 34th N. Y.; acting lieutenant, Henry Stowell, 7th V.

Staff: Edmund L. Cole, 21st N. Y. cavalry; Thos. Maxwell, 21st N. Y. cavalry; Daniel Knower, 3d N. Y. infantry; John H. Pierce, 2d N. Y.; E. J. Clark, 2d N. Y. infantry and 21st cavalry; John Langdon, U. S. ordnance department; Adolph Schmidt, 77th N. Y.; Isaac Keith, 124th N. Y.

Sergeants: A. J. Holliday, 60th N. Y.; Walter Davis, 43d N. Y.; James Tripney, 16th N. Y. heavy artillery; James O'Riley, fireman U. S. steamer Clyde; Oliver Maceo, 15th N. Y. heavy artillery; quartermaster sergeant, W. H. Burk, 3d N. Y. cavalry.

Corporals: Joseph Seeburger, 43d N. Y.; Harvey G. Primmer, George Lutherman, Luke W. Nichols, W. W. Bounds, all of 2d N. Y.; Geo. Carr, 115th N. Y.; Alonzo Hill, 34th N. Y.

Privates: Edward Armstrong, 77th N. Y.; Abram Ashley, 91st N. Y.; Geo. Bennett, 7th N. Y. heavy artillery; E. W. Burrage, 11th N. Y. battery; H. U. Bulson, 21st N. Y. cavalry; John Burnhardt, 37th Mass.; John Blackwell, 18th N. Y.; H. P. Bennett, 12th Mass.; Wm. Cawthorne, 30th N. Y.; P. B. Colburne, 9th Conn.; David Dyer, 9th N. Y. heavy artillery; Thos. Doyle, 2d N. Y.; H. J. Demming, 37th Mass.; C. W. Dustin, 6th N. Y. heavy artillery; C. D. Fuller, 169th N. Y.; John H. Torrance and John H. Forrester, 7th N. Y. heavy artillery; Robert Holliday, 30th N. Y.; Chas. Hollman, 14th N. Y.; Edward Hogben, 125th N. Y.; Martin Hughes, U. S. ordnance department; Daniel Kelley, 8th N. Y. heavy artillery; John Ketcham, 123d N. Y.; Matthew Lynch, 9th N. Y. artillery; Wm. Lamphere, 125th N. Y.; Patrick Lyons, 93d N. Y.; John McIntyre, 21st N. Y. cavalry; John McGahan, 2d N. Y.; Joseph Meredith, 7th N. Y. heavy artillery; Samuel Miller, 43d N. Y.; Edward O'Brien, 104th N. Y.; Robert Parks, 91st N. Y.; N. T. Perrault, 125th N. Y.; Frank Partridge, 169th N. Y.; H. C. Packard, 21st N. Y. cavalry; John Powers, U. S. ordnance department; Solomon Somers, 30th N. Y.; Henry Strobe, 7th heavy artillery; C. S. Shut-tuck, 2d N. Y.; Adam Schibley and Christian Schibley, 6th N. Y. heavy artillery; Henry Smith, 125th N. Y.; Geo. Stephenson, 192d N. Y.; James Saulsbury, 124th N. Y.; John Twamley, 16th N. Y. heavy artillery; Wm. Trimble, 3d N. Y.; Edward Waters, 93d N. Y.; W. T. Yearsley, 1st N. Y. mounted rifles; H. R. Leffingwell, 169th N. Y.; E. L. Demers, 125th N. Y.; Henry Wheeler, 125th N. Y.

THE ARRIVAL IN TROY.

At 8 o'clock the Troy boys took the train for this city, arriving at the Union depot at 8:30 o'clock, when they were received by the second battalion, commanded by Col. Munn. Notwithstanding the unpleasant weather the battalion turned out with full ranks and looked and marched better than ever before. Previous to leaving the depot the Tibbits boys were served with refreshments at Gould's restaurant. Line was formed and the corps with the escort marched through the principal streets. Their appearance was the signal for great applause at every point, and Roman candles and Greek fire were discharged along the entire line of march. The rain did not interfere materially with the demonstration, as the streets were thronged with citizens anxious to participate in the reception, if only by hearty cheers.

AFTER THE PARADE.

After the parade the battalion escorted the corps to the armory, where refreshments were served. Col. Munn, in a few happy remarks, welcomed the boys home again, and Col. Egolf responded. Ed. L. Cole then related the experiences of the corps in the Quaker city, and from his account it must have been one continued ovation. He said it seemed as if the G. A. R. boys in Philadelphia could not do too much for them. All places of interest were thrown open for their inspection, and nothing that could make their trip enjoyable was neglected. Gov. Hartranft and several members of his staff accompanied the corps to the depot upon their departure, and congratulated them upon their soldierly appearance and gentlemanly conduct while in the city. Col. Egolf says the boys behaved admirably the entire trip, and he was frequently congratulated as commanding a company of gentlemen as well as veterans. The following letter reached us yesterday too late for publication. It will be read with interest, however, to-day, as all citizens take pride in the success of the crack organization of northern New York:

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 31.—At 4 o'clock P. M. we left the Atlas hotel by special train for the city of Philadelphia, where we were met, on the corner of Sixteenth and Market streets, by Post 2, G. A. R., the finest post in the department of Pennsylvania. They escorted us to the public building, where arms were stacked and the members of the corps were allowed to visit every part of the structure. We were then taken to Chestnut street, where thousands of people lined each sidewalk. The applause that we received until we reached Independence hall was perfectly deafening. The corps never executed movements with more ease and precision. A squad of police, detailed to be with us, kept the streets free from all obstructions; so we had everything our own way. At Independence hall we stacked arms, and examined the old hall. We again formed, passing through Independence hall and Park to Elm street, up Elm to Broad, up Broad to the Union league club rooms, where we were invited to examine the building and partake of refreshments. After spending one hour and a half in the League rooms, we passed up Broad street to the Masonic temple, where we were again halted by our escort and invited to examine the temple. This we consider one of the greatest compliments we received, for no military organization has been permitted to enter those sacred walls before in a body. The building was illuminated from the cellar to the tower, and the compliments we received on all sides for our fine marching and soldierly bearing, amply repaid us for all the labor and pains we had taken to perfect ourselves for the trip. Hundreds have told me that no organization visiting the city this year executed so many movements with such ease and precision as we did. Our line by company front down Broad street was as straight as a string could be drawn. I was perfectly surprised myself to see how well the boys did. After going through the Masonic temple, we again formed in line and were escorted to the room of the post, the finest I have ever visited for a post headquarters. There we were welcomed by the commander of post 2 in behalf of his post, and by Gov. Hartranft in behalf of the people of the state of Pennsylvania, as the only military company composed of veterans and every man a member of the grand army of the republic. I cannot describe the hospitable treatment we have received at the hands of post 2 and the people of Philadelphia. One great feature of our procession

was the war eagle, "Old Abe," of the Wisconsin 62th, which was kindly tendered to us by the sergeant in charge of him at the exposition grounds, on account of our being a veteran organization. We placed the three veterans together, Wheeler on the right, "Old Abe" in the centre, and Demers on the left. J. E.

The Philadelphia Telegram says: As the corps passed Independence hall last evening Cols. Egolf and Cole, Capt. Doring and Major Keith were each presented with a beautiful bouquet by ladies formerly residents of Troy.

THE TIBBITS VETERAN CORPS.

Off For Philadelphia Last Evening—The Street Parade—On Board the City of Troy—Good Bys at the Steamboat Dock.

In July last the Tibbits Veteran corps of this city unanimously voted to attend the bi-centennial celebration of the landing of William Penn and the founding of the state of Pennsylvania which takes place the present week at Philadelphia. This action was taken in response to an invitation from the committee of arrangements backed up by the urgent solicitations of members of Post 5, grand army of the republic, of Philadelphia, which organization has been the guests of the Tibbits Veteran corps in this city upon more than one occasion. The event has been looked forward to with a great deal of pleasure by the members of the Tibbits corps who anticipated a right royal time on their trip.

AT THE ARMORY.

The state armory was crowded with friends of the corps and local military men at an early hour last evening. The wives and daughters of the veterans were on hand to see that the little delicacies which they had prepared for their husbands and fathers were properly stored away in some snug corner of their knapsacks. The veterans were soon ready for the march with their knapsacks packed, and their arms and accoutrements in good condition. The men wore their full dress uniform, with white shakos, the new fatigue uniforms, white vests and overcoats being packed in their knapsacks. They presented a fine appearance.

THE STREET PARADE.

At 7:15 o'clock the assembly was sounded and the company formed ranks for the street parade which preceded the embarkation. Doring's band, 26 pieces, accompanied the corps, wearing the blue uniform and white helmets. The line of march was as follows from the armory: Up River to Congress, to First to State, to Third, to Fulton, down River to steamboat dock. The streets were thronged with people along the line of march and the soldiers were cheered as they marched passed with steady tread and eyes square to the front. Doring's band preceded the company and was followed by the staff of the Tibbits Veteran corps as follows: A. T. Burdick, J. E. Clark, Charles T. Thayer, H. H. Bryans, Daniel Knower and Robert Keith. Then came the corps with Colonel Joseph Egolf in command, First Lieutenant I. Seymour Scott, Lieutenant Walter L. Davis, First Sergeant John Ketcham, Sergeants J. J. Smith, A. W. Hill, and Henry Strobe, Corporals George Plunkett and James Morehead, with 70 men.

THE GUESTS.

Troy Daily Times.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 2, 1876.

THE TIBBITS CORPS.

The Return and the Reception—A Few Words About the Centennial Trip.

The Tibbits corps of this city, Col. Joseph Egolf commander, left New York yesterday on the day boat Daniel Drew, on their return from their centennial trip. The victorious Beaver-works of Albany came on the same boat, and a gala time was had on the journey up the river. Before reaching Albany, the steamers Schuyler, Carrie and the James T. Easton met the day boat, and the gallant oarsmen were taken on board, and received hearty congratulations. The Drew reached the dock at Albany first, and on the arrival of the Schuyler the Tibbits corps were drawn up in line to receive the Beaver-works and the Jackson corps. After some speechmaking and cheering, a procession was formed in Albany, in which the Tibbits corps participated, and added much to the interest of the occasion.



The corps was accompanied by the following honorary members and guests: Charles Babcock, A. Rhind, Timothy Hartnett, Frank Moore, J. E. Moore, P. O'Brien, L. Hilke, T. S. Mallory, J. A. Fletcher, J. C. Hollenger, W. E. Babcock, E. N. Waite, I. D. Markstone, H. A. McChesney, Sergeant John Cullen and James Crosson of the Troy police force, W. W. Whitbeck, Sidney Hidley, Abram Miller and Marsh F. Hemingway, city editor of the TELEGRAM, who accompanies the command in the capacity of war correspondent and will keep the friends of the absent ones posted as to the doings of the party while on the trip. The doings of our war correspondent will have a tendency to keep the "boys in blue" from flirting with the pretty girls of Philadelphia as they are well aware that all such conduct would be duly noted by the TELEGRAM representative.

AT THE DOCK.

The Citizens' wharf was densely crowded with citizens when the corps arrived and the soldiers marched on board that palatial steamer the City of Troy amid hasty good byes and hand shaking from friends on shore. The up north train was already in and the passengers who were going south had been transferred to the City of Troy before the Tibbits Veteran corps arrived.

DOWN THE RIVER.

As soon as the soldiers were on board the signal was given, "All ashore that's going" and the shrill whistle of the steamer announced that the boat was under way. The band played a lively air and soon the City of Troy was out in the river and headed down stream, and with cheers from the people on the wharf answered by the cheers from the Veterans the steamer sailed away.

NOTES.

- The trip will be a gala affair.
- The veterans are expected home Saturday morning.
- The accommodations for the soldiers on the boat were A No 1.
- We shall probably have a letter from our war correspondent for Thursday's TELEGRAM.
- The headquarters of the corps at Philadelphia will be at the Keystone hotel on Broad street.
- The atmosphere was chilly last night, and it is safe to say the boys didn't skylark it much on deck.
- It was reported on the dock that Hank McChesney's violin had been smuggled on board in a bag.
- Del Burdick, it is understood, will be master of ceremonies on the City of Troy until New York is reached. He's a good one.

Gospel Temperance.

There was a rousing temperance meeting at the rooms of the gospel temperance association last evening, one of the largest assemblages of the season being present to welcome the noted singers and temperance workers, Mr and Mrs Clark Willson. The meeting was a good one, being replete with addresses and song. Both Mr and Mrs Willson made remarks and spoke in the highest terms of the work of Francis Murphy in Scotland where they recently assisted him in conducting gospel temperance work. Mr and Mrs Willson sang "Glad Tidings," "Wonderful words of Life," and "While the years are Rolling By," with that sweetness for which they are noted. M. V. Bronk, a temperance worker from Athens, N. Y., made a spirited address. The Willsons will sing at the Methodist church, Lansingburgh, to-night, at the First Baptist church to-morrow night and at the Presbyterian church, Lansingburgh, Friday night.

The Veterans at Home.

The Tibbits Veteran corps were received with much enthusiasm Saturday night when they returned home. From Albany to Troy whistles were blown, bells rung and fireworks discharged, all of which were answered by the Belle Horton. As the boat was passing Division street the corps was greeted with a salvo of guns from a detachment from Fourth battery which had been detailed by Colonel Steenberg to fire a salute. The corps was received by the Citizen's corps under command of Captain Cusack and were escorted to the armory over the usual line of march. At the armory Colonel Egolf thanked Captain Cusack for the reception, saying that each act of that kind bound more closely the bonds of friendship which linked the two companies together. If the time should ever come when they would be called upon to be soldiers in reality, he was certain that the Citizen's corps and the Troy Veteran corps would be found side by side ever doing their duty. Captain Cusack replied and said it gave him and his organization great pleasure to receive them. They recognized them as soldiers and they gave them a soldier's welcome. When the company was dismissed a rush was made for the quarters where the men were greeted by their wives and friends. The uniforms were hastily taken off, and the men, foot sore and weary, went home. They had a large amount of walking to do while they were gone, and sleep was almost an unknown quantity. They were very tired and were glad to get home and to bed. But few of them were to be seen yesterday, and it is safe to say they made up for lost time. The excursion to Philadelphia was the most successful and pleasant ever made by the corps. Many of the men brought away relics and souvenirs of the bi-centennial exhibition. The occasion was one which will never be forgotten by those who attended.

The Veterans in a Frame.

A massive gilt frame containing photographs of the Tibbits veteran corps was placed on exhibition in one of the large windows of Frear's bazaar this morning. Mr. Frear, in honor of the veterans, caused national flags of different sizes to be displayed in the window, the folds falling gracefully about the sides of the picture. The largest of the photographs, ninety in number, is of the late Gen. William B. Tibbits, the friend and benefactor of the veterans, in full uniform of a major-general. Below Gen. Tibbits's picture and in the centre of the frame is a golden eagle and shield, with flags of the same metal. A scroll has the inscription: "Presented by the Tibbits veteran corps of Troy, N. Y., May 30, 1884, to Adam Goss post #30, G. A. R., of New York city." The inscription indicates what disposition is to be made of the picture. Below the centre-piece containing the inscription are the photographs of Col. Joseph Egolf, First Lieut. I. Seymour Scott, Second Lieut. E. W. Burrage and Lieut. Walter L. Davis. To the right is First Sergeant John Ketchum, Quartermaster Sergeant William P. Walsh's photograph in fatigue uniform occupies the lower left-hand corner, the picture of Samuel Eccles in regulation overcoat the corner above; John Foster in full uniform and white bear-skin occupies the upper right hand corner, and Robert Keith in staff uniform the lower right hand corner. These four pictures are full length, and show the different uniforms of the corps. The photographs of the other members are arranged in rows, the whole forming an artistic contrast. Among the pictures of the active honorary members is that of the chaplain, the Rev. Dr. William Taylor. Adam Goss post will be the guest of the Tibbits corps while in Troy Decoration day, on which occasion the picture will be presented.

Twenty-two years ago the battle of Strawberry Plains, Va., was fought, beginning the 14th and ending the 18th of August, with a loss to the Union forces of 3555 men. To the Confederacy 1100 men. Connecting with the above was the battle of Six Mile House, lasting from the 18th to the 21st. Union loss 4553 men, Confederate loss 4000 men; following the above on the morning of August 25th came the battle of Reams Station, Va. Many in this locality can answer by marks they will carry forever, that for the time it lasted it was most severe. The One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York Volunteers was engaged, and for a time was crippled on account of its heavy loss. Colonel Levin Crandall was in charge of the picket line that day. Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Hyde commanded the brigade and Captain Joseph Egolf commanded the regiment. The day was memorable for its intense heat, and a large share of the fighting was in low under-brush. At one time during the engagement the enemy had a damaging cross fire. A movement on the part of our troops, in which the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth led, drove the enemy from their position. It was in that movement that Colonel Egolf had his arm shattered, and with others was taken prisoner. The Union loss was 2440, Confederate 1500 men.

"Home, Sweet Home."

TROY, April 29, 1885.—*Editors of Times*—GENTS: I have carefully copied from an old music book (1829) the beautiful verses written by John Howard Payne, and entered according to act of congress on the 26th of January, 1830, by Firth & Hall, and published by them at No. 358 Pearl street, New York city, which no doubt is a true copy of the original words.
W. F.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world is ne'er met with else-where.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all,
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.
There's no place like home.

How sweet 'tis to sit, 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile,
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me, the pleasures of home.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
To thee I'll return over-burthen'd with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there,
No more from that cottage again will I roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
There's no place like home.

[A correspondent inquired a few days since who composed the music of "Home, Sweet Home." It has previously been stated in these columns that Sir Henry Bishop wrote it.—Ed.]

Good health is the greatest of fortunes; no

2 April 12th 1882

HONORING THE VETERANS.

Public Drill and Reception of the Tibbits Veteran Corps - Distinguished Guests Present—Beautiful Presents to the Corps and Its Honored Commander.

Twenty-one years ago yesterday the country was plunged into civil war by the act of traitors who fired upon the stars and stripes floating over the ramparts of Fort Sumter. Twenty-one years ago this morning the cry of "To arms!" was heard throughout the length and breadth of that portion of the Union that proved loyal to the cause for which our forefathers had fought during the revolutionary war. Among those who responded to that call were many men who are now members of the Tibbits Veteran corps of this city who last night assembled at the armory on the occasion of the complimentary drill and reception to the honorary members of the corps.

THE VISITORS.

The parlors of the Tibbits Veteran corps and the drill room were filled with ladies and gentlemen, many leading citizens being among those present. Major General Carr and staff, Lieutenant J. Robert Dwyer and Lieutenant Bell of the Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, Conn., Captains Brodeur and Baker and Lieutenants Burbanks and Thom of the tenth battalion of Albany, Major Macfarlane and Captain Oscar Smith and other officers of the Albany Burgesses corps, and many other military gentlemen from abroad and officers and delegations from the local organizations were present. Commander Robert Keith of Post Willard and President C. T. Thayer of the Tibbits Veteran corps acted as masters of ceremony assisted by members of the corps and Post Willard.

THE DRILL.

The corps wore the blue uniform and presented a fine appearance. Owing to the fact that so much of the space was occupied by the visitors about half the company was excused from the drill. After the line had been formed in the drill room the company presented arms as General Carr and staff accompanied by other military guests passed down the room to seats near the stand erected for the orchestra. The various company movements were then executed.

PRESENT TO THE CORPS.

When about half the time allotted to the drill had passed, Comrade Thayer stepped forward and whispered to Colonel Egolf and the company was again brought into line, and the ranks opened. Two men in uniform then came forward bearing a glass case containing a monogram "T. V. C." worked in beautiful wax flowers and resting upon a wax base skillfully arranged to represent a bed of roses. Lieutenant Samuel Foster of the Tibbits Cadets stepped to the front and addressing Colonel Egolf and the Veteran corps said: In behalf of the Misses Minnie and Carrie Eccles, I have the honor to present to the Tibbits Veteran corps this beautiful monogram wrought in representation of thousands of flowers by the skillful fingers of the daughters of a veteran like yourselves. They have wrought it with feelings of reverence and love for the veterans which I am sure you can fully appreciate. Their father and you, veterans of the Tibbits corps, are respected by all for the work performed in those days when men were set up for marks to be shot at

Colonel Egolf responded as follows: In behalf of the Tibbits Veteran corps I thank the ladies for this beautiful present. We shall certainly prize it all the more highly as it was made by the daughters of one who shared our hardships on the tented field and our marches and battles. I scarcely have words to express my thanks to the ladies. We shall always cherish this beautiful gift. [Applause.]

PRESENT TO COLONEL EGOLF.

As Colonel Egolf was about to give the command "close order," Comrade Thayer again came to the front bringing an epaulet box, containing a pair of gold epaulets made by Baker & McKinney of New York. Lieutenant Foster taking the present in hand said: Colonel Egolf—The honorary and active members of your command as an evidence of their appreciation of your valor in the days of the rebellion as well as your interest in military affairs in this city since the war, have requested me to present you with this pair of epaulets. The citizens of Troy realize the fact that you were the first to organize a company of infantry, the Tibbits Veteran corps, in this city after your return from the front. We now have three excellent companies of infantry and a magnificent battery. This token of esteem is presented to you not only on account of your interest in local military affairs but also in remembrance of your valuable services during the late war. Your record is a proud one. The long list of battles in which you participated including the seven days fight in front of Richmond has been written in letters of blood. Then at Reams' station you lost an arm—all these facts and many more are well known to the gentlemen who have delegated me to present you with this mark of esteem.

The recipient responded as follows: Lieutenant Foster and comrades—I scarcely know how to thank you for this present. The Tibbits Veteran corps was the first organized of the military companies now in Troy. I took an active part in its organization but I only did my duty, as I have always tried to do, in trying to keep our organizations in Troy second to none in the country. [Applause.] And it shall be my duty as long as I live to keep, certainly my end up, and endeavor to maintain our Troy military companies the foremost in the state as they have been for several years past. The citizens of Troy have always been friendly and have given the military comfort and encouragement. I have received encouragement from the men who sit here to-night and from those who have made me this present. Again I thank you, Lieutenant Foster, and the givers of this present for your kindness.

AND YET ANOTHER.

Comrade Thayer slipped up behind Lieutenant Foster at the close of the colonel's remarks and handed him a package, and as the one-armed veteran was about to turn to his command Lieutenant Foster said: One word more, colonel. It occurs to us that your soldier days are about over. You have done your share in defending your country's flag, and now stand before us as a survivor of that bitter struggle. The time must soon come, for we are growing old, when, it seems to me, the proper thing for you to do will be to sit in some cozy corner with three or four of your old comrades in arms and talk over the old days. I trust that you and your family will never know what it is to want for any of the comforts of life. When the time does come for you to retire from active military duties I trust that you will be burdened

with no greater care than to know at what hour your meals are ready, and that you will always have plenty of grub. In order that you may ever be on hand when your meals are ready the honorary and active members of your command present you this watch and chain.

Lieutenant Foster then handed to Colonel Egolf, whose emotion was plainly visible, the case containing a beautiful gold watch and chain. The chronometer is a heavy hunting case gold, Swiss movement, Elgin patent and cost \$300. It was purchased of Charles Babcock, the Third street jeweler. On one case is the monogram "T. V. C." and on the other the monogram "J. E." One of the inner cases bears the following inscription: "Presented to Colonel Joseph Egolf by the active and honorary members of the Tibbits Veteran corps, Troy, N. Y., April 12, 1882."

Colonel Egolf was "all broke up," if the expression may be allowed, and responded as follows, with tears trickling down his cheeks: Lieutenant Foster and comrades—I am at a loss for words to express my feelings. I was agreeably surprised when I received that beautiful pair of epaulets, but

this gift is more than I deserve. What I have done in behalf of the military organizations of Troy has been done without hope of reward. I hope to live to wear this watch for many years to come and as long as I do live I will keep time with you. Worthy as our organization now is I shall continue to labor to make it better until our gray hairs shall shine so bright that the people of the country will say there are the men who fought in that conflict many years ago. Even now it was many years ago. Still some of us are alive, but day by day our ranks are thinned by death. So long as the members of this command live I am sure they will be ready to go where any man dare lead, even if I be under the ground. The proudest moment of my life was during the labor riot at Albany in 1877, when an officer high in command showed that he relied upon the Tibbits Veteran corps. The order for this command to report for duty was issued at 6:20 o'clock and at 8:30 75 men responded. As we arrived at Albany the officer said: "I do n't care how many more men they bring on to-night, the veterans are here and we are safe." I know that this command will never falter when called upon to do its duty. Again I thank you for these presents from the bottom of my heart. [Applause.]

THE BANQUET.

At the conclusion of the drill the invited guests assembled in the locker room of the Tibbits Veteran corps where substantial refreshments were in waiting. The table was decorated with beautiful flowers selected by Sergeant John W. Hanchette. When the inner man had been satisfied dancing was indulged in until a seasonable hour to the music of Doring's band. This was the closing reception of the corps for the season and pleasant memories of the occasion will long remain to all who were present. Colonel Egolf may well be proud of the esteem in which he is held by the active and honorary members of the Tibbits Veteran corps as well as by citizens generally of Troy. Our wish is that he may long be spared to wear the beautiful watch with which he was presented last evening.

Wednesday morning Feb 22nd

THE WAR-WORN VETERANS.

Post Willard's Installation, Camp Fire and Ball—Cold Without But Warm Within—Distinguished Military Men Present—Reminiscences of the Rebellion—The Sacred Name of Charity.

At 8 o'clock last evening Harmony hall contained a large audience, members of Post Willard with their wives and friends of that organization, who assembled to witness the public installation of the officers elect and to participate in the camp fire and ball which followed. The stage was decorated with a large United States flag at the back. On the right was a picture of Major General Slocum, and on the opposite side of the stage was hung a portrait of the lamented Colonel Willard, in honor of whom the post was named. In front of the table was placed the large frame containing the photographs of many of the members of Post Willard. Small flags were placed about the windows and suspended from the balcony. At the lower end of the hall was the banner brought back from the annual encampment at Syracuse, which was used there over the door of the headquarters of the Troy and Albany delegates—the combination which broke the slate and elected Comrade Robert Keith senior vice commander of the department.

THE INSTALLATION.

About 8:30 o'clock Commander Robert Keith appeared on the stage in company with Generals McQuade and Slocum, Past Commander McCormick, Spierre and Corliss of Post 121 of Albany, Commander Rowe of Post 5, Albany, the officers elect of Post Willard and Past Commanders Mac Arthur, Egolf and Cole. After music by Doring's orchestra Commander Keith introduced General McQuade, who acted as mustering officer, and the officers elect were duly installed and the charges delivered to each as prescribed in the regulations governing the grand army of the republic. The following are the officers who were installed: Commander, Robert Keith; senior vice commander, Ira M. Husted; junior vice commander, John Lyons; adjutant, H. H. Bryans; quartermaster, William Lamphere; officer of the day, Solomon Somers; officer of the guard, William Preston; chaplain, William Flake; quartermaster sergeant, William Moore; sergeant major, James Lowe.

The Amphyon glee club, by request, rendered "Beautiful Sunset" and in response to an encore sang "Dear Old Friends" in a manner that won for them hearty applause. Commander Keith then introduced General Slocum, and alluded to the fact that many of the veterans present had served under him during the struggle for the supremacy of the union.

GENERAL SLOCUM.

The white-haired veteran was greeted with cheers as he rose to address the audience. The general said he was happy to meet so many old comrades here, and it was a pleasure which none but veterans could appreciate to meet the friends of the long ago and recall past events, many of which were fading from his memory. The objects of the grand army of the republic were not correctly understood by the great mass of the people. Some imagined that it was a political organization; but it was not. The general was glad to see so many ladies present, so that he could assure them that if

they did not understand why their husbands were kept out late at camp fires and encampments that they were not staying away from home just because they could, but because their duty required that they should do so. "My own wife," said the general, laughingly, "sometimes tells me that she does n't believe there is any such an organization but that I pretend there is so that I can get a chance to 'scoot' up into the middle of the state with my friend General McQuade. Mrs. Slocum is mistaken and so are you, ladies, if you do not believe what your husbands tell you." The speaker next explained that there was another object, to help the needy comrades and the widows and orphans of dead heroes. If the grand army had done nothing else than to build the soldiers' home at Bath it had done enough to warrant its existence. But it had accomplished far more than words could tell in helping those who but for the grand army would be left to die in county alms-houses. Of the 600 inmates of the home at Bath one half were taken from the poor houses of the state. The grand army took these battle-stained heroes from the poor house and put them in the soldiers' home where they are maintained as all old veterans ought to be. The number of the grand army was growing less every day, but as long as the organization remained—it could not be long—there would always be help for needy soldiers and those dear to them. In conclusion the general said the proudest, the richest inheritance a father could leave his son was the name of one who descended from a veteran of the war of the rebellion. He would rather leave his son that name than dollars and cents. [Loud applause.]

GENERAL MC QUADE.

General McQuade said he was present as mustering officer and thought that he would not be called upon for a speech. Mrs. Slocum must have been joking when she said he went off with her husband to have a good time. He never asked Slocum to go with him except to church. Probably the lady meant Senator Mac Arthur of Troy. Extended remarks he said would encroach upon the time set apart for the festivities of the evening. He then said the last time he came to Troy it was to act as a bearer at the funeral of his dear friend General William B. Tibbits. The general paid a glowing tribute to the valor, bravery and worth of our late townsman who, he said, was as true as steel, never anything but the honest, loyal gentleman. Now

"His bon-s are dust
His sword is rust
His soul is with the saints, I trust."

The general was satisfied that the lesson of loyalty learned during the war would endure for all time. The result of that conflict was settled for all time to come and the union cemented by the blood of its heroes would last forever. [Cheers and applause.]

SENATOR MAC AETHUR.

Colonel C. L. Mac Arthur being called upon by Commander Keith, said one of his first duties, on behalf of Post Willard, was to thank the distinguished soldiers and gentlemen who had come here on this gloomy day to meet with their old comrades on this occasion. There is no gloom around the camp fire. The storm is raging without but all is warmth within when comrades of the war of the r-bellion gather to greet one another. "General Slocum says," continued the senator, "that the memories of those dark days and thrilling events are fast fading from his memory. I want to assure him that his services to his country will never be forgotten. The history of the men

who marched with Sherman to the sea will be written in letters of gold in the brightest pages of our country's history. The same can be said of General McQuade. His distinguished services to the union cause will ever be remembered as long as the stars and stripes wave over this grand union." [Loud cheers.]

COLONEL COLE.

Colonel Cole said he did n't come to the camp fire to speak, but to greet old friends. He wanted the audience to understand that on this occasion as on many others distinguished soldiers and members of Post Willard, who always counted on the support of the post, were absent when wanted. He said this in a kindly spirit. The distinguished absentees would hereafter confer a great favor upon the post if they would show up at the proper time and place. He thanked the ladies present for coming out in the cold and storm to grace the occasion by their presence, and also the distinguished generals who had left New York "that notoriously wicked city to come to the goodly city of Troy."

COLONEL EGOLF.

Commander Keith said the grand army did not keep him away from home—he always got in at dark, and called upon Colonel

Egolf to bear him out in his assertion. The one armed veteran said he did n't know anything about it. The colonel said the noble General Tibbits had been spoken of here. It was proper that the fallen heroes should be mentioned at gatherings of their surviving comrades. He feelingly spoke of Colonel G. L. Willard who fell at the head of his command at Gettysburg. When the war broke out he nobly led the one hundred and twenty-fifth regiment to the front. He was a man of wealth, surrounded by luxuries yet he chose the profession of arms and offered his life as a sacrifice on the altar of his country. The colonel then spoke of General Tibbits who when nothing but a boy, the owner of vast wealth, buckled on his sword and went out at the head of a company of the second New York. Noble soul. Noble souls all who hastened to respond to the call to preserve the union. Colonel Egolf's speech was loudly cheered and at its conclusion the glee club sang "One thousand years."

GENERAL CORLISS.

General Corliss, who bears a striking resemblance to ex-Mayor Kemp, was introduced. He said he had come up from the suburbs of Troy, six miles down the river, with other "electric lights" present, but didn't expect to be called upon to speak. He related several amusing anecdotes of army life, and said he was at all times glad to meet comrades of the grand army. He trusted that the beautiful custom of decorating the graves of union soldiers would always be continued. The lessons of the war should be handed down from father to son. General Corliss was loudly cheered.

ERRONEOUS REPORTS.

Commander Keith said that he would tax the patience of the young ladies who were anxious to dance but a moment to correct erroneous reports which had got abroad about the charity fund of the post. That fund was sacred for charity and charity alone. The post had camp fires but always at the expense of the members, not at the expense of the charity fund. This fund was used to help needy comrades and to bury the dead. He then called upon the glee club to sing "Marching through Georgia," the audience to join in the chorus. Cheers were then given for Generals Slocum and

McQuade after which the hall was cleared and dancing indulged in. The dances were dedicated to distinguished military men, the officers of Post Willard and other organizations of the grand army.

NOTES.

Post Robert Keith attended the camp fire in a body.

Mrs. Davis had charge of the kitchen department.

Generals Slocum, McQuade and the Albany comrades were banqueted at the Troy house after the camp fire.

Sergeant Gowett of Battery F was one of the floor managers.

Everybody was delighted with the entertainment.

The storm had no terrors for the old "vets" and their wives.

Comrade McCormick of Albany acted as installing officer at the time General Grant was here one year ago.

General Slocum met an old comrade of two wars at the camp fire last evening. Comrade Cawhorne of Post Willard served with the general in the Mexican war and marched with him through Georgia during the rebellion.

TROY SOLDIERS ABROAD. TIBBITS VETERAN CORPS EXCURSION.

Leaving Troy—The Trip Down the Hudson—Pleasant Scenes on Board the City of Troy—On the Cars—Hot Boxes—Arrival and Welcome at the Quaker City—Seeing the Sights—The Bi-Centennial Celebration.

[Correspondence of DAILY TELEGRAM.]

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 25.—The Tibbits Veteran corps with the honorary members and invited guests, numbering in all one hundred and ten persons, embarked Wednesday night on the platial steamboat City of Troy, en route to Philadelphia to participate in the interesting bi-centennial celebration exercises. At 7:45 o'clock sharp, Captain Wolcott sang out "all ashore that's going," and hundreds of friends of the corps bid them good by, the gang plank was hauled in, the ropes were cast off and the beautiful floating palace rode gracefully down the river while Doring's military band of twenty-six pieces played the lively tune, "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

THE FIRST NIGHT.

As the boat steamed away from the dock, the vast multitude which lined the shore cheered and waived their hats and handkerchiefs, and were answered back from the vessel. The night, which promised to be dark and stormy, proved to be one of the finest. The "clouds rolled by" and the moon shone bright and clear, its rays sparkling upon the water in all their purity. The air was cool and not much promenading on the deck was indulged in. The men put away their muskets and knapsacks and then followed assigning of state rooms, which occupied over an hour, and was superintended by Col. Egolf. "Del" Burdick insisted upon having the bridal chamber, and his application was hotly contested by Dan Knower. When last seen by your correspondent they were still arguing the point and neither of them had retired. After the rooms had been all assigned, beautiful badges were distributed among members of the corps and guests, which served as a passport both on the boat and cars.

AN EVENING CONCERT.

Doring's band pitched their music stands in the main saloon and gave one of their pleasing concerts. The following program was rendered: Overture, "Jubel," selections from "Patience," "Pot porri" from "Squatter Sovereignty," "Chinese Patrol" and the closing selection was a collection of Southern melodies. As usual the band was the recipient of warm applause from the passengers and those who assembled in the cabin to listen. With music, song and dances the hours were whiled away very pleasantly.

"TAPS."

When off Castleton the boat went to port to avoid a tow and struck a bar in the river and partially stopped her progress. Dismay was instantly pictured on every face as visions of tarrying in the river for hours flitted through their minds. A stampede was made for the deck to see what was the matter and broad smiles wreathed the faces of the soldiers as it was discovered that the boat was still afloat. As the hours went by and the clock told that another day had been ushered in, the men, one by one, sought their state rooms and the cabin presented a deserted appearance. Here and there could be seen a man or two stretched out in chairs or on the couches quietly sleeping. For some there was no sleep, but with story telling and joking the night was spent in social enjoyment. "Taps" was at last sounded, the lights were turned down and for several hours stillness reigned on the steamer broken only by the tread of the watchman and the rattling of the windows.

IN THE MORNING.

The sun never rose in a brighter sky than that of this morning. Bright and early a reveille was sounded on the drum by Prof Baker, and immediately the porter of the boat went by beating upon that charming instrument called a gong. Sleeping was then out of the question and soon all was activity. Overcoats were donned and men flocked to the decks on the sunny side of the boat to see the sights. At 6:30 o'clock this morning we came up with the Drew and for the next half hour we steamed alongside of her, but soon passed her. At 7:10 we sailed up to pier 44, North river, where all disembarked and immediately boarded the annex boat City of Chester, which carried the party to the Bound Brook station, Jersey City. The harbor presented a pretty sight in the early morning, being filled with all manner of river craft and sea-going vessels. The ride to Jersey City from pier 44 was a very pleasant one. The air was fresh, bracing and refreshing.

ON THE CARS.

At Jersey City a train on the Bound Brook railroad stood in waiting to convey the company to the Quaker city. The cars were boarded at once and at 8 o'clock the train moved out of the depot and sped on the smooth rail at a rapid rate. At Jersey City Lieutenant Robert Dwyer and Sergeant Frank Hooley of the Governor's foot guard of Hartford joined the party and came on as the guests of the veterans.

HOT BOXES.

At Bound Brook station we had to stop on account of a hot box. The delay was not very long, however, for we were fortunate enough to have an "oiler" on board the train. At Trenton Junction another short stop was made on account of two hot boxes. The fact that we were bothered with hot boxes was immediately telegraphed to the headquarters of the Citizens' corps in Troy. After the boxes had been attended to we sped on without further delay or incident until we were near Philadelphia, when Timothy Hartnett, one of the guests, was taken with a violent epileptic fit and fell prostrate to the floor of the car. Restoratives were given him and he soon revived, and has now entirely recovered from the attack. Doring's band played at all stations where the train stopped. The boys were cheered lustily as they passed and it grieves me sadly to say that some of the boys flirted badly with the pretty girls which flocked to the stations.

THE CITY OF BROTHERLY LOVE.

At 10:55 o'clock this morning we rolled into the Columbia avenue depot at Philadelphia nearly one hour late. The corps fell into line and marched out on the street and waited about half an hour for Post 2 of Philadelphia who were looking for the corps at another depot. Post 2 headed by its famous drum corps of 22 men and guard of the post, escorted the veterans up to their headquarters over the entrance of which hung a banner bearing the following: "Welcome to Tibbits Veteran Corps." The companies stacked arms and the corps was welcomed in a brief speech by Commander Frank A. Lynch of Post 2, who invited their guests to a lunch which was in waiting. Col Egolf briefly responded and the companies were dismissed.

WARMLY WELCOMED.

Here an amusing scene took place. Colonel Egolf was embraced by members of the post. It kept the colonel's one hand lively grasping those of his friends. The congratulations were hearty and the welcome genuine. A lunch was hastily partaken of and right glad were the men to get it for many of them had not had any breakfast. The corps was then escorted to their headquarters at the Keystone hotel on Broad street, by the post. To say that there is a crowd here is putting it mildly. Every square inch of space seems to contain a human being. On Broad street the sidewalk in many places has been boarded up and seats erected which are crowded by thousands of people. The Tibbits corps was greeted with round upon round of applause as it came down Broad street to the hotel. Here the men were assigned rooms and partook of a hearty dinner after which they were taken in charge by the members of Post 2 and shown the sights.

THE PARADE TO-DAY.

To-day the parade of the trades is taking place. The floats represent every class of industry and are passing by rapidly. The procession started at 8 o'clock this morning and is passing yet at 2 o'clock this afternoon, and it is said that it will not be finished before dark. There are about 30,000 men, women and children in line, with innumerable bands. The display is a grand one. It is estimated that 250,000 strangers are in the city to-day and it is expected the crowd will be increased to-morrow. Where they will put them is a mystery as the hotels are all full and private houses are overflowing. A distressing accident occurred last night, some fire works exploded prematurely and six people were killed. A lady was also killed by a falling flag staff.

THE PROGRAM TO-NIGHT.

The boys are off seeing the sights this after-

noon and will be shown around this evening by their entertainers. To-morrow the knights templar parade will take place. A big bicycle exhibition at Fairmount park and a regatta on the Schuylkill are down as some of the attractions for to-morrow.

M. F. H.

—The Tibbits corps had rather a chilly welcome at Philadelphia yesterday. A gentleman who returned from Philadelphia to-day says that at 10:30 o'clock yesterday breakfast was in readiness by agreement at the Keystone hotel, Philadelphia, for the corps. Guests were present to welcome them, but up to noon the veterans had not arrived. They reached New York at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, and must have been detained on the way to Philadel-

TIBBITS VETERAN CORPS.

These bronzed boys of '61-'64 are to have a picnic extraordinary on Pleasure and Maple islands next week Monday, 15th instant, for which two bands have been engaged—one expressly for the dancing on the Maple island platform. There are to be drills and dress parades, daylight fireworks and night fireworks, and plenty of minor amusements. Numerous military companies and G. A. R. posts have been invited to participate. A gate prize, consisting of six pieces of fine parlor furniture, will be awarded. Everybody knows the quick and frequent boat and car routes to and from the islands. The stands are announced to be sold to-morrow.

The the Rec We -C asti Specta B ern Wait ground and st was ro places Mrsch tions As were were the fa stowed pared Tibbit stories ties fo session The co ments way d barrel found ten th from all w contin caused tired The enjoy was co brough Who York with fl from headed Dennis When the del taken landing the bri of a and a was fa the fi line w The and th church few jo solves the ve they sa Brook At 3 was so marchi membe the Tro the pos the thi about moved o'clock ters. pical as were th display viewing which old arm

Sept 27 1884

THE VETERANS ABROAD.

The Trip of the Tibbits Corps Down the River—Merry-making—A Hearty Reception in Brooklyn—How They Were Entertained—The Great Parade—Cordially Applauded—An Enthusiastic Welcome at Paterson.

Special Correspondence of the Troy Daily Times.

BROOKLYN, June 11.—When the Tibbits veteran corps left Troy last night the steamer Walter Brett, which carried the corps, grounded off Broadway, but soon freed itself and steamed down the Hudson. When Albany was reached Greek fire was burned at various places and the boat was illumined by fireworks. Mrschke's military band played inspiring selections and the scene was a festive one.

THROUGH THE NIGHT.

As soon as Albany was left behind arms were stacked on the lower deck, knapsacks were unslung, fatigue uniforms donned, and the favored pipe which had been carefully stowed away, brought out, and the boys prepared to enjoy themselves for the night. The Tibbits glee club sang entertaining selections, stories of the camp-fire were related, card parties formed, the "roasting gang" went into session and the hours glided pleasantly by. The committee having in charge the refreshments met with a slight rebuff when a little way down the river. They desired to tap a barrel of lemonade, but no faucet could be found, and the "man in charge" had forgotten the glasses. But a pail and some goblets from the boat's equipment were procured and all went swimmingly. The festivities were continued until midnight, when Col. Egolf caused "taps" to be sounded and the men retired to rest.

IN THE MORNING.

The boys turned out early this morning and enjoyed the ride down the river. The weather was cool and threatening, but overcoats were brought into requisition.

A GREETING ON THE WATER.

When within about twenty miles of New York the steamer John E. Moore, decorated with flags, was met with a delegation of ten from posts Goss and Dover, of that city, headed by R. B. Van Vleck, James S. Case, Dennis Sullivan and Col. Charles E. Bridge. When the Moore was made fast to the Brett the delegation was greeted with cheers and taken on board the corps' boat and then to the landing in Brooklyn. The corps landed near the bridge and were escorted to a point in front of the city hall, when four lines were formed and a photograph was taken. A grizzling rain was falling and a hurried march was made to the fourteenth regiment's armory, where the line was broken.

SIGHT-SEEING.

The boys had several hours to themselves and they went to various parts of the city of churches and saw places of interest. Not a few journeyed to New York and enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. At 2:30 o'clock the veterans reassembled at the armory, where they sat down to a sumptuous spread served by Brooklyn ladies.

THE PARADE.

At 3 o'clock this afternoon the "assembly" was sounded and the corps "fell in" in heavy marching order, and preceded by the honorary members, guests, Maschke's military band and the Troy city fife and drum corps, marched to the post of honor, the right of line between the third and fourth brigades. It is estimated about 20,000 men were in line. The column moved promptly at 4:30 o'clock, and it was 7 o'clock when the corps reached its headquarters. The line of march was through the principal streets and was very long. The streets were thronged with spectators and flags were displayed from many windows. Near the reviewing stand was a "welcome" arch, on which were many remembrances of the grand old army of the Potomac.

TROY'S REPRESENTATIVES.

The Tibbits veteran corps never looked better or marched with more precision. Without doubt they presented the best alignment in the column. They marched in platoons and made a fine appearance. The streets were not wide enough at any point to allow the corps to march company front.

APPLAUSE FOR THE CORPS.

The Tibbits corps were greeted with rounds of applause on all the streets, and when one of their perfect wheels was made at a corner the crowds gave expression of appreciation by loud outbursts of cheers. When the reviewing stand was passed Gen. Hancock saluted the corps, with uncovered head. Prof. Maschke's band played in excellent style and at numerous points were applauded.

PROUD OF HIS MEN.

When the corps reached their headquarters Col. Egolf made a few remarks to the company, congratulating them on their fine appearance. He said he had always been proud of them, but he never saw them appear or march better than to-day. The company was then dismissed until 1 o'clock to-night. A number went to New York and visited Post Goss and Post 2 of Philadelphia. Most of the company, however, were tired enough to remain on the boat, and they retired early.

M. F. H.

An Enthusiastic Reception.

Special Dispatch to the Troy Daily Times.

PATERSON, N. J., June 12.—The corps left Brooklyn this morning at 5 o'clock and steamed over to Jersey City, where they took breakfast. The rain fell in torrents for several hours, but the heavy clouds broke away about 8 o'clock.

A DELEGATION FROM PATERSON.

Half an hour later a delegation from the Paterson light guard, consisting of Surgeon Myers and Assistant Surgeon Neer, of the staff, honorary members Menger, Cadmus and Lockwood, and comrade Hilton of Farragut post No. 28, met the corps. At 9:45 o'clock the visitors boarded a special train on the Erie road.

CANNONS AND CHURCH BELLS.

When Lakeview, a short distance from Paterson, was reached the engineer blew the whistle, which was the signal for the cannons in Paterson to commence booming. The church bells were rung and factory whistles blown from all points of the town.

PROCESSION AND COLLATION.

On reaching the depot the corps were received by the first battalion, Major Condan commanding, the German Washington rifles and Farragut post, No 28, and escorted through the principal streets of the city and to the Passaic Falls, where a light collation was partaken of. At 1 o'clock the corps marched to Post Farragut's rooms, and were dismissed.

BANQUET AND RECEPTION.

At 3:30 o'clock the corps will be given a banquet at the light guards' armory, and in the evening will be tendered a reception which will last until midnight, when they will take the train for Jersey City. Business in Paterson is generally suspended and the town presents a holiday appearance. Extensive preparations have been made, and it promises to be the red letter day of the excursion. The boys are all well and greatly enjoying themselves. H.

PRESS COMMENT.

To-day's New York Herald says: The parade was the feature of the day and nearly all Brooklyn turned out to see it. All the city regiments, the veteran corps and several posts of the grand army of the republic were in line, besides the thousand members of the society of the army of the Potomac and a number of out-of-town organizations. The most prominent among the latter, and the body that attracted the most attention, was the Tibbits veteran corps of Troy, commanded by Col Joseph Egolf. Their tall white-plumed hats, similar in style to the black headgear of the old guard, were pretty well soaked with rain, and all the parading organizations were drenched before the reviewing stand at Clinton and Montague streets was reached.

THE DYING PRISONER.

BY ANNIE MARTIN,

Daughter of Wm. Martin, Co. G, 48th Mo., Cuba, Mo.

I am dying, comrades, dying,
Far away from friends and home,
In this rebel den I'm lying,
Suffering, starving, all alone.

If I had a drink of water!
If I had a piece of bread!
But to quench my thirst and hunger,
Ere I'm numbered with the dead.

Oh, this lonesome, dreary prison!
Oh, this cruel rebel den!
Where our mothers' sons are lying,
Treated more like dogs than men.

No warm shelter spread above us;
No green fields in which to range;
Oh, God, grant that those who love us
Will compel them to exchange.

If I could but see my mother—
Though upon the ground I lie,
Mingled with each starving brother—
It would not be so hard to die.

If I could but get a letter!
If some news would only come!
Oh, I know I would get better,
If I could but hear from home.

And the brave and suffering soldier
Bowed his manly head and wept
On the cold ground of his prison,
Ere in death he calmly slept.

Am I dreaming, comrades, dreaming?
Surely, some one called my name,
And I thought some one was coming—
And would take me home again.

Home! I think I'm going, comrades,
But somehow my sight is dim;
And I see them coming nearer,
And I think I hear them sing.

Nearer—they are coming nearer,
I can see them plainly now,
Thank God they are bringing water,
For my fevered lips and brow.

I will thirst no longer, comrades,
For a river pure I see,
And beside its crystal water
They have come to carry me.

Where's the flag—the old flag, comrades—
With its Red, White and Blue?
I would tell those white-robed beings
That I served my country true.

Is it home? It seems more lovely
Than the home that once was mine,
And the streets are like the starlight—
All so dazzling as they shine.

There's a wide and waving meadow,
Where in peace I rest and roam,
Oh! thank God, they have exchanged me,
And I know I am going home.

There no dark and dreary dead-line,
And no rebel sentinel there,
For the fields seem wide and boundless,
And all things look bright and fair.

Hark! I hear the Savior calling,
'Tis his voice I know so well;
When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping—
Comrades, here is my last farewell!

Sept 7 1884

2
Col. Joseph Egolf, of this city has been appointed by State Commander H. Clay Hall of the G. A. R., inspector-general of the department. The honor could not be bestowed on a more worthy man and reflects credit upon the grand army. Col. Egolf is veteran of so well established record in Troy that it is not necessary to rehearse his qualifications for the important post. Nor is his record a local one. There is not a better known or more popular comrade in the department of the state. His gallant service during the days that tried men's souls, when true patriotism was appreciated, and his efforts and sacrifices in behalf of the grand army, and his untiring devotion to the welfare and interests of unfortunate comrades and their families since, all stand as evidence of his worth and as proof that the honor conferred upon him now is deserved. He went away from Troy with the old second regiment as a private at the first call for men and came home a captain, being promoted on the field for service. Instead of resting on his laurels he re-enlisted as a first lieutenant in the 125th regiment, waiving his rank of captain. At the battle of Reams station he lost his right arm and was taken prisoner, and getting into the service again he was advanced to captain, major, and brevet lieutenant-colonel which rank he now holds. He was the organizer of the famous Tibbits Veteran corps and had the confidence and respect of the lamented Gen. Tibbits, whose name the company perpetuates, and he has to-day the confidence and esteem of the citizens of Troy. His new position gives him the surveillance of 543 posts of the grand army and of 30,000 men. That he will discharge the duties of the office faithfully and with credit is confidentially believed by every man who knows him. Inspector General Egolf will make his headquarters in this city.—Troy Times.

The large photograph of the Corps which was recently on exhibition in Frear's window, is at Lloyd's where it will be stored until the Corps rooms in the new Armory are ready for occupying, when it will be placed in a prominent position on the walls.

The first reception of the season given by the Corps, will probably occur shortly after Lent.

On Tuesday evening the Citizens' Corps were drilled by Lieut. D. Smith and Lieut. H. Tupper. A number of ladies were present and also a large delegation from the Saratoga Citizens' Corps.

The Jackson corps will participate in the inauguration ceremonies at Washington. Yesterday the commander-in-chief of the National Guard forces, Gov. D. B. Hill, granted the application of the commandant of the corps to take his command out of the state. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland have granted permission to all organizations attending the inauguration to pass through the respective states. The excursion will cost the corps \$3,000, while \$1,000 more have been expended in putting the uniforms, knapsacks and rifles in proper condition. Mayor Fitzgerald will go with the corps. They start Tuesday.

The Drum Corps of the Tibbits Cadets intend to have a sleigh-ride on Wednesday night. They will visit the Gilbert House of Green Island, Campbell House of Cohoes, and the Knickerbockers of Waterford.

★ THE VETERANS' RETURN.

The Tibbits Veteran Corps Received by Trojans With an Ovation—An Enjoyable Visit Abroad.

As early as 7 o'clock last evening crowds of people began to assemble at the foot of Fulton street to witness the arrival of the Tibbits Veteran corps from their visit to Paterson, N. J. The Tibbits cadets headed by their drum corps marched to the foot of Fulton street to escort the veterans over a line of march. At precisely 8 o'clock the steamer Walter Brett steamed through the Congress street "draw,"

Darkness had just set in and the skies were illumined with pyrotechnics sent up from the boat. The band discoursed "Home, Sweet Home," while the soldiers and their guests aboard of the boat waved flags and made the air resound with huzzas which were responded to by those on the shore. A line was formed and was headed by Maschke's band and the soldiers went over the following line of march: Up River to Fourth, to Fulton, to Third, to Broadway, to Fifth, to State, to First, to Congress, to the Armory, where they partook of a repast given by the cadets. From the time the procession left the foot of Fulton until they reached the armory they were greeted with pyrotechnics, firing of cannon and the burning of Greek fire, while the streets were thronged with hundreds of people.

The steamer left Elizabethport about 3 o'clock this morning or Troy. The boys, at least most of them, were sufficiently fatigued to retire, while others remained awake and contributed to the best of their ability to make things uncomfortable for those who desired to rest. Yesterday morning being pleasant an enjoyable time was had coming up the Hudson. At 2:20 p. m. the boat reached Catskill. The corps landed and were received by the sixteenth separate company under command of Capt. A. Murphy. They were escorted up to the village and through the principal streets, where they were enthusiastically received and given a lunch. About two hours were spent in Catskill, when the steamer resumed her journey homeward. All the boys express themselves well pleased with the reception given them wherever they went.

TROY TAKEN. 1245

X How the Jersey Veterans Captured Modern Hium—Reception of the Elizabeth Zouaves—A Pretty River-Scene—Troy Painted Various Colors—Red Predominating—At the Banquet-Hall—Tribute to the Nation's Hero—Off for Saratoga—Appreciative Visitors.

Early last evening people could be seen wandering down to the dock and stretching their necks around the corners of buildings to look down-stream. If they could see for some distance toward the little town just below Troy they would sit down with a contented air. Congress street bridge held an unusually large number of people in the early evening, and on the West Troy shore many had taken stations along the docks. Great activity was manifested at the state armory. The Tibbits veteran association, recently mustered out of the national guard, was under arms. Honorary members, wearing white caps and carrying mysterious packages in their coat pockets and hands, were fitting about, and so were the Tibbits sons of veterans, in fatigue uniform. Many of the Tibbits cadets, too, joined the throng. Col. Egolf rushed about, sword in hand. It was evident something was to be done—and it was. The Elizabeth, N. J., veteran zouaves, under Gen. J. Madison Drake, had said they would capture Troy without firing a gun, and all Troy turned out to see them do it.

ON THE RIVER.

At 6:30 o'clock fifteen propellers drifted to the Congress street dock and took a large quantity of pyrotechnics of various kinds. On the stern of the Tom S. Wotkyns was a brass cannon. At 7 o'clock word was received that the veterans had left Albany, and the welcoming flotilla started down the river. By this time every spot along the river bank, on either side, and on bridges and house-tops that commanded a view of the river, had an occupant. Detachments of the twelfth separate company and the Tibbits cadets were stationed along the shore from the State street landing to the steel works. The honorary members took up their position on the Congress street bridge, near the Troy and Albany boat landing.

THE FIRING BEGUN.

At 7:45 o'clock a rocket was seen to shoot heavenward from down the river, and soon the report of a cannon was heard, which was the signal that the enemy was approaching. The boats that went to meet the visitors soon came into sight at the steel works, and a pretty scene was presented. From each boat rockets were

rising into the air, roman candles exploding and red fire burning, making the river demonstration one of the finest, as well as most unique, scenes ever witnessed in Troy.

AN UPROARIOUS GREETING.

As the boats approached the Congress street bridge they began blowing whistles, bells were rung, men shouted, women waved handkerchiefs and all joined in giving the visitors a royal welcome. The zouaves landed at the State street dock amid the most enthusiastic welcome ever accorded a visiting company.

ALONG THE LINE.

The guests were received by the Tibbits veteran association, under Col. Egolf, and warmly welcomed to Trojan hospitality. The line was quickly formed, and the march began. The column was headed by Maschke's band and the Tibbits cadets' drum corps. The visiting veterans were accompanied by their fine band and drum corps. The line of march heretofore published was gone over. The streets were so packed that at places it was difficult to get passageway for the column. The town was painted the ruddiest red. Everybody seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion. Colored fires burned at many places on the route, and the firing squads kept exploding pyrotechnics. When Washington park was reached a halt was had and a fine display of fireworks was given. The march was resumed, and the next stop was in front of the Trojan hook and ladder company's house. The company had the truck out and ladders up in front of the building. On each rung was a man exploding fireworks or holding a pan of red fire.

AT HARMONY HALL.

The march terminated at Harmony hall, where a general hand-shaking took place. The lady friends of the Tibbits veteran association had several barrels of lemonade ready. The main hall was handsomely decorated with flags and mottoes. Over the stage was a shield, and on it was the following: "A gentleman and a soldier, William B. Tibbits, a comrade we all loved."

THE BANQUET.

At 10 o'clock the doors of the banquet hall were opened, and the visitors and their entertainers marched in. Covers were laid for 635. On the stage, concealed by an American flag, stood a large gilt frame containing 100 photographs of the Tibbits corps. The centre picture was that of Gen. Tibbits.

A PRESENTATION.

When all were seated at the tables, and before the eating commenced, Col. Egolf turned to Gen. Drake and in a fitting speech presented the zouaves the picture. He said the Tibbits veteran corps of Troy, every man of which had an honorable discharge, gave to the zouaves not themselves, but their shadows. "I told you," said Col. Egolf, "that you were the first veteran organization that ever visited Troy. I now present to you the shadows of the first ever organized under the national guard in America." Gen. Drake responded, expressing thanks, and called upon the Hon. John T. Dunn, ex-speaker of the New Jersey assembly, to reply. Mr. Dunn said that as they came up the river he wondered where all the children were in Troy. He thought there could n't be any in Troy, for there was no one at home to care for them. He said no Roman conqueror ever met such a reception as they had been given. The speaker accepted the gift on behalf of the zouaves.

THE TOASTS.

The banquet, which was fit for a king, served by the lady friends of the Tibbits veteran association, was eaten with a relish. Col. Egolf then offered the toasts, which were responded to as follows:

"State of New York and the national guard." Response, Capt. Samuel Foster of the Tibbits cadets. "State of New Jersey," the Hon. John T. Dunn. "Grand army of the republic," Capt. Robert W. Hunt. "The press," Ernest C. Stahl, editor and publisher of the Trenton Herald and New Jersey Staats-Journal.

The Tibbits corps glee club then sang several songs, and Maschke's band enlivened the occasion with selections.

THE NATION'S HERO.

Manager Copeland, of the Western Union telegraph office, sent several bulletins to the hall concerning the condition of Gen. Grant, and appropriate reference to them was made by Col. Egolf.

THE BIVOAC.

At midnight the happy gathering was ended and the visitors were escorted to the Troy house, their headquarters, where they bivouacked for the night.

THE DEPARTURE.

At 12:50 o'clock this afternoon the twelfth separate company, Tibbits veteran association and honorary members met at Harmony hall and marched to the Troy house to escort the visitors to the depot, where they took the train for Saratoga.

TAPS.

—The visitors were shown Troy by daylight this morning.

—Four of the zouaves were overcome by the heat and taken to the Troy house, where Dr. Prendergast attended them.

—The first lieutenant of the zouaves, Joseph E. Fenn, is chief electrician for Gen. T. T. Eckert, general manager of the Western Union telegraph company.

—Gen. Drake said to-day that he and his command had been all over the United States, and had known what it was to be cordially received, but last night's reception was the greatest demonstration of welcome ever accorded them.

—While the procession was passing by Dr. McLean's office on First street a rocket-ball shot from the opposite side and struck the gate. The fiery missile bounded back upon the head of a young man, burning his hair, and then dropped up on the cress of a young lady. The dress blazed, but the flames were quickly extinguished.

Evening Standard.

TROY, TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1885.

A MOST LOYAL WELCOME

BY TROJAN TO PHILADELPHIA VETERANS.

A Magnificent River Scene—Enthusiasm Which Could not be Dampened by a Storm—A Happy Reunion of Old Soldiers.

The reception given by the Tibbits Veteran Corps association last evening to Post 2, G. A. R., and Post 2 guard of Philadelphia was a magnificent one and cannot fail to be a memorable chapter in the history of the visiting veterans. The unfavorable weather, while making a disagreeable feature, did not dampen the enthusiasm of Trojans nor prevent the most brilliant river scene ever witnessed here, and the most hearty welcome on land. Col. Ego's plan of greeting was carried out in detail and the visitors were taken by storm on the Hudson below the arsenal. The pyrotechnic display from the fleet of tugs, barges and steamboats and from the river banks was a sight which will long be remembered, and was witnessed by a dense throng of people who could not be driven from position by the rain which fell. The Philadelphians were unanimous in saying that they were amazed and delighted by the demonstration, and by the heartiness of the "Glad to see you" which they met at every step. The visitors were met at Albany by Col. Ego and his aids and came to Troy on the steamer Sanders, escorted by the fleet of boats, from which went up an unceasing fusillade of fireworks, accompanied by the strains of music, the deafening screeching of steam whistles and the cheers of the people. When the fleet steamed through the draw of the Congress street bridge, that structure was wrapped in a sheet of red light, and the darkness of the night vanished before the blaze of welcome. Although a drizzling rain was falling the line

was formed on shore, and although the drizzle changed to a drenching pour before the route was half gone over, the veterans of two cities marched through it, and an army of umbrellaed people applauded them. The streets were illuminated with greek fire and everywhere the visitors were given proof of good-will and admiration. The visitors were under command of Commander Leitner and were accompanied by the famous Post 2 drum corps, under the leadership of Drum-major T. J. Grady. The post guard, in its handsome uniform, marched as only veterans can in rain and mud, and the Tibbits veterans, with the 13th separate company, members of the Tibbits caquets, honorary members of the Tibbits corps and a detail of police under command of Supt. Willard and Sergt. Lawton, with Maschke's full band, made a splendid appearance.

THE BANQUET.

After the march the veterans and their friends sat down to one of the most complete banquets ever spread in Harmony hall. The rooms were most appropriately decorated with national colors, corps emblems, battle mottoes, and memorial tributes to the memory of Gen. Tibbits. The lady friends of the corps were present in force, and everywhere attentive to the wants of the guests, and the gallery was bright with fair faces.

Col. Ego presided. In opening the festivities he paid a touching tribute to the memory of the old commander, for ever more absent in body soldier gatherings, but ever present in the affectionate remembrance of every loyal man—Gen. Grant. He also recalled the generous treatment of the veteran corps in Philadelphia, and the fraternal feeling which sprang from it and will ever remain a bond of brotherhood uniting Troy to Philadelphia.

PRESENTATION AND TOASTS.

At the conclusion of his address, Col. Ego said he wished to present to Post 2 a suggestive memorial of the days of patriotic sacrifice and trial, and at a wave of his hand the stars and stripes which hid from view a large frame on the platform was furled and there was exposed to sight a series of 180 photographs of Union soldiers who had been wounded in different ways in active service. The collection cannot fail to bring to mind the suffering and sacrifice of the Union army. The pictures were collected by Surgeon R. B. Bontecou, of this city, a member of Post Griswold, G. A. R., who served through the war, and was at the side of the wounded and dying in numerous hospitals and on many battle fields. He presented the collection to Col. Ego and the colonel presented it in the name of Dr. Bontecou to Post 2.

A list of toasts was then announced, ex-Assemblyman Derrick, who was called on to respond to the first one, "The State of New York," excusing himself on the ground that he was taken by surprise and was not a public speaker. "The Grand Army of the Republic," was eloquently spoken to by E. L. Cole, who referred to the slow but sure mustering out of the veterans who are answering the final roll call, and to the principles on which the grand army was founded and lives. The principles of loyalty is the corner stone of the organization and brotherly love the bond of unity. Soon, he said, the survivors of the war for the union will be old and decrepit and will be few in number, mustered as were the revolutionary soldiers of years gone, and days of national celebration, as the relics of the old guard of the republic. In conclusion he paid an eloquent tribute to the Philadelphia comrades.

Commander Leibner in responding to "The State of Pennsylvania," made an able address, and referred in appreciative tones to the gift of Col. Ego and Dr. Bontecou. In closing he returned deep thanks for the generous reception he and his comrades were given. The next toast, that of the press, was responded to by P. H. Sullivan of the STANDARD. Dr. R. H. Sabiu of West Troy was heartily applauded as he rose to respond to the toast "Old Quinine." The boys seemed to remember him with the most kindly interest if they did entertain a bitter recollection of his pills and powders. He made a witty reply, saying that he believed quinine is better to-day than ever for the diseases it

is used for, and he candidly admitted that it grows more bitter as it grows better.

The toast "U. S. Grant" was honored by all rising and pledging the old commander a silent respect and devotion.

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.

Commander Leitner called on Lieut. Hickman of Post 2 guards for a few words, and accompanying a very happy response, highly complimentary to Troy and the Tibbits Veteran corps, came a special compliment for Col. Ego, and a complete surprise for him. Lieut. Hickman said Post 2 knew the colonel as "Dear old Joe," and they wished to give him personally a little reminder of their regard for him. They were in doubt at first what it should be, but knowing the place in Col. Ego's heart occupied by the patron of the corps, Gen. William B. Tibbits, they had decided to present him a simple memento of that honored soldier. He then handed to Col. Ego a small but beautiful charm of gold, artistically finished, with a faithful patriot on one side and on the other the simple inscription: "William B. Tibbits, born March 31, 1837, died February 10, 1880." Col. Ego was deeply affected in responding and said the souvenir should be cherished by him with grateful remembrance while he lived, and his request was that it should be put in the coffin with him when he died.

MIRTH AND MUSIC.

The festivities and speeches were charmingly interspersed by instrumental and vocal music and by recitations. The unrivaled drum corps of the visitors won the praise of all and deserved it. On the streets as well as in the banquet hall all agreed that there isn't a drum corps in the land which can hold a candle to it. Maschke's selections were very appropriate and were finely rendered, and the singing of the Amphion Glee club of this city and the Bortle Glee club of West Troy was greatly enjoyed.

Comrade Thomas of Post 2 set the banqueters wild by the way he gave "The Regular Army O" accompanied by the drum corps and the side-splitting chorus. Samuel E. Hutton, Troy inimitable funnyman, convulsed the guests and entertainers by his recitation of the address of Col. O'Callahan of "The Montgomery Guards of Boston, Mass.-a-chew," and was obliged to respond to an encore, when he again made them laugh until their sides ached by singing his well-known lush-a-by to "Hennessy's Baby." Cadet Wenzell nearly tickled the audience to death by his recitation of "The Shence Ball" and the German lad's first effort in wrestling with "Mary Had a Little Lamb." His facial expression would make him a star on the stage.

GOOD REMARKS.

—Comrade Ennis is a whole show by himself.

—Several members of Post 2 are policemen in Philadelphia.

—Although an immense crowd was on the streets, the best order prevailed, and the po-

lice deserve warm praise for very efficient service.

—The banquet glee continued into the early hours of the morning.

—Post 2 carried its stand of old battle flags furled and draped in honor of Gen. Grant.

—Post 2 is quartered at the Troy house. A trip to Saratoga is a part of their program.

—Each of the visitors was presented a handsome satin program and bill of fare at the banquet as a souvenir of the occasion.

—George Lashure had one of his hands badly shattered by the premature explosion of a rocket while acting as one of the firing squad on Congress street bridge.

—Some of the fireworks, especially the handsome piece which was to have been exhibited from an abutment of the Congress street bridge, were ruined by the rain and could not be used.

—Speaking of the appearance of the visitors in Albany the *Express* to-day says: "Despite the inclement weather, quite a crowd of on-lookers fringed the sidewalks and passed pleasant comments on the natty appearance and soldierly bearing of the battle-scarred veterans as they moved along with martial tread. The music furnished the visitors by their drum corps and flute and piccolo players aroused the liveliest enthusiasm among the spectators. "Climbing Up the Golden Stairs" was rendered in a way that quite captivated the crowd's fancy.

THE TIBBITS VETERAN CORPS.

Grand Parade at Philadelphia — All Well—Homeward Bound.

[Special to DAILY TELEGRAM.]

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27.—The grand military parade took place to-day. The Tibbits Veteran corps marched with the grand army of the republic and made a fine appearance. They were loudly cheered along the line. There was continuous applause for two miles along Chestnut street. The weather was pleasant until afternoon when a slight rain set in. Doring played his best. We start for home at 10:30 o'clock to-night. It is now raining hard. All well. The Belle Horton will meet us at New York, and we expect to reach modern lium early to-morrow evening. M. F. H.

—The Tibbits veteran corps, after three days' sojourn in Philadelphia at the bi-centennial celebration, returned to this city Saturday evening. They were received by the Citizens' corps, amid a fine pyrotechnic display, and made a parade over the line of march previously given. The fourth battery fired guns of salutation. At the armory Capt. Egolf of the Tibbits corps and Capt. Cusack of the Citizens' corps made brief speeches, indicating the good feeling existing between the two companies. The Tibbits corps report a delightful trip. The Philadelphia *Press* thus compliments the corps:

A marked feature of the display was the fine appearance of the Tibbits veteran corps of Troy, N. Y., commanded by Col. Joseph Egolf. The visitors were the guests of post 2 of this city. They were uniformed somewhat after the picturesque style of the Austrian military and wore huge white shakos which gave them a truly martial aspect. Marching in true soldierly style, the veterans were frequently applauded.

—The Tibbits veteran corps took part in the military review at the bi-centennial celebration at Philadelphia yesterday, and were loudly applauded all along the line. They started for home last night, and will arrive this evening on the Belle Horton. They will be welcomed by the Citizens' corps on Washington square. The two companies will go over the following line of march:

Up Broadway to Fifth street, to Jacob, to King, to River, to Third, to Washington park, to Second street, to State, to First, to Congress, to the armory.

Sections of the fourth battery, commanded by Sergeants Gowett and Soper, will fire a salute from the foot of Division. Capt. Cusack received the following dispatch this afternoon from Capt. Egolf:

Will leave Hudson at 3:30 and will arrive at 7:30 o'clock sharp, foot of Broadway. Beautiful day, and are having a splendid time.

Reception of the Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford by the Tibbits Corps.

When Capt. Egolf of the Tibbits corps learned that the Governor's foot guard of Hartford, Connecticut, would participate in the Schuylerville centennial, he wrote tendering them a reception on the occasion of their return home. The commander of the Hartford company replied in a letter of thanks to Capt. Egolf, expressing regret that the organization would not be able to stop at Troy. This morning at 10 o'clock, however, Capt. Egolf received notice that the Hartford company would leave Saratoga at 12 o'clock on a special train, arriving in Troy at 1:30 o'clock, and would remain in this city about an hour. Although the notice was very short, Capt. Egolf hurried up the preparations, and by 1 o'clock a collation was spread at the armory for the expectant guests, and about 50 members of the corps were ready to receive their guests. The Hartford company arrived at 1:30 o'clock, accompanied by Col's celebrated band of Hartford, and a veteran association of the company numbering about 25 members. The veterans were attired in black suits, Kossuth hats, and carried staff swords. The uniform of the company consisted of scarlet jacket, yellow knee breeches, velveteen leggings, and small bearskin hats with leather fronts. They numbered 75 men and officers and appeared to be fully as well drilled as the Troy company. Col's band, one of the best in the state of Connecticut, attracted considerable attention and furnished some very fine music. The visitors were received on Broadway, and after the customary formalities the line proceeded to Third street, to Washington park, down Washington to First, to Ferry, to River, to the armory, where the collation was served, when the guests were escorted back to the depot.

—The Tibbits veteran corps, Capt. Egolf commanding, with Lieuts. Scott and Burrage, will parade about eighty men at Albany to-morrow. The Tibbits cadets, Capt. Cole, and Lieut. Buckley, will parade with full ranks, except Lieut. Foster, who is confined to his residence by typhoid fever. The fourth battery, Capt. Steenberg and Lieut. Sharpe, will turn out about sixty men. The three companies will assemble at the armory at 7:30 o'clock A. M. and take the 8 o'clock boat from the foot of Congress street. Doring's full band, the Tibbits cadets drum corps and the Troy city drum corps will accompany the Troy military, as will the Brothers' academy cadets of this city. The companies expect to reach home about 1 o'clock P. M.

—Miss Columbia will be 107 years old to-morrow. And what a lively old girl she is on her birthday, to be sure! She begins with a bang and ends with a bustle. Though lavishly powdered she is always ready for a match or a spark. Her affections may be fused, but will never be refused. If any one doubts it, let him pop. Accepting with equal courtesy Greek fire, Roman candles and Chinese crackers, she calmly rocks the cradle of Liberty, an adopted child, by the way, and will continue to rocket. If her enemies will not live at peace with her she will show them how fire works, and when she shoulders her arms look out for a "bust!" Hail, Columbia, but please do not rain to-morrow, however long you may reign, and if you hail let it be only for a short time.

—The Tibbits veteran corps, seventy strong, embarked on the City of Troy last evening, after a short march, to attend the bi-centennial celebration at Philadelphia. The corps made a fine appearance in full dress uniforms, with white fox-skin shakos. A crowd accompanied the corps from the armory to the boat. When the steamer swung around, Doring's band of twenty-five pieces played "The girl I left behind me," handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and many hilarious farewells exchanged. A number of citizens accompanied the corps, who will return Saturday.

—Complete arrangements have been made by the Tibbits veteran corps for their excursion to New York May 29 to participate in the Decoration day exercises in that city. The steamer Belle Horton has been chartered, and the corps, accompanied by Doring's band of twenty-six pieces, and the Troy city fife and drum corps, ten pieces, will embark on the evening of May 29. The corps will parade in blue uniform and white shakos, the band in red coats and black shakos, and the drum corps in white coats and black helmets, making a red, white and blue battalion.

—The Tibbits veteran corps arrived from New York about 8 o'clock this morning, after having enjoyed a very pleasant trip. They were while in New York the guests of Post Goss, G. A. R., and were handsomely entertained. They occupied the right of line of one of the divisions during the parade, and marched in platoon formation, their line being perfect. They were received with a continued round of applause throughout the line of march. They left New York on their return at 7 o'clock last evening. The corps had about ninety-five men in line, and were accompanied by twenty-five invited guests, the drum corps and Doring's full band. The *Sun* says:

The Tibbits veteran corps, headed by the Troy fife and drum corps, were applauded to the echo. Their huge white fur hats, tipped with gold tassels, and striking uniforms marked them half a mile away. They marched as if worked by machinery.

—The Tibbits Veteran corps' last reception and drill will take place on Wednesday night at the armory. Delegations from the first company, Governor's Foot Guard of Hartford, and Post 2 of Philadelphia, have sent word that they would attend. Invitations have been sent to Gov. A. B. Cornell and staff, Maj-Gen Carr and staff and Brig-Gen T. Ellery Lord and staff, also to all the officers of the military companies of this city, Albany, Cohoes and Saratoga; most of whom will be present. The reception is given by the corps to its honorary members.

—The Tibbits corps, to the number of 90, made an excellent street parade on Wednesday night. Serg't. Riley of the company missed this parade on account of sickness, it being the first he has failed to report for since the organization of the corps. Capt. Egolf is now the only member who has a clean record for attendance.

—Major Le Grand C. Tibbits, inspector on Brigadier Gen. Oliver's staff and an honorary member of the Tibbits veteran corps, was a guest at the drill of the corps last night. Major Tibbits was completely and happily surprised when Col. Egolf in the name of the corps presented him a beautiful sword and belt.

THE VETERANS' DAY.

The Clam-Bake and Camp-Fire at Young's Grove—Reminiscences of the War—A Dress Parade and a General Order—To Meet in 1891.

The parade of the survivors of the second New York volunteers yesterday, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the regiment's departure for the seat of war, was supplemented in the afternoon by a camp-fire and clam-bake at Young's grove. The veterans enjoyed the occasion as only veterans can enjoy a reunion after years of separation. It was, indeed, a memorable event, and the old soldiers who participated in the celebration will cherish recollections of the day until they shall be called to answer the roll-call on the other side of the tomb.

OFFICER OF THE DAY.

At the grove Major George W. Willson was officer of the day, and he discharged the duties of that position with marked fidelity. The major pitched his tent in a shady grove not far from the large building which had been appropriated for a dining hall.

ARMY CALLS.

Doring's band enlivened the occasion with national airs, and a *potpourri*, in which all the army calls were sounded, was highly enjoyed by the old soldiers. Dinner-call was sounded at 2:30 o'clock, and the veterans recognized it at once.

THE CLAM-BAKE.

The companies "fell in" and marched to the dining hall, where three tables extending the length of the building had been provided. Crackers and clams, baked lobsters and potatoes and other substantial edibles, prepared under direction of that experienced clam-baker, Samuel P. Eccles, were dished up to the old soldiers and their guests, accompanied by liquid refreshments, after which pipes and tobacco were passed around, and then—reminiscences of the war. Old tent-mates that had not met for many years had much to say to each other, and such remarks as "Do you remember how we got away with commissary whiskey and apple-jack?" and "I never shall forget the first night we were out there toward Big Bethel," were heard on every hand, as the warriors of a quarter of a century ago separated into little groups about the grove and "fought their battles o'er again." Then snatches of song—"We have drunk from the same canteen," etc.—echoed among the trees, and the day was a red-letter day. Gen. Carr and several of the guests arrived on the grounds at 3 o'clock, and found that although they were not on hand at "dinner call," yet their rations had not been cut off. There was enough for everybody and to spare, but a dozen or more hoodlums and young men who attempted to beat their way through and eat of the good things prepared for the veterans were promptly and summarily expelled by George Young, Mr. Eccles's assistant, and the police.

THE CHANGES OF TIME.

The twenty-three years that have passed by since the old second returned from the war and was mustered out wrought many changes, not only in the history of the country, but also in the appearance of the survivors of the regiment. Men who were then hale and hearty and in their prime are now bent with infirmities attributable to diseases contracted in the service, and their heads are white. Others hold well their age, and the changes of time are less marked upon them. An amusing incident was related on the camp-ground yesterday. Three survivors of the second regiment, Lieut. Henry Andrews of Philadelphia, Drum Major Theodore Horen of Washington and Capt. James Johnson, arrived on the steamer City of Troy Monday night, but not one of them knew that an old comrade was on board, and they failed to recognize one another until they met on the old camp-ground yesterday morning. "The only man that don't show any change to speak of is 'Red Nick,'" said an officer yesterday. "His hair has turned from a fiery red to a sort of tow color, but he's the same 'old Nick' he was twenty-five years ago."

PHOTOGRAPHING THE VETERANS.

After the clam-bake had been cleared away the veterans formed ranks in front of the dining hall, and Lloyd secured a good picture of the men in a group. A large pen-picture of Gen. Hooker—"Fighting Joe"—in a diamond-shaped frame was hung on a post, so that it occupied a prominent position in the picture of the regiment. The pen-sketch was made by Fred. K. Robinson, fourteen years of age and a son of Peter Robinson, and was presented to Capt. J. J. Hagen.

ON DRESS PARADE.

An enjoyable feature of the afternoon was a dress parade. The "assembly" was sounded at 5 o'clock and the veterans fell in again and were marched to the parade ground, an open space near the west side of the grounds, by their respective company commanders. Gen. Carr tendered the command of the parade to Col. Park, but the colonel said he preferred that the general should command. Color Sergeant O'Brien was stationed in the centre of the ground, selected for the parade and Doring's band formed to the right, with a sufficient interval for the regimental line to be formed. Adjutant J. H. Fratt formed the parade, the companies forming on the centre. The words of command, the lively music of the band as it marched down the line and back and the waving of the flag recalled the dress parades of the long ago. Yet the men were not in uniform, except hats and badges. In the place of muskets they carried canes. Still a glance at the faces and forms of the men in line was sufficient to assure one that they were veterans—soldiers that fought and bled for their country before men who are now citizens and voters were born. It was the last parade that many of the survivors of the old second regiment will participate in, and many seemed to fully realize it. There were more than 200 men in line. The declining sun shone for the last time on a dress parade in which all of the men in line yesterday would take part. It was a solemn as well as a joyful occasion.

PRESENT OR ACCOUNTED FOR.

After forming the parade Adjutant Fratt gave the command "present arms," and saluting Gen. Carr, reported: "Sir, the parade is formed." The general gave the commands "carry arms" and "order arms," and the men rested their canes upon the ground. The first sergeants were then brought "to the front and centre" by the adjutant, and to give the boys a taste of the old times, they were brought up on "the double quick." The sergeants reported, beginning on the right, "Company A present and accounted for," and so on till all the companies had reported. The adjutant sent the first sergeants to their posts and reported the result of the roll-calls to Gen. Carr.

TO MEET IN 1891.

The adjutant then commanded "Attention to orders," and read the following:

HEADQUARTERS SURVIVORS OF THE SECOND NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, CAMP WILLARD, TROY, N. Y., May 18, 1886.—General Orders No. 2: The surviving members of this command five years hence are ordered to report at Camp Willard May 18, 1891, at 9 o'clock A. M., armed and equipped as they are to-day. By order of
COL. J. B. CARR.

J. H. FRATT, Adjutant.

THE PARADE DISMISSED.

The officers then advanced to within a few feet of the commanding officer, where they halted and saluted. Gen. Carr thanked them for their attendance and the interest they had manifested. The parade was dismissed and the companies were marched from the parade ground. Before separating the companies gave cheers for Gen. Carr, Col. Park and the other officers, and a general handshaking and leave-taking followed.

REGIMENTAL REMINISCENCES.

—A creditable salute was fired by the Rensselaer steamer boys as the procession passed by Federal street.

—The regimental association has voted to place the colors carried in yesterday's parade in the hands of Capt. J. J. Hagen, president of the association.

—Two chaplains of the regiment—Lewis and Chapman—were present yesterday. "There was a time on the peninsula that we needed a chaplain to every company," said one of the veterans.

—Private Vanderzee of company I, second regiment, who attended the reunion yesterday, shot away the flag of the Merrimac in the contest with the Cumberland at Newport News. He was detailed to the gun squad and sighted the gun which shot away the flag.

—It was Miss Mary L. Seymour, now the wife of Titus E. Eddy of New York, who was one of the young ladies that presented the flag to the second regiment on the occasion of its departure for the war, and not Miss Seymour who is now Mrs. Charles E. Patterson. Mrs. Patterson was not then in her teens.

Personal.

—Prof. David M. Greene of this city, David J. Johnston of Cohoes and Samuel P. Ward of Albany were nominated as commissioners of survey, in the senate last evening.

—The Rochester Union says: "The Hon. Essek Cowen, a leading member of the eastern New York bar, and who has frequently been suggested for the court of appeals bench, is in town on legal business."

—Miss Ella C. Rodgers, now residing in this city, has been appointed by the executive committee of the New York state temperance society as a state lecturer. She is a speaker who has had success in the lecture field in other states. She has lectured extensively in Washington territory, Oregon, Montana, Dakota, Minnesota, Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Her work in New York will be non-partisan.

Taken from their Graves—Unearthing Forgotten Skeletons.

Men engaged in excavating for a water pipe at the north end of the Third street Baptist church this morning unearthed the bones of human bodies that were overlooked when the general removal of bodies from the burial ground then occupying the site was in progress several years ago. Just inside the line of the sidewalk one of the men uncovered a whole skeleton. Under the eastern portion of the walk another laborer found a skull and a small bone. The ghastly collection was placed on the curb-stone, where it was viewed by a curious throng.

A Veteran's Family Rewarded—A Large Pension after a Long Struggle.

In the fall of 1892 while Col. Egolf was receiving in Troy recruits for the second New York regiment, he enlisted Thomas Hines of Green Island. At the mustering out Hines with others was transferred to the seventieth New York regiment. At the battle of Gettysburgh he was wounded in the head by a piece of shell and was removed to a hospital, from which he was transferred to the invalid corps, where he remained until the close of the war, when he was discharged. He returned home, but his mind had been affected by the Gettysburgh shell and he was placed in the Utica insane asylum. Col. Egolf, while attending a grand army encampment in that city eleven years ago, met Hines, and the matter of a pension then first suggested itself. Mrs. Hines, who was struggling nobly for the support of herself and three children, received a promise that efforts would be made to obtain a pension. The late Samuel Hanna, pension agent, took charge of the case, assisted by Col. Egolf. It was found necessary to transfer Hines to the soldiers' insane asylum at Washington. Mr. Hanna died and F. O. Dorr carried on the struggle. Saturday, after eleven years' efforts, Mrs. Hines, who is still a resident of Green Island, received pension papers for \$7,862.60 with an allowance for the future of \$75 per month. Mrs. Hines's emotion upon realizing her good fortune was so great that she burst into tears. The pension is the largest ever received by a resident of this vicinity.

12

23

LOCAL MILITIA RECORD

SOME FACTS OF INTEREST.

Service in the National Guard and Regular Army—Data From the Official Register—Showing Where Officers Did Duty.

The official register of the National Guard of the state is not an absorbingly interesting literary work, but among its pages are some facts of interest to Trojans which we reproduce. The register gives the military record of each officer of the National Guard residing in Troy and Cohoes, showing where the officer was born, what service he did, if any, during the rebellion, and the length of his service in the guard, as well as the active service rendered by such command since the organization.

THE BIG GUNS.

The first Trojan is Gen. J. B. Carr, whose birth place is given as New York, and whose commission as commander of the third division dates from 1867. His regular army record is: Colonel, 2d N. Y. vols., May 10, 1861; brigadier-general U. S. vols., Sept. 7, 1862; mustered out Aug. 24, 1865; brevet major-general U. S. vols., March 13, 1865. And his militia record: Second lieutenant, 24th regt., August 4, 1851; first lieutenant, June 3, 1854; captain, September 15, 1854; major, August 4, 1853; colonel, June 4, 1860; entered N. Y. vols., May 10, 1861; major-general, January 23, 1867.

The staff officers' record is as follows: Col. D. M. Greene, born in New York, served during the war as third assistant engineer, U. S. N., May 21, 1861; second assistant engineer, October 22, 1862; first assistant engineer, April 11, 1865; resigned September, 1869. He was appointed colonel and engineer of the third in 1873. Col. Lee Chamberlain was born in New York, and began serving in the National Guard as adjutant, 97th regt., December 14, 1864; major, June 7, 1866; lieutenant-colonel and quartermaster, 3d division, December 28, 1868, colonel and assistant adjutant-general, November 5, 1869. Col. John Don was born in Scotland and was appointed captain and aid-de-camp, 31 div., March 2, 1872; lieutenant colonel and commissary subsistence, January 1, 1873. Dr. Matthew H. Burton, who ranks as colonel on the staff, began service in the militia as surgeon, 24th regt., December 27, 1854; surgeon, 10th brig., June 15, 1860; colonel and surgeon, 3d div., April 21, 1876. His place of birth is also given as this state.

Lieut. Col. Aaron Vall was born in Spain, according to the register, and began service in 1880. Lieut. Col. H. M. Alden's soldier life dates from 1874, and Lieut. Col. Le Grand C. Tibbits of Hoosac put on the uniform in 1883. Lieut. Col. James Kemp was made a captain on the staff in 1873, major in 1877, and lieutenant colonel and quartermaster later in the same year. Maj. Will C. Carr has not served in the regular army or national guard service, except on the staff, and Maj. Arthur MacArthur began his military career as private in the sixth separate company in 1877, and was made a major in 1881.

THE COMPANIES

Speaking of the companies, the register gives the following sketch of the Citizens' corps:

The corps was organized September 23, 1835. On the breaking out of the war the members of the company, practically, all joined in the United States forces, and the company was compelled to suspend all action as an organization. November 29, 1876, the company was reorganized, and February 20, 1877, mustered into the state service. Under the orders of the governor of the state, the company aided the civil authority in December, 1839, in quelling resistance by the anti-renters; again, in 1844, under the orders of the mayor of Troy; in 1850, it assisted in suppressing a riot in the northern part of the city of Troy; and in July, 1877, during the railroad riots, it performed duty at West Albany, at which time 97 men, out of a strength of 103, responded to the call.

Capt. Cusack's birth-place is given as New York, and his service in the militia as follows: Captain, Co. G, 24th regt., September 12, 1862; major, August 2, 1867; lieutenant-colonel, January 6, 1869; honorably discharged October 4, 1869; captain 6th separate company, February 3, 1877.

First Lieutenant Thompson began service as a private in the corps in 1877, and has served as sergeant and second lieutenant.

George D. Smith is the only officer who has served in the field during the rebellion, his record being: Private, Co. K, 2d N. Y. vols., May 20, 1861; corporal; sergeant; first sergeant; honorably discharged as such on account of wounds, September 24, 1862. He has served in the militia since 1866.

Dr. C. C. Schuyler was elected surgeon of the company in 1883, and his service dates back no further.

Of the Tibbits Veteran corps the register says:

"The company consists only of such men as have served the United States in the army or navy, during the war of the rebellion and have been honorably discharged. The company was in the state service at West Albany during the railroad riots in July, 1877."

It states that Capt. Egolf was born in Pennsylvania and gives his record as follows: In the army of the United States: Private, Co. D, 2d N. Y. vols., April 19, 1861; first sergeant, May 14, 1861; second lieutenant, September 16, 1861; first lieutenant, August 31, 1862; captain, November 10, 1862; honorably discharged, May 23, 1863; first lieutenant, 125th N. Y. vols., March 23, 1864; captain, May 8, 1864; major, November 10, 1864; honorably discharged (loss of right arm), January 5, 1865; state brevet lieutenant-colonel, N. Y. vols., May 13, 1866. In the National guard: Lieutenant colonel and ordnance officer, 3d div., N. G. S. N. Y., May 4, 1867; colonel and engineer, 3d div., September 25, 1872; chief of artillery, October 6, 1873; resigned April 23, 1876; captain, 4th (now 12th) separate company, May 18, 1876.

First Lieut. I. Seymour Scott, it seems, is an Ohio man and served as private, Co. B, 30th N. Y. volunteers, May 24, 1861; second lieutenant, May 24, 1861; first lieutenant, October 24, 1861; captain, January 27, 1862; honorably discharged June 18, 1863. He has served in the militia since 1864, and has been colonel and chief of artillery.

Second Lieut. E. W. Burrage served during the war as follows: Private, 11th N. Y. Indep. battery of artillery, September, 1861; discharged on account of wounds December 30, 1862; private, Co. F, 2d N. Y. Vet. vol. cavalry, June, 1863; quartermaster sergeant; first sergeant; honorably discharged October, 1865; was elected from the ranks to be second lieutenant February 23, 1883.

The officers of the Tibbits cadets are recorded as follows in the line of service:

Capt. Edmund L. Cole—Private, July 24, 1863, 21st N. Y. vol. cavalry; discharged August 28, 1865. Private, fourth separate company, March 1876; dropped September, 1877; captain, 21st separate company, March 7, 1878.

Samuel Foster—First lieutenant, Co. G, 92d regiment, August, 1863; resigned September, 1867; private, ninth separate company, February 7, 1877; first lieutenant 21st Separate company, July 10, 1878.

Lawrence Buckley—Private, Co. E, 24th regiment, September, 1865 to 1868; color sergeant, disbanded 1875; private, 21st separate company, May 11, 1880; second lieutenant, September 12, 1881.

But two officers of the battery are returned, First Lieut. James E. Sharp, who began service as a private in 1873, bugler in 1879 and first lieutenant in 1882. Second Lieut. Gilbert W. Jewett entered the 4th N. Y. volunteer artillery August 20, 1862 and served to the close of the war. In the battery he served as first sergeant and second lieutenant.

Capt. Chadwick of the 7th separate company of Cohoes went to the front with the 7th N. Y. regiment during the war. He afterward served as adjutant of the 100 N. Y. volunteers, and as captain and assistant adjutant-general United States volunteers, remaining in active service until 1864. He has been captain of the Cohoes company since 1876, and did duty with the company at Albany during the railroad riots of 1877. First Lieut. Parker G. Tymerson of the same company served as private and corporal of Battery H, 3d N. Y. volunteers from 1861 to 1864. Second-Lieut. T. C. Collins entered the company as private in 1876 and was elected second-lieutenant in 1881. The total strength of the national guard of the state is given as 11,548.

A COMPANY'S PURPOSE.

The Tibbits Veteran Corps Resolves to Leave the National Guard—A Statement from Col. Egolf—The Company's Grievances.

A rumor having gained prominence in this city that the Tibbits veteran corps, composed solely of soldiers and sailors of the late war, was about to leave the national guard of the state of New York, Col. Joseph Egolf was asked for a statement of the company's grievances.

COL. EGOLF'S STATEMENT.

Col. Egolf made the following statement: The corps was organized in March, 1876, and governed by the military code of the state, by which I had the right to enlist a veteran of the late war for one or five years, as he might select. The present code, passed in the winter of 1883, says in article six, section forty-three, that in the first instance a man may be enlisted for a term of not less than five nor more than seven years. We claim that war veterans should be credited with the time served on the field of battle, and not be put on an equality in the matter of enlistment in the national guard, with men whose only military service has been in the militia at home, or, in other words, a man who served five years in the national guard is the veteran and can enlist thereafter for the term of one year, while the soldier who fought from 1861 to 1865, if he desires to enlist in the national guard, in the first instance is considered by the new code a raw recruit.

TO LEAVE THE NATIONAL GUARD.

We, at a recent meeting, unanimously resolved to leave the national guard. We further agreed to keep up our organization and do our duty as soldiers until the last man's term of service expires, unless we are previously mustered out by orders from headquarters. Since the meeting I have consulted with my company and they have resolved to leave the national guard as fast as their several terms of enlistment expire. I am to recruit sons of veterans and other young men who desire to enlist, and by so doing keep up the twelfth separate company. At present I will be governed by the wishes of my men in this respect. I only have one object in view now, that is to complete the establishment in this city of the grand army memorial hall. If I can complete this and my officers will retire and give some one else a chance to command, and I feel that our citizens will say we have done our duty, both on the field and as members of the national guard.

THEIR PURPOSE.

The old veterans will then organize an independent company without arms, for I suppose the present administration will not permit us to carry arms. We have no complaints to make, but still think those who served their country for over four and a half years and the state of New York seven and a half years should be treated fairly and with justice and not put on a par with men who spent no time in actual service during our late civil war.

DAY, JANUARY 7, 1885

THE RETIRING VETERANS

And Gen. Tibbits Trust Fund of \$100,000.

The month of December, 1884, has shown the greatest change in the records of the Tibbits Veteran corps of any since the organization in March, 1876. During the month 36 veterans have been discharged, 26 sons of veterans enlisted, and 15 applications are awaiting action of the company. Truly the sons are taking the places of their fathers rapidly. There is room in the corps for only 12 more. The term of service of the remainder of the old men will not expire until early spring and summer. There seems to be no trouble in filling the ranks of this old and reliable organization. Why should there be? It has been the most liberal company in the state to its members. There has not been an initiation fee, no monthly dues, uniforms, arms and equipments have been furnished free of charge, and not an enlisted man has been court-martialed. It is a command that all feel proud of. Its record is not a picked up one, but is carved on the pages of history, with sword and bayonet in letters of blood. Its name and heroic deeds are not confined to the city of Troy alone. Go where you will the people speak with reverence of the Tibbits Veteran corps of Troy. The command has been an honor to the city. The only expense the members of the corps have had to stand, has been \$1.25 in case of death, to pay funeral expenditures. Since the organization of the company it has visited many places and has always returned with laurels. Before the old men finally retire they have concluded to make a lengthy western trip, accompanied by the sons who shoulder arms in their stead. Upon their return the father's will yield up the sword and rifle to their sons, and then all the old "Vets" will step down and out, unless the country should want their services again, when as before they will be ready to take mother earth for their bed, and their nation's broad blue sky for a blanket as of old. The men retire with the hope that the land they defended on the field will ever remain one nation, America, with but one flag to protect all, and that, the red, white and blue. The old veterans feel safe in leaving the record in the hands of their sons.

AN UNUSED TRUST FUND.

At the death of Gen. W. B. Tibbits he left a trust fund of \$100,000 to erect a Soldiers' home in Troy, providing the citizens of Troy would, within five years, subscribe \$50,000. No effort has been made up to this time to raise the \$50,000, and the trust term will expire on February 10th next should the \$50,000 not be subscribed at that time, and then the Tibbits Veteran corps is entitled, from the estate, to \$8,333.34 with \$500 add for the past year, making \$8,833.34. The \$100,000 reverts to the Tibbits' estate, and upon the payment of the \$8,833.34 all further payments to the Tibbits Veteran corps ceases. The corps being incorporated so as to receive legacies, the money will be invested so as to bring the best interest, and used as a charity fund for the men who have proved themselves worthy on the battle-field and at home. A complete history of the Tibbits Veteran corps will be placed in the hands of the printer in a short time. It will give the true military record of the men, their service in the war, being taken from the record of their companies and regiments, or the arm of the service they were in; also, a word of the company and what it has done

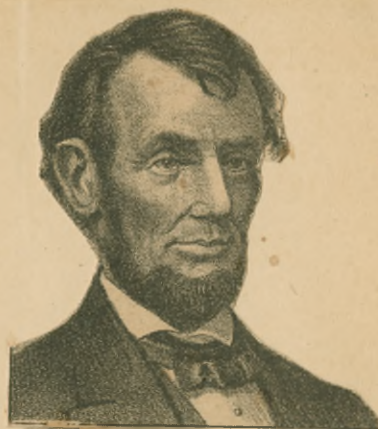
since the war. The historian engaged on this work will make it a truthful one, not one based upon supposition, or to suit the person or persons.

COLONEL WILLARD'S PISTOL.

Story of a Rebel Sergeant--Something About Troy's Relic Rooms.

TROY, Sept. 15.—Just now Col. Joseph Egolf who has charge of Troy's war relic room is engaged in an interesting mission. It is an endeavor to find the whereabouts of a pistol which the late Col. T. L. Willard, of Troy, carried in the war. A few days ago G. W. Tucker came to Troy. While at the American house he learned that the 125th regiment of New York volunteers was raised in Troy and he became interested at once. He sought Colonel Egolf and to him told the story which follows. Mr. Tucker was sergeant of couriers on Rebel General A. P. Hill's staff during the war. Sergeant Tucker was present at the surrender of Harper's Ferry when the 125th regiment were taken prisoners. For some time after the surrender a battery located on one of the heights kept up a firing. Sergeant Tucker took a piece of tent and fastened it to a stick and hoisted it as a flag of truce. This had the desired effect and the firing ceased. Col. Willard thanked him for that act and handed him his beautiful pistol with the remark: "while I am compelled to surrender, you may as well have this pistol as anyone." Sergeant Tucker never saw Col. Willard again. At the battle of Chancellorsville, Sergeant Tucker was taken prisoner. The first officer he met was Lieutenant or Captain Dimmock of a battery, and to him he surrendered his side arms, including Col. Willard's pistol. He explained the circumstances of obtaining the pistol to Captain Dimmock and requested him to return the pistol to Colonel Willard should he ever meet him. Col. Egolf is now trying to find some trace of Captain Dimmock and if possible will obtain possession of the pistol. Sergeant Tucker was twice wounded during the war. He was an interesting gentleman to converse with and spent hours in the relic rooms looking over the relics. He said if such a collection was in the south it would be highly prized and appreciated. With much reluctance Colonel Egolf admitted that such was not the case here. He has spent years of time and much money in collecting the relics and they are conveniently arranged in large rooms which are kept open free to the public. There are few collections of war relics in the country which can equal it, yet the citizens of Troy do not take interest enough in the matter to visit the rooms. If they were in a strange city they would go miles and pay a big admission fee to see far less inferior collections. At a meeting of the veteran association this week a committee was appointed to devise means to keep the rooms open free to the public, but if the citizens of Troy do not take a greater interest in the rooms they will be closed and the relics will be sent where they will be appreciated. It would be a lasting disgrace to Troy to lose this valuable collection now. The association is willing to work hard to keep the rooms open. Strangers visiting them are always welcome. The veterans would like to see the men and women there who years ago bade them God-speed as they went to the front and made it possible for this city to have such a rare collection of war relics. Patriotic citizens should arouse

themselves and see to it that the relics do not leave Troy and that the rooms are not closed.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
BORN IN KENTUCKY FEBRUARY 12TH 1809.
PRESIDENT FROM 1861 TO 1865. DIED APRIL 15TH 1865.
AGED 56 YEARS.

LINCOLN'S LAST LAUGH.

An Actor's Wit Brings Down the House and the President.

[From the Washington Chronicle.]

On the night of April 14, 1865, Mr. Lincoln, accompanied by his wife, Miss Harris and Major Rathbone of Albany, N. Y., was occupying a box at Ford's theatre, in the city of Washington. The play was "Our American Cousin," with Sothorn in the principal rôle. Mr. Lincoln was enjoying it greatly. Lee had surrendered on the 9th; on the 13th the war was everywhere regarded as ended, and upon that day Secretary Stanton had telegraphed to Gen. Dix, governor of New York, requesting him to stop the draft.

Sothorn as Lord Dundreary was at his best. Lincoln was delighted. The lines which care and responsibility had so deeply graven on his brow were now scarcely visible. Before leaving for the theatre he had pronounced it the happiest day of his life. He looked, indeed, as if he now fully realized the consummation of the long-cherished and fondest aspiration of his heart. He was at length the undisputed chief magistrate of a confederation of states constituting the freest and most powerful commonwealth of modern times.

At some period of the performance Sothorn appeared on the stage with Miss Meredith, the heroine, on one arm, and a wrap or shawl carelessly thrown over the other. The latter seated herself upon a garden lounge placed on the stage near the box occupied by the President on this occasion. Lord Dundreary retires a few paces distant from the rustic seat, when Miss Meredith, glancing languidly at his lordship, exclaims:

"Me lord, will you kindly throw my shawl over my shoulder? There appears to be a draught here!"

Sothorn, at once complying with the request, advanced with the mincing step that immortalized him, and with a merry twinkle of the eye and a significant glance directed at Mr. Lincoln, responded to the happy importmtu:

"You are mistaken, Miss Mary, the draft has already been stopped by order of the president."

This sally caused Mr. Lincoln to laugh as few except himself could laugh, and an outburst of merriment resounded from all parts of the house. It was Mr. Lincoln's last laugh.

A NOBLE LIFE ENDED.

MRS. MARIA PRESCOTT'S CHARITABLE WORK.

The Founding of the Children's Home ; A Great Undertaking Carried on by one Woman ; The Troy Orphan Asylum and its Mission.



In the death of Mrs. Maria Prescott, which occurred on Tuesday, Troy lost one of its most noble women ; one whose kindly deeds of charity have won for her the respect of all who knew her. Mrs. Prescott was the daughter of Medad Candee, of Stillwater. She was born in Albany, July 29th, 1800. On the 13th of February 1821, she was married to Ebenezer Prescott and they settled in Troy, then a small village. Shortly after arriving Mrs. Prescott joined the First Presbyterian church and has always been an active member of that body.

In 1858 a number of benevolent ladies of this city organized for the purpose of providing a home for indigent children, where they might be cared for and educated. A formal organization was perfected Oct. 26th of that year and was called the Children's Home. A soliciting committee, of which Mrs. Prescott was made chairman, was appointed and began the work of raising funds. Success attended their efforts from the start and in 1861 by an act of the Legislature the Home was incorporated. In 1866 by a special act the name was changed to the Day Home. In 1879 Mr. E. Thompson Gale erected a handsome building just north of the old building at the head of Congress street. This building was erected by Mr. Gale as a memorial to his son, A. De Forrest Gale, and was presented by him to the Home.

A large number of children have been educated and trained for useful lives in this worthy institution. The average attendance at the school is now about 100. Mrs. Prescott was deeply interested in the children and paid daily visits to the school room showing great personal interest in each scholar. She has been on the board of trustees ever since the founding of the Home and has always been foremost in any movement tending to its advancement. She was also one of the founders of the Troy Orphan Asylum and gave it her earnest support. She was a frequent

visitor at the asylum and always had a kind word, and cheery smile for the little ones.

Her charity extended in every direction and besides assisting materially in public institutions and charitable enterprises, she found time to seek out the needy and give timely aid to those in want. She had been indisposed for about two months but did not take to her bed until about two weeks previous to her death. She met death calmly and with perfect resignation, her only regret being the parting with her aged husband to whom she was married 64 years. Mr. Prescott who is 93 years of age feels the death of his wife deeply.

FEBRUARY 7, 1886

TROY'S OLDEST MALE INHABITANT.



EBENEZER PRESCOTT, BORN JULY 21, 1792.

EBENEZER PRESCOTT.

Troy's oldest male inhabitant, now resides with his granddaughter at 715 Fulton street, this city, in the 94th year of his age, in fairly good health, except that he is somewhat troubled with sleeplessness. His appearance is good, and does not fully indicate his advanced age. He has been blind for about twelve years, and is a little hard of hearing, so that it is necessary to speak somewhat loud to make him understand. His memory and mind are still good, and he speaks freely in regard to Troy in his younger days, remembering events, persons and localities with vivid distinctness. He was born at Northampton, Mass., July 21, 1792, and when eleven months old (June 15, 1793) came to Troy with his father, Fortunatus Prescott, and his family, which consisted of his wife and four children besides Ebenezer. The Prescotts were brought here in a wagon by John Barrows, senior, who made a map of Troy in 1791. Barrows's wife, Bertha, was also one of that wagon load of emigrants to the modern incipient Ilium. Ebenezer Prescott has lived in Troy continuously ever since, and is Troy's oldest male inhabitant. Mr. Prescott is descended from a

HISTORIC FAMILY

in a double sense. He is of the sixth generation in lineal descent from John Prescott who emigrated from Lancaster, England, in 1640, and came to Boston and Watertown, Mass. The family Bible containing all the records for more than two centuries was destroyed in the great fire in Troy in 1862. The great grandfather of the historian, William Hickling Prescott, was Oliver Prescott, M.D., who died in 1804, and he was a brother of the great grandfather of Ebenezer Prescott. The wife of ex-Mayor Uri Gilbert is a daughter of Ebenezer Prescott's sister. His grandfather, Ebenezer Prescott, was a soldier of the Revolutionary war and died in the service. His father, Fortunatus Prescott, born in Warwick, Mass., 1761, married Phebe Bartlett, of Northampton, Mass., Jan. 30, 1783. She was born in 1762, and died March 17, 1850, having resided in Troy for about fifty-seven years. Fortunatus was a blacksmith, had a large shop, with a trip-hammer, a rare machine in those days. He too was a soldier of the Revolutionary army, was

IN THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL,

and a sergeant in General Stark's body-guard at the battle of Bennington. He lived in Troy from 1793 until his death in 1819. He left four sons and four daughters, of whom Ebenezer is the sole survivor.

Ebenezer's schooling was not extensive, as he commenced to take care of himself early in life.

WHEN A BOY

he learned the business of painting, and at 18 years of age opened for himself a painter's and glazier's shop on the present site of the Burdett building on River street. In 1812 he took a government contract to make several thousand canteens and knapsacks. The canteens were of wood and the knapsacks of linen duck, with the letters "U. S." painted in black on each. After the war he did the painting and glazing for the U. S. Watervliet arsenal, then being constructed. His business was prosperous, and he engaged in real estate operations. He made considerable purchases of lots from the middle Patrol, Jacob D. Vanderheyden, mostly east of Sixth street, and at one time was a large owner of property in the vicinity of Fifth street, north of Broadway. He laid out lots, opened streets, was

A BUILDER

for others, and besides erected buildings for sale or to rent. He built a number of fine residences, one of the finest being located on the site of the Catholic hospital, at the head of Fulton street, commanding sightly views of the river and city. William H. Young, the bookseller, then a school boy, attending school on Fifth street, remembers seeing Mr. Prescott in the summer of 1828 on the roof of St. Paul's Church, corner of Third and State streets, sanding the corners of the cornice of the edifice, which had then just been painted by Mr. Prescott. The boys hallooed to Prescott to look out not to fall. The new church of St. Paul's, now standing, was consecrated by Bishop Hobart on Saturday, August 16th, 1828. John S. Perry, still living in Troy at an advanced age, was a partner with Prescott in the painting and

glazing business more than half a century ago—somewhere about 1832. The Troy Directory of 1830, fifty-six years ago, referring to the business of Troy, says: "The sash factory owned by E. Prescott & Co. made last year 28,500 lights of sash, and employed two men." John E. Prescott, a brother of Ebenezer, was the

FIRST VICTIM OF CHOLERA IN 1832.

His physician was Dr. Coffin, a Thompsonian. The doctors insisted that he died of an overdose of nostrums (cayenne pepper). There were 401 deaths from cholera in Albany that summer, and eighty were reported in Troy, but it was claimed that not half of the Troy deaths were reported.

Ebenezer Prescott erected a shop for his business on the site of the Old Masonic Hall building, River street, which was destroyed by fire in 1842. In that year he commenced, and completed in 1843

THE OLD MASONIC HALL

building now standing on River street. After that time his business mostly was the care of his real estate. On the assessment rolls just completed, Mr. Prescott appears as a real estate holder to the extent of \$43,400. Mr. Prescott is the oldest member of the Masonic Fraternity in Troy, having been for

SEVENTY-TWO YEARS A MASON.

He joined Apollo Lodge in October, 1814, was one of the founders of King Solomon's Lodge, of which he became junior warden, and was also King of Apollo Chapter. He was at one time active

was a Federal, then a Bucktail, then a Whig, and finally a Republican. He never split his ticket, but twice, once when he voted for Governor Marcy, and once when he voted for Mayor Fitzgerald. In the latter case he thinks he made a mistake. He was coroner of the county for six years, city assessor for two years, and an alderman for the third ward in 1836. He was a director for a number of years of the old Troy & Schenectady railroad, then owned by the city. In his youth he was a

MEMBER OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, (Dr. Coe's), and remembers carrying to the sanctum a foot stove to keep his mother's feet warm. Those severe early Christians thought it was a sin to make the church comfortable by a fire in winter or by having a cushioned seat to doze in. Their descendants have got grandly over that sort of scrupulousness since. There being no fire the good Dr. Coe preached in his overcoat, with striped knit mittens on his hands, in winter. Mr. Prescott has remained through all the years a member of that church, and was a liberal contributor to the construction of the present church edifice.

The History of Rensselaer County, by N. B. Sylvester, says truly: "Mr. Prescott's life has been mainly devoted to business; he has been a friend to those in need, assisting many in business, often incurring great loss to himself thereby. He is social, manly and possesses that force of character which commands the respect of his fellow men, and that integrity in all his business operations, and true regard for justice, which give him a place in the hearts of the people."

APRIL 11, 1886.



EMMA WILLARD.

Mrs. Emma Willard was the first person in America to attempt placing female education on a level with the best that is offered to the male sex, and her success in her efforts, combined with natural graces and great intellectual powers, has justly placed her name high in the roll of famous women of the nineteenth century. Born in Berlin, Conn., in 1787, she reached girlhood without enjoying many of the educational advantages that are now common in our schools. Yet she used all opportunities presented, and in early life had attained a good education. Her first attempts at teaching were highly successful and attracted the attention of the trustees of some of the best schools. She accepted a position to teach in the academy at Westfield, Mass., and was distinguished for her abilities to improve the modes of teaching then practiced. In August, 1809, she was

MARRIED TO DR JOHN WILLARD

of Middlebury, Vt., and from that date until 1814, she did not engage in teaching. In 1814 she opened in Middlebury a school for girls. Knowing how low and unworthy were the aims and results of the plans for educating girls, and being especially struck with the difference between the collegiate career of a young man and the highest culture which the schools of the day furnished young women, she entered upon the work of raising the

standard of female education. To that end she introduced new and higher studies into her school and issued to the public an address in which she proposed a "plan for improving female education." The plan attracted considerable attention and a copy having been sent to Governor DeWitt Clinton he immediately wrote to Mrs. Willard expressing a desire that she would remove her school to the State of New York. He recommended the plan in his message to the Legislature of New York. Mrs. Willard called upon Governor Clinton and received assurance that he would aid her in her efforts to establish a great educational institution for girls, somewhere in New York State. An act was passed by the Legislature incorporating the proposed

INSTITUTE AT WATERFORD, N. Y., and giving female seminaries a share in the literary fund. This was the first law passed by any legislature with the direct object of improving female education. In 1819 Mrs. Willard removed to Waterford and opened her school. Higher mathematics and the study of languages were introduced and the results were very gratifying. The course when completed, was designed to fit a young lady for any station in life. The fund allowed the school by the State was not sufficient to carry out the plans, and Mrs. Willard, urged by a few of our public spirited citizens, removed to Troy. Here substantial inducements were offered her and she founded

THE TROY FEMALE SEMINARY,

which afterward attained fame as the leading school for girls, throughout all the states, indeed throughout America. Students from all quarters came to this school, living within the precincts of the seminary. In time Mrs. Willard's plan was adopted by many other schools and seminaries and the gift of large sums of money to a few of these institutions enabled them to fulfill the entire plan, thus rivaling and soon excelling the great seminary at Troy. Gradually the number of students decreased as the facilities in other schools increased and the seminary in time lost its rank for no reason other than lack of sufficient funds wherewith to carry out the noble ideas of its founder. Mrs. Willard remained actively engaged as preceptress and superior until 1830, when failing health compelled her to seek rest and recreation. She visited Europe in that year and was received with honor in all the educational institutions which she visited. Returning, she published an account of her travels and applied the profits on the sale of the book to the improvement in the education of females in Greece. In 1838 Mrs. Willard resigned charge of the seminary and returning to Hartford devoted herself to literary labor.

Mrs. Willard was the author of several works on history, a volume demonstrating the cause of the circulation of the blood, which attracted favorable notice from the scientists of Europe, also many addresses and pamphlets on educational topics. A volume of poems published late in her life contains many gems, notably the well known

OCEAN HYMN.

We give the first verse:

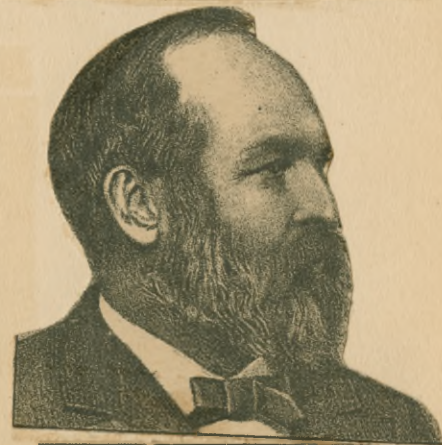
"Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord, hast power to save.
I know thou wouldst not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep."

This hymn was set to music by the celebrated English composer and vocalist, Knight, and became a famous melody on both continents. It has several times been set to music, but Knight's is the best known and accepted version. Another extract from Mrs. Willard's poems, though not so meritorious is nevertheless often quoted in New York State:

"DeWitt Clinton, that great freeman,
Fell down stairs and broke his knee-pan."

Mrs. Willard left an honored name and fame, and will be identified forever with those whose works remain a monument to their goodness and genius. We quote in conclusion her own words.

"In the regions where immortal spirits hold blest communion, we may meet with those who perchance are led thither by means to which we have been instrumental; and with them look down with joy upon the good which is maturing upon earth—the souls that are ripening for Heaven."



JAMES A. GARFIELD
BORN IN OHIO, NOVEMBER 19, 1831.
PRESIDENT 8 MONTHS & 15 DAYS IN 1881. DIED SEPT. 19, 1881.
AGED 49 YEARS.

SAURDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 30, 1881.

"Why Should They Kill My Baby."

BY WILL CARLETON.

[The aged mother of the President is reported to have exclaimed as above upon hearing the news of his attempted assassination.]

Why should they kill my baby?—for he seems the same to me

As when, in the morning twilight, I tossed him on my knee,

And sowed for him hopes to blossom when he should become a man,

And dreamed for him such a future as only a mother can.

I looked ahead to the noon-time with proud but trembling joy;

I had a vision of splendor for my sweet, bright-eyed boy;

But little enough I fancied that when he had gained renown,

Base Envy's poisoned bullet would suddenly strike him down.

Why should they want to kill him? Because he had cut his way

Through Poverty's gloomy woodland out into the open day,

And sent a shout of good cheer to those who were yet within,

That Honor is born of striving, and Honesty yet can win?

Or was it because from boyhood he manfully bared his breast,

To fight for the poor and lowly, and aid the sore oppressed?

Ah! me, the world is working upon a treacherous plan,

When he who has struck for mankind is stricken down by man!

Or did they begrudge his mother the hand he reached her still,

No odds how high he clambered up Fortune's glittering hill?

For in his proudest life-day he turned from the honors of earth,

And came and tenderly kissed me—the mother who gave him birth.

Shame to the wretch that struck him, and grieves that it did not kill!

And pity for his poor mother, if she be living still, may God in his mercy aid him his black crime to atone.

And help me to forgive him—I can not do it alone.

[Subject of Illustration.]

COL. JOSEPH EGOLF.**One of the Best Known Military Men
In the State.**

Troy, July 20.—Colonel Joseph Egolf, an excellent likeness of whom appears in today's *GLOBE*, was born at Carlisle, Pa., February 14, 1830. Colonel Egolf has a past which reads like a romance. His grandfather was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, his father and two uncles served in the war of 1812, two uncles and four cousins were soldiers in the Mexican war, and an uncle, eight cousins, two nephews and a half brother served in the late civil war, the half brother being killed at the second battle of Bull Run. It will thus be seen that the colonel comes of good fighting stock. In 1838 Mr. Egolf came to Troy and worked at the moulder's trade until the breaking out of the rebellion. He was a member of Niagara Engine Company, No. 7, before the war and a charter member of Moulders' Union, No. 2. He took an active part in the rescue of the slave Nalley, and he was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln. Politically he was an old Whig, and none worked or fought harder on election day for Abraham Lincoln than he. The excitement ran so high and such a bitter feeling existed at that time that on the evening of election day, Mr. Egolf was mobbed in a leading saloon of this city and was compelled on that occasion to fight his first battle of the war. Leaving the Empire foundry and a salary of \$45 a week he repaired to the Washington market and recruited D Company, Second Regiment, N. Y. S. V., Michael Cassidy, captain. From this time to the close of the war he was continually in the service. May 14, 1861, he was elected first sergeant of the company. After drilling at the old fair grounds, the regiment started for the seat of war May 18, 1861. Excepting the battle of Big Bethel and Newmarket Bridge, camp duty, drilling, picket duty and reconnoitering was the order of the day with the Second Regiment for the fourteen months. Sergeant Egolf was promoted to second lieutenant in September, 1862; first lieutenant in October, 1862, and was made a captain in January, 1863. He served with the regiment for two years, fearlessly performing all duties required of him by his superior officers, and during that time participated in the following engagements: Big Bethel, under fire during the Monitor and Merrimac engagement, at the taking of Norfolk, Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Williamsburg, seven days' retreat from Richmond, first and second battles at Malvern Hill, Bristow Station, where he was wounded in the throat, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. He was highly commended for bravery by General Joe Hooker, at Williamsburg. He was mustered out at Troy, May 24, 1863, and was appointed superintendent of recruiting for Rensselaer county by Gov. Seymour. He re-entered the service with the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth N. Y. S. V. in the winter of 1864 and was rapidly promoted through the grades of first lieutenant and captain until in November, of that year, he was made brevet lieutenant colonel of volunteers. He was with the regiment at the battles of North Anna

river, Tolopotomy Creek, Hawi's Shop, Cold Harbor, Jerusalem Plank Road, Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plains mine explosion and at Reems Station, where he lost his right arm. At the last named battle Col. Egolf was in command of the regiment. Every inch of the ground where he fought was contested by the enemy. Leading the men in an effort to dislodge the enemy from their position, which afforded a cross fire upon our men, he received his wound. He was at first reported dead, but later reports proved that though severely wounded he was alive but a prisoner. When the report of his death reached Troy, the following tribute, appearing in the *Troy Times*, under date of August 31, 1864, voiced the general regard for him: "There are few officers whose loss will cause a more profound regret in this city and neighborhood than that of Capt. Egolf, and our pen can scarcely do adequate justice to his conspicuous bravery and military services, and purity of private character."

He lived without a foe; he died with regrets on every lip—for even the frequency of such events does not dull the popular sympathy over a loss like his." These words were penned of him when he was thought to be dead. All that is good in them remained when it was learned that he was living. Col. Egolf was confined in Libby Prison, paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md. He received his discharge in January, 1865, and upon his return to Troy he engaged in the cigar business. He was a charter member of Post Willard, was commissioned on the third division staff, Gen. J. B. Carr commanding, as Lieutenant-Colonel, was Chief of Ordnance in 1867 and Colonel and Chief of Artillery in 1873. He then resigned and organized the Tibbits Veteran Corps, in honor of General William B. Tibbits. In 1876, Colonel Egolf received his commission as a Captain in the N. G. S. N. Y. He was instrumental in organizing the Tibbits Cadets, and through his persuasion the Troy Citizens' Corps went into the National Guard of the State. Colonel Egolf has always taken a deep interest in public affairs and has planned and carried to a successful termination the largest and most hospitable receptions ever tendered visiting organizations in Troy. He was an excise commissioner with Gen. J. B. Carr and Maj. W. E. Kisselburgh, and was the founder and organizer of Post Tibbits. He organized and was the first president of the Ex-Union Prisoners of War Association of Troy, and the founder of the War Relic Room at 270 River street. He has been senior and vice-commander of the G. A. R. of New York state, aid-de-camp on the department commander's staff and inspector-general of the New York State G. A. R. He is a member of King Solomon's Lodge, No. 911, F. & A. M., member of the Exempt Firemen's Association, superintendent of burial of soldiers, sailors and marines of Rensselaer county, and a member of the Association of the Army of the Potomac, Second Army Corps, and the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Regiment. He is also an honorary member of Doring's and Maschke's bands, Philadelphia Post. G. A. R., Post Goss 330, New York city, Paterson Light Guards, Veteran Zouaves of Elizabeth, N. J., Tibbits Cadets and the Governor's Foot Guards of Hartford, Conn.

Colonel Egolf is the bearer of many titles and the owner of many badges and medals, all of which he assumes with becoming modesty. Few men are so well known in Troy and abroad as he. He was one of the first to rally around the flag after it had been fired upon at Fort Sumter and he would be one of the first to answer the call to-day. Personally the colonel is a courteous and genial man, of strictly upright character and modest and gentlemanly bearing. All who know him are proud to call him friend, and we take great pleasure in placing his portrait before the many *GLOBE* readers to-day.

TROY.**OUR CORRESPONDENT'S WEEKLY
BUDGET OF NEWS.****The Tibbits Veteran Corps' Free Relic
Rooms—The Relics That May
be Seen There—A Large
Batch of Notes and
Personals.**

TROY, July 20.—One of the most interesting and instructive places in the city at which to spend a few hours is the Free Relic Rooms of the Tibbits Veteran Corps Association at No. 270 River street. Three large and well ventilated rooms are filled with more than 5,000 relics of the war of the rebellion and mementos of the Revolution, war of 1812 and the Mexican war, together with articles reminiscent of some of the most prominent men in our country's history. The rooms are open daily from 9 o'clock a. m. until 10 o'clock p. m., and on Sundays from 2 o'clock p. m. until 9 o'clock p. m., the latter for the accommodation of the working people and those whose occupations prevent them from visiting the rooms during the week. No description can give the reader an adequate idea of the institution. The parlors and relics must be seen to be appreciated. The visitors are first ushered into a spacious front room so completely filled with interesting and curious articles that one scarce knows where to begin the inspection. In this room are fourteen large show cases containing relics of every description. There are also two rooms in the rear in which every available space is occupied by something of interest, and with a historical connection. In the third room tablets are arranged on the walls in memory of the deceased veterans of Rensselaer county. Each tablet bears the names and dates of death of several veterans. Pictures of prison life, battle scenes, prominent generals, battle flags, muskets, swords and other paraphernalia adorn the walls in each room. One picture worthy of especial mention is that of Colonel Ellsworth, having for its frame, a panel from the bar of the Marshall House at Alexandria, Va., where Ellsworth was shot by Jackson, the proprietor of the hotel, who was in turn killed by Frank Brownell. Among the other relics and articles of interest are the limbs of several trees from Spottsylvania shattered by bullets, presented by Dr. R. B. Bonteson; a wooden bedstead which has been in the family of the late General Wool for 108 years; the commissions of

rank (fourteen in number), of Colonel Joseph Egolf, the founder of the rooms; the old draft box and wheel used in Troy in 1863; an Indian saddle picked up on the field of the Custer massacre; a mammoth oil painting of General Grant on horseback; a large, handsomely framed picture of the old original Tibbits Veteran Corps; another immense picture of the Governor's Foot Guards of Hartford, Conn., an organization which was formed more than 116 years ago and has never since been out of commission; a number of shirts and coats worn by Union prisoners and whose appearance is a tale in itself; one of the 127 lamps which adorned the entrance of the centennial grounds at Philadelphia in 1876, and every part of which was made by American workmen from American material; a drumhead from the drum used in Gen. Lee's headquarters' band and containing a large hole said to have been made by the angered drummer upon being obliged to surrender; an elegant quilt made from Grand Army badges by Mrs. Col. Joseph Egolf; an Indian war knife over 200 years old; a brass bugle used in the war of 1812; a piece of the tree under which the British General Burgoyne surrendered to Gen. Gates; a brick from Libby prison; a piece of the rope with which Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, was hung; a shaving case presented by Gen. La Fayette to a colored barber named Rich upon the occasion of the former's visit to Troy in 1824; a piece of wood from the old Minnesota; a bucket made by Charles Van Vort and which he used at Salisbury prison for dipping water to be sold to the other prisoners for a chew of tobacco for each drink; a hammer brought from England by Thomas Thayer in 1632; a neck-tie taken from the trunk of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston; a piece of wood from the rebel ram Merrimac; Indian bows and arrows picked up on the scene of the Custer massacre; old documents, books and records of every nature; an innumerable number of swords and guns, all having interesting war records, and a countless number of varied and unique curios that cannot be enumerated within the space of a limited newspaper article. The rooms are the outcome of a happy idea originating with Col. Joseph Egolf about 10 years ago. He was the possessor of a large number of war relics which he had collected and sent home from time to time during his long connection with the army and after the war he never lost an opportunity while visiting or at home of possessing himself of anything in the shape of a relic which he was able to find. On August 18, 1887, not quite one year ago, Col. Egolf turned over his valuable collection to the Tibbits Veteran Corps and under his supervision the present rooms were obtained and a permanent institution formed. Donations of valuable relics have come in since almost daily until as stated above they number more than 5,000. Not the least interesting among these is the personal show case of Colonel Egolf. It contains badges of all descriptions, some of gold, some of silver, others set with diamonds and elegant jewels, one made of shoulder straps presented by friends in New York and representing the different ranks held by the colonel, an elegant revolver from the Governor's Foot Guards of Hartford, Conn., and a handsome badge from the Elizabeth Zouaves of Elizabeth, N. J. The Tibbits Veteran Corps is one of the crack organizations of the city. At present there are 90 members. As a military company its fame extends throughout the land. As an organization it maintains the Relic

rooms and every patriotic citizen of Troy should take pride in the institution and lend a helping hand whenever necessary for its maintenance. If there are any in the city who have not yet visited the rooms they should not fail to do so at the first opportunity. Visitors are treated with the most courteous distinction and an afternoon or an hour spent in the Relic rooms will be well spent and the source of much information, interest and enjoyment. If you do not believe it go and be convinced. It will exceed your most sanguine anticipations.

THE LIST OF OFFICERS COMPLETE.

All vacancies in commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the Twelfth Separate Company have been filled by appointment and election. The following appointments were made by Captain Egolf: George Lull and W. J. Olmstead, Sergeants; Michael Birmingham, Walter Youmans, Jr., John Jones and Edward Reynolds, Corporals. At the election held by the company at the armory last evening to fill the vacancy in the office of first lieutenant, caused by the discharge of E. W. Burrage, John Tallmadge received the unanimous vote of the company. That an excellent selection has been made the following record will show:

First Lieut. Tallmadge went to the front in 1862 with the Twenty-fifth New York Regiment. Upon his return he came to Troy, enlisted in A Company, Twenty-fourth Regiment, and since then has held the following offices: Private, first sergeant, and lieutenant, A Company; private, first sergeant and lieutenant, Battery B; lieutenant, aide-de-camp, captain and then major and engineer, brevet colonel on Gen. Alden's staff. Upon the disbandment of the Tenth Brigade he enlisted as private and was promoted to first sergeant and lieutenant in Battery F; resigned 1879; re-enlisted as private in 1881 in Fourth Battery; promoted to first sergeant and first lieutenant; resigned his commission in 1885, ten months previous to the muster out of the battery in 1886.

The Twelfth Separate Company will go Friday afternoon of this week to Pleasure island for a half-day's outing. Part of the company will leave the armory at 1:45 o'clock p. m., the remainder following later in the afternoon.

Mayor—Of course they do. They pick and boil the fruit and then churn it—but great care should be taken to churn it carefully. The bogus butter, which I'm told was invented by an Irishman named Oily O'Marjim, is made out of pig weeds, and isn't as good.

Reporter—Oh, is that so? I never knew that before.

ANOTHER CABINET OFFICER.

Mayor—Oh, I say—I forgot to tell you the name of the other member of my agricultural cabinet. It's Jim Dougrey, and he'll be Boss-Master-General. He'll have charge of all the animals in the whole circus. He'll manage all the bull fights, and dog fights, and cock fights and similar great moral shows got up for the amusement of our friends who drop in for a Sunday visit. I'm going to have a big bee of all the Troy boys next week to dig the post holes for the pit of the show house. We shall have shanghais six feet high. Jim will raise 'em from the pup until they are grow'd up. He says they'll pay their way by learning them to pick plums, and they'll amuse themselves by stripping the feathers off the turkeys and geese on the place. I say, reporter, you don't look as if you slept well. You can send down your feather bed when we get agoing and we'll rake 'er full of feathers for you.

Reporter—I thank you very much, Mr. Mayor, for your desire to feather my nest.

Mayor—Oh, that's all right. I forgot to tell you that Jim Dougrey has already sub-soiled an acre on which he expects to raise a large crop of fighting bull pups that can lick the world when they are ripe. And as to game cocks, why after we have gathered in our fall crop of them, and have threshed them all out, we expect to have them on draft so as to be ready for any cockfight—

Reporter, interrupting—Oh, never mind about that Mr. Mayor. Our paper is a highly moral paper, and we don't publish anything about dog fights and cock fights since you put our editor in—

Mayor, staring in astonishment—Put who in?—Who in thunder are you, anyway?

Reporter, mildly, and edging towards the door—I am Mr. Funnygum's Morning Grandmam reporter—

The mayor rising wildly—The who? The what? The d—l you are! I say, young man, you git or I'll boo—

But the reporter had already shot out of the door, disappearing like a spectral ghost, and had closed it after him.

TABLEAUX.

The Mayor stood transfixed, dazed and amazed, gazing at the door through which the reporter had disappeared; but after a few moments he dropped into the soft cushions of his official throne, overcome by his emotions. Then solitude fell like a pall on the great chamber, and

"Silence like a poultice came
To heal the woes of sound."

The audacity of the reporter had stunned the Cæsar of the Trojan Municipality. Finally but slowly His Honor recovered consciousness, and then he soliloquized: "Well, there, I ought to go and club myself. I've just gone and give myself away to Funnygum's Morning Grandmam reporter, and he'll just go and print all I know about farming in his infernal paper."

Then the Mayor shouted to his private secretary in the next room:

Mayor—"I say, Jo?"

In a moment the one-armed official Cerberus of the Mayoralty Vatican appeared in the doorway, standing upright in the attitude of a soldier at a military salute.

Mayor—"Colonel, if Funnygum sends another of his infernal Morning Grandmam reporters to interview ME, you just everlastingly Hydorn him. D'ye hear?"

Private Secretary—"I do, sir. It shall be done."

Mayor—"That's all, Jo."

The P. S. turned in his tracks with military precision, marched to his chair, by the right flank oblique, sat down at his desk, and immediately resumed the perusal of "Hardee's Tactics," which he was reading when called away.

Then a sweet and holy calm, like that which invests Mahomet's Seventh Heaven, fell on the Municipal Mansion, and Time flew on in endless flights just as though nothing had happened.

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE BUDGET.—Late Saturday night a citizen called on us with a roll of manuscript, which he said he had found in the street, containing the above reporter's rehearsal of "What the Mayor knows About Farming." The finder thought the reporter had lost the manuscript when he fled from the City Hall. The finder presented the following advertisement, which he desired inserted:—

FOUND—Near the Hall building, a roll of manuscript evidently belonging to the reporter of a morning paper, which the owner can have by remunerating with a small sum the finder, and by paying for this advertisement. The owner is requested to call at the Budget office, prove property, pay charges and take it away.

It, not*

The owner of the lost manuscript will please call at this office at once and take away his fine specimen of reportorial literary performance. There is danger that it will "spile" if it is kept on hand too long.]







MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM BADGER TIBBITS.

oy, N. Y., on Tuesday evening, the 10th
General WILLIAM B. TIBBITS, in the
50th year of his age.
from St. John's Church, Troy, on
the 13th inst., at 2 P. M.

GEN. WILLIAM B. TIBBITS.

Resolutions of Respect to His Memory ---The Arrangements for His Funeral ---The Body to Lie in State.

The following organizations adopted resolutions of respect to the memory of Gen. Tibbits last evening:

THE TIBBITS CADETS.

At a special meeting of the Tibbits cadets, held at their company armory Wednesday evening, February 11, 1880, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to command that the soul of major-general William B. Tibbits, march from this life into the life of the great unknown and encamp for an eternity on the camping ground beyond the river of death, and,

WHEREAS, In obedience to that recall from this reconnaissance of life, the general's soul has obeyed that summons and is now under the banner of the great Captain, the Lord God of Hosts; therefore be it

Resolved, That with regret beyond words we deplore the death that has taken from us one whom we all so loved, honored and respected.

Resolved, That no other human being can fill the place the deceased occupied in our hearts and our respect.

Resolved, That as we have hitherto borne his name with pride, we shall hereafter treasure such name, if possible, more highly since he who gave it into our keeping has closed his life of valor, honor and patriotism.

Resolved, That though the tribute of love, respect and honor that we lay upon his bier is but little compared with the laurels that a grateful people have given him, yet all memories of many kind words and generous deeds from him to us bring we with tears to his too early grave.

Resolved, That though we mourn not at the commands of a just God, yet our prayers ever have been that "the general" might be spared long to continue our friend and the friend of every soldier.

Resolved, That we proffer to the relatives of deceased our tenderest sympathy in this hour of sorrow.

Resolved, That our company rooms and colors be suitably draped; that we wear the badge of mourning for sixty days, and that we attend the funeral of our friend and patron.

EDMUND L. COLE, captain.
SAMUEL FOSTER, First Lt.
THOMAS A. ELGIE, Second Lt.
WM. J. MATTICE, president.
CHAS. M. LESSELS, secretary.
FRED G. PROBLE,
Committee on resolutions.

TIBBITS VETERAN CORPS.

At a special meeting of Tibbits veteran corps held at their rooms Wednesday evening, February 11th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Almighty God in His all-wise providence has seen fit to lay His afflicting and chastening hand heavily upon us as a body in the death of our most beloved friend, patron and leader, general William B. Tibbits, and

WHEREAS, In this our great bereavement and loss we keenly recognize again the force of that old adage "death loves a shining mark," and

WHEREAS, We are deeply impressed by this sad event of the brevity, frailty and uncertainty of human life, and of the fact that those we love most are often separated from us first, therefore,

Resolved, That we do bow our stricken hearts submissively to the Divine Will and lift our hands imploringly to Him who doeth all things well, to come to our rescue and relief in this dark and trying hour.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish in our deepest heart the memory of our departed friend and brother, that we will recall with sad pleasure in days to come the noble generous deeds, the heroic self sacrifices, the high devotion to duty in all the relations of life, private and public, in war and peace, the unflinching and inspiring courage in the hour of danger, the sublime fortitude in time of trial and suffering, the many nameless and unnumbered acts of personal interest in his comrades, the many substantial and unmistakable evidences of good will so constantly manifested upon every opportunity toward all who appealed to him for sympathy and help and the rare manliness, the unwavering fidelity to all claims of friendship and patriotism and especially the tireless interest and zeal ever manifested in the welfare and prosperity of our organization which characterized the life and history of our brother.

Resolved, That we will endeavor as individuals and as a body to exemplify the true soldierly virtues which so beautifully distinguished our fallen chief and friend; that we will endeavor to carry out his ideas of soldierly fidelity to duty; that we will endeavor to maintain the high standard of efficiency which he inculcated by precept and example, and that we will endeavor to improve his many wise suggestions and counsels, and in the future so demean ourselves as though he were bodily present to criticize our conduct.

Resolved, That we will ever pray our Heavenly Father to so teach, guide and help us in the great battle of life that in the final and everlasting victory we shall join him, our brother, again at the great assembly of the nations.

Resolved, That we hereby tender to the family of the deceased our sincere sympathy and pray that they may be sustained and comforted in this trying hour by that great grace which is able to make the soul peaceful and strong in the midst of storms and darkness.

Resolved, That we will wear the usual badge of mourning for 60 days, that we attend the funeral in a body, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased and published in the daily papers.

JOSEPH EGOLF, Captain,
I. SEYMOUR SCOTT, Lieut.,
REV. PHILIP KROHN, Chaplain,
B. H. Hall, Honorary
WILLARD GAY, Members,
Committee.

WOOD MOWING MACHINE CO.

At a special meeting of the trustees of the Walter A. Wood mowing and reaping machine company, convened in consequence of the sudden death of Gen. William B. Tibbits, and held in their office at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., on the 11th day of February, 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:—

WHEREAS, Gen. Tibbits has been a stockholder and officer of this company since its incorporation in 1866, and always zealous and active in the promotion of its interests.

Resolved, That as a token of our respect for his memory and an expression of the esteem and regard entertained for him by those long and intimately connected with him in business relations, the trustees of the company will in a body attend his funeral, and that on the day of his funeral the works of this company be closed.

Resolved, That the foregoing proceedings be spread upon the record of the trustees of the company, and a copy thereof be presented to the family of the deceased, and that the same be published.

J. RUSSELL PARSONS, vice-president.
A. C. GEER, secretary.

THE VETERANS AND THEIR FRIEND.

While the body remains in state the Tibbits veteran corps will act as guard of honor.

The veterans of the second New York volunteers and of the Griswold cavalry will meet to-night at the armory to take suitable action on the death of their old commander.

Post Willard last evening adopted resolutions of respect to the memory of Gen. Tibbits, and voted to attend the funeral in a body.

Col. Egolf received a telegram from Maj. George B. Fisher, commanding the governor's foot guard of Hartford, Conn., last night, expressing the sincere sympathy of that command, and requesting to be informed of the date of the funeral. It is probable that a delegation of that guard will attend.

MAYOR MURPHY AS A GRANGER

WHAT HE KNOWS ABOUT FARMING.

He Buys a Farm and Gets Interviewed by one of Mr. Funnysim's Morning Granmam Reporters—What Came of the Interview.

RUMORS

have been current for a year past that Mayor Murphy, tired and disgusted with the troubles that beset him as head of the Municipality and leader of the city Democracy, had resolved to retire to a farm and join the hay seed brigade. He was inspired to this determination by remembering that his

YOUTHFUL READING OF THE CLASSICS

taught him that the ancient Roman leaders, sated with the turmoils of political life, and tired of the honors and dangers of the forum and the senate, were wont to retire to their Sabine farms, there to find in the calmness of rural pursuits the only quiet they had ever enjoyed. Even wearers of the imperial purple had been known to abdicate the throne of the Caesars for the calm delights of agriculture and a granger's life. Cincinnatus turned his sword into a pruning knife or plowshare—we forget which—and was happy. One of the classic poets tells that the great Marcellus, the conqueror of Hannibal, (although finally killed in an ambuscade with that African general,) the subduer of Sicily, the hero of the second Punic war and of the long siege of Syracuse, and who was five times consul of Rome, never was happy except on his farm.

"Marcellus exiled more true glory feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

Thus our own Municipal Magistrate, four times elected consul of Troy, came at length to have a desire to—

Flee the realms of lingers-on and peelers
Beyond the reach of agonizing heelers.

The greatest rulers of the world have thus desired to escape the cares and annoyances of official honors and power. Indeed farming has served as the solace of heroes and great men sated with power ever since the world began. The very word agriculture itself is supposed to have been derived from that great Roman general, Cneius Julius Agricola, who was consul, governor of Britain, and conqueror of Wales and Anglesea, who built the great Roman wall from the Clyde to the Frith of Forth to keep off the incursions of the northern barbarians, and led the British in Scotland and brought them under subjection, when a Roman fleet for the first time sailed around the whole island. With such

INSPIRING EXAMPLES

who wouldn't be a granger? Besides, it is one of the failings of human nature that every full grown healthy man we ever heard of supposes himself perfectly competent to manage a farm, edit a newspaper, or handle a fortune successfully.

HE BUYS A FARM.

And happened recently that Mayor Murphy bought one of the finest and most beautiful farms in the neighboring town of Greenbush. It is prettily situated on a plateau of that lovely range of hills opposite Albany, that commands the most charming views of the valley of the Hudson and the sloping hills on whose sides cluster the ancient Dutch city, one of which elevations is crowned with the lofty and imposing dome of the capitoline edifice.

A HISTORIC FARM.

The spacious grounds of the mayoralty farm are historic. Here were the cantonments of the Revolutionary army under the heroic General Schuyler, and here in the last war with Great Britain were the garrison and rendezvous of the mercian troops under the gallant General Rensselaer.

ANOTHER HISTORIC FARM.

Near by this historic region is the farm formerly owned and occupied by that celebrated French diplomatist Edmond Charles Genet, brother of the famous Madame Campan, who was the companion of Marie Antoinette and the confidante of Madame Beauharnais, afterward the Empress Josephine, and who counted the great Napoleon among her warm friends. "Citizen" Genet, (the French spell it Genest), had been dismissed as French Minister from the Court of Catharine II. at St. Petersburg, had been Ambassador to Holland and had been Minister to the United States, from which post he was dismissed by Washington for attempting to embroil this country in a war with Great Britain, after which he purchased the Greenbush farm, became a naturalized American citizen, and married a daughter of

THE GREAT GEORGE CLINTON,

who in his time was an officer in the French war in the expedition against Fort Frontenac, (now Kingston, Canada,) a general of the American Revolutionary war, a member of Congress, lieutenant-governor, governor for eighteen years, and U. S. Senator from the State of New York, president of the convention at Poughkeepsie in 1788 to consider the federal constitution, and vice president of the U. S. under Jefferson. By his casting vote in 1811 he defeated the recharter of the national bank. This daughter of George Clinton, Mrs. Genet, died on this farm in the house built by citizen Genet. Genet also died in this house July 12, 1834, and both are buried in the neighboring village graveyard. The Genet house still stands, and farm and house are owned and occupied by a Trojan lawyer, Nelson Davenport, Esq., who, like Mayor Murphy, has the rural tastes of a granger, which he indulges on this Genet farm, around which cluster the historic reminiscences we have mentioned.

HOW IT IS.

It is in this region, consecrated by the glories of these illustrious names and historic events, that the farm is located to which Mayor Murphy, like another Cincinnatus, proposes to retire to secure that comfort and repose sought in vain in the arena of Trojan honors and politics. Inspired by a lofty sense of the mission of true journalism, and desirous of affording our readers the highest information on agricultural topics, derived from the most learned and authentic sources, we dispatched a reporter to interview Mayor Murphy to ascertain what

HE KNOWS ABOUT FARMING,

with a view of laying such valuable information before the public at the earliest opportunity. The reporter entered the Mayor's room in the city hall by a side door, and found the Head of the Municipality alone, enthroned in his gorgeous official chair, puffing a fragrant Havana, the rich blue smoke from which was circling above in cumulous cloudlets to the lofty ceilings of the spacious apartment. The Mayor was in excellent spirits, and the reporter, with tablets and pencil in hand, proceeded at once to business.

THE INTERVIEW.

Reporter—I understand, Mr. Mayor, that you've bought a splendid farm in Greenbush, and that you are going to farming.

Mayor—Yes; I've bought one of the finest farms in Rensselaer county, and you just bet I'll have a place as is a place after I get it in shape.

Reporter—Well, I thought I would interview you, and ascertain what you know about farming, as it would be such interesting information for the public to read.

Mayor—Well, I should say I did know something about farming. I have always had a hankering to run a farm ever since I got to be a man. I always liked country life. Even when I was a boy I loved cows and I milked 'em, I loved horses and I run 'em, I loved chickens and I fought 'em, (that was long ago.) I loved girls and I—

Reporter, interrupting—Never mind about the girls, Mr. Mayor. Ours is a moral paper, and I only want to get at what you know about farming.

THE MAYOR'S FARM CABINET.

Mayor—Oh, well—that's it, eh? All right. I'm going to run my farm on business principles, I am. I'm now making up my agricultural cabinet. There's nothing like having experienced and capable men at the head of each department when you are running a great enterprise. I shall appoint Engineer Hasbrouck as Secretary of the Interior. It will be his business to look after the drains and fences, and to survey the farm. It's a good thing to have the farm surveyed very often to see that no part of it is stolen or carried away. Larry Sherry will be superintendent. It will be his business to ride around the place once or twice a day, whenever he wants to smoke a cigar, to notify the hands to be promptly on hand at pay days. The "Big Judge" will be Secretary of the Navy, as it were. We are going to have a big clam pond, for real salt-water clams, along the creek, where we shall plant and raise a big

crop of them, and the judge will have charge of the clam bakes, which will be held every week. John P. A. will be Secretary of the Treasury. He can skin down the bills to the lowest economic sub-soil. He will do all the buying, and I intend he shall purchase for this spring's planting all the biggest seeds—

Reporter, interrupting.—J. P. A. is the biggest old seed in the county. You'd better plant him.

Mayor—You hush! Don't you say that! He's my sunflower and the button-hole bouquet of this Municipality. The boys would steal the city contribution box dry of every red cent if it wasn't for the old man.

WHAT CROPS WILL BE RAISED.

Reporter—What do you propose to raise on your farm, Mr. Mayor?

Mayor—Raise? Well my first crop will be cider. I'm going to send my man down in a day or two to tap all the apple trees so as to get in a good crop of cider. I shall tell him also to tap all the peach trees and cherry trees so as to get a good crop of peach brandy and cherry bounce. Won't that be gay? I'm going to plant some bee trees too so as to lay in a good crop of honey. I shall tap 'em the same as they do sugar maple trees in the spring when they are in a comatose condition, as it were.

Reporter—I see you are well posted on farming, Mr. Mayor.

And the reporter's eyes twinkled as he said it.

Mayor—Well posted? Well, I should say I was. I've read Greeley's book on "What I know about Farming"—and have perused all the agricultural almanacs and handbills issued by the Albany Argus. As soon as the frost gets out of the ground I shall plant my grape seeds so as to cradle in an early crop of ripe grapes. I'm going to write up to Russ. Parsons to send me down one of his best mowers to harvest my fall crop of potatoes with. My opinion is that the pumpkin vines should be poled early and often, and that the apple crop should be dug before the first frost. The green corn should be mowed early and raked up into cocks. I am going to buy one of those patent hen persuaders that are so useful in producing a large crop of hen fruit. Jim. Dougrey is looking around to find me a nice lot of peacocks and pea hens, and as soon as they begin to lay I expect to have all the green peas I want for my own use, and perhaps some to sell. I have already bought some New Jersey and Aldermen cows—

THE MAYOR'S JERSEYS.

Reporter—You mean Jerseys and Alderneys I presume, Mr. Mayor.

Mayor—Do I? Well, mebbe I do. They is them kind of cows as has horns on 'em, same as they used to have for powder horns—and the milk is extracted from them by pressing a valve on the end of a small pink hose that hangs down under their bellies. The milk squirts out of the nozzle. I have seen it done. You can let these patent cows stand in an ice house in summer and milk genuine ice-cream from them. So I have heard. It has been told unto me also that if you feed them on distillery slops that they'll give first rate milk punches. I expect a good lot of nice fresh butter for my farm is a great place for buttercups and cowslips.

Reporter—Ah, do they make butter out of buttercups and cowslips?

[Subject of Illustration.]
COL. JOSEPH EGOLF,

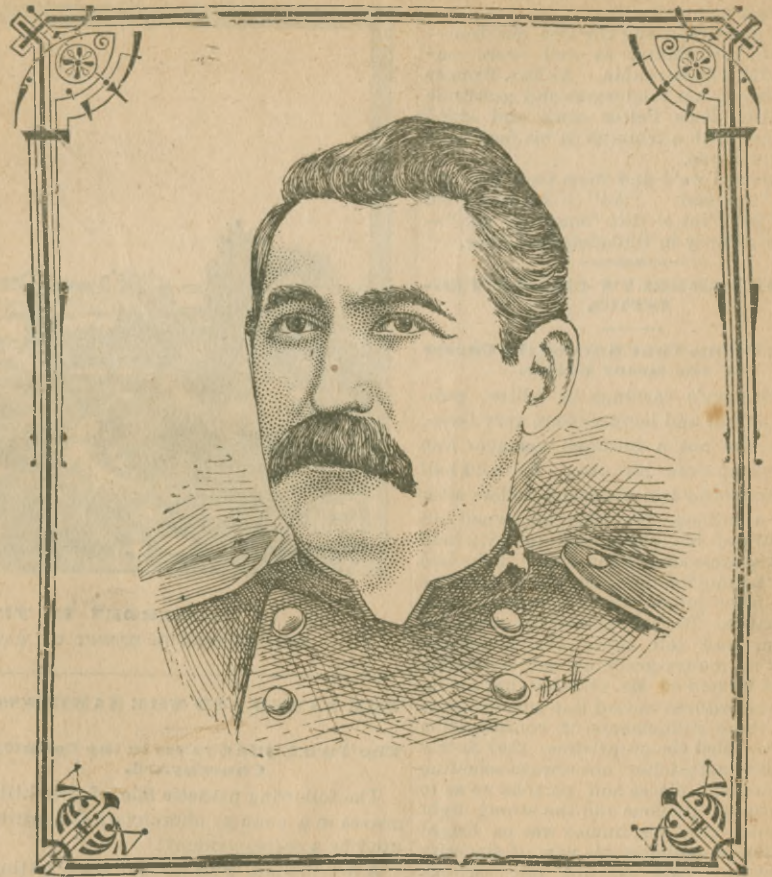
**Whose Service in the National Guard
is Drawing to a Close.**

Troy, Feb. 28.—When, on March 15, Col. Joseph Egolf retires from the captaincy of the Twelfth Separate Company, of this city, the New York National Guard will lose one of the most efficient officers it ever had in its ranks, one who in point of length of service stood among the foremost and one who by all who knew him, both as soldier and civilian, has ever been held in high esteem. As a gentleman the colonel stands well in the fore among Troy's citizens, but as a soldier he shines forth brilliantly as a lasting monument to the credit of Troy. His heroic service in the defence of his country during her darkest days was out of (after he had served for three years) in 1864, by the loss of his right arm, his capture and imprisonment by the rebels. By the time he was released the war was over and he returned home, a few years after returning joining the National Guard, in which he has since served. This is a military record of which the colonel feels justly proud.

Col. Joseph Egolf is a native of this State, born about 60 years ago. April 19, 1861, he enlisted as a private in the Second New York Volunteers, rising to the rank of captain in this regiment; in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth he rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and chief of ordnance. He fought in some of the bloodiest battles of the war, among them Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Cold Harbor, in front of Petersburg and on the Weldon Railroad. At Bristow Station soon after the retreat from Richmond in 1862 he was wounded by a bullet passing through his throat. At Reemis Station in August, 1864, he lost his right arm and was taken prisoner and placed in Libby.

Shortly after returning from the war he joined the National Guard. In 1876 the Tibbits Veteran Corps was organized and placed into the National Guard, with Col. Egolf at its head. This organization was one of the most celebrated militia companies in the country, its fame being spread from ocean to ocean. Each member had served during the war, no person who had not served being eligible for membership. The corps remained in the National Guard until 1885, when it was succeeded by the Twelfth Separate Company, Col. Egolf becoming captain of this organization. Mr. Egolf has been instrumental in organizing other companies for the National Guard, among them being the Twenty-first Separate Company (Tibbits Cadets.) He also did very effective work for the securing to the city of the new armory, of which he now is janitor and which position is also made vacant by his retirement.

The retirement of Col. Egolf will put Capt. Cusack, the senior commander of the city militia, in charge of the armory. It is probable that the Twelfth Separate Company will disband in the near future.



COL. JOSEPH EGOLF, of Troy.

WHO HAS RECENTLY RESIGNED THE CAPTAINCY OF THE TWELFTH SEPARATE COMPANY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1890.



SIMONS—New York, June 26, the Rev. Ezra D. Simons, aged 47 years.

CHAPLAIN SIMONS' DEATH.

The death of this most estimable Christian man occurred at his home in Fifty-ninth street, New York city, June 26. He was born in this city June 10, 1840. His parents died when he was quite young, and he was brought up under care of the Rev. Dr. George C. Baldwin. At the outbreak of the war he became enthusiastic in behalf of the country, and, although studying for the ministry, left those duties and enlisted as a private in Company D, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York Volunteers. He was shortly afterwards promoted to commissary sergeant, and at the resignation of Chaplain Barlow was commissioned to succeed him as chaplain. How well and how faithfully he performed the obligations assigned him every survivor of that organization speaks in terms of praise. He was exemplary in the discharge of every duty, and was an earnest, hard-worker in the services of the Lord's house.

His death brings sorrow to the heart of every comrade who was honored with his acquaintance, for he had won the love and respect of every soldier in the Third Brigade, Second Army Corps. Haversack remembers the Mine Run affair, when General Warren, who, at the time had command of the Second Corps, was ordered to charge, the Confederates, who were strongly fortified. The brigade having been paid off the day before, members from all the regiments brought their money enclosed in envelopes, addressed to their homes, with instructions, if they fell in the charge, he would see that their families received them. This was only one instance of many of a similar nature that showed the confidence the men had in him. Sympathetic, no good cause ever appealed to him in vain; humble, his left hand never knew what his right hand did; conscientious, whatever he did, in word or deed, he did to the glory of God. At home, or while in the service of his country he was universally esteemed as a man of probity and integrity. At the mention of his name in the army the scoffer of Christianity ceased his tirades and the worldling attested his worth. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." The remains of Chaplain Ezra D. Simons arrived in this city by the New York boat Friday morning and were escorted to the Third Street Baptist Church by a delegation of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment. The funeral took place at 3 o'clock from the church. The bearers were Josiah Green, Henry Bennett, George W. Hazen, Lee Churchill, Joseph Egolf and Price Andrews, comrades of the dead chaplain. The survivors of the regiment acted as guard of honor to the remains and marched as far as Hoosick street where they took carriages to Oakwood. The floral decorations and emblems at the church were numerous, among them being an emblem after the design of the regimental badge, given by the association. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. L. M. S. Haynes, Dr. Baldwin preached the sermon. There were also a number of other clergymen present who participated. In the absence of Colonel Crandall, who was unable to be present, Colonel Egolf took command of the regiment.

A congregation that filled the First Baptist church attended yesterday afternoon the obsequies over the remains of Rev. Ezra D. Simons. A large number of survivors of the one hundred and twenty-fifth regiment, of which Mr. Simons was the chaplain, occupied the front pews, behind the family. On the platform were Rev. Drs. George C. Baldwin, C. P. Sheldon and L. M. S. Haynes and Rev. C. F. Hahn, of this city; Rev. A. M. Prentice of West Troy, Rev. C. F. Stanley of Lansingburgh and Rev. W. H. Main of Waterford. In addition to the flowers mentioned yesterday was an anchor of roses, the contribution of the covenant band of the First Baptist church. Mr. Simons was one of the original members of the association. A crown of roses was placed near the coffin by the church, which sent Mr. Simons to college and ordained him as a minister during the war. The invocation yesterday afternoon was offered by Dr. Sheldon. A scriptural reading by Dr. Haynes followed. A fitting eulogy was delivered by Dr. G. C. Baldwin, who was pastor of the First Baptist church during Mr. Simons's residence in this city. Maternal influence, Dr. Baldwin said, more than any other element, moulded the character of the deceased. His intellect was of the highest order, and without the advantages of school he became proficient in Greek, Latin, philosophy and mathematics. His book, "Dr. Baldwin stated, "Divine Pictures of the Centuries," and a recent essay, "The Place of the Book of Revelations in the Canon of the Bible," are held in high estimation by intellectual men for learning and scholarship. The procession of carriages on the way to Oakwood cemetery was followed by the regimental survivors, who marched in a body as far as Hoosick street, where carriages were taken. A deputation from the Calvary Baptist church of New York, where Mr. Simons was the assistant pastor, was present.

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1891.

Misses Josie and Lillian Simons, daughters of the late chaplain, Ezra D. Simons of the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth regiment, New York State Volunteers, are visiting Miss Matie G. Ford of Sixth avenue.

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, OCT. 30, 1887.

An Ideal Soldier.

Colonel Joseph Egolf received word last evening that Robert Dewire of the Hartford Foot Guards died yesterday. Mr. Dewire was an ideal soldier of the guards and was a great favorite with members of the old Tibbits Veteran Corps, who will meet at 270 River street between 11 and 12 o'clock to take suitable action.

THE LATE ADJUTANT DWYER.

The following committee, Colonel Joseph Egolf, John Ketcham, William Fitzpatrick, Robert Keith, J. E. Clark and Samuel P. Eccles, representing the Tibbits Veteran Corps of this city, attended the funeral of Adjutant J. Robert Dwyer, late of the Governor's Foot Guard, which took place at Hartford, Conn., November 1st. The floral offering from the Veteran Corps was a broken column. Comrade Dwyer had many warm friends in this city.

DEATH'S STARTLING WORK.

Dr. Charles G. Clark Stricken Down While Attending a Patient—Death Without Warning—Decease of Newton Reynolds.

The community was startled this morning by the report that Dr. Charles G. Clark, a well-known and popular citizen, had died suddenly during the night. The physician was about the city yesterday, and was apparently in his usual health. He was in the Times office yesterday afternoon and was on the streets in the evening. Dr. Clark was an athletic and robust man, the picture of good health. He had been afflicted, however, with rheumatic difficulty of late, but neither the physician nor any of the family considered the trouble at all serious. About 10 o'clock last night Dr. Clark received a call to the residence, No. 83 Fourth street, directly opposite the doctor's residence, which is No. 84. While calling on the patient Dr. Clark was taken suddenly ill, and Drs. Bontecou and R. D. Bloss were summoned. They were unable to relieve Dr. Clark, who died between 11 and 12 o'clock. Heart difficulty and congestion of the lungs caused death, the symptoms being the same as in the case of George R. Seymour, who died suddenly in Dr. Bontecou's office a few years ago. The circumstances of Dr. Clark's death are particularly distressing. His wife was visiting relatives at Spuyten Duyvil, and his son, Charles J. Clark, was at the Rochester university. Dr. Clark's father, residing only a block and a half away, on Fifth avenue, did not know that his son was ill till the news of his death reached him just before midnight.

Charles G. Clark was born in Troy May 15, 1841, and was a son of Otis G. Clark. He prepared for college at Essex, Conn., and graduated from Union college in 1863. He pursued a medical course and graduated at Ann Arbor, Mich., and subsequently he continued his studies and practice at the Bellevue hospital, New York. He began practice in Troy in 1866. He was one of the leading homeopaths of the city. He had a very large practice, and his skill as a physician was well known. In 1866 Dr. Clark married Miss L. Addie Johnston of this city, who with one child, Charles J. Clark, survives him. Dr. Clark was a member of the Fifth avenue Baptist church. He was a Republican, and had presided as chairman of local conventions on one or two occasions. He was a brother of Walter A. Clark, of the stove firm of Phillips & Clark, now of Geneva, N. Y., George H. Clark, of Chicago, and Warren G. Clark and J. Willard Clark of this city. The deceased was the oldest of five children of Otis G. Clark. He was an upright man and a good citizen, and his death causes widespread sorrow.

Dr. Clark was elected alderman in the third ward in 1880, and served one term of two years. He was a member of the board of education in 1872, 1873 and 1874. At Union college he carried off the prize for the Greek oration. He was a member of a Masonic lodge at Waterford.

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, FEB. 12, 1888.

THE FOOT GUARDS REMEMBERED.

Some four months ago Colonel Egoil, Sergeant Ketchum and Comrades Fitzpatrick, Eccles, Keith and Clark, representing the Tibbits Veteran Corps, visited Hartford, Conn., to attend the funeral of one of the members of the Governor's Foot Guards. They took with them a beautiful floral offering in the shape of a broken column, composed of the choicest flowers. It was 4½ feet high, and at the base were two pure white doves. It was considered the finest piece in the large collection of floral offerings. While in Hartford the committee were persuaded by Stewart, the Hartford photographer, to bring the emblem to his studio and sit for a picture. They recently received a number of copies, had one handsomely framed and sent it to the Foot Guards. A fac simile of the picture sent is now on exhibition in the Memorial Hall in this city. It is an excellent picture of the old Vets and reflects credit on the artist.

APPOINTMENT OF CORP'L TANNER.

President Harrison has gratified the ardent desire of the comrades as a mass by the appointment of Corp'l James Tanner as Commissioner of Pensions.

The expression of this desire was simply overwhelming. There were about 70 competitors for the position, all good soldiers, many of them terribly wounded; all of them men of much more than ordinary ability. Among them were ex-Governors of States, Representatives in Congress, officers who had held high commands, etc. All of them were strongly indorsed by their comrades, fellow-citizens and acquaintances among public men. Any one of them would have made an excellent Commissioner of Pensions, and the best testimony of this was that those who knew them best were their most earnest advocates.

But the urgency for Comrade Tanner was not confined to any one locality or State. It was natural. The whole mass of the ex-soldiers and their friends from Maine to California were for him. Even the strongest adherents of the other candidates were enthusiastically in favor of him if their own man could not be appointed. He was the first choice of the great majority of the comrades, and the second choice of the minority.

Corp'l Tanner merited this splendid indorsement of his comrades. He has well earned it. No man in the Nation stands quite so close to the hearts of all the old, genuine fighting men as he. He is a typical volunteer, a representative private soldier, an illustration of the frightful sacrifices these men made to save the country.

He was one of the 700,000 young men who left their homes and employment at the call of President Lincoln for volunteers for three years. He entered a regiment which went directly to the front, and he was constantly with its colors, in all its marches and battles, until he received a frightful mutilation at the second battle of Bull Run.

Since the war the dearest efforts of his head and hand have been for the benefit of his comrades. Whatever else he may have been engaged in, no day has passed without his doing something of value for them. The list merely of what he has accomplished would stretch out through columns of this paper.

Nature, through her gift of eloquence, put it in his power to accomplish more than would be possible to men equally zealous but less gifted.

He has no superior as an orator in the Nation. Very few, if any, men equal him in reaching the heart of a popular assembly,

and fashioning the minds of his hearers to his will. When speaking of or to old soldiers he is particularly effective, for he has then the true eloquence of the heart. He feels and thinks as they feel and think, and speaks as they would speak were their lips touched as his are, with the magic fire of genius.

The veterans rejoice because they have now, for the first time, a representative private soldier at the head of the Pension Bureau—a man whom they recognize as one of themselves; who has stood shoulder to shoulder and musket in hand with them in defense of the Nation; who has shared with them the trials and sufferings they endured; who sympathizes with them to the inmost recesses of his heart, and who has the ability and the force of character to represent them in all things.

In selecting Comrade Tanner for his Commissioner of Pensions Comrade Ben Harrison has earned the sincere gratitude of every man who wore the blue, without distinction of party. Democratic, Prohibition and Labor Reformers are as enthusiastic over it as Republican veterans. There are no party distinctions in their appreciation of loyalty, courage, good soldiership and good comradeship.

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1889.

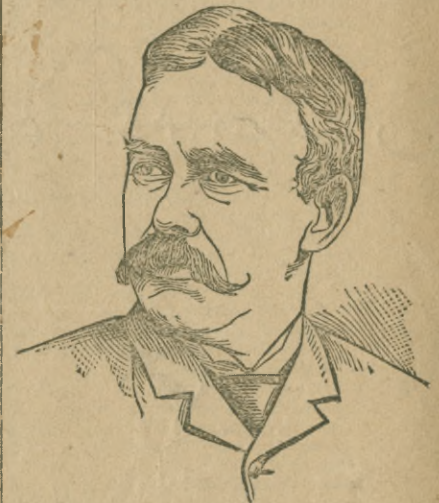
CORP'L JAS. TANNER,

The New Commissioner of Pensions.

It seems hardly necessary to introduce the new Commissioner of Pensions to the readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. There are few, indeed, who do not know and admire the comrade who has been their devoted champion these many years, and whose eloquence has repeatedly electrified audiences from ocean to ocean. He is nearly as well known in California and Oregon as in his native State, and the comrades of Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and New England think that he belongs to them quite as much as to New York.

But we will state a few facts in regard to him that all may not be acquainted with.

He was born in Schoharie County, N. Y., about 45 years ago, and at the age of 17 enlisted in the 80th N. Y., and with it went through



the Peninsular campaign, taking part in every engagement in which it participated, and conducting himself so well that he was promoted Corporal. There is no doubt but that he would speedily have received a commission had it not been for his disabling wound. At the second battle of Bull Run he was lying on the ground with his regiment, supporting a battery. A shell fired by a rebel gun burst over him, and mangled his legs so that both feet had to be amputated.

After recovering from his wound he received an appointment as clerk in the War Department, and while there was called into the room where Abraham Lincoln lay dying, and took down in short-hand some testimony for use in investigating the assassination. He subsequently studied law, left the War Department, and was admitted to the bar in 1869.

Before he entered upon practice he was appointed a clerk in the New York Custom House, where he remained eight years, rising by force of merit and capacity from the lowest position to the highest under the Collector. He resigned the position of Deputy Collector to accept the remunerative and responsible position of Collector of Taxes for the city of Brooklyn, which he held for eight years, collecting in that time over \$60,000,000, which he turned over in excellent shape. He also distinguished himself

by his very capable management of the office, improving its management in every way, and showing himself possessed of executive ability of the highest order. This fact was everywhere conceded, and though his official superiors—the Mayor and Council—were opposed to him politically, they were very willing to bear this testimony for him.

In the meantime Corp'l Tanner, as he came to be known, was winning a National reputation for eloquence. He had no peer when standing before a popular audience in New York or Brooklyn, and to-day has no superior in the country.

He has been an enthusiastic G.A.R. man from the first, and no man has done more for the upbuilding of the Order. He was active in every movement promising benefit to the soldiers, and wherever he has been he stood a tower of strength.

He was one of the first to conceive of a Home for the veterans of New York, and he gave incessantly of his time and talent for the building-up of the magnificent Home now established at Bath, N. Y. This, those who know his work best, pronounce his monument, and no man has a better one.

He was twice Commander of the Department of New York, G.A.R., and for several years has been a valuable member of the G.A.R. National Pension Committee.

Of late years he has been very much in request as a lecturer and campaign speaker, and has repeatedly traveled from one side of the country to the other, addressing great crowds at every stopping place. The best evidence of his merit as a speaker is that his second meetings at any place are always greatly larger than his first.

During the recent campaign he did magnificent work in Oregon and Indiana, and the popular enthusiasm for the Republican ticket in those States was in no small degree due to his efforts.

As soon as the result of the election was known the veterans everywhere began raising the cry for him for Commissioner of Pensions. There was a unanimity about this which President Harrison felt he could not disregard, and although some politicians, who wanted to control the extensive patronage of the Pension Bureau for their own purposes, made a sharp fight against him, Gen. Harrison regarded the wishes of the veterans and appointed him.

Commissioner Tanner's wife is a charming, cultivated woman, who has been a true helpmeet to him. They have two lovely daughters now verging on womanhood, and two sons, aged respectively, 15 and 13.

The Commissioner is now in the prime of his manhood, and his friends are sanguine in the belief that he will make a record in the Pension Bureau that will be in the highest degree creditable to himself, his party, and eminently satisfactory to the veterans.

SHERMAN AND PORTER.

The two illustrious heroes, whose death the whole country mourns to-day, were much alike in character and talents. Had Porter been educated as a soldier he would probably have had such a career as Sherman's; had Sherman been trained as a sailor he would have been such a sea-fighter as Porter was. Both were men of the highest character, with stainless official and private reputations. Both were intense Americans, loving their country and her institutions better than anything else in the world; both were intolerant of anything that savored of disloyalty, or even lukewarmness; both burned with eagerness to do whatever was possible to overthrow the enemies of the Nation and establish its authority upon adamant foundations. Whatever means were placed at their disposal were used with relentless energy for the destruction of whoever stood in opposition to the Old Flag. If Sherman had but a single company, or Porter only one weak ship, each was sure to find some way in which the company or the ship could be used to damage the rebellion.

This was the secret of their marvelous success. They were both terribly in earnest all the time, and every opportunity that presented itself or could be made was eagerly improved. Sherman would march anywhere to find and fight the enemy. Porter would take his gunboats up narrow and tortuous bayous, where it seemed madness to take heavy war vessels, with dim hope of finding the enemy's vulnerable flank.

The famous Sunflower Bayou expedition was an excellent illustration of the determined zeal of the two men, which made them so harmonious in co-operation. The great desire of the army and fleet before Vicksburg was to find some way to reduce the rebel stronghold at Haynes's Bluff, which effectually guarded the right flank of Vicksburg and prevented the army from getting a foothold upon the high ground behind the city. Sherman had lost 2,500 men in the previous December in an assault upon this position. In March a daring attempt was made by a portion of the army and some of Porter's gunboats to get into the Yazoo above the bluff, by cutting the levee about 200 miles above Vicksburg and taking advantage of the flood to run across the country into the tributaries of the Yazoo, so as to come down above the Bluff. This was foiled because of delays, which gave the rebels information of the intention and time to effectively thwart it. Next the determined commanders thought of a plan to work into

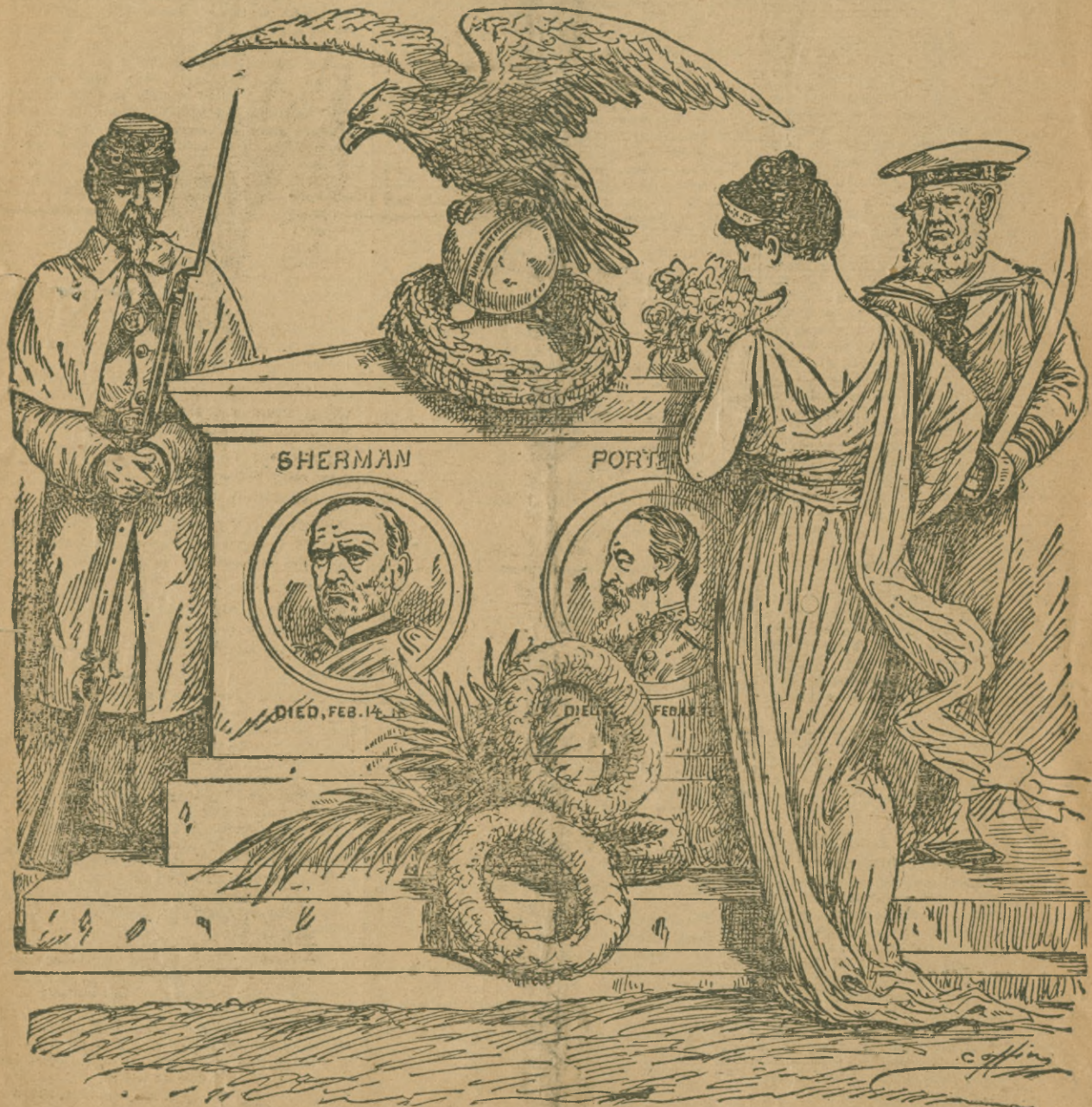
the Yazoo by a very narrow and crooked channel known as Sunflower Bayou. Porter started at once with a fleet of five ironclads, four mortar boats and two tugs, and Sherman followed with a division on transports. But again the rebels were apprised of the movement, and were actively at work to thwart it. Porter soon found his vessels caught in a trap by trees being cut down across the bayou in front and rear, while concealed riflemen shot down his sailors. He was preparing to blow up his vessels, when Sherman, who had become alarmed about him, made a night march to his assistance, himself leading the way through the maze of canebrakes, with a candle in each hand. The rebels were driven off and the fleet saved, but the expedition had to be abandoned. A new plan had to be adopted, which involved the desperate expedient of running the gunboats and some of the transports past the seven miles of batteries that lined the river bank. Again Porter was eager for the desperate venture, and conducted it with entire success. Grant's brilliant campaign in the rear of Vicksburg was the result.

The character of the war did not give Porter the same opportunity of filling the public eye that Sherman had, because it was principally a struggle on land, with naval operations incidental and subordinate. But wherever there was a chance for the navy Porter improved it to the utmost, and he will always rank among the greatest sailors the world has produced, just as Sherman will always maintain his place among the world's great Generals. Had the war been mainly by sea, Porter's fame would probably have overshadowed Sherman's, just as Sherman's now seems to overshadow Porter's, because the military side of the struggle preponderated.

Both were of the highest types of American manhood. They were genuinely American, with all the attributes and qualities of our people, and we can place no finer ideals before our children than Sherman—the typical American soldier—and Porter—the typical American sailor—men of the purest character and loftiest impulses, who loved peace and hated war, but when it became necessary to make war did so with a fiery zeal that brought complete victory and lasting peace.

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1891.

THE NATION'S GRIEF.



Columbia Mourns the Death of Her Greatest Living Soldier and Her Greatest Living Sailor.



LUCIUS FAIRCHILD,

The New Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic Elected at San Francisco.

Troy Daily Times.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 14, 1887.

Hail to the Chief—Preparations to Receive the Commander.

The following order was issued last evening:

HEADQUARTERS JOINT COMMITTEE, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC, TROY, N. Y., Jan. 14, 1887.—I. Having been designated as grand marshal for the reception of ex-Gov. Lucius Fairchild, commander-in-chief of the grand army of the republic, on the occasion of his visit to the city on Saturday, January 15th inst., the following appointments, formation of line and line of march are hereby announced:

II. The following are hereby designated as the staff of the grand marshal, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly:

Chief of staff, Col. Lee Chamberlin; aides-de-camp, Cols. D. M. Greene, George H. Gillis, M. H. Burton, Lieut. Cols. Charles S. Francis, George P. Lawton, James Kemp, John Don, J. A. Macdonald, H. M. Alden, Majors A. MacArthur, Charles H. Stott, jr., and Edward L. Gaul.

III. The line will be formed promptly at 3:30 o'clock p. m. on First street, right resting on State street, in the following order: The Troy Citizens' corps, sixth separate company, N. G. S. N. Y., Capt. James W. Cusack, commanding, having tendered their services with Doring's band, are assigned the right of line; Tibbits cadets, twenty-first separate company, N. G. S. N. Y., Capt. Samue Foster; twelfth separate company, N. G. S. N. Y., Capt. Joseph Egolf; fourth battery, Capt. J. E. Sharp; Post Willard drum corps, twenty men; G. L. Willard Post 34, G. A. R., L. E. Griffith, commander; William B. Tibbits Post 141, G. A. R., Isaac F. Handy, commander; John A. Griswold Post 338, G. A. R., D. M. Ranken, junior vice commander; McConihe Post 185, G. A. R., B. F. Page, commander; visiting G. A. R. in numerical order; Tibbits veteran corps, Capt. Henry Stowell, acting as the immediate escort to Commander-in-chief Fairchild.

IV. The following line of march will be observed: First street to River, to Fulton, to Union, to Broadway, where the column will halt to receive Commander-in-chief Fairchild and staff, after which the line of march will be: Broadway to fifth and North Second to Jacob, to River, to Fourth, to Broadway, to Second, to Washington, to Third, to G. A. R. hall, in Griswold opera house building, and dismiss.

V. The staff of the grand marshal will report at the Troy house in full uniform mounted at 2:45 o'clock p. m. sharp. By order of
MAJOR GEN. JOSEPH B. CARR, Grand Marshal.
Official:
Col. Lee Chamberlin, Chief of Staff.

After the parade a reception will be held by grand army men at the grand army hall on Third street. There will be a public reception at Music hall in the evening. A committee will go to Albany and accompany the commander-in-chief and the department commander to this city. A salute will be fired by the fourth battery upon the arrival of the party.

The public reception at Music hall to-morrow night will begin at 7:30 o'clock, and will be called to order by Commander L. E. Griffith of Post Willard. An address of welcome to Gen. Fairchild will be delivered by Mayor Whelan. After the response by Gen. Fairchild addresses will be made by Department Commander Gen. Joseph I. Sayles, the Rev. Dr. L. M. S. Haynes and probably the Hon. Martin I. Townsend. Doring's orchestra will furnish music. There will be no cards of admission to the hall and everybody is invited. Seats on the stage will be occupied by prominent citizens. The exercises will be concluded at 9 o'clock, when Gen. Fairchild will be tendered a banquet at the Troy house. Commander Robert W. Hunt of Post Griswold will act as toast-master. The regular toasts, beside which there will be volunteer toasts, will be as follows:

"The commander-in-chief of the grand army of the republic," response by Gen. Fairchild; "The department of New York," response by Gen. Sayles; "The veterans' sons," response by Henry L. Landon; "The national government must and shall be sustained," response by the Hon. C. E. Patterson; "The city of Troy," response by John H. Peck; "The G. A. R. of Troy," response by L. E. Griffith; "The ladies," response by Col. E. L. Cole.

Receiving the Commander-in-Chief—Speeches and Banquet.

Grand army men and other citizens gave Gen. Lucius Fairchild, commander-in-chief of the grand army of the republic, a cordial welcome at Music hall Saturday evening. Prominent citizens occupied seats on the platform and the hall was well filled with representative Trojans. Among the gentlemen on the stage was Col. Clinton H. Meneely of this city, who stood a few feet from Gen. Fairchild when the latter was wounded at Cemetery ridge, at the battle of Gettysburg. Col. Meneely was recognized by the commander-in-chief, and their meeting, for the first time since the general was borne from the field at Gettysburg, was a pleasant feature of the evening. Doring's band played martial airs and "Hail to the Chief" as the distinguished guest appeared and was escorted to his seat by Commander Robert W. Hunt and other veterans. Commander L. E. Griffith presided in his happy manner, and in calling upon Mayor Whelan to extend a welcome to the commander-in-chief he introduced the chief executive as an honored comrade of the grand army. The mayor read his address, which had been engrossed and neatly embellished with red and blue ribbon. In responding, Gen. Fairchild said the grand army of the republic was the grandest order on the earth. If the country is prosperous and happy to-day, it is because the men who belong to the grand army made it possible by their sacrifices. The grand army is now for peace—unless some one attacks the old flag. He explained the objects of the organization, and said that in his tour through the South he was warmly greeted by ex-confederates, who now recognize that the best friends they had from 1861 to 1865 were the Union soldiers, who forcibly restrained the South from committing suicide by severing from the Union. Col. O. P. Clark, assistant adjutant general of the department of New York, stated that Gen. Sayles, department commander, who had been announced to be present, was detained at home by sickness. The colonel ably represented the commander, and made an appropriate address. Commander Griffith next introduced the Hon. Martin I. Townsend as a fearless hero of liberty, a soldiers' friend and a distinguished citizen. In a characteristic speech the venerable speaker paid a glowing tribute to the soldiers, and declared that too much honor could not be shown the battle-scarred veterans. He said he wanted to live to see a soldiers'

monument erected in the city of Troy, and he contended that the government should pension every needy and disabled soldier, whether their injuries dated back to the war or not. The Rev. L. M. S. Haynes of Post Griswold read a certificate of membership of Daniel Sheldon, an officer of the United States army in the revolutionary war, in the society of Cincinnatus, signed by George Washington as president, January 1, 1784, and said that the grand army of the republic was the lineal descendant of that organization. Dr. Haynes said he cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln in 1860 at Augusta, Me., and that night he sat up with James G. Blaine and others to count the vote. He went to the war from the Pine-tree state and served under Grant. Turning to Gen. Fairchild, Dr. Haynes added: "To-night for the first time I look upon the face of my commander-in-chief." The remarks of all the speakers were applauded. At the close of Dr. Haynes's address citizens were afforded opportunity to shake hands with the commander-in-chief.

The banquet at the Troy house was a brilliant conclusion of the reception. Responses to toasts were made by Gen. Fairchild, C. E. Patterson, John H. Peck, Henry L. Landon, Commander Griffith, Col. E. L. Cole and others. Commander Hunt acted as toastmaster. The banquet was worthy of any hotel in the land, and was pronounced by the chief guest of the evening one of the best in viands, preparation and service that he had ever seen. The speeches bristled with humor and good sense. The response of Gen. Fairchild was full of wit and felicitous allusion, and the other responses were all eloquent and timely.

Yesterday afternoon Gen. Fairchild, accompanied by Commanders Griffith and Hunt and Past Commander Fitzpatrick, went to Albany. The general was shown through the capitol. He paid his respects to Gov. Hill, after which the three Republican candidates were called upon. Gen. Fairchild took the 4:05 o'clock P. M. train for Providence, R. I. He was much delighted with his visit to Troy.

Daily THE TROY G. A. R. 16/87
Waiting Patiently all the Afternoon for General Fairchild.

Troy, Jan. 15.—As early as 12 o'clock to-day persons began to assemble on the streets, and impatiently awaited the parade in honor of Commander-in-Chief Fairchild. Many of the Grand Army men who were troubled with rheumatic complaints grumbled a little at the idea of marching through the deep snow, but the majority were as enthusiastic as it is possible for men, who intended honoring the chief, to be. Numerous flags were flying from the public buildings and many residences were decorated in honor of the occasion. The commanders of the four posts and Comrade Fitzpatrick, the committee appointed to go to Albany and receive the guests, arrived in Albany about 1:30 o'clock, and awaited the coming of the train which was to bear the chief as far as the capital city. The fourth battery was stationed on Starbuck's island, and everybody waited in high glee to give the distinguished guest a hearty welcome. The parade should have got under headway by 3:30 o'clock, but that time passed, and neither guest or the the escort appeared. General Carr, the grand marshal of the day, received a telegram stating that the chief's train had been delayed, owing to the heavy fall of snow and would not arrive in Troy until 6 o'clock. The general sent out an order to the dissatisfied men that the parade would not occur. In a few minutes, the crowd about the Troy house—the grand marshal's headquarters, dispersed, and people wended their way to their homes heartily disappointed with the state of affairs. About 1,000 persons including all the G. A. R. men of Troy assembled at the depot at 6:30

this evening to welcome General Fairchild who arrived at that time. The distinguished military gentleman was escorted to Music Hall where President E. L. Griffith introduced him to the assemblage. General Fairchild delivered a scholarly address in which he paid the G. A. R. many compliments. Hon. Martin I. Townsend and Rev. H. F. Haynes then made speeches. The speeches over, a brief reception followed at the hall. At the conclusion of the reception the guests repaired to the Troy house, where the banquet was held. A well-spread table was set down and merry carnival ran high until a late hour. The following were the toasts and responses: "The commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.," responded to by General Fairchild in a few appropriate remarks; "The department of New York," responded to by General Sayles; "The national government under the administration shall be preserved," responded to by the Hon. Chas. Patterson; "The city of Troy," responded to by the Hon. John H. Peck; "The G. A. R. of Troy," responded to by Commander L. E. Griffith; "The ladies," responded to by Col. E. L. Cole. Then followed volunteer toasts. Among the guests present were Mayor Whelan, John B. Gale, Ebenezer Warner, C. E. Patterson, ex-Mayor Murphy, Wm. J. Roche, LeGrand C. Tibbitts, Wm. Kemp, LaMott W. Rhodes, Joseph B. Carr, Isaac Keith, Martin I. Townsend, Lee Chamberlain, C. L. Van Arthur, Henry A. Merritt, C. W. DeFreest, Dr. J. P. Bloss, John M. Landon, Prof. Green, Henry Wheeler, Dr. McLean, John M. Francis, W. E. Kisselburgh, Edward Dolan, Samuel Foster, Nelson Davenport, Alonzo Alden, Chas. Lee, Philip Fitzpatrick, C. H. Dauchy and others.

PAST COMMANDERS-IN-CHIEF.

Judge Devens is the sixth Past Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic to die. Those who have preceded him are:

Gen. S. A. Hurlbut, who died of paralysis of the heart in Chile, where he was serving as Minister, March 27, 1882.

Gen. John A. Logan, who died at his home in Washington, where he was serving as Senator from Illinois, Dec. 26, 1886.

Gen. A. E. Burnside, who died at Bristol, R. I., Sept. 13, 1881. He was then Senator from Rhode Island.

Gen. John T. Hartranft, in Philadelphia, Oct. 17, 1889. He had been Governor of Pennsylvania, and filled other high offices.

Chaplain William Earnshaw, who died in July, 1885, at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, O.

The Past Commanders-in-Chief now living are:

Gen. John C. Robinson, elected at Providence, R. I., 1877; re-elected at Springfield, Mass., 1878.

Gen. Louis Wagner, elected at Dayton, O., 1880.

Maj. George S. Merrill, elected at Indianapolis, 1881.

Comrade Paul Van Der Voort, elected at Baltimore, 1882.

Col. Robert B. Beath, elected at Denver, 1883.

Comrade John S. Kountz, elected at Minneapolis, 1884.

Gen. S. S. Burdett, elected at Portland, 1885.

Gen. Lucius Fairchild, elected at San Francisco, 1886.

Capt. John P. Rea, elected at St. Louis, 1887.

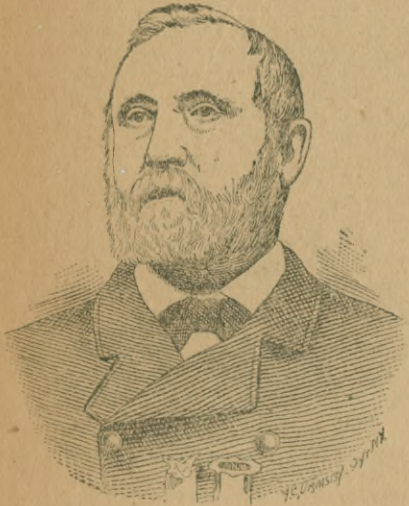
Maj. Wm. Warner, elected at Columbus, 1888.

Gen. Russel A. Alger, elected at Milwaukee, 1889.

HERO OF MANY BATTLES.

MANY YEARS SPENT IN THE ARMY.

A Veteran of several Wars — A Remarkable Record — A Pleasant Interview With the Old Soldier — A Fine Masonic Record.



Few men in this section have the military or Masonic record of Donald Gillis, formerly of this city but now a resident of Seventh avenue, West Troy. He is a distinguished Scotchman, having been born in Glasgow, April 30, 1816. Although 75 years of age he is in quite good health, but his hands are paralyzed and his work as a soldier, which cannot be surpassed, begins to tell on him. A detailed account of the life of Donald Gillis, his trials and hardships while serving in the British and American armies would fill a volume. When but 14 years of age he learned the shoemaker trade and continued at his vocation until the age of 17 when he enlisted in the British army to serve her Majesty, her heirs and successors for a limited service. His regiment, the Twenty-sixth, or Cameronian, was detailed to Bengal, East Indies where they remained for seven years. While in India he married Miss Margaret Gray, a native of Scotland who proved her weight in gold as a nurse in the army. In 1840 the Twenty-sixth Regiment was ordered to China and remained there until 1842. Gillies while in China took part in all of the general engagements. Under command of Lord Gough the regiment embarked at Hong Kong in 1842 for Calcutta and was ordered home after being ten years in active service. They landed in Edinburgh, Scotland, in August 1843. Then the regiment was ordered to Ireland for active service, being stationed at Cork. Gillies was present during the war of 1848 '49, at the time Smith O'Brien and his comrades were ordered to be beheaded at Clonmell for treason against Her Majesty but were pardoned and sentenced to Van Diemen's Land for life. After serving six years in Ireland the regiment embarked March 5, 1850, for Gibraltar and Don Gutty, where they did garrison duty for four years.

THEY CAME TO AMERICA.

In 1854 the regiment was sent to America and landed in Montreal on the 9th of June. For two days they did not get into barracks on account of the Father Gavazzi riot, and were obliged to stay in engine houses. Gillies gives a graphic account of the exciting scenes at that time. Mayor Wilson read the riot act and ordered the Twenty-sixth to load with ball cartridge and fire into the mob. Thirty-nine men were killed and wounded. Gillies was promoted to sergeant and during nearly all of the time he was with the Twenty-sixth Regiment, he was master shoemaker.

PROMOTED.

After the riot Gillies received a commission as chief detective under Sir Edmund Head, with headquarters at Quebec. Subsequently he re-enlisted in the Third Gargars Rifles. He was quartermaster sergeant in the Gargars when he was honorably discharged.

IN THE CIVIL WAR.

In 1857 he came to Troy and worked at his trade until the late war commenced, when he enlisted in Company H, Captain McNutt's company, the Second New York volunteers, and went as an orderly sergeant. He was promoted to second lieutenant by General Carr. Gillies was in the battle of Big Bethel with the regiment, and also served when the Merrimac came into Newport News and destroyed the American navy. The troops at that time were under command of the lamented General Mansfield. He resigned as second lieutenant of Company H, April 22, 1862. His reason for resigning was that he having served in the British Light Artillery, he could make himself more useful in that artillery in the Union army, and he re-enlisted in the Tenth New York Light Artillery in New York. He was sent to Washington to join the battery, which was in command of Captain Bruen, who appointed Gillies orderly sergeant.

FOUGHT MANY BATTLES.

He was also with the battery under General Pope and was engaged in the following battles: Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862; Sulphur Springs, August 11; Rappahannock Station, Va., August 18; Bristow Station, August 28; Bull Run, August 29; Chantilly, Va., August 30; Antietam, Md., September 17; Fredericksburg, Va., December 11; Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1863. Here Gillies relates an interesting incident concerning Captain William McConihe of Troy. While Gillies was going for ammunition for the battery he noticed two soldiers carrying a wounded man across the field. He recognized the wounded man as one of his old comrades belonging to the Second Regiment. It was Captain McConihe, and Gillies knowing that the former was a brother Mason ran to him and asked where he was wounded. McConihe opened his blouse and showed a Knight Templar's cross which saved his life, the bullet having struck the cross and took another direction in his body. Gillies placed McConihe on his horse and took him to Dr. McLean, the army surgeon. The cross was in later years presented by McConihe to Apollo Commandery and is still in their possession. Gillies also served with the battery in the battle of South Mountain, July 1, 1863 and Gettysburg, July 2 and 3. Here he was wounded in the breast and right arm and was taken to the field hospital. He was also in the battle at Rappahannock Station, November 7, 1863; Mine Run, Va., November 26, was wounded in left arm; White House Landing, July 20, 1864. Gillies was then commissioned into the One Hundred and Eighty-Seventh New York Volunteers and was in

the following battles with them as second lieutenant, the company being organized at Buffalo and landed at City Point, Va.; Hatcher's Run, Va., October 27, 1864; Railroad raid (Warner's great raid) December 5 to 13; on reconnoitring party June 10, 1865; Hatcher's Run, February 6; Vaughn's Road, February 7 and 8; Gravelly Run, March 29; Boynton Plank Road, March 31; Southside Railroad, April 11. Gillies remained with the regiment until Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House and was at the grand review with the Fifth Corps at Washington with the whole army. He was mustered out at Fort Potter, Buffalo, July 21, 1865 and came to Troy.

A G. A. R. MAN.

Gillies was one of the first grand army men to organize Post Willard and was elected commander of the post in 1871. Mrs. Margaret Gillies will not soon be forgotten, although she sleeps peacefully in Oakwood.

She served as a nurse in the hospital at Fortress Mulroe under Dr. Bontecou, being the first nurse under pay, and attended the wounded of the Cumberland that came ashore.

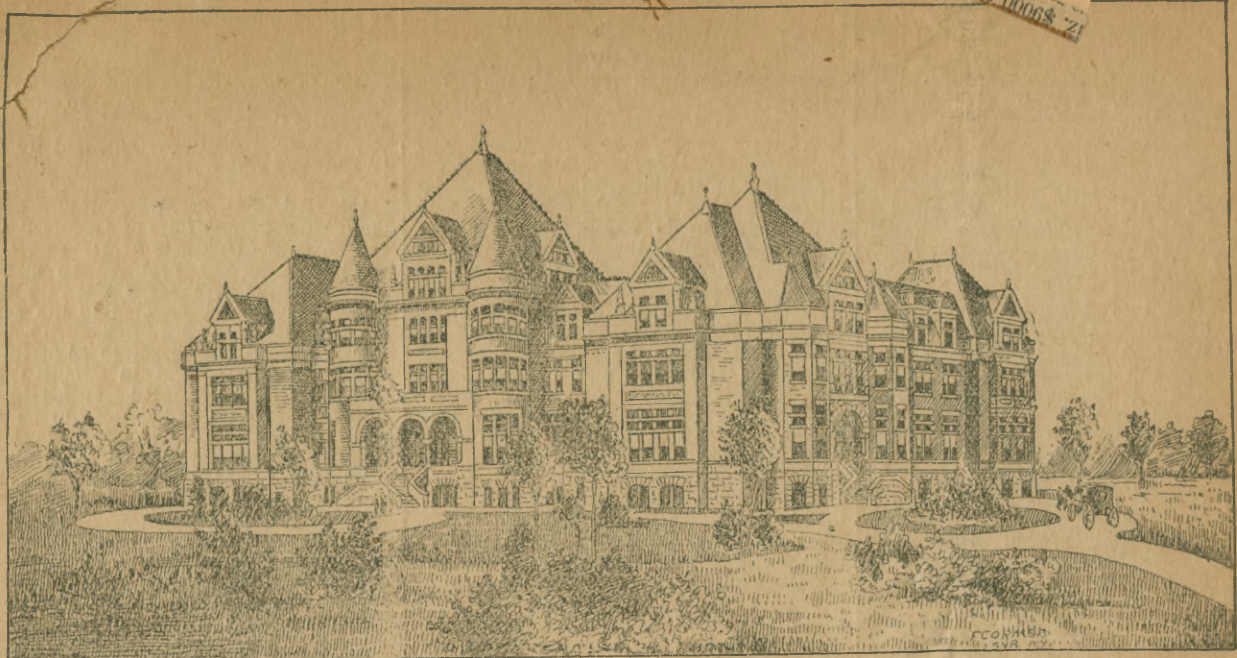
HIS MASONIC RECORD.

Gillies is a member of Apollo Lodge, No. 13, of Troy, and received his degrees on the rock of Gibraltar in 1841. He is also a Royal Arch Mason of England and has his certificates from the Royal Arch Chapter of England, and also certificate as Master Mason from the Grand Lodge of Ireland. He has received the Scottish rite and is a Knight of St. Andrew.

HIS PENSION.

Donald Gillies is surely deserving of more than a paltry \$8 per month pension from the government, which he only receives. When a BUDGET reporter left Donald a few days ago after an interview, he remarked with tears in his eyes: "Tell all the old 'vets' to come and see me. I am also pleased to see a soldier."

00068 71



The New York State Masonic Home and Asylum at Utica.

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, MAY 24, 1891.

THE NEW MASONIC HOME.

HOW THE CORNER STONE WAS LAID.

A Great Masonic Gathering—The Largest Ever Seen in Central New York — Many Trojans There — Picture of the Home.

Gently fell the rain drops Thursday as the morning broke over the city of Utica, which that day was the centre of attraction for Masons of the State. It was the day every citizen of Utica had looked forward to with great interest, for on that occasion was to occur the laying of the corner stone of the new and handsome Masonic Home to be erected in that city.

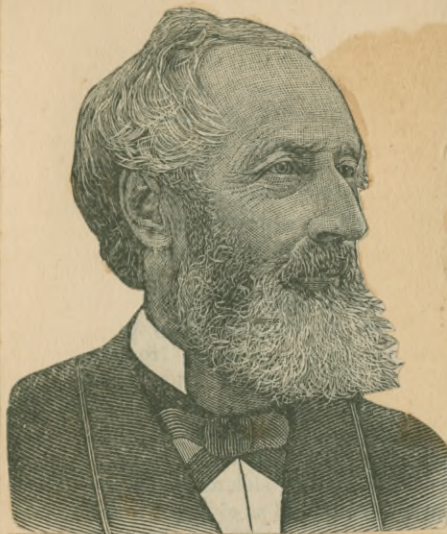
A GREAT CROWD.

Although it rained throughout the forenoon each train brought hundreds of Masons to Utica and before noon the city contained more of the Masonic fraternity than ever before assembled at any city in Central New York.

MANY TROJANS PRESENT.

A special train left Troy Thursday morning carrying hundreds of Trojan Masons. They were members of Apollo Lodge, No. 13, King Solomon's Primitive Lodge, No. 91, Phoenix and Jerusalem Lodges of Lansingburgh, and Evening Star Lodge of West Troy assembled at the Masonic Temple on Third street. The members were attired in dark clothes and derby hats. At the temple they were furnished with the regulation white aprons and blue silk badges on which was this inscription: "1796,

Apollo Lodge, No. 13, F. and A. M., Troy, N. Y. Placing of corner stone of Masonic Home, Utica, N. Y., May 21, 1891." Doring's band preceded the Masons as they marched to the depot. Colonel William H. Munn was marshal of Apollo Lodge, and Colonel Joseph Egolf of King Solomon's Lodge. The Trojans returned on a late train that night.



FOUR SCORE YEARS.

Grand Reception at Cyrus W. Field's in New York--Trojans Present.
Special dispatch to THE TROY DAILY PRESS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Last night at the mansion of Cyrus W. Field on Gramercy park a large number of invited guests were present to meet Mr. David Dudley Field on his eightieth birthday. The old lawyer is as erect and apparently as vigorous at four score years as he was at sixty. Mr. David Dudley Field for thirty years and more has been one of the greatest of American lawyers. In some respects he has been pronounced the best, but he has ranked with Charles O'Connor, Reverdy Johnson, Benjamin Curtis and other great leaders of the American bar. The Field family is among the most conspicuous in the history of this country. The names of the father and four sons, appear in the cyclopedias with laudatory mention. Stephen J. Field, one of the brothers, is one of the oldest lawyers on the United States supreme court bench. Cyrus W. Field first distinguished himself by laying the first telegraph cable across the Atlantic. He is one of the richest men in America.

The following poem was addressed to the venerable Mr. Field by Mr. F. J. Parmenter of this city:

To David Dudley Field,
AUTHOR OF THE BEST
CODE OF PROCEDURE EVER PREPARED
FOR A GRATEFUL PROFESSION,
THESE LINES ARE ADDRESSED
ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY,
FEBRUARY 13, 1885.

I.

Except in years, thou art not old;
There's scarce a wrinkle on thy brow,
Thy hand is firm, thy step is bold,
Youth still is at the prow.

II.

You must have followed Nature's code
And found the spring the Spaniard sought,
To keep so fresh along the road
Where you so much have wrought.

III.

'Tis not enough that you may call
To aid your task, vast mental powers,
You must have held old Time in thrall
And codified his hours.

IV.

Comparing with your works your years
The world, in doubting mood, might say
Instead of only eighty years,
You're twice that age to-day.

V.

Men born for such achievement high
Are cast in Nature's choicest mould,
And that must be the reason why
They never do look old.

VI.

Some frost may round your temples cling,
The product of deep thought and care,
But in your genial face, the Spring
Is ever blooming there.

VII.

Now, when Time's rapid wheel shall bring
Your hundredth anniversary,
May better bard its glories sing
And I be there to to see.

Among the guests present last evening were Cyrus W. Field, jr., Hon. Erastus Brooks, Russell Sage, Samuel Sloan, president of the Delaware and Lackawanna railroad, ex-secretary of state G. Hilton Scribner, judge Rapallo, of the court of appeals, Jackson S. Shultz and Daniel Dougherty of Philadelphia, Jay Gould, ex-governor Hoyt of Pennsylvania, judge Field of the United States supreme court, Hon. R. A. Parmenter, Troy, chief justice Brady of Rhode Island, Monsignor Capel, ex-governor Banks of Massachusetts, F. J. Parmenter of Troy, ex-mayor Edson of New York, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, commodore Chandler, admiral Ammen, lieutenant Berry, chief engineer Melville of the United States navy, Jerome B. Parmenter of Troy, ex-vice president Hamlin, mayor Grace of New York, Henry Bergh, senator McCarthy, Hon. Hamilton Harris of Albany, John D. Townsend, Washington E. Connor and William Allen Butler.

CYRUS W. FIELD.

With two great enterprises the name of Cyrus W. Field is inseparably associated: the Atlantic Cable and the elevated railroad system of New York city. Mr. Field was born in Massachusetts sixty years ago, but most of his life has been spent in New York. In 1858 the first cable was laid under the Atlantic. The cable broke three times, but at last Mr. Field had the satisfaction of superintending the transmission from President Buchanan to Queen Victoria of the first message, "What hath God wrought?" The same pertinacity which marked Mr. Field's struggle for the cable was displayed when the question of elevated railroads came up. With every detail of the work Mr. Field is familiar. Abroad, as well as in the United States, Mr. Field has an extended acquaintance among public men, and numbers among his friends the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Argyll, and Mr. Gladstone. He started the fund of \$250,000 for the family of President Garfield and the one for the late Gen. Grant. Mr. Field belongs to a remarkable family. His brother, David Dudley, the eminent lawyer, is hale and vigorous, although more than eighty years old. Stephen J. Field, another brother, is a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, while Henry M., a clergyman, is a well-known religious editor. Mr. Field's manner is serious, but very polite.

**WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN,
Last General of the Army,
Died February 14, 1891,
Aged 71 years, 5 days.**

General Sherman died at ten minutes of two o'clock yesterday afternoon.

His end was peaceful—it could not have been more so. He had been totally unconscious all the morning and had ceased to struggle long before the coming of the end. The immediate cause of death was said to be the filling of his lungs with mucus, which he had not strength to throw off. He had fought so long as a particle of strength remained, and even at the close his iron will was not vanquished. He was not ready to go until his son "Tom," the Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, now speeding across the sea, had come home to him. But death beckoned and he had to go.

All the morning he lay dying, his family grouped about his bed. His struggles, which had been painful when he returned to that semi-consciousness which showed the proud, unconquered spirit that still lived within him, were pitifully weak now. With all hopes gone, the family prayed only for a speedy end. For hours they stood grouped about the bed, watching and waiting for the end. Several times it seemed as if it had come, but once more the spirit struggled back, and death was beaten off once more.

But at ten minutes of two there came a change. The color and the look which are noticeable only when death comes, suddenly spread over the drawn face, disfigured with iodine, and the nurse who had been bending over him, listening to the last faint flutterings of his heart, quickly straightened up and said, "He is dead."

Thus, thirty hours after the last admiral of the United States, the last general, his friend for many years, passed away.

The funeral has been placed in the hands of General Henry W. Slocum, representing the Grand Army of the Republic, and General O. O. Howard, representing the army, who will meet at the house this evening and make the necessary arrangements.

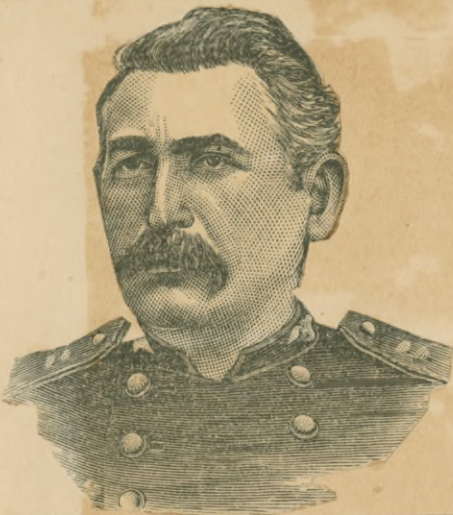
The body, which was embalmed yesterday afternoon, will remain in the Seventy-first street residence until next Thursday, in order to await the coming of Rev. Thomas E. Sherman, who is due on the Majestic on Wednesday. It will then be escorted to the station by posts of the Grand Army and will be taken to St. Louis in a private train, where, after funeral services, it will be laid in Calvary Cemetery, in that city, beside the bodies of his wife and children and children's children.

It is the wish of the family that the remains do not lie in state in this city, and unless they alter the decision which they made yesterday, and which Mr. P. T. Sherman said was in accordance with his father's wishes, the features will not be uncovered to the public eye.

General Sherman desired that the utmost simplicity attend his obsequies, and his wishes will be respected as much as is compatible with his eminence and popularity and the military station which he occupied.



GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.



Sept 28, 1884
Dead Wearers of the Blue.

—Col. Egolf is preparing a valuable military record-book for Memorial hall. It will contain the names of all soldiers killed in battle or who have died since the war, residents of Rensselaer county, with their rank, regiment, company, date of death and the cemetery in which they are buried.

—Col. Joseph Egolf has received the first instalment of tombstones for soldiers' graves in this county. The base is ten inches wide, nine inches deep, ten inches high and twenty-two inches long. The marble slab is four inches thick, seventeen inches wide and thirty-three inches high, making the total height of the stone three feet and seven inches. The designs was furnished by Col. Egolf. On the slab is the name of the soldier, his rank, company, regiment, date of death and age. Over the inscription is a flag cut in the stone, which on memorial days will greatly assist the committees in locating the graves. Friends who have ordered stones can secure them by addressing Col. Egolf.

Mr. Tibbits presented the following:

WHEREAS, In compliance with chapter 247 of the session laws of 1882, New York State, an act to amend chapter 203 of the laws of 1881, entitled "An act to authorize the burial of the bodies of any honorably discharged soldier, sailor or marine who shall hereafter die without leaving means sufficient to defray funeral expenses," section 1, article 1, says: It shall be the duty of the Board of Supervisors in each of the counties of the State to designate some proper authority, other than that designated by law for the care of paupers and the custody of criminals, who shall cause to be interred the body of any honorably discharged soldier, sailor or marine, who served in the army or navy of the United States during the late rebellion, who shall hereafter die without leaving means to defray funeral expenses, &c.

Resolved, That Colonel Joseph Egolf be and is hereby designated by this Board of Supervisors as the proper authority to cause to be interred the body of any honorably discharged soldier, sailor or marine, &c., as stated by, and in compliance with, chapter 247 of session laws, 1882.

Rules suspended and resolution adopted

THE VETERAN DEAD.
 On motion of Mr. Tibbits, Col. Joseph Egolf was reappointed to superintend the burial of deceased veterans of the late war, a position which Col. Egolf has filled with marked fidelity.

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, DEC. 7, 1890.

On motion of Mr. Brennan, the salary of the superintendent of burial of indigent soldiers and sailors was fixed at \$400 a year. The board then proceeded to elect a superintendent. Colonel Joseph Egolf was the candidate of the Democrats and John McNamara of the Republicans. Colonel Egolf was elected. He was a brave soldier, and lost one arm while in the service, and still carries a rebel bullet in his head. He held the office once before, and satisfactorily discharged the duties

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, JAN. 4, 1891.

A Veteran's Death.

Peter Conway of this city died at the Poughkeepsie Insane Asylum yesterday. He was a veteran of the Second Volunteers and lived in Troy many years. He was committed to the asylum about two months ago. His body will be brought here and buried under the supervision of Colonel Egolf, superintendent of soldiers' burials. He leaves a wife and several children.

The Troy Observer.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1887.

The Veteran Dead.

Ezra Crannell, who served in Co. K., 169th N. Y. Vols. died in this city Oct. 20th.

Charles Stevens a veteran of two wars, Mexico and the rebellion died in this city Oct. 20th. A son of Stevens lives in Albany but refused to contribute to the expense of the burial of his father. Col. Joseph Egolf has ordered a grave prepared in the soldiers plot in Oakwood for the interment. Post W. B. Tibbits 141 G. A. R., will take charge of the funeral arrangements and attend in carriage.

VETERANS ATTENTION.

Let us give the old hero of two wars a soldiers' burial. When we were but boys he fought in the battles with Mexico. When the life of the nation was at stake he fought with us. It matters not what he might have been. He was not our father but our brother in arms in defence of the old flag. The Craver fire and drum corps will report to me at 1.30 P. M., Sunday at the corner of State and River streets. JOSEPH EGOLF, Supt burial of soldiers, sailors and marines.

FEBRUARY 20, 1887

DEATH OF A VETERAN.

His Days Ended at the County House—Col. Egolf Directs His Burial.

Christopher Cunningham, 60 years of age, died at the county house yesterday. The deceased was a veteran of the civil war, having served three years in Company B, One Hundred and Sixty-ninth N. Y. S. V. He has been at the county house since last August. The death of Mr. Cunningham was reported to Colonel Joseph Egolf, Superintendent of burials of soldiers, and he directed Undertaker Joseph Burns to provide a suitable burial. The remains were removed to the residence of a son at the corner of First and Tyler streets, and the funeral will take place from St. Michael's Church at 4 o'clock this afternoon.

—There is not the least bit of truth in the report that Col. Joseph Egolf would again accept the captaincy of the Troy militia company. Col. Egolf is out of the guard forever, he having received an honorable discharge, and does not propose to take upon himself a lot of hard and thankless work.

The Sunday Observer.

SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1890

3 TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, OCT. 19, 1884.

Burial for Dead Veterans.

We have received the following from Col. Egolf, commandant of the Tibbits veteran corps:

Troy, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1884.—*Editor Times:* The undersigned has secured from the Oakwood cemetery association the refusal of three lots adjoining the soldiers' plot in the cemetery, in which to bury deceased soldiers, sailors or marines who were veterans of the late war. To carry out the object in view and to secure a respectable burial plot for deceased veterans who die without friends or a place to be buried in, I would appeal to the citizens of Troy for small contributions to enable me to secure title to the lots for the purpose named. At my request the following gentlemen have kindly consented to receive contributions: Willard Gay, cashier National State bank, corner State and First streets; Charles Warner, of the firm of E. & C. Warner, No. 323 River street; C. W. Tillinghast of the firm of J. M. Warren & Co., Broadway and River streets; the Hon. Edward Murphy, jr., of the firm of Kennedy & Murphy, Ferry street, and John Sherry, of the firm of Squires, Sherry & Galusha, Broadway and Fifth street. Mr. Gay has consented to act as treasurer of this fund, receiving the contributions from the other gentlemen, to purchase the lots and pay all bills. The purchase of the lots and repairs to the old plat, perpetual care, sodding and digging graves, with new posts for the entire plat, will not exceed \$500. It is believed the purchase will provide sufficient room for the burial of soldiers who die in circumstances that render it necessary for them to be buried by others than their families or friends. It is trusted the response to the above will be as prompt as the object is worthy. Respectfully yours,
 JOSEPH EGOLF,
 Superintendent of burial of deceased soldiers in Rensselaer county.

The above appeal is worthy of a prompt and sufficient response. The amount desired is small, when compared with the purpose to be attained and the cause in whose behalf the help is asked.

3 TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, OCT. 12, 1884.

—Col. Egolf was informed soon after the death of Daniel Simpson, who fell dead from his wagon on River street Monday, that he was a soldier. Col. Egolf was unable to find any record of the fact, and Simpson was buried in the potter's field. This morning the colonel visited Albany and at the adjacent general's office learned that Simpson enlisted in Troy December 21, 1861, in the one hundred and fourth New York volunteers and was discharged at Brooks station December 2, 1863, for disability. The colonel will to-morrow cause the remains of Simpson to be exhumed and to be buried in the soldiers' plot in Oakwood cemetery. Soldiers desiring to attend the funeral will meet at the new Mount Ida cemetery at 10 o'clock. The Tibbits veteran corps will furnish a firing squad.

The burial of Daniel Simpson yesterday in the soldiers' lot in Oakwood cemetery, fills the ground which was given for that purpose in 1861. Veterans who have no lot of their own and whose friends are unable to purchase one, will hereafter have to be interred in the potter's field unless a new lot is donated by the cemetery association.

Colonel Joseph Egolf, superintendent of burial of indigent soldiers, has removed his office to the north basement of the old postoffice building on First street.

A SOLDIER BURIED.

Interesting Services at the County House Yesterday—Samuel Kelsey at Rest.

A very impressive service took place at the County house yesterday. Some time since Col Joseph Egolf was appointed by the board of supervisors of Rensselaer county, in accordance with chapter 247 of the laws of the state of New York, to take charge of the burial of soldiers and sailors of the late rebellion who have no friends to care for them and who die in the county house. Not long ago Samuel Kelsey, of Schodack, a brave soldier in the war of '61-'65 came to the county house in this city and died Wednesday. Col Egolf at once made preparations for his burial which took place yesterday. The colonel went to the poor house accompanied by the Rev William Taylor, pastor of the Universalist church, chaplain of the Tibbits Veteran corps and Post Tibbits, First Sergeant John Ketchum, and privates Thomas Eagan, N. B. Gardner and Henry W. Smith of the Tibbits corps who acted as bearers and firing squad. The services at the cemetery were solemn and impressive. The remains were inclosed in a neat coffin provided by Col. Egolf. During the services the Rev Dr Taylor stood at the head of the coffin, Col Egolf at the foot, two veterans at either side and around them were gathered the inmates of the poor house. Dr Taylor delivered some very affecting remarks. After the services the remains were escorted to Oakwood cemetery and deposited in the soldiers' lot. As the coffin was lowered to its final resting place the usual military volley was fired over the open grave. Though dying alone, far from home and friends and surrounded only by the dependents upon the county's charities, Kelsey was accorded a burial fitting a brave defender of his country's flag. Some may think it a strange place for a soldier to die in. No soldier is obliged to go to a county house. They may all be sent to the soldiers' home if they desire it, but many prefer to go to the county houses where they can remain close to their friends and acquaintances.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 14, 1885.

THE SOLDIER SUICIDE.

Considerable Trouble Experienced in Providing for the Burial—Daniel McCann's Death.

Daniel McCann who committed suicide yesterday was a volunteer of the war of the rebellion. He enlisted when he was 22 years old in the third New York volunteers, independent battery, and was honorably discharged at the expiration of his term of service. By reason of his own act he has deprived himself of the rites of his church and of burial in consecrated ground. Being a soldier, Col. Egolf, superintendent of the burial of unfortunate soldiers, was notified of the case by Mr. Miller, undertaker. Col. Egolf made arrangements to have McCann buried. The soldier's lot in Oakwood is full and he applied to have the body placed in the vault until such time as the lots adjoining the soldiers plot. Col. Egolf visited the Oakwood cemetery office, where \$15 was demanded for the privilege of placing McCann's body in the vault. This sum being exorbitant, as the total allowance by the county for burials is only \$30. Col. Egolf visited Mt. Ida cemetery, where Supt. Kennedy offered to have the corpse placed in the vault for \$5, and his offer was accepted. McCann will be given a decent burial, Col. Egolf stating that he will pay the difference out of his own pocket. The colonel rightly says that it is pretty hard that where a man has fought for his country that

he cannot get enough of that country to be buried in. The proper authorities should immediately appropriate sufficient money for the purchase of another soldiers' burial lot.

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, JUNE 7, 1891.

Soldiers' Headstones.

During the past week Colonel Joseph Egolf, superintendent of the monuments for deceased soldiers and sailors, has made a tour of inspection of the various cemeteries, and has found that several of the headstones ordered and sent to the cemeteries were left lying about on the ground promiscuously. He will attend to the matter this week and have the stones properly placed where they belong.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Will some friend or relative inform Colonel Egolf of the regiment and company that the following named soldiers buried in the soldiers' plot in Oakwood belonged to: John Bartholoma, died August, 1890; Lucas M. Brown, died September, 1890; Patrick Walsh, died May, 1889; Eugene Wilson, died July, 1889. A headstone for George Williams, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth New York Volunteers, has been at Oakwood cemetery since last summer. Will some friend inform the superintendent of the number of the lot or location of the grave where he is buried. Colonel Egolf does not have the time to answer all the letters he receives in relation to the amount necessary for postage in conducting pensions and other claims against the government. The following are the figures given by the largest pension agent in the country: "The amount expended for postage in conducting the correspondence in original pension claims, and in increase claims where a new disability is alleged, ranges from about thirty cents to about \$1, averaging in such claims about fifty cents. Increase claims, when new disability is not alleged, require much less postage, ranging from about nine cents to about eighteen cents. Bounty claims about thirty cents. Property taken by the U. S. army, and horses lost in service, from fifty cents to \$1.50." All orders received to date for headstones are in the hands of the contractor. Friends of deceased soldiers can lighten the labors of both the superintendent and contractor by placing the name and regiment of deceased soldiers on the grave where there is no headstone.

An Old Soldier Commits Suicide.

In the little village of Ellsworth, in the mountain region of the town of Kent, Conn., an old soldier named Parsons committed suicide. He had been a great sufferer from dropsy, and was destitute and dependent upon his neighbors and a few friends for the bare necessities of life. His aged wife lived with him, and did all that she could to make him comfortable. Another old soldier, who lived near Parsons, had done a good deal for him, and to the house of this friend Parsons went the other day. He thanked his friend with tears in his eyes for the many kindnesses he had shown him, and told him he would no longer be dependent upon his bounty. Parsons then went to a window and raised it, apparently to get air. In a moment his neighbor's attention was called to him by a groan. He rushed to Parsons's assistance, and was just in time to catch him in his arms as he fell dead. Parsons had opened a big jack-knife and had stabbed himself to the heart, dying instantly. Parsons served in a California regiment, and the difficulty of getting witnesses proved an insurmountable obstacle in the way of his getting a pension.

SUPERINTENDENT OF BURIALS.

Mr. Demers moved that the board proceed to elect a superintendent of burials and fix the salary at \$400, the same as now paid. The motion was adopted, under a suspension of the rules. Mr. Demers said the understanding was that the Democrats again desired the election of Colonel Joseph Egolf to the position. No other candidate had been named, and the Republicans in the board felt it was due to a faithful officer to give Colonel Egolf the unanimous vote of the board. The roll was called, and every member present named Colonel Joseph Egolf, who was declared to be the unanimous choice of the board.

TROY N. Y., SUNDAY, DEC. 4 1892.

THURSDAY'S SESSION.

The report of Joseph Egolf, superintendent of burial of indigent soldiers, was presented by Mr. Ingram. The report showed that during the year there were thirty-five burials and thirty-three headstones had been erected. The expense of burials and headstones was \$1,948.20. The report of the committee on judge and surrogate showed the amount of claims to be \$2083 and the committee recommended auditing the claims at \$2063.

The town of Berlin was authorized to borrow \$935 for repairs to roads and bridges.

The question of election bills was taken up and Mr. McDonough moved that the city supervisors be appointed a committee to consider the election bills. Mr. Demers wanted to know if there were any city election bills before the board, and the chairman said there were. Mr. McDonough's motion prevailed and he was made chairman of the committee.

FRIDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Mr. Anderson moved that \$5,909.71 be appropriated for repairs to bridges in Scho-dack, damaged by floods in August 1891. Carried. The salary of jail physician was fixed at \$350 a year and Dr. John P. Prendergast was elected jail physician. Dr. Thomas Dickson received the Republican vote. The salary of scaler of weights and measures was fixed at \$200 a year and Thomas Lang was elected. The salary of superintendent of burial of deceased indigent soldiers was fixed at \$400 a year, and Colonel Joseph Egolf was unanimously re-elected. Charles Doring will receive \$15 a month for rent of two rooms in building south of the Court House, for office room for acting superintendent of the poor.



Police Captain Walter A. Myers,
of the Troy Police Department, Who Died A Few Days Ago,



HOW HE FELT IN BATTLE.

A VETERAN'S EXPERIENCE WHEN HE FIRST FACED THE GUNS.

Scared Almost Out of His Boots When the Battle First Began, But Courageous When the Charge Commenced—Wouldn't Have Been on the Skirmish Line for \$100,000—Suspense Kills.

A number of persons were viewing some battle pictures in a window yesterday. Among them were several who had smelled powder. As one of these moved away he was accosted by a Louisville *Courier* reporter, who engaged his attention for a moment, and then asked him how he felt in his first battle.

"I was scared like blazes," replied the veteran. "That's the truth of it."

"I have been told that after the first battle a man doesn't care," suggested the reporter.

"Young man, that's mighty fine talk, but I don't take much stock in it. There are some men, it is true, who love fighting, and don't seem to know what fear is, but the majority of our boys, though good soldiers, generally 'cared' considerably. Now, if you are anxious to know how the first battle affected me, I'll tell you. I belonged to a regiment that made a pretty good record. After campaigning in Kentucky for about five months we were ordered to Fort Donelson as part of Buckner's brigade. We had not had as much as a skirmish, and had not seen the enemy. Our last camp in this state was at Russellville, where we had inspections and reviews, which should have taught us that we were booked for a fight, but they didn't, because all of us, except a few Mexican veterans, were young fellows and very green. From Russellville we went to Fort Donelson by way of Clarksville, leaving Russellville on Friday—I remember that distinctly.

"At Dover, the town in the edge of which the fort had been built, we were marched out several times to meet the enemy coming over from Fort Henry, which had been surrendered or abandoned to Gen. Grant, but we didn't know what we were doing. To us they were simply one-on-one marches through the woods, just because somebody wanted to trot us around.

"On Monday the third 'march-out' took place, but, instead of returning to quarters, each company was furnished with two spades and had a dozen chopping axes, and told to build some rifle-pits. We went at it, but the boys, who had done a good deal of the same sort of work at Bowling Green, swore they would never build any more breastworks if they didn't get a chance to use these. They got the chance! After working all Monday and straight through until Tuesday night, our regiment had nine rifle-pits constructed, each from sixty to 100 feet long and about the same distance apart. The nature of the ground would not admit of a continuous line, and besides, there was an inner line—but never mind that. This was the extreme right, and destined to be the first point of attack. That was another thing we didn't know. Wednesday night, Feb. 13, 1862, we slept on our arms—what little sleeping we did. The night was moonlight, though the scurrying clouds and mild south wind gave promise of rain. In fact, it was as damp as springtime, but the fact had begun to dawn on us that the morrow would bring trouble for many of us, and we did not pay much attention to the weather. So we lay there harnessed for the fray—overcoats on, knapsacks packed, cartridge boxes filled

with forty rounds of buck and ball cartridges, everything in order—and speculated on the coming day.

"Early next morning, St. Valentine's day, everybody was astir with the dawn. The 'coffee detail' furnished us with hot coffee—we had coffee in those days—and we partook of our rations sparingly. I remember wondering if I would ever get a chance to finish what I had in my haversack. The sun rose and brought with it a beautiful day. The regiment was called to attention. It was lying in columns of companies just behind the brow of the hill. Just over the top were the pits, as yet deserted, save by a guard detailed the night before. Then came another rest. Directly a shot was heard away over in the woods in front. It made no impression on us, because we didn't know what it meant. Another shot or two caused us little uneasiness; but presently there was a rattling volley from perhaps twenty men, and I began to feel 'spotted.' 'The pickets are being driven in!' shouted somebody from the pits. Col. Hanson commanded: 'Attention, Second Kentucky! On First company deploy column. Left face, double quick, march!' And at it we went. We got tangled in some brush and came near getting demoralized, but the Colonel gave the usual precaution, 'Boys, don't get rattled,' and we were soon all right, but for about two minutes I thought the entire Yankee army was on top of me. The struggle through the brush put us in a good humor, and the line was deployed straight as an arrow. Then came the most trying part of the business—waiting. Just as we had got straightened out, a puff of smoke from the edge of the wood to the front and left, followed by the boom of a cannon, told us that the time was almost at hand. How apprehensively the boys traced the course of that shell by its sound. I, for one, thought it was coming directly at me. I wasn't to blame. It was the first one I had ever heard. Every other fellow in the command thought it was fired at him as well. My heart almost stopped beating until I found the infernal thing had passed clear over us and exploded a hundred yards in the rear. The boys didn't accuse each other of being scared, because they were nearly all in that fix. Two more shells were sent over, and the skirmish firing became more rapid in front. I wondered if this was what was called a battle, and began to feel very large—in fact, began to have a sort of contempt for battle. But there was more to follow. A man from the trenches said, 'Colonel, they're getting ready to charge us,' and so they were. Col. Hanson rapidly told off the companies for the first round, and they dashed into the pits. A moment later, 'Here they come!' 'Steady, boys, steady!' 'hold your fire.' 'Now, ready.' And, with a tremendous crash, the first volley was delivered right into the faces of the assaulting brigade at forty yards. Almost simultaneously a thunderous crash from the river and another from the fort told that the fleet was advancing, while the repulsed brigade, formed anew by its gallant officers, once more essayed to get over the works. The second attack was repulsed, as was the third, and as the enemy withdrew a ringing cheer, much the same as the old rebel yell that afterward became so famous, but not quite so keen—broke from the Kentuckians, and made every mother's son of them feel so good that they were laughing and jesting with each other in a few moments as though they were on a Fourth of July picnic.

"Now, you would like to know how I felt while all this was going on? Well, the first shot I heard I didn't mind, because, as I told you, I didn't know what it meant. The volley from the skirmish line looked like business, and scared me like blazes. I wouldn't have been on that skirmish line for \$100,000. The shell from the big gun nearly took my

breath and scared me worse than ever, until it exploded far in the rear. But when that first charge was made, and the gunboats and fort got it, shaking the very ground beneath our feet, for a moment I was almost sick. Then I rapidly thought over the situation—like a man who is about to drown—came to the conclusion that it was better to be killed than to be the laughing stock of the regiment, and went in with a prayer for safety. I was still scared at the end of that first assault, and was frightened every time we got at it for the next two days, with occasional relapses into 'don't-care-a-cussativeness.' The only time that I can truthfully say that I wasn't scared while fighting was going on, was on Saturday afternoon two days later, when, wounded and lying under a heavy cross fire, I gave up hope and made up my mind that my time had come."

"And you don't believe a man ever gets so used to battle that he doesn't care?"

"Some men may, but they are few and far between. If you doubt it, go on a battlefield some time—if you ever have a chance—and see how the trained veterans will take advantage of cover. No, sir; I doubt if there was one man in a thousand, no matter how brave, who wasn't scared in his first fight and in many others. There is one thing I may say, however, and that is—judging from my experience—that if you put a man into a fight on a rush, without lying around in suspense, he will make a better fight. It is the suspense that kills."

THE FREE MEMORIAL RELIC ROOMS OF TROY, N. Y.



MANAGED BY THE

Tibbits Veteran Corps

INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE
OF NEW YORK.

270 RIVER STREET.

TROY, N. Y., September 27th, 1888.

The Tibbits Veteran Corps are making an effort to complete the work begun by Comrade Joseph Egolf many years ago—the Establishment and Maintenance of the Free Relic Rooms (in memory of their departed comrades), occupying the Wilkinson Building, No. 270 River Street, Troy. The Corps has expended all its funds, and now appeals to its patriotic friends for assistance in placing the institution on a sound and enduring financial basis.

They ask but a trifle from each one and feel that their appeal is a deserving one and that it will meet with a prompt and hearty response, and that when their work is finished, through your assistance, a Relic Monument will have been raised to the heroism of the Union Soldiers and Sailors of the Great Rebellion.

If each person receiving this circular will enclose five 2-cent postage stamps in an envelope and send the same to Comrade Joseph Egolf, Troy, N. Y., it will relieve the Association of its present financial embarrassment and help complete a noble work.

Comrade Egolf has spent more than twenty years in the work of collecting the 6,000 war relics now on free exhibition, and this is the first appeal that has been made outside of his home and organization for assistance.

Each contributor to this fund will please sign his or her name to the circular, so that the same may be placed on our roll of honor.

Very respectfully,

WILLIAM LAMPHERE, *President.*

JOSEPH EGOLF, *Captain.*

SAMUEL P. ECCLES, *1st Lieut.*

WILLIAM H. CAHILL, *2d Lieut.*

WALTER L. DAVIS, *Ex-2d Lieut.*

CHARLES F. FAHL, *Secretary.*

JOHN KETCHAM, *Ex-Treasurer,*

Committee.

NAME.....

GIVE ONE TO A FRIEND.

Military Mention.

—Post Willard camp-fire to-morrow night.

—The annual convention of the national guard association of the state will be held at Company B's armory, Albany, on the 23d inst.

—Capt P. R. Chadwick of the seventh separate company, Colces, has resigned. It is thought the change will invigorate the company.

—At the last regular meeting of the Tibbits Vetern corps first sergeants M. Dunspaugh and M. Sullivan of the Tibbits cadets were elected honorary members.

—The newly elected officers of John A. Griswold post No 338, G. A. R., will be installed next Wednesday evening by Past Commander Joseph Egolf of Post Willard.

—Post Willard will meet to-night to elect a
commander. John Arts and Joseph Egolf are
candidates for the position.

CLARK—Dec. 14, Charles G., M. D., aged 46
years.



Joseph Egolf.

KEITH—In this city, March 18th, 1893, at the residence of his sister, 94 Seventh street, Robert Keith. Funeral Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from his sister's residence, 94 Seventh street. Remains can be seen from 11 a. m. until 2 p. m. Interment private.

ECCLES—In this city, Monday, March 13, 1893, Eudora L. Sliter, widow of Samuel P. Eccles, aged 51 years. The funeral occurred from her late residence, 92 King street, Wednesday afternoon, March 15.

The Reveille.

—The Amphion glee club last evening elected Robert Keith, commander of Post Willard, and Prof. Henry Wolf honorary members.

—Past Commander C. L. MacArthur, delegate from Post Willard to the national encampment, will leave for Denver, Col., about July 18. He will be accompanied by Commander Keith and probably by Col. Egolf.

—Commander Keith of Post Willard has been directed by orders from department headquarters to inspect Post 5 of Albany, Post Lyon of Cohoes, Post Wood of Hoosick Falls and Post 312 of Cambridge. Commander Burdick of Post Tibbits will inspect Post 63 and Post 121 of Albany and Post Kane of West Troy.

The River's Dead.

—Commander Keith, Past Commander Egolf and other comrades of Post Willard have gone to New York to witness the departure of the delegation from that city to the national encampment at Denver, Col.

—Egolf has procured a bushel or so of the new silver trade dollars, which he intends to give away as prizes to the best pool players.

Troy Budget

BY C. L. MAC ARTHUR & SON.

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1885.

The Tibbits Corps, Tibbits Cadets and Post Tibbits, G. A. R., will unite in a street parade on Tuesday, March 31, in honor of the birthday anniversary of their patron, the late Major General William B. Tibbits.

Troy Budget

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1890.

The resignation of Colonel Joseph Egolf of the Twelfth Separate Company has been accepted at headquarters, and on Tuesday he will turn over the keys to the armory to Captain James W. Cusack, the senior officer. Captain Cusack will have the naming of the armorer to succeed Colonel Egolf. Who it will be is a matter of speculation.

The new uniforms of the cadets are nearly all

TROY  BUDGET

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY APRIL 1, 1888.

In Memoriam

At a special meeting of the Sandlake Veteran Association, held Monday evening, March 26th, 1888, to take action on the death of our late comrade, George Nash, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, Death hath entered our ranks and removed from us our beloved comrade, George Nash; words can ill express the keen grief and anguish we feel. While we recognize the all-wise decree of a Providence which "doeth all things well," we can but remember that he was kind, affable and most pleasing as a friend, courteous and obliging as a comrade, and that his loss will be long and sensibly felt in our ranks.

Resolved, That in his death we find but another mark of the inscrutable will of that Divine Providence who notes "even the sparrow's fall," and who has some wise purpose even in this sudden decree, to which we bow in Christian humility and submission.

Resolved, That we tender to the bereaved relatives our most profound sympathy and point them for solace and comfort to Him who knows best.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published and a copy transmitted to the family, and that as a token of respect to his worth and memory, the Sandlake Veteran Association attend the funeral in a body, and wear the usual badge of mourning.

WILLIAM SHRIVER,

C. H. WILKINSON,

A. D. McCONIHE,

Committee.

Military Notes.

—The thirty-second separate company arrived at the state camp at Peekskill last night.

—The Troy Citizens corps will do escort duty for the governor and legislature during the parade at Albany Thursday.

—The twelfth separate company, Capt. Egolf, will report at the armory next Saturday at 8.30 A. M. to leave for the state camp at Peekskill, where they will remain until the 31st. inst.

—Thirty-three delinquent members of the fourth battery were cited before judge advocate Landon Friday evening. Two were fined \$1 each, two \$3 each, and another was expelled from the company. The rest were discharged.

—It is suggested that the three local companies divide up into four commands once every two weeks this winter and drill as a battalion. The idea is a good one and should be used.

—At the annual election of the civil officers for the Twelfth separate company, held at their rooms last evening, the following were elected: President, Capt. Joseph Egolf; first vice, Lieut. Talmadge; second vice and treasurer, Lieut. Hill; financial secretary, Private Edward Braman; recording secretary, Sergeant George Lull; board of directors, Capt. Egolf, Lieuts. Talmadge and Hill, First Sergeant Fahl, Sergeants Limerick and Lull, Corporal Conway, Privates D. Becker, P. Beauchea, James Stapleton, E. Braman.

People in

OBITUARY.

Death of the County Superintendent of the Poor—A Prominent Democrat and Citizen.

Acting Superintendent of the Poor John H. Dearstyne died at 5 o'clock this morning at the residence of a relative in Asbury Park, N. J., whither he went about a month ago for the benefit of his health. Mr. Dearstyne had been in bad health for several years, and toward the last he suffered much from nervous prostration. His case was one which baffled physicians and was variously diagnosed. Mr. Dearstyne himself believed that he was suffering from heart disease.

The deceased was forty-five years of age and was born in Bath-on-the-Hudson, where he resided his entire life. He was educated in the schools in Albany, and his first business relations were as clerk for the Commerce insurance company of Albany, with which he was connected for several years.

In 1879 and 1880 he served in the board of supervisors as the member from the town of North Greenbush. From the time he reached his majority Mr. Dearstyne took an active part in politics. He was always an ardent Democrat, and was one of the ablest men in his party in this county. For a number of years he was regarded as the leader of his party in his part of the county. Besides being supervisor he had also held the office of assessor and other town offices, and was for several years clerk of the board of trustees of the village of Bath. In 1880 he was appointed clerk in the acting superintendent of the poor's office by Superintendent Cassin and served as clerk and deputy for nine years. In 1888 he was nominated for acting superintendent by the Democrats and was elected by a good majority, although in that year the Republicans elected several county officers. In 1891 Mr. Dearstyne was re-elected to the office, and he was serving his second term at the time of his death. During his political career Mr. Dearstyne was frequently chosen as delegate to conventions and he always displayed great astuteness in the management of campaigns.

He was a prominent member of the Masons and the Odd Fellows and the Knights of Pythias. He was married but had no children. His widow, who was with him in Asbury Park at the time of his death, survives.

Mr. Dearstyne was a member of the Troy Democratic club and of several organizations in Bath. The Dearstyne hose company of that village was named in his honor, and he was always regarded as one of the most prominent residents of the village. His popularity was great with all classes, his genial, kindly nature making him a general favorite. Especially popular was he with the old soldiers and Grand Army men, as he was always ready to do any favor they asked of him, no matter how much personal inconvenience it might cause him. He was a man of brains, and as acting superintendent the affairs of his office were always intelligently and wisely administered. The remains will be brought to Bath for interment, but no arrangements for the funeral have yet been made.

The announcement of Mr. Dearstyne's death caused profound regret in this city this morning, and many incidents were related to show the generous nature of the man. Oftentimes when persons applied at his office and he was unable to give them aid from the public funds, he drew upon his own purse. He was a safe political counselor, an astute and prudent manager of public affairs and a trustworthy friend.

Cured Pneumonia When All Else Failed.

The Times has recently given prominence to the idea of blood-letting as a remedy in cases of pneumonia, and has published several communications giving the experience of well-known physicians as to the efficacy of the letting of blood in desperate cases of pneumonia. Local corroboration has just been added to the theory by a case at the county hospital. Giuseppe Angelo, an Italian, was being treated by the attending physician at the county-house for pneumonia. The case was so hopeless that the man appeared to have already entered upon the preliminary stages of dissolution and the doctor concluded that death might be expected in five or six hours. As all other remedies had been vainly used, the doctor concluded to try what he considered the experiment of blood-letting. This was done, and to the surprise of the

her demise.

—Martha Hyland, the estimable wife of Col. Joseph Egolf and a sister of Isaac Keith, died Saturday afternoon. She was a woman of noble nature, and her life was a most useful one. The sincere sympathy of friends will be given Col. Egolf and family in the heavy loss they have sustained.

—John J. Rafferty, a very popular young

The Troy Observer.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26, 1887.

—It was reported in military circles last week that captain Egolf and second lieutenant Hill of the twelfth separate company had been asked to resign. Colonel Egolf, when spoken to about it yesterday, said that there was no truth in the report. He said that a couple of the members of the company had done something that displeased him and he asked an apology, which was given and the trouble settled. Colonel Egolf further said that he would not resign until he got ready, but he intended to do so shortly. The report was evidently started by some one who is not friendly toward the organization.

Gov. Hill has signed the bill appropriat-

TRAJAS
SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1884.

The Tibbits Veteran corps will return from its excursion south this evening. Arrangements are being made for a grand reception by the stay-at-home friends of the

D. C. V., Albany, N. Y.—Will the arrears bill be passed this session of Congress? *Answer.* We fear that it cannot become a law this session. Although we hope for the best, we must acknowledge that there is very little chance of this bill being passed.

S. B. T. Los Angeles, Cal.—How many soldiers

THE DAILY HERALD.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1885.

REPORTER'S NOTE BOOK.

Colonel Joseph Egolf, Michael McMurray and Patrick Gayner are candidates for the office of superintendent of the burial of indigent soldiers and sailors who may die in this county. The Board of Supervisors will select the fortunate candidate in caucus Tuesday. The office gives a salary of \$500 a year.

Mrs. Joseph Egolt, wife of Colonel Joseph Egolt, died at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon at her home, No. 155 First street, after a long illness. To the bereaved family much heartfelt sympathy will be extended from many friends.

Milo Burton, an old resident of Troy, died

Military Mention.

The total enlistments of sons of veterans in this city since December 9 is fifty-eight.

The office of the adjutant general G. A. D.

Evening Standard.

TROY, MONDAY, OCT. 31, 1887.

—A delegation of about 20 of the old Tibbits Veteran corps will leave on the 6 A. M. train to-morrow for Hartford, Conn., to attend the funeral of the late Lieut. J. Robert Duryea of the Governor's Foot guard, which takes place in the afternoon.

...of Farmington, N. Y.

—The Rev. Dr. George H. Walsh, formerly of St. John's church, was in town yesterday on the way to Manchester, Vt., where he will spend the summer with his family.

—Col. Egolf and James E. Clark, of the Tibbits veteran corps, are at Hartford, Conn., attending the annual banquet of the governor's foot guard of that city. They will return this evening.

—Joseph Jameson, a Coboes student at St

The Tibbits Veteran Corps has elected: President, William Lamphere; vice president, James Lowe; secretary, Charles F. Fahl; treasurer, John Ketchum; trustees for three years, William P. Walsh, W. L. Davis, Daniel Knower; captain, Joseph Egolf; first lieutenant, S. P. Eccles; second lieutenant, W. H. Cahill.

Troy do not attend. They have an idea that the constitution will always exist in the present quarters, and that when they have leisure there will be plenty of time to attend. The attendance has not materially increased since the admission fee was withdrawn. If the public would only exhibit their interest by attendance I think the rooms would be continued in their present location indefinitely."

—Mars is the evening star at present.

—Vermont officers reunion at Brandon, Jan. 6, 1880.

—Gen. Wool died Nov. 10, 1869; Gen. Thomas died March 28, 1870.

—Post Willard will nominate officers for the ensuing year to-night. Election a fortnight hence.

—A post of the sons of veterans is contemplated by Post Willard. There is such a post in Albany which will visit Troy to-night.

—No Troy military as such will be present at the unveiling of the Gen. Thomas monument in Washington, D. C., next Wednesday and Thursday, though the general was a Trojan and his remains rest in our Oakwood.

... Seventh regiment armory. New

Jains.

...owing o
...owing b
...at Halltown,
...point, near Charleste
...tion of the army of the
...under command of General Pail
Sheridan in the fall of '64, the Sixth Corps,
under General Wright, was ordered to that
department. The next and last engagement
Commander Dyer took part in was the bat-
tle of the Opequon (near Winchester.) In
this battle he was seriously wounded, being
shot in the head, and a portion of the skull
was carried away. He was so badly
wounded that the doctors at the field hospi-
tal refused to treat him. They told him
that his case was hopeless, but by the kind-
ness of his regimental hospital steward and
other soldiers his head was bound up with
cloths, and he was helped to one of the field
tents and laid beside other wounded sol-
diers. They expected to find him dead in
the morning, but Commander Dyer lived,
and in the course of a week he was taken to
the Satterlee General Hospital at West Phil-
adelphia and entirely recovered, after which
he was transferred to Company K, Third
Regiment, V. R. C., and assigned to duty as
guard at the Old Capitol prison, Washing-
ton. Afterward his company was sent to
Scranton, Pa., to do private guard duty,
and then in the summer of '65 to Hartford,
Ct., where Commander Dyer was detailed
for office duty in provost marshal's office
and at mustering out camp. Commander
Dyer was mustered out of service September
115. 865.

THE ANTHONY FUNERAL.

VERY IMPRESSIVE SERVICES.

President Arthur and Many Other Distinguished Men Pay Their Last Tribute—An Eloquent Sermon.

PROVIDENCE, Sept. 6.—All that was mortal of the late Henry B. Anthony, the beloved statesman, was borne to the tomb to-day. The funeral was held at noon, and it was a solemn and impressive affair, and was attended by distinguished representatives of every branch of the United States senate and house, every official of the city and state, hundreds of friends and representatives of every branch of trade in the United States.

Shortly before 12 o'clock the prayer was read at the late residence of the deceased by Rev. Thomas Slicer, after which the remains, which were encased in an elegant casket, were borne to the First Congregational church. The casket was placed in front of the pulpit and was followed by the pallbearers, the family and personal friends of the deceased, President Arthur, the sergeant-at-arms and his assistants, the committee of the United States senate and the general assembly. Then those attending were seated by the ushers in pews designed for them in the following order: In the pews on the left of the middle aisle were President Arthur, sergeant-at-arms of the United States senate, officers of the United States, senators and representatives, the Russian minister and family, soldiers of the United States, court marshal and officers of the United States internal revenue, custom house, and postoffice, judges of the supreme court of Rhode Island, directors of the American national bank, the faculty of Brown university, and the commissioners of Mechanic's exchange. The pews on the right of the centre aisle were occupied by the family and personal friends of the deceased and employes of the Providence Journal. In the pews on the right of the north aisle were seated the governor, his personal and general staff and the legislative committee, sheriff and ex-governor general, officers of the state, deputy sheriff and members of the general assembly. The pews on the left of the north aisle were reserved for members of the general assembly. The pews on the left of the south aisle were reserved for the mayor and members of the city government and the Providence press club.

The solemn services were conducted by the Rev. Thomas Slicer, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. Augustus Woodbury and Rev. Mr. Huntley, chaplain of the United States senate. At the conclusion of the reading of the service of the dead the choir rendered "Rest, Spirit Rest," in a touching manner. Rev. Mr. Woodbury then preached an eloquent sermon on the deceased, during which many were moved to tears.

At the conclusion of the sermon prayer was offered, after which the remains were borne to the hearse and thence to the cemetery.

The following distinguished persons were in attendance, and took a last parting look at the face of the departed senator: President Arthur, Attorney General Benjamin H. Brewster, Senators George F. Edmunds, J. S. Morrill, George F. Hoar, H. L. Dawes, A. F. Pike, Joseph R. Hawley, John R. McPherson, J. Don Cameron, Nelson W. Aldrich, Isham G. Harris, Charles W. Jones, Charles E. Pugh, M. C. Butler, Thomas F. Bayard, Matthew W. Ransom, General Anson G. McCook, secretary of the senate, Rev. Dr. Huntley, W. P. Canaday, Isaac Bassett, assistant doorkeeper of the United States senate, S. I. James Christio, deputy sergeant-at-arms of the United States senate, Major Benjamin Perley Poore, clerk of the committee on printing of the United States senate, Thomas W. Manchester, Henry M. Pierce, assistant financial clerk of the United States senate and ex-Senator David Davis.



THE LATE HENRY B. ANTHONY.

tees of the several colleges, academies and academical departments union schools of the State. The faculties of colleges in other states are also recognized as corresponding members of the convocation.

Military Mention.

Company B of Albany goes to State camp next Saturday.

The Troy Citizens' Corps have been invited to take part in the opening exercises at Niagara Falls on the 15th inst.

Some of the militia are getting their first taste of carnage and gore at Peekskill. The mosquitoes are savage this year.

The Lansingburgh Town Board has taken no action yet in the matter of the soldiers' monument voted for by the tax-payers last March.

The Tibbits Veteran Association has about perfected arrangements for the reception of the Elizabeth, N. J., Veteran Zouaves on visit here July 21.

The national encampment at Philadelphia is pronounced a failure. General Slocum refused to take command and Philadelphia declined to welcome the visiting warriors.

The Survivors' Association of the 27th Regiment N. Y. V. and First N. Y. Veteran cavalry will hold their sixth annual reunion at Elmira July 21—the 24th anniversary of the battle of Bull Run.

Sensational reports are written concerning the demoralizing influence of the State camp at Peekskill upon some of the fair and foolish inhabitants of that town, and it is said that prudent parents close their doors to National Guardsmen and secretly desire the removal of the State camp to a distant site.

Firemen's Feuilleton.

Saratoga has a new Hayes truck.

The Albany F. D. have swung out in neat light summer hats.

Our exemption from large fires is as remark

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, APRIL 9, 1893.

W. C. Hitchcock of Pittstown writes to "Haversack" as follows: "There are two soldiers buried in this vicinity who have no headstones. This I think wrong and have procured from G. A. R. men blanks, but I do not know how to proceed farther. Will you kindly inform me? I am anxious to have it done before May 30. Please answer and oblige." [First fill out the blanks and then send them to Colonel Joseph Egolf, No. 3330 Sixth Avenue, Troy, for his signature. Colonel Egolf is the superintendent for the burial of indigent soldiers and sailors. After the blanks reach Colonel Egolf he will attend to the erection of the headstones. The

MRS. WILLARD'S SONG.

Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.

Two readers of the BUDGET each send us a copy of the Home Journal of Nov. 16th, giving an account of the Emma Willard banquet and re-union recently held in New York. In this article, which is signed R. S. M., (we presume intended for Prof. Robert S. Manuel of Troy, now of Fairfield, Conn.) the writer says:

"Not only as an educator is Mrs. Willard's name honored and beloved. Braham, the great English vocalist, made her name widely known by singing her hymn, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

"Mrs. Willard told the writer, in 1868, the following particulars in regard to her celebrated song: In 1831 I was returning from Europe on board the ship Sully, Captain William Bell. On the same vessel, coming to this country under an engagement to sing at the old Park Theatre, was the well-known composer and vocalist, Knight. I was sitting on deck one afternoon in company with others Knight among them, when the vessel gave a lurch forward, and on the impulse of the moment, exclaimed: 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep.' Knight at once said: 'Madam, that would make an excellent beginning for an ocean hymn—write one and I will compose music for it and sing it in New York.' I wrote the first verse before leaving the deck, and on retiring to my state-room I wrote the second. I gave the two verses to Mr. Knight; he composed the music and it was sung for the first time in public by him."

"I am glad to have an opportunity of making this statement, as I have heard the song claimed in England as one of Charles Dibdin's."

Major Arthur Mac Arthur, an honorary member of the company, was introduced and he made a few interesting remarks. He congratulated the company on being in the position they occupied in the National Guard of the State. He felt certain that if there should be a war that the 103 of the Tibbits Cadets would be in the van. He was glad that the company had presented the captain with such a gift that both the captain and his estimable wife could appreciate, for he knew that Mrs. Lloyd thought as much of the company as the captain.

M. F. Hemingway, a member of the once famous Fourth Battery of this city, made a few remarks about that organization. Chester G. Wager, the company clerk, made a few witty remarks and said that it was an easy matter to keep the records of the company. All he had to do was to mark present opposite Captain Lloyd's name and "ditto" opposite the 102 others. The speech making was concluded by Dr. Crandall, who made some happy remarks. Captain Lloyd referred to Colonel Egolf as the practical father of the company, and also to his illness. He said it was fitting that the company express the deepest sympathy with him in his illness. The company arose and stood with bowed heads while Doring's orchestra played "Nearer My God to Thee." The clerk was directed to send to Colonel Egolf a letter of condolence.

The company was then given an opportunity of examining the handsome gift that they had presented to the captain. Afterwards the gift was taken to the home of Captain Lloyd. Mrs. Lloyd, who had retired, was requested to get up and inspect it. If the captain had been surprised, it would have been greater than that of Mr. Lloyd. It was one of the most enjoyable evenings in the history of the company.

A Doll From the President.

When President Harrison passed through Richmond, Ind., en route to Chicago, to attend the opening of the Auditorium, a little four-year-old girl was lifted into his car, and with a kiss presented him with a dainty knife. She afterward received the following letter, intended to arrive Christmas Day:

“EXECUTIVE MANSION,)
WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.)

“MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND—When you came into my car at Richmond I did not see you until you stood at my feet, looking up to me so sweetly that I did not know but a little fairy had come in through the window. But when I picked you up and you gave me a kiss, then I knew it was a real little girl. The pretty knife you handed me I will keep till you are a big girl, and when I go back to Indiana to live you must come to see me, and I will show you that I have not forgotten you. The little doll which you will find in the box with this letter is for you, and I hope you will think it is pretty. If the doll could talk she would tell you how much I love to be loved by the little children. Affectionately yours,

“BENJAMIN HARRISON.”



MRS. SHERMAN, WIFE OF THE GENERAL, WHO DIED IN
1888.

At the recent state encampment in this city of the grand army the Rev. J. A. Copeland of Friendship, N. Y., called up the proposition to make decoration day a day also for tree planting. Ex-Gov. Horatio Seymour had written a strong letter favoring the idea. No decisive action was taken. Col. Egolf of this city said to-day he did not think the grand army would undertake the tree-planting, as the original purposes of decoration day were sufficient to occupy their attention on that day. He thought perhaps the sons of veterans might consider the new use proposed for the day, and was of the opinion that decoration by the veterans or sons of veterans, and tree planting by other citizens, could move along harmoniously and to mutual advantage on the same day.

Mortuary Matters.

The deep sympathy of very many friends will be extended to Col. J. G. McNutt in the heavy affliction which has befallen him by the death of his estimable wife. Mrs. McNutt was a lady of most loveable character, gentle, generous and affectionate in her home life and active in all good work. Her virtues were those of a Christian woman and will be appreciated most by those who knew her in her every day life, free from pretensions and only anxious to help others to the full limit of her ability. As wife, mother, friend and neighbor she filled her mission on earth well and peacefully passed to her reward. Mrs. McNutt had been out of health for several months, but her demise was not expected when it occurred. The immediate cause of death was paralysis. Deceased is survived by three children, besides her husband. They are Attorney Clarence E. McNutt of this city, Joseph E. McNutt of Laningburgh and Mrs. Minnie Ham of Jersey City.

At a regular convocation of Riverside Lodge No. 47, K. of P., held at their Castle Hall on Tuesday evening April 6th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our brother, F. G. Robertson, thereby reminding us that this state of existence is but transitory; therefore

Resolved, That while we mourn the loss of our brother, we would bow with humble submission to the divine will, and would recognize the wise saying to us be ye also ready.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased brother our heartfelt sympathy in the hour of their deep affliction, and would commend them to seek consolation of Him who has promised never to forsake those who put their trust in him.

Resolved, That the Charter and Emblems of our Order be draped in mourning for the space of three months, as a mark of respect to the memory of our deceased brother.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions attested by the K. of R. & S. over the Seal of the Lodge, be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and published in the Bath Star and Sun.

D. E. MASON,
K. of R. & S.

L. E. WORDEN, }
D. STEVER, } Committee.
H. BERRY, }
J. G. COOPER, }

A TRIBUTE.

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAD HEROES.

BY FANNY CROSBY.

To arms! to arms! We remember well
That wild, tumultuous cry,
When our country rang with the clash and clang
Of swords that were lifted high ;
For the king of war, on his fiery steed,
Shot flame from his flashing eye.

The eagle screamed as he flapped his wings,
And soared to his rock-girt nest,
And the ocean moaned as he bore the sound
Far, far on his heaving breast.

To arms! to arms! and defend your cause!
In the cannon's boom was heard ;
And the clarion swelled its pealing note,
Till every soul was stirred ;
And our gallant brave from the homes they loved
Went forth at their country's word.

Side by side on the battle-field,
With loyal hearts and true,
Side by side they fought and died
For the old red, white and blue.

And now we stand on the sacred spot
Where we laid them down to sleep,
And we touch the chords of memory's harp,
And linger awhile to weep.

With grateful hearts and reverent lips,
We tell of their deeds of fame,
And cover them o'er with fair young flowers
That whisper their honored name.

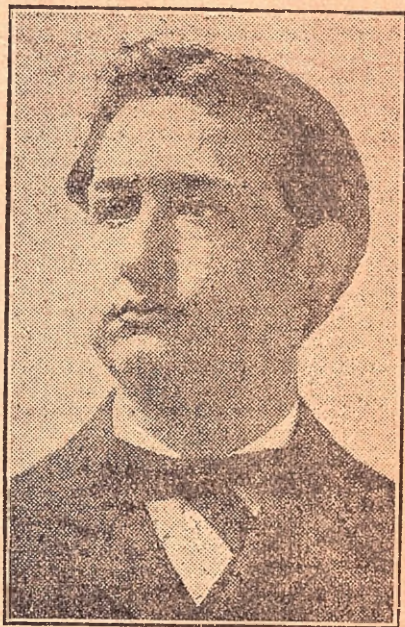
Their work is done ; and from year to year
We hallow their graves anew ;
Their work is done, and our banner bright
Unfurled to the breeze we view ;
And we look with pride on the stars and stripes
That were saved by the Boys in Blue.

REV. DR. IRVIN'S RETIREMENT.

To Accept the Secretaryship of the Board of Home Missions.

The retirement of the Rev. Dr. William Irvin from a pastorate of 20 years at the Fifth street Presbyterian Church is at last decided upon as announced in a letter by Mr. Irvin to the society. He will accept the secretaryship of the board of home missions and will be located in New York. At what time he will take his departure is not definitely announced. The loss of this esteemed gentleman will be seriously felt by the church he has so faithfully served. As a good citizen he will also be missed and he will carry the best wishes of the entire community to his new field of labor, which he will most assuredly fill with credit and honor.

To-morrow will be a great day in Rensselaer Park—the grand reunion and field day of the Old Tibbits Veteran Corps. For hours and hours the cool forest will resound with music, song, laughter and chatter and the breezes will be rendered additionally delightful by the fragrance emanating from the monster clam bake engineered in true Rhode Island style by that eminent al fresco chef, Comrade Sam Eccles. The entire proceeds of the day's pleasure will be for the benefit of the free relic rooms, No. 270 River street. The old Corps, Captain Egolf, will make a parade in their old uniform—the first in three years. A quarter dollar will obtain an abundance of enjoyment to-morrow and benefit the people's free museum of rebellion relics in this city. Go up, everybody, and have a good, cool time! The line of march for the city parade is as follows: Leave rooms, 270 River street, at 11 a. m. sharp; down River to First, to Congress, to Fourth, to Fulton, to Fifth avenue, to Hoosick, to River, to Third, to Broadway, to Second, to



Dr. Thomas G. Wright.

graduated from the Albany Medical College in 1896; he was a member of the Rensselaer County Medical Society and was surgeon of Company D, Second Regiment; he is sur-

AMUSEMENTS.

First Grand Picnic

O F THE

TIBBITS VETERAN CORPS

At PLEASURE AND MAPLE ISLANDS.

SEPTEMBER 15, 1884.

Beautiful display of fireworks afternoon and evening. Drill and Dress Parade of the Corps. Steam boats every twenty minutes foot of State st., Troy, and Maiden lane, Albany. Horse cars every ten minutes from Congress st. bridge, West Troy.

SPLENDID PARLOR SET, SIX PIECES, GIVEN AS A GATE PRIZES.

Refreshments on island at city prices.

Privilege of stands sold on island Monday afternoon, Sept. 8, 1884.

Two bands engaged, brass and string. Dancing on Maple island. Best of order will be enforced. Military companies and G. A. R. posts of Troy, Albany, Lansingburgh, Cohoes and West Troy have been invited. No extra charge for carriages. Tickets of admission to islands. 25 cents.

Donald Gillies, who died at his residence on Tenth avenue, West Troy, Monday night, was 78 years old. He was a well-known citizen. He had a remarkable career, having spent a large portion of his life on battle fields. In early life he was an English soldier and served many years under the British flag. He came to Canada in 1854 with his regiment and took part in the great riots at Montreal in the month of June that year. It was in 1857 that Mr. Gillies came to Troy, and was a merchant tailor. When



the rebellion broke out he joined Company H, Second New York Volunteers, and went to the front with that regiment. He rose to the rank of second lieutenant. He took part in many of the battles participated in by the regiment until April 22, 1862, when he resigned and entered the artillery branch of the service. He was wounded at the battle of Mine Run, Va., in November 1863. He also served during the latter part of the war as a commissioned officer in the One Hundred and Eighty-seventh New York Volunteers. He was one of the founders of Post Willard, G. A. R., of this city and was its commander in 1871. He was a member of Apollo Lodge, Royal Arch Masons of England and a Master Mason in the Grand Lodge of Ireland. His funeral took place Wednesday afternoon from Trinity Episcopal Church, West Troy. The Rev. E. Bayard Smith officiated. The bearers were from the Grand Army and Masonic fraternities to which he belonged.

WHAT THE BOYS WHO WEAR BRASS BUTTONS Are Doing.

—George H. Thomas Camp, S. of V., installed its newly-elected officers at Orange Hall last night.

—The Twelfth separate company under command of Capt. Egolf, will hold a reception at the armory February 6.

—The members of the Saratoga citizen's corp will give their annual ball and reception in the town hall on Friday evening February 22. Doring's celebrated band will furnish the music for the occasion. A number of Trojans will go up.

—Thirteen new members joined the Boy's in Blue last evening. The committee on ball reported that the sale of tickets was satisfactory. The ball occurs at Harmony Hall February 5 and the receipts are to be used to defray the expenses of the trip to Washington to witness the inaugural ceremonies. Sixty-five members of the organization have agreed to take the trip.

—At a meeting last night of the Tibbits Veteran Corps the advisability of closing the relic rooms on River street was discussed informally, and the subject was left open for further consideration. That the rooms are not adequately appreciated by citizens is patent to all observers. This morning a citizen deeply interested in the welfare of the Relic rooms, and who is also a member of the Tibbits Veteran association said: "The matter has not been fully decided upon as yet. The people do not seem to be aware that right here in Troy we have one of the largest and finest collections of relics of the civil war that can be found in any city of the state. The collection at Albany, under the management of the state, is a farce, and the rooms are always untidy. Here we have pleasant and accessible rooms, where an attendant is always ready to answer questions—without price. And yet the people of

—At a meeting of the Tibbits veteran corps last evening an invitation from the Rev. Dr. Baldwin to attend service at his church on the evening of May 27 was accepted. The service will be in commemoration of the bravos who laid down their lives for their country. The corps will attend in a body in full-dress uniform. The corps during their visit to New York Decoration day will be received and entertained by Adam Goss post G. A. R.

—In accordance with special order No. 47 issued from the adjutant general's office yesterday afternoon, the Citizens' corps will go into service at the state camp at Peekskill from July 14 to July 21. The ninth regiment of New York, with which the corps did duty at West Albany during the railroad riots will be in camp at the same time. The troops, while in camp, will be rationed on three meals a day, breakfast, dinner and supper, of good wholesome food, including additionally a pint of coffee and six ounces of bread to each officer and enlisted man. The sale of all spirituous liquors, wine or beer, within one mile of camp, are prohibited, and the use of liquors in camp will not be allowed except upon the prescription of the post surgeon. Of course this prohibition will not annoy the Citizens' corps. The annual inspection and muster of the corps will take place at the camp July 19.

Obituary.

Robert Keith died suddenly yesterday afternoon at the home of his sister, No. 94 Seventh street, after an illness of less than twenty-four hours. He was taken ill on River street Friday, and was so much improved yesterday morning that Dr. Thompson, who had been called, thought that he would rally. At noon yesterday, however, he took a sudden change for the worse and died at 1.30 o'clock. Deceased was born in this city fifty years ago December 10 last, and at the opening of the rebellion he enlisted in Company D, Thirtieth Regiment, New York Volunteers. He was taken a prisoner and was also badly wounded. He was honorably discharged in June, 1863, and since that time had resided in this city. At the time of his death Mr. Keith was a member of the Tibbits Veteran Association and of Post McConihe, of which latter organization he was commander for several terms. He was also at one time junior vice commander of the State department. For a number of years he was a member of Post Willard and was commander of the post. Mr. Keith was a brother-in-law of Colonel Joseph Egolf, and is survived by two sisters, Miss Harriet Keith of this city and Mrs. Calvin Link of Newark, N. J. Deceased was also instrumental in bringing General Grant to this city on January 21, 1881, at which time a public installation of the officers of Post Willard, G. A. R., was held at Music Hall. He was in business in this city for a number of years. For some time he was proprietor of a hotel at Sandlake, but since its destruction by fire had not been in business. Mr. Keith was twice married, his first wife having died several years ago. The organizations of which he was a member will hold meetings and take appropriate action regarding the funeral, which will take place Tuesday. "Bob" Keith was a man whose genial disposition made him a general favorite. He was the soul of good nature and his friends

OBITUARY.

Death of Hon. John H. Dearstyne—An Irreparable Loss to This Community.

The announcement of the death of Hon. John H. Dearstyne, which occurred at Asbury Park, N. J., on Tuesday, June 6, at 5:40 A. M., has cast a dark cloud of grief over this community, and even over our entire county. He was a man of high character, of marked and commanding ability, possessing a genial and kindly nature, which lead him to constant and ceaseless acts of kindness, whose memory will long live in the hearts of his numerous friends. John H. Dearstyne was born in the village of Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., April 22, 1848. His father was Cornelius Dearstyne, one of the famous Dearstyne Brothers, who for many years conducted an extensive business in Bath. John was a remarkably bright and intelligent boy and he soon mastered the branches of learning which were taught in the village school, and was then sent to a private school in Albany, and afterwards to Albany Academy, where he took high rank and acquired the foundation for an excellent education, which until his last illness he daily added to.

IN BUSINESS.

After the dissolution of the partnership between the Dearstyne Brothers, John H. associated himself with Worthy Niver, an older brother of Frank S. Niver, and kept a small store on Mineral street. This was not successful and after it was discontinued Mr. Dearstyne engaged in the insurance business, which he and his father conducted successfully for many years.

HIS PUBLIC LIFE.

One of the first public offices which Mr. Dearstyne ever held was that of town assessor, to which he was elected as long as he would accept. In the spring of 1877, the Democrats of the county were anxious about the control of the Board of Supervisors. North Greenbush seemed to be necessary to give them a majority, and by common consent Mr. Dearstyne was nominated for the position. So popular was he in the Republican party that he came very near receiving a nomination from the Republican caucus. His opponent was one of the most highly esteemed citizens of the town, Mr. Chester G. Ham. Mr. Dearstyne was elected by 212 majority, which was the largest majority any Democrat had received in twenty years. He held the office under the then existing law two years, and in 1879 was again a candidate. It was difficult to find any one to oppose his election, but Edgar Brown was nominated in opposition, and Mr. Dearstyne was re-elected by 265 majority.

TO THE PARTY LEADERSHIP.

In the Spring of that year Cyrus C. Phillips was appointed Superintendent of the Poor of the county, receiving the casting vote of Mr. Dearstyne. It had been understood and expected that Mr. Dearstyne would be appointed his clerk. Other influences led to another appointment, and the friends of Mr. Dearstyne were indignant. In the autumn of that year there was a struggle for the leadership of the party in the town, which resulted in two conventions, but finally in the recognition of Mr. Dearstyne as the leader of the regular Democracy. At the election that ensued Mr. Cassin, of Greenbush, was chosen Superintendent of the Poor. Mr. Dearstyne was appointed his clerk, a position which he retained for nine years. At the end of Mr. Cassin's third term Mr. Dearstyne was unanimously nominated for the important office of Superintendent of the Poor.

A HARD FIGHT.

It was a hard fought campaign—the hardest ever known in Rensselaer county. Sheriff Herrington, the head of the ticket, went down in defeat, as did also David C. Briggs, the candidate for Treasurer. Mr.

Dearstyne and Judge Fursman were the only Democrats elected, and Mr. Dearstyne's majority was even larger than that of the Judge.

AGAIN ELECTED.

As Superintendent of the Poor Mr. Dearstyne made a splendid record and when in 1891 he again came before the people his popularity was so great that he swept everything before him. He was elected by nearly 3,000 majority—leading every candidate on the ticket.—His second term, which was cut short by his death, was, like his first, noted for the painstaking care and fidelity that marked the transaction of his public business.—Every duty was conscientiously and honestly performed, every account was kept with the most scrupulous care and fidelity and every deed was as open as the day.—For more than sixteen years he has held important public offices in the town, village and county, during which time he has disbursed large sums of public money and accounted for every farthing ever intrusted to his charge.

AS A NEIGHBOR AND FRIEND.

We have spoken of Mr. Dearstyne's public life first, because it was in that he became so widely known in the county and so greatly admired as an intelligent, conscientious and faithful official. But this sketch would be far from complete were we to neglect to speak of him as a kind, faithful and loyal friend, and generous hearted neighbor. The writer of this knew him as intimately as any man on earth. No one was more closely identified with him in all his public career from the time he was first elected to an humble town office until he was summoned to his reward. His ambitions, his hopes, his aspirations, his struggles and successes have been as an open book to the friend who pens these lines. But from all these we turn aside to consider him as every resident of Bath knew him—the kind, true-hearted friend, the wise and safe adviser and generous noble-hearted man. For 15 years he had never known what it was to enjoy good health, and yet a more sunny, genial temper was never possessed by any man. Pain and sufferings were his portion, but no one knew it by his actions or his spoken word. For the lad of tender years, the man of mature experience as for the aged and infirm, he always had a kind word and if necessary an open purse and a generous deed. No man ever lived in this community who did so many acts of kindness for his friends as John H. Dearstyne. He was never admitted to the bar to practise as a lawyer, and yet he gave more advice to those in trouble than any lawyer in the county ever did, and it was given without money and without price. No matter what form of trouble a resident of this place found himself or herself in, John Dearstyne's advice and counsel was invariably sought and it was always given. He probably transacted more business at the county offices for residents of this part of the county than any ten lawyers in the county. He was never idle and seldom unemployed in matters not of his own, but of his neighbors and friends. In truth

HE WORKED HARD.

He gave his life for others as truly as ever mortal man did. Every evening when he returned from the anxious and oftentimes perplexing cares of his official position, he met his friends and neighbors who came singly and in couples to ask advice, to pour into his ears their cares or troubles or to borrow from his always open purse. No one ever went away disappointed. They shared their burdens with him and left him, never dreaming that the great burden of care they rolled upon him was crushing out his life. And yet it was true, for day by day his vital energy was being sapped and mined from under him and at last his great, noble, generous heart stopped beating. The burdens he aided others to carry crushed out his life.

He did not fall like drooping flowers which no man noticeeth,
But like a great branch of some stately tree
Rent in a tempest and flung down to death,
Thick with green leafage so that piteously
Each passer-by that ruin shuddereth
And saith: The gap this breach hath left is
wide,
The loss thereof can never be supplied.

Dear old friend—hail, and farewell!

provided necessaries. The boy rose at four, chopped wood, fed cows, dropped corn, raked hay and worked hard till sunset. There was a log-cabin school a couple of miles away, and Ben went there regularly after his father, poor as he was, hired a teacher. He soon learned enough to go to the Farmer's College, near Cincinnati, where he studied Homer, Cæsar, Thackeray, Hume, Irving and Cooper. In two years he was fitted to enter Miami University, Oxford, O., whence he was graduated, strong in body, mind and hope, at the age of 18. Two addresses he delivered while at college were on "Protection" and "The Poor of England." He also seized the opportunity of paying his addresses to Miss Carrie Scott, whose father, Dr. John W. Scott, taught a girls' school in Oxford. Miss Scott, who became his wife, died in the White House, as did her father, last winter. She made him in after years a devoted wife.

Beginning Married Life.

When young Harrison left Oxford, to study law, he and Miss Scott were engaged. Their's was a charming romance of youth which a long life of married happiness crowned and blessed. Ben felt that he was a man, and taught school and studied law until in three years he was able to claim his bride. Almost simultaneously he was admitted to the bar, and the young couple, with nothing but love and learning to go to housekeeping on, started a home and law office, in one humble cottage, in Indianapolis, then a growing city of 8000 souls.

Mr. Harrison had energy, pride, and the determination to succeed. His wife was a helpmate to him, and they did succeed, after a struggle with fortune which cemented their love and rounded their characters. In 1860 the republican party elected Benjamin Harrison to be Reporter of the Supreme Court, and it has been electing him to office nearly ever since, with results gratifying alike to him and to his country. In the campaign of 1856 he had begun to make his influence felt as a speaker, and from that time on he has been at home in the heart of every political campaign in his vicinity. Still a slender stripling in appearance, he met Thomas A. Hendricks, for a generation the foremost democrat in Indiana, on the stump in 1860, and came off a good second, at least.

Services in the War.

In August, 1862, War-Governor Morton asked him if he wouldn't help to raise troops for the Union cause. "I can raise a regiment right here," was the answer, and when Governor Morton said: "Of course I do not expect you to lead it, and abandon your office of Reporter of the Supreme Court," young Harrison replied: "I ask no man to go where I'll not lead him." He raised his regiment, was elected colonel, mastered tactics, of which he was until then ignorant, and made a brilliant commander. May 7, '64, he led the assault on Resaca up a dangerous and unknown height, and seized at the sword's point that famous redoubt, amid a storm of bullets which mowed down his brave men. He regiment lost 250 men in 30 minutes at the battle of Peach Creek, July 20, '64, and for his gallantry on that bloody field he was made Brigadier-General. He served with honor to the conclusion of the struggle, and has ever since been an idol of the G. A. R.

In October '64, while he was at the front, he was re-elected Reporter of the Supreme Court of Indiana by 19,713 majority. He served four years and then formed a law partnership with Albert G. Foster and W. P. Fishback, the firm subsequently becoming Harrison, Miller & Elam.

Mr. Harrison's contemporaries agree that he was a "born lawyer." In addition to a

[Continued on Page 2]

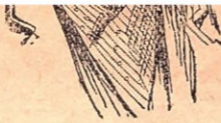
OLDEST CHICAGO MASON

Sir Charles Raney Van Der Cook One of the First to Join Order.

His Remarkable Life Story as Told by
Himself—In Perfect Health at the
Age of Eighty-eight Years—Due to
Eating Salt.

The oldest Mason in Chicago, in point of membership in the order, is without a doubt Charles R. Van der Cook, now a resident of Oak Park. Mr. Van der Cook is now 88 years old. He was one of the first to join the order in Chicago. It is said also that Mr. Van der Cook is the oldest Mason in the state of Illinois. For nearly sixty years Mr. Van der Cook has been an enthusiastic member of the Masonic fraternity in Illinois. Mr. Van der Cook was born in Pitts-town, Rensselaer county, on May 20, 1819, and went to Chicago in 1838. He was raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason in the original Apollo Lodge in Chicago on August 23, 1843, and holds membership No. D, in the state of Illinois. In Lafayette





SIR CHAS. RANEY VAN DER COOK.

Chapter, No. 2, of Chicago he holds membership No. 1, and in this chapter was exalted to the august degree of a Royal Arch Mason October 27, 1845. He was knighted in Apollo Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar, Chicago, March 27, 1846. Mr. Van der Cook was a charter member of the Council of Royal and Select Masters of Chicago Council, No. 4, and holds membership No. 1 of Oriental Lodge, No. 33, in Chicago. Mr. Van der Cook has done much for the Masons of Chicago and is much revered by them.

An Eventful Life.

Mr. Van der Cook's life has not only been long, but eventful. He has been in many hair-breadth escapes, built the first lime kiln in the United States, constructed the first stove foundry in the West and cast the first stove in Chicago and the state of Illinois. He has been an active fireman and has saved many lives by carrying women and children out of the flames of burning buildings.

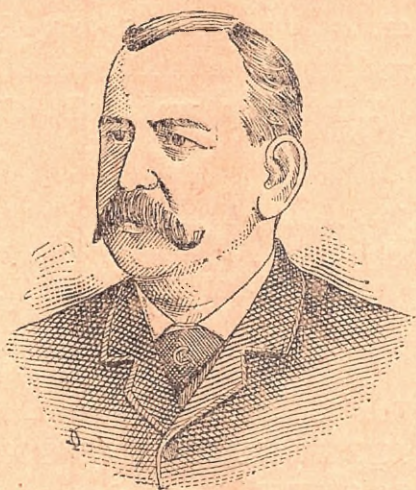
One of the narrowest escapes Mr. Van der Cook ever had was at Niagara Falls. He with three other gentlemen, left for New York city by stage through Chicago, through Michigan and Canada to Niagara Falls. They crossed under the falls on the ice and in five minutes after the ice moved out. Mr. Van der Cook took the Swallow at Albany to go to New York, and at Hudson the Swallow sank, fifty persons meeting their death in the roaring waters. Mr. Van der Cook was a strong swimmer and swam to shore.

Strong and Healthy.

Mr. Van der Cook believes it is perfectly easy for every person to be well and healthy. He carries in his pocket a small vial of salt and at intervals he takes a pinch, places it on his tongue and swallows it. Mr. Van der Cook believes that salt will indefinitely prolong life. That it stimulates the heart action, purifies the blood and supplies lime for the lungs. Mr. Van der Cook is certainly proving by his long and healthful life that he knows how to live.

Portraits of the Commanders—The Posts in Flourishing Conditions.

There are in the city four Grand Army Posts, all in flourishing condition. They have a large membership and their encampments are well attended. Among the membership are included many of Troy's most representative citizens. There are many well conducted posts in the vicinity of Troy, and the BUDGET presents to its readers portraits of most of the commanders of the posts.



Commander David H. Dyer.

Post William B. Tibbits, No. 141, is one of the leading posts of the city. It has a large membership, and is in a flourishing condition. It was named in honor of the late General William B. Tibbits. Its present able and efficient commander is David H. Dyer, a veteran who served with distinction during the war.

Commander Dyer was born in West Troy, October 5, 1844. He enlisted at Troy, January 11, 1864, at the age of 19, as a private in Company A, Ninth Heavy Artillery, New York Volunteers, Colonel William H. Seward, Jr. He was sent to Fort Schuyler, New York harbor, where he was detailed for duty as clerk in the mustering and disbursing office. He joined his regiment May 18, as it was on its march to the front. The regiment was assigned to the Second Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Corps, May 26, eight days later. His first engagement was at Cold Harbor, June 1 and 3, where his regiment lost heavily. The regiment was engaged more or less up to June 12 in the trenches at Cold Harbor, the enemy's lines being only about 100 yards away. June 12 the army recaptured the works at Cold Harbor, and the Sixth Corps moved toward Petersburg, arriving there later in the month. July 5, the division of the Sixth Corps was ordered to Frederick City, Md., to intercept the rebel General Early, who had been sent by Lee to capture and destroy Washington, D. C. This little division arrived at Frederick the afternoon of the 8th and met Early outside the city, but their numbers were so small they were obliged to withdraw and fall back to Monocacy Junction, three miles away, where the next day, July 9, the battle of Monocacy was fought and the little Union army of about 5500 held at bay for nearly thirty hours the rebel army of 25,000. In this battle the Ninth lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners. Commander Dyer with Colonel Seward and others of the regiment succeeded away after being inside of

To be Remembered by His Namesakes.

Last evening the Tibbits Veteran corps held a meeting in their rooms in Keenan hall, when a committee was appointed, consisting of William Lamphere, James Lowe and James Salisbury, to confer with the Tibbits Cadets and Post Tibbits in the matter of decorating Gen. Tibbits' grave on Memorial day. A letter was received from Major Le Grand C. Tibbits, who is now in San Francisco, expressing regret at not being able to be present at the celebration of the birthday of Gen. William Badger Tibbits, held by the corps last week. Much sympathy and regret was expressed for the illness of Col. Joseph Egolf, and all the old vets were glad to hear of the marked improvement in the condition of their past commandant.



21
Lt. S. WRIGHT

1st Lieut Merril W. Dunsbaugh.

in getting



Suddenly the watchers on the opposite sidewalk saw the curtains pulled together and the shades drawn down. A moment later General Ewing appeared bareheaded at the door and waved his hand.

"It is all over," he said.

In another moment the electric spark was flashing over the land the news. Sherman was dead. His spirit had joined the great majority with his many old comrades, and had met the gentle spirit of his wife at last. He had marched from Atlanta to the sea. He had crossed the dark, dark river. Let the life shriek and the drum sound the deathless song that was written for him and will never die so long as martial music lives—

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll have another song—
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

(Chorus.)

"Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyfu
sound!

How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

(Chorus.)

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyfu
tears,

When they saw the honored flag they had not seen fo
years;

Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in
cheers,

While we were marching through Georgia.

(Chorus.)

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach th
coast!"

So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast—
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,

While we were marching through Georgia

(Chorus.)

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,

While we were marching through Georgia.

(Chorus.)

Those who were present in the room said that th
end was so quiet as to be almost imperceptible. I
was not until the nurse looked up and spoke th
simple words, "He is dead," that his daughter
knew that they were fatherless.

AFTER THE DEATH.

Ten minutes later the street was alive with
people, and in less than an hour th
shrill cries of the extra sellers told th
the story was in type. The stupid blasters would
not discontinue their work and their volley
sounded like cannon paying military respect to th
dead.

The face of General Sherman was not much
altered by his illness, and those who know
about such things say that it will look ver
natural by to-day. The stains of iodine can b
removed, the undertakers say, and, if the famil
will permit, there is no reason why the body shal
not lie in state.

But the family say they wish it otherwise, a
General Sherman requested that it should be.

NEW YORK HERALD

**Warner Miller Will Deliver an Address
Upon His Career.**

HERKIMER, Jan. 3.—The funeral of F. E. Spinner will take place at Mohawk to-morrow at 2 p. m. The arrangements for it were made by the general during his visit there last summer. In accordance with his request Warner Miller will deliver an address upon the political and public career of General Spinner and religious services will be conducted by the Rev. F. M. Cox of High Bridge, formerly pastor of the Reformed church in Herkimer founded by General Spinner's father. The body arrived at Mohawk to-day, and was received and will be guarded until interment by the Thirty-first separate company.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3.—A meeting of the officers and clerks of the United States treasurer's office last evening, presided over by the Hon. J. N. Huston, adopted resolutions expressing sorrow at the death of General Spinner and paying a glowing tribute to his character and abilities and his efficiency as a public official. Assistant Treasurer Whelpley will attend the funeral on Sunday at Mohawk, N. Y., as the

The Great Naval Hero Passes Peacefully Away.

HIS DEATH.

Admiral David Dixon Porter died at 8:15 o'clock on Friday morning, Feb. 13, at his home on H street, in Washington. Death resulted from fatty degeneration of the heart, which relentless disease asserted its fatal clutch upon him at his cottage at Newport, R. I., last Summer, when, contrary to the advice of his physician, Dr. Wales, of the Navy, he overtaxed his strength by violent exercise, and was stricken down with a complication of diseases, including congestion of the lungs and dropsy. When he could with safety be removed he was brought to Washington, and every means known to science and medicine were resorted to for his benefit; all to no purpose, however, as the Admiral continued to grow worse, and, weeks ago, the family were made aware that dissolution was only a question of a short time. During the past six months Dr. Wales has been at the Admiral's bedside two or three hours out of every 24. His death was calm and peaceful, and came entirely without warning. Dr. Wales left him the night before his death about 11 o'clock, and his condition was about the same as it had been for weeks before, and there were no indications that his services would be needed before the time for his regular morning visit; but at 8 o'clock the Admiral's son Richard, who slept by his side, noticed a change in his father's condition, as he was breathing with difficulty and seemed to be



choking. His pulse was fluttering feebly, and he rose as if once aroused and Dr. Wales left for the house. The Admiral's pulse grew fainter and at 8:15 o'clock ceased to beat, and he gasped convulsively and expired without a word.

His sons, Richard and Lieut. Theodoric Porter, U. S. Marine Corps; his daughter, Mrs. J. C. Logan; his son-in-law, Lieut. T. C. Logan, U. S. Navy; his nurse, James McDonald, and his servant, William Wilkes, were present at the death-bed. His other sons, Capt. C. P. Porter, U. S. Marine Corps, and Maj. D. E. Porter, formerly of the Army, and his youngest daughter, Mrs. Charles Campbell, arrived soon after his death. Mrs. Porter, the Admiral's wife, was too ill to be present.

Upon receipt of the news, the flags were half-masted on all the public buildings in Washington, and the President sent a message to Congress notifying both Houses of the Admiral's death. The Secretary of the Navy also issued a general order announcing the death and eulogizing the Admiral.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

fleet from the Red Sea, he received the thanks of Congress and a long furlough from the Navy Department.

The celebrated attack on Fort Fisher began Dec. 24, 1864. "In an hour and a half from the commencement of the bombardment by the fleet," wrote Porter, "not a shot came from the fort, and two magazines had been blown up by our shells and the fort set on fire in several places, and such a torrent of missiles was falling into and bursting over it that it was impossible for any human being to stand it. Finding that the batteries were silenced completely, I directed the ships to keep up a moderate fire, in the hope of attracting the attention of the transports and bringing them in."

After a moderate reconnaissance, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, who commanded the military force, decided that Fort Fisher was substantially uninjured, and could not be taken by assault, and returned with his command to Hampton Roads, Va. Admiral Porter requested that the enterprise should not be abandoned and a second military force of about 8,500 men commanded by Gen. Alfred H. Terry, arrived off Fort Fisher on Jan. 13, 1865. This fleet was increased during the bombardment by additional land and naval forces, and, after several hours of desperate fighting, the works were captured on Jan. 15 by a combined body of soldiers, sailors and marines. According to Gen. Grant, "This was the most formidable armada ever collected for concentration upon one given point."

Admiral Porter received a vote of thanks from Congress, which was the fourth that he received during the war, including the general one for the capture of New Orleans. Butler's failure to attack Fort Fisher at the appointed time led to an acrimonious correspondence between him and Admiral Porter, in which each laid blame for the failure on the other. The quarrel between the two veterans was continued with much acrimony down almost to the present day.

In September, 1865, the Naval Academy was moved back to Annapolis from Newport, where it had been located during the war, and Admiral Porter was appointed its Superintendent. While holding this position he was, on the 25th of July, 1866, appointed Vice-Admiral, in place of Farragut, who was promoted to the rank of a full Admiral, created especially for him.

Admiral Porter remained at the head of the Naval Academy until the inauguration of Gen. Grant as President, in March, 1869, when he was called to Washington to act as an adviser to the Secretary of the Navy. The death of Farragut having vacated the grade of Admiral, Porter was, on Aug. 20, 1870, appointed to the vacancy.

Admiral Porter has done considerable literary work, being the author of the "Life of Commodore Porter," his father; "Allan Dare and Robert the Devil," a romance; "Incidents and Anecdotes of the Civil War," and "The Naval History of the Civil War." The plan of this work comprehended a detailed, almost an exhaustive, account of all the naval operations of the war for the Union, which are narrated in a plain, straightforward way without any attempt to cultivate the graces of composition.

The Admiral was married in 1839 to the daughter of the late Commodore D. T. Patterson, who commanded the naval forces at New Orleans in 1812. His wife and four sons and two daughters survive him.

The funeral took place from the residence of the dead Admiral on Tuesday, Feb. 17, at 2 o'clock p. m. Services were held at the house, only a few intimate friends of the family and officers of the Army and Navy and officials

ained distinction as commander of the Essex in the war of 1812. The Admiral early took to the sea, and accompanied his father to the West Indies in 1823-5, on an expedition against pirates. He was commissioned Midshipman Feb. 1829, and after service with the Mediterranean squadron the war with Mexico gave him an opportunity to resume active service, and he was assigned to the famous "Mosquito Fleet" of Commodore Tatnall, in the Gulf of Mexico, which performed some important services. He was present at the two attacks on Vera Cruz, at the assaults on Tuspan and Tobasco, and participated in a land fight at Tamulitec and another at Chiflon. Toward the close of 1847 he was placed in charge of the Naval Rendezvous at New Orleans, from which he was detached in 1848. He was then sent by the Government to Egypt in command of the famous expedition which brought over the camels from that country. In 1848, '49, he was again attached to the Coast Survey, being appointed to the command of the schooner Petrel in 1848.

At the breaking out of the rebellion Lieut. Porter's name was then the sixth on the list of Lieutenants, but the resignation of several Southern officers opened the way for promotion, and he was commissioned as Commander on April 22, 1861. He sailed from New York in that month in command of the sloop-of-war Powhatan, in the expedition to reinforce Fort Sumter.

The first notable service Commander Porter rendered was when he was ordered North to take charge of the flotilla of mortar boats which was being fitted to co-operate with Flag Officer Farragut in an attack on New Orleans. A great deal of energy was displayed in hastening the outfit and departure of this fleet, and when Farragut arrived in the Southwest Pass Porter's vessels were at their appointed stations, ready for the attack. On the 11th of April, 1862, he began the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, which, with the ironclad fleet, constituted the defense of the city of New Orleans. For six days and six nights the fleet kept up a continuous and steady fire, when the powerful forts were so weakened that it was thought possible for the vessels to pass. These forts, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Higgins, and the coast defenses, under Gen. Duncan, surrendered to Porter on the 28th of the month.

On May 7, 1862, immediately after the fall of New Orleans, Commodore Porter moved his flotilla off Mobile Bay, with orders to more effectually blockade Mobile Harbor. On the morning of May 10, having discovered that the enemy were leaving Pensacola, he immediately entered the harbor and took possession of the ruins of the Navy-yard, Fort McRae, and the Naval Hospital.

ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Then came the Western campaign, and on Oct. 2, 1862, having been appointed Acting Rear-Admiral, Porter repaired to the Mississippi River and assumed supreme command of all the naval forces on that stream. The squadron then under his command was one of his own creation. It embraced 125 vessels, which had been originally merely river steamboats, but which were transformed into passable war vessels by means of plating, and by their armament and equipment. In this fleet there were 1,300 officers, of whom not more than 25 belonged to the Regular Navy. The rest were mostly Western steamboat men, with no knowledge whatever of naval tactics and discipline. But by dint of hard work these all became in a short time trustworthy and capable.

His first exploit with his new command was in the bombardment of Arkansas Post, which place was captured Jan. 9, 1863, by the army, after the fleet had effectually shelled the garrison, making it much easier for the army to storm the fort.

In the ensuing April, after running the batteries at Vicksburg, the fleet attempted the reduction of Grand Gulf, one of the strongest fortifications on the Mississippi River. The first attack was only partially successful, and the fleet drew off after a bombardment of five hours. This necessitated the crossing of Grant's army below Grand Gulf, which was successfully accomplished, and when the army moved toward the rear of the place, the rebels retreated precipitately, and Admiral Porter took possession of the works on May 3. There were 13 heavy guns captured, and a large amount of ammunition.

In the Spring of 1863 Porter appeared with his fleet to aid Gen. Grant in the subjugation of Vicksburg. During the siege of this place, Porter's fleet shelled the city and the works for 40 successive days. Heavy guns also were landed from the fleet and manned by men from Porter's command. These naval land batteries, the mortar-boats, and the gunboats combined, threw about 16,000 shells into the city and works previous to the surrender.

As a reward for his services on Western waters, Porter was promoted to the full rank of Rear-Admiral, his commission being dated back to the capture of Vicksburg, and his appointment was confirmed by the Senate on the 3d of February, 1864.

The Red River expedition of 1864, to support Gen. Banks's command, came very nearly resulting disastrously, owing to the low stage of water in the river. Porter reached Alexandria without opposition and occupied that place. When Gen. Banks's troops arrived, the town was turned over to him, and Porter proceeded against Fort De Russy, and began the bombardment and destruction of that work. The enemy was driven from the fort, the casemates of which were destroyed, and one 32-pounder gun demolished. For Porter's skill in

tioned in Washington and Annapolis, Md., artillery from the Washington Barracks and the cavalry from Fort Myer, together with the militia of the District of Columbia, and several hundred Grand Army men acting as escort.

The pallbearers were Vice-President Morton, Maj.-Gen. Schofield, U. S. A., Rear-Admiral Stevens, Rear-Admiral Almy, Rear-Admiral Rodgers, Rear-Admiral Jouett, Rear-Admiral Howell, Rear-Admiral Crosby, Senator Hawley, Senator Manderson, Senator McPherson, Representative Boutelle and Gov. Pattison, of Pennsylvania.

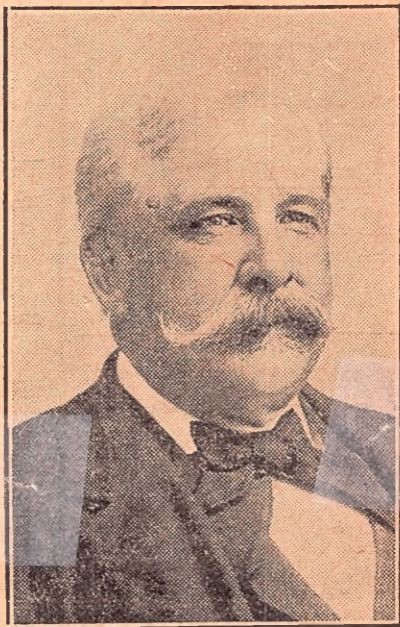
The interment was at Arlington, the Admiral having selected a place in which to be buried some years ago.

LOYAL LEGION BANQUET.

According to custom, the Washington Commandery of the Loyal Legion celebrated the birthday of Abraham Lincoln at its annual banquet Thursday evening, Feb. 12. A muster-in of new recruits preceded the banquet, among whom was Secretary of the Navy Tracy.

At 9 o'clock the bugle sounded the call, and the old vets marched to the dining-room, led by prominent guests of the Commandery, each being escorted by a member. Vice-President Morton was taken in on the arm of Gen. Manderson, Commander of the Legion. Many prominent Senators and Representatives were guests of the Legion, and there were over 300 diners present. After cigars were lighted, the veterans rose and sang "Marching through Georgia." Gen. Manderson, who presided, recounted honored names on the roll of the Legion, alluding feelingly to the dead of the Commandery.

formerly of this city, was held Sunday at his late home, Westfield, N. J. The Old Guard of the Tibbits Cadets, sent a handsome floral tribute. Col. Cole was one of the charter members of the company and retained his membership to the time of his death. He was at one time the Captain of the organization. He was also a member of Mount Zion Lodge, No. 311, F. and A. M., of this city, and



Col. Edmund L. Cole.

was raised a Mason April 19, 1875. At the communication of the lodge Monday night Worshipful Master Wolff held a beautiful and impressive memorial service in memory of Col. Cole. The burial was at Westerly, R. I.

1909

Annual Banquet by the Veteran Corps and the Cadets.

One hundred and fifty members of the Tibbits Veteran Corps and the Tibbits Cadets honored the memory of Major General William B. Tibbits over a banquet at Harmony Hall last evening. The organizations met at their respective headquarters and marched to the hall. Upon their entrance Maschke's band, stationed in the balcony, struck up a march. Excellent music was furnished by the band while the company was engaged with the collation.

When the boys were finally seated William Lamphere, president of the Tibbits Veteran Corps Association, occupying the honorary place at the head of the table, called for order, and on motion of Charles T. Thayer introduced Colonel Edmund L. Cole as presiding officer and toast master. Mr. Cole responded by acknowledging the honor and forthwith invited those present to fall to the pleasant task without further ceremony, which they did with hearty good will, doing justice to the viands served by the caterer of the evening, Lieutenant Samuel P. Eccles.

On the wall at the head of the room hung a starry flag with the banner of the veterans. At the foot of the room were entwined together the federal flag and that of the Cadets. On the right hung the picture of Major General William B. Tibbits appropriately looped with the national colors, at his right the picture of Colonel Joseph Egolf and on his left that of the late Lieutenant I. Seymour Scott. Among other pictures exposed were those of the lamented Lincoln and Lieutenant Walter L. Davis.

After sufficient attention had been paid the collation the toast master arose and proposed the toast of the day, and the man we honor, General W. B. Tibbits. Colonel Joseph Egolf responded. He paid a high tribute to the departed officer and soldier. He gave a brief historical sketch of the organization of the veterans, and stated that out of 140 names enrolled on the active membership list since its organization twelve were dead; out of ninety honorary members twenty-four had gone to their final home. The others who responded informally, being called upon by the toast-master, were Captain Collin of the Citizens' Corps, Cohoes, Lieutenant George D. Smith of the Citizens' Corps, Troy, Captain Lloyd, William Lamphere and Lieutenant Dunspaugh. Comrades Cahill and Wenzell of the Cadets, and the Cadets' Glee Club furnished vocal music. —

Col. Egolf and the Tibbits veteran corps be the funeral arrangements in charge. The body will lie in state at the family residence, 23 First street, from 10:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. tomorrow. This will afford an opportunity for all to look for the last time on the features of the dead soldier. The casket will not be opened in the church.

THE PALL BEARERS.

The following gentlemen will act as pall bearers at the funeral: General M. T. McMahon, general H. W. Slocum and general James McQuide of New York city; general J. B. Carr and general Alonzo Alden of this city, and general George H. Sharpe, speaker of the assembly of the state.

THE FORMATION.

Colonel Egolf announces the following order of procession and line of march:

Platoon of police.

Doring's full band.

Citizens corps as escort—Capt. J. W. Cusack commanding.

Clergymen in carriages.

Surgeons Bontecou and Seymour in carriages.

Hearse containing the remains.

Gen. Tibbits' army horse.

Pall bearers in carriages.

Tibbits veteran corps—Lt. I. Seymour Scott, commanding.

Tibbits cadets—Capt. E. L. Cole, commanding.

Family and relatives in carriages.

Distinguished persons.

Third division staff.

Comrades of Post Willard.

Members of the 2nd N. Y. V., 21st cavalry and other veterans in carriages.

Citizens in carriages.

The companies comprising the column will meet at the armory at 12:30 o'clock and immediately proceed to the residence of the deceased and take up the formation as given above. At 1:30 o'clock the procession will leave the house and march to St. John's church where at 2 o'clock the funeral services will be held. At the close of the services the line will be resumed as follows: Up First to Congress to Second, to Broadway, to Fifth, to North Second, to Hoosick, to Oakwood avenue, to the cemetery. At the grave the volley will be fired by the citizens corps, and the burial service will be read by Rev. Frank L. Norton.



First Badge of the Company.

The Tibbits Cadets

Was organized on the 27th day of September, 1876, and was mustered into the State service as the Seventh Separate Company of the 10th Brigade, February 16th, 1877; and its designation was changed to the Twenty-first Separate Company December 8th, 1877.

Captains of the Company :--Jacob H. Patton, Edmund L. Cole, Samuel Foster and James H. Lloyd.

Gibbitts Cadets

OFFICERS.

Capt. J. H. Lloyd, 2nd Lieut. M. Sullivan,
Lieut. M. Dunspaugh, 3rd Lieut. S. Wright.

SERGEANTS.

Sergt. W. H. Schutt, H. W. Delong,
1. Sergt. L. D. Hunt, F. H. Geer,
W. Adams, J. B. Stapleton.

CORPORALS.

G. Butterworth, W. L. Thompson,
J. Erwin, H. O. Miller,
B. Yearsley, T. H. Karr,
P. Treanor, T. C. Ives.

MUSICIANS.

F. Fahl, 2nd, J. Ewing.

PRIVATEES.

aps, C. G.	Lasher, G.
John, T. E.	Link, F.
bernitz, L.	Leet, Wm. A.
st, W. O.	Link, A. D.
chanan, J. H.	Mackie, C. B.
ownell, G. H.	Manning, J. J.
ogan, G.	Manning, M. F.
ockway, W.	Mercier, E. A.
ackhall, G. C.	Moore, H.
own, P. N.	Marshall, F.
lvin, A. H.	Miller, P.
ok, G. E.	Messett, M.
llier, J. W.	Mullen, O. A.
rter, C. L., Jr.	McCormick, E. F.
onin, J. J.	Martin, E. H.
osland, G.	Nial, D. F.
isp, C.	O'Connor, J.
isp, E.	Prendergast, F. R.
rr, F. J.	Pettit, F.
llard, W. H.	Phelan, J. J.
swell, E. R.	Richer, D.
rtis, J. C.	Rice, J. D.
long, I. W.	Rosekrans, H. T.
bell, A. F.	Rice, G. C.
ley, J. C.	Rugff, Wm.
dington, H. A.	Ratcliffe, F. J.
rguson, W.	Sturtevant, G. W.
bson, S. D.	Schwarz, F. J.
lbraith, W. J.	Schwarz, P.
naman, W.	Simpson, J. R.
swell, F.	Taylor, J. C.
ude, C. H.	Underhill, D.
ahn, E.	Van Duesen, W. H.
urber, A.	Way, E.
utchman, C.	Wheland, C.
pp, C.	Wright, C.
owe, J.	Wright, S. W.
epp, J. H.	Wager, C. G.
ll, C. C.	Wallace, B.
anson, S.	Wills, J. H.
de, W. C.	Wylie, J. I.

Honoring Gen. Tibbits—A Trib Dr. Taylor.

The Tibbits' Veteran corps has compl
rangements for the observance of Gen. Wil
liam B. Tibbits' birthday, and Capt. Egol
has issued the following:

COMRADES: The 31st day of March, 1885, will be the 47th anniversary of the birth of Major Gen. William B. Tibbits, and the ninth year since he honored our organization with his name. Five years ago he was taken from us. In looking back over so short a period, let us pause for a moment, and consider the sad changes which have taken place. Nine years ago father, mother, sister and brother were enjoying the blessings of this life under a flag and with a nation they all loved, with patriotic and Christian love—now all are gone! How is it with our comrades who stood side by side on many a hard-fought battle field with the brave, heroic and self-sacrificing Tibbits? Since the organization of the Tibbits Veteran corps 10 of our number have passed from this life, I hope to a better one. That he loved his country better than self, none can deny; for he proved it to the world. Twenty-seven years of his early life he spent with his family, surrounded with every comfort and luxury that heart could wish for. In 1861 the nation was in peril, and asked for help. He left home and all dear to him, and went to battle for the flag of his country. Four years he served, faithfully battling for freedom and the rights of all men, nations, colors and creeds. For these sacrifices made by him for the land he so dearly loved, he suffered untold misery for over 11 years. For five years he has rested from pain and strife. With his comrades who have joined him in the past year, there was one who was dear to all of us in life, and we mourn his sad taking away. He was not alone a soldier of his country, but of his Cross. Hero and soldier, our comrade William Taylor, by his true Christianity we learned to love him. Genial at all times, yet he never lost sight of his Master. He was loved by all denominations and by all classes of citizens; his death was our loss and Heaven's gain. We as an organization, unworthy in comparison to those who have gone, have much to thank an all-wise Providence for in the autumn of our lives. Until this hour the Ruler of all has dealt kindly toward us. While we live let us cherish the memory of these noble souls who have gone before, and in our daily lives try to do nothing that will bring a stain upon the memory of our departed comrades.

This being the last parade of the Tibbits Veteran corps, as a part of the National guard of the state of New York, it is earnestly hoped that all old members of the corps will, on this occasion, lay aside all differences of opinion, and parade in honor of Troy's first and finest volunteer soldier, Maj.-Gen. William B. Tibbits.

JOSEPH EGOLF, Captain.

THE LINE OF MARCH.

The following company order and line of march have also been issued by Capt. Egolf: "In compliance with the resolution unanimously passed by the Tibbits Veteran corps, 12th separate company of infantry, fifth brigade, third division, N. G. S. N. Y., in 1880, and the power vested in me as the commander of said company, and this the fifth year since the death of Maj.-Gen. William B. Tibbits, I do hereby order all officers, non-commissioned officers, musicians and privates of the 12th separate company, N. G. S. N. Y., to report at the state armory, in the city of Troy, N. Y., on Tuesday, March 31, 1885, at 1.30 o'clock P. M., fully uniformed, armed and equipped according to law and regulations, for parade. Every man must be present Wednesday evening, March 25, 1885."

FORMATION OF COLUMN.

Patrol of Police.

Maschke's full band—26 pieces.

Troy City Fife and Drum Corps—13 pieces.

Tibbits Veteran Corps—100 men—Capt. Joseph Egolf, commanding.

Tibbits Sons of Veterans—75 men—Lieut. E. W. Burrage, commanding.

Cadets' Drum and Fife Corps—15 pieces.

Tibbits Cadets—80 men—Capt. Samuel Foster, commanding.

William B. Tibbits Post, No. 141, G. A. R.—60 men—James Snyder, commander.

Line of march—Leave state armory, River street, 3 o'clock P. M., up River to First, to Ferry, to Third, to Washington, to Fourth, to Broadway, to Fifth, to North Seneca, to Jacob, to King, to River, to Third, to Broadway, to Second, to Congress, to River street, to state armory and dismiss.

TROY SUN

HONORING A HERO.

GENERAL TIBBITS' BIRTHDAY TO BE
CELEBRATED BY A PARADE.

Captain Egolf's Order--The line of March--
The Formation of the Column--News
about Regulars and Irregulars
in and out of Town.

The militia of this section on Tuesday will hold a grand street parade in honor of the birthday of General William B. Tibbits. Captain Joseph Egolf, who has been working enthusiastically upon the arrangements, has issued the following order:

COMRADES: The 31st day of March, 1885, will be the 47th anniversary of the birth of Major-Gen. William B. Tibbits, and the ninth year since he honored our organization with his name. Five years ago he was taken from us. In looking back over the short period, let us pause for a moment, and consider the sad changes which have taken place. Nine years ago father, mother, sister and brother were enjoying the blessings of this life under a flag and with a nation they all loved, with patriotic and Christian love--now, all are gone! How is it with our comrades who stood side by side on many a hard-fought battle-field with the brave, heroic and self-sacrificing Tibbits? Since the organization of the Tibbits' Veteran corps 10 of our number have passed from this life, I hope to a better one. That he loved his country better than self, none can deny; for he proved it to the world. Twenty-seven years of his early life he spent with his family, surrounded with every comfort and luxury that heart could wish for. In 1861 the nation was in peril, and asked for help. He left home and all dear to him, and went to battle for the flag of his country. Four years he served, faithfully battling for freedom and the rights of all men, nations, colors and creeds. For these sacrifices made by him for the land he so dearly loved, he suffered untold misery for 11 years. For five years he has rested from pain and strife. With his comrades who have joined him in the past year.

soldier of his country, but of his cross. Hero and
oldier, our comrade William Taylor, by his true
Christianity we learned to love him. Genial at all
times, yet he never lost sight of his Master. He
was loved by all denominations and by all classes
of citizens: his death was our loss and Heaven's
gain. We as an organization, unworthy in com-
parison to those who have gone, have much to
thank an all-wise Providence for in the autumn of
our lives. Until this hour the Ruler of all has dealt
kindly toward us. While we live let us cherish the
memory of those noble souls who have gone before,
and in our daily lives try to do nothing that will
bring a stain upon the memory of our departed
comrades.

This being the last parade of the Tibbits' Veteran
corps, as a part of the National Guards of the
State of New York, it is earnestly hoped that all old
members of the corps will, on this occasion, lay
aside all differences of opinion, and parade in
honor of Troy's first and bravest volunteer soldier,
Maj.-Gen. William B. Tibbits.

JOSEPH EGOLF, Captain.

All officers, non-commissioned officers, mus-
icians, privates of the 13th separate company,
N. G. S. N. Y., have been ordered to report
at the State Armory, at 1:30, Tuesday, in
full dress for parade. The line of March will
be as follows: Leave the State Armory,
River street, at 3 p. m., up River to First, to
Ferry, to Third, to Washington, to Fourth,
to Broadway, to Fifth, to North Second, to
Congress, to River, to Armory and dismiss.
The formation of the column will be: First,
Patrol of Police, followed by Maschke's full
band, 26 pieces; Troy City Pipe and Drum
Corps, 13 pieces; Tibbits' Veteran Corps, 160
men, Captain Joseph Egolf, commanding;
Tibbits' Sons of Veterans, 75 men, Lieut. E.
V. Burrage, commanding; Cade's' Drum
and Fife Corps, 15 pieces; Tibbits' Cadets, 80
men, Captain Samuel Foster, commanding;
William B. Tibbits Post, 141, G. A. R., 60
men, James Snyder, commander.

On Wednesday evening, the Tibbits' Veter-
an Corps, held a drill at the State Armory,
Captain Joseph Egolf was in command. The
new men recently admitted to the company
of Veterans, are fast picking up the man-
ual.

Col. Egolf and Gen. Carr, and a number
of other Grand Army men of this city, were
at the funeral of General McQuade Friday
evening.

anniversary of Joe's summer will

REMARKABLE GATHERING.

AGED PEOPLE AT A DINNER

Not One of the Guests Was Under 70 and Several of Them Hover Near the Century Line—The Days of Their Youth Recalled.

MANCHESTER CENTRE, Vt., Nov. 8—This invitation was sent out by J. E. McNaughton of this place to all residents of Manchester more than 70 years of age:

You are invited to meet at the house of J. E. McNaughton of Barnumville in Manchester, Thursday, November 6, 1890, for a social visit and renewal of old acquaintance. Dinner at 1 p. m.

The morning of Thursday opened beautifully. About 9 a. m. the carriages commenced wending their way towards the residence of Mr. McNaughton. At 1 o'clock eighty old people, all residents of Manchester and all past 70 years of age, were seated at the tables. The Rev. Joseph D. Wickham, the oldest living graduate of Yale college, wearing his 93 years with ease and with well preserved physical and mental powers, sat at the head of the table. At his left sat his noble and intelligent wife of 82 years, and at his right sat Mrs. Eliza Mears, a sprightly old lady of 94 years, who gets in and out a carriage without assistance. At her side sat "Aunt Anna Bourne, 93 years old, but a few weeks younger than Dr. Wickham. Then there was the venerable Joseph Hicks, 89 years of age and now living on the farm one mile from Manchester Centre, where he was born and on which his grandfather held title by deed, dated over one hundred years ago. On each side of the table sat the men and women of 80 years and over; then came those of 70 to 80, until all were seated. Many enlivening remarks were made and old acquaintances renewed during the dinner hour and observers were delighted with the flashes of wit and the evident feeling of pleasure that pervaded the hearts of those present.

The company, including help and companions of the old people, numbered 120. A great deal of credit is due Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Swift, Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Simonds, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Adams, Mrs. Baker Wilson and Mrs. Albert Gilmore for a rich contribution of ancient music, "Old Greenwich," written by Read in 1793; "Complaint," by Parmenter 1791; "New Jerusalem," by Ingalls, 1792; "Delight," by Coan, 1791, funeral anthem by Billings, 1794, and others were sung with such pathos and inspiration that a glow of awakened memories spread over the wrinkled faces until tears of pleasure filled their aged eyes.

This unusual gathering was a grand success and fully accomplished the object sought by Mr. McNaughton, which was to lighten the gloom that gathers around the aged and infirm, and it is to be hoped that this movement may have its anniversary and many of them. Many peculiar features were noticed at the gathering. Four brothers and sisters of the Hicks family sat at the table at same time; the oldest, Joseph, is 89, and the youngest, Lois, 70. Another feature was that there are more people living in Manchester that were born in 1812 than in any year from 1796 to 1820, the list showing twelve, and two not on the list at the gathering, making fourteen in town, born in

Union
said "If it comes over, of St. Clairsville, W. Va.
the census enumerator for Moundsville, near
here I live, must have found about as wonder-
ful a domestic history as any enumerator will
run against elsewhere in this country. I refer
to a family of the name of Brandon. The
father of that family, Charles Brandon, died
when he was 96 years old, but his youngest
child was then less than a year old. He died
just as the civil war broke out from a broken
heart, his wife having refused to live with him
any longer, and brought suit for divorce against
him. He had at the time 35 living children
and had been married three times. His first
wife bore him only two children. His second
wife died after bearing him 18. At the age of
75 he married Sarah Barker, she being 16, and
the youngest of 16 children. She lived with
him 21 years, bearing him 15 children, and
then left him, taking her year-old baby with
her, and sued for a divorce on the grounds of
incompatibility of temper. Brandon was then
still hale and hearty, but the desertion of his
wife broke him down, and he died within a
month after she left him.

"When his third wife married him the oldest
of his 20 children by his two previous wives
was 39, and the entire 20 lived under the pa-
ternal roof. The young wife reared all of the
20 that were young enough to need rearing
besides caring for the 15 of her own, the oldest
of whom was but 20 when she left their father.
The family of 35 kept together for many years
after their father's death, and if the patri-
archal Brandon had lived a few months longer
he would have seen 17 of his sons enlist in the
Union army. It is a question if in this or any
other country an instance can be found where
one family ever before contributed 17 sons to
their country's service. There were two
Charleses and two Johns among these brothers.
The names of the other 13 were Simeon, Evans,
Peter, Josephus, Hiram, James, Van Buren,
Jacob, Abraham, Alexander, David, Andrew
and Ruse. Besides these, three of Charles
Brandon's sons served in the Mexican war.
The 17 brothers were all in Ohio and Indiana
regiments. Two of them, one of the Johns
and one of the Charleses, were sons of the
third Mrs. Brandon. They were both taken
prisoners at the battle of Chickamauga and
placed in Andersonville Prison. John died in
the prison. Charles was there 21 months when
he escaped. All the rest of the sons were chil-
dren of the second wife. They were in every
important battle of the war, and all lived to
get home when the war was over, except Peter
who was killed at Shiloh.

"These boys all came of good fighting stock
for their father was a famous Indian fighter
himself, and a veteran of the war of 1812 and
the Mexican war. When western Pennsylva-
nia was the frontier, and the Indian fighter
was the most important and indispensable per-
son in the settlements, Charles Brandon, ac-
cording to all tradition, was one of the best and
most daring of all the active foes of the red-
men. His father was killed by Indians when
Charles was only three years old. He himself
was made a prisoner, and lived with the In-
dians 12 years, hating them more the longer he
was with them. At the age of 15 he escaped
and, after learning his mother tongue, spent all
his time until they were driven away to more
remote settlements in hunting and killing In-
dians. He was 51 years of age when the war of
1812 broke out, and he was one of the first to
join the American army, and was in it when
peace was declared. He was 74 when he en-
listed in the Mexican war.

"The third wife of this virile old fighter
living at Moundsville, hale and hearty at
age of 67. She is over six feet high and
straight as an arrow. Of her 35 children
~~step-children she~~ knows positively of
5. The rest are so

HON. M. I. TOWNSEND SPEAKS

HE WILL NOT HORSE SHED FOR FAVORS.

A Manly Letter From a Grand Old Manly Man.

TROY, July 27, 1886.—HON. C. L. MAC ARTHUR—Dear Sir: I can but be grateful for the many kind things which you have said of me recently, although you have announced them in a jocose vein. You speak of me as in your estimation, a desirable candidate for the position of member of Congress. This position is one of great distinction, and one to which any honorable man may well aspire. But whatever of honor, whatever of advantage may be connected with the position the people of this district conferred upon me years ago. Gratitude for their kindness has vastly sweetened the labors of my maturer years. The recollection will never fade from my memory while reason holds her throne. I am now holding an honorable and remunerative office conferred through the efforts of my Republican friends of Rensselaer county. Under these circumstances I could not bear to be thought to be asking for any new favor from my fellow citizens. Your announcement of my name was entirely unexpected or dreamed of by me. I wish to say through you that I have no desire for the position named. I have no desire to stand in any other man's way—and I feel that I owe it to my name—I know I owe it to my feelings to say so. But I cannot conclude this communication without alluding to the Hon. James S. Smart's criticism upon my vote on the last day of February, 1878, to pass the bill requiring the coinage of from two to four millions of the standard silver dollars per month, which had been the currency of the country from the establishment of our government, over the President's veto. I did so vote on the 28th day of February, 1878. I did so with a majority of Republican members of Congress who voted on the question. For doing so I received the written thanks of the chief financial officer of every bank in Troy except the First National. We had in the country then as was estimated less than one hundred millions of gold. We have now as is estimated more than five hundred millions of gold. We had been suffering five years of business adversity as lean as Pharaoh's lean kine. Five years of such prosperity followed as no country ever enjoyed since the dawn of creation. It may be said that our accumulation of gold came to us because of the balance of trade being in our favor. But the balance of trade was in our favor because of the universal confidence felt by manufacturers, commercial men and farmers that there would be no crash from resuming specie payments. Most of those now in easy circumstances in the country owe their pecuniary prosperity to the passage of the act referred to. If the act benefitted the rich and the poor alike and gave prosperity alike to employer and employed, those who voted for it can well abide the criticism which may be passed upon their doings.

Very truly yours,

This page is
shelved here
URSDAY, JANUARY 2

THE SYCAMORES.

(Hugh Tallant, who planted the sycamores, or buttonwood trees, described by Whittier in the following poem, came to Haverhill about 1725, and was the first Irishman to settle in the town. He was employed by Colonel Richard Saltonstall, who lived in the Saltonstall mansion (now part of the Duncan estate) on Water street. The row of sycamores were planted along the border of the estate in 1748. In 1853 several of them were mysteriously blighted, and in 1868 these were cut down and their trunks were used in the construction of a coal wharf, along the river near Water street. Hugh Tallant was interred in Pentucket cemetery, but, as stated in the poem, "Not a stone his grave discloses." Four of the noble trees planted 153 years ago by this genial pioneer Irishman still stand, and Buttonwoods avenue, on which the Hale hospital buildings front, perpetuates the name—"The Buttonwoods"—by which that vicinity was once known.)

In the outskirts of the village,
On the river's winding shores,
Stand the Occidental plane-trees,
Stand the ancient sycamores.

One long century hath been numbered,
And another half-way told,
Since the rustic Irish gleeman
Broke for them the virgin mould.

Deftly set the Celtic music,
At his violin's sound they grew,
Through the moonlight eves of summer,
Making Amphion's fable true.

Rise again, thou good Hugh Tallant
Pass in jerkin smart along,
With thy eyes brimful of laughter,
And thy mouth as full of song.

Pioneer of Erin's exiles,
With his fiddle and his pack;
Little dreamed the village Saxons
Of the myriads at his back.

How he wrought with spade and fiddle,
Delved by day and sang by night,
With a hand that never wearied,
And a heart forever light.

Still the gay tradition mingles
With a record grave and drear,
Like the rolic air of Cluny,
With the solemn march of Mear.

When the box-tree, white with blossoms,
Make the sweet May woodlands glad,
And the Aronia by the river
Lighted up the swarming shad,

And the bulging nets swept shoreward,
With their silver-sided haul,
Midst the shouts of dripping fishers,
He was merriest of them all.

When, among the jovial huskers,
Love stole in at Labor's side
With the lusty airs of England,
Soft his Celtic measures vied.

Songs of love and wailing lyke-wake,
And the merry fair's carouse;
Of the wild Red Fox of Erin
And the Woman of Three Cows,

By the blazing hearts of winter,
Pleasant seemed his simple tales.

HOME FROM PEEKSKILL.**The Twelfth Separate Company Returns from the State Camp.**

The Twelfth Separate Company, which has been in camp at Peekskill during the past week, arrived home last evening at 10 o'clock. As they marched down Broadway to the tune of "The Little Side Door," they were loudly applauded by their friends who lined the sidewalk. The men appeared to be in excellent spirits and every one of them was as brown as a berry. When asked if they had a good time, one of them replied: "Well you can bet we did, and another week of such life would do us good." Captain Egolf was highly elated over the work which the company performed at school as was Lieutenant Burrage. The weather during their stay was pleasant, although excessively warm at times. The Glen's Falls company also returned from camp last night and went up on the 11 40 northern express.

At the City Hall this afternoon will be a meeting of those interested in the fair to be held next month in aid of the House of the Good Shepherd. Officers have already been elected.

Following this fair will come one in aid of the St. Vincent Female Orphan Asylum, to be held probably in December. The proceeds will be used to liquidate the debt incurred in the construction of the new building on Eighth street.

A Musician's Funeral.

The funeral services of Professor Robinson, formerly of Doring's band, will be held from St. Joseph's Church, Albany, to-day. A combined band of society musicians will act as funeral escort—among them a large number of Troy musicians.

Military Mention.

Colonel Egolf's memorial rooms are free to all the Grand Army posts. Post Tibbits will visit them to-morrow evening.

The fifteenth annual fall prize meeting of the National Rifle Association of America will be held at Creedmore, commencing at 9 a. m. to-morrow and continuing six days.

Gov. Hill's Crop of Colored Twins.

Every day Governor Hill of New York becomes more anxious to know who it was that set in circulation the statement that he had offered \$25 in gold for every pair of colored twins born during the year 1887. Duly certified records of dual births are pouring in upon the distressed Governor at a rate which indicates that this is an extraordinary year for twins.—Boston Journal.

GENERAL SHERMAN



TRADE

MARK

W. T. Sherman
General 1888

—Col. Egolf of the Tibbits corps visited Saratoga Springs yesterday, and made final arrangements for the excursion of his command to that village on September 7. The Saratoga Citizens' corps has voted to tender the Trojans an escort.

THE COLONEL'S MILITARY RECORD.

His military record is a proud one, and is as follows: Enlisted in Company D, Second New York volunteers, April 19, 1861; private, first sergeant, Second Lieutenant; Company F, First Lieutenant; Company K, Captain; One Hundred and Twenty-fifth, N. Y. V., First Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel. Volunteered

—Private Sturtevant of the cadets distinguished himself to-day while doing guard duty in refusing to execute stack arms from a carry when commanded to do so by a corporal of the guard. The private was sustained by the instructor in tactics.

—Lieut. McNeil of the Cohoes company is on duty to-day as junior officer of the guard.

—Hank York is here with the Tibbits cadets, and he is a very necessary reënforcement.

—Lieut. Dunspaugh of the cadets has been detailed as senior officer for the guard to-morrow, and it is expected that he will make good use of his opportunity to establish a good record for himself.

The Tibbits Veteran Corps held a meeting at the armory Wednesday night. It was the final meeting of that command as the Twelfth Separate Company of the National Guard of the State.

3 TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, MAY 1, 1892.

HEADSTONES for Soldiers.

Friday afternoon the building committee of the Board of Supervisors met and awarded the contract for furnishing headstones for the graves of soldiers to Patrick Prendergast at \$14 90 cents each. The committee will meet again Thursday and will visit the County House and ascertain what repairs are needed there.

The Tibbits Veteran Association has acquired the large rebellion relic collection of Col. Egolf and proposes to maintain a free public museum at its new rooms, No. 270 River street, open from 9 a. m. till 10 p. m. The committee in charge of the rooms for the current quarter consists of Col. Egolf, C. T. Thayer, W. L. Davis, C. F. Fahl and James Low.

EGOLF - In this city, Saturday, Jan. 11, 1890
Martha Hyland, wife of Joseph Egolf, aged 55
years.

Funeral from family residence, 155 First st.,
Tuesday at 11 A. M. Friends and acquaintances
are respectfully invited to attend.

Interment private

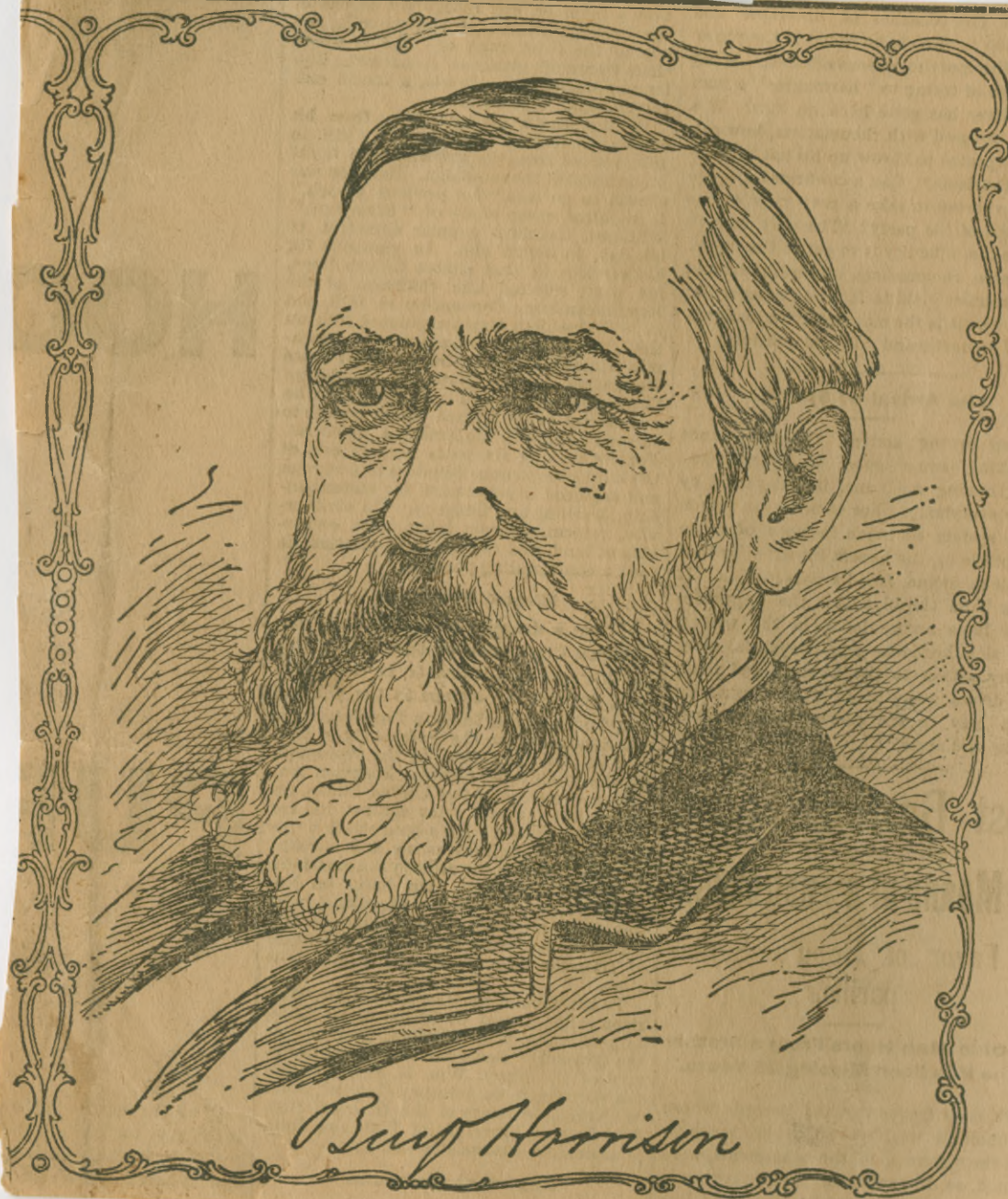
HIGGINS

TROY, N. Y., SUNDAY, JULY 31, 1892.

Colonel Joseph Egolf has taken cold with his other ailments and his condition is not so favorable as it has been. The brave soldier is cheerful amid all his tribulations.

Preparations are on foot.

N, MARCH 4, 1893.



HARRISON

—
Our Retiring President
—

Humble Beginning and
Rapid Progress
—

Services in the War and
State Offices
—

Election as President—Im-
portant Measures of His
Administration
—

Sad Bereavments in the White
House—Retirement to Private
Life with Public Sympa-
thy and Respect
—

The Harrisons came from England to
Eastern Virginia and founded an estate on
the beautiful banks of the lower James,
Benjamin Harrison, signer of the
Declaration of Independence, congressman,
governor of the old Dominion,
There was also Wm. Henry
Harrison, general, governor of
Indiana, 1791-1795. His son,
Wm. Henry Harrison, a man, th
a faru

VERMONT EVENING

THE MERRIMACK.

Stream of my fathers! sweetly still
The sunset rays thy valley fill
Poured slantwise down the long defile,
Wave, wood and spire beneath them
smile.

I see the winding Powow fold
The green hill in its belt of gold,
And following down its wavy line,
Its sparkling waters blend with thine.
There's not a tree upon thy side,
Nor rock, which thy returning tide
As yet hath abrupt and stark
Above thy evening water-mark;
No calm cove with its rocky hem,
No isle whose emerald swells begem
Thy broad, smooth current; not a sail
Bowed to the freshening ocean gale;
No small boat with its busy oars,
Nor gray wall sloping to thy shores;
Nor farm-house with its maple shade,
Or rigid poplar colonnade,
Beneath this gush of sunset light.
Centuries ago, that harbor-bar,
Stretching its length of foam afar,
And Salisbury's beach of shining sand,
And yonder island's wave-smoothed
strand,

Saw the adventurer's tiny sail,
Flit, stooping from the eastern gale;
And o'er these woods and waters broke
The cheer from Britain's hearts of oak,
As brightly on the voyager's eye,
Weary of forest, sea and sky,
Breaking the dull continuous wood,
The Merrimack rolled down his flood;
Mingling that clear pellucid brook,
Which channels vast Agiochook
When spring-time's sun and shower un-
lock

The frozen fountains of the rock,
And more abundant waters given
From that pure lake. "The Smile of
Heaven,"

Tributes from vale and mountain-side—
With ocean's dark, eternal tide.

On yonder rocky cape, which braves
The stormy challenge of the waves,
Midst tangled vine and dwarfish wood,
The hardy Anglo-Saxon stood,
Planting upon the topmost crag
The staff of England's battle-flag.
And, while from out its heavy fold
Saint George's crimson cross unrolled,
Midst roll of drum and trumpet blare,
And weapons braving in air,
He gave to that lone promontory
The sweetest name in all his story;
Of her, the flower of Islam's daughters,
Whose harems look on Stamboul's waters,
Who, when the chance of war had bound
The Moslem chain his limbs around,
Wreathed o'er with silk that iron chain
Soothed with her smiles his hours of pain
And fondly to her youthful slave
A dearer gift than freedom gave.

But look! the yellow light no more
Streams down on wave and verdant shore
And clearly on the calm air swells
The twilight voice of distant bells.
From Ocean's bosom, white and thin,
The mists come slowly rolling in;
Hills, woods, the river's rocky rim,
Amidst the sea-like vapor swim,
While yonder lonely coast-light set
Within its wave-washed minaret,
Half quenched, a beamless star and pale
Shines dimly through its cloudy veil!

Home of my fathers!—I have stood
Where Hudson rolls his lordly flood;
Seen sunrise rest and sunset fade
Along his frowning Palisade;
Looked down the Appalachian peak

The Monawa's softly winding stream;
 The level light of sunset shine
 Through broad Potomac's hem of pine;
 And autumn's rainbow-tinted banner
 Hang lightly o'er the Susquehanna;
 Yet whereso'er his step might be
 Thy wandering child looked back to thee!
 Heard in his dreams thy river's sound,
 Of murmuring on its pebbly bound,
 The unforgotten swell and roar
 Of waves on thy familiar shore;
 And saw, amidst the curtained gloom
 And quiet of his lonely room,
 Thy sunset scenes before him pass;
 As, in Agrippa's magic glass,
 The loved and lost arose to view,
 Remembered groves in greenness grew,
 Bathed still in childhood's morning dew,
 Along whose bowers of beauty swept
 Whatever Memory's mourners wept,
 Sweet faces, which the charnel kept,
 Young, gentle eyes, which long had slept;
 And while the gazer leaned to trace
 More near, some dear familiar face,
 He wept to find the vision flown—
 A phantom and a dream alone!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Written in 1841.

THE LIBRARY.

The following poem was sung by a quartette at the dedicatory exercises of the Public library, Nov. 11, 1875, and it was composed by Whittier for that occasion:

"Let there be light!" God spake of old,
 And over chaos dark and cold,
 And through the dead and formless frame
 Of nature, life and order came.
 Faint was the light at first that shone
 On giant fern and mastodon,
 On half-formed plane and beast of prey,
 And man as rude and wild as they.
 Age after age, like waves o'erran
 The earth, uplifting brute and man;
 And mind, at length, in symbols dark
 Its meanings traced on stone and bark.
 On leaf and palm, on sedge-wrought roll,
 On plastic clay and leathern scroll,
 Man wrote his thoughts; the ages passed,
 And lo! the Press was found at last!
 The dead souls woke; the thoughts of
 men
 Whose bones were dust revived again;
 The cloister's silence found a tongue,
 Old prophets spake, old poets sung.
 And here, today, the dead look down,
 The kings of mind again we crown;
 We hear the voices lost so long,
 The sage's word, the sibyl's song.
 Here Greek and Roman find themselves
 Alive along these crowded shelves;
 And Shakespeare treads again his stage
 And Chaucer paints anew his age.
 As if some Pantheon's marble broke
 Their stony trance, and lived and spoke,
 Life thrills along the alcoved hall,
 The lords of thought await our call!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

They tell how Bob Evans went to church. It was an aristocratic temple in New York. The rear admiral limped down the aisle and took a seat near the front. Presently a dapper little man without a crinkle in his clothes stopped at the pew, leaned over and remarked:

"Do you know that I pay \$2500 a year for this pew?"

"You do?" exclaimed Robert. "You pay too d—— much."—Boston Post.

HEARD ON "T" WHARF.

"Have you joined the sore-armed chorus?"

"What's that?"

"Why, the Ancient Order of Vacicne."

"N'—N'—I chew tobacco."—Boston Journal.

Peaceful and quiet now the place;
The careless traveler finds small trace
Of scenes enacted here,
And yet, so full of memories dread,
It seems as if the very dead,
Among whose graves the living tread,
Might waken, and appear,
Whene'er the ill-famed name is breathed,
And tell of tortures worse than death.

Full thirty thousand loyal men
Were crowded in that loathsome pen,
In wretched misery;
All shelterless, with scanty food,
Deprived of all things bright and good,
E'en the poor boon of solitude
Denied, and each must see
His comrade's wan and wasted face,
Where famine left its deadly trace.

And, like the Inquisitors of old,
To all of Mercy's pleadings cold
Were those who held them there,
Where days and nights were constant pain,
Till souls were sick and minds were slain,
And madness passed from brain to brain
Contagious on the air;
Till they whose reason held its throne
Feared this dark fate should be their own.

And yet those heroes, faithful, true,
No thought of change or turning knew,
Loyal their every breath;
The ghastly lines of graves grew long,
Proved their devotion pure and strong;
They would not do their country wrong
E'en to escape from death;
And, scorning death, despising pain,
Their honor kept without a stain.

But soldiers now possess the ground
That made the gloomy prison's bound,
To hold, a sacred trust.
Then guard it well, O, comrades mine,
And keep the spot a pilgrim shrine,
Where patriots may their offerings twine
O'er mounds of precious dust,
Where hero-martyrs silent sleep
Their last, long slumber calm and deep.

And give the praise, so nobly earned
By faithfulness that never turned
From Duty's hardest ways;
For nameless graves the truth proclaim,
Their lives were given not for fame,
Nor hope on History's page to claim
A word of deathless praise;
But patriot love for native land
Inspired endurance brave and grand.

BY COMRADE E. H. KELLOGG.

Only a soldier! how little they care for him,
Battered and shattered by shot and by shell,
Armless his sleeve the grapeshot that scattered
Over the field where his brave comrades fell.

Pottering and trembling, with locks early
whitened,
Cramped by the chills of malaria's damp,
Wearied he begs in the streets of a city,
Looked on by many as only a tramp.

'Pity me, friend; I am famished and foot-
sore—

Work I have none," he pleads in despair;
'Only a soldier; he must be a drunkard!'
Is often the answer he gets to his prayer.

'What care they now for those who have
saved them?'

Murmurs the vet'ran with tears in his eyes,
'Bah! Get ye back! I am turning a baby!
You and your scoffings I fairly despise.

'Ten years ago when the musketry rattled,
Pale waxed your faces, while we, fronting
foe,

stood like a wall in the van of the battle,
Saving your homesteads but ten years ago.

Only next year comes our country's centen-
nial—

How few living now who then struck a
blow.

Then, when you think of those minute-men's
mission,

Why forget ours of ten years ago?"

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM.

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
 Like a swift floating meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
 A flash of lightning, a brake of the wave,
 Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and willow shall fade,
 Be scattered around and together be laid;
 And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
 Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant and mother, attended and loved;
 The mother that infant's affection was proved;
 The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
 Each, all are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
 Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
 And the memory of those who loved her and praised
 Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne;
 The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
 The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
 Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap;
 The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
 The beggar who wandered in search for his bread,
 Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
 The sinner who dare remain unforgiven;
 The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
 Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
 That withers away to let others succeed;
 So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
 To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
 We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
 We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
 And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
 From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink
 To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
 But it speeds from us like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
 They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
 They grieved, but no wail from their slumbers will come;
 They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died; aye! they died; we things that are now,
 That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
 And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
 Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
 We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
 And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
 Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

Beyond Potomac's ice-bound shore,
Where Wintry winds are sweeping
Around the hills of Arlington,
An army corps lies sleeping;
From Washington, the Beautiful,
We see their headstones serried;
Mute sentinels in camp of Death,
O'er Union comrades buried.

They fell in blazing battle's brunt,
Or died from hard campaigning,
Yet never in their loyal hearts
Of war's mishaps complaining;
While we, survivors, old and gray,
Keep closing ranks fraternal;
Believing, as in sixty-one,
Disloyalty infernal!

Those sad mementos, "names unknown,"
Steeped yearning hearts in sorrow;
And still some dear one hopes and dreams
"He's coming home to-morrow!"
Strew Flora's gifts, as years roll on,
On days of Decoration;
For Hist'ry crowns our volunteers
The saviours of the Nation!

We vet'rans need no herald's art
To garnish misty story;
Yon starry flag's our coat-of-arms,
In stainless, blazoned glory!
The army button be our crest,
Our motto, "Union ever!"
And withered be the hand that dares
This trinity to sever!

Wherever comrades' bones are laid,
"Unknown" inscribed above them,
Their spirits hear our very thoughts,
And know how well we love them.
O, sweet, consoling, Christian faith,
In God's great goodness given,
That lost and missing in the war
Will all be found in Heaven!

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains his Cabinet with a Little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House, and read in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year

GEN GARFIELD'S FAVORITE POEM.

Ho! reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing;
Why stand ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The noon is fast approaching,
And night will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall He call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie here ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of Thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

Comrade, draw a little nearer, fan my hot and fevered brow,
Give me just a glass of water; there, I'm feeling
better now;
Will you bring the ink and paper, just to tell them
I am gone,
And a few words more, dear comrade, to the dear
old folks at home.

Tell my Elsie—oh, God! bless her, in this hour of
coming woe—
That I died for home and country, and to not forget
her "Joe";
And the children, loved so fondly, keep the farm
for them to own;
Good-by, loved ones, weep not, for I am going
home.

Wrap the flag around me, comrade, that I always
loved so well;
Lay me on the field of battle where I proudly
fought and fell.
Hark! I hear the drums a-beating; comrade, let me
rise and go,
For I hear the angels calling, calling for poor Com-
rade Joe.

Wrap the flag around me closer, for I see the other
shore;
But I hear the voice of Elsie, and the children hear
once more.
Ah! I see the loved ones beckon, I am facing now
no foe,
I hear my Savior's welcome, welcome home to
Joe.

A war song worth remembering.

Bring the good old bugle, boys! We'll sing another
song—

Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along—

Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the jubilee!

Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free!

So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyfu
sound!

How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found

How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyfu
tears,

When they saw the honor'd flag they had not seen fo
years:

Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth i
cheers,

While we were marching through Georgia.

' Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach th
coast!'

So the saucy rebel said—and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon on a host,

While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train

Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main,

Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,

While we were marching through Georgia.

A HOME THROUGH THE POOR HOUSE DOOR.

Written by IVY GREEN for the TROY NORTHERN BUDGET.]

Why, Bob! I am glad to see you—

It's so long since I met with a friend
That I thought myself forsaken,

And was patiently waiting the end.

You see, I came here a stranger,

Took sick and exhausted my store,

And the only place of refuge

Was the one through the Poor House door.

Yes, I tried to get a pension,

As I never missed duty a day;

I hadn't that kind of a record

That was needed for one, they say;

So I failed in that direction,

Was needy and friendless, and poor,

And the only place found open

Was the one through the Poor House door.

God knows, after all my service,

That I have just cause to complain;

Then to think, I must die a pauper,

'Pon my word, it's a cussed shame.

I did what I could for my country,

Gave the best of my life, and more,

And my sole reward for all this,

Is a home through the Poor House door.

And they say that ten thousand others,

An army if all combined,

Are scattered over the country

And meeting a fate like mine;

Yet they helped to save a Nation

Whose coffers are running o'er,

While their only place of shelter

Is the one through the Poor House door.

I might have hired a substitute,

And cheated him out of his pay;

Wrapped the mantle of Self about me,

And escaped being here to-day.

But I did what I deemed my duty,

And the best could do no more;

But the Nation owes more to its Saviors,

Than a home through the Poor House door.

TROY, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1891.

PARTED.

Once more my hand will clasp your hand,
Your loving voice I shall hear once more,
But we shall never see the land,
The pleasantest land we knew of yore;
Never, on any Summer day
Hear the low music of its streams,
Or wander down the leafy way
That leadeth to the land of dreams.

Still, borne upon the scented air,
The songs of birds rise clear and sweet,
As when I gathered roses there,
And heaped their glories at your feet;
And still the golden pathway lies
At eve across the western sea,
And lovers dream beneath those skies
Which shine no more for you and me.

No more, ah, nevermore! and yet
They seem so near, those summer days,
When hope was like a jewel set,
To shine adown time's misty ways
I sometimes dream that morning's light
Will bring them back to us once more,
And that 'tis but one long dark night
Since we two parted by the shore.

We parted with soft words and low,
And "Farewell! till to-morrow" said;
From sea and sky, and sunset's glow
A golden halo round you shed;
Then as you went I heard you sing,
"Haste thee, sweet morrow!" Parting thus
How could we dream that life would bring
Not any morrow there for us?

We parted; and the last farewell
Its shadow on our life path cast;
And Time's relentless barriers fell
Between us and our happy past;
And now we meet when cares and fears
Have dulled the parting and the pain,
But never can the weary years
Bring back our golden dreams again.

How the souls in Purgatory
Scrambled up from fate forlorn.
On St. Kevin's sackcloth ladder,
Slyly hitched to Satan's horn.

Of the fiddler who at Tara
Played all night to ghosts of kings;
Of the brown dwarfs, and the fairies
Dancing in their moorland rings!

Jolliest of our birds of singing,
Best he loved the bob-o-link.
"Hush!" he'd say, "the tipsy fairies!
Hear the little folks in drink!"

Merry-faced, with spade and fiddle,
Singing through the ancient town,
Only this, of good Hugh Tallant,
Hath tradition handed down.

Not a stone his grave discloses;
But if yet his spirit walks,
'Tis beneath the trees he planted,
And when Bob-o-lincoln talks;

Green memorials of the gleeman!
Linking still the river-shores,
With their shadows cast by sunset,
Stand Hugh Tallant's sycamores!

When the Father of his Country
Through the north-land riding came,
And the roofs were starred with banners,
And the steeples rang acclaim,—

When each war-scarred Continental,
Leaving smithy, mill and farm,
Waved his rusted sword in welcome,
And shot off his old king's arm,—

Slowly passed that august presence
Down the thronged and shouting street;
Village girls as white as angels,
Scattering flowers around his feet.

Midway, where the plane-tree's shadow
Deepest fell, his rein he drew;
On his stately head, uncovered,
Cool and soft the west wind blew.

And he stood up in his stirrups,
Looking up and looking down
On the hills of Gold and Silver
Rimming round the little town,

On the river, full of sunshine,
To the lap of greenest vales
Winding down from wooded headlands,
Willow-skirted, white with sails.

And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
"I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly eastern land."

Then the bugles of his escort
Stirred to life the cavalcade;
And that head, so bare and stately,
Vanished down the depths of shade.

Ever since, in town and farmhouse,
Life has had its ebb and flow;
Thrice hath passed the human harvest
To its garner green and low.

But the trees that gleeman planted,
Through the changes, changeless stand;
As the marble calm of Tadmor
Marks the desert's shifting sand.

Still the level moon at rising
Silvers o'er each stately shaft;
Still beneath them, half in shadow,
Singing, glides the pleasure craft.

Still beneath them, arm-folded,
Love and Youth together stray;
While, as heart to heart beats faster,
More and more their feet delay.

Where the ancient cobbler, Keezar,
On the open hillside wrought,
Singing, as he drew his stitches,
Songs his German masters taught,—

Singing, with his grey hair floating
Round his rosy, ample face,—
Now a thousand Saxon craftsmen
Stitch and hammer in his place.

All the pastoral lanes so grassy
Now are Traffic's dusty streets;
From the village, grown a city,
From the rural green retreats,

"LEST WE FORGET."

By HOLMAN F. DAY.

(The Grand Army veterans, their ranks thinning year by year, note with much grief that the boys of these days are thoughtlessly profaning Memorial day with games and other sports. Even some of the largest educational institutions in the country have disregarded the mild protests of the old soldiers. The veterans remind the boys who refer to the sacred anniversary as "old men's day" that the large majority of those who served in our great conflict were scarcely more than boys.)

H WAS dead on the field of battle! In the breast of his tattered coat
They found and sent to his mother a blurred and a spattered note,
He had written it there in the trenches, clenching his teeth in pain,
—They wiped the blood from its edges and sent it back home to Maine.
He was on'y a boy, remember, and after his brief farewell
He had fought back the woe of dying and painfully tried to tell
Of the plans of his boy's ambition, of the man he had hoped to make,
—He was dead, though, there in the trenches, and he died for his country's sake.

He was dead in a rebel prison! And his face was a scroll of pain;
He had begged for the hand of his mother when the fever touched his brain.
Forgot was his young bravado—the iron of War's alloy—
We saw but the wasted features of a suffering, homesick boy.
We who are worn and broken, grizzled and old and gray,
By the token of trials of boyhood call on the boys of Today,
Remember that we who totter,—weary and shattered men,
In the days when a country called us were the boys of the nation, then.
Come with us, carry the flowers; we're asking not over-much,
For our hands are palsied and shaking, we need them for cane and crutch;
—Come with us, carry the flowers; we'll show where our comrades lie!
Come! Else none may remember after we old chaps die,

We are proud that our homes may treasure a sword or a rusty gun,
An old blue coat, a tarnished star as legacy to a son.
Not that we vaunt of carnage—not that we honor strife,
—No, they are freemen's tokens of a ransomed nation's life.
You are the kin of soldiers; and shall it then be said
That the boys of a newer era have forgotten their soldier dead?
Alone and unescorted shall the Old Boys strive to keep
Our same brave step as we're tottering down to where our comrades sleep?

Look! and in all the windows as we go marching by,
Mark you the faces of sorrow and a woman's glistening eye;
And yonder the folds of a curtain are shaken by bitter sobs
As the bent old men limp slowly past and the solemn music throbs.
And some one kisses a picture, and some one kneeling alone
Peers through tears at a keepsake crude, carved from a bit of bone,
Wrought in the gloom of Libby and kissed and sanctified
By the faint, pale lips of a starving man who smuggled it home and died
Not morbid but manly mourning! Yet tears that can never shame
Are tears on the Day of Heroes. Tenderly read each name
From the lengthening roll of honor on the base of the granite spread,
Where the st'ent, serene stone soldier stands sentinel over the dead,
There's woe for that selfish nation that slights its patriot,

There's woe for the land where noble deeds are scornfully forgot;
For Treason darkly hatches grim broods in that luckless State
Whose youth neglects its Holy Days and dares to desecrate,
We look to the nation's soldiers, for who are the nation's stay?
Who, if the bugles sounded War, must guard our homes today?
Who but the grandest army the world can mobilize,
The boys who tread free soil today, beneath our own free skies?

Then summon your pride of country, your reverence of worth,
And jealous ward of weal that won in blood its bitter birth;
Touch shoulders on the dusty way, our Old Guard and the New,
And off with hats, there, ye who gaze! as they go marching through.
Stand close ye stalwart scions, ye boys of the days of peace,
Ready to seize on the mourning wreaths that palsied hands release;
March on, march close, Americans, that man may never say
A nation saved and sealed by blood forgot its Holy Day.



General Francis E. Spinner.

MONUMENT TO GEN. SPINNER.

A meeting of ladies employed in the Treasury Department took place on Thursday, Jan. 8, as the first step toward the erection of a monument to Gen. Francis E. Spinner, who was Treasurer of the United States during the war, and who was the first official to open the way for women to employment in the Government Departments. Committees were appointed to call a mass meeting of all the lady clerks in Washington at some future day, and to make other and necessary arrangements for said meeting. Mrs. Spofford, wife of the proprietor of the Riggs House, has offered the use of the parlors of that hotel for the next meeting. The ladies employed in the Government service acknowledge Gen. Spinner as the pioneer in procuring them admission to what had been until some time in 1862 a close corporation for the sterner sex, no female ever having been employed by the Government Departments before that time in any other capacity than that of charwoman.