

EUGENE BEGLAN 38th New York

Mid - century newspapers of old New York reported on August 6th, 1857 on the arrival in the city (Manhattan) of one of the last surviving veterans of the American Revolutionary War. At the age of 102 Isaac Daniels of Bedford, N.Y. appeared healthy and with most of his hair as he sat in his carriage next to one of his sons. The City recieved him at the Battery with various salutes then dined him at the Veteran Corps headquarters, after which they assembled in uniform behind the carriage and proceeded to parade in old-fashioned style through the streets of the City to the accolades of the onlookers.

Some versions describe unhitching the horses and pulling the carriage part way by enthusiastic citizens manning the traces. This was one of the sporadic public events of those days which were the the common public entertainment witnessed and enjoyed by all, but still unsure of what their common future would look like. It is probable that my paternal grandfather, born in the City in 1844 and growing up during the golden age of sailing clipper ships from exotic lands filling the harbor, could'nt wait to grow up.

Suddenly it was 1861, and the force of events at Ft. Sumpter South Carolina caused the new President, Abraham Lincoln, to call for volunteer 2-year enlistments to supplement the Federal forces.

Eugene (Owen) Beglan, my grandfather signed up; and after some difficulties about age were settled (he was only sixteen) young "Owen" as he was called, was off to war as a member of the 38th NY volunteers. Two years later, after having campaigned with the Army of the Potomac up the Penninsula to the gates of Richmond and back, Fredericksburg and it's Mud March, bloody Antietam - then suddenly he and his surviving volunteer comrads were given their Honorable Discharges and placed on a train for their home in New York.

He arrived home in New York City having missed the cataclysm of Gettysburg, but just in time for the tragic Draft Riots that resulted from it's consequences. Eventually he joined the reconstituted New York Police department where he served his community with honor and distinction on into the beginning of the twentieth Century.

My grandfather, Eugene Beglan, was of the last generation of veterans who could say, and cheered, a living veteran of the American Revolution.

