

CONTINUED
APRIL 3 1889
R.A. Remick

PONTIAC BILL POSTER

glass of water. Just then some one called to see the invalid on a matter of business. The attendant went to another part of the house to get some documents for Mr. Remick's signature, and on returning found that he had turned on his side and died with a smile on his face.

Capt. Remick was born in Lincoln, Me., and was 49 years old. He came to this state with his father, the late R. C. Remick, when 10 years of age and this has been his home ever since. At the breaking out of the war "Phonse" was working in one of his father's lumber camps, but with the

full knowledge and consent of his father, he enlisted at Vassar, in July, 1862, in the twenty-third Michigan Volunteer Infantry, although he was not mustered in until September 13. He served until the close of the war, and won his promotion from private, through all the grades to captain, without either wealth or political influence, solely through his own merit. He was a particularly gallant and at the same time fortunate man, and though he came home without a wound, he took part in the following encounters with the enemy: Paris, Ky.; Huff's Ferry, Tenn.; Campbell's Station, Tenn.; siege of Knoxville, Tenn.; Dandridge, Tenn.; Strawberry Plains, Tenn.; Rocky Face, Ga.; Resaca, Ga.; Etowah River, Ga.; Dallas; New Hope Church, Ga.; Lost Mountain, Ga.; Kennesaw, Ga.; Chatahooclie River, Ga.; siege of Atlanta, Ga.; Lovejoy's Station, Ga.; Columbus, Tenn.; Duck River, Tenn.; Spring Hill, Tenn.; Franklin, Nashville, Tenn.; Fort Anderson, N. C.; Town Creek, N. C.; Wilmington, N. C., and Goldsboro, N. C.

Like all brave men, Capt. Remick was essentially modest in regard to his own achievements and no one would have ever known that he had borne himself with distinguished gallantry through a score of desperate fights had it remained for him to boast of it. He not only was a brave man, but he was a true man, and stuck closer to a friend than a brother. He was the deadly foe of everything mean or unmanly, and was not slow in showing his contempt for those he considered guilty of unworthy acts. He was generous to a fault and charitable in that noble spirit which induced him to conceal his benefactions. Genial, companionable and lovable, he surrounded himself with friends wherever he went and it will be long ere he is forgotten. He was, as may well be believed, an ardent friend of the old soldier, and as a member of the board of managers of the Soldiers' Home he was universally conceded to be the right man in the right place. He had a model stock farm near Clarkston and leaves a large estate. A widow, two sons and a daughter survive him. He was a member of the Loyal Legion and the Grand

Army of the Republic.