

that he had never seen so many people on the ground before.

After music by Eastman's band, Judge Taylor addressed the regiment from the stand in terms of welcome as follows:

JUDGE TAYLOR'S REMARKS.

Colonel Weygant and valiant soldiers of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Regiment, New York Volunteers: On behalf of the citizens of the County of Orange, I bid you a warm and cordial welcome to your homes again. You come to us war-worn and scar-worn from the hundred battles of the Army of the Potomac, and you come to us at a time, too, when peace rests upon our beloved country. With proud hearts we welcome you. But that pride is mingled somewhat with sadness when we remember the thousand comrades whom you have left upon the battle-fields of the sunny South. We have with great interest read the history of your achievements during the past three years, but it has been saddened by the news of the fall of so many of your brave comrades. How our hearts were stricken with sorrow after the bloody battle of Gettysburgh when we read of the decease of your gallant Colonel, in whose heart nothing was so dear as his "Orange Blossoms." And besides him a thousand have fallen, to honor the ground on which they have fallen.

It is fit and proper that you should come to this sacred spot to lay down your arms and return to the pursuits of civil life. On this spot the Continental army of Washington was disbanded three quarters of a century ago, and it is fitting that the Orange County soldiers should come here to lay down their arms, no less honorable than those of the Continental army. Just under the foot of that flagstaff lie the remains of the last of Washington's lifeguard. You know how we revered him while living and how we mourned him when we deposited his remains beneath that sod. Every one of you is one of the lifeguards of the nation, and we look upon you with something of the same reverence which we feel towards the fathers of our country. And as we cherish the memory of the Revolutionary sires, so to all time will we cherish the memory of those who fought, bled and died, and of those who survived the carnage of Fredericksburg, of Gettysburgh, of the Wilderness, of Spottsylvania, of Beverly's Ford, and of the thousand battle-fields around Richmond.

But, my friends, you have come home to us having completed your work, and completed it nobly. To-day our beloved country, which for four long years has been threatened with destruction, is saved by the valor of your arms, and those glorious institutions which our fathers purchased for us with their blood, have been preserved, though threatened by traitorous hands and Rebel foes. In accomplishing your work of preserving to us our dearly bought privileges and institutions, you have demonstrated to the world that there is no people on the face of this broad earth so strong, so noble and so fortunate in having such a glorious record, as the people of America. [Applause.]

But, my fellow-citizens, you have accomplished another great object. The old Greek philosophers used to tell us that the greatest knowledge any man could have was to know himself. And we have demonstrated in this rebellion that the greatest power any nation can have is to govern itself. For three-quarters of a century we have been able to protect ourselves against the world—against all

foreign nations and against the insults of all foreign powers. But our popular form of government was in a measure an experiment, and when traitorous hands and domestic foes threatened our institutions, it was the greatest peril in the history of our country. But you have demonstrated by the valor of your arms that the American people is able to govern itself, to preserve its nationality from domestic as well as foreign foes, and that we think with reason that we are the strongest nation upon the face of the earth, because we have demonstrated that we have the greatest power.

But beyond preserving to us the institutions which our fathers left us, you have presented to us anew our glorious Union, more pure, more elevated, more perfect than ever before. [Applause.] You will have enabled us, on the ensuing Fourth of July—the anniversary of our national independence—to celebrate the absolute fact that "all men are born free and equal;" that the stars and stripes wave over nothing but free men. [Applause.]—and that the contradiction which has existed for the last three quarters of a century, that four millions of bondmen were held under the starry flag, no longer exists,

but that all, of whatever color, birth or nativity, when they come upon the soil of the United States, under the shadow of the stars and stripes are freemen and entitled to its protection under all circumstances. And I say that in that you have presented us our glorious country purified, disentrained, emancipated, so that from henceforth it will be a living fact, never again to be called in question, that that motto, inscribed upon that glorious banner, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," is true.—[Tremendous applause.]

Colonel Weygant then responded to the speech of welcome with characteristic and soldier-like brevity. He said that the regiment had looked forward with the greatest pleasure to its return to old Orange, and the thought that their efforts in the field had been appreciated—as was unmistakably shown by this demonstration. He most heartily thanked the assembled multitude, in behalf of his regiment, for the interest which they had felt in the regiment.

Judge Taylor then proposed three rousing cheers for the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth, which were given with a will. The regiment then cheered for the speaker, the ladies, etc., till they could cheer no longer.

The procession was then re-formed, the soldiers taking the advance—as they have done so many times before—and marched through Grand street to Ann, down Ann to Golden, through Golden and Water to Second, up Second to People's Hall, where a magnificent entertainment awaited them, prepared for them under the auspices of the Newburgh Loyal League, in their rooms. The regiment marched into the Hall above where they stacked arms, and after a long time the League rooms were cleared of the hundreds of ladies and gents who had come to visit the rooms and view the supper tables.

Upon entering the room immense tables were stretched from one end of the room to the other. The contract for the supper had been given to Mr. B. B. Odell, who, in getting it up, spared no pains. It was a credit to him as well as to the committee having it in charge. The tables were literally loaded with the luxuries and substantial of life. The

sandwiches were splendid. Cold meats in profusion. A cup of smoking hot coffee at every plate. A dish of strawberries and cream, besides pickles and other dainties. We were informed that seven hundred and fifty baskets of berries, fourteen hundred sandwiched biscuit and one hundred and fifty gallons of coffee were used on the tables. The ladies had sent in bouquets to dress the tables. And here we must diverge from the supper room, and allude to the splendid sight on Water street, where Mrs. Travis and other ladies occupied a whole block, each loaded with bouquets for the soldiers. It was truly a beautiful scene, but, as A. Ward would say, we will return to our subject and notice the marching of the veterans into the supper room. This was a treat to see the bronzed heroes as they filed into the rooms and charged in a brilliant style upon the friendly foe before them. After the veterans left the supper rooms for the hall above, hundreds of boys were admitted and had their fill of the good things left. Up stairs the Glee Club attached to the League were on the stage amusing the soldiers, while the galleries were filled until a late hour. Moore was in good singing trim, and he was heartily applauded by the brave boys. He was in good company, for any man with Holdridge, Miller and Taylor in the room cannot help but sing. They are a host at singing the "Battle Cry of Freedom." The whole audience joined in the chorus, which was soul-stirring. It was evident that copper was at a discount among the returned heroes. The rooms up and down stairs were given to them by the League to pass the night in, those who had no homes in town. At the Orange Hotel the officers and ex-officers of the regiment were having a social reunion, and wine and pleasure seemed to be the ruling spirit. Old Bucky was nearly used up, especially *spiritually*. The whole thing was a grand success notwithstanding the efforts of the resuscitated *Telegraph* to throw cold water on the thing.

#### THE BIVOUAC.

Many of the boys passed the night with friends in town or a short distance in the country, but the most of them made themselves as comfortable as they could in the Hall, though we fear, from the mischievous propensities of some practical jokers among them, that the boys hardly had a full ration of sleep.

This morning they have been wandering about the streets, waiting to receive the balance due them from Uncle Sam, and calling for anything but benedictions on the head of the dilatory mustering-out officer through whose neglect to make his appearance the boys have had to wait in a penniless condition, in a place which offers so many inducements to spend money. The Colonel, however, dispatched a messenger after him early this morning, and the paying off will commence at four o'clock this afternoon at People's Hall, whether the officer makes his appearance or not. The Paymaster came up with the regiment, and has the money all ready.

#### THE OLD BATTLE-FLAG.

The torn and tattered battle-flag of the regiment, and of which the boys feel prouder, as some of them assured us, than of the finest new and unused one which could be made—is the flag which was presented to the regiment by the ladies of Orange County in the winter of 1863. It has been the rallying point of the regiment in all battles and marches in which it has participated since the battle of

the Wilderness in May, 1864. It was photographed by Remillard this morning, and several hundred copies will be got off at once by him, nearly all the boys wishing to have a copy. The flag will probably be deposited in Washington's Headquarters, where, it will be remembered, their first battle-flag is resting on its laurels.

#### INCIDENTS.

The incidents of the march were of course almost numberless. One little circumstance which we witnessed was especially worthy of mention. The father of one of the boys marched alongside of him and insisted on carrying his haversack, apparently wishing to relieve his son from any unnecessary burden which he himself could carry, and the tears of joy were rolling down his cheeks at receiving his boy back again alive and well. They belonged in the western part of the county.

We noticed several ladies clad in black and weeping in great distress, when the regiment was marching along Water street. Their grief for their fallen braves seemed to be the more poignant and bitter by contrast with the almost universal feeling of exultation which prevailed.

Many of the residences along the route of march were beautifully ornamented with flags and appropriate devices. Among others that of John C. Adams, Esq., presented a most beautiful appearance, and was particularly remarked by the boys.

Our friend James C. Taggart, acted as Marshal of the procession, and, of course, acquitted himself with credit.

#### "Coming Home."

Are they coming? Tell—Oh! tell me!  
Are our brave boys coming home? Tell me!  
Shall we soon in rapture greet them?  
Are they truly free to come?  
Are their weary marches ended?  
Is their lonely exile o'er?  
Will their browned and radiant faces  
Brighten lonely homes once more?  
Tell me! Is the struggle over?  
Is the last proud victory won?  
Is the booming cannon silenced?  
Are the traitorous foes undone?  
Is the sword now sheathed forever?  
Is our banner waving bright,  
Over all our glorious country?  
Are we saved from sorrow's night?  
Aye! they tell me they are coming!  
From the gory battle-field  
They're returning to our hearth-stone,  
Never more the sword to wield.  
They are coming! Hark—I hear them!  
Hear the hurrying tramp of feet,  
See their noble radiant faces,  
Eager for the loved to greet.  
They are coming—surely coming!  
Hear the echoing marshal tread,  
They're returning, from the Southland,  
But they leave behind—our dead!  
They are coming from the conflict,  
Proudly wearing battle scars,  
They are bearing home our banner,  
Bringing back the stripes and stars.  
See how proudly it is waving,  
Battle-smoked though it may be,  
Never a more glorious banner  
Floated over land or sea.  
Yes, I see them—they are coming,  
Coming from the field and camp,  
Ah! and many, wan and dying,  
Come from out the prisons damp.

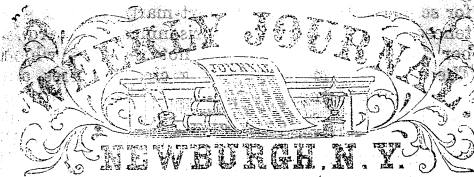
Yes—they're coming—some are coming ;  
 Others we shall see no more  
 Till these transient glories faded,  
 These life battles all are o'er  
 But they see victorious comrades,  
 Leaving now the vanquished foe,  
 And rejoice with songs of gladness,  
 Songs that only angels know.

They are coming !—Yes they're coming,  
 Soon they'll mingle with us here !  
 Hear the joyful shouts of triumph—  
 As they hear our welcoming cheer ;  
 Welcome—welcome, gallant soldiers !  
 Welcome ! brothers brave and true !  
 Long we've waited for your coming,  
 We have greetings glad for you.

**THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.**—Several of the companies belonging to this regiment went to their homes yesterday, returning here this morning. The Walden company had a grand reception last evening, as we learn from a correspondent. The whole village turned out to receive the returning heroes. A procession was formed, consisting of first the firemen, then the Union League, and last the Walden company of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth. They marched through the village preceded by the Walden brass-band, and finally brought up at Schofield Hall, which was crammed with people to its utmost capacity. Addresses were made by Rev. Mr. Stewart of the Episcopal Church of Walden, Rev. Mr. McNulty, and H. B. Bull, Esq., of Montgomery. The addresses were brimfull of patriotic welcome and were tremendously applauded. The company were then conducted into the basement of the Hall and made a charge on a splendid supper which had been prepared for them.

Officers of the company : Captain, T. M. Robinson ; Second-Lieutenant, Sylvester Lawson.

The Middletown and Warwick companies also went home. The Warwick company is to have its reception on the Fourth of July next. About half of the men belonging to the Goshen companies visited their homes last evening. The boys are all on hand this morning, the mustering officer is here, and the discharge papers will probably be here in the course of the day, so that the paying off of the regiment will commence this afternoon, occupying about five hours. The men are practically mustered out of the service, their pay having been stopped when they reached Hart's Island. The conduct of the men here has been remarkably good, considering that their officers have had no military right to enforce obedience to their orders. Very little cause for complaint has been given by the "Orange Blosoms." They seem to take pride in behaving themselves just as well as they can. About one hundred of the men belonging to the regiment are from other parts of the state, and all are anxiously awaiting their formal discharge.—*Daily of Thursday.*



WEDNESDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1865.

**BATTLE-FLAG OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOURTH.**—This flag has just been beautifully photographed by Remillard, and underneath the picture is printed the following inscription : Flag of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Regiment, N. Y. Vols., presented by the ladies of Orange, March, 1864.

**ITS BATTLES.**

Manassas Gap, Wilderness, Po River, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Strawberry Plains, Boydton Road, Hatcher's Run, 25th of March, Sailors' Creek.

These are only the names of battles in which the regiment participated after it had received this flag ; when its predecessor's likeness is taken there will be another list to be made out. The picture is very neatly and correctly taken—characteristic of ABE—and the brave boys have been flocking in today to secure copies of it. Salmon & Co. have it for sale.

Captain Taft of Company C. has kindly furnished us with a statement of the color-bearers of this regiment, who have been killed or wounded in the discharge of their duty, which list we here subjoin :

The first color-bearer of the regiment was Thos. Foley, who was killed at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. The second was Hiram Ketchum, who took the colors after Foley's death and was wounded in the same battle. The third was Wm. H. Hazen, who carried the colors till June 7, 1863. He was left sick at Spotted Tavern. The fourth was Samuel McQuoid, wounded at Gettysburgh, July 2, 1863.

The following are the names of the Color-Corporals, killed and wounded : James P. Moulton, wounded in the side at the Wilderness. W. L. Fairchild, killed at Chancellorsville. Andrew Armstrong wounded at Gettysburgh. Austin Lamereux, wounded June 18th, 1864, and again at the assault of Petersburg, and died from his wounds. On the morning of the 18th of June, John Acker took the colors, and was shot through the head in the afternoon of the same day. Archibald Freeman, wounded May 12th. On that day, before he was wounded, he captured the colors of the Seventeenth Louisiana Regiment. John Scott, killed at Gettysburgh. This is as far as our list extends, and we presume is somewhat incomplete, as the statement was drawn up by our informant from mem-

our troops reached the river. When we reached the top of the hill, we halted, stacked arms, and laid down to rest. The sun was shining very hot, and I can assure you we were nearly exhausted. We thought sure that we were going to have a long rest here, so most of the boys in our brigade soon threw off their things, and laid down to rest, and some to sleep, and some boiled a cup of coffee. Some with sticks and bayonets fixed up a shelter with a piece of tent to shield them from the burning sun. But there is but little rest for the wearied and tired soldier when on a forced march. We had rested about twenty minutes when the order came to "fall in," which order of course had to be obeyed.

We were soon moving forward again and marched I presume about two miles. I became so tired that I could not keep up, so laid down for a few moments and then pressed on again. The regiment halted a short time, and I caught up; we marched on a short distance, and then halted in a thick wood and rested awhile, but before we reached here we were halted and ordered to load our guns.

After resting awhile in the woods, about four o'clock our division was ordered to fall in without knapsacks, and we were then marched forward toward the enemy where heavy firing was going on. We marched nearly a mile and halted in the woods again, and then in a few moments crossed the woods and were placed in an open field in a mud hole, or it might almost be called a pond hole; we stood here awhile and then moved forward where it was drier; we remained here until ten or eleven o'clock

at night; Captain Silliman and myself spread our rubber blankets on the ground and laid down with a piece of tent, which I had with me, spread over us. About ten or eleven o'clock we were aroused and ordered to fall in, and then marched back to where our knapsacks were; we laid down and slept till daylight, when we had to get up again and make us a cup of coffee. It was not long before we moved forward and halted again in the woods,