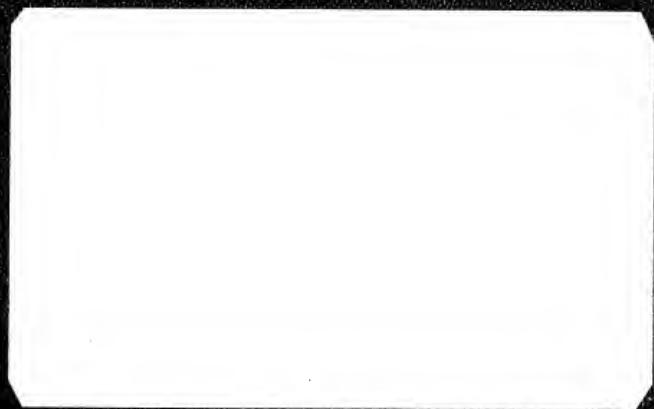


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Sedgwick

Memorial Association



Spottsylvania Court House, Va.

May 11, 12 and 13, 1887.

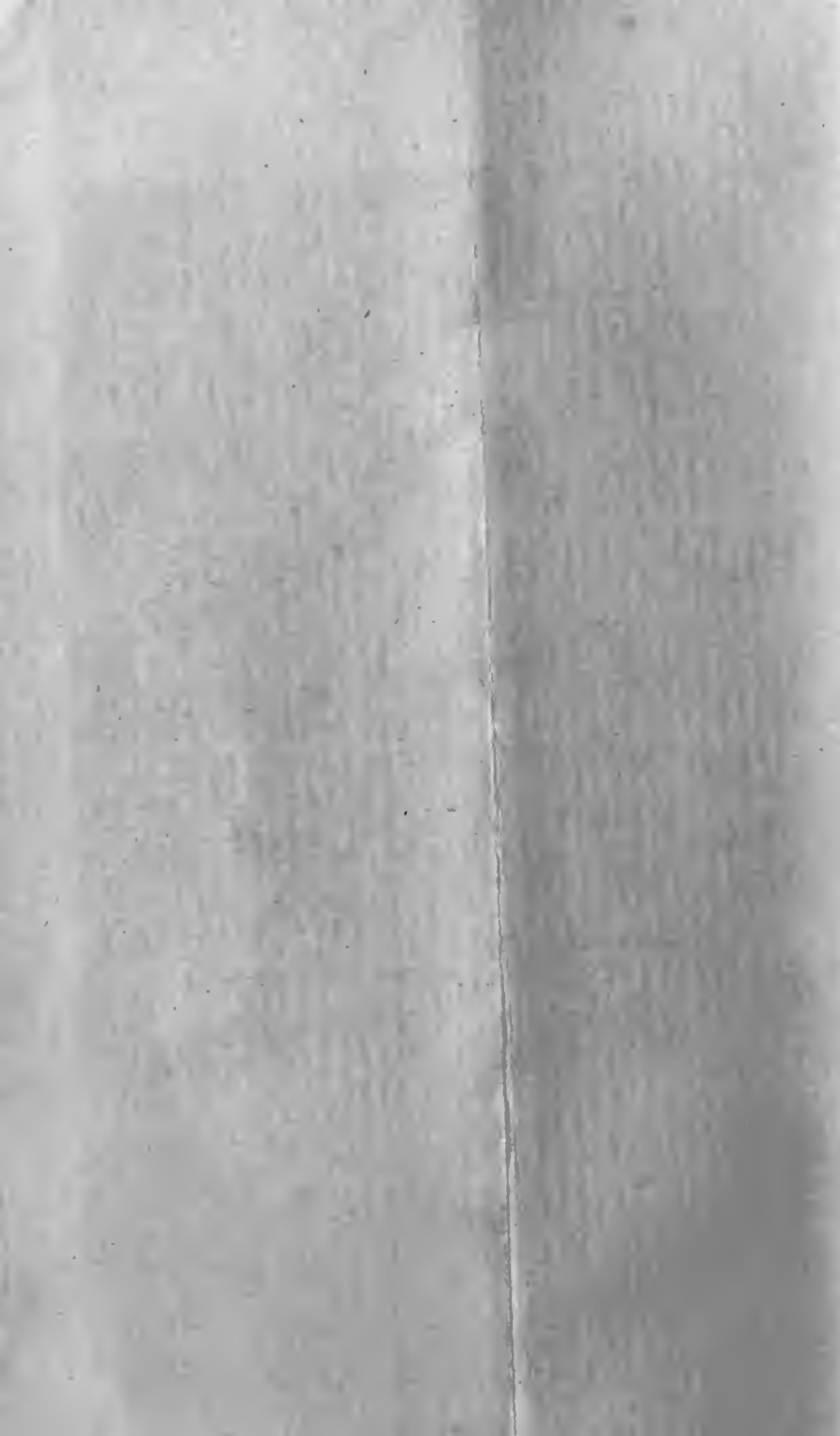




Photo. by Rile & Co., Phila., Pa.

Front View of Monument.

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INSCRIPTION ON MONUMENT.

SEDGWICK.

Maj. Genl. John Sedgwick, born Cornwall, Litchfield Co., Conn.. Sept.
13th, 1813.

Cadet U. S. Mil. Army. July 1st, 1833. 2nd Lieut., 2nd Arty., July 1st,
1837. 1st Lieut., 2nd Arty., Apl. 19, 1839. Captain 2nd Arty, Jan. 26th,
1849. Maj. 1st Cav'ly, Mar. 8th, 1855. Lieut. Col. 2nd Cal'vy, Mar. 16th,
1861. Col. 1st Cal'vy, Apl. 25th, 1861. Brig. Genl. U. S. Vols., Aug.
31st, 1861. Maj. Genl. U. S. Vols., July 4, 1862.

SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

Dedicated May 12th, 1887, on the 23rd anniversary of the heaviest days'
fight at Spottsylvania.

A tribute to a beloved commander by the survivors of his corps and their
friends.

Erected to commemorate this spot where Maj. Genl. John Sedgwick, U. S.
Vols., commanding Sixth Army Corps was killed in action on the morning
of the 9th of May, 1864.

31503,

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DUNLAP & CLARKE,
PRINTERS,

819 & 821 Filbert St., Philadelphia.

DEDICATORY PROCEEDINGS.

Introduction.

The spot where Sedgwick fell, in the vicinity of Spottsylvania Court House, slumbered in forgetfulness, until General Humphreys, in his investigations, preparatory to the preparation of his substantial and reliable historic narrative of the "Virginia Campaigns of '64 and '65," first brought it to attention. He visited the locality about 1874, and causing a rough boulder to be rolled to the spot to identify it, subsequently described it in his work as follows: "The skirmishers and sharpshooters were very active on both sides, and in the morning [May 9th] General Sedgwick was killed, close to the entrenchments, at the right of his Corps, but not under cover, at the point where the forks of the road in Alsop's field unite."

Following the direction from which the Union army approached the battle-field, it is really where the forks re-unite.

From a half to three-quarters of a mile to the northwest, near the Alsop house, a lane, which a gate now there indicates it to be, breaks off from the main Brock or Goshen Church road. Both lane and road bearing well off to the southward, continue nearly parallel, about a quarter of a mile apart, and again unite where the Sedgwick monument now stands. On a main road, and they are decidedly scarce in that country, it is one of the few points on the extended lines, occupied by the Union forces during the engagement where anything of prominence

could be erected to be seen, except the traveler left the usual traveled routes to find it. The Court-house lays some mile and three-quarters to the southeast.

Ten years and more rolled by, and other travelers, not so prominent, nor yet engaged on such an important mission, happened in the same locality. They were men of the old Sixth Army Corps. What they lacked in prominence, what their mission wanted in importance, was measurably compensated for in the deep and abiding reverence in which they held the memory of their old beloved commander; and they there resolved that the duty Sedgwick's soldiers owed, as well to him as to each other, to perpetuate, in enduring stone, the ground made sacred by his fall, should be discharged with zealous promptitude.

It was only so recently as October of the past year, these Sixth Corps tourists discovered this neglected spot, and by May of the present, the Corps itself had accomplished the design, of which it is the purpose of these pages to tell.

The announcement of the project met with universal acquiescence, and after a few preliminary meetings the enterprise took shape in January last, in the organization of the Sedgwick Memorial Association. By circulars and through the press its purpose was freely promulgated, and in a few weeks substantial financial responses and approving endorsements gave such satisfactory assurance of ultimate success that the Executive Committee felt justified in letting the contract for the Monument, and they so did by awarding it to John Ferguson, of Philadelphia. At the same time negotiations were opened to secure title to the ground, and subsequently the Association purchased the historic acre within the limits of which the heroic Sedgwick fell.

The 9th of May happening upon Monday, to avoid the inconvenience of laying over, Sunday, the 12th, the twenty-third anniversary of the heaviest day's fighting at Spottsylvania, was selected as the most desirable for the dedication.

The Excursion.

Most auspicious weather favored the occasion, and continued throughout the trip. The special train left Philadelphia at 7.20 on the morning of the 11th, and arrived at Fredericksburg, with but few interruptions, on its advertised schedule. The excursion numbered upwards of three hundred, and of the eleven States which supplied the troops that made up the Corps organization, all save one was represented. Nearly every regiment had a representation, many of them in goodly numbers. Of the three Corps Commanders who survive—General Wright was present, General Smith temporarily out of the country, and General Franklin, because of his health, were absent. General Getty, of the Division Commanders, was also present; most of the others explained, and regretted their absence. General Seymour is abroad; General Ricketts is an invalid from his wounds, and General Couch was in the far northwest. General Shaler, General MacMahon, the Assistant Adjutant General of the Corps, Col. Scofield, Chief Commissary, Major Fobes, Assistant Adjutant General, Vermont Brigade Colonel W. P. Roome, Assistant Adjutant General, Upton's Brigade, General McCartney and Colonel Cowan, two of the eminent artillerists of the Corps, were also in attendance. Governor Ormsbee, of Vermont, with his staff, and Adjutant General Stryker, representing the State of New Jersey accompanied the party, all actively participating in the ceremonies. The Regimental Commanders present were

Colonel Seaver and Colonel Pingree, Third Vermont, Colonel Harris, Sixth Maine, Colonel Kidder, One Hundred and Twenty-first New York, General Clark, One Hundred and Nineteenth Pennsylvania, General Pinto, Thirty-second New York, Colonel Orr and Colonel Greene, Sixty-first Pennsylvania. General Hill, Sixth Maryland, Colonel Brown, Twenty-third New Jersey, Major Bryan, Third New Jersey, Colonel Davis, Fifteenth New Jersey, Major Tailoff, Sixty-fifth New York. General Keifer, detained in Washington as the orator at the unveiling of the Garfield statue, took part in the reception by the President.

On the arrival at Fredericksburg, escorted by the Fredericksburg Grays, Captain McCracken, and a committee of citizens, the Association was marched to the Exchange Hotel, where the Hon. Josiah Hazard, Mayor of the City, formally welcomed it.

Reception at Fredericksburg.

The Mayor spoke as follows :

GENTLEMEN OF THE SEDGWICK MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION: The honor and privilege has been accorded me, in behalf of the citizens of Fredericksburg, to extend to you a cordial and hearty welcome to our city, and in behalf of the City Council, to thank you for your kind and courteous invitation to participate in the ceremonies of dedicating a monument near Spottsylvania Court-house to the gallant soldier and patriot, General John Sedgwick.

We accept your invitation, and will be with you, where the blue and the gray will mingle, and with open hearts and willing hands do honor to the fallen hero.

When we assemble around the spot where "Sedgwick" fell, we will know no North, no South, but join hands with you in placing wreaths of everlasting flowers (immortelles) upon the monument erected to his memory.

We who bore the heat and burden of the day in "the times that tried men's souls," forgetting the past, living in the present, with bright hopes for the future, must strive to impress upon our children, that the war is over, and we have a common country left us as our heritage; a grand and glorious country, bequeathed to us by our forefathers to love, cherish and defend—"Peace hath more might than war."

When we, the survivors of the late cruel war, who have been spared to do honor to our fallen heroes, shall have been peacefully laid to rest beneath the sod, no monument to mark our last resting-place; no "storied urn or eulogistic epitaph" to proclaim our deeds to coming generations, and when "the feet of those we fought for, the voices of those we wrought for, shall echo round our bones forevermore;" then, when the children and children's children of the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray at each recurring May time, shall make that pilgrimage to the monument that you have erected to General John Sedgwick, and to one that shall rise ere long to Stonewall Jackson (both heroes of one common country), and place garlands of sweet May flowers over them, as they call to remembrance their heroism and bravery, let them not forget the brave men who followed them, and like their loved leaders, laid down their lives for their country.

The President of the Association, General Latta, replied as follows:

On behalf of the Association, Mr. Mayor, I thank you for your very gracious reception, your very generous and cordial words of welcome.

I represent a body of hungry, famished patriots from all the States of the Atlantic seaboard, from Maine to Maryland (laughter). A toilsome, lengthy journey has whetted appetites, and the urgency of unappeased hunger demands that they be promptly and bountifully satisfied. They do not now, as of yore, bear with them their own subsistence, nor do they carry the appliances to fit it for toothsome, ready digestion.

Facing the gable wall of this large, well-appointed hostelry, they look longingly to its prolific larder to answer the cravings of their emptiness.

It is more convenient to be here at this time than it was some twenty odd years ago (applause). Fredericksburg's thrift and enterprise, business and prosperity is indicative of a more hospitable welcome than were her frowning battlements and gun-capped heights. The generous display of the American standard, that so liberally decorates your streets, is an assurance that it is strong enough, and broad enough, and grand enough to gather within its wide and ample folds all the people of our land, the citizens of a common country, happy in the destiny vouchsafed them, if they obey the laws, and be free, open and candid in their support of the majesty of their Government. (Applause.)

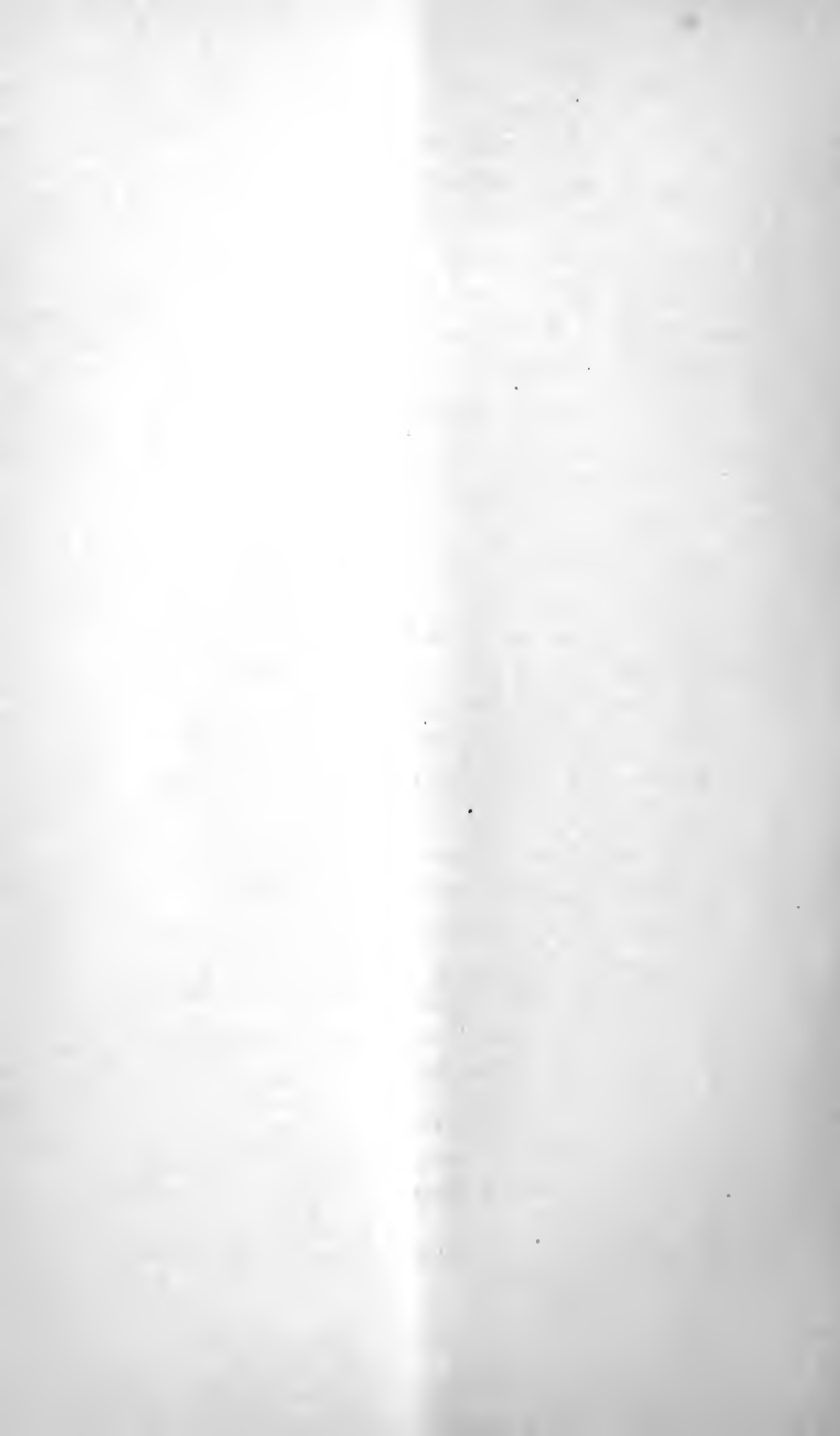
Recurring to the necessities incident to universal hunger, and again thanking you for your kindly words and hearty reception, I declare the Sedgwick Memorial Association adjourned for dinner.

The action of the presiding officer was unanimously and appreciatively endorsed, and the "patriots" hurried to make sad havoc with the well supplied tables of the town's substantial hostelrys.

During the afternoon conveyances were in readiness, and the many points of interest, Marye's Heights, the National Cemetery, Franklin's Crossing, the Bernard House ruins, Falmouth, White-oak Church, and others in the vicinity, were visited by greater numbers than they had seen since the eventful days which give them such historic prominence.

In the evening all the available space the Court-house afforded was occupied by citizens and sojourners, to witness the proceedings of the Camp-fire, most happily conducted by Comrade William J. Wray, of the Executive Committee.





Dedication.

The start for the Spottsylvania Field, on the early morning of the twelfth, was made with commenable promptness. By far the larger number of conveyances moved by the longer routes by Salem Church, and the so-called turnpike, some going as far as the old Sixth Corps route out of the Wilderness to the Catharpin road, Aldrich's, and Piney Branch Church.

It was not the army's fault the Virginia roads were bad. They were still detestable, and it was only after more than three hours of the roughest sort of journeying that Alsop's farm was reached.

The people from all the country side had gathered about the monument. Every vehicle, some of the oddest construction, had been pressed into the service, and the numbers assembled ran into the thousands. One enterprising citizen had erected a stand to accommodate the audience, and a suitable platform had been provided for the speakers. The ceremonies began about noon, and occupied nearly two hours. Brevet Major-General Horatio Gates Wright, United States Army, late Major-General United States Volunteers, commanding Sixth Army Corps, presided. He called upon the Rev. I. Newton Ritner, of the Eleventh Baptist Church, of Philadelphia (late Brevet Captain of the 49th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Chaplain George G. Meade Post, No. 1, Department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic), who delivered the following prayer:

Prayer.

O Thou eternal God, our heavenly Father! Assist us, we pray Thee, to come into Thy presence reverently and acceptably.

We praise Thee for the continued preservation of our lives ;

for the cheerful sunshine and inspiration of the present occasion, and for the tender and hallowed memories of the past.

As a highly-favored group of surviving soldiers, we bless Thy name for the unspeakable privilege of being permitted, after so many years, to reassemble in peace upon this consecrated spot, in order to dedicate a memorial of fond affection to our former beloved and gallant commander.

Be pleased, in Thy great mercy, to crown, with Thy choicest benediction, the affectionate and patriotic service we are now about to perform. May this substantial and beautiful monument be preserved, through Thy kind Providence, from age to age; and may it be a perpetual reminder to each succeeding generation, of a re-united country, and also of that unselfish patriotism which so greatly distinguished our departed chieftain, under whose leadership our brave companions, who fell upon this bloody field, cheerfully offered their lives for the cause so sacredly enshrined in all our hearts.

We beseech Thee, our heavenly Father, to bless and guide the Chief Executive of this great Nation; preserve our beloved country from all future peril; and lead us, as a people, in the ways of peace and righteousness.

Grant Thy loving benediction also upon us, the surviving comrades of those whose heroic devotion we now commemorate. Pardon our repeated transgressions. Assist us to care for our suffering comrades, and for the widows and orphans of the fallen. May we ever be true to each other, loyal to flag and country, and obedient to Thy holy will; and, in the end, be pleased graciously to receive us into the Grand Army above. We ask these favors in the name of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

Address.

General Wright then addressed the Association and visitors as follows :

COMRADES OF THE SIXTH CORPS AND OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC :—I tender you a hearty greeting on this spot,

where we were assembled nearly a quarter of a century ago in deadly conflict; where we left so many of our brothers-in-arms, as silent witnesses of the fearful struggle we had passed through, and what has made this, the locality of the "bloody angle," historic. First amongst these, was our gallant and beloved commander of the "Old Sixth Corps," Major-General John Sedgwick—"Uncle John"—in the hearts of so many.

In his memory to-day we meet to link the Past with the Present, by the dedication of this stone. His bravery as a soldier, his merits as a commander, and his worth as a man, will remain in our love while we continue on earth, and be handed down to our children and our children's children to the latest generation.

Just as I was leaving home I received a letter from General F. T. Dent, whom you will remember as one of the staff of General Grant, in which he details his last interview with General Sedgwick, but a few moments before the fatal shot was fired. As it cannot fail to interest you, I will now read it:

2015 Q STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.,

May 10, 1887.

GENERAL:—As all that relates to General Sedgwick is dear to his and (by inheritance) your old and glorious corps, I send you my quota. On the morning General Sedgwick was killed, General Grant told me to go to General Sedgwick, near Alsop's, and give him the movements of the army for the day—part were in writing and the contingent verbal. I went to Sedgwick and found him sitting in front of his tent in his shirt sleeves (that is, coat off), taking his breakfast. He greeted me with my old West Point name:

"Hello, Jerry; had breakfast?"

I answered:

"No, General; Grant routed me out just as it was about ready, to come to you, and kindly said, 'it would be nice and cold for me when I came back.'"

"Then come and take breakfast with me."

I accepted, and during our meal communicated Grant's message to Sedgwick. While we were eating and talking, some troops were engaged in throwing up a line of defensive works, a few yards, I should think not over fifty, to the front and left of Sedgwick's tent, and the enemy's sharpshooters were annoying them with an occasional shot at long range, making the men stoop, when one would whistle over; this dodging amused the General, and he called out to the men to know what they were dodging for?

"Those fellows could not hit a barn at that distance."

We rose from table, and bidding the General "good-morning," with a grip of the hand, and a friendly warning:

"Uncle John, your tent is too near to the battle-line for the comfort of your visitors," I mounted, and set out for General Grant's Head-Quarters, one mile away. As I rode along, I looked back, and saw Sedgwick standing near the men who were at work; it was the last time I saw him alive. I rode in a canter up to Head-Quarters, and found General Grant in the road, in front, looking much distressed. He said to me, as though I knew it, and had come to tell him:

"Well, poor Sedgwick is gone."

I replied:

"Gone! What do you mean? I parted with him not more than twenty minutes since, and he gave me a cup of coffee."

Grant said:

"He is dead; killed by a sharpshooter, and I have directed his body to be sent here to be embalmed; it is now on the road."

A short time after, it came in an ambulance, escorted by some of the dead General's staff. I do not think I ever saw Grant so much moved as he was then, except once in Burlington, N. J., when we received a telegram from Mr. Stanton, telling of Mr. Lincoln's death.

In my manifold Order Book, is a violet, I plucked four

hours after, where Sedgwick fell. The sight of it, and the dedication of the tablet is my excuse for this note,

Yours, truly,

F. T. DENT,

*Brevet Brigadier General,
ex-Aid-de-camp to General Grant.*

GEN. H. G. WRIGHT,

Com. of the Sixth Corps.

As the exercises of the day promise to be long, I will, without detaining you further, proceed with the discharge of my duties as Chairman on this occasion. Letters from prominent persons will now be read by the Secretary.

The Secretary then read a number of letters, which appear in the Appendix.

Address by Governor Pingree.

Ex-Governor S. E. Pingree, of Vermont, late Colonel Third Vermont Volunteers, and Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. A., then delivered the following address :

John Sedgwick comes home to-day to the hearts of the old Sixth Corps.

A loyal son of Connecticut, a patriot of the Republic, a leader among the great soldiers of the Union Army, standing at his post on this consecrated spot, supervising and directing as he was wont to do, the details of his brave command, he fell, and his great spirit passed on forever to the vale beyond, and his mortal eye closed on the earthly scene.

The hush of his death was momentary, and the clangor of battle went on.

As his pure spirit was borne on angel-wings to the abodes of peace, his mantle fell on the broad shoulder of our noble friend at my left, and he and we clothed by the sudden bereavement in the habiliments of mourning, held our grip on the duties of life, and the battle progressed with steadfast vigor.

The thoughts of men, for the time, were drawn from the dead and directed to the living; but as night came on, and the din of battle ceased for the return of light, which of us can forget while the sense of memory remains, the sad and sorrowful interchange of grief and the sounds of mourning that passed in these woods at the loss of our beloved commander.

It was the great good fortune of the 1st Vermont Brigade to serve long, and, to him, acceptably, in the command of General Sedgwick.

I have knowledge that the good name for staunch soldier-ship in camp, on the campaign and in the hour of battle, which that brigade attained in common with the men of Pennsylvania, New York, Maine, Wisconsin, and other States, who composed that famous corps of American soldiers, was fully appreciated by General Sedgwick, and was largely due to the confidence and faith they reposed in him.

That the best equipment of skillful generalship would guide and direct us on every field of conflict we well knew, and there was never an expression or thought of distrust in face or mind of any.

This confiding trust and assurance made the brigade, the division, and the corps invincible in battle and immortal in fame.

We return to-day to reconsecrate the ground on which he fell, and to pay the fresh tribute of grateful hearts to his memory.

This fated spot was the altar on which he made the last sacrifice that falls to the lot of a brave man to make—the sacrifice of life that his government and ours might continue to hold a name and place among the commonwealths of the earth.

Those scenes and tragic activities of our young lives, once so familiar and so real, are now beginning to seem like a dream of long ago.

It is nearly a quarter of a century since we stood shoulder to shoulder in the battle array of the Wilderness and of this forest with our beloved General, confronting that brave army of Northern Virginia.

And, although now passing the threshold of middle life—although we perceive that the foot falls slower and less certain on the ground, and the sounds of earth seem farther off to the ear, yet the calm, dignified, and majestic form and face of “Uncle John” is reproduced in the memories of this day, unchanged.

And so it will ever be while the sense of memory remains with any of his command.

Comrades, there is a power and an authority in the mournful gravity of this occasion which invite us, as with the pleading voice or stern command of the unseen, to exalt, to purify, and to ennoble our ambition as citizens.

We once came upon this field “with banner, brand, and bow, as foeman seeks his mortal foe.” We come now amid the full fruition of peaceful days; we meet and greet our fellow citizens of Virginia as friends; they welcome us by their kindly greetings; they encourage and aid us in our pious rites to the memory of our gallant chief.

Their broad horizon of humanity will secure to us and our successors forever, the safe and sacred keeping of this memorial tribute of the soldiers of the Sixth Corps to their General.

They feel that, in this memorial service, we do honor to one to whom honor is due.

They recognize the claim which is imposed upon us by the just and natural respect and devotion which his bravery inspires within us.

His work is done, and it is well done. His faith failed not even in death. The drops from heaven will fall gently on these famous fields where the mighty armies met in battle.

Let it be the sacred trust of Pennsylvanians, Vermonters, Virginians, and all alike as citizens of one country that they be nevermore stained with fraternal blood.

Unveiling of Monument.

The Monument was then unveiled by Brevet Major George W. Getty. U. S. A., late Major-General U. S. Volunteers, commanding Second Division, Sixth Army Corps; Robert L. Orr, late Colonel 61st Pa. Volunteers; George W. Johnson, Chairman Executive Committee, late Lieutenant 119th Pa. Volunteers; Hon. J. H. Tourgee, late Lieutenant 2d R. I. Volunteers; J. M. Mills, Esq., late Company I, 65th N. Y. Volunteers.

The assemblage then sang in chorus the National Anthem, accompanied with music by the band.

My Country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Oration.

The oration by James W. Latta, President of the Association, Ex-Adjutant General of Pennsylvania, late Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. Volunteers, 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 6th Corps, was then delivered as follows :

COMRADES AND FRIENDS :

“A number of Sixth Corps soldiers, on a recent visit to the Virginia battle-fields, were astonished to find that the spot on which General Sedgwick fell, at Spottsylvania, is wholly without stone or tablet to designate it. Returning to Philadelphia, they called a number of their associates together, and it was then determined that some proper and inexpensive memorial-stone should be constructed, and at a very early day placed upon the ground that grand old hero made sacred by his fall.”

This was the language that introduced the project, which is to-day consummated. Those who brought the movement into being were fortunate to secure credit as discoverers. Theirs was the accident of opportunity. From the earliest conception of the design, responses have been so generous, contributions so free, and approval so universal, that all who survive of that body of American soldiery, which grew to enviable prominence under the name of the Sixth Army Corps, are otherwise as well entitled to be considered the projectors of this memorial tablet, we to-day dedicate, as are the battle-field tourists whose journeyings led them to this vicinity.

Widows and orphans of the patriot dead, the modest soldier, the faithful officer, the distinguished General, men from Wisconsin to Pennsylvania, from the Penobscot to the Delaware, gallant men, once in arms against us, all united in free contribution to, and in approving support of, the purpose to perpetuate with enduring stone the ground sacred with the life-blood of the heroic Sedgwick.

The germ of liberty was of Anglo-Saxon conception, its birth on Anglo-Saxon soil, and the full fruition of its splendid manhood reached, when the broad standard of American nationality gathered to its folds the oppressed of all the races.

Bursting from a little protoplasm in "Merrie England," it shaped the British Parliament and made the villein and the vassal free. And over the stormy North Sea 3,000,000 dutchmen in the sand lots and dunes of the Netherlands, struggled for forty years for conscience sake, until tens of thousands, by murderous Alva's gory hands, had found their "inhospitable graves," and then they were a free and independent people. Nor did they stop at conscience sake; they unloosed the commerce of the Indies from the throttling grasp of Spain's universal monarchy, drove the boasted "King of the Ocean" from the main, and all the rich stores of drug, and spice, and myrrh, and fabric of the isles and continents of the Eastern seas have since been freed to generous competition for all the traders of the earth.

And a century and more rolled by, and then the Occident spoke in the thunder of its guns and the eloquence of its wrongs, and the old Independence bell rung its melodies, its tongue declared and its notes proclaimed "liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof."

And yet there was a dark spot left that made a very boasting of all this proud assertion, a blight on all the ringing platitudes of liberty, a cloud on all the swelling, rounded perorations. The high sounding phrase, "All men are created equal," was shallow; the boastful declaration of equal rights before the law a bold assumption, for as yet the freemen of the west conceded man's right to property in man.

And so it came to our day and generation to test, in the bitterest of all the crucibles of all the wars, these chattel rights in manhood.

New England's contribution to the great men of the nation has been by no means stinted. They have come to their sta-

tions equipped with high scholarly attainments, fixed resolves, pure principles, untarnished honor. They have left them with credit to the land of their production and renown for themselves. The country is as proud of the "men of New England," whom it has come to know, as is New England herself of her many manly sons who have made her famous.

Not so very long ago, eminent upon this roll of fame, there appeared the name of a favored son of Connecticut. He was a sturdy, doughty, honest country lad, and gave no promise that ere the half century should roll round, which was to be the number of his allotted years, he should be found enrolled among the distinguished military chieftains who helped to save a nation.

General Sedgwick's childhood days were doubtless stirred to infant military enthusiasm, when the soldiers of 1812, returning from the fields of glorious war, were receiving the honors and ovations of their grateful neighbors. He was born at Cornwall, Litchfield county, Connecticut, on the 13th of September, 1813. He was of Puritan stock, and an ancestor had distinguished himself with Cromwell. The family name had graced the learned professions and been prominent in the councils of the State. John Sedgwick was to clothe it with historic honor to live through all the ages.

John Sedgwick, appointed from Connecticut, was a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point, from July 1, 1833, to July 1, 1837, when he was graduated twenty-four in a class of fifty, and promoted to the army as a second Lieutenant of the Second Artillery.

His class produced a number who rose to distinction in both armies in the war of the rebellion, and one, Braxton Bragg, secured notable prominence in the war with Mexico. "A little more grape, Captain Bragg," Taylor's telling phrase at Buena Vista, lost in the happening of the every-day heroics in the late war, was before that time, to the youthful mind, the very embodiment of perfect heroism.

Of this class of 1837, seventeen were dead when the war between the States commenced. From the thirty-three who survived, fifteen had left the army, eighteen still remained with it. Of those who were out of service, four never re-entered; five joined in the rebellion against the United States; five took service in the Union cause, and the history of one cannot be traced. From the eighteen in service when the war began, five went over to the enemy, thirteen stood fast to their colors. Of those, therefore, who graduated with Sedgwick, eighteen were loyal; ten were actively disloyal.

Among those who remained with or returned to their colors, twelve were made general officers, a number of whom rose to eminence—Hooker commanded the Army of the Potomac; Sedgwick the Sixth and French the Third Corps; Townsend was Adjutant-General of the Army of the United States; Dyer, Chief of Ordnance; Benham was high in rank in the Engineers; Thomas Williams commanded a Division and was killed in the desperate defence of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in August, 1862.

On the other side, Braxton Bragg, Jubal Early, and John C. Pemberton, commanded armies. Their names are historically familiar, and connect themselves with distinctive prominence with surrender at Vicksburg, rout at Missionary Ridge, and annihilation at Cedar Creek; Arnold Elzey commanded a Confederate corps.

Of those of the class who died before the war, five were lost or killed in the line of duty; Captain John W. Gunnison, of the Topographical Engineers, was massacred in Utah, by a band of Mormons and Parrante Indians, Captain George Taylor, of the Third Artillery, his wife, four officers, and one hundred and eighty men of his regiment were washed overboard from the steamer "San Francisco," in a violent storm, off the Capes of the Delaware; all save two perished. Captain William Armstrong was killed at Molino del Rey. Lieutenant Walter Sherwood in the Florida war, and Captain

Randolph Ridgely fell at Monterey. The others whose names were also off the rolls by disease, judging from the locality where they met their death, and the season in which they died, fell victims to the deadly fevers of semi-tropical climes.

There has been a popular conviction that West Point's contribution to the seceded States was grossly disproportionate to the number of loyal officers, who remained firm in their allegiance to the nation. The facts will not support such a conviction. Of the 1,232 graduates alive at the beginning of the war, 99 out of the army and 184 from it, joined the forces of the rebellion. The 99 from civil life were all from or residents in slave territory. The 350 graduates in the service appointed from the Southern States about equally divided themselves, the one half standing by the country to which they had sworn faith and fealty, and the other promptly drifting into Confederate commissions.

Sedgwick's army life was almost continuously with troops. He appears to have enjoyed but one detail of what army officers are wont to term "soft," or "velvety duty." That was a single year of recruiting service. Wherever disturbance threatened, or trouble was imminent, his name will be found among those who were hurried to quell the violence or suppress the disorder.

Immediately upon his graduation he was ordered to Florida, where a war was then in progress against the Seminole Indians. His first engagement was a skirmish near Fort Clinch on the 20th of May, 1838. From Florida, in the same year, he went to the Cherokee Nation, to which locality the Indians were then emigrating. Advanced to a First Lieutenantcy (on the 19th of April, 1839), in the regiment to which he had first been assigned, after his first short and only season of recruiting, he is found on duty on the northern frontier during the Canada Border disturbances. Then, until summoned to Mexico, garrison duty occupied his time, his battery being

stationed from time to time during the years intervening between 1839 and the breaking out of that war, at the various fortifications on Lake Erie, in New York Harbor, at Newport, R. I., and Hampton Roads, Va.

Lieutenant Sedgwick, serving with his battery, accompanied Scott's column to Mexico. He was engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz, the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, and Chapultepec, the skirmish of Amazoque, the capture of San Antonio, and the assault and capture of the City of Mexico. For gallant and meritorious conduct at Contreras and Churubusco he was brevetted Captain, and for like conduct at Chapultepec, Major. While many of his classmates and companions sought or secured the comforts and conveniences of a staff appointment, Sedgwick was always to be found, during all of his field service in that war, discharging the severe and less engaging duties of an officer of the line.

On the cessation of hostilities Lieutenant Sedgwick returned to the performance of similar duties to those in which he was engaged when the war began, notably at Fort Columbus, N. Y., Fort McHenry, Md., and Fortress Monroe, Va.

On the 26th of January, 1849, he was made a Captain in the Second Artillery, and on the 8th of March, 1855, promoted to a Majority in the First Cavalry.

The great contest with the slave power was gradually culminating to an open rupture. Mutterings from the Kansas border of shameful wrongs and gross outrages were rapidly crystalizing public sentiment in the North. The open seizure of Kansas election polls by ruffians from the State of Missouri, the wilful prostitution of the ballot in the interest of the slaveholder, burning, murder, pillage, and outrage, the encouragement of all these wrongs by the general Government, had already disrupted one of the great political parties of the country, and the people were concentrating in their majesty to right the evils.

Major Sedgwick was early thrown into the midst of the difficulties and hostilities surrounding these warring factions.

Ordered to Fort Leavenworth in 1855, he discharged the delicate and responsible duties of his station discreetly, manifesting, as he always did, the single purpose to fulfil his soldier obligations as only a soldier should.

The great plains of Kansas and Colorado, now traversed hourly by speedy railway trains bearing passengers and traffic to the far-off Pacific, inhabited by a thrifty, prosperous people, were then the homes of hostile savages. The fiery Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Comanche forcibly resisted the progress of events, and with fire, tomahawk, and rifle, drove the venturesome pioneer from the fertile river bottoms of the Saline and Solomon. Crime, butcheries, warfare followed, when the spirit of the red man was broken, and the enterprising white settler was permitted to enjoy in peaceful plenty the fruits of his courageous toil.

In all these hostilities Major Sedgwick actively participated. He was engaged in the action on Solomon's Fork, in Kansas; again prominent in a skirmish near the Grand Saline, and finally commanded the expedition against the Kiowas and Comanches, which resulted in their ultimate subjugation, until the great war again brought them actively to the front, stirred to hostilities by the influence of southern sympathizers.

Sedgwick's service in the Indian campaign was interrupted by the withdrawal of most of the troops, engaged in other operations, for concentration for Albert Sidney Johnson's Utah expedition. The purpose of this tedious and laborious march was suspended before its destination was reached, and the troops wintered in cheerless, illy constructed cantonments on the Pacific slope of the Rockies.

Just previous to the war Major Sedgwick was in command of Fort Riley, then a well advanced outpost.

In the fall of 1865 I was crossing the plains. The column halted at Fort Riley for a day. In the Adjutant's office were numerous orders, signed by order of Major John Sedgwick, L. L. Lomax, Adjutant. Fresh from the fields of Virginia, the previous close association of two officers, one of whom had so

recently, as a Confederate cavalry commander of Division, been repeatedly roughly handled in the Shenandoah by the corps the other once commanded, seemed, as I then noted it to be, rather a striking contrast of disassociation.

The breaking out of the Rebellion found Major Sedgwick in command of Fort Wise, Colorado Territory. He did not join the Army of the Potomac until August, 1861, having, in the mean time, March 16, 1861, been promoted Lieutenant-Colonel Second Cavalry, and on April 25, 1861, Colonel of the First Cavalry. Sedgwick is now drawing near to us; we are soon to know him well.

For a time he was Acting Inspector-General of the Department of Washington; then, up to February, 1862, in command of a brigade in the defences; and from that date until the movement to the Virginia peninsula, commanding his Division, stationed near Poolsville, Md.

The General had just assumed command of his Division. His face had scarce become familiar, when the troops, on a march back from Bolivar Heights toward the Potomac, were attracted by the manly form of an officer, unattended, standing by his horse, observing the column with some interest. There were no designations of rank about him readily observable, and the interest which he seemed to manifest in the moving column alone indicated that he apparently bore to them some official relation. It was, in fact, Sedgwick, who, as yet unknown, had taken this, probably his first opportunity, of framing an early judgment on the sort of stuff he had been sent to command.

As he stood there an incident happened which, while disclosing his rank, was illustrative of a disposition not to develop a decided activity to interfere when an opportunity was at hand for better supplies than the commissariat afforded. An officer, unduly excited, hatless and breathless, rushed wildly up the slope where Sedgwick was, all the while calling, "General! General!" concluding as he reached him with what, in his excitement, he had so far forgotten, that "the troops over

yonder are tearing out a sutler!"—pointing in the direction where the operation was in progress. "Where?" said the General. "I don't see them"—turning to a point exactly opposite to the one indicated. "Not there! not there!" said he, "but here! here!"—continuing to point still more emphatically where he had at first. "Yes, yes," said Sedgwick; I understand now; I must go and stop it." And with that he mounted, rode off, and disappeared in a direction farthest from the scene of the disturbance.

At the same moment the marching soldiers learned that the General thus addressed was Sedgwick, their new Division Commander. It was a fitting introduction for a popular welcome, and, when after an instant the situation was fully comprehended, shouts of laughter followed the much discomfited officer, who had volunteered to communicate intelligence, the knowledge of which the General was evidently anxious to avoid.

The General's action was much like that of the presiding officer, who, desirous of expediting business, was continually rapping down the member who would insist upon advising him of the absence of a quorum.

General Sedgwick had been commissioned a Brigadier-General of United States Volunteers as early as August 31, 1861, and in March, 1862, upon the organization of Sumner's Second Corps, his detached Division was assigned to it. His promotion to a rank commensurate with his command followed with reasonable promptness, and on the 4th of July, 1862, he was commissioned a Major-General of Volunteers. He was engaged in the siege of Yorktown; tasted deeply of the severities of Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, and Glendale, where he was wounded. He was on the retreat from the field of the Second Bull Run to Washington, and continued, with his Division, to Antietam. There, as read from the graphic pen of Palfrey, in his "Campaigns of Antietam and Fredericksburg," its severe fighting may entitle it to be compared in no stinted way with Cardi-

gan's work at Balaklava, or Beresford's stand at Albuera. Here, severely wounded. Sedgwick was forced for a time to withdraw from active service. It was his last day with his old Division. Returning to his duties, he was assigned first to the command of the Ninth Corps, and then permanently to the sixth which he retained until he fell.

General Sedgwick's assignment to the command of the Sixth Army Corps dates from the 5th of February, 1863. He had come with that high reputation for fight made with his splendid Division of the Second. He had come with the memories of its proud advance alone, away beyond the Dunker Church, and there, as every rock, and stone, and tree, and fence corner bristled with the enemy on front and flanks, he had come with the recollection of how only its stubborn resistance, as it sought our lines again, saved it from annihilation. He had come with the remembrances, from what it had learned from him, of how, at Fredericksburg, that gallant body advanced against those irresistible heights to the very limit of human endurance. It had not yet known how Sedgwick's early training should fit its heroic Philadelphians to beat back at Gettysburg Pickett's brave Virginians.

Such was what Sedgwick had already made when he came to us, and when he came he found no tyros for his teachings; they, too, had tasted of like fiery experiences.

Sedgwick was essentially a beloved commander. The affection his other soldiers bore for him he soon imparted to those he came to join. It was not because he meant to do it; it was not because he had a purpose to secure affection; it was not because he designed to court a love or pander to a sentiment, for he was plain, brunt, straightforward, and never had design or purpose in aught he did, save that what was done, must be well done. What love his soldiers had for him was their own spontaneous tribute to his open, manly nature, his native modesty, his quiet, soldierly dignity, to the conviction that he was ever awake to their needs and their comforts, that their reputations were at all times safe in the keeping of his splen-

did courage, and that with him their lives would only be endangered when the result promised to be commensurate with the sacrifice.

They did not parade this affection by loud and frequent public demonstration. Their feelings were deeper, their regard surer, their love more lasting. Founded upon a fixed and solid basis, this regard and veneration was rather of the domestic sort, and the familiar appellation of "Uncle John," so honestly and earnestly applied, probably better describes the real sincere attachment for him than does any effort at elaboration.

Sedgwick never used anything but moderate language to his men. He rarely addressed them in tones of severity, and was ever disposed to stimulate by persuasive appeal those who needed encouragement.

A company of drafted men, good, solid, sturdy farmers, from Selinsgrove, Snyder county, all Pennsylvania Dutchmen, had been assigned as Company I, of the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania. They made most excellent soldiers. Their first Captain, Kephart, fell gallantly fighting in one of his first engagements. He was succeeded by his Lieutenant, Byers. Noticing a batch of stragglers on one occasion by the roadside, Sedgwick rode to them and firmly urged them forward. Addressing them, he said:

"Come, come, my men, move along, join your command promptly. Where do you belong?"

One ventured, with broad Dutch accent, a most innocent and naive response:

"Why," said he, "Cheneral, we belongs to Coompany I, of the Sixth Corps, Billy Byers' coompany, from Selinsgrove, Snyder county, Pennsylvania. You know Billy Byers, Cheneral. Yes, you know Billy Byers."

The General having but a limited, if any, acquaintance with Billy, particularly with such an indefinite company identification, and but a questionable knowledge of the locality named, not deeming it wise to venture a response, rode on, satisfied such men did not mean to be long away.

Sedgwick's military household was a model of generous hospitality. His military family were upon terms of most cordial fellowship. His associations with them were of the closest intimacy, while for him their esteem and regard was filial, deep, and abiding. They sought to anticipate his every wish; no duty he required was arduous, no demands he asked, exacting. To one, a bright, smooth-faced handsome youth, a soldier of most distinguished record, the son of learned and famous parentage, he was specially endeared. He watched him with a parent's care, followed him through all his dangers with an affectionate anxiety, and seemed never satisfied when the danger had passed or the toils were over, until he knew that he was safe.

With all his liberal impulses, General Sedgwick was a man firm of purpose, stout of nerve, and strong of will. He was ceaseless in his activity, vigilant in his watchfulness, continuing in his energy. His encouraging smile on the weary march was stimulating; the "There's Sedgwick" inspiring; and "Here comes Uncle John," infectious of a joyous welcome to his ever generous presence. He sought no rest in the presence of the enemy, until he had personally assured himself that he had secured the best position attainable, and entrusted it to the keeping of his most reliable lieutenants. Whether assaulting or resisting, wherever the pressure was heaviest, or resistance the most formidable, Sedgwick's manly form could be always seen directing those who needed guidance, encouraging those inclined to waver. Heedless of exposure himself, he had no charity for any attempted avoidance of the risks of battle, no leniency for the troublesome malingerer. Fully awake to the full measure of his own responsibilities, he demanded from others a just discharge of theirs. Quick to perceive ability in others, sharp in his conceptions, he rarely failed in his estimates of character. Where it was allotted to him to choose, he was wise in choice, judicious in his selection. If others blundered and sent him those who did not size themselves to his requirements, he soon found fitting opportunity

to fill their place with sterner stuff. It was this care, this thought, this courage, and this judgment that rounded up the Sixth Army Corps to the full standard of its excellence.

Humphreys, in "The Virginia Campaigns of '64 and '65," speaks but little of individuals, but when he does, he speaks concisely and decisively. This he says of Sedgwick :

"He was highly esteemed, being a modest, courageous and honest-hearted man."

From such a source there is a volume of encomium in these plain truths, and his soldiers can ask for their old commander no better, purer epitaph.

The Sixth Army Corps organization was not perfected until May, 1862. It did not find its place in the army until some months after those of lower number had already taken creditable and substantial shape; and for some time after its conception, it, with the Fifth, which was of contemporaneous organization with it, were not recognized as if organized with any design of permanency.

"In the first instance, the two new corps were apologetically called 'Provisional Corps;' but all occasion for apology soon disappeared. After Gaines' Mills, Savage Station, Glendale, and Malvern, the 'provisional' character of these two gallant bodies of troops was forgotten, and they took their place high up on the roll of the noblest and bravest of the defenders of the Union, retaining their corps existence unbroken until the conclusion of peace, surviving every one of those earlier formed, except that whose history we are here writing, between which and one of the new organizations, the heroic, great-hearted Sixth, was to grow up a brotherhood in arms, a spirit of mutual affection and confidence, largely, no doubt, the result, especially at the beginning of fortuitous circumstances, but also as the soldiers of either corps were glad to believe, the proper effect in no small part of moral sympathy and similarity in character. Tried together on a score of fields, the Second and the Sixth were like brothers in fight. Side by side they loved to meet the enemy; neither had any fears

of its flank as long as the other was there; or, if the fight had been long and desperate, if straggling men began to go back from the front with significant frequency; if here and there a shattered regiment fell out, and a something like an actual weight kept forcing back the line step by step, while the shriller and louder yells of the foe told that they felt the inspiration of coming victory, then did the men of the Second Corps rejoice to hear the word passed along that the Sixth was coming up behind. Well they knew the stuff out of which its regiments were made; well they knew the men who rode serene and strong at the head of its divisions and brigades."

With such eulogy from the facile pen of that eminent scholar, Francis A. Walker, who, in that excellent contribution to American literature, his "History of the Second Army Corps," alone of all the other Corps, selects the Sixth for exceptional commendation, I feel there should be no stint of period with one of its own members, who, with no such gift of vigorous speech, shall essay to tell of its valorous deeds.

The Sixth Corps fell especially to the keeping of trained soldiers. Of its four distinguished chieftains, three now surviving in ripe and honored years, all were graduates of the United States Military Academy. Its Division commanders, also, with a single exception, bore to gallant practical use the graduating honors of that illustrious institution. And before the fateful casualties of war filled honored graves with the heroic dead, most of its Brigades were commanded by officers of like skillful training.

The personnel of the Corps was typical of the sturdy North. It was essentially a body of American soldiery. Its sprinkling of worthy Germans, and witty Celts from the more populous centres, did not materially affect its inherent native composition; and, anomalous as the term may sound, its Pennsylvania Dutchmen were all Americans. The distinctive New England dialect mingled with the broad accent of the Westerner, and the Philadelphian, who had always prided himself on the purity of his tongue, soon learned he had provincialisms readily detected.

Maine was there, strong and stalwart as its rock-bound coast, notable for endurance, unprecedented for valor. The phalanx of stout Vermonters, famous in their uninterrupted State cohesion, bore back to their native hills the honors and scars of battle, bright and lustrous with distinctive glory. And then came Massachusetts, without stain or break for one hundred and fifty of her colonial years, in her purest of Anglo-Saxon blood to leaven and garnish all that galaxy of soldier manhood her troops were to adorn with such a comely fitness. And Rhode Island, in her plantation days, a refuge from and rebuke to the exacting Puritan, aforesaid rebellious, but long of unquestioned fealty, sent her splendid batteries and her stalwart infantry as her heroic contribution to Potomac's brave battalion. And Connecticut, as if it were enough to lead with her trained and gifted Sedgwick, supplied but her single regiment of brave and valiant "heavies," itself a host of strength and valor. And then the Empire State, from the sterling patriots of its great metropolis, the lusty yeomanry of its teeming fertile valleys, the staid and worthy burghers of its thriving, prosperous towns, swelled the grand aggregation, strong of nerve, firm of purpose, resolute of will. And the Jerseymen, solid as a legion, proud of their State Brigade designation, chivalrous as their patriot sires, who bore so manfully the burdens of the "Continental Line," sent their cohesive quota to battle heroically from the beginning to the very end with the Corps whose banner they adored, and whose soldier fame they held must be sacred and spotless as the Spartan's shield. And then follows grand old Pennsylvania, of fervid loyalty and burning patriotism, responding from her mountain tops and her valleys, her cities and her hamlets, with brave men and true, nigh on to a full third of the whole Corps establishment. And even Maryland, though racked with treason, yet answers with a single battalion of her loyal sons. And from broad Ohio's vales, three regiments of her patriot people conclude their lengthy, faithful service, with fame and honor, as soldiers of the Third Division Sixth Army Corps. And last of all,

far-off Wisconsin, with men rugged, sturdy, and hard as the giant oaks of her virgin forests, all of unflinching heroism and dauntless daring, first with Hancock, then with Russell, and again with Edwards, left memories of their deeds that shall make them famous beyond the days of their generation.

This was the force scattered by Brigades and Divisions from Lewinsville to Alexandria, which was trained by its season of winter's discipline for the sterner realities that were to come to it as its soldier life grew in years and ripened in experience. There it learned to know its chieftains; there it left the drones and laggards, and there arose that mutual soldier dependence that tested afterwards everywhere from Yorktown to Appomattox, never failed of its original firm, self-reliant, steadfast purpose. The ready tact of the soldier teaches him early on whom of his fellows he may most rely in the trying moment of actual conflict. The quick perception of intelligent manhood soon selects the staunch ones who shall best discharge the delicate and responsible duties of the outposts; who will hold the skirmishers against odds, before which the line of battle quivers; who will first rally in the deadly breach; who, prompt to dare, and resolute to do, will be heedless of peril, forgetful of exhaustion. All this and more had the men who passed that winter on the bleak hills of Fairfax come to know they could do; and all this, and more, they most heroically did do, again and again, before the years were over and the days they had pledged to their country's service were numbered.

Amid the blustering winds of March the camps were broken, and crowded transports loosed their moorings to bear the patriot army to struggle manfully with disease and battle in the swamps and forests of the ill-fated Peninsula.

Lee's Mills and Yorktown were but preludes to the deadlier performances to follow. Hancock flashed his brilliant sabre at Williamsburg; Fair Oaks shivered with its appalling casualties; White Oak Swamp stood aghast at such tremendous gunnery; Smith held the rear guard firm at Charles City

Cross Roads; Malvern Hill resisted Magruder's tempestuous onslaught; and the first attempt on the Confederate Capital was a fruitless, futile effort.

Hurried back to the defense of the Nation's archives, Franklin skirted the edges of the second Bull Run at Centreville; threw his legions on Hooker's and Sumner's hard-pressed lines at Antietam; and Lee's tactics on the Peninsula were turned against him with telling and disastrous effect on the fair fields of Maryland.

Fredericksburg pitied the temerity that vainly attempted to storm her gun-capped heights, beat back resentfully the stubborn column of Pennsylvanians that had punctured the well-manned right, and, putting the Rappahannock behind it, the Army of the Potomac, still staunch and gallant as afore, gathered itself for another wrestle with wary foe.

Burnside, spurred again to activity by the bickerings at his first inauspicious venture, allayed the fever of discontent by ocular proof that Virginia mud was a more impregnable barrier to the working of an army than the formidable field fortifications of the enemy. Then the smoke curled from the cheery army fireplace, the rude pineries were turned to comfortable cantonments, and, for the winter and early spring, the hills of Stafford teemed with a crowded, busy, bustling civilization. If the new forests yonder upon the thither side of the Rappahannock could communicate the tradition of their virgin ancestors, they might tell of how the many and frequent scenes of generous merriment broke the tedious monotony of that weary winter, until budding springtime brought with it the battle and the daisies.

And then, ere the dawn had broken of that eventful April morning, the shots, intended to repel Russell's daring boat crossing, opened auspiciously Hooker's well-planned manœuvres, that were to close so disastrously in the sad fatalities of Chancellorsville. Marye's Hill, almost impregnable, yielded to the impetuosity of Howe, Newton, and Burnham, and New Orleans' proud artillerists left an entire battery, the only guns

they ever lost, as the substantial trophies of that Sabbath morning's storming. Lee's detached divisions checked the stubborn Brooks, and the dark shadows of the Salem Church fatalities lowered o'er the laurels of the daylight victory. With the night the frowning battlements of Fredericksburg were their's again, and, cut off from ford and road and river, the strong, firm, reliant old Sixth Army Corps was left alone to battle with its adversaries. Considerate friends with the main army, viewing the situation as hopeless, were firmly convinced that the next intelligence of the corps' whereabouts would be communicated through Confederate sources.

But they had not rated honest John Sedgwick up to the full measure of his high personal resources and his great soldierly capacity.

With a force wholly inadequate to the necessities, companies were forced to the duty of regiments. Persistent attacks, with the enemy's exultant shouts distinctly audible, were again and again repulsed, until, as the twilight glinted into the evening's darkness, McCartney's guns tore open a pathway to the Ford, and with the shells chasing each other through the midnight gloom, the corps, with more than five thousand left behind, found itself once more upon the friendly side of the Rappahannock.

Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville were fruitless triumphs. Lee, flushed with his successes, forgetful of his vows of home defense alone, launched his columns upon a mission of invasion. The unsuspecting husbandmen of Maryland and Pennsylvania were startled in the very early summer time by the coming of a mighty host. The Mayors and Burgesses of their towns were commuting levied contributions in the bonds and paper of their citizens. The archives of Pennsylvania's capital were gathered for removal; her metropolis was stirred to fear; and about her approaches threatening barricades stood formidable against the expected foe.

Lee, luxuriant in this land of plenty, had lost his adversary, when, fearful of his communications, he recalled his

scattered battalions for better concentration to the vicinity of the quaint old shire town of Gettysburg. Thither, too, was the march of the Potomac Army trending. Ere each had fully reached the point of its intended destination, the momentous conflict burst around this quiet, peaceful village in all its wild and wicked fury.

The Sixth was farthest from the scene of action. Reynolds had fallen; a crisis was at hand. A trusted staff officer bore to the faithful Sedgwick the urgent message delivered in the early eventide, that his Corps must be at Gettysburg by the afternoon of the morrow. The staff officer had ridden down two horses on his fierce and furious journey, and he ventured the suggestion, as he communicated his instructions, that the distance to be accomplished in the time allotted was beyond the scope of human endurance, even to tried and hardened veterans.

"Say to General Meade," said Sedgwick, "my Corps will be at Gettysburg at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon," and it was.

Daylight found the column perplexed and floundering in a copse of timber; during the night it had made but little headway, but with the dawn it soon lengthened itself for the momentous journey. The great red sun rose with fiery summer radiance. The sky was cloudless; the fierce July heat bore down with furious vigor. The old Baltimore pike, its stones aglow with dancing sunlight, threw back the melting rays with flaming rigor.

The noonday heat was withering to exhaustion, but stiffened and nerved to the demands of the occasion, the soldiers held scrupulously to their pace; their zeal never slackened, their energy never flagged.

More than usual quiet prevailed; merriment, though, was not altogether wanting. Loud and sonorous belched forth a stentorian voice:

"Boys, its rough, but I tell you its regular."

There were occasional evidences of the approaches to a battlefield. The big hills about Gettysburg began to loom up; there was little noise, indicating conflict; it was a fateful stillness. Soon wide-mouthed cannon roared sonorously, and musketry behind the hills rattled resentfully. The march was completed, the task was done, and the Sixth Corps, prompt to the hour, was at the front, to fulfill the promise of its chieftain. Thirty-seven miles had been covered in seventeen hours, without an organized halt. For the strength of the column, an entire corps, with all its appointments and most of its *impedimenta*, the march ranks peerless here, and has rarely, if ever, been surpassed in modern warfare abroad.

The delicate duty of securing the two extreme flanks of the army, the left the cause of much anxiety, was allotted to the corps. Detached brigades were thrust in at critical points of impact. Cowan's guns worked heroically at a juncture of most imminent peril. And when the ebbing tide of rebellion rolled back, defeated, dejected, disappointed, the corps again united, led the advance until that once proud and valiant host had withdrawn to still contend for the mastery for two long eventful years, with yet as deadly a grip, upon their own chosen fields.

The summer wore away in unusual quiet amid the bright and cheery surroundings of the cultivated lands of Fairfax. Then advancing to the Rapidan, Lee, prompted to a sense of the possibilities, turned the columns back again with rapid strides to compete in the mad and headlong race for the heights of Centreville. Checking him at Bristow, Meade outstripped him in the race; and once more disappointed, Lee retiring, consented to be quiet, if the promise could be mutual.

Russell's brilliant charge and Upton's handsome support, forced the enemy, for the first time entrenched on ground of his own selection, to yield to a first attack, and 1,500 prisoners, four guns and seven battle-flags, were the trophies that followed the sudden, skillful, and brilliant assault, at the close of that bright November afternoon, upon the Confederate works at Rappahannock Station.

The formidable entrenchments at Mine Run staggered even the intrepid Warren. It was Fredericksburg over again. The season was too far advanced to manœuvre, and the army withdrawing to a more secure locality and convenient base, settled itself for the winter in comfortable cantonments about Stevensburg and Brandy Station.

There the master spirit came among us—the “Soldier of the Republic,”—modestly bearing the accumulated laurels of Donelson, Vicksburg, and Missionary Ridge, assumed the whole imperial sway. For the first time an intelligent, comprehensive authority directed movements everywhere. The time had come for strengthening for higher possibilities—for greater concentration, with graver responsibilities. The destinies were to be committed to tried men and true, the solid, reliable Sedgwick; the ever-anxious, never-tiring Meade; the skillful, thoughtful Warren; the brilliant Hancock, the active, dashing Sheridan. Campaigns were organized to destroy armies. Pressure, attrition, fight, fight, fight, wherever there was an enemy to strike, were to worry, weary and wear out the foe.

Forging its way over the Rapidan, the old Potomac army plunged suddenly into the dense, impenetrable chapparal and underbrush of the Wilderness. For three days the musketry rolled, weird and deadly, in that wild, unpeopled forest. Shocking wounds, fatal casualties, frightful slaughter accumulated to startling proportions, and still the armies faced each other, firm, determined, unyielding; once, as the shades of night were veiling everything in deeper darkness the right was crumbled, but the old Sixth, rallying to the heavy burden of its weighty trust, the shattered lines were soon restored to their primal integrity.

While the battlefield was in the twirl this crumble brought about, Sedgwick's fate was near MacPherson's, and the memorable dispatch—“I have re-established my line.” John Sedgwick—was as near losing its place among the laconic military phrases of history.

The incident was illustrative of General Sedgwick's deter-

mination to always hold the very farthest front in his own personal keeping.

The twilight had thickened in the dark and dreary woods to a sombre gloom. Trees, shadows, and men readily passed the one for the other, until the voice disclosed the presence of the latter. An officer, whose judgment Sedgwick knew was sound, stood a few paces in front of his command, upon one of the few narrow roadways that tracked that almost pathless forest. The officer had a few moments before been out the road a little distance, when, his suspicions aroused by some apparently moving objects, he discreetly concluded to return. He had just done so when Sedgwick rode up at rapid gait, intent upon continuing in the same direction. The Captain stopped him, communicated what he believed to be the situation beyond, and for his pains was bade to pursue his investigations further, and satisfy himself conclusively whether it was indeed the enemy that before had stopped his progress, Sedgwick meanwhile awaiting his return. He did not tarry long. The Captain promptly undertook his mission. Loud, commanding voices soon disclosed that he had not previously mistaken stalking, flitting shadows for moving men, and the profane, rude, and violent greeting, with a demand for immediate surrender, coupled with the familiar homely expletive so expressive of Confederate contempt for a Yankee's maternity, revealed the presence of an angry foe. The summons was not obeyed; the Captain's retreat was hasty, and Sedgwick, who had overheard something of what had been said, had concluded before his return that he had gone far enough. Another fifty yards, at the pace at which he rode, and Sedgwick would have had the fire of forty rifles, or been plunged headlong into a certain captivity.

But, *vestigia nulla retrorsum*, there was to be no step backwards, and in the gloom of the shadowy eventide Grant quietly stole away to grapple again with his adversary on the deadly fields of Spottsylvania. And, alert and active, there he was in advance, strongly entrenched and ready. The head of

the columns of the Fifth and Sixth Corps, that were to move by Chancellorsville, Aldrichs', Piney Branch Church, and Alsop's, promptly assailed in the vicinity of the latter, opened those ever memorable May days with woful, deadly carnage.

The 9th dawned indicative of more than usual quiet. The bickerings of the skirmishers alone disturbed the scene, nor did heavy fighting seriously involve the lines during any part of the day. And with all this quiet, a sentiment was abroad ominous of portending evil. In truth, a sad calamity was in reality in waiting. Before the morning hours were half consumed, right here on Alsop's farm, near where the private way re-enters the main Brock or Goshen Church road, a Corps Commander, distinguished as any, most revered of all, not in the murderous fire of battalions, but by the equally as fatal shot of sharpshooter or picket, was doomed to die instantly. Sedgwick is dead. It spread in fitful, mournful murmurs among the battalions shifting hither and thither for place and position, and yet it was scarcely credible. Why, what has killed him? Certainly, with all the terrible rattle, and roar, and boom we have heard of late, the few stray shots we hear yonder are not meant to kill one as great as he. Can it be that he who has ridden through all the hail of lead and iron from '61 till now; that he who survived the crumbled ranks that himself and grand old Sumner led over the corn-field, and by the church on Antietam's gory day, shall die by the single shot of a picket. Aye, it is even so.

There was hushed, pathetic stillness; a solemn, serious pause. Strong men stood aghast. Strong men, unmoved 'mid all this huge and awful slaughter; strong men who stood by as yet another and another fell, to be forgotten on the instant, were stirred to deep and painful musings. And as each, in choking voice, breathed the sad and direful tale, he cautioned secrecy, that the startling story might not then, in the very midst of battle, stagger the faith of those who believed that without him there could be nought but failure. He had made the Sixth Corps what it was. To him was due the generous fame,

the exalted reputation, the noble name it bore, and to him alone. Had he left it strong enough, and firm enough, and self-reliant enough to bear it still, no matter who should be its leader? Was there any "great all-around" soldier anywhere able, fitted, ready to succeed him? Was there any man in all the splendid galaxy of the Nation's heroes who could fill the place of honest Uncle John Sedgwick?

Thoughts like these, as the sad and sudden calamity found fuller realization, were voiced and whispered in doubtful, hesitating interrogation.

The ambulance that a few moments before had passed to the front at such unusual pace, is here returning with slow and mournful gait, bearing the heavy burden of the Sixth Corps' woe. The moving columns instinctively halt and open, and all that is mortal of the beloved Sedgwick passes forever from the sight and presence of his stricken soldiers.

The rush and whirl of events passed so rapidly that the one absorbed the other, and that of to-day was forgotten by the morrow. Combat after combat crowded the calendar. From then on to the end, the soldier's daily life was a life of battle, of danger, of anxiety, of peril. Glories attended his arms here; disasters followed there. The laurel wreath of victory crowned his achievements; an exacting public complained of his defeats. But amid all this huge historic bustle, all the perils, and all the dangers, all the glories, and all the woes, the name of Sedgwick was never forgotten, the fame of Sedgwick was never lost. And when the Sixth Army Corps assembled for the last time about its bivouac fires, and answered finally to the last roll-call, it there and then, as its grateful tribute to the perpetuation of Sedgwick's name and Sedgwick's fame, resolved to place him in shapely, comely bronze, and in execution of that high resolve his handsome statue, complete and graceful, now adorns the parade-ground of his Alma Mater. And again, when nigh a quarter of a century since these bivouac fires ceased to burn, and that last roll call was answered to, gathered from almost every State from

whence his soldiers came, prompted by the same spirit of veneration as of yore, they to-day revive the fame of Sedgwick, and mark with modest stone and tablet the spot on which he fell.

But Spottsylvania had scarce begun. Upton, with his gallant men, swept majestically over the entrenchments on the 10th, and, to aid in Hancock's brilliant charge, Russell and Neill pushed manfully into the frightful slaughter of the "Bloody Angle" and stayed there till the fight was over; Wright, on whom the Sedgwick mantle had so worthily fallen, though painfully wounded, everywhere directing with his keen, soldierly skill. And after nine more days had been accounted for by charge and counter-charge, march and counter-march, Spottsylvania, apparently impervious to assault, was abandoned, and the army, keenly sensitive to the weary burden of its frightful casualties, again essayed to encompass the right. Over the North Anna, at Jericho Mills, across the Pamunkey, with Hanover Town hard by, impenetrable lines resisted all assaults, quick perception anticipated every march, rapid movements checked all manœuvres, until Cold Harbor, with its twelve days of siege and battle, with all its cruel, bloody punishments, loosened the grip upon Richmond from the North, and the Army of the Potomac still strong, firm, reliant to the pale shimmer of a midnight moon bore away for the mighty James.

Soon enough this time, but somebody blundered; and Lee, with his thirty-five miles of bristling cannon, held that patient old Potomac Army, on whom a weary, anxious nation waited, to nine months of most exacting service in the trenches.

But the Sixth Corps' destinies were to be cast, for a time at least, where it might for a season dominate affairs. Early's temerity tempted him again across the Potomac. He had almost impinged the lines to the north of the capital. A little sharp work with the big guns and little rifles, inspired by the presence of the Chief Magistrate, the great men about him, and a bevy of goodly citizens, sent him back again to

nest away in hiding for a time, to fatten and strengthen on the prolific larders of Virginia's great producing valley. But Early would not down, and then great Sheridan came along. "Whirling him through Winchester" in September, crushing him at Cedar Creek in October, he forever rid the valley of the enemy, and by Christmas time the Corps that had clothed itself with imperishable fame in the Shenandoah was once more with its old companions to fight it out at Petersburg by April.

With Hatcher's Run, Dabney's Mills, affairs with the pickets, much gunnery, Hartranft's famous morning at Steadman, the siege wore on until Wright's seizure of the entrenched outer works at Fisher alone made Petersburg's fall possible.

Tearing away the abattis, charging great battlements, sweeping over forts and ramparts, contending till the daylight waned against murderous resistance from intricate interior works, and bold, defiant Petersburg, that for nine months of siege and blockade had resisted all assault, outwitted all flanking, circumvented all surprises, was suppliant at the cannon's mouth.

Each army raced the other for Amelia Court House. Grant took the lead, kept it, and won.

Sheridan had urgently demanded "Old Sedgwick's foot cavalry." Too distant to reach him, fortune had reserved for it an exploit of arms that should close its grand achievements in fitting battle splendor. Shoulder deep it breasted "Sailors Creek," and Ewell, after stubborn fight, with all his seasoned soldiers, with all the flower of Richmond's youthful gentry, were prisoners in the firm clutch of the Sixth Corps' solid grip in the mellow radiance of that soft Virginia April evening.

That was all; the rest was mere formality. There "grim-visaged war" had "smoothed her wrinkled front," and in the fertile vales of Appomattox brave men met brave men with fair and generous terms of honorable capitulation.

But Sedgwick's blood was not enough; Russell, of tenacious heroism, enduring courage, unceasing vigilance, and wisest

judgment must die. On Winchester's glorious day, turning to his faithful Adjutant, how heroically he said at the very moment of the deadly contact, "Come, Dalton, bring the flag; some one must do something, or they can't stand it much longer." And this was the last he ever said, as with color, staff, and orderly he rode majestically to where the lines impinged, to fall, his loss scarcely to be computed, pierced with deadly bullet and torn by heartless shell.

And Burnham, Bidwell, and Taylor, Stone, Tyler, and Barney, Dwight, Hatch, and Holt, Rippey, Spear, and Crosby, Gosline, Town, and Carroll, Kellogg, Hulings, and Truefitt, and so on and on it went in ever increasing numbers, until well nigh four hundred thousand patriot dead had answered the fatal summons. Yet great as was the sacrifice, it had saved a nation; a nation worth the saving, strong as adamant, substantial as the earth itself, enduring as the ages. And a generation had saved it, imbued with the same spirit of liberty, the same determination of right, the same willingness of patriotic sacrifice, as those who made it; of whom and those who built on their foundation, that learned Political Historian, Von Holst, has said, "No people of ancient or modern times has shown a greater genius in founding a State."

A genius to organize armies and fight them; a genius to build ships to sail and ships to fight; to sail the one and fight the other. A genius to construct guns and use them. A genius to make the American sailor famous everywhere, and the American soldier respected by all the nations. A genius to advance civilization with grander, more substantial, rapid strides than have ever before all the peoples of the earth combined. A genius to suffer, endure and toil, that the wilderness may be a garden, the forest a farm, the barren rocks storehouses of untold wealth. A genius to separate the pulpit from the State, and sustain a worship free to each man's conscience. A genius to maintain the schools, that they be the bulwark of a boasted freedom. A genius

to elevate the "bread winners" to the level of the best of men. A genius to determine the law and enforce it. A genius to be lavish with treasure and prolific with lives, that "the flag might be maintained unsullied," and the liberties be preserved throughout the land. A genius to create a sovereign nation of free and interdependent States. A genius to harmonize a warring country, racked by wicked, bloody feuds, into a prosperous, thriving, law-abiding people. A genius that commits to a common destiny the proud heritage of American valor, born of a strife, which subdued, but did not subjugate; which conquered, but made no conquests; which vanquished, but did not overcome: as inspiration to the coming ages that the Anglo-Saxon is invincible against all the races save his own.

But, may it be the judgment of the mighty Providence, in the abundance of His infinite wisdom, and the majesty of His inscrutable justice to irrevocably decree that wars shall be no more.

Address by General Stryker.

Brevet Major-General W. S. Stryker, Adjutant General of New Jersey, then made the following remarks:

I regret very much, Veterans of the Sixth Corps, that his Excellency, Governor Green of my State, is not here in person to respond, as he so eloquently could, to your call on New Jersey. Pressing official duties keep him in Trenton, and he has directed me and I am here in some measure to represent his interest and that of the State in all that relates to the Memorial of the gallant Sedgwick and the magnificent body of fighting men which he commanded.

In the First Brigade and First Division of the Sixth Corps, New Jersey had her First, Second, Third, Fourth, Tenth, and Fifteenth Regiments, and her Fourteenth Regiment was in the First Brigade of the Third Division.

When the Sixth Corps, on May 5, was struck by Ewell's column, the Jersey troops in the first line did their share of

the fighting and took their share of the losses. The next day when an attempt was made to turn the right flank of Sedgwick and the Louisiana Regiments charged through the woods, the Jersey Brigade acted with heroic gallantry. Just before dusk, when General Gordon made his attack on the right wing, the Jersey loss was heavy, and they left among the mortally wounded our good friend Colonel Harry Ryerson of our Tenth Regiment.

The Jersey troops were with the First and Third Divisions on May 10 when they crossed a branch of the Ny, and when they made that headlong charge right into the enemy's works and captured the thousand men. Our Jersey Brigade was with the Sixth Corps when the attack was made again on Ewell at the salient angle, where for many hours the battle raged over the intrenchments, as Pollard says in "The Lost Cause," "the intense fury, heroism and horror of which it is impossible to describe." The best blood of our little State was poured out that day at the bloody angle, and the Brigade came from the conflict shattered in its every organization. One regiment lost in this charge 168 men, bringing back to camp that night but 101 men. But on May 14 the Brigade marched again into battle and fought a good fight, leaving our gallant German citizen, Wiebecke, who had distinguished himself so greatly at Gettysburg, among the dead upon the field.

Listen, if you will, to the casualty list of the old Brigade on this bloody field:

First Regiment lost 229 men.

Second Regiment lost 93 men.

Third Regiment lost 156 men.

Fourth Regiment lost 194 men.

Tenth Regiment lost 146 men.

Fourteenth Regiment lost 61 men.

Fifteenth Regiment lost 227 men.

In this case at least these ghastly figures tell a true tale of suffering and of death, of courage and of patriotism, of stern duty performed, of lives devoted, and of death accepted.

And in the good conduct of these Jersey Regiments there need be no reason for surprise. Had they not been disciplined? Had they not fought under the inspiration of a most gallant soldier? Through the powder smoke the grim veterans of the Jersey Brigade as they sighted along their rifle barrels at Spottsylvania could see the spectre of their old commander with empty sleeve flapping in the wind, with his sword waving aloft, with bridle-reins in his teeth, and his bright eye with its old time lustre. The one-armed hero of the Rebellion, General Phil. Kearney, implanted his spirit in the heart of every Jerseyman in the Sixth Corps. Every man could appreciate Robert Browning's beautiful verses to "The Lost Leader."

"We that had loved him so, followed him, honor'd him,
Lived in his piercing, magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die."

George H. Boker wrote a beautiful dirge on Kearney, one verse of which is :

"Close his eyes, his work is done,
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon or set of sun,
Hand of man or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow,
What cares he? He cannot know;
Lay him low."

This dirge is truly poetic; but his work was not done, for through the long weary days and months and years after Kearney was laid low in the clover, his daring spirit, his bold heart, his enthusiastic valor, his gallant form, remained in memory to urge to noble deeds the force which he loved to lead to battle and to victory.

Gallant survivors of this old Army Corps, I bring you the greetings of the Governor and of the people of my State, and I trust you may long live to tell over and over again the story of your bloody struggle in the Wilderness and Spottsylvania to secure the perpetuity of the Union of the States.

Address by Hon. D. C. Birdsall.

Colonel D. C. Birdsall, of Hartford, Conn., and late of the Second Corps, was then called upon, and spoke as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES :—We have assembled to-day on this place hallowed to the memory of every veteran of the Sixth Corps, as the spot where their loved commander, Major-General John Sedgwick, cheerfully laid down his life that his country might live, that its Constitution might be perpetuated for all time, and its starry banner wave in triumph throughout every land, to the most remote generations. We have met together, not so much on a mission of duty as a mission of love, to dedicate a granite tablet, erected to the memory of your loved commander, on the identical spot where he fell ; though it is near a country village, remote from all lines of public travel, long years after we have all responded to the final “roll-call,” our descendants will make their pilgrimages to this spot. gaze upon that tablet, and say :

“ Here is where our forefathers fought for our country and its flag. Here is where the man whom they loved to call ‘ Uncle John ’—who had few peers and no superior as a General in their army—fell ; and this tablet, erected by them, will commemorate his memory for all time.”

Your President has introduced me as the only representative here from Connecticut, where General Sedgwick was born, and where his remains are entombed in a quiet churchyard at Cornwall Hollow. As the oldest acquaintance of his here to-day, and as the one mainly instrumental in raising in that State, by single dollar subscriptions \$500, one-fourth of the cost of this memorial tablet, in response to these subjects I must speak.

None regret more than I do that my State is so poorly represented. I assure you, from the lips of Governor Lounsbury, also a veteran of the old army—that his absence is as great a disappointment to him as it is to any of us. The prolonged session of our General Assembly requiring his presence at the

Capitol every day until its close, is the reason why he and Colonel Hoyt—the Speaker of our General Assembly—are not with you to-day, to respond, in behalf of Connecticut, more appropriately and more eloquently than I can; their forced absence causes that duty to devolve upon me to perform as best I may.

It was my pleasure to first form General Sedgwick's acquaintance in March, 1847, after our army, under General Scott, had landed in Vera Cruz. Lieutenant Sedgwick was in General Worth's command. He had been at West Point with Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan of the artillery, with whom I went to Mexico. Their intimacy at West Point was renewed on Mexican soil, and Sedgwick was a frequent visitor at our quarters. I was then but a boy in search of adventure. They were men doing their duty to the country that had educated them. For bravery at Cerro Gordo, if my memory serves me correctly, the Lieutenant was breveted a Captain. On the evening of that bloody 18th of April, I chanced to receive a sabre wound, at first thought to be fatal. On the following day he came to our quarters and inquired of Colonel Duncan if his boy was alive. I spoke to him from my cot and he came in, placed his hand on my forehead, examined my wound, and greeted me with the tenderness of a woman, and cheered me with words of praise for my conduct which I shall never forget.

From there through the sieges and battles of Amozoque, San Antonio, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec and the City of Mexico, which fell into our hands September 14, I frequently saw the brave Captain who had been brevetted to the rank of Major, but never met him that I did not receive a pleasant word and kindly greeting, which was a source of great gratification to "Colonel Duncan's boy." I then and there learned to love Captain Sedgwick better than any man in the army except Colonel Duncan. I will not detain you with incidents of that campaign further than to say that once in a conversation between General Worth and Colonel Duncan, which I heard, the Colonel said :

“Sedgwick is the coolest man under fire I ever saw.”

The General replied :

“He has been one of my ablest supports in this campaign ; if he lives, he will one day command the United States Army.”

Another incident of his bravery in Mexico was told me by Adjutant-General Camp, of our State, formerly of the army, when he subscribed to this fund. General Camp was a close friend of General Mansfield, of the engineer's corps—also from Connecticut—who fell at Antietam, at the head of his Division, who, after saying to General Camp that General Sedgwick was the bravest man he ever knew, narrated the following incident :

“In forcing our way from Chapultepec I was engaged in demolishing buildings to form a passage for our troops ; Sedgwick came with orders from Worth to move them around by the street. I replied that none could live in the face of the batteries that swept that street. Sedgwick coolly rode to the centre of the street, amid the hail of shot and shell, raised his glass and viewed the batteries ; returning, said :

“ ‘ You are correct, Colonel ; go on your own way. ’ ”

When Major Mills sent me the proceedings of your committee—on April 1st—I promised to raise one-fourth of the cost of the monument by dollar subscriptions in Connecticut before the day of its dedication. I started the subscription in the *Hartford Telegram*, on April 2, with four names, headed by Dr. Peltier. The work was greater than I at first anticipated, but it has its pleasant, as well as unpleasant memories. Of the former only will I speak now. To Governor Lounsbury and Speaker Hoyt, of our House of Representatives, I am greatly indebted for my success ; every State officer, every Senator, every State Judge—but one—and a large majority of the House of Representatives, cheerfully contributed to the fund ; although sickness came upon me and stopped my personal efforts, the good work went on, until May 5, one week before the promised time—five hundred contributors had ap-

pended their names to the *Telegram* roll of honor; the last of them being that of F. G. Grogan, the only person now engaged upon the *Telegram* who commenced his employment with its first issue.

Chief Justice Park contributed by letter, Judges Carpenter, Pardee, Loomis, and Beardsley, of our Supreme Court of Errors, all called at the *Telegram* office, and handed in their contributions, the latter seeing me, expressed a wish to contribute more, and did so by adding the names of his grandchildren to the list.

One other pleasant reminiscence must complete this list, Colonel H. W. R. Hoyt, whom I have before referred to, called on me one morning, saying that his children had become interested in "Uncle John Sedgwick" from seeing his monument in the *Telegram*, and asked if they could not help pay for it? On telling them they could, they brought out their little hoards, each taking a dollar from it and sending it to me, which he handed me in their little savings, and the names of Bessie, Nannie and Turner Wait Hoyt went on the *Telegram* list of contributors, and each of these dear little ones are now proud in having a receipt for a dollar contributions to the Sedgwick memorial fund, with "Uncle John's" picture on it. This is a proof that patriotism, as well as other virtues, are inherited.

Comrades—The ranks of those who survived the great struggle have been sadly thinned since the dove of peace rested on our land; by the grim hand of time, the most of them have crossed the "dark river," and joined the great majority "on the other side." Among them are included the names of the "great Captains," Grant, Hancock, Meade, Thomas, McPherson, Burnside, Garfield, Logan and Mower. Comparatively few of us are here to-day. Those I see around me are mostly, like myself, past the meridian of life. Every day thins our ranks. We shall never all meet again on these battle-fields. Many of us—I feel that I am among the number—now look upon them for the last time. While we have the consciousness

of having done our duty in those trying times of our nation's peril, and are doing it now in commemorating the memory of your loved commander, let us all try, in our private capacities, to so emulate his virtues that we may be prepared to meet him in the blissful abode of the just, when we are summoned by the "final roll-call."

Prayer and Benediction.

The following Prayer and Benediction by Rev. John W. Sayres, Chaplain Dep. of Pa. G. A. R., was then delivered:

Almighty God, our Father, we would, in all our way, acknowledge Thee, and ask that Thou would direct our paths; may Thy blessing rest upon us and upon the services of this day; and as we are about to separate, never all to meet on this spot again, follow us with Thy blessing; bless, we pray Thee, this memorial stone. Protect it; let it endure to the latest generation; may its influence be for the education of the citizen, for the honor of our civil life, and the glory of the whole nation, and the blessing of humanity. And when we have fought our last battle, and are lulled to sleep by the tattoo of death, may we be permitted to join head of column on the other side of the river, take part in the final review, and hear Thee say, well done good and faithful servant, and to Thy name shall be the praise Father, Son, and Spirit, Amen.

The ceremonies concluded with the decoration of the monument with the wreaths presented by the Pennsylvania Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania, in the usual form, with the dirge accompaniment pursued by the Grand Army.

Over the Battle Field.

The identification of localities on the "gory track from the Rapidan to the James" is by no means easy, aside from the

obliterations incident to the lapse of time. The routes by which the Virginia battle fields are now approached are usually by roads which, in the war days, were controlled by the enemy. The Union Soldier, consequently, when he reaches the field, if he remains on the highways, is upon roads with which he is not at all familiar. Moving by the Brock road, he is almost continuously until he crosses them, inside the enemy's works. Until he does cross them, goes beyond, and returns, he does not begin to strike localities that resemble old acquaintances.

During the afternoon parties drifted to points of interest specially prominent, as scenes of personal exploits or individual hard fighting, but by far the greater number congregated about the McCool House, Landrum's farm, and the Bloody Angle. A number, principally the Vermonters, strolled as far through the thick timber as the scene of Upton's famous charge on the 10th. All had ample time to satisfy the bent of their inclination, and by sundown were back again to Fredericksburg.

The evening passed with nothing of moment transpiring. The citizens again crowded the Court House, attracted by the announcement of the camp fire, to be conducted under the auspices of the ex-confederate soldiery. The absence of so many of them to attend the Baltimore Masonic demonstration necessitated its abandonment. Comrades Wray and Kay, however, happily entertained the audience for a few moments, and then dismissed it; their anticipations not altogether disappointed.

The Return.

The special excursion train moved off promptly at eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th; the number of excursionists not sensibly depleted by those who had preceded it or remained behind for further explorations.

Arriving at Washington at ten, the balance of the day, until 4 o'clock, was profitably spent in visiting a few of the many prominent attractions the little time at hand afforded.

Reception by the President.

At a little after one o'clock almost the entire delegation, scarce any one was absent, assembled in the east room of the White House; the President had designated 1.30 P. M. as the hour he would receive the association. It covered, in two ranks ranged on three sides, at least two-thirds of the entire east room.

At the hour named the President promptly appeared, and, after exchanging civilities with those of the general public, who were in waiting, he then devoted his attention to the veterans.

General Latta, in presenting the Association, said:

MR. PRESIDENT—I beg leave to present a body of the survivors of the Sixth Army Corps, organized as the Sedgwick Memorial Association. There are here representatives from every State from which the soldiers of that famous Corps came. Some of them have been Governors of their States, many have filled important public trusts, all are good, worthy citizens. They are returning from a pilgrimage to the spot on which their beloved commander fell in battle. That it may be preserved in patriotic memory, they have marked it with enduring stone; and in commemoration of the occasion they ask you to accept this little badge and ribbon, specially prepared to perpetuate the remembrance of the dedication. They are prompted to present this token as a slight mark of the high appreciation in which they hold the very beautiful, generous sentiments you so fittingly expressed in your personal communication to them, responsive to their invitation to join in their recent ceremonies.

The President pleasingly responded, and gratefully acknowledged the recognition. General Wright then proceeded to present each member of the Association individually.

This was the most suitable opportunity the soldiers had of personally greeting their old commander. Each as he passed shook the General's proffered hand most cordially.

At four o'clock the train was again on its way to the North, and before eight had landed its passengers at the Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Conclusion.

Thus ended a project worthily conceived, most generously supported, and promptly executed. As the initiative in substantial identification upon the soil of the States lately in rebellion of localities where distinguished patriots were killed in action, it may indicate the approach of emulative days among the survivors of the war to identify with enduring tablet others of the many like sacred spots that dot the land from the Mississippi to the seaboard. As the spontaneous expression of a sentiment prompted by a love of and admiration for the memory of a revered and cherished chieftain, it may tend, before the soldier generation shall all pass away, to stimulate to action like slumbering sentiments for others of the heroic dead. And as all the occurrences in the stirring times of war are none of them without historic interest, it may be hoped that the event itself, the memories it revived, the incidents it preserves, the facts it establishes, may be in some degree a contribution to the history of the momentous period it in part commemorates.



Members of the Sixth Corps at the Dedication.
(Meinhart Monument.)

Photo by Ellis & Co., Philad., Pa.

APPENDIX A.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,

Washington, April 28, 1887.

JOHN RODGERS,

Recording Secretary.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have to-day received an invitation, on behalf of the Sedgwick Memorial Association, to attend, on the 12th of May next, the dedication of a monument, which shall mark the spot where Major-General John Sedgwick was killed. The patriotic sentiment and devotion which erect among the busy throngs of life imposing monuments in memory of those who died in battle, supply proof of that love and appreciation of our soldier dead which is deeply interwoven as a part of our national life.

But when the ground is marked and set apart, where, in valorous fights, the blood was shed and the sacrifice of life was made which preserved us a nation—a holy shrine is erected, where all who love their country may devoutly worship. Elaborate shafts of marble fittingly remind us of our soldier dead and of their bravery and patriotism, but the touching service your Association contemplates, shall chasten all our thoughts of them, by pointing out on sacred ground the spot where blood was bravely shed and life was patriotically offered up.

With thanks to the Association for their remembrance of me at this time, and regretting that official duties will prevent my acceptance of the invitation tendered me,

I am yours, very truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA,

GOVERNOR'S OFFICE,

Richmond, Va., April 6, 1887.

MR. JOHN RODGERS,

Recording Secretary Sedgwick Memorial Association.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to attend the dedication of the monument to mark the spot where Major-General John Sedgwick was killed, near Spottsylvania Court-house, in 1864.

Unless prevented by official duties, I will avail myself of this opportunity to testify my respect to the memory of such a brave, capable, and honorable soldier.

I am with great respect,

Your obedient servant,

FITZHUGH LEE.

Richmond, Va., May 11, 1887.

TO. R. B. MERCHANT,

Editor of the *Star*, Fredericksburg, Va.

Say to officer in charge Sedgwick Monument services, that official matters, of vital importance, will prevent my being present at the ceremonies to-morrow. Am sorry I cannot testify in this way my respect for a brave and capable soldier, and a man who had the greatest reverence, while I was in the U. S. Army, as well as afterwards, when I was in the army that opposed him.

FITZHUGH LEE,

Governor of Virginia.

Annapolis, Md., April 23, 1887.

JOHN RODGERS,

Recording Secretary Sedgwick Memorial Association.

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your favor of April 15th, inviting me to participate in the

dedication of a monument to Major-General John Sedgwick, on the 12th of May. I regret that my engagements preclude the possibility of my attendance.

Very truly yours,

HENRY LLOYD,
Governor.

STATE OF NEW JERSEY,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
Trenton, 4th, 28th, 1887.

JOHN RODGERS, ESQ.,

Recording Secretary Sedgwick Memorial Association,

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your favor inviting me to attend the ceremonies connected with the dedication of the monument to the memory of Major-General John Sedgwick, at Spottsylvania, on the 12th of May next. I will do myself the honor to attend, if my public duties will permit, but have requested Adjutant-General Stryker to represent the State, in case I may not be able to be present.

Very truly yours,

ROB'T S. GREEN.

STATE OF VERMONT,
ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Burlington, April 30, 1887.

MR. JOHN RODGERS,

416 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR:—By direction of His Excellency, Hon. Ebenezer J. Ormsbee, Governor of the State of Vermont, I have the honor to say that he accepts the kind invitation of the Sedgwick Memorial Association of Philadelphia, to attend the dedication of a monument to mark the spot where Maj. Gen. John Sedgwick was killed in action at Spottsylvania

Court House, Va., which will take place May 12, 1887. His Excellency also directs me to say that he proposes to have a portion of his Staff join him, and that the party will number, in all, six or eight persons. Any information or instruction that you may be pleased to give me, I shall be glad to receive by early mail; in fact, I would be glad to receive a copy of the circular letter originally sent out by the Society, that I may post myself in details. Believe me, with personal regards,

Vey respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

T. S. PECK,

Adj't and Insp. General.

STATE OF OHIO,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR,

Columbus April 18, 1887.

JOHN RODGERS, ESQ.,

416 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR: I very greatly regret that my engagements are such as to make it impossible for me to attend, as otherwise it would give me great pleasure to do, the dedicatory services of the monument to be erected on the 12th of May, to commemorate the spot where Major-General Sedgwick was killed. Most heartily approving of your work, and wishing you a successful and enjoyable occasion, I remain,

Very respectfully yours,

J. B. FORAKER.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHSETTS,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Boston, April 18, 1887.

MR. JOHN RODGERS,

416 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Penna.

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your courteous favor by which you invite me to be present on the twelfth of May next at Spottsylvania Court House, Va., at the dedication of the monument to mark the spot where Major General John Sedgwick was killed in action.

Nothing would be more pleasing to me than to accept your invitation, but I regret to be obliged to say that I cannot do so, because of my official duties. There is every indication that the Legislature of this Commonwealth will still be in session at that time, and that alone would prevent my being so long away from the State as a visit to Virginia would require.

Regretting that my decision must be what it is, and hoping that the event, with the heroic and sacred memories that it will revive, will be of the most successful and profitable character.

I am, yours very respectfully,

OLIVER AMES.

STATE OF NEW YORK.
EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.

Albany, April 18, 1887.

JOHN RODGERS, ESQ.,

Recording Secretary.

DEAR SIR:—I am desired by Governor Hill to acknowledge your letter of April 15, inviting him, on behalf of "The Sedgwick Memorial Association," to be present at the dedication of the monument erected by it to General Sedgwick's memory, which is to take place on May 12 next.

The Governor greatly appreciates the invitation thus extended, but regrets that his other engagements are such that he will be unable to be present.

I am, very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM G. PRICE,

Private Secretary.

COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER.

Harrisburg, April 19, 1887.

MR. JOHN RODGERS,

416 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the fifteenth instant, inviting me to participate in the excursion and ceremonies attending the dedication of a monument to mark the spot where General John Sedgwick was killed, has been received. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to join you on the occasion referred to. Coming as it will, however, at the close of our Legislative session, and taking two or three days in the middle of the week, when I am specially busy, it will be impossible for me to join you. I greatly regret this, as I would especially enjoy an inspection of the ground from Fredericksburg to Spottsylvania Courthouse.

With thanks for your kind invitation, I am,

Very cordially yours,

JAMES A. BEAVER.

STATE OF CONNECTICUT.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

Hartford, May 4, 1887.

JAMES W. LATTA,

President Association.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your communication of the 21st, also one from Mr. Rodgers, dated April 15, duly received.

Governor Lounsbury directs me to extend to you and the Association his sincere thanks for the kind invitation to be present at the dedication of the Sedgwick Memorial, and say that he would anticipate with great pleasure the honor of uniting with you in the patriotic ceremony so justly deserved by this loved commander and brave soldier, but the adjournment of the General Assembly on Wednesday next is so doubtful at this writing, that he cannot promise his presence in Spottsylvania on the day following.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. P. McLEAN,
Ex. Sec.

STATE OF MAINE,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

Augusta, May 9, 1887.

JOHN RODGERS, ESQ.,

Secretary, etc., 416 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—I beg you to present my thanks to the Sedgwick Memorial Association for their invitation, so courteously communicated by yourself, to participate in the ceremonies attending the dedication of the Sedgwick Memorial Tablet, at Spottsylvania, on the 12th of the present month.

I have delayed writing until the present time, hoping that I might be able to arrange my business so as to avail myself of the opportunity of being present. I have just returned with the Maine Commissioners from Gettysburg, after an absence of seven days, and find that official duties will detain me here and deprive me of the great pleasure of being with you on so interesting an occasion. I am sure that the friends of liberty throughout the country will sustain you in your noble work. With considerations of the highest regard, I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully yours,

JOSEPH R. BODWELL,
Governor.

OFFICE OF THE MAYOR.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1887.

Mr. Edwin H. Fitler sincerely regrets that he is unable, owing to the press of official business, to accept the kind invitation of "The Sedgwick Memorial Association" to the dedication of the monument to mark the spot where Major-General John Sedgwick was killed in action.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES,

Washington, D. C., April 29, 1887.

MR. JOHN RODGERS,

Recording Secretary Sedgwick Memorial Association.

DEAR SIR:—The Eighteenth Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, which will be held here on the 11th and 12th of May, will prevent my absence from Washington on the day of the dedication of your monument to General Sedgwick at Spottsylvania. The courtesy of your invitation, however, is fully appreciated.

Yours truly,

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Lieutenant-General.

ARMY BUILDING,*New York, May 9, 1887.*

JOHN RODGERS, ESQ.,

Recording Secretary Sedgwick Memorial Association.

DEAR SIR:—Upon my return to your city, I find an invitation from your hands, on behalf of the above Association, asking my presence at the unveiling of the Monument, erected to Major-General John Sedgwick, on Alsop's farm, near Spottsylvania Court-house, Va., on the 12th inst.

It is with great regret I find it impossible to be present on that memorable occasion, a positive engagement demanding my attention in Washington on that day.

With assurances of my profound sympathy in your noble cause, I am, with great respect,

Yours, very truly,

W. T. SHERMAN,

General.

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO,

April 18, 1887.

MAJ. JONATHAN T. RORER,

Hatborough, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—I have your favor of the 12th inst., kindly inviting me to attend the dedication of the Sedgwick monument, to be erected upon the spot where he fell, at Spottsylvania, Va., on the 12th prox.

It would be one of the great pleasures of my life to meet you and my other comrades of the Sixth Corps on that occasion, but on the same day I am expected to deliver an address in Washington city, at the unveiling of the statue to General Garfield; so, you see, it will be quite impossible for me to be with you.

I would like to go to the battlefield of Spottsylvania and visit the "dead angle," and there see what evidence remains of the death-struggle between the two contending armies; and I would like still more to go with you and others over the bloody battlefield of the Wilderness and look over the ground where so many were killed and wounded, and where I, myself, received a most serious wound. This will be impossible now.

Should you be in Washington city on the 11th or 12th, it would be very pleasant to have a call from you. Perhaps I can see you as you pass through the city on the 11th, as I expect to be there at that time.

Yours, truly,

J. WARREN KEIFER.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,

BUREAU OF PENSIONS,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

May 9th, 1887.

JOHN RODGERS, ESQ.,

416 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FRIEND AND COMRADE:—I have this day received your kindly invitation of May 7th, inviting me to be present at the unveiling of the monument to Major-General John Sedgwick at the spot of his death. I regret that I shall not be able to comply with your invitation.

Monumental marking was unnecessary; Sedgwick's fame is better secured by the affection of the men of his Corps, and his associates in war, than it can be in uncrumbling granite; and history will preserve the record of a very gallant soldier and true gentleman.

I lay this feeble tribute in the wreath that will be made for him upon the occasion of the dedication.

Very truly yours,

JOHN C. BLACK.

 COUNTY CLERK'S OFFICE,

HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.,

Jersey City, April, 1887.

TO JAMES W. LATTA,

436 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:—I received some time since a circular relating to the movement to erect a monument on the spot where General Sedgwick fell. I have reason to be greatly interested in the project, as I was present at the time, and an eye-witness to the whole transaction.

It was on the ninth day of May, 1864, the 14th New Jersey Volunteers, in which I was at the time a lieutenant, occupied

the breastworks at Spottsylvania; there was no fighting on our part of the line at the time, and we were unmolested, excepting by a sharpshooter, who had been amusing himself and annoying us by sending a bullet over the works at intervals; two at least of our men had been wounded by him, and General Morris, commanding our Brigade, had been wounded, doubtless by the same fellow, who was so far away that we could not hear the report or even see the smoke of his rifle, but judged, from the location of the country in his direction, that he must be in a tree. As I was sitting against the works, dozing, I suddenly saw General Sedgwick emerge from the woods, some twenty-five feet to our rear, and stand in open view, looking toward the enemy; he was accompanied by one member of his staff; after he had been there a few moments, a bullet "zipped" in close proximity to him, and at the same time one of our men, who was changing his position from the left to the right, dropped on one knee at the General's feet, and looking in his face, said:

"General, you had better be careful; there is a sharpshooter over there, and he might hit you."

The General looked down at the man, and touching him with his foot, said:

"You must not mind that fellow; he couldn't hit an elephant from that distance."

In a few moments the General was hit, just under the left cheek-bone, and near the left side of the nose. I was looking at him at the time, and saw and heard the bullet strike him. He fell flat on his back among the undergrowth; as he struck the ground, the blood spurted from the wound at least a foot and a half, and saturated the bushes. The staff officer with him knelt at his side, and placed his handkerchief over the wound. The General was picked up and carried through the woods to the rear. One of our men crawled to the spot and came back with his hat, and another got his riding-whip; an orderly, came soon after and took both of these away with him. As I was sitting looking at the spot where he fell, I could see the

blood trickling from leaf to leaf through the brush where his head had laid to the ground. I crawled to the spot, and with my knife cut down the bush, which was still wet with his life-blood, and going back to my former position, I let it dry in the sun, after which I cut out a crotch, about five inches long, in the shape of the letter Y. I smoothed both of the ends, cut a Sixth Corps cross through the bark on one prong, and whittling one side of the shank flat, cut the date into the wood—MAY 9—this I still have on the mantel at home, and am daily reminded of the scene, and think of the cold-blooded manner in which our gallant commander was killed.

I am trying to make arrangements to be present at the ceremonies on the twelfth of May. I have a great curiosity to see if I can recognize the spot. Wishing you success in your undertaking, and hoping to be present,

I remain yours, respectfully,

JOHN G. FISHER,

Late Lieut. 14th N. J. Vols.

CORNWALL HOLLOW, CONN.,

May 5, 1837.

TO GENERAL JAMES W. LATTA,
Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:—Pardon me for not answering your letter of April 23d before, but absence from home and sickness has prevented my doing so. I have been quite ill, but am now better, and hope, if the weather is favorable, to be in Philadelphia on Wednesday next, when I will call on you.

In relation to General Sedgwick's ancestry, we have a local history, which gives a full account of our family, and which I will bring with me.

The first pilgrim of the name of Sedgwick, was Major *Robert Sedgwick*, who settled in Charlestown, Mass., in 1637. He was a prominent man in the colony for nearly twenty

years. When Cromwell came into power in England, he invited Major Sedgwick back, and gave him command of an expedition to the island of Jamaica, where he died, in 1656, leaving three sons. *William*, the youngest, located in Hartford, Conn., where he married the daughter of Parson Stone. His only son, *Samuel*, located in West Hartford, where he raised a family of ten children; the youngest, *Benjamin*, located in Cornwall Hollow, in 1748; and this place I now occupy, has been in the hands of my family ever since. *Benjamin* died in 1787, leaving six children, three sons and three daughters. *John*, the eldest, was the ancestor of the *General*. He was a remarkable man in many respects. He served in the Revolutionary War for seven years; was Major in the 2d Connecticut Regiment, and afterwards was General of the Militia forces of the State. He is known in the family as the "*Old General*," and he was a man of strong natural force, who was prominent in political and local matters here for years. He died in 1820.

The late General Sedgwick was born September 13, 1813. Tradition has it, that he was a favorite of the "*Old General*," who used to take him around with him a good deal. It is said that when the boy was asked his name, he would reply: "*General John Sedgwick*."

Who knows but that the influence of the old grandfather had much to do in influencing the after-life of his grandson?

The late General's father, *Benjamin*, was a farmer, and lived and died on this farm; the two brothers of the "*Old General*" became prominent. *Theodore*, who located at Stockbridge, Mass., was Speaker of the first Congress under the Constitution, and is known as Judge Sedgwick, and "the friend of Washington."

Pardon me for giving you so much family history. Could I see you, I could give you many anecdotes, etc., of the late General, but perhaps this will answer, as far as it goes.

Truly yours,

HARRY SEDGWICK.

FOREST GLEN, MD., *April 25, 1887.*

JOHN RODGERS, Esq.,
Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter, with enclosure, of the 15th inst. is received.

I esteem it a very distinguished honor to be associated, in any manner, with the memory of that gallant and able soldier, the late Major General John Sedgwick, and accept, with pleasure, the post of one of the Vice-Presidents of the Memorial Association, for which you inform me I have been recently selected.

It affords me pleasure to add, that I will be present, if my health will permit, at the Dedictory Ceremonies on the 12th proximo. I will join the members of the Association at Washington when they pass through that place en route to Fredericksburg, &c.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

G. W. GETTY,
Brevet Major General U. S. A.

FLORENCE, ITALY, *May 6, 1887.*

MR. JOHN RODGERS,
436 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:—Your letter of April 15th, informing me that I have been elected one of the Vice Presidents of "The Sedgwick Memorial Association," reached me this morning. Under more favorable circumstances it would have given me the greatest of pleasure to have accepted this courtesy, and to have been present at the ceremonies on May 9th. As it is, I can only express my regret that my absence from the United States renders acceptance impossible. Enclosed please find a check for a very modest amount, in furtherance of the object of the Association, and believe me

Yours, very respectfully,

TRUMAN SEYMOUR,
U. S. Army.

FORT NIAGARA, N. Y., *Jan. 20, 1887.*

GEN'L JAS. W. LATTA.

MY OLD FRIEND:—I am, indeed, pleased to renew the friendship of the old, never to be forgotten, times, and especially to respond with my whole soul to the call you make. It is our bounden duty to mark the spot where our beloved and gallant chieftain fell, and you and your confreres deserve credit for the move.

I am President of my old First New Jersey Volunteer Association, and I wish you would send me, say fifty, if you can spare them, of the circulars. I will send them to the leading men of the old Brigade, and will, at the same time, make an appeal to them through the press of the State, which I think will have the effect of increasing your exchequer.

Trusting this will find you in the best of health, and in the midst of prosperity, and with kind remembrances to all Comrades, I remain

Yours, sincerely,

WM. H. PENROSE,

Brevet Brigadier General U. S. A.

BOSTON, *March 7, 1887.*

GEN. JAMES W. LATTA,

434 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Penn.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I have your letter of the 5th inst., enclosing circular of the Sedgwick Memorial at Spottsylvania, and I hand you herewith my check for \$25. I have no means of knowing what the subscriptions have been, but should like to know how you are progressing in this very good object, in which I heartily sympathize. I should like exceedingly to be present at the dedication, but I am afraid that it will be impossible, as it is a very bad time of year for me to get away.

Yours, very truly,

CHAS. A. WHITTIER.

Very glad to hear from you.

DRIFTON, PA., *April 13, 1887.*

JOHN RODGERS, ESQ.,
Secretary Sedgwick Memorial Association.

DEAR SIR:—I have just received your letter with the circulars of the Sedgwick Memorial Association. This is the first notice I have had of the project, of which I heartily approve, and I regret that I did not know of it sooner, so that I could have done anything in my power to assist.

I enclose a check for ten dollars, and would like to be enrolled as a member of the Association. Unless something unforeseen should prevent, I hope to be able to go to the dedication at Spottsylvania on May 1st, and have so written to Mr. Johnson, Chairman of Executive Committee.

Yours, truly,
ARTHUR McCLELLAN.

1203 N STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON,

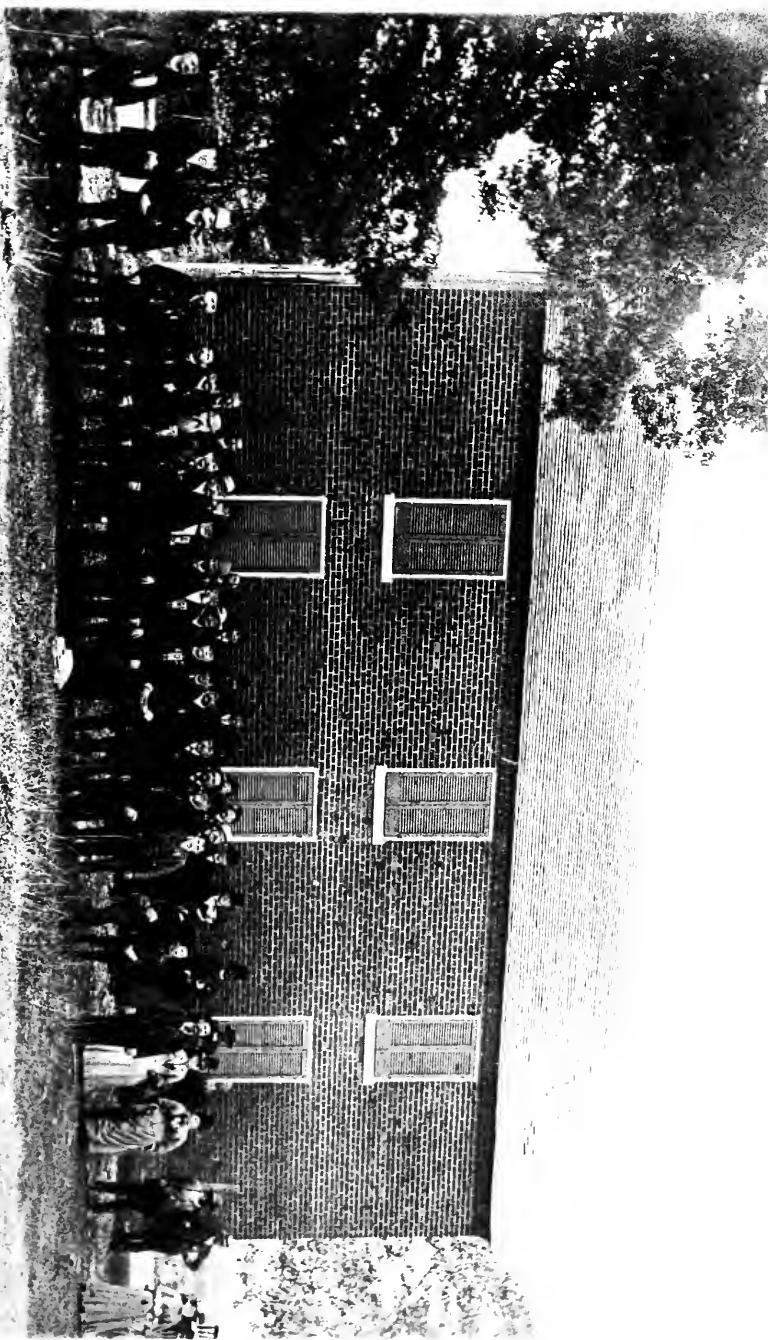
April 15, 1887.

JOHN RODGERS, ESQ.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter informing me that the Association for the erection of a Monument to the memory of the gallant Commander of the Sixth Corps, General John Sedgwick, had done me the honor to select me to preside at the ceremony of unveiling and dedicating the Monument on the 12th May, prox. This honor I fully appreciate, and shall serve with pleasure.

Very truly yours,

H. G. WRIGHT.



Salem Church.
(on Battle Field.)

Photo by Elio & Co., Phila., Pa.

May 30, 1887.

W. J. WRAY, ESQ.,

MY DEAR SIR:—I spent the evening of May 6, 1884, with General Grant, at his house, in Sixty-sixth street, New York. It was the day of the failure of Grant & Ward, and an occasion when I felt that his friends ought to be at his side. To my surprise I found that he believed the suspension of his firm and of the Marine Bank were merely temporary embarrassments, and that all would be right in a few days. Our conversation therefore drifted to old war times, and he told me how General Sedgwick was killed. He said that he and Meade rode out to the front of the Sixth Corps, where they met Sedgwick putting a battery in position, and asked him to accompany them. He excused himself, saying he was very busy at the moment, and Grant and Meade rode out towards the enemy's position, but were not fired at. After an absence of a few minutes they rode back and found that Sedgwick in the meantime had been killed, but Grant said it was always a mystery to him where the shot came from, as he and Meade, although much closer to the enemy's line, had not supposed themselves within range. Shortly after his return to Headquarters General Dent also returned, and first learned of the death of the man to whom he had just delivered the message referred to in his letter. This accounts for Grant having the news before Dent.

I had a Brigade at Army Headquarters at that time, near the Alsop House, camped in a pine grove. The body of the dead hero was sent to me by General Meade, and the boys laid it in state upon a temporary bier covered by an arbor of evergreens, and at the four corners of this resting place stood four soldiers of the 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers, with arms reversed, until the remains of poor "Uncle John" were taken north.

Respectfully yours,

CHARLES H. T. COLLIS,

Colonel 114th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Brevet Major General Volunteers.

Ex-Governor Minor, Connecticut :

Stamford, April 9, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am glad that there is one man in our State that will take the trouble, with his other cares, to raise a fund to erect a monument on the spot where her bravest and best General laid down his life for his country. I am only too glad to add my contribution to the *Telegram* fund. You have my sincere wishes for your success in the generous undertaking.

Yours, truly,

WILLIAM T. MINOR.

D. C. BIRDSALL, ESQ.

Ex-Governor Ingersoll, Connecticut :

New Haven, April 19, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR:—I gladly contribute to the Sedgwick memorial fund. "Without fear and without reproach," General Sedgwick was, whether in peace or war, an honor to Connecticut, and the popular effort in which you are engaged, in commemoration of him, has my very warmest wishes for its success.

Yours, truly,

C. R. INGERSOLL.

D. C. BIRDSALL, ESQ., Hartford *Telegram*.

Norfolk, Conn., April 17, 1887.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TELEGRAM:"

Enclosed is one dollar, to contribute to the Sedgwick memorial tablet, which I believe is all that you receive from any one person, but which seems very small to express my appreciation of this effort to honor and perpetuate the name and memory of one who not only deserved it from his

country, but who was especially worthy in his private life and character.

I desire to thank you, not only for myself, but for my wife, who is a sister of General Sedgwick, for the deep interest you have taken in this noble work, with the influence of your paper, and the energy and well-directed efforts by which you have contributed to it.

In haste, yours, with respect,

WILLIAM W. WELCH.

HARTFORD, CONN., *June 8, 1887.*

GEN. JAMES W. LATTA,

President, &c., Philadelphia, Penn.

DEAR GENERAL LATTA:—I have received your letter of the 3d inst.

I would have taken great satisfaction in being present at the ceremonies connected with the dedication of the Memorial Tablet to General Sedgwick. But, as I had already informed you, my health was not good enough to justify so long a trip at the time, and my business, too, interfered.

But, by a mournful coincidence, my dear old friend and classmate, General H. F. Clarke, U. S. Army, who had been the Commissary General of the Army of the Potomac during its whole existence, died on May 10th. I attended his funeral as pall-bearer at Washington on the 12th of May, the very day that the Sedgwick Memorial was dedicated, so that I would have been prevented from attending the Dedication, whatever might have been my intention in the matter.

No two men were more attached to each other than were Generals Sedgwick and Clarke. As Lieutenants they served in the same Artillery Battery, and their friendship existed until General Sedgwick's glorious, but untimely, death.

It was surely a strange and touching coincidence that at the very time the Memorial Ceremonies were going on at the place

where General Sedgwick so nobly died, the last honors were paid to his life-long friend and comrade, General H. F. Clarke. It is not often that friends are required on the same day to grieve over the loss of two such noble men and gallant soldiers. Those who knew them best mourned them most deeply, and I am glad, now that both are dead, to mingle their names in this poor attempt to show my appreciation and love for both of them.

Very truly yours,

W. B. FRANKLIN.

New York, June 29, 1887.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—I send, as you request, a detailed narration of the circumstances attending the death of Major-General John Sedgwick on the battlefield near Spottsylvania on the 9th of May, 1864.

On the day previous the Sixth Army Corps had made a rapid march under orders to move to the support of Major-General Warren, of the Fifth Corps, who was then in front of the enemy's lines, near Spottsylvania Court House. We arrived there about five o'clock in the evening, and passed the rest of the day in getting into position on the left of the Fifth Corps. After nightfall General Sedgwick rode back into an open field near General Warren's headquarters, and, with his staff, laid down on the grass and slept until daylight. Shortly after daylight, without breakfast, he moved out upon his line of battle. We had no tents or breakfast during that night or morning. The General made some necessary changes, and gave a few unimportant orders, and sat down with me upon a hard-tack box with his back resting against one of the smaller trees, a little in the rear of where the monument now stands. The men, one hundred feet in front, were just finishing a line of rifle pits, which ran to the right of a section of artillery, which occupied a somewhat obtuse angle in our line. The

First New Jersey Brigade was in advance of this line of rifle pits, protecting the work while in progress against any attack from the other side.

After this brigade had been withdrawn, by direction of the General, through a little opening left in the rifle pits for this purpose to the left of the pieces of artillery, the General, who had watched the operation, resumed his seat on the hard-tack box. I sat down beside him, and we were engaged in conversation. He seemed a little less cheerful than usual, and commenced talking about members of his staff in very complimentary terms. He was an inveterate tease, and I at once suspected that he had some joke on the staff which he was leading up to; and when he said "I think I have got the best staff in the Army of the Potomac," I, believing that this was part of the joke which he had in reserve, replied, with pretended seriousness, "General, I don't know about that, but I do know that you have the best chief of staff in the army." He laughed, and said in a manner so kindly as to remove all doubt of his earnestness, "No, no; I am serious." Then he spoke in the most kindly and complimentary way of Major T. W. Hyde, of the Seventh Maine, who was Provost Marshal of the corps, and of Colonel J. Ford Kent, U. S. A., Inspector General, as gallant young soldiers, and was about to mention others in the same strain when he was interrupted by observing that the troops, who had during this time been filing from the left into the rifle pits, had come to a halt, and were lying down, while the left of the line partly overlapped the position of the section of artillery. He stopped abruptly and said, "That is wrong; those troops must be moved further to the right; I don't wish them to overlap that battery." I started out to execute the order, and he arose at the same moment, and we sauntered out slowly, and stood within three or four feet of the trail of the right gun.

Here let me say, that about an hour before I had remarked to the General, pointing to the two pieces in a half jesting manner, which he well understood, "General, do you see that

section of artillery? well, you are not to go near it to-day." He answered good-naturedly "McMahon, I would like to know who commands this corps, you or I." I said, playfully, "Well, General, sometimes I am in doubt myself," but added, "seriously, General, I beg of you not to go to that angle; every officer who has shown himself there has been hit, both yesterday and to-day." He answered, quietly, "Well, I don't know that there is any reason for my going there." When, afterwards we walked out to the position indicated, this conversation had entirely escaped the memory of both.

I gave the necessary order to move the troops to the right, and as they rose to execute the movement the enemy opened a sprinkling fire, partly from sharpshooters. As the bullets whistled by, some of the men dodged. The General said, laughingly, "What! what! men, dodging this way for single bullets! what will you do when they open fire along the whole line? I am ashamed of you. They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." A few seconds after, a man who had been separated from his regiment passed directly in front of the General, and at the same moment a sharpshooters' bullet passed with a long shrill whistle very close, and the soldier, who was then just in front of the General, dodged to the ground. The General touched him gently with his foot, and said, "Why, my man, I am ashamed of you, dodging that way," and repeated the remark, "they couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." The man got up and saluted, and said, good-naturedly, "General, I dodged a shell once, and if I hadn't dodged, it would have taken my head clean off. I believe in dodging."

The General and some of the men in the rifle pits who had heard the remark laughed, and the General replied "all right my man; go to your place."

Another of the same kind of bullets passed while I was standing talking to the General in a low voice, about something which I have never since been able to recall. Then a third time the same shrill whistle closing with a dull heavy

stroke interrupted me, and I remember distinctly that I commenced to say, "General, they are firing explosive bullets," when his face turned slowly to me and the blood spurting from his left cheek under the eye in a steady stream, brought to me the first knowledge of our great disaster. He fell in my direction, and I was so close to him that my effort to support him failed, and I went to the ground with him.

Colonel Charles H. Tompkins, Chief of the Artillery, was standing within a few feet of our right and a little to the rear. He heard my exclamation as the General fell, and, turning, shouted to his brigade surgeon, Dr. Ohlenschlager. Major Charles A. Whittier, Major T. W. Hyde, and Lieutenant Colonel Kent, who had been grouped near by, surrounded the General as he lay, but never a word did he utter. The same smile remained upon his lips that he wore in the last moment of his mortal life. The doctor was handed a canteen, taken from one of the men. He poured water over the General's face. The blood still spurted upwards in a little fountain, and fell back in his hair, which was already saturated with it. The men in the long line of rifle pits, retaining their places from force of discipline, were all kneeling with heads raised and faces turned towards the scene, for it had already passed along the line with that mysterious rapidity with which great sorrows are communicated, that the greatest of afflictions with which it could be visited, greater even than a defeat in battle, for this the army of the Potomac could repair at any time, had befallen the Sixth Corps and the country.

I was recalled to a sense of duty by General Ricketts, next in command, who had arrived on the spot, and informed me, as Chief of Staff, that he declined to assume command of the corps, inasmuch as he knew that it was General Sedgwick's desire, if anything should happen to him, that General Horatio G. Wright, of the third division, should succeed him. General Ricketts requested therefore that I communicate at once with General Meade, in order that the necessary order should be issued.

I mounted my horse and rode almost blindly in the direction of General Meade's headquarters. I arrived by mistake at General Grant's. The news had not yet reached them, and I communicated it to General Rawlins and other staff officers as they stood around.

I rode on to General Meade's headquarters, and found that he had ridden to the front. I will not soon forget the scene as I entered General Seth Williams' tent. There were present there General Williams, General H. J. Hunt, Colonel E. R. Platt, and I believe General Rufus Ingalls, and one or two others. As I entered with the blood still showing plainly, General Williams said one word, "Sedgwick." I could not answer, nor was it necessary, for each one in the tent burst into tears and wept like children at a father's death-bed. I returned at once to the scene of sorrow, and met General Meade on the way. He had already heard the sad intelligence, and had issued the order placing General Wright in command. Further on I met the ambulance bringing the dead General's body, followed by his sorrowing staff. The body was taken back to General Meade's headquarters, and not into any house. A bower was built for it of evergreens, where, upon a rustic bier, it lay until nightfall. All day long officers and soldiers, the old and the young, the well and the wounded, came to the dead soldier's side and left it with moist eyelids.

General Meade had at first directed that I should accompany the body to its last home. Subsequently, at the request of General Wright, he changed the order, but directed me to detail such of the staff as I thought proper to accompany the remains. I named the senior aid, Major Charles A. Whittier and the other two personal aids, Captain Beaumont, U. S. A., and Captain Halstead, A. D. C. These gentlemen took the body to Washington, where it was embalmed, and afterwards to its last home in Cornwall Hollow, Connecticut.

I have given you, with perfect recollection of all the facts stated, the circumstances of General Sedgwick's death somewhat in detail, because some unimportant errors were made in

the statements which accompanied the unveiling of the monument at Spottsylvania. No conversation other than what I have detailed took place at the time immediately preceding the General's fall. He had not breakfasted with any one that morning in his tent, because he had neither tent nor breakfast. He had been invited during the previous night to share the hospitality of General Warren's headquarters, but declined, preferring to sleep on the ground.

I congratulate you upon the success of the Association in erecting such a beautiful tribute to the dead soldier's memory, on the ground he consecrated with his blood.

Very sincerely yours,

M. T. McMAHON,

Late Chief of Staff, 6th Army Corps.

TO GENERAL JAMES W. LATTA,

President of Sedgwick Memorial Association.

WILMINGTON, DEL., *June 28, 1887.*

JAMES W. LATTA, ESQ.,

DEAR SIR:—Your first letter came while I was away, and I did not answer it, as I thought it would be too late to serve your purpose. General Sedgwick relieved me in the command of the Sixth Army Corps, and General Franklin and myself, who had organized and disciplined the corps, and loved it, were quite satisfied with the hands into which it had fallen. That General Sedgwick was beloved by his command, and that under him it fought gallantly on many a field is as sure a proof of his great qualities as can be required. In his death the corps and the Army of the Potomac suffered a great loss. The estimation in which his memory is to-day held by all who served under him makes a better monument than any wrought in bronze or marble.

Faithfully yours,

WM. F. SMITH.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND INFANTRY.

FORT OMAHA, NEBRASKA,

June 19, 1887.

GENERAL J. W. LATTA.

MY DEAR LATTA:—I was away from home when your polite invitation came to join you in visiting the spot where our lamented Chief, John Sedgwick, fell at Spottsylvania. I certainly would have been with you if it had been possible. We can never do too much to show the country our affection and admiration for that grand old hero, whose memory is precious to all Sixth Corps survivors. I wish I could be with you at this great re-union, but find it impossible to do so.

Yours, affectionately,

FRANK WHEATON.

A contribution from Major-General D. N. Couch :

Our war with Mexico, '45-'48, was the nursery for the making of most of the leaders who appeared on both sides during the war of the rebellion.

Yet, with but very few exceptions, none of these generals held, during the Mexican War, a rank higher than that of lieutenant or captain. It was from this body of officers, who were wholly without experience in the handling of large forces, that the Government, in 1861, had to select its commanders of brigades, divisions, and armies.

There was, however, in the service history of those officers, much to give encouragement to the belief that they would be found able to bear the great responsibilities so suddenly thrust upon them.

It is reported that General Scott said, after his final successful contest before the City of Mexico: "I owe my wonderful victories to the persistency and bravery of the young company officers of the army."

This was well merited praise, for in all military history there never was assembled a body of troops of the same size, where there were so many brilliant, solid subalterns, and from whose numbers there subsequently came such an array of distinguished generals as were found in the army of 8,000 led by Scott into the valley of Mexico.

First Lieutenant John Sedgwick, of the 2d Artillery, was a prominent figure in this band of heroes, he having served with distinction from the landing at Vera Cruz to the final assault and capture of the City of Mexico. He was brevetted for gallantry at the battle of Chapultepec.

As my service with General Scott's army began after his fighting had ended, I did not personally meet with Sedgwick in that country, but he had earned for himself so creditable a fame that on the arrival of my regiment at Fort Monroe, in the summer of 1848, where he had preceded me, I met him as though we were old friends. Not so taciturn and grave as at times he appeared during the Rebellion, when the responsibilities and cares of his position claimed their own; he was kindly gracious, particularly to the younger officers; everybody liked him.

From Fort Monroe our paths diverged, and I did not see him, excepting for a moment, until Fair Oaks, where his division, under Sumner, came so timely to my rescue.

Among the incidents of this battle, about 9 o'clock the next morning, General McClellan came on the field where Sumner, Richardson, Sedgwick, and myself were watching the action then going on; after a brief statement from Sumner, of the condition of things, McClellan said: "Can't we make such a movement," making a sweep with his hand, as indicative of what might be a successful attack. Sumner made no reply, neither did the rest of us. As it turned out, McClellan had the right conception, which, if it had been followed up, his army could have gone into Richmond.

During the motions of the Army of the Potomac, preliminary to the battle of Chancellorsville, General Hooker explained

to me his plans for the campaign, including the role that he assigned Sedgwick to perform. While riding back to camp, and revolving over what had been imparted to me, I said to myself, that Sedgwick could never carry out such impracticable conditions as were imposed upon him, and I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

We all know how well he did his duty in this contest, having with a masterly generalship extricated his command from the meshes of a net which he had no hand in weaving.

After Chancellorsville, the morning on which the Army of the Potomac was retired behind the Rappahannock, Sedgwick and myself joined while returning to our old camps down the river. Of course there could be but one subject of conversation—the campaign. Both agreed that Hooker's removal was but a question of a short time; the next thing was, who would be his successor; I named Meade as the one whom I thought as the best fitted of the corps commanders, to fill the place. To my surprise, Sedgwick made no reply to this, and from his subsequent remarks I was led to believe that he was not averse to having the place himself. It is possible, however, that I misunderstood him, for it has been recently stated in the *Century*, I think, that he did not wish to have command of the Army of the Potomac.

Brave, noble, unostentatious Major-General John Sedgwick! Your simplicity of character is not the least feature of your greatness. Beloved by the Sixth Corps, your name is revered in your native State, Connecticut, a mother of heroes, for you practised the religion of how best could you serve your country.

D. N. C.

APPENDIX B.

Camp Fire.

"We have shared our blankets and tents together,
We have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been—
We had days of battle and days of rest,
But the memory that clings to us best,
We have drunk from the same canteen."

—*Miles O'Reilly.*

A most enjoyable camp fire was held on Wednesday evening, at the old Court House, in Fredericksburg. It had been kindly tendered by the town authorities; every available space was occupied by the Sixth Corps veterans and citizens of the town, many of whom were ex-Confederates. Among the number was Mayor Hazard, with his wife; over 100 ladies were present to grace the occasion.

Comrade Wm. J. Wray, 23d Pennsylvania Volunteers, of Philadelphia, who had been detailed as Master of Ceremonies, opened the exercises promptly at 8 o'clock, in a brief introductory. "Ladies and friends, comrades of the Sixth Corps," said he, "we shall endeavor to entertain you with a camp fire. It may be well to explain, for the information of those who have never attended one, that on these occasions we have no printed programmes; that calls will be made upon those present for speeches, songs, recitations, army reminiscences, etc., and while we have a list of talent that would keep the fire burning until 4 in the morning, we do not intend to continue in session that length of time; as we are in a well regulated community we will endeavor to adjourn about 10.30 P. M.;" continuing, the Chair stated he hoped there would be no declination when a name on the list was called to respond, but asked that their expressions be brief, of interest and

entertaining; he was more than pleased to see such a crowded house, and thanked those present for their attendance. He was proud and glad to announce that the tablet the Association had come to dedicate on the morrow to the memory of "Uncle John" was erected, and that all bills were paid. He then, in most complimentary terms, stated that the Governor of Vermont had honored the visitation by his presence, with his entire staff of stalwart Green Mountain sons, some of whom had had the honor to serve in the famous Vermont Brigade that every Sixth Corps veteran was proud of, and it gave him great pleasure to introduce Governor Ormsbee, of Vermont. Amid cheers and applause the Governor passed to the front, and after thanking the Chair for the complimentary introduction and the audience for their enthusiastic reception, he, in most eloquent language, expressed his feelings in being permitted to be present to add his tribute of love and affection to the old commander of the Sixth Corps, General Sedgwick, closing in beautiful words of admiration for the kindly spirit that prevailed in the old battle-scarred town.

After music had been rendered by the Eagle Cornet Band of Fredericksburg, which had specially re-organized for the occasion, the Chair stated that when the monument movement began it was learned there was no band at Fredericksburg, but it was promised that the old one would revive itself, and it was found on their arrival the promise had been fulfilled. The Association had enjoyed their appropriate music on the march from the train and now again at the camp fire, but the Committee, in order not to "get left," had brought a comrade with them from Philadelphia, who was a whole band in himself, and amid laughter introduced comrade Tom Kay, of Philadelphia, who, in his inimitable way, entertained the audience with comic song and dialect that made the old Court House ring with shouts of merriment.

The chair then stated that the originator of the movement to mark the spot where Sedgwick fell was present in the room, and as he was the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the

Memorial Association, it was an opportune time to have him announce from whence had come the support that consummated his patriotic project; as one of the Committee he desired to say that he never had the honor to serve under a more able executive officer than comrade George W. Johnson, of Philadelphia. Amid applause the comrade came up on the platform and read a very concise summary, by States and regiments, of the amounts contributed, particularly specifying that among the list of contributors to the Sedgwick Tablet Fund were a number of ex-Confederates of Fredericksburg City and Spottsylvania County.

When comrade Johnson concluded, the Chair announced the presence of a comrade who had served with distinction in command of one of the famous batteries of the Sixth Corps—"Cowan's Battery,"—and who at the close of the war had had the honor to command all the artillery of the Corps; he had come all the way from Louisville, Ky., to add his presence to the occasion. He then introduced Colonel Andrew Cowan, who was received with shouts of generous welcome. The Colonel, after returning thanks for the hearty greeting, briefly expressed himself in happy and eloquent words. He was proud to stand in the presence of so much distinction and intelligence, men whom he had stood in the lines with, men whom he had battled against, and it made his heart feel glad to see the survivors of the old Sixth Corps and those of the ex-Confederates enjoying in friendly unison an occasion that developed such a goodly fellowship.

It was then stated by the Chair that a distinguished ex-confederate, who had the honor to have served on Stonewall Jackson's staff, now a revered and respected clergyman, ministering to a prominent and influential charge in Fredericksburg, had left his congregation, then at worship, to say a few words of kindly greeting. He then introduced the Rev. James P. Smith. His reception was enthusiastic. After thanking the Chair for the reference to his old chief, Stonewall, and the audience for the warm reception that greeted him, he

spoke of his close personal association with that officer, and stated that he was by his side when he received his mortal wound in that frightful carnage at Chancellorsville. He said it had been his privilege to participate in most of the battles of the Army of Northern Virginia, and he had found that of all the days of his army experience, for severe, hard, continuous infantry fighting, that of the twelfth day of May, 1864, was the heaviest, at what the Yankees called the Bloody Angle, or what was known on the Confederate side as the Bloody Bend. He recalled an incident of the fight—during one of the charges they had captured some Yankee prisoners, and the fire being very hot, they could not get them to the rear, and were lying with the men close up to the breastworks. One of their general officers, a brave and distinguished soldier, who was afflicted with nervous twitching of his ears had been captured, when Hancock brilliantly swept their works; he asked one of the prisoners if he had seen him in the Yankees lines, when, much to his surprise, the prisoner broke out in a hearty laugh; as he could see nothing laughable, amid that harvest of death, he inquired the cause of his merriment, when the Yank exclaimed, “I don’t know whether I saw the General or not, but of all the queer things I ever saw, was a Confederate officer of high rank in our lines, just before you captured me, trying to brush flies off the back part of his head with his ears.” This description graphically answered the inquiry. He had undoubtedly seen the captured General. That night he told the Yankee prisoner’s story to the staff; it was heartily enjoyed. Many, many times after the good General was exchanged was he joked about it. He remembered that the Sixth Corps were hard fighters, as he had stood before them on several very trying occasions, and he was glad to meet them in civil life, and to congratulate them upon the completion of their work of love to the memory of their brave and highly distinguished Corps Commander, General Sedgwick.

It was then stated by the Chair that several months ago the Capitol Buildings, at Trenton, New Jersey, caught fire, and

the old battle flags of the Jersey Brigade were in danger of being destroyed, when a comrade, now present, who had served in the Corps, whom Governor Green, of New Jersey, had kindly detailed to represent that State on this occasion, led a forlorn hope through the burning buildings, and rescued the flags, and it gave him great pleasure to introduce Adjutant General Stryker, of New Jersey. As the representative of New Jersey came to the front he was repeatedly cheered, and in fervid and eloquent terms spoke of the high honor accorded in the opportunity afforded him to say a few words in behalf of New Jersey veterans who had served with credit in a Corps which, as history was now writing of its deeds, might fairly be known as the "Old Guard" of the Potomac Army.

The jubilee singers, of Fredericksburg, whom Colonel Bob Orr had captured in the town, known as The Big Seven, dressed in their Sunday clothes, came on the platform and rendered several old time Southern melodies, creating enjoyment and evoking applause.

The Chair then announced that the President of the Association, who had labored so hard to make the Sedgwick movement the grand success that it was, he would request him, in any way that best suited himself, to express the thanks of the Association for such a large attendance of the Corps and the citizens, or to say whatever else he pleased, and introduced General James W. Latta, of Philadelphia, President of the Sedgwick Memorial Association. His reception was quite demonstrative, and when, amid the applause, he found opportunity to speak, he thanked the large and appreciative audience for their presence, the speakers, for their cordial and generous sentiments, congratulated the townfolk upon the evidences of prosperity everywhere apparent, and, in a jovial way, related a correspondence he recently had with an ex-Confederate residing at New Orleans, reciting the story of army days, in which his Confederate friend told an amusing anecdote on his old Division Commander, who was a man of fixed temperance principles. One morning this Confederate friend, who, by the way was

the adjutant of his battalion, having somewhat delayed sending in his monthly return, was visited by his temperance General. He administered a fitting reprimand, and after some persuasion was induced to dismount. The morning was cold, damp, and penetrating. The tempting fumes of punch, and the pressing invitations of his host, prompted him for once, at least, to break his vows of abstinence, and after a hot Virginia toddy, or two, as he was leaving he shook the adjutant's hand, remarking, as he did so, that he need not be in a hurry with his report, nor, indeed, send it to headquarters, as he would call again for it himself, most likely in the morning.

Comrade Kay then came to the front and sang Paddy's Curiosity Shop.

All the while he was singing, he was working on a newspaper folded many times in quite a small compass. When he concluded the song, the paper was unfolded; it was shown he had made a very beautiful design for a tidy, which he kindly presented to the lady nearest him. The house shouted and shouted until he gave them his imitation flute solo, played on one legged comrade Sam. McCambridge's crutch, and then in strains as sweet as from a piccolo rendered the Army Calls, Home Sweet Home, etc.

The Chair then read the following telegram just received by Mr. Merchant, Editor of the *Fredericksburg Star*, from General Fitz Hugh Lee, Governor of Virginia:

"Say to the officer in charge of the Sedgwick monument services that official matters of vital importance will prevent my being present at the ceremonies to-morrow. I am sorry I cannot testify in that way my great respect for the memory of a brave and capable soldier, and a man for whose high character I had the greatest reverence when I was a member of the United States Army, as well as afterwards, when I was in the army which opposed him."

After hearty cheers for the kind sentiments expressed by the Governor, it was stated by the Chair that the press of the

country had been very kind to the Association in giving publicity to the movement, and the newspapers of the town, the *Fredericksburg Star* and the *Free Lance*, had taken an especial interest in doing much to make the visitation a pleasant one; while he learned that Mr. Merchant, the Editor of the *Star* was absent from the city, attending duties at Baltimore, he was pleased to know that John W. Woltz, Esq., Editor of the *Free Lance*, was present, and with hearty applause he was introduced to respond for the press of the South. As he mounted the platform he inquired the title of the Chair, and was informed that when at home the position was known as the gang boss, but when out in such good company as this it was graced by the name of master of ceremonies. Mr. Woltz then spoke of the pleasure it gave him to represent the press, and the satisfaction he had in the opportunity to be present and listen to the kindly sentiments expressed on the occasion, which demonstrated that the old soldier element, north and south, was by no means disposed to linger over animosities engendered by the war, and congratulated the veterans upon their successful movement to erect the tablet upon the spot where their leader, the Commander of the old Sixth Corps fell; in hearty words of welcome he wished the visitors a pleasant sojourn in the City of Fredericksburg.

The Chair then stated that Captain J. A. Schmidt, of Philadelphia, late of the 98th Pennsylvania Volunteers, known in the Corps as the Dutch Regulars, was present with his 12 year old son, Master Harry, who would give a Dutch recitation; the little fellow being elevated on a table, in a clear distinct German dialect, recited a parody on Sheridan's Ride, entitled Jake Schneider's Ride.

With the announcement, by the Chair, that rock-bound Maine would be heard from on behalf of the rank and file, by a comrade who had the honor to carry a musket in the ranks of the 7th Maine Volunteers, amid shouts of applause H. W. Knight, of New York, was introduced. He began with—that having responses from the pulpit, press and bar, the general

field and line—he was wondering if the rank and file was to be heard from, and he was proud of the honor to speak for his old State, that had four of its regiments in the Sixth Corps, and more than proud of the distinction to answer for the rank and file of the Old Guard. In glowing and eloquent words he paid handsome tribute to the men who carried the muskets and knew how to use them.

The Chair then stated that Stonewall Jackson's Corps was known in the Army of Northern Virginia as the "Foot Cavalry," and as the Sixth Corps had earned that title in the Army of the Potomac, it was about time that some of the cavalry the Corps once followed should be heard from, and with cheers upon cheers for Sheridan and the cavalry, Gen'l Greenleaf, who served with distinction in the First Vermont Cavalry, was introduced, and in brief but most inspiring speech spoke for the eyes of the army, and their attachment they had for the followers of the Greek Cross.

After singing, by the jubilee singers, in old plantation style, the Chair stated there were two requests he had to make when the camp fire would close. He asked the Sixth Corps people to join in hearty cheers for Generals Wright, Getty, and the other distinguished comrades who were on the visitation, and up they went with hearty good will; they were repeated spontaneously again and again, as each would revive some generous memory of these distinguished men. Then followed, at the Chair's suggestion, cheers for Fredericksburg, her people, her old soldiers, her hospitality. Thus ended a most enjoyable occasion, one the survivors of the old Sixth Corps will long remember. It was indeed good to have been there.



Landrum House, from the Bloody Angle.

Photo. by E. E. & Co., Phila., Pa.



APPENDIX C.

Brieflets of the Visitation.

[From the *Fredericksburg Star*, the *Free Lance* of Fredericksburg, Va., and individual contributions.]

The Veterans spoke very highly of the soldierly bearing and handsome appearance of the Fredericksburg Grays. Captain McCracken, with his stern face, full of determination as he stood on the "Exchange" portico, while the Mayor was delivering his address of welcome, looked the picture of a soldier, as he is.

The *Lance* reporter was one of the guests in room 10 on the arrival of the Sixth Corps friends; it was a jolly party, made up of District Attorney Ridgway, New York; the irrepressible Kay; Col. Bob Orr, Wray, Jim Mills, Ed. Ridgeway, Johnson, our friend Malcolm, of Philadelphia, John Rodgers, Samuel McCambridge, McGee, Captain Tracy, and several others, who, with lunch, cigars, songs, speeches and incidents, had a most pleasant time of it until long after 24 o'clock.

One of the quiet, undemonstrative, but significant marks of greeting the Veterans observed on the day of dedication, as they drove along the roads to the Sedgwick tablet was as they passed the farm houses; all the folks were at the fence corners in their Sunday clothes; many of the little ones wore the Greek Cross which some of the visitors had stopped to present them with.

Ira Lindsley, of Morristown, N. J., once in the newspaper business, called to see us. He said he had found the spot where his father, Captain Lindsley, of the Fifteenth New Jersey, had been killed, near Salem Church. Although now

in the wholesale lumber trade, he had not forgotten how to read proof. We happened to have plenty of it, so he sharpened his pencil and began corrections.

Mr. George W. Johnson, the faithful and energetic Chairman of the Executive Committee, received a hearty congratulation from the Sixth Corps for the manner in which he discharged his duties.

The headquarters of the Association while here were at the Exchange Hotel.

All those whose good fortune it was to secure quarters and meals at the Exchange Hotel expressed themselves as greatly pleased, not only with the accommodations under the circumstances, but also with the table, and the politeness of the proprietors, and the manner in which their hotel is conducted. This is one of the finest kept hotels in Virginia.

Fredericksburg has now a population of about 5,400. Although seemingly somewhat dull, it has three merchant flouring mills, plow works, two sumac mills, pickle factory, four cigar manufactories, shoe factory, barrel manufactories, woollen mills, foundry and machine shops, tannery, bone mill, bark mill, carriage manufactory and repair shop, corn sheller manufactory, and general agriculture repair shops, so the old battle-scarred town, you can see, is not sleeping, with such industries in full blast within her corporate limits. We observed the town is quite prolific in horseflesh, many being excellent turn-outs.

President Cleveland's letter mentions how commendable is the Sedgwick Memorial Association in marking the spot where blood was spilled to save the Nation, as being a sacred spot where all citizens of our common country could pay homage; such words as these are in keeping with all patriots.

The "Camp Fire" at the old Court-house was a most glorious event; it never was so crowded, and such hearty outbursts

of laughter and cheers Fredericksburg will pleasantly ever recall. The neighbors say they were not disturbed, but enjoyed it, and would have remained up until after midnight to listen to the merriment.

The Governor of Vermont, Ormsbee, with his stalwart Green Mountain Staff, all survivors of the Sixth Army Corps, were a fine set of gentlemen, and enjoyed the visitation immensely.

New Jersey is never left on historical events, and right well was she represented by Adjutant General Stryker, who had the honor to serve with the corps.

Comrade Hendrickson, of the old First Long Island, came all the way from Dakota to shake once more the hands of his comrades.

The Veterans were more than pleased with the kind sentiments of Mayor Hazzard at the welcome, and the Rev. J. P. Smith, of General Jackson's Staff, at the camp-fire; both were distinguished ex-Confederates.

General Getty, once so eminent as the Second Division's distinguished commander, is now the Cincinnatus of the war. He toils easily, but manfully, on his well tilled acres among the fairest of the fair fields of Maryland.

The full force of the *Free Lance* worked all night on Thursday, the 12th, to get the paper out in time for the "Yanks" to carry home the news. We got there in time and made the visitors happy. Nothing like enterprise, and the *Lance* people are chock full of it, you know.

Comrade Birdsall, in charge of the National Cemetery on Marye's Heights, and his family, were very attentive to all who came on the grounds. The old veteran devoted nearly all his time to looking after the comfort of the corps.

W. W. Ashby, of Spottsylvania Court House, nephew of Confederate General Ashby, killed at Harrisonburg, in the Valley, a most staunch friend of the Sixth Corps, has been selected as custodian of the Sedgwick Memorial grounds. The Association know that in his keeping the tablet and grounds will be well cared for.

Colonel Andrew Cowan, of Louisville, Kentucky, who commanded Cowan's battery, one of the famous batteries of the Sixth Corps, stood on the spot where he placed two guns at the Bloody Angle, that were not driven out on that terrible of all days for infantry fighting. He spoke in endearing words of love for his commander.

Ex-Governor Pingree, of Vermont, a quiet impressive man, was pointed out to us as the one who led the charge of Upton, when he carried the works at Spottsylvania. He spoke at the dedication in words of kindness and reconciliation, which he felt had existed between the soldiers of both sides ever since Appomattox.

The rank and file of the 6th Corps, those who carried the muskets, were largely represented, and proud they were of it. It was Henry W. Knight, of the 7th Maine Volunteers, that rugged, rock-bound State, who responded in their behalf.

The visitation was a grand success, full of intelligence, strong in numbers, representing fifty odd commands of the Sixth Corps. All the States that had troops in the command were represented, and all that was done in carrying out the programme was done by its survivors. It was truly a Sixth Corps movement, and one that not only they should be proud of, but the people.

The following commands served in the Sixth Corps, and were represented on the visitation :

Maine—1st, 5th, 6th, 7th Infantry Volunteers ; Connecticut—2d Heavy Artillery ; Massachuchetts—7th, 10th and

37th Infantry Volunteers; Rhode Island—2d Infantry Volunteers; Vermont—1st H. Artillery, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 10th, and 11th Infantry Volunteers; New York—9th H. Artillery, 16th, 18th, 31st, 32d, 77th, 106th, 36th, 20th, 27th, 33d, 43d, 49th, 62d, 65th, 67th, 121st, 122d, 151st Infantry Volunteers; Maryland—6th Infantry Volunteers; Ohio—122d, 110th, 126th, 151st Infantry Volunteers; New Jersey—1st, 21st, 26th, 2d, 3d, 4th, 10th, 14th, 15th, 23d, 33d, 40th Infantry Volunteers; Pennsylvania—23d, 49th, 61st, 67th, 82d, 87th, 93d, 95th, 96th, 98th, 102d, 119th, 138th, 139th; Wisconsin—5th, 6th Infantry Volunteers; Batteries—Massachusetts, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Vermont, Maryland, Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and U. S. Regulars. Headquarter Escort at different points—Company A, 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry; Detachment, 1st Vermont Cavalry; Company E, 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry; Company L, 1st New Jersey Cavalry; Company H, 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry; Company L, 10th New York Cavalry; Company I and K, 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Cavalry Brigade, while Sixth Corps was of left grand division—District of Columbia, Independent Company; 1st Maine Cavalry; 1st New Jersey Cavalry; 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry; 2d and 10th New York Cavalry.

Come again, "Yanks," and the "Johnny Rebs" will try and give you a warmer reception than this time, and a much warmer one than 24 years ago, only in a different manner.

We had the pleasure of meeting a large number of the visitors, and say that we have never had the pleasure of meeting a more jovial and orderly set of gentlemen in our lives. Come again, boys!

The friendship which was extended to the boys who wore the blue by those who wore the gray, fully testifies the fact that the war is over, and peace shall reign supreme.

Among the visitors we were glad to meet our old friend, Mr. A. T. Clarke, of Philadelphia, of the 16th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, accompanied by his wife and Mrs. Lewis W. Moore. They were guests of Mayor Hazard.

Colonel Seaver, of the 3d Vermont, and Major Forbes the veteran Adjutant General of the Vermont Brigade, show very little traces of gray hairs, yet they must be away up in the forties.

Rile, the Philadelphia photographer, whom the Association brought down with them, took some eight very excellent views; groups of the survivors, the monument, Bloody Angle, and Salem Church.

A squad of the 14th New Jersey, in looking for the spot where they had buried one of their comrades, Abram Black, of Salem, who was killed at Spottsylvania, came across a farmer who had ploughed the body up the week previous to their visit: a box was procured and the bones were shipped to his old home, where they will be interred in the family lot.

Generals William F. Smith (Baldy), Darius N. Couch, and Truman Seymour, distinguished officers of the corps, were absent from the country while the work was going on, but they were with the Association in spirit and contributions.

Generals Wright and Getty, when they boarded the train at Washington, received a decided ovation. The ten car loads kept their old commanders busy shaking hands. They expressed their high appreciation of the generous welcome.

The Memorial Association and its Committees held all their meetings in the splendid rooms of Post No. 2, G. A. R., of Philadelphia, which had been kindly tendered for their use. On the afternoon and night prior to departure on the trip, those arriving in the city reported to these headquarters, where the Committee was in session. The renowned orchestra

of the Post discoursed excellent music. Hearty greetings were in waiting for each new arrival.

Fredericksburg was never so occupied with peaceful visitors; all the rooms in the hotels, and nearly every available room in the town was occupied to its fullness. Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Harding, Mrs. King, and many others of our best families are to be commended for their kindness in providing quarters at their homes for the visitors. We can safely say that in the future our city can accommodate, comfortably, one thousand visitors. Why not have our Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, and other societies hold their State conventions at Fredericksburg. We guarantee them ample accommodations, with many historical points of interest to visit. Who will be the first to receive our welcome?

The "Johnnies" were to hold a camp fire at the Court House on the 12th in honor of the Yanks' visit, but owing to many of their prominent citizens being absent at Baltimore attending Masonic ceremonies, postponed it, but done all they could to make the evening a pleasant one by mingling with the boys at the hotels and taking them to their homes to enjoy a social hour; but the people of Fredericksburg, knowing nothing of the postponement, crowded the court-room and awaited the opening of the camp fire. Finally, the Yank who ran our camp fire was hunted up and prevailed upon to go over to the Court House and explain to the people, and with the irrepressible Tom Kay, of Philadelphia, who went along, the crowd adjourned for home in the best of good humor.

The visitors expressed agreeable surprise at the well stocked stores of our storekeepers, and found prices in purchases to carry home as souvenirs of the trip, most reasonable.

Through the efforts of the *Hartford Telegram* the sum of \$500 was raised, in one dollar contributions, by the citizens of Connecticut, to the Sedgwick Fund. Uncle John was

born in this State, and is buried in one of its quiet church yards in Litchfield County.

Everything on wheels went to Spottsylvania to attend the dedication, and many were on horseback, while others tramped it all the way out. As a Philadelphian termed it, it was a Centennial crowd, and a most good-humored one. Nothing marred the occasion, even old "Probs" was with the veterans.

Gen. Martin J. McMahon, of New York, the Adjutant-General of Sedgwick's Staff, and Col. James K. Scofield, of Philadelphia, who was Commissary-in-Chief of the Sixth Army Corps, both positions of honor and trust, must have been very young men during the war time, as they are both apparently young and vigorous now. They were favorites with the boys in the field.

Gen'l C. H. T. Collis, one of New York City's brokers, was among the visitors; he brought down his own team to drive once more over the roads he marched, and contributed \$25 to the Stonewall Jackson Monument fund before leaving the city.

The ladies, and as everybody says, God bless them, we join in the greeting. Their presence added a quiet dignity to the occasion.

Gen'l Shaler, who distinguished himself at the capture of Marye's Heights, in successfully leading the right charging column, with his son Ira; Upton's old Adjutant-General Roome; Major Tailoff of the Chasseurs; Capt. Tracy, 122d N. Y.; Gen'l Broughton, of the staff, and other New York friends, were a most social crowd, evidently enjoying the trip.

Gen'l Francis E. Pinto, of the old 32d N. Y. Volunteers, and Dr. Oakley, Surgeon of the old Jersey Brigade, of venerable appearance and with honorable records, were features of the occasion.

The badge worn by the visitors was most handsome and appropriate, especially made for the occasion. It was a Sixth Corps mark—Greek Cross, in bronze, hanging from a scroll inscribed “Spottsylvania, May 12th—Sedgwick Memorial Dedication, 1887”—and rested upon a red ribbon with the words in gold—“Veteran Sixth Army Corps;” the civilian had a similar badge, with the words omitted.

Bundles of canes, cut from the places where the “vets” were wounded, &c., and numerous other relics were taken North by the visitors to place in their cabinets or present to friends. Nearly all visited the Tomb of Mary Washington, and commented upon its neglected condition.

One of the visitors was stricken down with the sun at the dedication, but, thanks to Surgeon Philip Leidy, of Philadelphia, late of 119th Pennsylvania, and Dr. Oakley, of Trenton, N. J., Surgeon of the old Jersey Brigade, who happened to be close at hand, he soon recovered.

G. H. Hoffman, Esq., of Philadelphia, late Hospital Steward of the old Cooper Shop Refreshment Saloon, where the boys stopped to rest on their way to the front or on their homeward journeys, was on the trip, weighing 280 pounds. We were sorry not to get the chance to introduce him at the camp-fire—so the boys could whoop it up—for old hospitality sake.

Dr. G. W. Hosmer, who was war correspondent at Army of the Potomac Headquarters during the war, gave his views of the visitation in a four-column article in the *Mail* and *Express*, New York City. A very readable and interesting review, Doctor.

Gettysburg was represented by Sergeant Holtzworth, the celebrated battlefield guide; Nick Wilson, the genial Superintendent of the National Cemetery, and one-armed Kitzmiller, one of Adams County distinguished lawyers. The trio had the honor to march under the blue cross of the corps.

The ladies of our city never looked better than during the visitation.

General W. H. McCartney, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., who commanded the famous Mass. Battery in the Sixth Corps, made everybody happy around him relating humorous incidents of the war times. He don't seem to age fast *at all*.

Among the famous Brigades present were the Vermont Brigade, Jersey Brigade, Shaler's Brigade, "Bucky" Neill's and Cowan's, McCartney's and Harn's Brigade Batteries, all a noble set of American soldiery, which they proved on the field, making the name of the Sixth Army Corps a peerless one.

General Getty, Comrade Wray, and Colonel Bob Orr were entertained at the dedication grounds by Lieutenant Griffin and Captain T. McCracken, of the Fredericksburg Grays. The cool lemonade, after the arduous duties of the day, was opportune and refreshing.

The floral tribute of Mrs. W. W. Ashby and Mrs. Rawlings, of Spottsylvania, to the Sedgwick tablet, was more than appreciated by the veterans of the Sixth Corps, coming, as it did, from the Southern ladies. How pleased their Northern sisters were to hear of their thoughtful kindness; it bodes that we are all Americans in spirit; so mote it always be.

When they came to tie up the old brigade flag of the First Brigade, Third Division, Sixth Corps to the platform at the dedication it was found there were no nails or twine; but one of the Philadelphia boys was equal to the occasion, and with his necktie and pocket handkerchief, soon had the old memento of army days tied fast and strong.

The Eagle Band of Fredericksburg was highly commended on all sides for their music; they worked hard to be in shape to please, and succeeded finely. We congratulate them. We

hope they will continue to exist, and be patronized by our lodges, societies, &c., as they deserve to be.

The New York contingent were strong and intelligent, and deported themselves elegantly.

Brophey Brothers, music publishers of Philadelphia, very kindly presented our Eagle Band with one of their band music books, filled with the latest tunes, and now the boys will be kept busy rehearsing.

Twelve of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania, with one gun of McCarthy's Battery, the only one on the trip, occupied room eight of the Central. They were a wide-awake crowd, up all hours of the night, talking over the tramp they had around Marye's Heights, and the time they were in the lines that charged over the stone-wall, and among the guns on the day of its capture.

Sergeant J. W. McCullough, of the 6th Maryland, joined the pilgrims at Perryville, with the Maryland contingent. They were reinforced at Baltimore by General Joe Hill, their old Colonel, and others; so "Maryland, my Maryland" was again in line, not to that tune, however.

The civilian friends and veterans of other corps who accompanied the excursion should be brevetted in the old Sixth.

To all the survivors of the Sixth Corps, and friends, by their presence at the dedication and substantial aid in their contributions, which made the event so grand a success, the committee are most grateful, and heartily return their thanks.

The ladies' parlor at the Exchange was the resting place for the squad of the 138th—just what they wanted, to be together.

The Sixth Corps chipped in, just before they left for home, \$67.50 to the Stonewall Jackson Monument fund.

Our hotels, the Central and Exchange, are to be congratulated upon the satisfactory manner in which they provided for their guests ; their tables were well served and the visitors well pleased.

We met Colonel Jones, of the Army of the Potomac staff; he was a well-known man at army headquarters, and found many of the veteran's old friends. He is now residing in New York.

Mr. Moon, one of the old "Confeds," was indefatigable in his attention to visitors ; so was our old friend, and ex-Postmaster Captain Taliaferro, Mr. Green, and hosts of other good citizens.

General Wright, who commanded the Sixth Corps after the death of Sedgwick, is dearly loved by its survivors. He was with them from that time to Appomattox ; he is now on the retired list ; a tall, well preserved man, with the carriage and bearing of a soldier, one would scarce conceive that with his quiet, easy, gracious manners that he once commanded the fighting Sixth Corps ; but he did, and did it well.

The Sixth Corps in the Union Army of the Potomac, was, like Stonewall Jackson's Corps in the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, known as the "foot cavalry ;" good marchers, quick to get there, and always reliable. Both were the models for fighting and marching, and were strangers then. Both think well of each other now.

The visiting "Vets" failed to present the *Lance* man with one of their badges ; but we reckon, or "guess," they will send him one immediately on receiving this notice. He now wears the badge, as proud of it as a *real* veteran of the Corps.

Mr. John Ferguson, the designer and builder of the Sedgwick monument, received a hearty congratulation from the Corps for the masterly manner in which his work was executed.

We return thanks to General James W. Latta and Mr. George W. Johnson for special courtesies extended to us.

A photograph of the vets, the monument, and of the entire crowd was taken after the dedicatory services were over.

All of the visitors expressed themselves as highly gratified at their reception, and greatly pleased with their trip.

Many thanks are accorded to the Pennsylvania Railroad officials; the hotel proprietors of the Exchange and Central; W. W. Ashby, Esq., of Spottsylvania, who erected the dedication stands, and spread the dinner in the woods, and to those who furnished the transportation to and from the field, for their excellent accommodations and kind attention.

There was a sentiment abroad on the train homeward, that the Sedgwick Memorial Association should continue its existence. It was hoped that the Executive Committee, so generously supported in the undertaking that had just been accomplished, would, in the near future, give its attention to securing the ground and marking the spot where the heroic Russell fell at Winchester. There are, too, other places sacred with the life-blood of patriots of high distinction, that should not be neglected. A visit to the Shenandoah valley would revive many glorious memories of the Corps' distinguished services.

APPENDIX D.

Documents.

[Circular No. 1.]

HEADQUARTERS SEDGWICK MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Survivors Sixth Army Corps.

Philadelphia, January, 1887.

COMRADE:—A number of Sixth Corps Soldiers, on a recent visit to the Virginia battle fields, were astonished to find that the spot on which General Sedgwick fell, at Spottsylvania, is wholly without stone or tablet to designate it. Returning to Philadelphia, they called a number of their associates together, and it was then determined that some proper and inexpensive memorial stone should be constructed, and at a very early day placed upon the ground that grand old hero made sacred by his fall. The result was the formation of this body, organized for the purpose of securing the ground and erecting and dedicating such a tablet.

It is not intended to construct an expensive monumental memorial; that the Sixth Corps long since did, and the handsome bronze statue of Sedgwick, on the West Point Parade Ground attests the generous remembrances of the followers of that famous General.

It is designed to purchase from the Alsop Farm a little less than an acre of ground, to erect a neat and appropriate stone tablet, some eight feet high and five feet square at the base, properly inscribed, and to enclose it with a suitable guard or railing. This, it is ascertained, can be accomplished for the sum of about \$2,000.

The owner of the land has expressed his willingness to sell

what is required, and the people of the vicinity have expressed an active sympathy with the cause.

It is proposed to have the stone in place, ready for dedication, on the twenty-third anniversary of General Sedgwick's death, the 9th of May next.

Your aid and that of all our Comrades and their acquaintances is earnestly solicited. Subscriptions may be made in any amount, however small,—a dollar or less. If all the survivors of that Corps, which, as history now begins fairly to write of its deeds, may be justly rated as the "Old Guard" of the Army of the Potomac, can be reached, the contributions of each need be so small as to be within the means of every one of us.

The thoughts that first inspired those who discovered the neglect of this historic spot, was, that the generation of the American volunteers, whose valor saved the nation, owed a duty to their chieftians, to mark the spot where they fell in actual battle, that their memories may be preserved as long as stone or tablet can perpetuate them.

It is confidently believed that the same like sense of duty inspires all the soldiers who, at any time, fought, marched, and bivouacked under the banner of the famous Sixth Corps Cross.

Major-General H. G. Wright, General Sedgwick's most worthy and respected successor, has communicated to the Association his hearty sympathy with the measure, and has tendered his personal aid and influence.

Remittances may be made to David Ginther, Treasurer, No. 227 South Fourth street, Philadelphia. All subscribers will at once be enrolled as members of the Sedgwick Memorial Association, if they so desire.

Your co-operation and support is urged in other ways, especially to bring the matter to the notice of the public press of your vicinity. Suggestions, advice, and counsel may be addressed from time to time to the Secretary, who will take pleasure in presenting them to the Association.

Copies of this communication are at your command, for such judicious distribution as you may find opportunity, to give them among the soldiers who should know of the project.

Very respectfully,

JAMES W. LATTA,

President.

436 Walnut Street.

[Circular No. 2.]

HEADQUARTERS SEDGWICK MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Survivors Sixth Army Corps.

Philadelphia, Pa., February, 1887.

COMRADES :—The undersigned having been appointed by the Association, with full power to devise means and erect the Memorial at Spottsylvania, to mark the spot where our beloved Corps Commander, Major-General JOHN SEDGWICK was killed, have selected this design.

[Here the design was displayed in the original Circular.]

The monument is of Quincy granite, 9 feet high, 5 feet 5 inches at base, with suitable inscriptions on each of the four sides, and will be inclosed with a 15 feet square galvanized iron railing, with granite posts. The entire work is now in the hands of the contractor and will be completed before May 1, 1887.

The Association has purchased the acre of land from the Alsop Estate, which includes the spot where the General fell, and on which the tablet will be erected. It will shortly arrange for the dedicatory ceremonies for Thursday, May 12, 1887.

In order to strengthen the hands of the Committee, they would urge the survivors of the Old Sixth Army Corps and their friends to send in their subscriptions *at once* to the Treasurer, or to any member of the Committee; a receipt in

print, containing a portrait of SEDGWICK, will be given each contributor as a souvenir.

Geo. W. Johnson, *Chairman*, 119th P. V.,

W. E. Bryan, 3d N. J. Infantry,

William J. Wray, 23d P. V.,

Jas. K. Scofield, *Chairman Com. Subs.*, Sixth Corps,

James M. McGee, 119th P. V.,

James W. Latta, A. A. G., 3d Brigade, 1st Division,

J. T. Rorer, 138th P. V.,

Samuel McCambridge, 95th P. V.,

Robert L. Orr, *Corresponding Secretary*, 61st P. V.,

John Rodgers, *Secretary*, 119th P. V.,

David Ginther, *Treasurer*, 61st P. V., No. 227 S. Fourth street, Philadelphia.

[Circular No. 3.]

HEADQUARTERS SEDGWICK MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Survivors Sixth Army Corps.

Philadelphia, March 16, 1887.

It is essential that those who intend to participate in the ceremonies attending the dedication of the Sedgwick Memorial Tablet, at Spottsylvania, on May 12, 1887, should at once communicate their purpose to the Chairman of the Executive Committee. The sum of one dollar on account of the assessment must accompany the communication.

The Executive Committee report the following details, which will be strictly adhered to :

The cost of the excursion, to include transportation both ways, from Philadelphia to Fredericksburg, hotel board at Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania, and carriage hire will be \$12.

Special rates to Philadelphia or Washington will be arranged upon application to the Chairman of the Executive Committee.

To those whose homes make Washington a more desirable point to unite with the excursion, a reasonable deduction from the total assessment will be made, proportioned upon the cost of transportation from there to Philadelphia.

A special train will leave Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, at 7.20 A. M., on Wednesday, May 11, reaching Fredericksburg about noon of that day. The headquarters of the Committee will be at the Exchange Hotel. The afternoon of the 11th will be devoted to visiting in carriages the many points of interest in the vicinity of that historic battle-town. In the evening a "Camp Fire" will be organized at the headquarters.

On Thursday, the 12th, the party will be conveyed by carriages to Spottsylvania, where immediately upon its arrival, the ceremonies attending the unveiling will be held. At their conclusion dinner will follow at the hotel at the Court House, and the afternoon be devoted with conveyances to visiting points of prominent note in the vicinity, especially the "Bloody Angle;" on the return to Fredericksburg, the party will stop at "Salem Church" and "Marye's Heights."

Leaving Fredericksburg early on the morning of Friday, the 13th, an opportunity will be afforded to remain in Washington several hours; the train for the North will not leave there until 4.45 P. M.

The general interest manifested in the enterprise indicates a large attendance. This opportunity to visit a locality so familiar to Army of the Potomac soldiers is a rare one.

Fredericksburg is not a city of large resources for the entertainment of sojourners. It promises that all shall be made comfortable, and only asks that the earliest possible information be furnished of the numbers to be provided for. The urgency for a prompt reply to this circular is therefore quite apparent.

JAMES W. LATTA, President.

ROBERT L. ORR, Corresponding Secretary.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON, Ch'n of Executive Committee,
S. W. Cor. Fifth and Chestnut Streets.

[Circular No. 4.]

HEADQUARTERS SEDGWICK MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Survivors Sixth Army Corps.

Philadelphia, April 29, 1887.

The final meeting of the Association, preparatory to the departure on the 11th, will be held at the usual place, Hall of Post 2, Thirteenth and Spring Garden streets, at 8 o'clock, on Friday Evening the 6th of May. It is earnestly urged that *all* from Philadelphia and its vicinity and others if convenient, who intend participating in the dedication shall attend.

The Committee will be in session at the hall of Post 2, on Tuesday, the 10th of May, from 3 to 10 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of furnishing tickets and badges, and for imparting such information as may be needed.

All tickets will be good going from Philadelphia on every train leaving between the 11th and 13th, and returning on all trains to Philadelphia up to and including the 16th, except the limited express, each way; but the special excursion train will leave Broad Street Station as heretofore announced, at 7.20 A. M. on the 11th, and return, from Fredericksburg, at 8 A. M. on the 13th, and Washington at 4 that afternoon. On the down trip it will stop at Chester, Wilmington, Perryville, Havre de Grace, Baltimore, and Washington.

On the morning of the 11th, prior to the departure, the headquarters of the Committee will be in the second story of Carns' Restaurant, 1427 Filbert street, from 6.30 to 7.15, where the excursionists are requested to assemble.

Parties will take charge of their personal baggage until the arrival at Fredericksburg, when it will be collected and sent to the hotels. Tags will be furnished for baggage and rooms assigned on the train during the journey down.

On the arrival at Fredericksburg, the excursionists will be escorted to their quarters by the Fredericksburg Grays and a delegation of citizens. It is confidently expected all comrades and their friends will join in the procession.

To those who come from points other than Philadelphia, and cannot make it convenient to procure their tickets and badges, either the day before or at the headquarters on the morning of the excursion, they can be supplied on the train.

An itinerary will be issued on the way down.

GEORGE W. JOHNSON,

Chairman Executive Committee,

S. W. Cor. Fifth and Chestnut Sts.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

DEDICATION OF SEDGWICK MEMORIAL TABLET.

*Alsop's Farm, near Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia,
May 12, 1887.*

Brevet Major-General Horatio Gates Wright, U. S. A., late Major-General U. S. Volunteers, commanding Sixth Army Corps, will preside.

Prayer,

Rev. I. Newton Ritner, late Brevet Captain 49th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Music.

Opening Address,

Major-General Horatio G. Wright.

Music.

Reading of Letters,

By John Rodgers, Secretary (119th Pennsylvania Volunteers), from President of the United States, Governors of States, Officers of Army and Volunteers, Harry Sedgwick, of Connecticut, a nephew of the General, and John G. Fisher, late Lieutenant 14th New Jersey Volunteers, an eye-witness to death of General Sedgwick, and others.

Music.

Address,

Samuel E. Pingree, ex-Governor State of Vermont, late Colonel 3d Vermont Volunteers, and Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers.

Unveiling of Monument.

By Brevet Major-General George W. Getty, U. S. A., late Major-General U. S. Volunteers, commanding 2d Division, Sixth Army Corps.

Robert L. Orr, late Colonel 61st Pennsylvania Volunteers.

George W. Johnson, Chairman of Executive Committee, Lieutenant 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

J. H. Tourgee, Lieutenant 2d Rhode Island Volunteers.

J. N. Mills, Company I, 65th New York (1st Long Island Volunteers).

*Singing in Chorus the National Anthem.**Music.**Oration,*

James W. Latta, ex-Adjutant-General of Pennsylvania, late Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, A. A. G., U. S. Volunteers, 3d Brigade, 1st Division, Sixth Army Corps.

Remarks.

By Edward J. Ormsbee, Governor of Vermont.

Fitz Hugh Lee, Governor of Virginia.

Brigadier-General William S. Stryker, Adjutant-General, representing the State of New Jersey.

Hon. D. C. Birdsall, Connecticut.

Prayer and Benediction,

Rev. John W. Sayers, Chaplain Grand Army of Republic, Department of Pennsylvania.

Decoration of the Monument.

With wreaths contributed by Military Order Loyal Legion of the United States, Commandery of Pennsylvania; and Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania.

THE OLD SIXTH CORPS.

BY MARY L. MASTERS.*

- 1.—God bless our noble army!
 The hearts are strong and brave
 That have willing come our standard
 From treason's grasp to save!
 But from the Western prairie,
 To Atlantic's rocky shore,
 The truest, noblest hearts of all
 Are in the "Old Sixth Corps."

Chorus.—Then e'er we part to-night, boys,
 We'll sing one song the more—
 With chorus swelling loud and clear,
 God bless the "Old Sixth Corps."

- 2.—In the thickest of the battle,
 When the cannon's fiery breath
 Smites many a strong heart, pressing
 On to victory or to death:
 The foremost in the conflict,
 The last to say 'tis o'er—
 Who know not what it is to yield,
 You'll find the "Old Sixth Corps."—*Chorus.*

- 3.—There's many a brave man lying
 Where he nobly fought and fell.
 There's many a mother sighing
 For the son she loved so well;
 And the Southern winds are breathing
 A requiem where they lie,
 Oh! the gallant followers of the cross
 Are not afraid to die.—*Chorus.*

- 4.—Our truest, bravest heart is gone,
 And we remember well
 The bitter anguish of that day
 When noble "Sedgwick" fell;
 But there is still another left
 To lead us to the fight,
 And with a hearty three times three
 We'll cheer our gallant "Wright!"—*Chorus.*

- 5.—Then on! still onward will we press,
 'Till treason's voice is still,
 And proudly wave the "Stripes and Stars"
 On every Southern hill;
 We'll struggle 'till our flag is safe,
 And honored as before,
 And men in future years shall say,
 God bless the "Old Sixth Corps."—*Chorus.*

*A sister of H. B. Masters, formerly Commissary of Subsistence, Second Division Sixth Army Corps. At the time of its composition she was but 16 years old.

APPENDIX E.

Fa

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On the rep-
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Inquiry, di-
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L. O. O

CONSOLIDATED MORNING REPORT

DATE April 30 1864

[illegible]

Siberia R.R. L.C.S. men reported for duty
 " C.P. King at 2 hrs. near town S.W. 1/4 Sec. 6 Co. 7
 " E.D.W. Walker at 1 hr. " " "

6 W^{2nd} - 2 1/2, 12 Pkys - 18-30 min.

On the report of reports the report will be made and by comparison the report of highest, by regulation, we take it as division, by brigade, on the report of corps, by formation.

In industry, cavalry, and regular of such amount, brigade, or division, according to the first number of the report, in 1870-71, as follows: 1890 in the general historical list. See note 2, under each of both lists.

In column No. 1, the location of the regiment, brigade, division, or corps, should be given, with reference to some well known place.

In column No. 2, should appear the name, in full, of the officer who actually commanded, with his rank.

In column No. 3, the number of the document, also the letter of a *series* and of all detached computers, the State, or, if not a State organization, the author and name of the organization was to be stated. If there is not room in this column, this will be done on the back of the report.

If the report be correctly made out, the figures on the same horizontal line should check as follows:

21st row of columns Nos. 0, 7, and 8, should equal No. 6; Nos. 9 and 10, equal No. 11; of Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, equal No. 19; of Nos. 19, 10, 11, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 81

(L. O. O. No. 31, 35, & 37 - Second)

Chas. K. Whittier
Major and
Adj. Gen. Adjutant General
General
Wm. S. Edwards
Major General
Commanding



APPENDIX E.

Newspaper Notices.

(Editorial, *The Critic*, Washington, D. C., May 3, 1887.)

FREDERICKSBURG—CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Twenty-four years ago this morning, just when the gray of dawn was turning into white, the leading division of the famous Sixth Corps, under the lamented Sedgwick, stood halted and half countermarched in one of the streets in Fredericksburg, while twelve miles away General Hooker was waiting for the corps. The Confederates opened down the narrow street with a section of field howitzers so fiercely that even the artillery horses crouched to avoid the storm of canister. In three minutes afterward the Sixth Corps had a heavy line of skirmishers almost half a mile out toward Marye's Heights, beyond eighteen well-served guns that were working hard to stop the fire from the heights. That afternoon Hooker was disabled and the main portion of the Army of the Potomac laid down to await events. Late that same day, after General Sedgwick had carried the Fredericksburg Heights, the Sixth Corps ran into a hornet's nest at Salem Heights—Salem Church, the Confederates called that battle—and suffered the only thrashing it ever had. And this was nearly a quarter of a century ago. And it was just such another day as this one.

(Editorial, *Albany Evening Journal*, April 11, 1887.)

The survivors of the Sixth Army Corps propose to purchase an acre of ground at Spottsylvania, where General Sedgwick their commander, fell, and erect upon it a stone tablet guarded

by a suitable railing. The monument will require an expenditure of about \$2,000, and it is proposed to have it in place ready for dedication on the twenty-third anniversary of General Sedgwick's death, on the 9th of May next. The old survivors of this army corps are invited to send their contributions to David Ginther, treasurer, No. 227 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, and have their names enrolled as members of the Sedgwick Memorial Association. While the Confederates of the South are dotting their States with monuments to the rebel soldiers, it is shameful that so few monuments have been erected in the North in commemoration of the brave men who saved the Union.

(*Standard-Union*, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

THE SIXTH CORPS SOCIETY.

In the Common Council Chamber, at the City Hall, Thursday evening, the surviving members of the old Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac held a meeting to perfect arrangements to attend the dedication of a memorial tablet at Spottsylvania to their famous commander, General John Sedgwick, on May 12 next. General F. E. Pinto, of this city, presided, and Mr. James N. Mills, of the District Attorney's office, recorded.

Comrade William J. Wray, of the Executive Committee of the Sedgwick Memorial Association of Philadelphia, explained the details of the work proposed, and stated that contributions had been received from Sixth Corps veterans generally throughout the United States, and that the expressions of love and regard for "Uncle John Sedgwick," by those who served under him, were of a most pleasing character.

Comrade Wray stated that the estimated cost of the tablet would be about \$2,300, and that up to this time the committee had collected within \$1,000 of the amount required. The Executive Committee of the Memorial Association expected

at least \$250 from Brooklyn representatives of the "Old Sixth," and that amount was guaranteed by the members present.

A committee of three members to receive subscriptions and arrange for the details of the trip of the Brooklyn contingent was selected, consisting of Comrades Henry C. Larowe, of the Fourteenth New Jersey Volunteers; Henry W. Knight, of the Seventh Maine Volunteers, and James N. Mills of the Sixty-seventh New York Volunteers.

(Editorial, *Utica Herald*, N. Y.)

WHERE SEDGWICK FELL.

The Sedgwick Memorial Association, of which General James W. Latta, of Philadelphia, is president, is an organization formed of members of the Sixth Army Corps. Its purpose is to mark the place at Spottsylvania where Major-General John Sedgwick fell. The fact that no mark exists to tell to strangers where the gallant commander fell, was discovered a few months ago by Sixth Corps soldiers who visited the field. The movement to remedy the neglect took form with Philadelphia survivors, and such progress has been made that the memorial stone is to be in place and ready for dedication on the 12th of next month, the twenty-third anniversary of Sedgwick's death. The association has purchased nearly an acre of ground from the Alsop estate, embracing the spot where the general was shot down. The memorial selected is of Quincy granite, nine feet high, five feet five inches at base, with suitable inscriptions on each of the four sides, and will be inclosed with a fifteen feet square galvanized iron railing, with granite posts. The entire work is now in the hands of the contractor, and will be completed before May 1, 1887. The entire cost of the memorial and land will be \$2,000, and contributions to the fund are solicited. Remittances may be made to David Ginther, Treasurer, 227 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

This movement is one of patriotism and love, and as such will be approved by citizens generally. In Herkimer and Otsego Counties it will have a personal interest to many, as from those counties was recruited Colonel Upton's regiment, 121st, which formed a part of the Sixth Corps.

(Special.—*Baltimore Sun*, May 13.)

A CORDIAL GREETING TO THE VETERANS.

Washington, May 13.

When the President entered the East Room this afternoon to hold his regular public reception he wore a tired look as he beheld several hundred citizens and citizenesses awaiting to pay their respects. Conspicuous in the room was a delegation of the Sixth Army Corps Association, who arrived here this morning from attendance on the Sedgwick memorial services yesterday at Spottsylvania Court House, Va. The delegation formed three sides of a hollow square, with General Wright, formerly Chief of Engineers, General James W. Latta, President of the Sedgwick Memorial Association, and General Shaler, of New York; at the head of the column. Scattered around the room were members of the Army of the Cumberland who participated in the unveiling ceremonies of the Garfield monument, members of the Masonic Order, wearing the bronze medals as souvenirs of the centennial celebration of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, and the usual number of casual visitors. The Sixth Army Corps stood fast until the general public had pressed the hand of the President and passed on. General Wright then advanced and introduced General Latta, who, in a brief but well chosen address, presented the President with a Sedgwick memorial badge in the name of the Sixth Army Corps Association. The President accepted the gift in appropriate terms, and after conversing a few minutes with Generals Wright, Latta and Shaler, the reception of the veterans proceeded. General Wright stood directly behind the President

and was obliged to shake hands with his old comrades as they passed from the President. One old veteran remarked that it recalled old times to see a major-general standing behind a President of the United States. The President did not hurry the old soldiers along, but permitted them to stop and exchange remarks with him, and the visitors left the White House highly pleased with the President and gratified with his cordial reception. One of the members of the corps carried a photographic apparatus, and the members were photographed on the portico of the Executive mansion.

(*The Hartford Telegram*, of Hartford, Conn., May 7, 1887.)

The *Telegram* performed its promise by raising \$500, one quarter of the expense of erecting the memorial tablet, and secured the amount on Thursday, but its entire cost is not yet subscribed. We expect some further contributions from friends of the cause, which will be gratefully received, acknowledged and forwarded to the committee.

In this connection we will say that we feel a justifiable pride in our achievement. The *Telegram* fund was started on April 2d with four names, under the announcement that we would raise \$500 by dollar contributions before the day fixed for the dedication of the memorial—May 12. This promise was fulfilled one week before the time fixed. The entire amount of its cost is not yet raised. We are advised the committee are still a few hundred dollars short, which amount the *Telegram* hopes to assist them to make up to the extent of another hundred dollars.

(*Brooklyn Eagle*, March 23, 1887.)

Few officers in the Union Army were held in higher respect and affection than Major-General John Sedgwick commanded from the members of the Sixth Corps. The survivors of that

brave body of soldiers have resolved that another anniversary of the General's death shall not pass without the suitable designation of the spot where he fell, at the battle of Spottsylvania, on the ninth of May, 1864. With this view the Sedgwick Memorial Association has been formed. The veterans in Brooklyn belonging to it will unite with their comrades in unveiling the monument on the twenty-third anniversary of the event.

(*Lebanon Valley Times.*)

SEDGWICK MEMORIAL TABLET.

We herewith publish a splended representation of the memorial tablet which will be erected to the memory of General John Sedgwick, Commander of the Sixth Corps, who was killed May 9, 1864, at Spottsylvania Court House, Virginia.

The tablet will be of Quincy granite, 9 feet high, 5 feet 5 inches at base, with suitable inscriptions on the four sides. An acre of ground has been secured, and within it will be a 15 feet square galvanized iron railing with granite posts, for protection of the tablet.

Mr. E. M. Boltz, of the Lebanon Valley House, has received a very handsome subscription book from Mr. John Rodgers, of Philadelphia, Recording Secretary of the Sedgwick Memorial Association, and is ready to receive subscriptions from those who desire to aid in the erection of a memorial tablet in honor of "Uncle John Sedgwick," the famous commander of an equally famous corps—the Sixth.

Every one can subscribe such amounts as they feel disposed to give, and their names and amounts will be forwarded by Mr. Boltz to the Treasurer of the Association, and as a receipt a souvenir in the shape of a portrait of General Sedgwick will be sent each one.

The fund is steadily increasing, and has reached about \$700. The work on the monument is, however, going forward, and will be completed in April. The veterans in this city and county should rally once more around the memory of their old

commander, who led them so gallantly in many a hard-fought battle. The souvenir is one any veteran can be proud to exhibit to his children and friends.

(*Springfield Republican*, Massachusetts.)

The Sedgwick Memorial Association of the old Sixth Army Corps are to erect a monument to their beloved commander, Maj.-Gen. John Sedgwick, at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12 (three days after the anniversary of his death); and they urge the immediate transmission of the subscriptions to the treasurer, David Ginther, 227 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia. Col. H. G. Gilmore, of this city, will receive and forward such amounts as veterans in this vicinity may contribute. The Association owns an acre of land on the Alsop estate, within which is the spot where Sedgwick fell, and there the memorial will be erected. It is a truncated pyramid of Quincy granite set upon a square base, bearing on its sides polished tablets with inscriptions, having a battlemented cornice at the pitch of the truncation, and surmounted by the corps badge (the square Greek cross) facing each side. It is a solid and impressive design, in keeping with the strong and trustworthy character of the man it memorializes.

(*The Press*, Philadelphia, May 13, 1887.)

WHERE SEDGWICK FELL.

SIXTH CORPS' GREAT DAY AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE

Memorial tablet to the old commander unveiled, and memories of past days revived.—General J. W. Latta the orator.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., May 12.

At an early hour this morning all the visiting members of the Sixth Army Corps who have come to Virginia to dedicate

a memorial tablet to General Sedgwick were on their way to the battle-field of Spottsylvania Court House. Many went by the way of Salem Church in order to see again the old shot-riddled structure near which General Sedgwick's corps had a severe battle with Lee's forces in 1863.

At 11 o'clock the veterans reached the battle-field, where they were met and warmly welcomed by a large number of Virginians, including many ex-Confederates who had gathered there to greet them and to witness the ceremonies. General H. G. Wright, as presiding officer, called the assemblage to order at the monument, and prayer was offered by Rev. J. N. Ritner, late brevet captain of the 49th Pennsylvania Volunteers. After music by the Fredericksburg band General Wright delivered the opening address. A letter was read from President Cleveland. Letters were also read from the Governors of Connecticut, Virginia, Maryland, Ohio, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Massachusetts, and Mayor Fitler, of Philadelphia, as well as from Generals Sheridan, Sherman, and Keifer, and Lieutenant John G. Fisher, of the 14th New Jersey Volunteers, who witnessed Sedgwick's fall.

The memorial tablet was then unveiled by General Wright, commander of the corps, assisted by six officers of General Getty's division. The monument is of Quincy granite, approximately pyramidal in form, nine feet in height, and five feet five inches square at the base, and surmounted by a cross. During the unveiling the whole assemblage sang impressively in unison, "Our Country, 'Tis of thee."

General J. W. Latta, of Pennsylvania, the orator of the day, then delivered his address, which was listened to with profound attention and was frequently interrupted by applause.

General Latta's address was a glowing tribute to the noble patriotism and soldierly qualities of the dead commander, and when he concluded the veterans uttered a cheer which caused the surrounding hills to reverberate with their enthusiasm.

At its conclusion Lieutenant-Colonel Pingree, ex-Governor of Vermont, made an earnest and patriotic speech. The benediction was then pronounced by Chaplain John W. Sayres, of the Grand Army of the Republic of Pennsylvania.

The battle-scarred flag of the First Brigade, Third Division of the Sixth Army Corps, floated above the speakers' stand throughout the ceremonies.

Immediately after the speeches an informal lunch was served on the grounds, and ex-Confederates and ex-Unionists gathered around the lunch basket and discussed the fight over chicken and sandwiches.

Lunch being concluded, the veterans walked over the field, following the lines of the battle by the traces which are still perceptible. The exact positions occupied by many of them during the fight were found and their recollections reverted back to twenty years ago as easily as yesterday.

Major Bates, who has commanded a regiment, declared that he could have followed the foot-prints of his old gray mare, made as he rode her at the head of the column into the fight, and while others were not so fortunate as the clear-sighted major, they were all able to distinguish the positions and follow the movements that were made by the different brigades.

It was a very interesting occupation for these old fighters, and it was late in the afternoon before they could be gathered together again and the party returned to Fredericksburg. In the evening the party were again entertained by the citizens of Fredericksburg at a camp-fire, and to-morrow will leave for Philadelphia and Washington.

Nothing could exceed the warmth with which the ex-Confederates welcomed their old opponents, and the occasion seemed as gratifying to them as the survivors of General Sedgwick's old corps. General Wright, Governor Ormsbee, Major Butterfield, and a number of others returned to the city to-night, but the greater part of the party remain over. They will to-morrow call on the President, and in the afternoon leave for Philadelphia.

(*Jefferson County Democrat, Missouri.*)

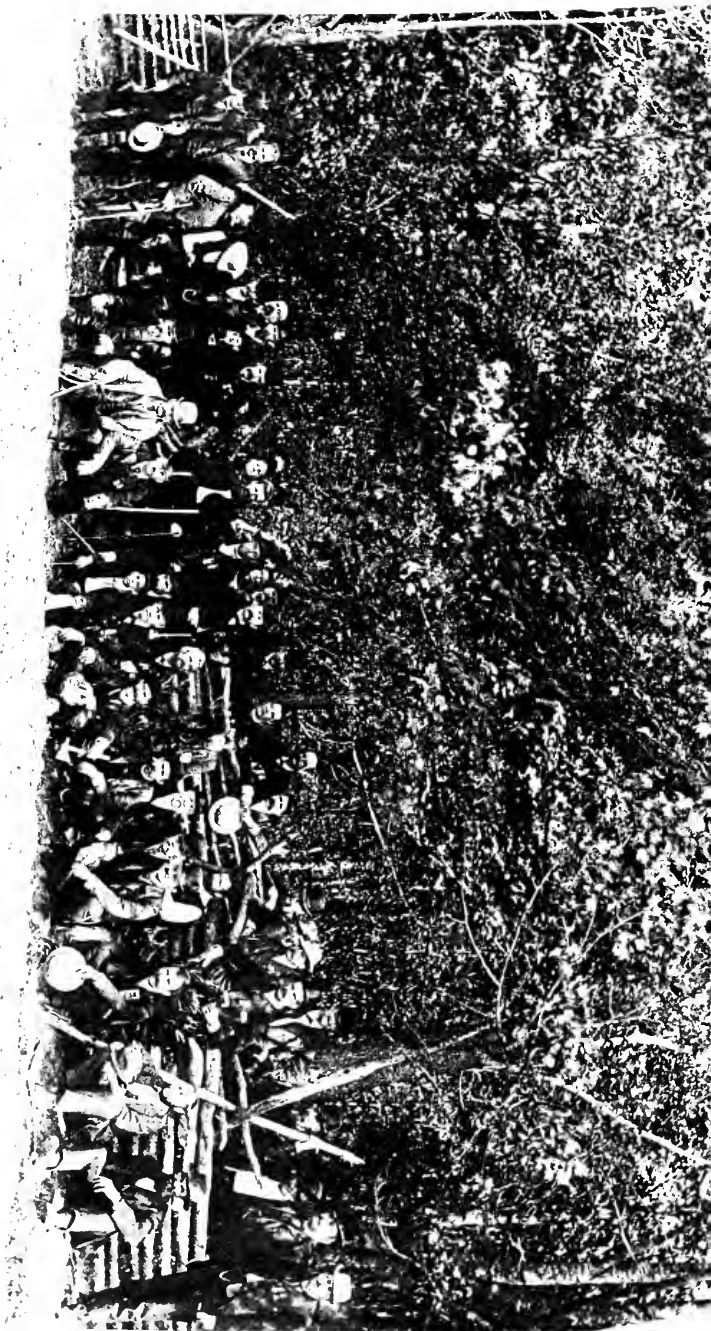
A circular has been received by Circuit Court Clerk Veazey, from the Sedgwick Memorial Association, asking for contributions from surviving comrades of the Sixth Corps, to pay for a memorial monument to be erected where the gallant Sedgwick fell. An acre of ground, including the spot where the General was killed, has been purchased of the Alsop estate, and the monument contracted for to be completed by May 1st, next. The monument will cost about \$2,000, and the cut shows it to be a neat stone tablet of Quincy granite, some eight feet high and five feet square at the base, with an appropriate inscription upon it. It will be dedicated on the twelfth of May, and a large attendance is anticipated.

In view of the fact that G. A. R. National Encampment will be held in St. Louis next September, Mr. Veazey asks that any comrade of the Sixth Corps in Southeast Missouri will send his name to D. B. Veazey, Hillsboro, Mo., who will make a note of all names sent in, and, if possible, arrange for a re-union at St. Louis, in September, of the "Old Guard" of the Army of the Potomac.

(*Washington Republican, Washington, D. C.*)

THE SEDGWICK MEMORIAL.

The interest of the veterans of the old Sixth Corps in the excursion to Fredericksburg and Spottsylvania, to dedicate the memorial tablet erected on the spot where the gallant Sedgwick fell in 1864, grows with each day, and now the railway company finds itself taxed to provide cars for those who intend to go. Considering the number of battles, actions and "affairs" the corps was engaged in, it seems a wonder that so many survivors are left. The train bearing the veterans from Boston, Northern New York, Vermont, Wisconsin, and Philadelphia will arrive at the Baltimore and Potomac Depot at 10 A. M. Wednesday, and will leave for Fredericksburg forty minutes later.



Group at Bloody Angle.

Photo. by Kilo & Co., Phila., Pa.

APPENDIX F.

List of Persons Accompanying the Excursion.

A

Actell, Charles F., Morristown, N. J.
Ayars, Enos, Private, Salem, N. J.
Arment, W. H., Corporal Company K, 82d P. V., 216 Chester street, Phila.
Anthony, George W., Private 110th P. V., Burlington, N. J.
Atkins, Thomas, 67th N. Y., 780 Broadway, Brooklyn.
Atkins, George W., 67th N. Y., 780 Broadway, Brooklyn.
Ashworth, William, Frankford, Philadelphia.
Allenedey, John V., 530 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

B

Bowman, H. C., Company A, 93d P. V., Cleveland, Ohio.
Birdsall, D. C., Colonel 2d Corps, Hartford, Conn.
Becker, Jr., William, Musician 1st Brigade, Norristown, Pa.
Bell, C. N., Private, Salem, N. J.
Brown, George C., Captain Company A, 119th P. V., Manayunk, Phila.
Boughton, W. DeL., First Lieutenant 49th N. Y., 44 Pine street, N. Y.
Brown, George C., Lieutenant-Colonel 23d N. J., Elizabeth, N. J.
Bilderback, Smith, First Lieutenant N. J. V., Salem, N. J.
Bryan, William E., Major 3d N. J., 2914 N. Sixteenth street, Philadelphia.
Bryan, Mrs. William E., 2914 N. Sixteenth street, Philadelphia.
Bryan, Charles, 2914 N. Sixteenth street, Philadelphia.
Bamford, John, 3d N. J. Cavalry. Camden, N. J.
Bard, George W., Sergeant Company B, 93d P. V., Reading, Pa.
Barrett, N. H., Private Company A, 119th P. V., 117 Queen st., Germantown.
Bodine, W. R., 1957 Mervine street, Philadelphia.
Brewer, A. T., Company A, 61st P. V., Cleveland, Ohio.
Butler, Irwin, Devault, Chester County, Pa.
Barrows, W. A., Captain 6th N. J., Mount Holly, N. J.
Batt, Richard, Philadelphia.
Brenthol, R. H., 39th N. J., Newark, N. J.
Brown, W. H., Company D, 44th N. J., 869 N. Seventh street, Philadelphia.
Booth, Richard, Private 7th Mass. Infantry, Fall River, Mass.
Butler, Jason T., Serg't Company C, 138th P. V., Devault, Chester Co., Pa.
Barrett, O. J., 117 Queen street, Germantown, Philadelphia.
Barrett, Gordon M., 117 Queen street, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Barrett, Gertrude, 117 Queen street, Germantown, Philadelphia.
 Bell, W. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Baker, William J., Captain Company E, 23d P. V., Philadelphia.
 Buckelew, F. L., Adjutant 14th N. J., Jamesburg, N. J.
 Burrows, St. J., 13th and 47th N. Y., 236 Ainslee street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Burrows, Lincoln, 236 Ainslee street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Bantom, Wm. H., Private Company G, 23d P. V., 26 N. Twelfth st., Phila.
 Browning, William H., Sergeant 1st N. J., Jersey City, N. J.
 Blair, F. L., 61st P. V., Pittsburgh, Pa.

C

Callow, H. P., 82d P. V., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Connor, D. C., Drum-Major 61st P. V., 236 South street, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
 Connor, Harry, 218 Northampton street, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
 Copenhagen, J. B., First Sergeant 93d P. V., Lickdale, Lebanon Co., Pa.
 Carey, D. W., Principal Musician 103d N. Y., 3907 Germantown av., Phila.
 Cook, Carl M., Hammononton, N. J.
 Cross, M. S., Captain Company C, 87th P. V., York, Pa.
 Cutler, Elias, Private Company I, 119th P. V., 2313 Tulip street, Phila.
 Connor, Thomas R., Private Company D, 61st P. V., Wilkesbarre, Pa.
 Currier, Osceola, Sergeant Company B, 26th N. J. V., Newark, N. J.
 Carney, William, Captain N. J. V., Salem, N. J.
 Cronkite, James W., Lieutenant-Colonel 121st N. Y. V., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Clark, Gideon, Colonel 119th P. V., and Brevet-Brigadier-General, Phila.
 Collis, C. H. T., Colonel 114th P. V., and Brevet-Major-General, N. Y.
 Crane, Morris, Philadelphia.
 Carr, Samuel, Captain Company C, 23d N. J. V., Mount Holly, N. J.
 Cattell, A. W., First Lieutenant 3d N. J. V., Woodbury, N. J.
 Clark, James H., Private Hastings' Battery, Philadelphia.
 Cassiday, George A., 61st P. V., Pittsburgh, Pa.

D

Doty, Edwin A., Captain Company C, 15th N. J., Morristown, N. J.
 Dykes, James, Captain Company A, 119th P. V., Norristown, Pa.
 Darling, J. H., Ass't Surgeon 51st Mass., and U. S. N., Thompsonville, Conn.
 Davis, E. W., Brevet-Lieutenant-Colonel, Newark, N. J.
 Daughter, Samuel, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Dannenhower, George R., Sergeant 12th N. J., Camden, N. J.
 Dudenhoffer, Frank, Private 21st N. J., 945 Third avenue, New York.
 Danielly, J. W., Private Company F, 119th P. V., 1538 Frankford av., Phila.
 Dare, Charles F., Hospital Steward 118th P. V., Bridgeton, N. J.
 Dodge, Warren W., Sergeant 67th N. Y., 163 E. Eighty-first street, N. Y.
 Dunlap, Lewis J., Private F, 119th P. V., Roxborough, Philadelphia.
 Drake, J. B., Hospital Steward, New Jersey, Elizabeth, N. J.

E

Esterline, D. A., Private Company B, 49th P. V., Greenville, Pa.
 Emmons, W. H. K., Corporal Company F, 15th N. J., Morristown, N. J.
 Euston, Ed. C., Second Lieutenant 93d P. V., Lebanon, Pa.

F

French, Thomas, Private Company A, 3d N. J., Harrisonville, N. J.
 Forbes, C. H., Major and Adjutant-General Vt. Brigade, Brandon, Vt.
 Franklin, John D., Second Lieutenant D, 14th N. J., Elizabeth, N. J.
 Farrier, Fred. F., Captain Company G, 10th N. J., Jersey City, N. J.
 Fisse, F., Private 67th N. Y., 529 E. Thirteenth street, N. Y.
 Farrier, W. W., Private 10th N. J., Jersey City, N. J.
 Farrier, H. H., Jersey City, N. J.
 Fulmer, Henry, Private Company C., 138th P. V., Norristown, Pa.
 Fassett, E. H., Private 2d Vermont, Kingston, N. Y.
 Foulke, Rowan, Serg't Company F, 119th P. V., 1309 Moore street, Phila.
 Foulke, A. R., 1309 Moore street, Philadelphia.

G

Gregson, Joseph, Serg't Company I, 121st P. V., 1718 South street, Phila.
 Gregson, Mrs. Joseph, 1718 South street, Philadelphia.
 Gerhard, C. G., Musician, 93d P. V., Lebanon, Pa.
 Gilbert, J. W., 93d P. V., Hillsgrove, Sullivan Co., Pa.
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 Bartholomew, A. H., New Haven, Conn.
 Brown, E. R., New Haven, Conn.
 Blair, H., Hartford, Conn.
 Bronson, W. S., Hartford, Conn.
 Beardsley, Dr. B. F., Hartford, Conn.
 Bailey, Hon. C. H., New London, Conn.
 Bates, Hon. G. D., Windham, Conn.
 Brown and Gross, Hartford, Conn.
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 Chamberlain, E. S., General, Hartford, Conn.
 Cole, C. J., Hartford, Conn.
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 Clark, W. B., Hartford, Conn.
 Chase, George L., Hartford, Conn.

- Chapman, S., Hartford, Conn.
 Clarkson, R. L., Hartford, Conn.
 Carpenter, J. W., Hartford, Conn.
 Clemons, H., Hartford, Conn.
 Case, W., Hartford, Conn.
 Case, O. E., Hartford, Conn.
 Clark, T. P., Hartford, Conn.
 Cuzner, H. G. B., Hartford, Conn.
 Chapman, M. S., Hartford, Conn.
 Chapman, T. T., Hartford, Conn.
 Cloughlin, P., Hartford, Conn.
 Cugle, C. D., Hartford, Conn.
 Clark, W. A., Hartford, Conn.
 Comstock, M. W., Hartford, Conn.
 Carpenter, E., Hartford, Conn.
 Crane, Dr. S. L. G., Hartford, Conn.
 Chandler, G. P., Hartford, Conn.
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 Cromer, J. J., Fort Littleton, Pa.
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- Doolittle, E. J., Hartford, Conn.
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- Dooley, M. F., Hartford, Conn.
- Dumont, A., Hartford, Conn.
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- Dillingham, E. B., Hartford, Conn.
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- Downs, W. S., Hartford, Conn.
- De Lamater, R. S., Hartford, Conn.
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- Deming, L., Hartford, Conn.
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- De Wolf, J. H., Hartford, Conn.
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 French, S. L., Tolland, Conn.
 Franklin, Hon. V. P., Windham, Conn.
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 Frick, Max, Mountain Dale, Pa.
 Fisher, Julius, Pittsburg, Pa.
 Fisher, G. B., Hartford, Conn.
 Fyler, O. N., Hartford, Conn.
 Fowler, George N., Hartford, Conn.
 Fowler, J. S., Hartford, Conn.
 Finn, E. A., Hartford, Conn.
 Farr, J., Company A, 2d N. J. V., Russell, Ill.
 Forsyth, Colin, 23d P. V., West Elizabeth, Pa.
 Fessenden, S., Hartford, Conn.
 Farley, F. A., Hartford, Conn.
 Fowler and San Souci, Hartford, Conn.
 Fox, Dr. C. J., Hartford, Conn.
 Fenn, H., Hartford, Conn.
 Ford, G. C. Hartford, Conn.
 Ferris, J. H., Hartford, Conn.
 Frisbie, L. T. Hartford, Conn.

Fischtner, G., Hartford, Conn.
 Fagan, C. R., Hartford, Conn.
 Foulds, William, Hartford, Conn.
 Fenn, H., Hartford, Conn.
 Forbes and Buckland, Hartford, Conn.
 Foster, Major R. H., Harrisburg, Pa.
 Fry, J. N. R., Company F, 96th P. V., Lorain and Spring Garden streets.

G

Gravener, Jos. H., Sr., Company I, 119th P. V., Philadelphia.
 Gray, W. C., Lieutenant-Colonel 119th P. V., Chester, Pa.
 Garsed, H. E., Company C, 95th P. V., Third above Chestnut street, Phila.
 Grasty, M. C., Fredericksburg, Va.
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 Glenn, Wm. J., Captain Company E, 61st P. V., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Gilbert, J. W., Company B, 93d P. V., Hillsgrove, Pa.
 Goerz, E., Hartford, Conn.
 Gill, T. J., Hartford, Conn.
 Greeley, H., Hartford, Conn.
 Goodwin, H. L., Hartford, Conn.
 Graham, James, Hartford, Conn.
 Gaffey, J. F., Hartford, Conn.
 Gallup & Metzger, Hartford, Conn.
 Griswold, Chas., Hartford, Conn.
 Gray, John, Lieutenant Company D, 121st N. Y. V., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Gray, Geo. H., 121st N. Y. V., Herkimer, N. Y.
 Gallagher, Hon. Jas., Hartford Conn.
 Gold, F. S., Hartford, Conn.
 Griswold, N., Hartford, Conn.
 Gates, W. B., Hartford, Conn.
 Green, Wm., Hartford, Conn.
 Gorham, S. B., Hartford, Conn.
 Goodman, H., Hartford, Conn.
 Graves, H. B., Hartford, Conn.
 Graves, Mrs. H. B., Hartford, Conn.
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 Horton, J. H., Hartford, Conn.
 Henney, David, Hartford, Conn.
 Hinman, R. S., Hartford, Conn.
 Huntington, C. W., Hartford, Conn.
 Henney, W. S., Hartford, Conn.
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 Humphrey, W. A., Hartford, Conn.
 Howland, S. W., Hartford Conn.
 Hoyt, H. W. R., Hartford, Conn.
 Hawley, S. E., Hartford, Conn.
 Higgins, A. F., Hartford, Conn.
 Hawley, E. S., Hartford, Conn.
 Holmes, J. F., Hartford, Conn.
 Hurlburt, A. M., Hartford, Conn.
 Hopkins, L. L., Hartford, Conn.

Hovey, James, Hartford, Conn.
 Hoyt, Miss B. W., Hartford, Conn.
 Hoyt, Master T. W., Hartford, Conn.
 Hubbard, F. P., Hartford, Conn.
 Harris, W. H., Hartford, Conn.
 Hooker, John, Hartford, Conn.
 Hunt, A. A., Hartford, Conn.
 Hurd, W. R., Hartford, Conn.
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 Harrison L., Hartford, Conn.
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 Sumner, Col. Alex. B., 6th Me. V., Lubec, Me.

Stokes, Chas., Esq., Rancocas, N. J.
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 Sutmeyer, E. H., Company A, 102d P. V., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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 Stewart, John, Sharon, Pa.
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 Shearman, Thos. G., 45 William street, New York City.
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 Smith, Geo. W., Company F, 138th P. V., Norristown, Pa.
 Shearer, L. D., Sergeant, Company A, 138th P. V., Norristown, Pa.
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 Schiedt, Jacob E., Company F, 119th P. V. 1719 Bouvier street, Phila.
 Stover, Geo. H., U. S. N., 95 and 97 Liberty street, N. Y.
 Shorter, John U., C. S. A., Room 3 Court House, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Stewart, Thomas J., Company C, 138th P. V., Philadelphia.
 Serva, M. T., 138th P. V., Washington, D. C.
 Schimp, Edmund, Salem, N. J.
 Sylvester, Lewis, Salem N. J.
 Stauring, C. H., 121st N. Y. V., Frankfort, N. Y.
 Seaman, Fred., Company M, 102d P. V.
 Scott, Alex., 10th Vt. V., Patent Office, Washington, D. C.
 Stryker, W. S., Adjutant-General N. J., Trenton, N. J.
 Seymour, Gen. Truman, U. S. A., Florence, Italy.
 Sanders, H. P., Capt., 151st N. Y. V., Room 23, Post Office, Washington, D. C.
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 Sumner, C. F., Tolland, Conn.
 Smith, Hon. E. D., Fairfield, Conn.
 Shumway, Hon. M. A., Windham, Conn.
 Swords, F. G., Hartford, Conn.
 Shay, William, Company D, 93d P. V., Lebanon, Pa.
 Shay, Simon K., Company K, 93d P. V., Lebanon, Pa.
 Sheldon, S. S., 121st N. Y. V., Otsdona, N. Y.

T

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 Thorn, Horace, Frankford, Philadelphia.
 True, E. R., Company B, 61st P. V., Bottom Centre, Canada.
 Truesdell, Colonel Samuel, 93 Nassau street, N. Y. City.
 Tyler, H. A., Hartford, Conn.
 Thompson, C. O., Hartford, Conn.
 Torrence, D., Hartford, Conn.
 Taylor, W. S., Hartford, Conn.

Tibbets, J. A., Hartford, Conn.
 Tuttle, N. J., Hartford, Conn.
 Thompson, J. M., Hartford, Conn.
 Taylor, J. C., Hartford, Conn.
 Tyler, J. K., 121st N. Y. V.
 Thompson, Alexander, Company B, 61st P. V., Webster City, Iowa.
 Totten, E., Colonel 5th Wis. V., Washington, D. C.
 Tourgee, J. H., 2d R. I. Vols., 289 Main street, Norwich, Conn.
 Tilden, Clay, 21st N. J. V., Jersey City, N. J.
 Taylor, Amos, Lieut. Co. A, 119th P. V., Martin st., Roxborough, Phila.
 Titus, Silas, Colonel 122d N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Tracy, O. V., Captain 122d N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y.,
 Teese, R. W., Corporal Company G, 102d P. V., Warren, Pa.
 Taylor, W. H., Sergeant Company B, 98th P. V., Warren, Pa.
 Taylor, James C., 14th N. J. V., Trenton, N. J.
 Tailorff, Ivan, Major 65th N. Y. V., 54 Worth street, N. Y. City.
 Tallman, L. C., Lieut. 1st N. Y. Independent Battery, Marshall, Field &
 Co., Madison and Market streets, Chicago, Ill.
 Toering, Emil, Company E, 2d N. J. V.
 Todhunter, William, Mountain Dale, Pa.
 Todd, F. O., Suspension Bridge, Pa.
 Taft, James A., Lieutenant 121st N. Y. V., Sergeant Bluff, Iowa.
 Tucker, Hon. J. E., Tolland, Conn.
 Thompson, J. S., New Haven, Conn.
 Tingley, G. W., New London, Conn.
 Terry, Hon. Charles, Windham, Conn.
 Tracy, Tarbox & Robinson, Hartford, Conn.

U

Uhler, George H., 93d P. V., Lebanon, Pa.
 Upperman, John, Pittsburg, Pa.
 Uebing, William, Pittsburg, Pa.
 Upson, L. A., 62d N. Y. V., Thompsonville, Conn.
 Utley, George T., Hartford, Conn.

V

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 Van Dusen, C., 1st N. Y. Mtd. Rifles, Fredericksburg, Va.
 Veazey, D. B., Lieutenant, 3d Vt. V., Hillsboro, Mo.
 Vancoy, H. C., Captain, 121st N. Y. V., Wells Bridge, N. Y.
 Van Tagen, E., McCarthy Battery, 439 M street N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Valentine, Geo. J., 246 Sackett street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Vanhorn, Amos H., Company A, 26th N. J. V.
 Van Liew, John H., 1st N. J. V., 427 Fifth avenue, Brooklyn.

W

- Walter, P. V., 1st. Sergeant H, 3d N. J. V., Newark, N. J.
 Wood, Israel C., Company K, 138th P. V., Norristown, Pa.
 Williams, George W., Company C, 138th P. V., Norristown, Pa.
 White, Roland, Sixth and Market streets, Philadelphia.
 Wrigley, Wm. Jr., 2914 N. Sixteenth street, Philadelphia.
 Wrigley, Wm. Sr., Lieut., 197th P. V., Eighteenth and Cayuga sts., Phila.
 Wells, Wm. H., 49th N. Y. V., 63 Garfield street, Brooklyn, N. Y.,
 Wells, Edward, 125-133 College street, Burlington, Vt.
 Wartman, C. C., Sixth and Market streets, Philadelphia.
 Warren, G., 121st N. Y. V., Ilion, N. Y.
 Wells, Col. Chas. H., Tribune Building, N. Y.
 Westbrook, R. S., 49th P. V., Huntingdon, Pa.
 Walton, P. M., 1st N. J. V., 2446 N. Sixth street, Philadelphia.
 Wiland, John, Mountain Dale, Cambria County, Pa.
 Weidner, Mahlon, Company B, 93d P. V., Earlville, Berks County, Pa.
 Workman, Levi, Company G, 96th P. V., Wiscnisco, Pa.
 Williams, Hobart, 1407 Douglas street, Omaha, Neb.
 Wilbig, John J., 40th N. Y. V., 19 Sullivan street, New York.
 Woodin, B. C., New Haven; Conn.
 Wagner, John, Tolland, Conn.
 Waterbury Sunday Democrat, Waterbury, N. Y.
 Woodard, Hon. A. O., Windham, Conn.
 Warner, F. N., Hartford, Conn.
 White, F. G., Hartford, Conn.
 Wray, Wm. J., Company F, 23d P. V., Sergt. 1st Vet. Res. Corps, 3923
 Reno street, Philadelphia.
 Wheaton, Frank, Major-General U. S. A., Fort Omaha, Neb.
 Walton, J. P., Hartford, Conn.
 Wood, J. H., Hartford, Conn.
 Weed, A. G., Hartford, Conn.
 Wickman, H. J., Hartford, Conn.
 Wickman, C. H., Hartford, Conn.
 Welsh, W. W., Hartford, Conn.
 Watson, George, Hartford Conn.
 Wheaton, C. A., Hartford, Conn.
 Wise, M. J., Hartford, Conn.
 Wood, L. E., Hartford, Conn.
 Walcott, W. S., Oneida, N. Y.
 Walkley, S., Hartford, Conn.
 Welch, E. S., Norfolk, Conn.
 W. C. C., Granby, Conn.
 Wilson, J. W., 928 Arch street, Philadelphia.
 Wilson, N. G., 138th P. V., Gettysburg, Pa.

- Whiting, Mrs. M. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Wickware, Charles, Company I, 6th Vt., Webster City, Iowa.
 Wanamaker & Brown, Sixth and Market streets, Philadelphia.
 Walters, A. H., Company B, 25th P. V., 118th P. V., 115 Walnut st., Phila.
 Wallace, William J., Lieut.-Col. 23d P. V., 1432 S. Forty-ninth st., Phila.
 Wilkinson, J., 32d Pa. M., Thirteenth and Carpenter streets, Philadelphia.
 Wright, F. H., Great Barrington, Mass.
 Wells, John M., 23d P. V., Rancocas, N. J.
 Wiedersheim, John A., Corp. Co. F, 119th P. V., *Record* building, Phila.
 Wells, James G., 138th P. V., Ninth and Spring Garden streets, Phila.
 Williams, John W., Co. G, 119th P. V., Spring City, Chester County, Pa.
 Williams, Miss May, Spring City, Chester County, Pa.
 Wright, James, Company A, 119th P. V., 2839 Frankford Road, Phila.
 Walker, L., Sergeant 67th N. Y. V., Box 76, Station G, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Walker, H. B., Second Lieut. Co. G., 121st N. Y. V., Cooperstown, N. Y.
 Wallings, Don J., Second Lieut. Co. F, 49th P. V., N. E. cor. Twelfth and
 Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia.
 Woerner, Charles, 20th N. Y. V., Trenton, N. J.
 Woerner Rudolph, Lieut.-Col. 119th P. V., Second and Monroe sts., Phila.
 Worth, Geo., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Williams, W. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Wartneight, S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Walpole, Horace H., Lieutenant-Colonel 122d N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Wade, Wm. H., Lieutenant, 7th Mass. V., Plainville, Mass.
 Welteroth, Peter F., 2d Conn. H. Art., 125 N. River st., Wilkesbarre, Pa.
 White, John M., Co. A, 15th N. J. V., 271 E. Market st., Wilkesbarre, Pa.
 Williams, Jos. A., 138th P. V., Port Kennedy, Pa.
 Whitehead, Mortimer, Company F, 26th N. J. V., Middlebush, N. J.
 Wilson, C. L., New York City.
 White, J. J., Room 3 Court House, Brooklyn.
 Walkley, Arthur W., Room 3, Court House, Brooklyn.
 Wernberg, J. A. 367 Fulton street, New York.
 Wiland, John, Jr., Mountain Dale, Pa.
 Wilson, Robt. P., Adjutant-General 1st Brig. 1st Div. 6th Corps, 234 Main
 street, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Webster, W. E., Cowan's Battery, Auburn, N. Y.
 Walters, C. A., Company I, 155th P. V., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Walsh, P. J., Hartford, Conn.
 Walker, A. H., Hartford, Conn.
 Whitney, A. F., Hartford, Conn.
 Welch, Dr. J. H., Hartford, Conn.
 Wheeler, Chas. B., Hartford, Conn.
 Wasserbach, J. C., Hartford, Conn.
 Warner, A., State Treasurer, Hartford, Conn.
 Woodruff, Geo. M., Hartford, Conn.

Wilson, J. S., Hartford, Conn.
 Wander & Son, W., Hartford, Conn.
 Webster, J. C., Hartford, Conn.
 Whiting, C. B., Hartford, Conn.
 Wilson, J. L., Hartford, Conn.
 Winnie, J. C., Hartford, Conn.
 Williams, J. K., Hartford, Conn.
 Wessells, L. W., Hartford, Conn.
 Walter, A. F., 95th P. V., Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.
 Walker, J. M., Company A, 61st P. V., Tawas City, Mich.
 Woerner, Rudolph, Company D, 119th P. V.
 Weygand, Casper P., Company F, 119th P. V., Philadelphia.
 Wells, Jos. W., Company K, 119th P. V., 411 Julianna street, Phila.
 Ward, Thomas, Company A, 119th P. V., Philadelphia.
 Waltz, Frederick, N. E. cor. Chestnut and Christian streets, Lancaster, Pa.
 Willis & Crismond, Fredericksburg, Va.
 Wallace, Charles & Brother, C. S. A., Fredericksburg, Va.
 Wheeler, E. K., Fredericksburg, Va.
 Williams, Charles, Fredericksburg, Va.
 Wilson, F. B., Company B, 93d P. V., 739 Chestnut street, Reading, Pa.
 Walters, Jacob L., 119th P. V., Philadelphia.
 Whittier, General C. A., Boston, Mass.
 White, Jos. H., 23d P. V., Easton, Md.
 Williams, Frederick, Company E, 119th P. V., Quinton, Salem Co., N. J.
 Weidersheim, W. A., 915 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.
 Welsh, Samuel, 406 Walnut street, Philadelphia.
 Wright, Maj.-Gen. H. G., Com. 6th Corps, 1203 N. st., N. W., Washington, D. C.
 Wilson, Charles H., Sergeant 49th P. V., Plymouth, Pa.
 Wetherill, J. M., Colonel 82d P. V., Pottsville, Pa.
 Wiland, John, Mountain Dale, Cambria County, Pa.
 Wainwright, S. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Wagner, O. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Welsh, E., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Wagner, J., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Wanner, R. R., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Williams, W. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Ward, James, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Wishnewosky, John, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Y

Yeo, John, 119th P. V., 1358 Palmer street, Philadelphia.
 Young, E. S., Hartford, Conn.
 Yeo, Samuel, 119th P. V., 1556 Montgomery avenue, Philadelphia.

Z

Zimmer, John, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Zeigler, William T., 87th P. V., Gettysburg, Pa.

Addenda.

Bodine, W. R., 1957 Mervine street, Philadelphia.

Glenn, John F., Colonel 23d P. V., 2535 Brown street, Philadelphia.

APPENDIX H.

Report of Treasurer.

Philadelphia, July 23, 1887.

To the President and Members of the
Sedgwick Memorial Association.

GENTLEMEN :—The undersigned respectfully submits the following report of the financial operations of the Association from date of organization to July 23, 1887.

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions to the Monument Fund.....	\$2,375 00
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EXPENDITURES.

Paid for purchase of land, clearing and putting same in order; purchase, transportation, and erection of Monument and Railing, and all expenses pertaining to same.....	\$1,655 51
Expenses of Executive Committee.....	51 00
Incidentals	4 57
Printing and postage.....	222 04
	<hr/> 1,933 12
Balance for investment, the interest on which is to be used in keeping the Monument and grounds in repair.....	\$441 88
	<hr/> <hr/>

DAVID GINTHER,
Treasurer.

Audited, passed, and approved.

Signed.

JAMES W. LATTA,
WILLIAM J. WRAY,
SAMUEL McCAMBRIDGE.
Auditing Committee.

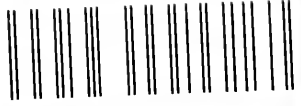
NOTE.—The Excursion Committee reported a net gain of \$447.93 from the proceeds of the Excursion to Spottsylvania, which was used toward defraying the cost of publishing this book.







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