OF

JOHN SEDGWICK

MAJOR-GENERAL

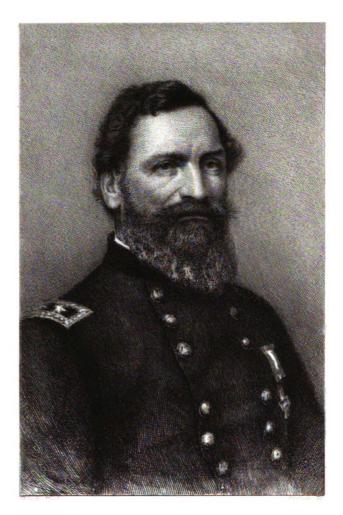
VOLUME II



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MCMIII



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK

Elem a whotograph taken during the Givil War.



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CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN SEDGWICK

MAJOR-GENERAL



JEFFERSON BARRACKS, June 22, 1855.

My dear sister:

I received this morning your letter of the I expected to have left this post yesterday for Fort Leavenworth, but shall not leave till to-morrow. When I arrive I will give you a description. You were wrong in believing that the additional pay influenced me in accepting the appointment; it was the additional rank, and the compliment of being placed over the heads of over one hundred Captains, without being an applicant. I think and hope I have done right, and if it comes to the worst, I would prefer doing the same thing over, and then resign rather than decline; but for the next year my station will be as pleasant as any in the West, except I cannot reach home quite so soon. The mail is only three days from New York. Fort Leavenworth is three hundred miles farther,



but by water all the way, although the passage is not made quite so quickly as on your rivers. I am glad my plunder arrived safe; I believe I explained how some portions were to be taken out. I enclosed a small check to Mr. Fuller the day I left—did he receive it? I sold my horses and carriage for eight hundred dollars, and expect to supply myself with what I shall want here at half that amount, so that if you want any money let me know. I expect to overtake my travelling companions at Fort Leavenworth, as I hear that they have not left there. That is their starting-point, which is the commencement of a journey of nine hundred miles, and if they have good luck can go fifteen miles a day. I wrote you yesterday and last Sunday. With love to all.

Your affectionate brother,

John Sedgwick.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, August 10, 1855.

My dear father:

I have not addressed you a letter for some time, but as I have kept Emily posted up as to my whereabouts, I know you would rather prefer to hear through her.

I believe that you all regret the step I took

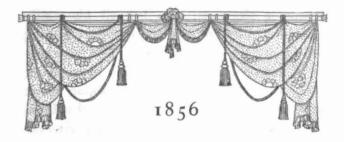
in accepting my appointment, and I should have preferred myself that it had not been offered; but so far I have seen no cause to regret it—on the contrary, I am confirmed in my opinion that I could not have declined. If anything had been wanting to manifest a kind feeling for me in my old regiment, it has been amply furnished in the most kind and affectionate letters from nearly every officer in the regiment.

I shall be stationed at this point till at least next June, when I expect to make a trip on the plains. I am on a large court that meets on the 24th of October to investigate certain claims to reservation lands in the territory. court is a very large one, and some of the claimants reside on the river, more than twelve hundred miles from here, and it is believed they cannot reach here before the winter rains set in that swell the river so that boats can come down. The country about here was opened to squatters last spring, and is now nearly filled up; the land is equal, if not superior, to any I have ever seen. The soil is from three to five feet in depth, and so rich that no manure improves it. Instead of using the manure, it is hauled and thrown into the river or ravines to get rid of it, and the immense crops raised would appear

almost fabulous. The one great drawback is the want of, and a uniformity in, the rains: the latter part of the seasons generally being dry, late crops suffer; but for raising cattle, hemp, corn, wheat, and grain generally it has no equal. I suppose roots, if planted early, would do well, but the people that fill up a new country have no time to attend to raising vegetables. This is to be a slave state, I think, without doubt, and the North have no one to thank or blame for it but themselves and Governor If a sensible and moderate Northern man had been sent, it might have been very different. Governor Reeder came out expressly to make political capital in his own state and to make money here. But I hear that he has been removed; if so, it will bring peace to the territory. The legislature is in session a few miles from here, and is passing laws, all of which he vetoes or returns as illegally passed, because they are not in session where convened. The climate here is about the same, in regard to warmth, as with you, the nights delightfully cool, but few showers, although this year there has been plenty of rain. Tell Emily to write often, and believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate son,

J. S.



FORT LEAVENWORTH, February 3, 1856.

My dear father and mother:

I received, my dear father, your sad letter conveying the intelligence and details of our dear Olive's death. You do not know how it has pained and distressed me, taking me unawares. When Emily last wrote you were all so well and happy, and I thought how pleasant and comfortable it would be for you all during the winter, and your health was so much improved, and mother was so cheerful and contented, that I felt but little regret at going so far away from you; but the life that promised to be as long as any of ours has been cut off with but a few hours' warning. How little we know what God's purposes are concerning us! You and mother, I know, are supported and comforted by the consolation of knowing that you have entrusted your all into His hands. Major

Woods, a classmate, who lost all his family last summer by the cholera, has been staying with me for the last few days. The night before I received John Underhill's letter we sat in my room till after midnight talking about our homes and family, and I told him that I had two sisters, to one of whom I had scarcely ever written, to the other I had written constantly, and yet I knew no difference in my love. next morning, at daylight, as I was going near the post-office, I inquired for letters, and the clerk gave me one, saying it looked like a dun. I put it in my pocket and did not open it for some time. It was Underhill's, announcing Olive's death. Yesterday's mail brought yours, and one from Philo and one from Eliza. She appears sadly distressed; her love for Olive was as strong as a sister's could be. Poor Emily, how desolate she must feel, and Mr. Fuller, too; but they both have faith and confidence in the love of the Saviour. Philo did not write where she was to be buried. If Mr. Fuller did not object, I hope she was carried to our burying-ground. It is a great consolation to believe that wherever I may die, I shall be buried near my family.

I hope and pray that this distressing event may not affect your health, and I know you

both will be sustained by faith and confidence in God.

Your affectionate son.

J. SEDGWICK.

FORT LEAVENWORTH, June 11, 1856.

My dear sister:

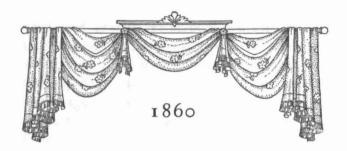
My last two letters to you were from Topeka. Since then I have been ordered in for a few days as a witness before a court martial. probably leave in two or three days to rejoin the command. Things are getting worse every day, and it is hard to foresee the result. of these things must happen: either it will terminate in civil war or the vicious will band themselves together to plunder and murder all whom they meet. The day after writing my last letter I started with a squadron of cavalry to go about forty miles to break up an encampment of free-soilers who had been robbing and taking prisoners any pro-slavery man they could meet. I proceeded to the place, and when within a short distance two of their principal men came out and wanted to make terms. were told that no terms would be made with lawless and armed men, but that they must give up their prisoners and disperse at once. We marched into their camp, situated on a small

island and entrenched, and found about one hundred and fifty men and twenty prisoners, who were released and the men dispersed. We then started for another point, where it was said there was another encampment of pro-slavery men on their way to release their prisoners. We met them four miles off, from three hundred and fifty to four hundred strong, commanded by a Colonel Coffee, one of the most respectable men in the territory. We told him it was the Governor's order that he should disperse, and showed him the Governor's proclama-He said, the object of assembling his men having been accomplished, he would order them to disperse at once; he did so, but in returning they committed many depredations upon the free-soilers, but in no instance that I have heard of did injury to their persons. There is no doubt that we interposed at a very critical moment, for had they come together, as they would in a few hours, many lives must have been lost, which would have angered the people on both sides, and the result must have been deplorable. No one can defend the action of the marshal's posse, at Lawrence, in burning the hotel, destroying the printing-press, and other outrages, but no life was lost, no one was threatened or felt himself in danger. In retalia-

tion for this act, inoffensive citizens have been plundered, their houses robbed and burned, and five men were taken out of their beds, their throats cut, their ears cut off, their persons gashed more horribly than our savages have ever done. I sincerely think that most of the atrocities have been committed by the free-soil party, but I cannot think that they countenance such acts—that is, the respectable class.

Your letter of the 18th instant I received when on my way home. No postmark or stamp. You did right in engaging the man, and I hope you will find him useful. I am glad to hear that you are getting along so comfortably; it makes me much better satisfied with not being able to visit you. I cannot tell at what time I shall be able to come, but hope in the course of the fall. Let me hear from you often. Give my love to all at home.

Your very affectionate brother, John Sedgwick.



FORT RILEY, April 23, 1860.

My dear sister:

I received your letter of the 14th instant yesterday; only seven days coming, something that has never happened before. I had not answered yours of the 1st instant, and that is something that has not frequently happened. I do not recollect when I have left one of your letters unanswered until the receipt of another before. I hope you are not becoming alarmed about the expenses; if, after everything is completed, it perfectly suits us, we ought to be satisfied with paying for it; if it does not suit us, we cannot pay too little.

I have not said anything about coming home next fall, for the reason that I could not foresee where I should be, and I preferred leaving it until I could tell more definitely whether I could come or not. I leave on the 13th of

May on an expedition against the Kiowa Indians. I suppose now that I shall have the command, but changes may be made. I have no desire for it, but if I have it I shall do my best to bring it to a successful issue. Major Wessells (from Litchfield) leaves this post to-morrow, with one hundred and sixty men, to establish a post two hundred miles west of this, and from this post my command will operate. Major Wessells takes his family with him. One company of sixty men arrived to-day, and with it were two brides, wives of young Lieutenants. Neither of the women had ever been out of sight of a town. One of them, with her husband, dined with me to-day. She is a very pretty, bright lady, perhaps twenty years old, and looks upon the trip as a picnic excursion, but I think tonight will take the starch out of her; they are staying in tents, and it is raining like fortythe first rain we have had. They would not take quarters here because their husbands had told them they would take cold sleeping in a room after living in tents. Poor, deluded women!

I hope by the 1st of July you will be in the new house, and feel that you have a home of your own, and I am sure you will make it a pleasant one to your friends. Write frequently.

Let me know the colours you put on the house. I prefer white or an orange.

Your affectionate brother,

John Sedgwick.

FORT RILEY, May 12, 1860.

My dear sister:

I am very busy in making preparations, which is no small matter. To think of everything necessary for five hundred men to take the field for the whole summer requires some thought as well as labour. We go two hundred miles, to Pawnee Fork, with wagons, from there with pack-mules, where we can carry nothing but the absolute necessaries: two blankets, two shirts, socks, etc., with just enough to eat to keep your bones together. If the expedition should be a fortunate one we may be in in September, or October at the latest. The orders have not yet arrived, and it is not certain that I am to have the command, but it is most probable. I shall write you from Pawnee. We shall have a weekly mail at that post, and it is likely we shall be in there as often as once a month during the But with this to relieve us, I cannot summer. anticipate a pleasant summer's work. The spring has been very dry; no rain for four or more

months, and everything looks dry and parched up. If rain does not come soon it will be a disastrous summer, not only for our horses but for all the farmers in this part of the country.

I hope everything goes on well. I am daily looking for a letter from you, and if it does not come before leaving I shall leave an express for a day or two to bring all letters. Your last letter was only seven days coming, and the Litchfield paper comes in seven or eight days. I see that John E. has come back to the Democratic ranks. Tell him (if you ever see him) that on entering the fold again his past sins will be forgiven. But he must sin no more. I hope to welcome you back on the same conditions.

Major Wessells and myself have been on very friendly terms the past winter. He has now gone to establish the new post at Pawnee. His wife is a very agreeable woman. They have three boys, and the Major a daughter by his first wife.

I shall try and make you a visit next winter or spring, but not a long one.

I am your affectionate brother,

J. S.

Camp on Cimarron, June 23, 1860.

My dear sister:

We are going to cross the New Mexico road to-morrow, and I write a line hoping to meet some train going into the States which will take We left Pawnee on the 2nd instant, taking only pack-mules; of course carrying only such articles as were absolutely essential for our subsistence. Up to this time we have not seen an Indian or signs of one later than three or four months date. Our supplies will run out on the 31st, and we are making our way to the Arkansas River to send for more. I do not mean to be caught as we were in 1837. Of game we have had an endless variety. One Sunday, whilst lying over a day about two hundred miles south of this, we had bear, wild turkey, deer, antelope, ducks, pigeons, and fish—unluckily, we had no condiments to cook them with and season them properly. Our table daily consists of four or five kinds of meat, sugar, and coffee and flour, and when our supplies reach us we hope to add several little luxuries to them. It is the worst country that ever was run; not a stick of wood or green bark in the whole of it, and add to this there has not been a drop of rain for eight months—of course no grass, no water in the

small streams and pools where water is usually found-and you can imagine some of the sufferings that our animals, in common with us, have had to undergo. We have several times marched upwards of forty miles without a drop of water, and when found it was so brackish that nothing but thirst could have induced any one to drink it. We are now getting nearer the mountains, and the water grows better. I expect a mail on the 3rd of July, and I shall then have an opportunity of sending you a letter, provided you do not receive this precious one. Write me how the house, stable, and grounds look. I have wished often that I was there this summer. I am growing tired of the war, but suppose I shall feel better when it is over. I hope to go in early in October, but may not till November -at all events, in time to get the election news. With love to all at home, believe me, as ever, Your affectionate brother.

I. S.

CAMP ON ARKANSAS, July 5, 1860.

My dear sister:

I wrote you a letter about ten days since, expecting to find an opportunity to send it after striking the Sante Fé road. I have heard of its

arrival at Pawnee Fork, where I suppose it was mailed, and you may stand a chance of getting it. Our supplies reached us on the 3rd, bringing a very large mail, with your letter of the 29th of May.

I have just received an express from Major Wessells that the Indians that we are in pursuit of are probably in the vicinity of Denver City. It is so authentic that I shall act upon it, and will start on the 7th for that place, so that the next letter you receive from me may be from Pike's Peak. Our scout has been unsuccessful so far. If we could meet the Indians, and give them a flogging, I should feel that our summer's work was over. It becomes very tiresome, this marching day after day, without any change of country. That we have marched over is the worst I have ever seen, and that we are going over not much better. Game is very abundant, and of the greatest variety, but we have not the facilities for cooking to make it the daintiest for the table. I intend to be back near Pawnee Fork by the 20th of August, as our supplies will run out by that time; but probably I will have an opportunity to write vou before.

Major Wessells is sadly distressed by the loss of his youngest boy, some four or five years

old, and other sickness in his family. With much love, I am your affectionate brother,

J. S.

Camp on Arkansas, in sight of Pike's Peak, July 19, 1860.

My dear sister:

An opportunity will occur to-morrow of sending in to Pawnee, and I thought I would write a line. We have had no mail since I last wrote, and do not expect one till about the 10th of August. By that time I hope the hardest part of our summer's campaign will be over, although nothing has been done worthy of so large and fine a command. We routed a small band of Kiowas a few days since, killing two, taking sixteen prisoners, and destroying their plunder, and taking forty horses. We have one officer and two soldiers wounded, none badly. In a day or two we start again, working in the direction of Pawnee, which is about three hundred miles from here. We shall probably make five hundred before reaching there. The friendly Indians about here report that several skirmishes have taken place with the other troops, in one of which one hundred and fourteen In-This is probably exagdians were killed.

gerated, but if anything like the truth, they have been so much punished that we shall hear no more from them. The road is filled with emigrants going and returning from Pike's Peak; so far no one has been molested. mountains of the Peak are visible from our camp, although from eighty to one hundred miles distant. What a change since I was there in '37! Then there was not a person to be met with except, occasionally, a trader; now there are sixty thousand inhabitants, with towns containing large and handsome houses, and stores well filled with the most fashionable goods, and everything denotes an old settled country. The mines are proving very rich, from all accounts, and every one is looking forward to a fortune.

I shall not, probably, write again till I reach Pawnee. There is a report that a post is to be established here.

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

CAMP NEAR PAWNEE FORK, August 8, 1860.

My dear sister:

I arrived at this camp to-day, and have received your two letters of June 13th and July

This was the first mail we have had since the 3rd of July, and it only brought sad news, which I am sure you will be sorry to I am ordered to return to a spot two hundred and thirty miles west of this, and to select and establish a military post to be called Fort Wise. This is very hard on all of us, to be out all summer, and no sooner come in with a prospect of returning to our post and spending a comfortable winter, when we receive an order to build quarters or live in tents (late in the season), and with nothing to do it with. I have not been so much disgusted since the fall of '37, when, at this very place, I received orders to go to Utah. That order was countermanded, and this may be, but there is very little prospect If we could have gone there in the spring, and had material, we could have made ourselves very comfortable before winter, and none of us could have objected to going; but we all left Fort Riley expecting to be absent for four or five months, and returned finding our quarters and furniture ready at our hands; but now all our furniture has to be sacrificed, as there is no way of getting it out, and even if there was it would be of little use to us. am so disgusted that I cannot write anything pleasant.

I shall be here several days yet, and will write again before leaving. I do not know how to tell you about directing my letters. This is the nearest office, but probably we shall have one there with a weekly mail from here, so for the present direct, "Fort Larned, Pawnee Fork, Kansas." I think I must have received all of your letters due. In my next I will send you a small check; but it is a part of my principal, and to be used only in case of urgent necessity.

Your affectionate brother,

I. S.

CAMP Wise, BIG TIMBERS, September 19, 1860.

My dear sister:

Judge Greenwood, Indian Commissioner, leaves to-day for the States and will take our mail; but when we shall have an opportunity to send another is very doubtful. He says, however, when he reaches Washington he will certainly secure us a weekly one. This consummation is most devoutly to be hoped for, as we have some seven hundred persons here; most of them can write, and many have some friends.

I cannot see now how I can come home in the spring; yet something may turn up to take this command from me; in that event, I shall

come. We have three hundred and fifty men at work on our quarters, and hope to be in them by the 1st of November — such as they are. They will be stone walls, laid and plastered with mud, with mud roofs, and no floors or doors, but windows made of canvas. Not a board of any description is to be had.

With love to all, I am your affectionate brother, J. S.

FORT WISE, UPPER ARKANSAS, September 12, 1860.

My dear sister:

I write this without knowing how or where it will go; but the Indian Commissioner is soon expected to hold a talk with the Indians, and people that come here generally wish to get back as soon as possible, so that probably he will take it. I reached here on the 30th instant, having had a very pleasant march of two hundred and thirty-five miles from Fort Larned, the nearest post-office. I have assurance that we shall be supplied with a weekly mail before long. We are making preparations for building, and I hope by the 15th of November to have the huts ready to occupy; but such buildings are rarely seen in the East—no boards, shingles, flooring, or windows are to be

used. Thick stone walls, laid in mud, eighteen feet wide and more than a mile long, with dirt roofs, are to be our habitation this winter. The doors will be beef-hides stretched on frames, windows the same, to be taken out for light when the weather will permit. We know but little about the climate, but it is said the winters are dry and mild; but the proximity to the mountains and the altitude would seem to indicate severe winters. Since we have been here the weather has been delightful, nights cool, days bright and warm, no frosts as yet. We have one lady in camp who has braved everything to come out with her husband. They have their tents close by me, and I see them every hour of the day. She does not seem to mind the hardship at all, has all the comforts about her that she would have at home, except the house. As she is the only woman here, it is not likely that I shall get married this winter. Our stores are on the road from Leavenworth. There will be over three hundred wagons, carrying six thousand pounds each, at an expense of eight cents per pound for hauling, so that you can estimate something of the expense of keeping five hundred men for one year more than four hundred miles beyond all civilization. It

will be impossible for me to come home this winter, or even to tell you when I can come.

Good-bye.

J. S.

FORT WISE, BIG TIMBERS, September 25, 1860.

My dear sister:

A small train will leave here to-morrow for the States, and it may be the last opportunity we shall have for a long time to forward a mail, unless, as we hope, the mail to New Mexico is directed to come this way. very hard to be deprived of hearing what is going on in the States, but, like many other things, is bearable when you get used to it. We are all hard at work building our quarters for the winter, and hope to have them finished by the 1st of November. I have reserved two rooms for myself, in the event that the weather should become too tedious to live in a tent. Up to this time we have had delightful weather, cool nights and bright, warm days, only one frost, but that makes but little difference, as there is nothing for it to kill. As you approach the mountains it becomes colder, until you reach a point where you have ice almost every night in the year.

There is a mail, with an ox-train, that I hoped would reach here to-day, that I might hear from you before closing this; but if it should not arrive till to-morrow, I can send an express to take such mail matter as necessary to send. I have not received a Litchfield paper for several weeks - months it seems. Has it run out? Did I ask you to send me the semiweekly New York Times? If I did not, please ask one of your New York correspondents to subscribe for it, and direct: "Fort Wise, Big Timbers." Perhaps I may get it, but the postmasters in this country can read, and take other people's papers. I get many papers from Denver City, but they are rather ancient when they reach this place. I hope there never was a viler set of men in the world than is congregated about these mines; no man's life is safe, and certainly not if he has fifty dollars to tempt one with. They have established a vigilance committee, and it may get rid of some of the scoundrels, but it would depopulate the country to kill them all. Half the murders that are committed on the plains, and laid to the Indians, are committed by white men. I am convinced of this. With all love.

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

FORT WISE, BIG TIMBERS, October 22, 1860.

My dear sister:

I do not know when I shall have another opportunity of answering your letter. When I last wrote there was a fair prospect of our being indulged with a weekly mail this winter; but this is a disappointment. They have granted us one hundred dollars a year to carry the mail two hundred and forty miles, once a week, and no one can carry it for less than that amount a I shall try and send for it two or three times in the course of the winter to ascertain who the President is, although it is a matter of indifference to us. We have few favours to ask, and none are granted. Our buildings are going up rapidly; the soldiers' quarters will be finished this week, and the officers' will be but a short job. I shall probably live in a tent all winter, unless the weather should become too severe: so far we have had no cold weather, and not a drop of rain, but we cannot expect this long. I am glad that you have had so much company, and I hope that you have entertained them in such a way as will induce them to visit you again.

Write as often as you can; your letters will come sooner or later. Believe me, as ever,
Your affectionate brother,

JOHN SEDGWICK.

FORT WISE, BIG TIMBERS, November 17, 1860.

My dear sister:

We have to-day been astonished by the receipt of another mail, and with the prospect of still another in about two weeks' time. I was disappointed in not receiving any letter from you. I am afraid that my complaining of our wanting mail facilities will discourage you from writing. When spring opens I hope, as emigration sets in, we shall have a mail at least weekly. We have had a delightful fall, dry, warm, and pleasant. To-day there is a drizzling rain, the first that we have had since reaching the post, over two months since. This is the character of all falls in this vicinity, although north and east of us they have had severe snowstorms and much cold weather. Our soldiers' quarters, and all the buildings except officers' quarters, are so far completed that they can be occupied, and two weeks more would enable us to finish all. This has relieved me very much. for I anticipated many difficulties which we have overcome, and am now at ease in regard to the comfort of the men for the winter. The last mail brought a complimentary letter from the Secretary of War, extolling our energy and perseverance. I had particularly written to Wash-

ington "that if Providence had not favoured us more than the Department there would have been intense suffering here this winter."

The hostile Indians sent in a runner some time since, asking to come in and have a talk. I granted it, and last Sunday six or eight of the chiefs came in, suing for peace. I sent their talk to Washington, recommending that terms be granted them; what the result will be cannot be known for several weeks. I do not know what excitement can be got up now that the Prince is gone and the election over. The subject of politics loses all its savour before getting out here. It is never mentioned except when the papers come in, and then a short topic. All concede Lincoln's election, and think any change will improve upon the present one.

We have several daily papers within two hundred miles of us which get much later news than we do. I see them occasionally. With much love to Philo's family.

I am your affectionate brother,

John Sedgwick.

FORT WISE, BIG TIMBERS, November 30, 1860.

My dear sister:

A mail will leave here in the morning, in which I will start this note, but there are some doubts whether it will succeed in getting through; the snow is very deep, and it is very cold, and for nearly two hundred miles there is not a stick of wood. We have to-day heard, by way of Denver, the result of the election. It seems to have been all on one side. The news was brought by a messenger, and I suppose cannot be accurately relied on. He says Douglas has not carried a State. I can scarcely conceive this to be true. for Lincoln! I say. It is not likely that our next mail will bring us the result, as our latest dates are up to October 19. I shall send to Fort Larned in a few days for a mail, where I expect to hear more than is agreeable. I am still living in a tent, which is rather cold at night, and the weather is such that we can do but little work on our quarters. A few pleasant days would enable us to finish them.

It has been a long time since I have heard from you. I do not recollect the last date, but it was in August or early in September. I hope the next mail will bring two or three let-

ters. I have never mentioned the subject of our seat in the church. I wish you to keep the one our father and mother always occupied. It is for yourself and Philo's family, whenever they choose to take it. Also the seat in the Hollow Church. This I would pay for as a matter of charity.

Write often, and believe me, as ever,
Your affectionate brother,
John Sedgwick.

FORT WISE, December 10, 1860.

My dear sister:

Our winter of discontent has not as yet been made glorious by a mail, although the sun has favoured us almost daily for the last four months.

A messenger starts to-day for Denver City, and I will direct this to him, trusting that it may reach you in the course of the winter. Does it not seem strange that you can send and receive answers to letters from Europe sooner than from this post, even under the most favourable circumstances? I have nothing important to write. The only event we look forward for is for fair weather to help us finish our quarters. So far we have little to complain of, and two weeks more will enable us to shelter ourselves

from the uncertainty of the storms that sometimes do occur here. Yesterday a snow-storm came up that foreboded a violent one, but this morning the sun came out, bright and pleasant, and the snow, although in considerable quantity, is fast disappearing, and by to-morrow we can resume our work. The hunters are all out after deer and antelope, and with any luck will get enough to last a month at least.

If we receive no mail, we escape the excitement and turmoil of the election, that seems to have disturbed everything in the States, if it has not broken you to pieces. We have heard of Mr. Lincoln's election and the probable difficulty he will experience, if not direct opposition, to his inauguration. It seems lamentable that this Union that we have boasted of and glorified so much should be broken up, but I hope our next news will be more satisfactory. How a disruption will affect me I cannot foresee; probably would result in my leaving the service at once. I do not feel quite ready to do this, but when I am ready I want to, in looking back, if I have any cause of regret, have no one to blame but myself.

Believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate brother,
John Sedgwick.



FORT WISE, January 16, 1861.

My dear sister:

Last week I sent you a letter via Denver City, but it is very uncertain whether you ever receive it. The mails here are very insecure, and then the chance of sending a letter two hundred miles to be mailed is still more unsafe.

Colonel Sumner has gone on leave for several months, which leaves me the only field officer with the regiment, and this may detain me here, and even prevent my getting a leave of absence. But great and terrible events seem to have transpired since you wrote. I trust they are greatly exaggerated, and that a remedy will be found to forge the links of the Union stronger than ever. All other evils compared with disunion are light, cemented as the Union is with so much blood and treasure. I shall wait a few days to receive a mail; if it does not

come, shall send to Pawnee for it. I received one hundred and fifty papers in the last mail—some of them two months old. I sent you the slippers; a squaw brought them in just as the train was starting, and the clerk directed them.

Yours affectionately,

J. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23, 1861.

My dear sister:

Our army has suffered one of the most terrible defeats on record—one of the most disgraceful! We have lost everything, even our honour.

When I last wrote you the army had marched in high spirits, and every one predicted a prosperous result, and some little success was obtained; but a panic seized the volunteers, they threw away everything they had, and fled in terrible disorder. Whole regiments fled without giving a shot or getting near the enemy. Our artillery behaved bravely; they maintained their position till they lost so many men and horses that many were obliged to leave their guns. The loss of property was immense; it is hoped the loss of life not great, but no reports are made yet. We are disorganized, and if the

enemy had not suffered severely, as we hope they have, they could have marched into Washington last night. I went to bed night before last believing that everything was going on well, and yesterday was ill in my room all day till three o'clock, when I learned of the terrible disaster. I have no heart to write more.

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

HEADQUARTERS SEDGWICK'S BRIGADE, CAMP NEAR ALEXANDRIA, November 16, 1861.

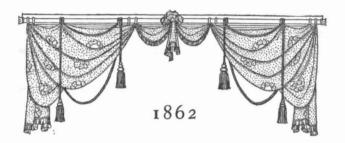
To his Excellency E. D. Morgan,
Governor of the State of New York.

Sir:

I herewith enclose returns of the 38th and 40th Regiments New York State Volunteers, as requested in your circular of the 28th ultimo. In forwarding them I take occasion to testify to your Excellency as to the fine condition and high state of discipline of these regiments. I would particularly mention the 38th, which, in my opinion, is not excelled by any volunteer regiment in the service. I would beg leave to suggest to your Excellency that in breaking up some of the many partial regimental organiza-

tions now existing in your State, it would be desirable to assign two hundred recruits to this regiment (38th), as they would be consolidated with well-drilled soldiers and under officers having experience.

I have the honor to be Your Excellency's very obedient servant, JOHN SEDGWICK, Brigadier-General of Volunteers.



ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, January 15, 1862.

My dear sister:

General Burnside has sailed with his expedition, but to what point is still unknown to the many. When the expedition was first started the intention was to have it operate with the army here on the Potomac; but it has since been increased to three times the size it was originally intended to be. The general impression seems to be that it is to land to operate against Norfolk, or near by on the North Carolina coast. We shall probably know before you receive this. Did I ever tell you that Mr. Heine, Kate Sedgwick's husband, is close by? He is a Captain of volunteers, and attached to the staff of General Heintzelman as topographical engineer. I see him quite frequently. He

is a very pleasant and agreeable gentleman. The weather is such now, and has been for several days past, that no move could be made, if one was in contemplation. Several inches of snow on the ground, and still raining and sleeting. I can only guess for myself that no great move will be made from here till the army in front is partly broken by the expeditions already sent or that are to sail. It is too hazardous to undertake to move such large bodies of comparatively undisciplined men against almost equal numbers in a fortified position. Another Bull Run, and Washington is gone. They are doing nothing in Congress except scrambling after contracts, and other things of less importance.

I mean to come home for a few days, and as soon as I can, but General McClellan does not want to allow any one to go. Answer immediately. Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

Washington, D. C., January 26, 1862.

My dear sister:

I am still in Washington, engaged on the court, but hope to conclude in the course of a few days.

Your letter of the 15th was received yesterday, having been detained in camp, waiting for I cannot give you much encouragement about coming home. I did not think I would have any difficulty in getting a few days when I was ready to go. The General is very pleasant, and I am sure would grant me a few days if he could without granting to hundreds of others that are constantly beseeching him. have excellent health, weigh over two hundredhow much, I am ashamed to say. Everything forebodes an early move, but the roads will prevent any for a few days. Nothing has been heard of Burnside's expedition yet. It is supposed he has gone into Pamlico Sound, will capture Roanoke Island, take Newbern and then Goldsborough, and then down the coast to Beaufort. If he succeeds in all this, it will be a happy thing.

If this war is ever terminated I intend now to leave the service and live a quiet and, I hope, a happy life at my old home.

Ever your affectionate brother,

J. S.

Washington, February 18, 1862.

My dear sister:

I have not had time to write you a word since I received orders to go to Poolesville. I have sent for a small steam-tug used on the canal; as soon as it arrives I shall be off. I am very proud to think that General McClellan should think me worthy of such a com-But I enter upon the duties with a great deal of diffidence. It is a large command (thirteen thousand men), occupying an important position, and, I fear, above my capacity; however, I shall do my best. Captain Sedgwick goes with me as one of my aides. I will write as soon as I reach there. Do not write again till you hear from me. I believe there is a daily mail from this city to Poolesville, my station. I never dreamed of having a command one fourth larger than General Scott conquered Mexico with. I wish they were as good troops, and I should feel safe.

The news from Kentucky and Missouri is glorious. Bull Run is revenged.

Yours in haste,

J. S.

Charleston, Virginia, March 9, 1862.

My dear sister:

This town, you may remember, is noted for being the place where old John Brown was confined, tried, and executed. The people are very bitter. All the men are gone either into the rebel service or fled when we entered the town. I am quartered in a hotel capable of accommodating perhaps sixty people. The owner is here, but I have not seen him. There is no furniture, and, I believe, the place has been closed since the 1st of January.

The 3d Connecticut is only about eight miles off. I shall be with them, probably, in a few days. I think your letters will reach me if directed to General Banks's column, leaving space to be redirected. With much love, I am,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

HARPER'S FERRY, March 16, 1862.

My dear sister:

I do not remember from what place I wrote you last. I left here about a week since, expecting to march on Winchester, as it was supposed the enemy were in such force as to give us

After making the arrangements to attack the place, the enemy evacuated, and our troops marched in without firing scarcely a gun. Soon after the occupation, my division was ordered to return to this place, where further orders would be received. On our arrival here I telegraphed to Washington, and was directed to await further orders. I presume by to-morrow we shall be on our way to Washington or Annapolis. I am disgusted at the depredations our men are committing—stealing everything they can lay their hands on. I am sorry to say they are supported in it by many of their officers. There is no Union sentiment in this part of the country, and the conduct of our men is calculated to make the enemy more bitter than ever.

We are now in possession of all this valley, and it is likely that enough troops will be left here to hold it. My impression is that this division will go with either General McClellan or will form part of a corps to operate on one of the lines leading to Richmond.

The enemy seem more determined than ever, if you can judge from the tone of their papers. Their policy is not yet developed. Some think they will retire into the Southern States and depend upon the climate to assist them, others

that they will give battle this side of Richmond; I am inclined to the latter opinion. All appearances indicate that General McClellan did not overrate their strength or position at Manassas, and that it would have been madness to have attacked them there. If he is let alone he will subdue them; but as for a reunion, that is another matter.

I will write as soon as I know our destination. I hope you have not written. I will tell you where to direct as soon as possible.

With much love, I am,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S

Camp near Hampton, Virginia, March 30, 1862.

My dear sister:

We arrived here yesterday morning in advance of all the troops. They are now slowly coming in. I suppose we may be here several days. The General is expected to-morrow or next day.

This town presents the most desolate appearance you can imagine; not a house standing, where formerly it contained a population of perhaps three thousand people. It was, as you may remember, one of the oldest places in the

United States. There was a church standing here that was built in 1630, now in ruins.

Direct "Old Point Comfort." It is probable letters will be forwarded, but where to is more than I can say just now. We are having a cold rain to-day, but yesterday was as warm and pleasant as May with you. Grass looks quite green and fresh.

With much love,

Your affectionate brother, J. S.

CAMP NEAR HAMPTON, April 3, 1862.

My dear sister:

I have time to write but a word. I have been on horseback since light this morning, and have just dismounted at eight o'clock. We march at daylight, sixty thousand men and the finest artillery in the world. I do not think we can be whipped. General McClellan arrived last night; he told me to-day we should probably have a fight to-morrow; if not, he did not expect one before reaching Richmond. I have no information to base an opinion on.

Good-bye. Yours forever,

J. S.

CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN,
April 14, 1862.

My dear sister:

Your two letters have been received. I think I have made arrangements so that all your letters will come safely. We receive a mail every other day, which brings the New York papers of the preceding day.

We are patiently waiting for the siege-train to be put in position before anything can be done, and the roads are such that it is as much as can be done to bring up supplies. Two and three thousand men are daily at work conveying them, but the work is slow. Every one is impatient for a move, and none more so than the General himself, but I trust he will not venture anything till he is fully prepared. It seems that this must be their last stand, and if beaten here they must leave Virginia to her fate. think by Thursday we shall be ready to commence the attack, which may last two or three days, but I cannot say that I have any apprehensions of the result. The Merrimac seems to be the great bugbear at this time, and she is an ugly customer, but I trust not as dangerous as many fear.

I mean to stand or fall with McClellan. He has been very kind to me, giving me a large

command without my asking for it, and I am afraid too large for my deserts; and I believe they are determined to crush him.

. With much love,

Yours affectionately,

J. S.

CAMP NEAR YORKTOWN, April 27, 1862.

My dear sister:

I have nothing to write especially interesting. The siege is progressing as favourably as we could expect; daily skirmishes take place, the results of which are unimportant, but generally favour us. Our large guns are being put in position, and when they open, we hope for results that will enable us to overcome all obstacles. The rain is almost incessant, rendering the roads difficult to transport our artillery over, or our supplies. The troops are as healthy as could be expected. In our daily skirmishing it is expected not only casualties will take place, but more or less sickness from exposure. The papers from New York come regularly the second day after publication. From them we learn all the news, even what is going on in our own camp. The vile slanders that are daily promulgated in Washington against our best officers

are enough to disgust all decent persons and take away all the zeal we have in the cause. The statement made by a Senator concerning General Smith is as gross a lie as was ever made. With those that know him it needs no contradiction, and none are more incensed at the statement than those engaged in that affair. His brother married a daughter of Cicero Collins. You may have seen him (the brother). I never have, but I know the General well, and a cleverer man, a better soldier, is not in the army.

We are having a cold, lingering rain; fires are burning in camp as if it was midwinter. This delays our work, but I trust it will not be the less sure. Ten days ought to tell the story.

Write often, and believe me, as ever, Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

CAMP HEAD OF YORK RIVER, May 8, 1862.

My dear sister:

I wrote you a line yesterday as I was about embarking at Yorktown to go up the river to land at some suitable place, and from there pursue the enemy. Upon our arrival here, the enemy attempted to dislodge us, but we had landed too many troops for them. The skir-

mish was quite lively for two hours, but as they were concealed, we could not estimate their They are now in full retreat, and we are hotly pursuing them. Our loss is thirtynine killed and eighty-five wounded. losses at Williamsburg have been highly exaggerated - six hundred and fifty will cover all, killed, wounded, and missing. For this we have much to show: a large number of cannon of the largest and most approved pattern, immense quantities of ammunition, and some two thousand prisoners. Most of their camp equipage was captured, and the rest burned to prevent it from falling into our hands. Our troops are inspirited and ready for anything. follow them closely, but there will be some delay in bringing up supplies. Our ambulances are now taking the wounded to Ship Point, to embark them for Old Point.

Yours forever,

J. S.

Camp near Cumberland, May 17, 1862.

My dear sister:

Nothing has been done since I last wrote. We are slowly moving on as fast as the roads will admit. It is no small task to take supplies

for so large an army after leaving the river, and no railroad. I think the intention now is to move on to the railroad from West Point to Richmond, repair the bridges, bring our supplies to that point, and from there take them by wagon. General McClellan is acting with much prudence and caution. It is believed that the enemy in front are quite as strong as we are, but we are superior in the essentials — arms. and supplies. The country is entirely deserted, everything driven and carried off; a few decrepit and worthless negroes are left in the houses. It is my opinion that it is useless to think of a Union; the enemy is determined to destroy the army first, and not submit then. One would think that the reverses they have lately met would discourage them, and undoubtedly they are disheartened, but the firmness with which they view the situation cannot but be admired. Six weeks will tell the story; in that time we shall beat them badly or be beaten ourselves, which must settle the ques-I am anxious to make a visit home, and hope to do so in a few months at least.

I have not received a letter from you for several days, but frequently there are delays in bringing up the mail. We get New York papers the day after publication, and look to them

for events transpiring here. I see my division was engaged in a desperate fight at West Point. It was a bloodless one.

With much love to all, I am your affectionate brother, J. S.

Camp Fourteen Miles from Richmond, May 27, 1862.

My dear sister:

I did not expect to write again till after reaching Richmond unless we received some repulse. A few days now must tell the story. I think the presumption now is that no great battle will be fought before entering the city and that they are delaying us for the purpose of evacuating. Other persons are equally certain that a desperate fight must take place before they will give up the city. I cannot tell which rumour to favour. From the tone of their papers and the country proper, one cannot believe that the loss of Richmond and their other cities will have the least effect towards peace.

Yesterday we had strawberries and green peas, raised in gardens. They will be plentiful hereafter if the people will sell; if not, our men have a way of getting them.

There is a considerable sickness amongst us

of a malarial nature, but it is decreasing as we approach higher ground. I wish you had some of the rain that we are having now.

With much love to all at Eliza's, believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

CAMP NEAR RICHMOND, June 4, 1862.

My dear sister:

This is the first leisure moment I have had since the actions of May 20 and June 1, and I have scarcely time now to write a word to assure you of my safety. I am sure you will be glad to hear that my troops behaved admirably, and before the fight was over the General congratulated me upon the manner in which the division was brought into action and the splendid behaviour of the men.

The Prince de Joinville rode up to me and said: "I congratulate you, General, on the admirable behaviour of your troops. You have won a great victory." I will, at some future time, give a description of the fight, which lasted two days. We are now bivouacked in advance of the battle-field. The loss in my division was light, although in some of the others it was

heavy. My personal friends are all safe, although many of them were in the hottest of the fight. We have still more fighting to do before entering Richmond, although we are within a few miles of it. A few reinforcements are coming in, but not enough to fill the casualties that have taken place. Our losses in battle have been considerable, and still greater by sickness. The disasters we have lately received are owing to the division of our troops ordered from Washington, and against the remonstrances of General McClellan. This will always be the case when persons entirely ignorant of military matters take the direction. I hope my next letter may be from Richmond, but man proposes and God disposes. The floods we have experienced in the last month have been very heavy; all the streams are so swollen and the bridges carried away that it is impossible to move artillery. By great exertion I got all of mine up, but now we could not move.

With much love to all, you know I am ever Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

Headquarters Sedgwick's Division,
Sumner's Army Corps,
Bivouac near Fair Oaks Station,
Virginia, June 4, 1862.

Captain:

I have the honour to submit the following report of the operations of my division during the engagements of May 31 and June 1 near Fair Oaks Station, on the Richmond and York River Railroad.

Under the orders of the General commanding the corps we left our camp near Tyler's house about two o'clock P.M. on Saturday the 31st in the following order:

First Gorman's brigade followed by Kirby's battery, Burns's and Dana's brigades followed by Tompkins's, Bartlett's, and Owen's batteries. The crossing of the stream of the Chickahominy and the contiguous swamp was exceedingly difficult and occasioned much delay, but we pushed forward in the direction of Fair Oaks Station, the point near which it was understood that Heintzelman's and Keyes's corps were then engaged. Upon debouching upon the open field near the Adams house, we found Abercrombie's brigade of Couch's division sustaining a severe attack and hard pushed by the enemy.

The 1st Minnesota, Colonel Sully, the leading regiment, was by request of General Couch, approved by General Sumner, promptly formed into line of battle under a very sharp fire, and posted on the right of Abercrombie's brigade. Colonel Sully's disposition of his regiment, which covered two sides of Courteney's house, — a point at which there was much danger that the enemy would outflank us before the supports ordered to his assistance could be brought up,—was marked by admirable coolness and judgment.

The remainder of Gorman's brigade, led by him in person and composed of the 34th and 82nd New York Volunteers supported by the 15th Massachusetts Volunteers, formed on the left of Abercrombie's brigade, where they became almost instantly and hotly engaged, and after sustaining, without wavering, repeated and furious charges of the enemy, finally charged him in turn with the bayonet with such impetuosity as to rout and drive him from his position.

I would here mention with pride that shortly previous to the charge Lieutenant Kirby brought his battery into action in a most gallant and spirited manner. His pieces in charge of Lieutenants Woodruff and French were run up and

unlimbered under a very galling discharge of musketry within less than one hundred yards of the enemy, and opened a terrific fire with canister and spherical case, which contributed in a very high degree to break and finally scatter him.

Generals Burns and Dana were promptly on hand, the former with his whole brigade, the latter with two of his regiments, the 20th Massachusetts and 7th Michigan, the other two, 19th Massachusetts and 42nd New York, having been left behind, the one on picket, and the other to protect the crossing and assist the passage of the artillery. General Dana, with the two regiments first mentioned, was ordered to form in column of attack to the rear and left of Kirby's battery, but before the order could be executed it became necessary to push him to the front, where he went immediately into action on the left of Gorman's brigade, sustaining a strong attack and participating in the brilliant and decisive charge of the 34th and 82nd New York, above referred to, and driving the enemy from point to point for a very considerable distance.

General Burns with two regiments took post on the right of Colonel Sully, holding his other two in reserve. It was not the fortune of any

of the regiments of this brigade to meet the enemy at close quarters, but all gave unmistakable evidence of being ready, if ordered forward, to rush to the support of their comrades with alacrity and with unshrinking firmness. 106th Pennsylvania, Colonel Morehead, and the 72nd Pennsylvania, Baxter's Zouaves, held in reserve, were several times moved from their positions to different portions of the field at double-quick, evincing their eagerness to become The 69th Pennsylvania, Colonel engaged. Owens, was thrown to the right toward evening, and held that position during the night and following morning. Before the result of the contest in the vicinity of the Adams house had been determined I was directed by the General commanding the corps to proceed to the right and take command of that flank, where I found Colonel Sully's regiment so well posted and so iudiciously supported by General Burns that little remained for me to do. As the conduct of Gorman's and Dana's troops was more immediately under the personal observation of the corps commander, it becomes unnecessary for me to enter into further details concerning their operations.

On the following (Sunday) morning the enemy renewed the attack with great fury im-

mediately on my left and in front of General Richardson's line. Parts of Gorman's and Dana's brigades and one section of Bartlett's battery were engaged with determined bravery. This action being also under the immediate eye of the corps commander, I forbear to call attention to particulars.

After the close of the engagement on Saturday evening, the enemy having been driven from his position and the firing having ceased, General Burns was ordered to proceed with the 71st Pennsylvania to unite with the 19th Massachusetts and 42nd New York regiments and the 63rd New York (the latter of Richardson's division) to protect our right and rear, in accomplishing which purpose his arrangements were eminently judicious and effective.

Colonel C. H. Tompkins, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, commanding artillery of division, was indefatigable in bringing up his batteries. To Captain F. N. Clarke, chief of artillery of the corps, great praise is due for his untiring energy and zeal in using all the means at his command in hastening forward the various batteries of my division as well as of Richardson's. Captains Tompkins's and Bartlett's, after great exertion, arrived upon the field with their guns between seven and eight A.M. Captain Owen (to whom, as

well as to the artillery of Richardson's division, Major Bowe, 42nd New York, with a portion of that regiment, rendered most valuable assistance) arrived at daybreak on Sunday. The zeal and energy of these officers are worthy of the highest praise, it being a matter of such exceeding difficulty to bring artillery across the Chickahominy, which was greatly swollen by recent heavy rains (to such an extent, indeed, that the bridges previously built by us had been in great part carried away), that, as I have learned from prisoners taken during the fight, the enemy had declared it impossible for us to bring over a single gun.

I commend to the General commanding the corps the gallantry with which the Brigadiers led their troops into action, and refer him to their reports regarding the handsome conduct of their staffs and troops, which I fully endorse.

Captain Johnson, commanding a detached company of the 6th New York Cavalry, though not immediately engaged, rendered valuable services in various ways.

The medical officers of the division, brigade surgeons, surgeons, and assistant surgeons, performed their duties with skill and untiring devotion, disregarding the great personal danger to which they were frequently exposed.

My personal staff, Captain William D. Sedgwick, A.A.G., Captain Joseph S. Smith, C.S., and Lieutenant Church Howe, 15th Massachusetts Volunteers, A.D.C., carried my orders from time to time to various portions of the field, under the hottest fire, with alacrity and coolness highly commendable.

Captain R. N. Batchelder, division quartermaster, was, much to his own regret, ordered to remain with the train, but his services were invaluable in pushing forward the ammunition and supplies, under great difficulties, so rapidly that they arrived before the least want of them had been experienced.

I have the honour to be, Captain, with much respect, Your most obedient servant,

JOHN SEDGWICK, Brigadier-General of Volunteers, Commanding Division.

To Captain J. H. TAYLOR, Chief of Staff, and A.A.A.G. Sumner's Corps.

HEADQUARTERS DIVISION, NEAR FAIR OAKS STATION, June 5, 1862.

My dear cousin:

The General asks me to write you a short account of our recent battle, he himself being too much engrossed by the various occurrences con-

stantly demanding his attention as commanding officer to find time to write you at sufficient length. I do it very gladly, for though it is so long since I have seen you that my recollections of you, though very pleasant, are somewhat vague, both my Aunt Catherine's great affection for you, and my own well-deserved affection for your brother the General, lead me to regard the writing to you as a very pleasant task. day, about noon, a firing heavier, closer, and more sustained than that which we have been so long accustomed to hear roused us all. General Kearny, who had just stopped to make a call on the General, remounted his horse and galloped off in great haste to his own command. After the interchange of a few despatches from Heintzelman to Sumner, and Sumner to headquarters, we got under arms and marched as rapidly as possible, crossing the Chickahominy River and swamp over a bridge we had recently built, but which recent heavy rains had in great part carried away. To get through our artillery seemed impossible. Men went in up to their waists; horses floundered and fell down. Three pieces only of the leading one of our four batteries could be dragged through in time to assist in resisting the first attack that awaited us.

About four o'clock, having marched about three and one half miles over roads which, when not swamp, were all deep mud, we formed line in a bog and pushed forward on to the crest of a higher piece of ground. Our regiments were soon ranged on two sides of a rectangle facing two sides of a wood. The enemy, who had previously utterly routed Casey's division on the other side of the railroad track, driving them out of their camp and capturing many guns, advanced upon us along and through the woods, and came up in great numbers and with their best troops, including their boasted Texas Brigade and Hampton Legion, North and South Carolinians, Georgians, Mississippians, and Ten-By a little before five o'clock our nesseeans. whole lines were blazing, the enemy having come up to within one hundred and fifty, and in some instances, in their endeavour to take our artillery, which was doing savage execution, up to within twenty yards.

Their attack was so fierce that for a few moments we were uneasy lest our men should give way; but they held their ground as steadily as veterans and fired better than the enemy, whose attention was divided by a regard for protection of their own persons by the cover of the woods, from which, indeed, they rushed out

several times, but only to fall back again. We have buried about two hundred of their dead and attended, say, one hundred of their wounded prisoners, besides capturing a considerable number. These prisoners say that Davis, Lee, Johnston, Magruder, and Floyd were all on the field near Fair Oaks Station, and had assured their troops of an easy victory. They had declared it impossible that we should succeed in crossing with any of our artillery. Magruder recognized his old battery, now commanded by Lieutenant Kirby and beautifully worked (all the pieces came up during the fight), and swore he would have it, but finally gave it up, saying, "All hell can't stand such a fire as that!" Some of the prisoners were much afraid that we would butcher them, but the greater number appeared to have learned that their newspaper accounts of our cruelties were lies, and had no fears. I have seen a good many terrible sights, bad wounds, mangled bodies, but I dare say you would not thank me for giving you any details. A regiment of another division fighting alongside of us captured an omnibus and some buggies in which some "ladies" of Richmond had driven out to see the Yankees whipped.

The next morning we expected the enemy to

renew the attack with strong reinforcements, and were up after bivouacking under a tree. In the meantime Richardson's division, which followed us, and the remainder of our artillery had come up. They did not attack as early as we expected, and when they did (about half-past seven) Richardson's division bore the brunt of the fight, assisted by only a portion of General Sedgwick's command. This second battle was fought chiefly on our left, and, though very fierce, lasted but a few hours. We again drove them back, and since then they have appeared disinclined to make any general attack, though they "feel" us occasionally, but very cautiously.

Heavy rains since Sunday have rendered all the bridges below us impassable, and we have to depend upon the railroad bridge. We have now got up pretty much all our stores and effects by rail to Fair Oaks, and are ready for future developments. The ground, just now, is so universally wet and heavy that I should say no grand movement is likely to be made on either side. I need not tell you that the General rode into and through showers of bullets as imperturbably as if they were so many hailstones. Looking at him half persuaded me that there was no danger, though it seemed, now and then, as if our not being touched was

almost equivalent to riding through a hail-storm without encountering a pellet. Our men behaved so well that the General and General Sumner expressed the highest satisfaction with them. Hereafter he will feel much of the same confidence in them which they so justly repose in him.

Hoping that I may have an opportunity to become reacquainted with you after this war is over,

I am, very sincerely,
Your affectionate cousin,
WM. D. SEDGWICK.

CAMP FAIR OAKS, June 10, 1862.

My dear sister:

I have just received your letter of the 4th instant, enclosing one from Cousin John and your reply.

"The good that men do lives after them." I have no liking to have my biography published at this time. I have already had several applications of the same kind. If you wish it, you may say I was born of poor but honest parents, went to West Point in 1833, was graduated in 1837, served two years in the Florida War and on the Northern frontier during the

Canadian Rebellion, went to Mexico in May, 1846, was at Vera Cruz and all the battles in the valley, brevetted at Churubusco a Captain, a Major at Chapultepec, and was made Captain in December, 1848, and assigned to Duncan's battery, which I commanded till 1855, when I was made Major in one of the new regiments of cavalry, a Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel in April, 1861, a Brigadier-General of Volunteers in August. I am now suffering in front of Richmond. This is what all my friends know and all that I care they should know. If they enquire further, I am afraid that they would find something that would not bear the light.

Reinforcements are coming on, but it takes a large number to make good our losses since leaving Washington—more losses by disease than in battle. Did you receive a letter from Captain W. D. giving a description of the battles?

Yours,

J. S.

Headquarters 2nd Division, Sumner's Corps, Harrison's Landing, Virginia, July 5, 1862.

Lieutenant:

I have the honour to submit the following report of the part sustained by this division in

the march made and the actions fought by this army during June 29 and 30 and July 1 and 2.

The division left its camp at Fair Oaks immediately after daybreak June 29, and formed in line of battle, faced to the rear, on the left of Richardson's division, on Allen's Farm, between Orchard and Savage's stations on the Richmond and York River Railroad. The enemy appeared and attacked about nine A.M., but was successfully held in check. At about noon, all firing having been suspended, the command crossed the railroad and fell back to the high ground south of Savage's Station and near to the Williamsburg Road. About five P.M the enemy attacked again in stronger force and with more impetuosity, but was gallantly resisted and driven back, the engagement continuing until quite dark. About eleven P.M. the march was resumed across White Oak Swamp, the crossing being successfully accomplished by about daybreak. After a brief rest the march was continued to a point known as Nelson's Farm, or "Glendale."

About eleven A.M., June 30, the enemy having made a strong attack with artillery upon Franklin's command, which had remained to defend the bridge across White Oak Swamp, Dana's and Gorman's brigades (commanded by

Colonel Sully) were sent, under Brigadier-General Dana, to Franklin's support, moving a part of the way at double-quick. About three P.M. a very fierce and strong attack was made upon McCall's division in the first line, which, after a short resistance, retired, thus bringing in direct contact with the enemy that portion of my command remaining with me. Burns went immediately to meet the enemy, and Dana's and Sully's brigades were recalled, again marching a part of the way at double-quick. The 19th Massachusetts, Colonel Hinks, was the first to arrive, and scarcely pausing to draw breath, gallantly dashed at the enemy. The others followed, and went to the front, as they came up, as rapidly as their wearied condition rendered possible. Some temporary confusion arose among the regiments of Dana's brigade, owing to their failure to advance equally with each other, and all these regiments suffered severely. entire division was now hotly engaged, the greater part of it until night; and not only did these troops meet and repulse the assaults of the enemy, but were forced to withstand the demoralizing influence of the panic among those of the first line, who, in many instances, broke through our ranks in their haste to move out of the reach of the enemy's fire. About ten P.M.

the regiments, which were lying upon their arms in the position occupied at the close of the fight, which lasted, as at Savage's Station, until some time after dark, were called in and preparations made to continue the march to Malvern Hill, which we reached about daybreak.

At nine A.M., July 1, the enemy again attacked my division. Took up a position under the orders of General Sumner, which was changed once or twice during the day, and was held in readiness to meet the enemy should he appear in our immediate front, or to give any assistance required on other parts of the line. It was exposed during a portion of the morning to a heavy fire of artillery, from which, however, surprisingly few casualties resulted—among them, unhappily, the death of Major Brown, 34th New York Volunteers.

Between twelve and two A.M. of 2nd instant, my command was withdrawn from the Hill and took up the march down the River Road to this point, arriving about ten A.M.

We have to deplore the loss of several valuable officers. Colonel Hinks, 19th Massachusetts, fell dangerously wounded during the action at Glendale while gallantly leading his regiment. Major Howe of the same regiment fell at the same time. Colonel Charles, 42nd New York

Volunteers, also fell mortally wounded at the head of his regiment.

I cannot refrain from speaking with pride and satisfaction of the great resolution, cheerfulness, and good conduct of the men during the entire march. All were ready at all times, in spite of the severe and almost unparalleled fatigue they were compelled to undergo, to meet the enemy at a moment's notice. I would especially call the attention of the Generals commanding the corps to the gallantry of Brigadier-General Burns in the severe engagements both of Savage's Station and of Glendale, in the former of which he was severely wounded, and in both of which he exhibited great daring and excellent judgment in the disposition of his troops. conduct of Brigadier-General Dana and of Colonel Sully, though they were less conspicuously engaged, was in every way what was to be expected from their well-established reputations.

I would also especially commend the firm and steady behaviour of the 71st Pennsylvania, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, which covered the movement from Fair Oaks to Allen's Farm, repelling several attacks made by superior forces most handsomely. Kirby's battery was of great service in the engagement at Glendale, and it is needless to say that officers and men fully sus-

tained their well-earned reputations. Captain Tompkins's Rhode Island battery was also engaged upon the same occasion and was worked with great spirit. I refrain from multiplying mention of good conduct, but refer for additional details to the reports of brigade and regimental commanders, which I herewith submit.

My personal staff, Captain William D. Sedgwick, A.A.G., Lieutenant Church Howe, A.A.C., as well as Colonel C. H. Tompkins, Chief of Artillery, were untiring in their exertions and rendered me, as usual, constant and most valuable assistance.

Major R. F. Halsted, volunteer aide, also behaved most handsomely and rendered me important services. To Captain R. N. Batchelder, A.Q.M., for his skill and indefatigable energy in the difficult undertaking of moving our transportations, the service was under great obligations.

I transmit with this report a list of the killed and wounded as far as it can be ascertained.

I have the honour to be, very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

JOHN SEDGWICK,
Brigadier-General Volunteers,
Commanding Division.

Lieutenant L. KIP, A.A.A.G., Sumner's Army Corps.

CAMP ON JAMES RIVER, July 6, 1862.

My dear sister:

I wrote you a note on the 3rd informing you of the arrival of the army on this river. We are now resting after the fatigues of the last The deprivations the troops have gone through have been unparalleled. We left our lines some twenty-five miles from this place at daylight on the 29th, covering the movement of troops and stores. At nine o'clock, knowing we were to be attacked, the line of battle was formed, and soon after the enemy made their appearance. After two hours' brisk cannonading they were repulsed, and we continued our After reaching Savage's Station, a halt was made to enable our stores to get off. The enemy again attacked in large numbers and impetuously. Then we succeeded in not only repulsing them, but driving them from the field. By this time it was ten o'clock at night when we Marched all night crossing moved forward. White Oak Swamp, where we caught up with the main body. After an hour of rest, during which time the main body were moving, we again started. At about three o'clock the enemy appeared on our flank in large force and attacked with great spirit. One of our divisions broke,

the fugitives passing through our ranks. This was a long and desperate action. Not a regiment broke but they rallied again at once. I was considerably exposed, and balls and shells fell about pretty thick and fast. A ball struck me on the arm, doing no injury. My old favourite horse, which I have had ten years, received a ball in the leg, soon after a piece of shell struck him, and within a minute a ball grazed my leg, going through and through poor old Tom; he lived a few minutes, groaning most piteously, following me about till he fell. mounted another horse, and he was slightly hit. The action closed after dark, and we resumed our march, marching all night; by daylight reached the river. Here we found the main force drawn up for a fight, and it was not long before it came. The ball opened about nine o'clock, and it was a succession of vigorous attacks all day, all of which were repulsed. The whole army moved that night to this posi-In this last action my division were not engaged. We are now quiet, receiving some few reinforcements, but we want thousands to bring our number to anything like theirs. all this time I have narrated, our men were without rations and without blankets, and in one of the severest of storms.

Rumours speak of changes in the cabinet and in the army.

With much love to all, I am, as ever, Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

Headquarters Sedgwick's Division,
Sumner's Army Corps,
Harrison's Landing, Virginia,
July 11, 1862.

Brigadier-General S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General,
Army of the Potomac:

I have the honour to enclose, in obedience to Special Order Number 199, regimental and brigade commanders' reports of such officers and soldiers as are deserving promotion.

I have already submitted the name of Brigadier-General Burns, commanding 2nd Brigade, 2nd Division, which I again call attention to. In addition I would submit the claim of Colonel Hinks of the 19th Massachusetts Volunteers for the appointment of Brigadier. He led his fine regiment through all the actions up to Glendale, where he fell severely wounded. His regiment has behaved handsomely on every occasion, and has been gallantly led.

I would also mention the name of Colonel J. T. Owens of the 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers. No regiment or officer has behaved better. (See General Burns's and General Hooker's reports.)

Major Paul J. Revere and Lieutenants C. L. Peirson and C. A. Whittier, 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, deserve promotion for their gallantry on several occasions, especially at Glendale.

I trust I am not doing injustice to many other officers who behaved equally well, but as they did not fall so especially under my notice, I refrain from mentioning them. I would also submit the names of Captain Wm. D. Sedgwick, A.A.G., and Lieutenant Church Howe, 15th Massachusetts Volunteers, A.D.C., to be forwarded to the Governor of Massachusetts for appointment as field officers in some of the new regiments. They are eminently qualified and deserving.

I have the honour to be, with much respect, Your most obedient servant,

JOHN SEDGWICK,
Brigadier-General Volunteers,
Sumner's Division.

Headquarters Sedgwick's Division,
Sumner's Corps,
Harrison's Landing, Virginia,
July 11, 1862.

Brigadier-General S. WILLIAMS, A.A.G.:

I have the honour to request that the name of Major R. F. Halsted, formerly of the 40th New York Volunteers, be forwarded to the Governor of the State of New York for an appointment to a Colonelcy. I have known Halsted for nearly a year, and have had abundant opportunities for becoming thoroughly acquainted with his character. I have no hesitation in saying that I have not met, in the service, with a more thorough gentleman or a man of better principles and character, while I regard him as being, both by natural qualification and by his acquirements, one of the best volunteer officers I have known. I consider him peculiarly fitted to enforce respect and discipline as commander of a regiment, and to govern it justly and wisely. The service requires just such men at the head of the regiments.

I have the honour to be, with much respect, Your most obedient servant,

> JOHN SEDGWICK, Brigadier-General Volunteers.

CAMP JAMES RIVER, July 12, 1862.

My dear sister:

Everything remains very much as when I last wrote. No reinforcements have arrived The enemy have withdrawn and returned to the vicinity of Richmond. What our future movements are to be is quite uncertain. The President rode through the camps when here, and expressed himself pleased and disappointed in the appearance of the troops. He had supposed that we were all desponding, when he found every one joyful. General McClellan paid me and my division a high compliment in presenting us to the President. I believe he has recommended me for a Brevet Brigadier in the regular army. I know General Sumner has. I would value this more than a Brigadier of Volunteers.

Write often. Have you purchased the Treasury notes and have you paid off all our debts? I hope so, and have something left to keep the machine running. You must not break in upon what we have salted away. I believe I wrote you that I lost my old horse in one of the actions. My servant, who has been with me as long as the horse, had gone on, and I did not see him for two days. When I told him about

Tom, he cried like a child, and said, "Bless God, General, I am glad they did not get you. Next to old Tom" (the horse), "I had rather see you safe than any man living." I owe him about one hundred dollars.

With much love to all,

I am, very affectionately,
I. S.

Headquarters 2nd Division, 2nd Army Corps, Harrison's Landing, Virginia, July 26, 1862.

Brigadier-General S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General,
Army of the Potomac.

General:

In compliance with the circular issued from Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, July 23, 1862, I have the honour herewith to enclose revised lists of the officers and soldiers in the brigades of this division recommended for promotion and reward for meritorious conduct.

Although not personally cognizant of the merits of all of the officers named, I cheerfully endorse the recommendation of the Brigadiers.

I would add a list of those whose conduct,

coming more immediately under my personal observation, attracted my especial attention by merit and gallantry.

I would strongly urge the name of Colonel Edward W. Hinks, 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, for the appointment of Brigadier-General. He led his fine regiment through all the actions up to Glendale, where he fell severely wounded. I would also mention Colonel J. T. Owens, 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers. No officer or regiment behaved better.

Lieutenant-Colonel Palfrey, Major Paul J. Revere, and Lieutenant C. L. Peirson and Lieutenant C. A. Whittier of the 20th Massachusetts Volunteers deserve promotion for gallantry on several occasions, especially at Glendale.

Colonel C. H. Tompkins, Chief of Artillery of my staff, rendered distinguished services, behaving with great gallantry on several occasions, especially in the battles of Savage's Station and Glendale.

Captain William D. Sedgwick, my Assistant Adjutant-General, and Lieutenant Church Howe, 15th Massachusetts Volunteers, my aide, have already been recommended for field appointments in Massachusetts regiments. Should they fail to receive such appointments, I would urge promotion for them, if practicable, upon

the staff. They were both with me at the battle of Fair Oaks and all the subsequent actions in which this division has been engaged, and their conduct on all occasions has been all I could have wished. I regret to do any seeming injustice by omitting to mention many others who doubtless behaved equally well with those I have mentioned, but I have preferred to limit my recommendations to those whose good conduct I personally and especially witnessed.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Brigadier-General Volunteers.

HEADQUARTERS SEDGWICK'S DIVISION, NEAR NEWPORT NEWS, August 23, 1862.

Governor:

Understanding that you propose to recommend Colonel C. H. Tompkins, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, for an appointment as Brigadier, I beg leave to say to you that, in my judgment, few better appointments, or better deserved, could be made from the volunteer service. Colonel Tompkins has been upon my staff as Chief of Artillery since I have commanded this division, and has commended him-

self strongly to me by his attention to his duties and by his zeal and coolness in action, having been of great service to me in all the battles we have shared in. Recently at Malvern Hill, in anticipation of a probable severe engagement, I placed him in command of a brigade in preference to giving it to any of the regimental commanders, believing that it would be safest in his hands.

You are at liberty to make such use of this letter as you see fit, and I shall be very glad if Colonel Tompkins gets his promotion.

I have the honour to be, with much respect,
Your Excellency's most obedient servant,
JOHN SEDGWICK,
Major-General Volunteers.

Camp Alexandria, August 30, 1862.

My dear sister:

We hurried here yesterday and immediately received orders to move to the front at nine o'clock this morning. Although the orders have not been countermanded, we have not gone, and the presumption is we shall not for a day. Everything is in the utmost consternation, as much so as after Bull Run. Washington people seem to lose their senses at the most un-

founded rumours, but there may be some cause for it now. The enemy are not far off, and things here are not in the best state to receive them. A few days must make some great changes; God grant they may be favourable ones. I am in camp near the one I occupied last win-The men are tired and to some degree dispirited, but a few days' rest will bring them up. I know but little of what is going on; no one does but General Halleck and the enemy. All correspondence is prohibited, and telegraphic communication cut off. We were landed at Aquia Creek, and were on our way to Fredericksburg when orders came to reimbark and proceed to Alexandria. You may direct your letters to Washington.

> With much love, I remain, as ever, Your affectionate brother, I. S.

> > CAMP NEAR WASHINGTON, September 4, 1862.

My dear sister:

I received your two last letters yesterday. Just as I had finished my last letter to you we received orders to march to the relief of Pope. We made a forward march, one which for its length and rapidity has not been equalled

in this war; in thirty-six hours we made fifty miles, and after a rest of a few hours twenty-five miles more. The army are now around Washington, occupying nearly the same positions they did last winter. The enemy have outgeneralled Their hearts are in the cause; our men are perfectly indifferent, think of nothing but marauding and plundering, and the officers are worse than the men. The few officers that are disposed to do their duty, from a sense of doing it, are so outnumbered by the vicious that they can do but little. You cannot imagine how perfectly shameless people who are decent when at home become out here. ernors of States, instead of filling up the old regiments, some of which are reduced to two hundred and two hundred and fifty men, organize new regiments for the patronage it gives, and make the most shameless appointments. am in despair of our seeing a termination of the war till some great change is made. On our part it has been a war of politicians; on theirs it has been one conducted by a despot and carried out by able Generals. I look upon a division as certain; the only question is where the line is to run. No one would have dared to think of this a few weeks since, but it is in the mouths of many now; it is lamentable to

look on, but it may come to it. I cannot see when I can come home. I hope some time this winter. I have worked hard and incessantly in bringing up my division, and it is now equal to any in the service, I hope.

With love to all,
Yours affectionately,
J. S.

Camp Near Frederick, Maryland, September 13, 1862.

My dear cousin:

I have just received your letter of the 10th ultimo. You are mistaken in thinking I was offended at your criticism on the conduct of our Generals in carrying on the war. I recollect your letter perfectly, and my recollection is that I answered it at once. I do not undertake to uphold all of the Generals, but this much I may venture to say, that if the Government had kept the promises made, there might have been a very different result. With us it has been a war carried on by politicians; with them there has been but one head, and that a sound one. I have nothing with which to reproach myself. For three years I have not slept absent from my command, for two years I have not lived in a house; my division has been in as many en-

gagements as any other, with two exceptions, and we have never been driven from the field, and I challenge comparison with any other.

Our men's hearts are not in the fight, and theirs are; and as long as such are the facts, success will not attend us.

I hope some day to go home and die at the old place and be buried beside my and your father.

Yours truly,

J. S.

Washington, D. C., December 5, 1862.

To his Excellency,

John A. Andrew,

Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,

Governor:

In compliance with your circular of the 5th ultimo, I have the honour to submit a brief report of the operations and actions of such Massachusetts regiments as have been under my command. On the 25th of February, 1862, I assumed command of the division previously commanded by Brigadier-General Stone, at that time doing important guard duty on the upper Potomac. The 15th, 19th, and 20th Massachusetts regiments formed a part of the division,

and had for the four previous months performed active and arduous duty in guarding the river. The 15th and 20th were engaged in the battle of Ball's Bluff, and are reported to have behaved with great gallantry. On the 27th of February the division was ordered to Harper's Ferry to operate with General Banks in driving the enemy out of the Shenandoah Valley. This having been successfully accomplished without a general engagement, the division was ordered to Washington to form part of the Army of the Potomac, there embarking for the Peninsula.

We landed at Hampton, Virginia, March 30, 1862, and on the 5th of April found the enemy strongly entrenched around Yorktown. The siege lasted thirty days, and although no brilliant action was fought, skirmishing and picket warfare were carried on the whole time.

After the evacuation of Yorktown, the division formed a part of the expedition, under General Franklin, ordered up the York River to seize the railroads at West Point. The enemy having attempted to interrupt the landing, the 19th and 20th were engaged in the brilliant skirmish in which the enemy was repulsed. On the 31st of May the 15th and the 20th were engaged in the great battle of Fair Oaks. The 15th, as a part of Gorman's brigade, made a brilliant bay-

onet charge, which routed and drove the enemy from that portion of the field, and there we bivouacked. The next morning the enemy renewed the attack, but principally on Richardson's division, and these regiments were but partially engaged. During this time the 19th was performing important duty in guarding the bridge across the Chickahominy.

From this time until the movement on James River no action was fought, but the troops were constantly engaged in reconnoissances, skirmishes, picket duty, and labour of the most arduous kind. On the 30th of June we commenced the march upon James River. This was a scene of battles and combats the whole distance. In the morning the 20th, temporarily attached to Burns's brigade, was warmly engaged at Allen's Farm with a superior force, and behaved most handsomely. In the evening the battle at Savage's Station was fought, in which the 15th, 19th, and 20th were engaged, repulsing the enemy at every point. After a long night's march across White Oak Swamp, the next day found the same regiments at Glendale (Nelson's Farm), engaged with the enemy at close quarters for three hours, routing and driving them from the field. Another day's march, and daylight found them ready for action at Malvern Hill. After

this day's hard fight another night's march brought them to Harrison's Landing.

During all this—marching by night, fighting by day, without rest, and short of rations—no troops ever behaved better. On the 3rd of August these regiments formed part of the force under General Hooker which retook and held Malvern Hill. On the 16th of August the evacuation of the Peninsula was commenced. The division marched via Yorktown to Newport News, embarked for Alexandria, landed the 29th, marched to Chain Bridge, returned to Alexandria, and then marched to the relief of General Pope's army.

After its retreat on Washington, the division formed a part of the army under General McClellan ordered in pursuit of Lee, then invading Maryland. On the 15th of September the enemy was found strongly posted in the passes of South Mountain, from which he was driven with great loss. On the 17th, near Sharpsburg, was fought the battle of Antietam, where these regiments (now greatly reduced in numbers) were in the hottest of the fight, as their list of killed and wounded testifies. As I was wounded early in the action, I had no opportunity of seeing them, and have not seen the reports of the Brigadiers, but have no reason to

believe their conduct different from that on all other occasions. Since that the division marched to Harper's Ferry, Warrenton, and are now in front of Fredericksburg.

I have already forwarded through the military channels a list of officers and soldiers who were distinguished for gallantry and good conduct, recommending them for promotion; and I would again commend to your Excellency Colonel Lee of the 20th, Colonel Hinks, 19th, Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball, 15th, and Lieutenant-Colonel Palfrey of the 20th. Great credit is due these officers for the splendid condition in which their regiments were prepared for the field. The 15th and 19th are in my opinion fully equal to any in the service; the 20th was badly cut up at Ball's Bluff, many officers wounded and taken prisoners, and the regiment was thereby deprived of their services.

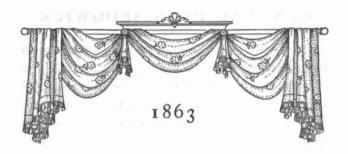
I have on two occasions strongly recommended the appointment of Colonel Hinks as Brigadier. He disciplined and brought into the field one of the finest regiments, and has been twice wounded while gallantly leading it in battle. I again urge the appointment and respectfully ask your Excellency's favourable endorsement.

I trust your Excellency will not think me

presumptuous in offering you a suggestion in regard to promotions and appointments. The system, which seems to have been adopted and carried out to a limited extent, of promoting officers who by their gallantry and good conduct have merited it, is an excellent one, and I would not confine their promotion to their own regiments. I think it adds to an officer's usefulness to place him in a regiment in which he has no acquaintances, and this holds good to a greater extent in promotions from the ranks.

I would also call your attention to the importance of filling up the old regiments. Recruits sent to these learn their duties and become acquainted with the details of camp life much sooner, while they impart new life and vigour to the old regiments.

I have the honour to be, very respectfully, Your Excellency's obedient servant, JOHN SEDGWICK, Major-General Volunteers.



HEADQUARTERS, January 23, 1863.

Brigadier-General L. THOMAS,
Adjutant-General U. S. A., Washington.

General:

I have the honour to submit to the Honourable Secretary of War the name of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander S. Webb for the appointment of Assistant Inspector-General U. S. A.

Lieutenant-Colonel Webb has been in the service eight years, was Assistant Inspector of Artillery in the campaign on the Peninsula, and since that campaign Inspector-General of an army corps, all of the duties of which he performed with zeal and ability. As an Assistant Inspector-General I am sure he would perform the duties with credit to himself, and to the best interest of the service, as, in my opinion, he possesses unsurpassed qualifications for this particular service.

With the highest respect,

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Major-General Volunteers.

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April 7, 1863.

My dear sister:

I received your letter this morning. I see that the Norfolk Bank has made a dividend; I hope some of the others may do the same. The President and Madam Lincoln are now on a visit in camp. I was invited to dine with them to-day, but declined on account of my eyes, which have troubled and not a little alarmed me for the last four weeks. To-day we had a cavalry review of about twelve thousand men; the mud, snow, and slush was ankledeep, and in many places much deeper. morrow the infantry will be out, if it does not rain, which is the sincere prayer of not less than fifty thousand people. My corps, with three others, will be out; mine will number twenty thousand men, the others perhaps sixteen thousand men each, which would make a very handsome spectacle, if the going would admit.

With love to all,

Your affectionate

J. S.

April 12, 1863.

My dear sister:

I have received no letter since I last wrote. The weather continues fine, and we are daily anticipating an order for moving. The Presi-

dent and the Madam left yesterday, after reviewing and visiting all the troops. The large review went off very handsomely; troops looked and marched well. Mrs. Lincoln visited the hospitals, giving little comforts to the sick, without any display or ostentation, like a gentle, kind-hearted lady, as she is. Our news from Charleston, although not very definite, is not encouraging.

I have just received your note of the 6th instant, which is all right. Major Pratt sent you a check some days since, which I presume you have received before this. He is now staying with me, whilst paying off the troops about here.

With much love, I remain

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

April 20, 1863.

My dear sister:

I have not heard from you for several days, so long that I began to fear that something had happened to prevent your writing. We are still stuck in the mud, and to-day is one of the rainiest of the season. All the streams are up, and no move can take place for a few days. Yesterday the President, Secretary of War, and

General Halleck met General Hooker at Aquia Creek; what the subject of the conversation was of course no one but themselves know. A little piece of good news came this morning from Suffolk, which you will see in the papers. I hear they are making demonstrations to draw supports from this army, as they did last year by sending Jackson into the Shenandoah Valley; I hope the plan may not succeed. Many of our oldest and best regiments are soon to be discharged, as well as the nine months' troops. I am afraid the measures taken to secure their reënlistment will not prove effective. No troops with but a few days to leave are going to risk much in a fight.

I send in this mail two books directed to myself; please lay them aside.

I believe I told you that Mr. Heine had resigned. I received from him to-day a beautiful gold and silver box, for either snuff or tobacco. I liked him very much; he was very true and faithful in the discharge of his duties. I send his photograph, also one of Colonel Batchelder, another very good friend. With love to all,

I am, as ever,

J. S.

April 28, 1863.

My dear sister:

Our troops are on the move, and to-morrow we expect to meet the enemy. I have been given a large and important command, and I feel a great responsibility; God grant we may be successful. If anything happens to me, you will remember how well I have always loved you. You will always believe that I have lived and shall die true to my country and my name. I hope for the success of our arms and am confident. I leave in an hour and can write no more.

Receive my love,

JOHN SEDGWICK.

May 6, 1863.

My dear sister:

Our campaign was very brief, but very unfortunate. I am perfectly satisfied with the part my corps took in it, and their conduct was admirable. All the success we had was obtained by this corps. Believe little that you see in the papers. There will be an effort to throw the blame for the failure on me, but it will not succeed. My friends here will do me justice.

One of my staff was wounded and one taken prisoner. Captain Halsted is all right. What

the next move will be no one knows. I will write when a little settled.

J. S.

Headquarters 6th Army Corps, May 7, 1863.

Brigadier-General S. WILLIAMS,

Assistant Adjutant-General,

Headquarters Army of the Potomac.

General:

I respectfully submit the following report of operations on the left.

On Tuesday the 28th ultimo, in compliance with the orders of the commanding General received that morning, the 6th Corps moved to the vicinity of Franklin's Crossing, near the mouth of Deep Run; the 1st Corps, Major-General Reynolds, to a position about one mile further down the river; and the 3rd Corps, Major-General Sickles, took position slightly to the rear and between the positions of the 1st and 6th corps. All the troops camped that night without fires behind the heights, and concealed from the observation of the enemy. During the night the pontoons were carried to the river by hand at the upper crossing, and shortly before daylight Brooks's division of the 6th Corps crossed in boats, Russell's brigade taking

the lead and receiving the fire of the enemy's pickets and reserves. The enemy's rifle-pits were immediately occupied, and three bridges were rapidly laid under the direction of Brigadier-General Benham. At Reynolds's Crossing, one mile further down, the passage was delayed by a severe fire from the enemy's sharpshooters, but was at length gallantly accomplished, General Wadsworth crossing with a portion of his division in the boats, and driving the enemy from his rifle-pits. During the day, Wednesday, April 29, the command was held in readiness to cross, while the enemy was rapidly entrenching on his entire front, and occasionally shelling Reynolds's position on the left. On Thursday, the 30th, Sickles's corps was detached from my command and ordered to United States Ford, and during the night one of the bridges at the upper and one at the lower crossing were taken up, under orders from headquarters, and sent to Banks's Ford.

On Friday, May 1, at five P.M., an order was received from the commanding General to make a demonstration in force at one o'clock of that same day, to let it be as severe as possible without being an attack, to assume a threatening attitude, and maintain it until further orders. It was already several hours after the

time fixed for the movement, but the last clause of the order, as here stated, determined me to execute it without delay. Reynolds's corps was accordingly displayed in force. General Newton was directed to send one division of the 6th Corps to Reynolds's support, to cover his bridges in case of an attack, and the light brigade across at the upper bridges, to support General Brooks, who was to display his force as if for advance. When these movements had been executed, an order was received countermanding the order for the demonstration.

The following day, Saturday, May 2, Reynolds's corps was withdrawn from my command, and ordered to proceed to the headquarters of the army, at or near Chancellorsville, one division, General Wheaton's, of the 6th Corps, being sent by General Newton to cover his crossing and take up his bridge. I was also ordered to take up all the bridges at Franklin's Crossing, and below, before daylight. This order was received after daylight, at five-twenty-five A.M., and could not, of course, be executed without attracting the observation of the enemy and leaving him free to proceed against the forces of General Hooker.

At six-thirty in the evening the order to pursue the enemy by the Bowling Green Road

was repeated, and my command was immediately put under arms and advanced upon the right, driving the enemy from the Bowling Green Road, and pushing him back to the woods. That night at eleven o'clock I received an order dated ten-ten P.M., directing me to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg immediately upon receipt of the order, and move in the direction of Chancellorsville, until I connected with the Major-General commanding, to attack and destroy any force on the road, and be in the vicinity of the General at daylight. had been informed repeatedly by Major-General Butterfield, Chief of Staff, that the force in front of me was very small, and the whole tenor of his many despatches would have created the impression that the enemy had abandoned my front and retired from the city and its defences, had there not been more tangible evidence than the despatches in question that the Chief of Staff was misinformed. The order to cross at Fredericksburg found me with my entire command on the south side of the river, ready to pursue by the Bowling Green Road. To recross for the purpose of crossing again at Fredericksburg, where no bridges had been laid, would have occupied until long after daylight. I commenced, therefore, to move by the flank

in the direction of Fredericksburg, on the Bowling Green Road, General Newton taking the advance, followed by the light brigade and Howe's division. A sharp skirmish commenced as the head of the column moved from the immediate vicinity of the bridges, and continued all the way to the town, the enemy falling slowly back; at the same time a sudden attack was made upon the pickets in front of the Bernard house. When the head of the column entered the town, four regiments from Wheaton's and Shaler's brigades were sent forward against the rifle-pits, and advanced within twenty yards of the enemy's works, when they received a sudden and destructive fire. An immediate assault was made, but repulsed by the fire of the rifle-pits and batteries on the heights.

It was evident that the enemy's line of works was occupied in considerable force, and that his right, as it appeared from reports from General Brooks, extended beyond my left. It was now daylight, and batteries were placed in position to shell the enemy until the troops could be formed for another attack. General Gibbon was ordered to cross the river as soon as the bridge opposite the Lacey house was completed, and about seven o'clock proceeded to take

position on my right. General Howe was directed to move on the left of Hazel Run to turn the enemy's right. Upon advancing as directed, he found that the works in his front were occupied and that the character of the stream between his command and that of General Newton prevented any movement of his division to the right. General Gibbon, upon moving forward to turn the left of the enemy, was checked by the canal and compelled to halt.

Nothing remained but to carry the works by direct assault. Two storming columns were formed, composed as follows: right column commanded by Colonel George C. Spear (who fell mortally wounded gallantly leading it); 61st Pennsylvania Volunteers, Major Dawson, and 43rd New York Volunteers, Colonel Baker. This column was supported by the 67th New York (1st Long Island), Colonel Cross, and the 82nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, Major Bassett, under command of Colonel Shaler. Left column, 7th Massachusetts, Colonel Johns (who fell severely wounded in the assault), and the 36th New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Walsh. Line of battle: Colonel Burnham; 5th Wisconsin, Colonel Allen, as skirmishers; 6th Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel Harris; 31st New York, Colonel Jones; 23rd Pennsylvania, Colonel Ely (this latter regiment volunteering). The columns moved

on the plank road and to the right of it, directly up the heights. The line of battle advanced on the double-quick to the left of the plank road against the rifle-pits, neither halting nor firing a shot until they had driven the enemy from the lower line of works. In the meantime the storming columns had pushed forward to the crest and carried the works in the rear of the rifle-pits, capturing the guns and many prisoners. These movements were gallantly executed under a most destructive fire.

In the meantime Howe advanced rapidly on the left of Hazel Run in three columns of assault, and forced the enemy from the crest in front, capturing five guns. The entire corps was at once put in motion and moved in pursuit. Considerable resistance was made on the next series of heights, but the position was carried without halting. A section of horse artillery on our right occupied every successive crest upon our line of march, and much annoyed our advance. At Salem Chapel the enemy was reinforced by a brigade from Banks's Ford and by troops from the direction of Chancellorsville, and made a determined resistance. Brooks's division formed rapidly across the road, and Newton's upon his right, and advanced upon the woods, which were strongly held by the enemy.

After a sharp and prolonged contest we gained

the heights, but were met by fresh troops pouring in upon the flank of the advanced portion of the line. For a short time the crest was held by our troops with obstinate resistance, but at length the line was forced slowly back through the woods. The advance of the enemy is checked by the splendid firing of our batteries (Williston's, Rigby's, and Parsons's). Wheaton still holds his position on the right, gallantly fighting. On the left the troops are rapidly reformed, and after a short interval again advance upon the woods. The enemy is once more forced back in much confusion on our right, but steadily resisting on the left. This is the condition of things when night puts an end to the battle. The troops rested on their arms until morning. During the night the enemy was reinforcing heavily, and our wounded, as far as practicable, were collected and sent to Fredericksburg.

The following day, at an early hour, I was informed that a column of the enemy, fifteen thousand strong, coming from the direction of Richmond, had occupied the heights of Fredericksburg, cutting off my communications with the town. Expecting a movement of this kind, I had already formed Howe's division in line of battle to the rear. General Howe promptly

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GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK

extended his left to the river and admirably checked an effort of the enemy to cut us off from Banks's Ford, where a pontoon bridge had been laid the day previous. In this affair he captured two hundred prisoners and a battle-flag.

While these things were occurring on my left, I received a despatch from the Major-General commanding, informing me that he had contracted his lines, that I must look well to the safety of my corps, preserve my communications with Fredericksburg and Banks's Ford, and suggesting that I fall back upon the former place or recross in preference at Banks's Ford, where I could more readily communicate with the main body. To fall back upon Fredericksburg was out of the question. To adopt the other alternative, except under cover of night, was equally so, for the enemy still maintained his position on Salem Heights, and was threatening my flank and rear from the direction of Fredericksburg. My line was formed with the left resting on the river about midway between Fredericksburg and Banks's Ford, thence extending slightly beyond the plank road, where it turned at right angles to the right, following the direction of the plank road for a mile and then again turning to the right at right angles, and recrossing



the plank road in front of Salem Heights, my right resting where it had been placed in the engagement of the previous evening. battle of such length was necessarily weak, yet to contract it would inevitably provoke immediate attack from vastly superior forces. ies were skilfully posted by Colonel Tompkins, Chief of Artillery, to maintain the weaker points, and rendered invaluable service. Thus fronting in three directions, I was compelled to wait attack, determined to hold the position until dark and then to fall back upon Banks's Ford. A despatch from the Major-General commanding had informed me that he could not relieve me, as he was in a position in which he hoped to be attacked, and that he was too far away to direct my operations. Subsequent despatches directed me to hold a position on the right bank of the river until the following morning.

During the day there was more or less skirmishing on the whole front, and in the evening a most determined attack was made upon Howe's line for the purpose of cutting our communications with the river, and at the same time Brooks was attacked farther towards the right. The attack on Brooks was readily repulsed, chiefly by the skirmish line and the firing by McCartney's 1st Massachusetts Battery. That on Howe was

of a more determined character, being made in echelon of batteries and in columns. It was gallantly resisted by our infantry by a countercharge, while the artillery of the division played with fearful effect upon their advance. At length our line was forced back upon the left, and General Howe directed his right to retire to a less advanced position. The movement was quietly executed, the enemy still pushing fiercely on his front. Wheaton's brigade and the regiments of the light brigade had been sent from the extreme right to his support, and Butler's Battery G, 2nd United States Artillery, was sent rapidly by a road through the woods to his rear. The division reformed promptly, the batteries keeping up a most destructive fire upon the woods. The advance of the enemy was checked, his troops were scattered and driven back with fearful loss, and the new position was easily maintained until nightfall. Several hundred prisoners, including one General officer and many others of rank, and three battle-flags were captured from the enemy in this engagement.

As soon as it was dark, Newton's and Brooks's divisions, with the light brigade, fell rapidly back upon Banks's Ford and took position on the heights in that neighbourhood and in the rifle-

pits. When these movements were completed, Howe was directed to fall back, and at once abandoned his position and moved to the river, taking position on Newton's right. On Tuesday the 5th, at two o'clock A.M., I received the order from the commanding General to withdraw from my position, cross the river, take up the bridge, and cover the ford. The order was immediately executed, the enemy meanwhile shelling the bridge from commanding positions above us on the river. When the last of the column was on the bridge, I received a despatch from the commanding General countermanding the order to withdraw. My command was on the left bank; it could not recross before daylight, and must do it then, if at all, in the face of the enemy, whose batteries, completed, commanded the bridges. I accordingly went into camp in the vicinity of the ford, sending an adequate force to guard the river and watch the ford.

The losses of the 6th Corps in these operations were four thousand nine hundred and twenty-five killed, wounded, and missing. We captured from the enemy, according to the best information we could obtain, five battle-flags, fifteen pieces of artillery,—nine of which were brought off, the remainder fell into the hands

of the enemy,—and fourteen hundred prisoners, including many officers of rank. No material of any kind belonging to the corps fell into the hands of the enemy except two wagons and a forge that were passing through Fredericksburg at the time of its reoccupation by his forces. must add in closing that the conduct of the troops from the first crossing of the river until our return at Banks's Ford was such as to merit my heartiest approbation. To Major-General Newton, commanding 3rd Division, and Brigadier-General Brooks, commanding 1st Division, I am indebted for excellent counsel and for the gallant and spirited manner in which they carried out their orders. To Brigadier-General Howe, for his determined bravery in resisting several charges of an overwhelming force of the enemy, the safety of the command was greatly The gallant conduct of Colonel indebted. Burnham in leading the light brigade to the assault on the rifle-pits in rear of Fredericksburg is worthy of the highest admiration. is no disparagement to the other regiments of the corps to say that the steadiness and valour of the 6th Maine and 5th Wisconsin, 7th Massachusetts and Vermont brigade, could not be excelled. The skill and personal gallantry of Brigadier-Generals Bartlett, Russell, and Neill,

Colonels Grant, Shaler, William H. Brown, 36th New York, and H. W. Brown, 3rd New Jersey, displayed in the management of their respective brigades, deserve the special notice of the commanding General. Colonel Brown of the 36th New York, I regret to say, was severely wounded in the action of Sunday afternoon, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel H. L. Eustis, who is specially mentioned by his division commander for gallant service. Colonel Brown of the New Jersey brigade was also wounded, and the command of the brigade passed to Colonel Buck, 2nd New Jersey. He, too, fell wounded, and the command devolved on Colonel Penrose, 15th New Jersey. Both these officers performed their duty with admirable coolness. I desire also to call the special attention of the commanding General to the officers named in connection with the assault on the heights of Fredericksburg. For a further mention of officers who deserve his notice I respectfully refer to the reports of division commanders herewith transmitted.

To the following named officers of my staff I am indebted for prompt and efficient assistance rendered at all times during the operations I have reported, and often under circumstances of considerable danger and confusion:

Lieutenant - Colonel M. T. McMahon, A.A.G. and Chief of Staff; Colonel C. H. Tompkins, Chief of Artillery; Lieutenant J. Ford Kent, A.I.G. and A.A.D.C., slightly wounded in the action of Sunday morning; Major C. A. Whittier, A.D.C.; Major T. W. Hyde, Provost Marshal and A.A.D.C.; Major H. H. Janeway, A.A.D.C.; Captain R. F. Halsted, A.D.C.; Captain H. C. Pratt, A.D.C.; Lieutenant J. N. Andrews, A.A.D.C.; Lieutenant H. W. Farrar, Acting A.D.C., taken prisoner while carrying an important order.

The management of the artillery under Colonel Tompkins was singularly effective. The different details of the Quartermaster's and Commissary's Department were excellently conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Tolles, Chief Q.M., and Captain J. K. Scofield, Acting Chief C.S. These officers are entitled to much credit. I notice with particular approbation the arrangements made for the care and prompt removal of the wounded by Surgeon Charles O'Leary, Medical Director of the corps, and Surgeon Charles F. Crehore, medical inspector. The arrangements were well carried into effect by Captain W. H. Robinson, Chief of Ambulances.

I respectfully request that the regiments and

batteries of the corps be permitted to inscribe Fredericksburg and Salem Heights on their colours. It is an honour they have bravely earned.

I have the honour to be, General,
Your most obedient servant,
JOHN SEDGWICK,
Major-General Commanding
Sixth Army Corps.

Headquarters 6th Army Corps, May 8, 1863.

His Excellency

The President of the United States:

Will you allow me, Mr. President, to remind you of the conversation which I had the honour to hold with you on the 7th instant, at Major-General Hooker's headquarters, in relation to the distinguished and gallant services of Brigadier-General W. T. H. Brooks, commanding the 1st Division in my corps, for whom I asked promotion to the first vacancy?

General Brooks's name has been conspicuous as a soldier since the beginning of the Rebellion. He disciplined the Vermont brigade, which in the last battle, at Banks's Ford, by their heroic conduct, did much to save my corps from being cut off from the bridges and their line of retreat. On the preceding day, in the

command of a division, he drove the enemy, greatly superior in numbers, to Salem Heights. His former services in the Peninsular and Maryland campaigns I am cognizant of only from report, but from my recent association with him I am prepared to endorse him fully as a soldier.

I have the honour to be

Your Excellency's most obedient servant,

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Major-General.

May 9, 1863.

My dear sister:

You have no doubt seen the disastrous termination of our late move. I have not time, and but little inclination, to allude to the matter. I have received nothing but congratulations for the splendid conduct of my corps—except from the General, and he dare not come out boldly and accuse me or my corps of any want of skill in handling, or bad behaviour on the part of the men. I will not attempt to say where the fault lay. It will some day be exposed.

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

Headquarters 6th Corps, Camp near White Oak Church, May 13, 1863.

My dear Miss Sedgwick:

The General has just informed me that you were quite anxious to learn some of the particulars of our late movement on the other side of the Rappahannock, and asked me if I would like to make the attempt to give you an idea of what the 6th Corps had done. I am sure that I feel a great pleasure in doing anything I can to give you all that I know, but I am also sure that, however hearty my efforts may be, I shall fall far short of reality, very far short, I fear, of making the matter interesting. It requires one of two things to be able to do this well, neither of which do I possess, namely, long experience or genius. I am neither a Russell nor a Smalley. Do you remember the latter's remarkable description of the battle of Antietam, published in the "Tribune," and so very extensively copied?

When this late campaign began the General—I mean your brother—had quite a little army under his command. General Hooker sent about four corps to cross the river at United States Ford, leaving the General in command of three corps, the 1st, 3rd, and his own,

amounting to about fifty thousand men. The general plan was that we, i.e., these three corps under the General, should make a strong demonstration just below Fredericksburg, at and below the place where Franklin made his crossing under Burnside, while Hooker was to make the main attack, if possible, on their rear and left flank. Our action depended entirely on the movements of the enemy. He might force us to convert our feigned attack into a real one, and for this reason a strong force was left here. The previous movements of our cavalry under Stoneman were, as you will have already learned from the newspapers, to prepare for the total defeat of the army under Lee by cutting or interrupting his communications.

It was, I think, on the 28th of April (dates have been so confused in my mind lately that I shall have to trust to you to make obvious corrections) that the order—the final order—to move came to us. Generals Sickles (3rd Corps) and Reynolds (1st) were to report to the General. It was a dismally rainy day. One large brigade, known as the "Light Division," was sent to the pontoon train to carry the boats about two miles to the bank of the river, a most fatiguing and, some of us thought, a very unnecessary proceeding.

The ground on this side of the river is for about a third of a mile a perfect flat, evidently an old water bottom. Then comes a range of low hills, cut here and there by ravines - just the ground in and by which to conceal large numbers of men. Behind and quite near were woods, in and behind which the corps encamped the first night. The pontoon train was moved up as far by the teams as was safe from observation by the enemy. Luckily there was something of a fog, which increased as night came on. At eleven P.M. the men detailed for the purpose were to begin carrying the pontoons to the place of crossing. At a given point other men from General Brooks's division (the 1st of our corps) were to meet the boats in parties of sixty to each boat, to cross the river and take possession of the opposite bank. I do not know how many men it required to carry each boat; it was so dark I could not see, although many times close to them. I should think not less than twenty-five. Poor devils! they had a hard task. The approach to the river was very Before daylight about twenty boats had been placed in the water. Everything on the other side was perfectly quiet; nothing unusual was observed. The fog was quite dense, but before the boats began to arrive the enemy's

pickets were occasionally heard talking among themselves or singing. The boats were carried with as little noise as possible, but the distance to the other side — about four hundred feet was too small to prevent some noise being heard. At the last, however, it became useless to attempt a longer concealment of the mere noise. Then matters were rushed through with a will. All this time the dense fog continued. Finally, at the first dawn of light, the boats, about fifteen in number, I think, - I could not see them well enough to count them, -were manned by the engineer soldiers who were to row them and were filled by the designated troops, which were of General Russell's brigade, and, as nearly as possible, they all pushed off together. sound was heard from the other side. Officers on our side and some in the boats were giving orders and directions in loud tones. The boats moved on in the dim light, and in a very few seconds faded away into faint, uncertain shadows. We could hear the oars, we could even hear the beaching of the boats on the opposite bank; the noise became a little fainter, and we felt sure that they must have landed; another moment of suspense, and then there shone out through the fog just one bright spark of fire, followed instantly by the report of a musket, and then

succeeded a volley, a rattling volley, from about a regiment of men in the rifle-pits near the bank. But their firing was wild. The most of the bullets came whistling over the heads of the men on the bluff on this side, not less than fifty feet above the level of the water. Very few men in the boats were injured, one killed and eight wounded. After the first volley by the enemy there was no further interference with our possession of the position occupied. The boats were at once brought back, refilled with men, and sent to the other side, until two brigades were on that bank. Then the work of constructing two bridges was at once begun. Artillery was posted on this side in such manner as to support the troops thrown over. bridges being completed, the rest of General Brooks's division passed over and strengthened their position as soon as possible by means of rifle-pits.

Meanwhile General Reynolds, who was to effect a crossing about half a mile below, had been unsuccessful in making lodgment on the south bank. I think that it was not till the afternoon that he effected his purpose, with a loss considerably heavier than at the crossing of the 6th Corps. He also began to put himself in a position to hold the ground, and by his making

rifle-pits finally drew upon himself the fire from a strong, well-posted battery within good range. To this fire our heavy batteries on this side replied, though without apparent effect, the distance being too great. General Reynolds lost a few men, less than half a dozen, I think, by this fire.

Having effected our lodgment on that side of the river, and finding that the enemy was disposed not to try to drive us back, General Hooker took from us the 3rd Corps, and the following day, if I remember rightly, ordered General Reynolds also to join him near Chancellorsville. This left the 6th Corps alone in Reynolds's bridges were taken up, its glory. and we awaited orders. These came to us so irregularly from defects in the telegraph that it was impossible to execute some of them. General Brooks's men had made themselves comfortable on the other side. His skirmishers were within little more than pistol-shot of those of the enemy. Their line of battle was distinctly visible in the line of the railroad, and the only disposition they had shown to be at all disagreeable was by a harmless artillery fire at intervals, entirely unprovoked on our part.

Lying thus in suspense, an order came to us to pursue the enemy on the Bowling Green Road

(south from Fredericksburg), that they were flying, routed to Richmond. Then came another order to march to Chancellorsville, to unite with Hooker, crushing and destroying any force which we might find opposed to us. This was Saturday night. At about one o'clock A.M. the head of the column was in motion toward We had information from Fredericksburg. Butterfield, Hooker's Chief of Staff, that there were but three regiments in front of us, in the works on the heights. The road was bad for artillery, and our progress was slow. At daybreak the head of the column was halted at the entrance to the town. General Newton not wishing to run the risk of anything like a panic through a surprise. About sunrise the General and his staff came up to where the first troops were halted. There had been, I should have said, some skirmishing nearly all the way to the town, losses not large. A movement upon the enemy's works was at once ordered. The regiments sent up could not see a sign of a rebel. They were quite near the first line of works when they were saluted by a heavy musketry and artillery fire, and repulsed; i.e., they did not gain the works, but they remained on the ground, lying down, protected by a slight elevation. Immediately batteries were ordered into position to

shell the works; but it was all, or nearly all, uphill work, and not much damage could have been done. All it did accomplish was to make the enemy keep his head out of sight. One or two of our regiments were sent into the town, to prevent anything like a surprise on our flank. We then found that our engineers had already commenced a bridge directly opposite the town, over which, as soon as completed, General Gibbon of the 2nd Corps was to march his divi-An hour or so elapsed before his men came into the town, and then he reported to the General, who directed him to move to the right, to try to obtain a position that would command the works directly in front of us. General Gibbon moved his men up, crossed a canal in rear of the town, but found his further progress impeded by a second canal, over which there was no bridge or other means of crossing. The rifle-pits in front of him were also well manned, and his movements unsuccessful, as they were not made without loss. Finding this plan fail, as did also an attempt to make a similar attack on the left, in front of General Howe, commanding our 2nd Division, and for a similar reason, the General finally organized a strong attack at about the centre of the works. In front of this point — which, by the way, can scarcely

be called a point, for it was not less than three to four hundred yards in extent-was a slope almost entirely free from obstructions, and therefore completely under the enemy's fire, both of artillery and infantry. Then came a sunken road, lined on each side by a stone wall about four feet high, thus forming a strong and effective covering for the defenders. Beyond this was a short but somewhat steep slope to the crest of the heights, in which were the batteries. All these works were commanded and protected by each other, so that the position was a very strong one. The storming columns were formed, partly in column and partly in line, and ordered to move up at double-quick without firing a Our artillery was ordered to open the hottest kind of a fire the instant our storming party should move. This fire was directed from each flank, and kept up as long as possible with safety to our own men. General Howe was directed to move upon the position in front of him, on the extreme left, in conjunction with the attack at the centre. At last everything was arranged, and the storming party began at a given signal to move from the streets where the different regiments were formed. The artillery opened a tremendous fire. As soon as the head of the columns made their appearance on the

long slope, the enemy's fire opened upon them very heavily, both from guns and infantry, and, with the exception of one regiment, the whole force moved on steadily, magnificently, without firing a shot, the men dropping like leaves in autumn. Their approach to the works seemed, from where we stood watching, terribly slow. Every second that the dreadful fire continued diminished the strength of the attacking party One portion of the force almost by scores. seemed to come to a halt just on the edge of the sunken road of which I spoke. It was a very anxious moment; but it was only a moment, for the very next saw our men climbing the steep slope beyond the road, directly in front of the batteries. One single color (that of the 6th Maine) never for one second faltered until the very crest of the heights was gained, and it became a sign of victory and a rallying-point for the men who had met more obstacles in their There were only a few of us gathered about the General at this moment, but a cheer, weak as it was, could not be refused. The entire line of the works on those fearful heights was gained. General Howe had watched his opportunity, and carried the rifle-pits and batteries in his front in a very spirited manner. General Gibbon, at the earliest moment, brought

his men through the town to our support, following the approach we had made.

The enemy fled in large numbers from his works, leaving many dead and wounded, fifteen pieces of artillery, and a considerable number of small arms. Our loss was, I think, about one thousand. The three rebel regiments which Butterfield told us occupied the position were found to be, upon inquiry of prisoners, five brigades. We captured between three and four hundred men; but of the fifteen guns taken, there were unfortunately but nine sent in. The others were retaken on the following day. This was no fault of the 6th Corps, which, in order to execute the order received to march to join General Hooker, could spare not a man or horse to send in the guns. General Gibbon, whose division remained in the town, should have attended to the matter, and, indeed, if he could have foreseen the events of the following day would, no doubt, have brought in all captured property of any value.

The heights once gained, our force moved on very steadily to a line of hills still higher, and distant about half or three quarters of a mile. Our broken line was reformed, our batteries brought up, and everything prepared to move forward. Our line of march was the plank

road leading from Fredericksburg nearly due west to Chancellorsville, where, as Hooker informed the General, we would find the enemy's right flank entirely exposed to our attack. We moved on cautiously, skirmishers well in the advance. The enemy had succeeded in carrying off a couple of guns, by means of which he caused us not a little annoyance. He would take advantage of every good position, which was by no means seldom, to throw a few shells at our advancing column. Then it became necessary to dislodge them, which could be done only by artillery, which had first to be brought into proper position to reply. Artillery cannot march across country as infantry can, prepared at any moment to deliver its fire. All this took time, valuable time. The ground was undulating, and here and there slightly wooded. We went on slowly but carefully, so as not to be drawn into any trap. At last we approached a wood which covered the whole of the ground over which we were to advance. There we met their infantry in force, and there we had a very hard fight. Some of our regiments were broken into the merest fragments. Our approach had been slow enough to allow them, the enemy, to bring up reinforcements from Banks's Ford, distant from our right flank

only about a mile, and also from the force in front of Hooker. At all events, wherever it came from, the force was sufficient to check us effectively until night came on. Thus finished Sunday. At daybreak on the morning of Monday the General sent me in to see General Butterfield, to tell him the position we were in, and to try to get communication with General Hooker, then not more than five or six miles distant from us. If we could only crash through, if Hooker would only cooperate with us, all might be well. I heard all Butterfield had to say, and rode on, crossed the river, passed through Fredericksburg, and had gone about half a mile beyond the town when I found a very serious obstacle to my further progress, in the shape of quite a large force of the enemy coming from the southwest directly toward the town, thus placing themselves between the town and the rear of our corps. I was thus prevented from joining the General, and turned back to try to make my way to him by way of Banks's Ford, but getting astray, did not succeed until about eleven at night, so that of the operations of our corps on that day (Monday) I can give you only what I have heard from those who were on the ground. The General had early notice of the movement of

the enemy upon his rear, and he quickly made the necessary preparation to meet an attack from that direction. After taking possession of the very heights we had captured, the evident intention of the enemy was to cut the corps off from its only remaining line of retreat, namely, Banks's Ford. For this purpose a very heavy force was led by General Lee in person from the position in front of Hooker around our left, to fall upon what he supposed would be our rear and right flank. But the General had already established a portion of the corps in a new line of battle facing to the rear, and although the attack made by Lee was, according to all the accounts of those who saw it, the most furious of the war, it was most gallantly met and repulsed by a far inferior force.

It has been estimated that the force which Lee brought in this attack was not less than twenty thousand. Even supposing the number to have been no more than twelve to thirteen thousand, it was brought to bear upon very little more than two brigades of ours — not more than six to seven thousand men. This attack took place late in the afternoon, and, like the action of the previous day, was brought to a close by night setting in. During the evening the corps was moved to a position near

to the bridges which had been laid at Banks's Ford, and before daylight the whole command had recrossed the river, and the bridges were taken up, the crossing and removal of the bridges being effected under an annoying but harmless artillery fire.

Several men — I heard of two or three died from mere exhaustion before the corps recrossed the river. The day had been very hot, and the night even was unseasonably warm. It is by no means a pleasant thing for us—of the 6th Corps, I mean—to look back at the results of our short campaign; to think of the will with which the troops went to their work, and the fruitless results. I say fruitless; just look at it. Here we are just where we started from; we have lost nearly five thousand men, and what have we gained? Nothing, surely, in our position. We took about fifteen hundred prisoners and fifteen guns minus six, and we inflicted upon the enemy a loss in killed and wounded certainly not less than that sustained by ourselves; it is estimated by every one as greater, for our artillery made sad havoc in their dense attacking masses on Monday afternoon.

How different everything might, nay, would have been, if we had had the cooperation of even a small part of the immense force with Fighting

Joe Hooker! Why did he not keep Lee occupied so that he would not have dared to turn his back to Chancellorsville, to fall upon us? Or if, finding that he had so left him, why did he not know it and act accordingly; fall upon the rear of his column as it came down upon us? What was Hooker there for? To entrench himself, with six corps under his command, and expect and even order one single corps to march right through the enemy, to "crush and destroy," were the words of his order to the General, "any force which might oppose itself to" our march? Would it not have been quite as reasonable an undertaking for him to have marched with his force to join us, say, upon the heights of Fredericksburg, which we could so easily have held? You never saw a more bitter set of men than we were when we saw the way things were going. I saw General Hooker myself on Monday I took considerable trouble to see him, thinking it might be some satisfaction to him to communicate with some staff-officer of the General's: but when I told him of the hard fight the corps had had the previous day, he said, in a very disagreeable way, that he had heard of it, and then added: "There were very few troops in front of you, however."

reply was very short, and I left him. And now look at the order he issues congratulating the army on its achievements:

"If it [the army] has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resource." Indeed, the "reasons" are very well known to the army. And if he had not sufficient sagacity to meet and overcome greater obstacles than he found, the best thing he can do is to resign. He says: "We have taken from the enemy five thousand prisoners captured and brought off seven pieces of artillery," etc., when the only artillery taken was by our corps, a command so disconnected from him that he wrote to the General: "You are too far for me to direct." He says nothing of all the artillery which he lost; and the "splendid achievements" of which he boasts in a previous order are as yet quite unknown to If he had but left us either one of the two corps — the 1st or 3rd — which were under the General's command when we first began operations, we could have gone through anything. If the rest of the army had fought as this corps did, we should have been in Richmond before this time.

After we returned to our old camps, and the pickets had resumed their old positions on the banks of the river, the rebel pickets called out to ours, saying that none of our army could ever cross that river again except "the fellows who took those heights."

General Hooker was at first disposed to make this corps the scapegoat for his failure, but he soon found that he stood alone in his estimate of what had really been accomplished by it. The army — so far as we could learn, the whole army — stood to endorse the General, and to uphold him even against Hooker. It has, take it all together, been a magnificent opportunity thrown away — such an one as we can scarcely ever hope to have again. At no time did Hooker have more than one single corps engaged. Two of the corps with him did not fire a shot. Corps commanders begged for permission to attack, but were kept back. Hooker seemed to have just lost his head entirely.

I wish I could tell you of the thousand incidents of our short campaign. One sees so much that it is impossible to remember. In such times one lives on excitement. Eating and drinking is too insignificant a matter to think about. As for sleep, a few minutes thrown in here and there seem to be quite suffi-

cient for the needs of nature, although, of course, such a state of things cannot last many days.

One of our staff, a volunteer aide, Mr. Farrar of Maine, was captured. Lieutenant-Colonel Kent, our Inspector-General, was slightly wounded. These are our only accidents.

I am very respectfully yours,

R. F. HALSTED.

May 15, 1863.

My dear sister:

I received yours of the 11th instant yesterday. Captain Halsted wrote you last night a description of the crossing and recrossing of the river. I wrote you that I apprehended the General would attempt to throw an undue share of the failure on the 6th Corps. The pressure was too great for him to attempt it. We have received nothing but congratulations for the heroic conduct of the soldiers, and credit for some skill in handling. What future operations are to be, no one here knows. We are discharging at the rate of one thousand men a day, and by the 15th of June will have discharged thirty thousand men. I presume they know in Washington where the reinforcements are to come from.

I cannot see when I shall be at home, unless something should turn up. I cannot anticipate now. There must be some change. I hope it may be such an one as will satisfy the army.

With much love to all,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

May 25, 1863.

My dear sister:

I received your letter of the 19th instant last night. Everything remains as it did when I last wrote, and will probably for some time to come. We are discharging at the rate of two or three regiments a day, and no reinforcements.

I am well satisfied with the part my corps took in the late actions, and I believe all men are of the same way of thinking. At first I believed that an effort would be made to throw the blame of a failure on this corps, but it has been given up, if ever entertained. I have many letters from persons whom I did not know, and more from my friends, congratulating me upon the part we took. One was from Mr. Horatio Ames (who I suppose is our Falls Village friend), a long and flattering one, which I have not answered. I wish you would write a note to the Litchfield paper to send my copy

here, "Army of Potomac." It goes now to Old Point. I was reminded of this by receiving two copies yesterday of about a month old.

My old division is getting up a testimonial for me. They have raised seventeen hundred dollars, and I hear the testimonial is to consist of a horse and equipments complete, sword, etc. The sword they have sent to Paris for, and costs one thousand dollars. The presentation is expected now to come off about the 10th of next month. You may hear more about that time. Write often.

With much love,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

June 3, 1863.

My dear sister:

I have not heard from you for several days, and as I have had nothing particular to write, have not written. I received last night a long letter from Cousin Catherine from Boston. Her letter was very kind, full of expressions of love to you and our dear father. She said that you had written her, that I was fearful an effort was being made to throw the blame of the failure on my corps. I believe that was the first intention, and so wrote you, but the feeling was

too strong against such an effort: every one sees that our corps has not only done its whole duty, but has really achieved the only success obtained. I wrote you that my old division were about to present me a horse, equipments, sword, etc. The horse has arrived, and is the finest in the whole army; some of the other things are now on exhibition in Philadelphia, and some they sent to Paris for. The presentation will come off about the 10th instant.

We cannot move at present, unless Lee forces us by some demonstration towards Maryland. Our troops are in fine condition, and all we want is to have our regiments filled up. There is no earnestness at the North. Governors only think about sending new regiments, and the number of appointments it will give them.

With much love,

I am, very affectionately,

J. S

Berlin, Few Miles from Harper's Ferry, July 17, 1863.

My dear sister:

I received your letter of the 10th instant last night. This is the first day in the last twenty that we have not been on the move or engaged

in the presence of the enemy, and it is a wet, dreary day. You have no doubt read that the enemy crossed the river at Williamsport on the 13th. Their forces now are far superior in numbers to ours. You will hear of the immense reinforcements that are being sent to this army, and wonder why we do not crush their army. All the troops sent us are thirty days' militia and nine months' volunteers, and are perfectly useless. I am tired of risking my corps in such unequal contests.

Captain Halsted will write you to-day, giving you a sketch of our marches for the last few days. The battles around Gettysburg were victorious, and had we been reinforced we could have made it a rout.

I enclose a letter from another John Sedgwick, wanting to know something of our family. I wish you would send it to Cousin Charles of Sharon and ask him to answer it. I am not sufficiently acquainted with the "tree" to give him the information.

I am glad you have found everything so pleasant and looking so beautiful around our home. I sincerely wish I was there with you to enjoy it. If it was not for that terrible riot in New York, which has been worse to us than the loss of a great battle, everything would

look as if a termination to the Rebellion was at hand.

I am, as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

CAMP NEAR BERLIN, MARYLAND, July 17, 1863.

My dear Miss Sedgwick:

As you no doubt already know, from newspapers if not from letters, we have been for the past few weeks having a very active campaign, so far as marching is concerned at least. It does now and then occur that well-ordered marches as effectually beat an enemy as the most decisive battle could do, and something must be set down to the saving of life. There is not much doubt that some of our marching has been much to Mr. Lee's damage, but still the battle of Gettysburg had to be fought. No amount of marching with the forces we then had could have obviated the necessity for a fight like that one somewhere. It was a terrible fight. The losses show that. The common talk among the prisoners taken by us is that Lee lost at Gettysburg alone not less than thirty thousand men. Our own loss is about twenty thousand men. I

wish I could give you an idea of the artillery fire. It was terrific. We at the 6th Corps headquarters were in a good position to judge of it, for, singular as it may seem, almost the only spot along the whole line not under fire was that occupied by us. Although there was only a small portion of the corps engaged, there is no doubt that the fight was saved by that portion. We had marched from twilight all night and, with occasional necessary rests, the following day, till about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following Reynolds's fight, i.e., the first day's fight. We were in reserve, which meant upon this occasion that the whole corps was divided and subdivided until the General had not a man or a gun under his command, except a few orderlies. One brigade was sent to report to such a corps commander, another to such a one, another to this position, and a couple more to that, till there were no more left — till the General himself said he thought he might as well go home. I cannot tell you anything of any consequence about the fight. Some of the newspaper accounts were very good. I saw so little of it that I cannot describe it. Our progress in pursuit of Lee was necessarily slow and cautious. Two such armies, having fought each other so often, having known each other so long

and intimately, cannot very well afford to play at fast and loose. At Hagerstown Lee had a very strong position, which Meade, with his certainly not superior force, could not with safety attack. He could not be morally certain of success, and dared not risk a failure which would entail such serious consequences as a defeat would not have failed to bring about.

The attack was urged by Pleasanton, Howard, and Wadsworth. Pleasanton commands the cavalry. General Newton, 1st Corps, who was detained from the council by sickness, was known to be opposed to the attack. On the other hand, there were also opposed to the attack Sedgwick, Slocum, Sykes, French, and Hays, to whose reputations I can add nothing, who need to have nothing said for them.

We are preparing to cross the river into Virginia. I know nothing at all of the plan of campaign, but I presume that we are to follow Lee as rapidly as possible.

Now, as I write, a staff-officer from headquarters comes to bring information which looks to an immediate move—to-day, if possible. We were to halt here for a day or two to resupply everything—clothing, shoes, subsistence, ammunition, forage, etc.; but something, doubtless, makes an earlier movement imperative.

The officer does not know the direction in which we are to go. I wish that one small portion of the 6th Corps might move in the direction of, and have for its ultimate destination the region known as, Cornwall Hollow; and I would like to have the selection of that small party.

I must make my letter short. I wish I could have made it more interesting. I had calculated upon having almost the whole day for it; but, unfortunately, war admits of no delays. The General writes to you by this mail.

We are having a rainy day.

Very sincerely yours,

R. F. HALSTED.

Warrenton, Virginia, July 26, 1863.

My dear sister:

Since I last wrote you we have been marching every day over the worst roads, and about the hottest days, except when raining, that I have ever seen or felt. Since we left Fredericksburg, now six weeks since, it has been the same thing, marching almost day and night, for many of our hardest marches have been made by night. We have done an incredible amount of labour, if we have accomplished but little. If the people of Pennsylvania had risen as they

should have done, they might have done more injury to the enemy after the battle of Gettysburg than our army did at the battle. will scarcely be believed that not ten thousand men turned out, and then refused to follow into Marvland. New York sent more men to Harrisburg that followed up the enemy to the Potomac than Pennsylvania did, and the extortion to our troops, the sick and wounded included, surpasses belief. I am worn out. I have not had any clothes off since leaving the Rappahannock, and the army and animals are exhausted. Whether we are to have some rest here is uncertain. I regard it as an unsafe position; it is the one that Pope occupied last year, and we are but a little stronger. All of the reports in the papers regarding the demonstration of their army are untrue; at least, there is but little evidence of it. We have had no mail in the last week, and I know nothing that has been going on. A mail is expected to-night. The riots in New York have been suppressed, but their effect must have been more disastrous than the loss of a great battle. This is a beautiful country, but has not been cultivated this year; fences all down, houses deserted, and everything denoting the presence of both armies last fall, and the fear of both coming again; there are no such

articles as vegetables or groceries to be had. We captured twelve thousand head of cattle and eight thousand head of sheep that the enemy had driven from Pennsylvania. Amongst the cattle were many cows and calves, which have been divided. One cow fell to my lot, which comes in good time, as at Berlin, Maryland, I gave mine to a parson who had his only one killed by our soldiers. Has the draft taken place in Connecticut?

With much love, I am
Your affectionate brother.
John Sedgwick.

Headquarters 6th Army Corps, Warrenton, Virginia, August 8, 1863.

Brigadier-General S. WILLIAMS,

Assistant Adjutant-General,

Army of the Potomac.

General:

I respectfully submit the following report of the operations of the 6th Corps in the engagements near Gettysburg and since.

This command arrived on the field of Gettysburg on the afternoon of the 2nd of July, after a march of more than thirty miles. Wheaton's and Eustis's brigades of the 3rd

Division (temporarily commanded by Brigadier-General Wheaton), and Bartlett's brigade of Wright's division, went into action about five P.M. on the left centre, between divisions of the 5th Corps, and assisted in repulsing the assault of the enemy. Russell's and Torbert's brigades of Wright's division were held in reserve that night. Neill's brigade of Howe's division was sent to the right of the line, reporting to Major-General Slocum, and Grant's brigade of the same division was posted on the extreme left of the General's line. Shaler's brigade of Wheaton's division was held in reserve near the left centre. The artillery of the corps was placed under the orders of the Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac.

On the next morning, and subsequently, the following changes were made in the positions stated above. Russell's brigade was sent to the extreme left of the line, General Wright taking command of the troops of this corps there stationed. Subsequently it was returned to the left centre, and on the following day it was placed in position relieving a brigade of the 5th Corps. Torbert's brigade was sent to the centre, reporting to Major-General Newton, and remained in position until the morning of the 5th. Eustis's brigade was sent to the right

centre, also reporting to Major-General Newton. Shaler's brigade was ordered to the left, and then to the right, and subsequently returned to the left centre and was held in reserve. During these movements the troops were more or less exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery, but, with the exception of the evening of the 2nd of July, they were at no time seriously engaged.

On the 5th instant Wright's division, supported by the rest of my command, was sent forward to determine the position of the enemy, who was discovered to be in retreat through Fairfield in the direction of Hagerstown. rear of the column was shelled for a short time in the morning, and in the evening a brisk artillery fire was opened upon his wagon-trains in the vicinity of Fairfield, while the infantry pursued the rear-guard, which was posted to protect the passage of the trains. Two hundred and fifty prisoners were captured during the day. On the following day the enemy continued his retreat through the mountain pass, with a strong rear-guard well posted with artillery in position. During the night the corps marched to Emmitsburg, with the exception of Neill's brigade, which was detached and sent in pursuit of the retreating column. From Emmitsburg I marched by way of Hamburg

to Middletown, and thence to Boonsboro, Maryland. On the 11th of July the enemy were posted near Funkstown, Maryland, and the corps moved up and took position after crossing Beaver Creek. The Vermont brigade (Grant's, of the 2nd Division) were deployed as skirmishers, covering a front of over two miles, and during the afternoon repulsed three successive attacks made in line of battle. The remarkable conduct of the brigade on this occasion deserves high praise. On the 13th of July my command was placed in the general line of battle in the vicinity of Hagerstown, connecting with the 11th Corps on the right and the 5th Corps on the left, and continued in this position, with occasional sharp skirmishing, until the enemy retired from the front and during the night recrossed the Potomac. was closely followed to the river by Wright's division and the rest of the command.

On the day following the retreat of the enemy I moved by way of Boonsboro and Middletown to Berlin, and crossed the river in the rear of the army, and continued my march by way of Union, Rectortown, and Barber's Cross Roads to Manassas Gap, and thence by way of Barber's Cross Roads to Warrenton.

During the operations herein reported the

conduct of the troops was admirable. The marches were very severe, and the hardships undergone were greater than in any previous campaign.

Very respectfully,

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Major-General Commanding
Sixth Army Corps.

Headquarters 6th Corps, . Warrenton, Virginia, August 17, 1863.

Colonel:

It is with no ordinary pleasure that I seize this occasion to add my testimony to and express my admiration for the ability of the officer, the high attainments of the gentleman, and the soldierly qualities which have marked your career from your entrance into the service, and which you, Colonel, have so often exhibited while serving in my command during the past winter and spring. When you passed from the command of your regiment to that of the brigade of which it formed a part, it was but to win a not insignificant addition to that reputation of which your fellow-officers were so justly proud, and which your friends cannot too warmly cherish.

Of your gallantry and undaunted bravery on

the occasion of the storming of the heights of Fredericksburg while at the head of your brigade, and subsequently on the hotly contested field of "Salem Heights," where you received your agonizing wound, I cannot speak with too much praise. The bravery of the soldier, the skill of the officer, and the courage of the gentleman were so happily blended that your conduct in that day afforded a noble example, the memory of which must long live in the hearts of all your friends and comrades. I am glad to learn that you are doing so well as to be already on crutches, and I trust, Colonel, that the day when you will again take the field in that grade to which your skill and merit so well entitle you is not distant.

No officer in the army will be more ready to welcome you than myself.

I am, sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN SEDGWICK,
Major-General.

Colonel Brown, 36th New York.

HEADQUARTERS 6TH ARMY CORPS, August 19, 1863.

Brigadier-General L. Thomas, Adjutant-General U. S. A.

General:

I respectfully recommend Colonel C. H. Tompkins, 1st Rhode Island Artillery, for promotion as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, feeling assured that no better appointment could be made, nor one better deserved by active, faithful, and gallant service in the field. nel Tompkins served upon my staff as Chief of Artillery while I commanded a division in the and Corps, and is now in command of the artillery brigade of this corps. He has distinguished himself in all the actions in which he has taken part for coolness, gallantry, and skill. storming of the heights of Fredericksburg and the subsequent battle at Salem Chapel, in the month of May last, his management and disposition of the artillery of the corps was worthy of the highest praise.

I have already had the honour of calling the attention of the department to his admirable conduct on those occasions in my official report of the engagements, and in another communication recommending his promotion. His entire

record since the commencement of the war is such as to entitle him to the consideration of the Government.

I earnestly hope that he may be commissioned as Brigadier-General, for I feel that he has fully deserved the position and is eminently fit to hold it. I will add that he is the senior Colonel from the State of Rhode Island, and, I believe, one of the oldest Colonels in point of rank now in the service.

I am, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN SEDGWICK,
Major-General.

WARRENTON, VIRGINIA, August 23, 1863.

My dear sister:

I can scarcely hope to make you a visit this fall. I had hoped that something would turn up that would give me a few days' leave, but cannot see it now. I feel that I have done more than my share of field duty in the last four years; there are many General officers that have never been in the field, and I am one of the very few that started out and have been constantly on duty with the Army of the Potomac. The presentation that I wrote you about some weeks since

comes off on Wednesday. I have not seen the articles yet, but have been told they are very handsome and rich. The horse is a beauty, cost six hundred dollars; his equipments, with the round girth and other traps, cost over seventeen hundred. I shall not know what to do with them. They will be too expensive for the field. The conscripts are coming in slowly, but, so far, not as many as have been sent off to enforce the draft. It will be many weeks before they are fit to take the field. I should not be surprised if some other field was chosen for the next operations.

With much love to all, I am, as ever, Your affectionate brother,

J. S.



Testimonial to Major-General John Sedgwick

United States Polunteers

The Undersigned, Commissioned Officers of the 2nd Division, 2nd Army Corps, desirous in some manner to express their admiration of the character and ability of their late Commander,

Major-General John Sedgwick, United States Volunteers, have procured a Sword and other testimonials, which they have presented to him as tokens of their regard and respect; and that the names of these his friends and associates may not be forgotten, this parchment, with the names of the donors inscribed thereon, accompanies the gift.

JOSHUA T. OWENS

Brigadier-General Volunteers

GEORGE B. CORKHILL

Captain and Commissary of Subsistence Volunteers
Martin Rizer

Chief Surgeon 2nd Brigade

R. N. BATCHELDER

Lieutenant-Colonel and Chief Quartermaster and Corps

W. R. STRELE

Lieutenant and Ordnance Officer and Division

I. E. MALLON

Colonel 42nd New York Volunteers

FREDERICK SKEETE

Lieutenant and Quartermaster 42nd New York Volunteers

JOSEPH S. SMITH

Lieutenant-Colonel and Commissary of Subsistence 2nd Corps

WILLIAM NORTHEDGE

Colonel 59th New York Volunteers

Max G. Thoman

Lieutenant-Colonel 59th New York Volunteers, killed at Gettysburg, July, 1863

P. COOPER

Captain 42nd New York Volunteers

E. KIRBY

Lieutenant 1st United States Artillery, killed at Chancellorsville, May, 1863

R. PENN SMITH

Colonel 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers

T. G. MOREHEAD

Colonel 106th Pennsylvania Volunteers

JOHN H. STOVER

Major 106th Pennsylvania Volunteers

P. J. Downing

Captain 42nd New York Volunteers

O. W. HOLMES

Captain 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, wounded at Chancellorsville, May, 1863

H. L. ABBOTT

Captain 20th Massachusetts Volunteers

A. C. Uccock

Captain 7th Michigan Volunteers

G. N. MORGAN

Colonel 1st Minnesots Volunteers

I. FRANKLIN DYER

Surgeon in Chief 2nd Division

WILLIAM A. LYNCH

Lieutenant-Colonel 42nd New York Volunteers

N. N. DOUGHERTY

Medical Director and Corps

T. W. BAIRD

Major and Acting Assistant Inspector-General and Division, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863

D. O'KANE

Colonel 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers, killed at Gettysburg, July, 1863

M. Tschudy

Lieutenant-Colonel 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers, killed at Gettysburg, July, 1863

W. L. CURRY

Lieutenant-Colonel 106th Pennsylvania Volunteers

GEORGE H. SWARTWOUT

Captain and Commissary of Subsistence Volunteers 1st Brigade

W. Colville, Jr.

Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Minnesota Volunteers, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863

MARK W. DOWNIE

Captain 1st Minnesota Volunteers, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863

CHARLES P. ADAMS

Major 1st Minnesota Volunteers, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863

D. W. C. BAXTER

Colonel 72nd Pennsylvania Volunteers, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863

THEODORE HESSER

Lieutenant-Colonel 72nd Pennsylvania Volunteers

CHARLES KOCHERSPERGER

Lieutenant-Colonel 71st Pennsylvania Volunteers

BYRON LAFLIN

Colonel 34th New York Volunteers

WELLS SPONABLE

Major 34th New York Volunteers

JOHN BEVERLY

Lieutenant-Colonel 34th New York Volunteers

JAMES HUSTON

Lieutenant-Colonel 82nd New York Volunteers, killed at Gettysburg, July, 1863

THOMAS S. CROMBARGAR

Captain and Commissary of Subsistence Volunteers 3rd Brigade

NORMAN J. HALL

Colonel 7th Michigan Volunteers

GEORGE N. MACY

Major 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863

HENRY BAXTER

Lieutenant-Colonel 7th Michigan Volunteers

NATHAN HAYWARD

Surgeon 20th Massachusetts Volunteers

IAMES MURPHY

Captain 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, wounded at Chancellorsville, May, 1863

C. W. FOLSOM

First Lieutenant and Quartermaster 20th Massachusetts Volunteers

HENRY ROPES

First Lieutenant 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, killed at Gettysburg, July, 1863

H. C. MASON

Captain 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863

HENRY L. PATTEN

First Lieutenant 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863

M. COSTR

First Lieutenant and Aid-de-Camp 2nd Brigade

R. C. KNAGGS

Adjutant 7th Michigan Volunteers

A. F. DEVERBAUX

Lieutenant-Colonel 19th Massachusetts Volunteers

EDMUND RICE

Major 19th Massachusetts Volunteers, wounded at Gettysburg, July, 1863

CHARLES A. WHITTIER

Captain 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, Aid-de-Camp General Sedgwick's staff

ALFRED SULLY

Brigadier-General Volunteers

S. NEWELL SMITH

Captain 7th Michigan Volunteers

C. W. Tompkins

Colonel and Chief of Artillery 6th Corps

J. A. Tompkins

Major 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery

CHARLES DEVINS

Brigadier-General Volunteers, wounded at Chancellorsville, May, 1863

CHURCH HOWE

Captain and Aid-de-Camp.

JOHN G. HAZARD

Captain 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery

JOHN N. CHASE

Captain 1st Minnesota Volunteers

INSCRIPTION ON THE SWORD

TO

JOHN SEDGWICK

Major-General U. S. Volunteers

From the Commissioned
Officers of the 2nd Division
2nd Corps Army of the Potomac
as a tribute
to his abilities as a
soldier
and a testimonial
to their former leader
and companion
in arms
of their
friendship
and
esteem

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Acceptance of the Sword and other Testimonials by General Sedgwick

Gentlemen:

I accept these beautiful testimonials of your regard with feelings of sincerest gratitude, mingled with somewhat of embarrassment. It is a fortunate thing for a commander to be able in the discharge of the duties imposed upon him to win the kindly regard of those over whom he happens to be placed. I had not dared to hope, when I parted with you many months ago, that such had been my good fortune, for I felt that whatever obligation our mutual connection had created rested solely with me. I was proud of the division. I felt that I had every reason to be grateful to the officers and men composing it for their gallant and unexceptionable bearing and for the high reputation which their conduct had won for the command. I was, therefore, naturally somewhat embarrassed when I learned that it was your intention to revive the memories of old associations by an occasion such as this. It did not need, however, these substantial evidences of your good will to recall the old division and the pleasant days of my con-

nection with it. I have never forgotten it, nor the friends who made it dear to me and honoured in the army.

Though some of these are not present with you to-day, and will never again take part in any scene on earth, yet all are alike remembered. Some, too, who united with you in the preparations for this day have not lived to see it, or are absent suffering from wounds received at Fredericksburg or on the glorious field of Gettysburg. The brave young Kirby and the gallant Colonels of the 59th and 82nd New York and of the 69th Pennsylvania Volunteers, and others whose names are equally familiar, are numbered with the unforgotten dead. They have fallen in recent battles, giving up their lives for the glory of the Union and the honour of our arms. If there had been anything wanted to give your offering a value which no words of mine can express, it would have been that it comes partly in the name of brave men killed in battle for their country. It comes, too, from a part of that command which was so often led to battle by that noble soldier Sumner, whose last and proud boast it was that they "never lost a gun."

Have I not reason, then, to be grateful for these your gifts, recalling, as they do, both the

living and the dead—brave men who are still contending for their country's honour, and noble martyrs who have borne witness with their blood to the sincerity of their patriotism.

Gentlemen, I honour the division which you represent; I shall always look back with pride to the time I commanded it, as who would not be proud to lead such men to battle under Sumner? With such a leader for your corps, it is no wonder that your record is unspotted. I glory in the reputation you have won under the gallant veteran whose memory the nation reverently honours, and I rejoice that under the leadership of Hancock and Gibbon so grand a future awaits you.

I have followed your career with interest through the varying fortunes of the war, observing always with sorrow whenever any of the old, familiar names appeared on the honoured roll of the fallen. I shall still continue to watch your course in the campaigns that are to follow, and I shall feel that every new honour you may win will be another ornament added to this beautiful sword, increasing, if that were possible, the value I attach to it. Deeply appreciating the kind feelings you have expressed for me, I accept these testimonials of your esteem with pardonable pride. I thank you with all my heart.

Headquarters 6th Corps, Warrenton, September 1, 1863.

My dear French:

It has been suggested by some of the friends of General McClellan that it would not be inappropriate for the old "Army of the Potomac" to present him some little testimonial as a pledge of their esteem.

Before making any move in the matter, I thought it best to ascertain the feelings of some of the corps commanders, especially of Newton and yourself. I therefore write you both, hoping that we may all take the same views. If so, I think it will go through with a rush.

For myself, I have never been intimate with the General—have never visited him socially; at the same time I have the greatest regard and admiration for him, and I would like to show that he still retains the love and confidence of the Army of the Potomac.

Please let me know, as early as possible, what you think of the idea, and the best plan for carrying it into execution.

Yours very truly,

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Major-General.

WARRENTON, September 3, 1863.

My dear sister:

I received yours of the 30th ultimo last night. I am sorry to find that your finances are so low, almost in as bad a condition as the Confeds'. You must economize and put out more paper, and then repudiate; but if you cannot carry out the transaction in that way, I will send you some of my paper. Let me know. sent my sword, etc., to a friend in Washington for a few days, in order to have some photographs taken of it. After that is done I will send it home; let me know if it can be expressed to West Cornwall. Everything was in the very best taste, and as rich as could be made. General Meade had a sword presented him the next day, but nothing to compare with mine. was made the occasion of a great political meeting, and most of the people came away highly disgusted. There was nothing of this sort here to mar the harmony; every one went to please himself, and generally accomplished it. I have always opposed show of any sort.

There is no military news; both sides seem to be waiting for reinforcements. Ours come in very slowly; I doubt whether we have as many as when we arrived here, but those that have gone to New York will soon be available. The

weather is delightful, and the fall is wearing away. I shall try and make you a visit sometime after the campaign is over.

With love to all,

Yours,

J. S.

CULPEPER, September 18, 1863.

My dear sister:

I received your letter last night. I have written this morning to Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, in whose charge the sword is, to send it by express to West Cornwall as soon as convenient, and it will probably be there within a week after the receipt of this. Have a nice horse (trestle) made for the saddle, put together in my chamber. You will perceive that we have made a move to the front without any opposition. What the plans are I do not know. I think the move was ordered from Washington; whether a judicious one remains to be seen.

I enclose a drawing for the stand. Yale will see what is wanted. Have a nice one, either black walnut or fine painted. The horse is the handsomest one in the army. I hope some day to take him home.

With much love,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

Headquarters 6th Army Corps, Culpeper, October 1, 1863.

To GEORGE WOODRUFF, Esq.

Dear sir:

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 25th instant in regard to the services of your son, the late Lieutenant G. A. Woodruff, 1st Artillery, U. S. A. I will to-day forward your letter to Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Taylor, who was Chief of Staff of the late Major-General Sumner, under whose command the artillery of the division was directed. I assumed command of the division to which your son belonged in January, 1862, and had occasion to notice him expressly for the zeal and fidelity which he manifested in the discharge of his duties. Upon our arrival on the Peninsula we formed part of Sumner's corps. At the battle of Fair Oaks my division was the first of the corps to reach the field, and I placed the battery in position. I herewith enclose an extract from my report. I consider that the battery contributed essentially in the repulse of the rebels. At the battle of Glendale the battery was again in a prominent position. General Sumner and myself were both wounded inside the battery.

enclose an extract of my report. I presume General Sumner noticed more particularly its service, as was his promise. At the battle of Antietam I again had occasion to notice your son's gallantry, then in command of his battery. Whilst leaving the field, my horse having been killed, and badly wounded myself, I was left for some time within the battery, which was then engaged in repulsing and did repulse the column of the enemy that had broken my division. No veteran could have selected a better position, and no one could have shown more gallantry in defending it. I made no report of this battle, or I should have mentioned especially the services of your son and his battery. This was the last of my service with him; but I presume Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor will give you a more detailed and connected history of your son's service.

I would here remark that no General officer has authority to confer brevets; the President only has that right, with the sanction of the Senate. I have no means of knowing, but have no doubt your son's name went in to the Senate for two, perhaps three, brevets.

I am, very respectfully,

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Major-General.

NEAR BULL RUN, October 17, 1863.

My dear sister:

I have just received your letter of the 13th instant. I have not written for the last few days, owing to events over which I had no control. You must be aware that in the last few days we have made a retrograde movement; whether there was a necessity for it I have no means of judging. We have had no fighting that deserves the name. What there has been has been decidedly in our favour. General Meade has always been ready to give the enemy battle, but with such a long time to bring up his supplies, he was always anxious for his line of retreat. I presume we shall move forward again and offer battle.

I am very glad to hear that you had such a pleasant visit with our Massachusetts cousins; when you write, give them my best love, especially Cousin Catherine. I am sorry you did not see her, as she seems so fond of you and kind to every one. Captain Halsted went off quite sick the day the movement commenced, and has not been heard from. I rely upon him for writing all my descriptive letters. He is very fond of it and happy at that style; I am not. The weather continues delightful, and

were it not for that favour we should have suffered severely.

I will write again as soon as we are settled, but my fear is that this is the last of the "Army of the Potomac," and that I may have to go South.

Yours affectionately,

J. S.

NEAR CULPEPER, November 16, 1863.

My dear sister:

I received yours of the 9th instant, written from Boston, but waited before answering till you reached home. I have presumed that if you left Boston on Thursday or Friday you would remain in Hartford over Sunday, and probably reach home to-day. Captain Halsted has returned quite well; he went no farther than New York.

I received a letter some days ago from a lady asking a favour for her grandson, very long and beautifully written, closing with: "May God preserve you from all dangers in the battle-field and in the camp, and especially from commanding the Army of the Potomac." There is no danger. I know my name has been mentioned, and I think I could have had it if I had said

the word, but nothing could induce me to take it. Meade is twenty years older than when he took command.

With much love,

I remain, as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

Headquarters 6th Army Corps, December 4, 1863.

Brigadier-General S. WILLIAMS, A.A.G., Army of the Potomac.

General:

I respectfully submit the following report of the operations of this corps from the 26th of November to the 3rd of December.

In obedience to the orders of the commanding General, the corps commenced its march on the morning of the 26th at six A.M., and moved to Brandy Station, where it halted in readiness to follow the 3rd Corps, as directed in the order of march. The road was not cleared until eleven A.M. At that hour the march was resumed, and continued with many interruptions, owing to the crowded condition of the roads, until late at night. The column reached the Rapidan after dark well closed on the 3rd Corps, crossed, and

went into bivouac, with the exception of the trains, the artillery, and the rear-guard consisting of Upton's brigade.

The artillery and trains were ordered to Germania Ford; the batteries crossed at that point during the night and rejoined the corps the following morning.

On the morning of the 27th, Upton's brigade having crossed the river, the corps was placed under arms at daylight and drawn out in order of march, ready to follow and support Major-General French as directed. The head of the column continued closed on the 3rd Corps, but made no progress until three P.M., at which time the firing in the front increased. I rode forward to General French's headquarters and found him deploying to resist a serious attack upon his advance. I immediately moved forward two divisions, the 1st and 2nd, and as the engagement progressed advanced Ellmaker's brigade upon the right and Neill's and Upton's brigades upon the left to support General French's line, and held Torbert's and Grant's brigades in rear as a reserve.

The 3rd Division remained near the river, in obedience to the order of the commanding General, to cover the bridges and trains at Germania Ford. The artillery could not be made

available, owing to the wooded character of the country, and was massed in the rear of the reserve. None of the troops of my command became engaged; they bivouacked on the field until midnight, at which time, in obedience to an order received at eleven P.M., I marched in the direction of the turnpike to form a junction with General Warren.

At daylight I took position, with my entire command, on the right of the 2nd Corps. At seven-forty A.M. I received the order of the commanding General to attack the enemy in conjunction with the other corps. I advanced at once in the execution of this order, and discovered that the enemy had retired during the night. I then moved forward on the turnpike, in rear of the 2nd Corps, and took position on its right, in front of the line taken up by the enemy in Mine Run, and advanced a line of skirmishers to the stream. The movements of this day were much embarrassed by the rain, and the troops suffered extremely.

On the following day the 3rd Division, Brigadier-General Terry, and Martin's battery were detached by order of the commanding General to report to General Warren with the other divisions. I remained in position, holding the right of the line.

The enemy's position in my front was one of great natural strength, and extensively entrenched.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 30th, having been placed in command of the 5th and 6th Corps, I moved about two miles to the right, having two brigades and the batteries to hold the lines which the two corps had occupied. It was the intention of the General commanding to make a sudden and determined attack upon the enemy's left, under a concentrated fire from our batteries. The movement of the troops had been carefully concealed from the enemy, and at the appointed time (eight A.M.) I opened fire from six batteries, and prepared to move promptly upon the enemy's position at nine A.M., the hour fixed for the assault. At eightforty-five A.M. I received the order of the commanding General to suspend my attack until further orders. This was accordingly done; the batteries ceased firing upon both sides, and the enemy proceeded to make the alteration in his line and the character of his defences which the threatened attack from the direction of his left rendered essential to his safety. During the day I was ordered back with my command to my former position, and executed the movement as soon as it was dark.

On the following day, December 1, I remained in position. The condition of the supplies of forage and subsistence, and the impossibility of replenishing in our then position, rendering all further offensive movements impracticable, and a return to our base of supplies being in my opinion a matter of necessity, I made the necessary preparations for a night movement to the river. During the night, in obedience to orders, I recrossed the Rapidan with the rest of the army, and halted near Stevensburg on the morning of the 2nd instant. On the 3rd instant I resumed the march to the vicinity of Welford's Ford, and reoccupied my former camp.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN SEDGWICK,
Major-General.

HEADQUARTERS 6TH CORPS, WELFORD'S FORD, VIRGINIA, December 15, 1863.

Brigadier-General L. Thomas, Adjutant-General U. S. A.

General:

I have the honour to ask you to lay before the Honourable Secretary of War, for his consider-

ation, the name of Brigadier-General J. H. Ward for the appointment of Major-General. General Ward came out at the first breaking out of the Rebellion as Colonel of the 38th Regiment New York Volunteers, which formed a part of the brigade which I then commanded. I feel, therefore, that I am justified in recommending him to the consideration of the Honourable Secretary.

For his efficiency in preparing his regiment for the field, and his gallantry in leading in battle, he was appointed a Brigadier and assigned to his old brigade, which he has led in every action since, when he was not in command of the division. Of the services of that brigade and division it is not necessary to speak, as they are well known to every General officer in this army. I would also mention that General Ward has been connected with the regular and volunteer service for the past twenty years, and his experience in that time and his services during the Rebellion eminently fit him for the position recommended.

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN SEDGWICK,
Major-General.

Headquarters 6th Army Corps, Welford's Ford, Virginia, December 16, 1863.

My dear Townsend:

There is a change proposed in the organization of this army, reducing the number of corps to three. Whether I am to be retained as one of the commanders, I do not know or care a straw, but I write this to ask you, when the matter is brought up in Washington, to retain the number of this corps, viz., the 6th.

It is entirely harmonious, and there is a great deal of esprit de corps in it. I do not believe there is a regiment in it that would leave willingly. Another reason is, since its organization there has never been a regiment added or detached; this is not the case with the other corps.

I am afraid the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd will be retained, when I should like to see the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th.

I am sure you will assist me in this matter, if in your power. At all events, I rely upon you in letting me know when the subject comes up. Yours very truly,

JOHN SEDGWICK.

Colonel E. D. Townsend,
Assistant Adjutant-General.



NEAR BRANDY STATION, January 3, 1864.

Brigadier-General S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

General:

I respectfully submit the following report of the operations of the right column of the Army of the Potomac on the 7th of November, at Rappahannock Station.

In compliance with the order of the General commanding, the 5th Corps, Major-General Sykes, and the 6th Corps, Brigadier-General Wright, took the positions assigned them on the left and right of the railroad near the enemy's entrenched position at Rappahannock Station, and at three o'clock P.M. pushed forward their skirmishers to the river-bank on the right and left of the general line. The enemy's skirmishers were driven to their rifle-pits. These extended from the railroad a distance of one thousand

yards up the river, upon a slope of excellent command.

Near the railroad and upon the crowning point of the slope, redoubts had been erected which covered all approaches from the front. The position was one of unusual strength. During the afternoon three batteries of the 6th Corps, two of the 5th Corps, and one of the artillery reserve maintained a vigorous fire upon the redoubt, to which the enemy as vigorously replied. At dusk an assault was ordered, and brilliantly executed by Brigadier-General Russell with two brigades of his division, commanded respectively by Colonels Upton and Ellmaker. The works were carried gallantly. Two brigades of the enemy, numbering over seventeen hundred, - including the brigade commanders, one hundred and thirty commissioned officers, four pieces of artillery with caissons and ammunition, two thousand stand of arms, eight colours, and a pontoon bridge,—were captured in the assault.

I desire to call the attention of the General commanding to the fact that the enemy's entrenchments were defended by a force numerically equal to the attacking party, and to say that the officers and troops engaged in the assault, particularly Brigadier-General Russell,

Colonels Upton and Ellmaker, and the 5th Wisconsin and 6th Maine Volunteers, deserve the highest praise that can be bestowed upon a soldier.

For a more detailed account of the operations herein generally described I respectfully refer to the accompanying reports of Major-General Sykes and Brigadier-General Wright.

I am, General, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN SEDGWICK,
Major-General.

Headquarters 6th Army Corps, Near Brandy Station, January 27, 1864.

Major Samuel Breck,
Assistant Adjutant-General,
Washington.

Major:

In reply to circular from War Department, Adjutant-General's Office, dated January 7, I have the honour to state that on the fourth day of March, 1861, I was Major of the 1st Cavalry, stationed at Fort Wise, on the upper Arkansas. Was promoted Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel same regiment April 25. Received

orders from headquarters Department of the West, June 20, to repair to Fort Leavenworth and there await further orders. After reaching Fort Leavenworth and waiting several days, the Department of the West having been broken up, I repaired to Washington and reported to the headquarters of the army. July 18, was ordered to report to Brigadier-General Mansfield, and was by him assigned to inspecting duty. On the 18th of August I was assigned to the command of a brigade then stationed near Alexandria. Appointed Brigadier-General August 31. During this and subsequent month was a member of a court of inquiry that investigated the accusations against Colonel Miles. The court met at Alexandria about the 15th of August, and continued meeting there and in camp until its last two sittings, which were in Washington: Major-General W. B. Franklin, President; Brigadier-General Charles Griffin, Recorder.

February 20, 1862, was relieved from command of brigade and assigned to the division of Brigadier-General Stone, stationed at Poolesville, Maryland.

February 25 was ordered to report with the division at Harper's Ferry to Major-General Banks.

The latter part of March received orders to proceed with my division to Washington; embarked immediately for Old Point, forming part of the Army of the Potomac; was with it until its evacuation of the Peninsula. Was slightly wounded at Glendale, June 29; appointed Major-General July 4, 1862; severely wounded at Antietam, September 17; reported for duty December 22, and was assigned to the command of the 9th Army Corps by the General commanding the Army of the Potomac; was relieved February 5, 1863, and assigned to the command of the 6th Army Corps. served with that corps since. Have been on no courts martial; have had no leave of absence.

I was actively engaged in the following battles:

Fair Oaks,
Peach Orchard,
Savage's Station,
Glendale, or Charles City Road,
Antietam,
2nd Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863,
Salem Heights, May 3, 4, 1863,
Gettysburg, July 2, 3, 4, 1863,
Corps.

Rappahannock Station,
Commanding 6th and
5th Corps.

The following is a list of staff-officers, on my personal staff, all of whom are now serving, with the exception of Captain Church Howe, who resigned April 10, 1863:

E. B. Beaumont, 1st Lieutenant 4th Cavalry, U. S. A., appointed A.D.C. August 27, 1861, relieved August 7, 1862, and assigned to duty as A.D.C. to General Halleck; reappointed A.D.C. May 9, 1863.

Church Howe, Captain 15th Massachusetts Volunteers, appointed A.D.C. March, 1862, resigned April 10, 1863.

Charles A. Whittier, 1st Lieutenant 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, appointed A.D.C. August 30, 1862.

R. F. Halsted, Captain 42nd New York Volunteers, appointed A.D.C. December 26, 1862.

Arthur McClellan, Captain and A.D.C., assigned to duty August 7, 1863.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Tohn Sedewick,

Major-General.

February 17, 1864.

My dear sister:

I received your last letter three days since. It is not often that I allow one of your letters to

lie so long unanswered. General Meade has returned and resumed command. This has relieved me from some anxiety and a daily ride of some miles, but, what I dislike still more, looking over papers, sometimes called "redtapism." The weather for the last few days has been delightful and the roads quite good, but yesterday there was quite a snow-storm, clearing off cold.

We hear that there is to be a reorganization of this army, probably for the purpose of getting rid of some obnoxious Generals. I shall not be sorry to hear that I am one of them. I feel that I have done my part of field duty, although my health is quite good. A few weeks' rest would be beneficial, and I could even leave altogether without many regrets.

With much love,

I am, as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

I have sent by express to-day a scroll of parchment with list of names, etc., to go with the sword. I had it directed to West Cornwall.

Headquarters 6th Corps,
March 10, 1864.

Brigadier-General S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General,
Army of the Potomac.

General:

My attention has been called to several articles which have recently appeared in the papers insinuating or charging the General commanding the Army of the Potomac with ordering or favouring a retreat of the army on the evening of July 2nd, at Gettysburg.

I took no minutes of the council of corps commanders held on the evening of that day, but my present recollection is that three questions—viz., of attacking the enemy, of sustaining an attack, or taking up a new position—were submitted. The council were unanimous (with, I think, one exception) to sustain the attack in our then present position.

At no time in my presence did the General commanding insist or advise a withdrawal of the army, for such advice would have had great weight with me, and I know the matter did not engage my serious attention.

I am positive that the General commanding could not have insisted, much less have given the order to withdraw the army from its position.

In a council on the evening of the 3rd the two questions of following the enemy or moving on parallel lines were submitted, and I think the council were unanimous, and their decision adopted by the General, of moving parallel to the enemy, and attacking him when possible.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN SEDGWICK,

Major-General.

March 14, 1864.

My dear sister:

Your letter of the 9th instant came two days since. I have nothing especial to say. General Grant made a flying visit here last week. I spent the evening with him, and was most agreeably disappointed, both in his personal appearance and his straightforward, common-sense view of matters. He has gone back again, but is expecting to return in two or three weeks, and, rumour says, will take command of this army. Good feeling seemed to exist between him and General Meade.

The great raid was a great failure. It does not seem to have been made with any judgment. At the time there were no troops in Richmond, and by a bold dash it was hoped that such a

command might enter the city and release our prisoners.

I am very sorry to hear that Cousin Catherine is so ill; but I hope the warm weather will invigourate her, and she may be spared to us for many years. When you write her, give her my great love. Give Cousin Mary, too, much love. Give the recruit such a present as you think suitable. The picture is in Washington. I sent it up to have it touched over, and the artist wanted to see me before completing it. I shall probably go up in a few days, and soon after will send it on. You know it was painted from a photograph, the painter never having seen me.

With much love, I am, as ever,
Your affectionate brother,
John Sedgwick.

March 27, 1864.

My dear sister:

Yours of the 19th came last night. General Grant arrived yesterday, and established his headquarters in Culpeper, about five miles from General Meade's. I have not yet seen him since his return. I liked his appearance and the general tone of his remarks and comments very much; but I doubt whether he

will be able to effect much more than other Generals we have had in command here. The truth is, we are on the wrong road to take Richmond. The army has been reorganized by General Meade, my corps considerably increased. I hope when the campaign opens to have twenty-five thousand men and forty-eight pieces of artillery—a small army in itself.

Cousin Charles's wife's daughter and three young ladies made me a visit, staying three days. They came down to attend a ball, and the first intimation I had they drove up to my quarters; but we made them very comfortable, and had a delightful time. Tell Eliza, if Harry cannot get an appointment to West Point (and I do not think he can), that he would have no difficulty in getting one as civil engineer in the navy. It is not only a respectable one, but it is a rising place, and that department is to become an important one in our navy.

With much love, I am, as ever, Your affectionate brother,

J. S.

HEADQUARTERS 6TH CORPS,
April 20, 1864.

The Honourable E. D. Morgan, U. S. Senate.

Sir:

Understanding that some objection has been made to the confirmation of the appointment of Brigadier-General Alexander Shaler of this corps, I take the liberty of addressing you upon the subject for the purpose of soliciting your good offices in his behalf. There is not a more gallant soldier in the Army of the Potomac than General Shaler, and as a brigade commander he has at all times given perfect satisfaction to his superiors. He has commanded a brigade for a year past, serving at all times with dis-In the successful assault on the tinction. heights of Fredericksburg, in May last, and in the seven battles which occurred on that and the succeeding day, General Shaler conducted himself with marked gallantry, contributing in no small degree to the brilliant success achieved on that occasion by the corps with which he is connected. He has certainly earned the position of Brigadier-General by his service on the field. His eminent fitness for the place is of itself a good and sufficient reason for his con-

firmation. It would be very difficult to replace him by as good a man. To lose him at this time from the command of his brigade would be a serious loss to the service. I would consider it a favour if you would render such assistance as you can consistently in securing the confirmation of his appointment.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
JOHN SEDGWICK,
Major-General.

April 26, 1864.

My dear sister:

We are in daily expectation of orders for moving. The weather and roads are now favourable. We have had time enough to make the campaign a certain thing; but we have been engaged in winning political victories, when we should have been engaged in preparing for the rebels. We have to-day more soldiers in the Union States than we have in the rebel.

The news from all parts of the country is unfavourable, and will be so long as we divide our forces into small detachments and endeavour to hold places that are not of the least value to us, and we are now assembling a force on the Peninsula just large enough to be of no use, and

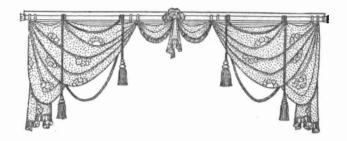
it will certainly be gobbled up. The rebels are to-day as strong as we are, opposite to us.

The picture will be sent in a few days.

With much love, I am, as ever,

Your affectionate brother,

J. S.



THE ORATION

OF

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE STATUE TO MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK, AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK, OCTOBER 21, 1868

Under this October sky, among these historic hills, with this historic river flowing at our feet; here, upon ground that Washington once trod, and which knew the darkest tragedy of the Revolution; beneath that flag, the bright morning star of hope to the nations—the flag that now floats unchallenged from this central post to the remotest frontier; surrounded by fields golden with immeasurable harvests, by homes of happiness and peace, by hearts of fidelity to country

and to man, we come to honour the memory of the brave and modest soldier who died to give to our homes that peace, to confirm in our hearts that fidelity, to keep those fields prosperous and secure — your father, men of the 6th Corps; our soldier, fellow-citizens; the silent, affectionate, heroic leader, whom the eye desiring sees not, whom the ear attentive hears not:

"Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills
Is that his grave is green."

"Death hath this also," says Bacon, "that it openeth the gate to good fame." But good fame, in turn, conquers death. He is not dead, although we no more see him. Behold how vast and various is his life! In this fair and noble statue he lives again. On the most heroic page of our history he lives and moves. In your hearts he is immortal. In the deeper splendour of the flag he bore, in the supremacy of the Union he maintained, in the equality in that Union which he secured, in the larger power and increased justice of the regenerated country that he served, John Sedgwick lives now and shall live forever. Natural and noble and beautiful is the instinct that inspires our hands to build monuments to the illustrious dead. We carve

their names upon memorial stone; exquisitely the sculptor moulds their forms in bronze or marble; but they carve their names upon history—they impress civilization with their likeness; and whiter than marble, more lasting than bronze, is the monument which their influence builds in our purer purposes and nobler lives. The American Union is the great monument of Washington and the men of the Revolution; the American Union as the security of equal rights is the monument of Sedgwick and of three hundred thousand of our brothers who rest with him.

The tale of his life is the simple story of a brave and good man who did his duty, and died in doing it. Sedgwick was but one of the soldiers of the Union, in the fierce struggle with which the land still rocks and the air thrills. That struggle is as old as history. It is fought by the tongue and pen as earnestly as with the sword and shell. It is the contest for the largest individual freedom. Now it is a nation fighting for independence; then a man asserting moral and intellectual liberty. Now it is Leonidas and the Persians linked in the death-struggle at Thermopylæ; then it is Galileo wrestling with the Inquisition. There upon the continent of Europe, it is Philip II and the Netherlands;

again, in England, it is the King and Parliament. Yesterday it was the colonies against the mother country; to-day it is the Union against the Confederacy. Three hundred years ago it was Gerard shooting the Prince of Orange; three years ago it was Wilkes Booth shooting Abraham Lincoln. But everywhere and always, in whatever crude and imperfect form, it is a movement of the same conflict—it is the struggle between those who declare that some men have no rights and those who hold the truth to be self-evident that all men are created equal.

In Europe, three centuries ago, the cause of the people took form as the Protestant Reformation, and, transferred to the battle-field, was the Thirty Years' War. In England—drawn to a finer point in the sermons of stern preachers, in the debates in Parliament, in the loud snarl of pamphlets — it was known as Puritanism. But, at length, it was preaching and debating no longer. At Edgehill, John Pym's speeches had become pikes, and Charles's falsehoods swords. The Cavalier fought for privilege; the Puritan, for the people. The struggle was fierce and long, and when the smoke of battle rolled away, Puritanism remained bivouacked upon the field. But its complete victory was reserved for another country and another continent.

Puritanism was, doubtless, gloomy and severe the tree that bore the rosy and delicate fruit of American liberty was knotted and gnarled. But while the Cavalier, the Tory, and the aristocrat, here as everywhere, have always derided Puritanism, remember that the greatest of all English rulers was a Puritan; the greatest of all English poets but one was a Puritan. The Puritan policy abroad swept the Mediterranean of pirates, and protected the Protestants of France and Savoy. The Puritan policy at home defended civil and religious liberty against despotism, mitred as a bishop and crowned as a king. Across the sea, it planted the rocks of New England with the seed of popular liberty and The harvest is as vigorous as the equal rights. soil, for freedom is a rude plant and loves the cooler latitudes. In the auspicious air of a new continent, the Puritan spirit became modified and enlarged. Out of strength came forth sweetness. Government by church members became government by the people. John Pym became James Otis. The larger and generous Puritanism of America inspired the Revolution. They were Puritan guns whose echo is endless upon Bunker Hill. It was the Puritan spirit that spoke in the Declaration of Independence. It was the Puritan will that shook the glittering

hand of the Cavalier Burgovne from the Hud-It was to the Puritan idea that Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown, and, eighty-three years later, it was the Cavalier who again surrendered to the Puritan under the Appomattox apple-tree. Those stern, sad men in peaked hats, who prayed in camp and despised lovelocks, and at whom fribbles in politics laugh and sneer to-day, were the indomitable vanguard of moral and political freedom. If they snuffled in prayer, they smote in fight; if they sang through their noses, the hymn they chanted was liberty; if they aimed at a divine monarchy, they have founded the freest, the most enlightened, the most prosperous, the most powerful Republic in history.

As we look back to-day upon that tremendous conflict, we see, emerging from the bitter smoke, the grim champion of the people,—Oliver Cromwell,—and by his side there rides a sturdy Puritan, Major-General Robert Sedg wick. When Cromwell became Protector he sent his General as commissioner to Jamaica, and when the King returned, the Puritan decided to remain in America. "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires," and, more than a century after Naseby and Worcester, a descendant of Robert Sedgwick, a Major in the Revo-

lutionary army, defended the good old cause at Valley Forge. At the end of the war he was made a Major-General of Militia, and his house, which the Connecticut Tories had burned while he was away, was rebuilt for him by his townsmen. It was in the little town of Cornwall, in the pleasant valley of the Housatonic, in the northwest part of Connecticut, - the State of Putnam and of Wooster,—and there his grandson, our General John, was born, on the 13th of September, 1813. He is remembered as a quiet farmer's boy, going to the common school, and working in the peaceful fields of Cornwall Hollow - a generous, manly lad, a natural leader among his companions. But the spirit of the Ironside trooper and of the Continental volunteer was in his blood, and, as a little boy, he called himself "General John Sedgwick."

Thus, a soldier, born of soldiers, on the 1st of July, 1833, when he was twenty years old, he came here to the Military Academy, where, three years later, he was graduated, and was promoted Second Lieutenant of the 2nd Artillery. He served immediately in the Florida War against the Indians; a little later, upon the Northern frontier, during the Canadian border troubles, and was engaged in re-

cruiting at various stations. Thirty years ago the profession of arms in this country did not seem to be very alluring; but it is very much to those whom it did allure that we owe our This Academy, indeed, is national existence. accused of aristocratic tendencies, of educating a class of men in a republic, not to be selfrespecting and thoughtful citizens, but deaf and dumb and blind instruments merely. charge be true, it is fatal to West Point. West Point be a machine, in which those born and bound to be moral and responsible men and citizens are ground into slaves, then it is the most pernicious and perilous of all institutions in the country. For why has a large standing army always been considered the curse of liberty and the enemy of civilization? Because a king and a ministry depend upon it to defy reason, humanity, justice, and common sense. the army was regarded as a vast, insensate triphammer, and the king, plus the trip-hammer, might pulverize the people at his pleasure. But the moment the trip-hammer begins to think, that moment the hand of tyranny is relaxed and the people are relieved.

A republic is possible only among thinking men. In a republic, therefore, political interest and power are not a privilege of the few; they

are the imperative duty of all. Every man need not be a skilled politician, but no man has a right permanently to seclude himself from knowledge and interest in public affairs. only hope for all is in the general intelligence and the general conscience, and there can be no general knowledge if individual men and classes are willing to be ignorant. Therefore it is that in this country, while every man is true to the conditions of the Republic, there is no need of a huge standing army, for the great body of the citizens is the army. The arms they bear, in Kossuth's phrase, are bayonets that think, . and the officers whom they professionally educate are no more justified in renouncing the fundamental duties of citizens than the rest of the people. The American citizen who, under the plea that he is a soldier, excuses himself from political responsibility and duty, betrays his country. Eighty years ago, when the French guards refused to fire upon the people of Paris, Charles Fox said that the French had abolished the fear of a standing army, because they had shown that in becoming a soldier a man remained a citizen. A storm of reproach followed his words; but if the spirit of them be not true, a soldier is the most contemptible of Discipline and obedience, indeed, are men.

indispensable to military service; but when the position of any honourable man anywhere requires him to do what seems to him unjust, mean, wicked, he will resign his position and retain his manly honour. In your name, gentlemen, and in your presence, here in the school in which our officers are trained, I deny that to become a soldier is to cease to be a citizen and a man. I deny that a soldier is a moral monster, for whom right and wrong do not exist. I deny that in a noble breast, whether in or out of uniform, the sense of loyalty to the flag will be deeper and stronger than that of loyalty to conscience and to manhood. And if our own heaven-born Stars and Stripes should ever become the black flag of infamy and injustice, it is an insult to you, as to your fellow citizens, to suppose that you or they would imagine it to be an honourable duty to bear it. We are citizens of the world before we are citizens of any country; we are men before we are Americans,ubi libertas, ibi patria, - and our duty as Americans is to make America the home of noble men. and that flag the flag of liberty for mankind.

In our late war it was not the resignations of their commissions by those who felt, however mistakenly in our judgment, that they could not honestly fight under the flag, which cast so deep

an odium upon them. It was not the conscience, it was the want of conscience; it was not the honest conviction, it was the treachery that was so despicable. If Benedict Arnold, whose name is so tragically associated with this spot, had honestly resigned his commission, the consequence might, for a time, have been deplorable, but his name would not be infamous. It was the treachery that dooms him to eternal execration. It was not Twiggs's wish to leave the army, it was his base surrender of men and material that blackens his name. It was not the resignation of Lee that forever marks him. it was his following the flag which he confessed he saw no reason for unrolling. The condemnation for all the West Pointers who resigned was not of the soldiers, but of the men. that they obeyed the authority of States which they said they held to be paramount, when that authority ordered them to raise the flag of injustice and inhumanity. If it be said that a soldier must obey commands whatever they may be, I reply that no honourable man will remain for a moment in a position which demands dishonour. If King Herod orders his officer to slay all infants under two years of age, he will refuse longer to be an officer of Herod's, and if every officer did so, Herod's murders would be left

undone. "I have ever had in my mind," said Algernon Sydney, "that when God should cast me into such a condition as that I cannot save my life but by doing an indecent thing, he shows me the time has arrived wherein I should resign it"; and when that time came he did resign it. He did not say, "My King orders it, my State commands it"; he said, "My conscience forbids it," and he died.

But the records of the Academy show that the officers educated here had not merged the man in the soldier. They had retained and exercised the duties of citizens. West Point. at least, had not made them machines; and let the tree be judged by its fruit. In the month of June, 1861, there were eight hundred and twenty living graduates of West Point; from the slave States there were three hundred and eleven, of whom one hundred and thirty-three refused to follow the fortunes of their States. Add to those who resigned or were dismissed ten from the free States, and of the whole eight hundred and twenty only one hundred and ninety-seven renounced the flag of the Union. "Nearly four fifths of its graduate officers ramained faithful," says General Cullum, in his biographical register of West Point; "one half of those from the South stood firm

by the Stars and Stripes; and in the battles for the Union one fifth of those engaged laid down their lives; more than one third, and probably one half, were wounded." If the Rebellion in the interest of the aristocracy was officered by West Pointers, so was the people's army of the Union; and if the military chief of the Rebellion had been Superintendent of this Academy, he surrendered to the military chief of the Union, who had been its pupil.

At the end of the Revolution General Washington was made President, not only for his military renown, but for those qualities which the people knew that they could trust in the civil administration of the Republic. Washington, as President, recommended the establishment of this Academy, and when, after the fierce but triumphant struggle to save, upon the true principles of the Republic, the Government and the Union which he founded, those who have succeeded look to find a successor of his whose character and career promise an administration which will secure peace with liberty and honour, their eyes, their hearts, and their hopes turn to a graduate of West Point.

It is not possible, and you will not expect, that I should trace our soldier step by step in his career. Before the late war his services

were those of the officers of his time, and he rose by brave and brilliant conduct in the field and faithful duty out of it until the spring of 1861, which found him Major of the 1st Cavalry, and engaged in the building of Fort Wise, near Pike's Peak in Colorado. this remote retirement the shot at Sumter brought him into the constant and conspicuous service in which the brief remainder of his life was passed. In March, 1861, he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Cavalry; in April, Colonel of the 1st; in August he was appointed, in the place of Robert Edward Lee, Colonel of the 4th Cavalry, and in the same month Brigadier-General of Volunteers, serving in the defences of Washington and along the Potomac in Maryland. When the Virginia Peninsula campaign opened, John Sedgwick was a division commander, and his story to his death is that of the Army of the Potomac.

See how the story opened, for it ended as it began. After the battle of Williamsburg the first considerable action was that of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines. The mass of the Union army lay upon the eastern side of the Chickahominy, and two corps, counting about thirty thousand men, were upon the other shore. A furious storm in the night promised to swell the

river to an impassable flood, and in the morning the whole rebel force bore down upon the Union lines to annihilate one wing of the army in full sound and sight of their brothers, hopelessly separated from them. All the morning the battle hotly raged; the Union troops were slowly, slowly driven back. By noon the river began to rise. General Sumner, who was upon the eastern shore, and in whose corps General Sedgwick commanded a division, was ordered to cross, and he sent word to Sedgwick, the "always ready," as General Scott used to call him, to advance; but, as Sedgwick came toward the bridge, he saw that the river had become a sea, sweeping fiercely by. Far out in the midst of the waves a plank, apparently anchored, showed the channel; beyond the further end of the plank the waters stretched for a quarter of a mile. It was a perilous task to feel his way through the water with a heavy battery of twenty-four guns, and then to trust a frail, trembling plank for the passage of the channel. But the smoke and roar of the battle beyond the flood came nearer, and he knew that his brethren were sorely pressed. After a calm, thoughtful survey, he gave the word "Forward." Into the waters moved the steady line; the guncarriages sunk almost to the guns, floundered,

staggered. But painfully dragging on, soldiers and batteries crossed the quivering bridge, which was whirled away as they left it. ing again through the swift water and the mire, an hour and a half before sunset Sedgwick came upon the field. The rebels, flushed with success, were driving their victorious columns as a wedge between the centre and the right of our wavering forces; but, like his Ironside ancestor, Sedgwick swiftly advanced, formed his line, opened his batteries, and shattered the wedge. The wasted foe recoiled before his tremendous fire; his whole division in blazing line of battle moved steadily on, seized the stricken enemy, hurled him into the woods, and the battle of Fair Oaks was won.

On the 4th of July, 1862, Sedgwick was made Major-General of Volunteers. In all that great army, struggling in the slimy toils of the Peninsula, there was no officer more trusted and beloved than this most unobtrusive man, this almost ideal American soldier. In person not tall, with dark hair, dark, almost still eyes, with the tranquil aspect of reserved power, a man who did not talk much or loudly, but who was always gaily chaffing his associates, who was smilingly suspicious of newspaper fame, and never went to Washington; a man of iron will,

promptly obedient, and therefore requiring exact obedience: in council clear and swift, in action every faculty nimbly alive, his powers intensely concentrated, his soul glowing with eager purpose, as at a white heat, but not mastered either by victory or defeat - he had all the cardinal soldierly qualities, the positive masculine manly traits, but with them that depthless tenderness and sweet humour which complete the finest natures. One night a young officer of his staff whom he tenderly loved had been absent at a merry-making, and losing his way homeward, did not return until after daybreak. As he entered, the General, who had feared some mischance to his friend, with a severe air said inquiringly, "Well, sir?" The young officer, grieved with the apparent censure of the tone, began eagerly to explain; but the General's face softened with inexpressible affection, and, rising, this man, who never knew wife or child, with a father's fondness laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder and quietly kissed him.

Simple in his habits, and of a rustic modesty of manner, Sedgwick's humour played pleasantly over every event. Sitting one day at headquarters, in plain undress, a Yankee soldier sauntered up and said: "Say, old fellow, do you live here about headquarters? Can you

do a fellow a good turn?" "I cannot exactly say," replied the General, "until I know what it is." "I want an order on the Commissarv for a canteen of whisky for some friends who have come over to see me." "Well." said the General, "the Commissary is a friend of mine, and you can try what friendship will do," and he wrote a few words on the back of a letter, folded it, and handed it to the soldier. man looked at it, and when he saw at the bottom "John Sedgwick," he raised his wondering and abashed eyes, gazed long and with mingled respect and affection at his commander, folded the paper carefully, and put it in his pocket. The Commissary never saw it, but doubtless some wife, or child, or mother, or sweetheart cherishes the story and the paper and loves the memory of John Sedgwick.

This was the man whom, early on the morning of the battle of Antietam, we see advancing in line under a terrible fire through the famous bloody corn-field already won and lost. Ricketts and Meade had driven the rebels back, and in their turn had been overwhelmed. Hooker had demanded of Doubleday his best brigade, and joining it to the line that Hartsuff led, once more the fiery rebel mass recoiled. Mansfield had fallen; Hartsuff was wounded;

Hooker himself was wounded, and as he retired the rebels threw fresh men upon the field. These Sedgwick encountered. His orders were to advance, but his quick eye saw at once the imminent danger, for the supporting division was too far away. He moved partly by the flank to cover the gap, but the enemy saw it also and dashed swiftly in. Sedgwick's ranks wavered; they were shattered. Struck by a bullet in the leg, and again in the wrist, pale and dripping with his own blood, he rode among his soldiers, while the hurricane of fire and death devoured them, and his mighty will strove to reform his melting columns and hold the enemy at bay; but in the midst a third shot struck him, and he was borne insensible from the field. He rejoined the army on December 22, 1862, and on January 5, 1863, John Sedgwick was placed in command of the 6th Corps. It had loved its old commanders, -Generals Franklin and "Baldy" Smith,and it received a new leader coolly; but brave men love a hero, and when the story of Fair Oaks, of Seven Pines, of Antietam came thrilling from the warm hearts of Sedgwick's old division of the 2nd Corps to the willing ears of the 6th, the 6th, hearing what its new General had been, knew what he would be, and the

corps and the General soon proved each other's quality.

When General Hooker decided upon the movement at Chancellorsville, Sedgwick, with his own corps, twenty-two thousand strong, and General Gibbon's division of the 2nd Corps, six thousand strong, crossed the Rappahannock two or three miles below Fredericksburg. He was ordered to advance toward Chancellorsville, fall upon the rebel rear simultaneously with Hooker in front, and so destroy the rebel army. At three in the morning, under a bright moon, Sedgwick began his march. The enemy immediately opened fire, and at daylight Sedgwick, fighting his way, was entering Fredericksburg instead of Chancellorsville. His advance was impeded by the enemy entrenched upon Marye Heights, and after disposing his men and planting his guns Sedgwick gave the order to assault. Forward went Newton's 2nd Division, jubilant and resistless, like a great glittering wave, and swept straight over the hostile Then pressing on with his own corps, leaving Gibbon at Fredericksburg, General Sedgwick met the enemy at Salem Church. Meanwhile Lee had baffled Hooker, and with a constantly increasing force stayed Sedgwick's advance. All night the 6th Corps lay upon

their arms. Hooker was no longer an obstacle to the rebel chief, and with the full force of his victorious army Lee turned, struck Sedgwick in the flank, and the 6th Corps, which had achieved a success so splendid upon that tragical field, was enveloped in the general disaster of the army.

As the 6th Corps marched from battle to battle from the heights of Fredericksburg toward the hills of Gettysburg, the indomitable will of the General urged the men so ardently that they called themselves "Sedgwick's Cavalry," and declared they were kept upon the gallop. They said he only halted when his horse gave out; and when he stopped every day to watch from the roadside the passing columns, the men shouted good-humouredly from the ranks, "Get another horse and come on; we'll wait for you, Uncle John; we're in no hurry, Uncle John"; and if the General smiled, the shout became a laugh, which broke along the ranks, and echoed from companies, and rippled along regiments until whole divisions rang with the loud response of merriment to "Uncle John's" kind smile. But it was a weary march to Pennsylvania in the frowning early summer of 1863, and the eve of the battle of Gettysburg brought a despatch from General Meade, which

found General Sedgwick just gone into camp after a hard day's toil. But he saw what must be done, and at nine o'clock at night his columns began the march.

All through the hot July night, after a weary day, and at a quick step, they pushed manfully on - brave boys who helped to save a nation. Sedgwick was never more aroused. His unconquerable will nerved and moved the long ranks of his army as the force of the ocean urges the waves. If his Generals suggested that there must be some rest or the corps would straggle, he replied shortly: "Have you seen Meade's order?" When the corps made a brief halt for breakfast, he ate nothing, but passed constantly among the troops, then gave the order to advance; and when one of his officers was three minutes late in moving, the General exclaimed: "Tell him if he is so tardy again I will—" But no threat reached the trusty lieutenant, and none was meant; but the distant thunder of the great battle even then announced the struggle, and the untiring leader, his soldierly soul aflame, knew that his absence might lose the day. This Ironside fervor again inspired the men, and at two o'clock, foot-sore, staggering, weary, having marched thirty miles since nine o'clock the evening before, the

column of the 6th Corps came upon the memorable field. They were exhausted, and held in reserve; but so sharp and furious was the struggle that their aid was constantly demanded, and Sedgwick sent brigade after brigade of those indomitable soldiers, who stayed the rebel onsets, and so had their glorious part in the crowning field of Gettysburg, that drove armed rebellion from the loyal States, and gave the true heart of patriotism an exulting faith in final victory.

Before going into winter quarters the army forced the passage of the Rappahannock at Rappahannock Station. The enemy was entrenched upon the hither side of the river. Against this position Sedgwick led the 5th and 6th Corps, under instructions to push the enemy across that day. Until sunset the artillery thundered in vain. Then General Wright, commanding the 6th Corps, directed General Russell to carry the position by infantry assault; and Russell, leading through the fiery hail from the rifle-pits, through the smoke and roar and dust of the storm of battle, his frail and silent and unfaltering line, advanced steadily across that dreadful field into the "jaws of death, into the mouth of hell," and never spoke until the bayonets clashed, and then his word was "Sur-

render"; and as the enemy crumbled and fled, the "Boys in Blue" rent the air with three triumphant Yankee cheers, and "Uncle John" knew that his trusty children of the 6th Corps had done it.

In the following winter, during the illness of General Meade, General Sedgwick commanded the Army of the Potomac. The winter wearing away, the most ample preparation was made for the operations of the year, and with the opening spring the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies of the United States began the last campaign against the Rebellion. You, gentlemen, helped to make the history which I describe—the famous story at which the world still wonders, with which the loyal heart of the country beats forever grateful.

But before we mark the individual part of Sedgwick in that great campaign, let us see it as a whole. On April 30, 1864, President Lincoln wrote to Lieutenant-General Grant: "And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you." And, indeed, if the names of those who win battles that save civilization are dear to the heart of man, how cherished will be that of the taciturn, tenacious soldier, whom nothing could shake off from success! Neither the tool of political tricksters, nor the dupe of

his own ambition, he showed himself, in the final campaign, the true type of American genius Grimly in earnest, he knew that war in action. is not conciliation, and that the Rebellion was to be suppressed, and suppressed only, by the destruction of rebel life and rebel supplies. knew that he could better lose a hundred lives than the Rebellion could lose fifty; and he knew also that terrible sacrifice was the least bloody road to peace. Breaking up on the Rapidan, early in May, he forced his fiery way through the Wilderness, and was called a butcher. rible blows he drove the enemy; by swift and silent marches he flanked him, and was called a blunderer. By one of the most masterly and daring of military movements, his resistless will threw his whole army over the James, and forced the enemy into his capital, and he was called incapable. The roses of June faded, and the victory was not won. The bells of the Fourth of July died away, and the victory was not won. The auxiliary operations in the Shenandoah failed: those to the south of Richmond miscarried; public impatience grew, and passionate doubt and despondency clouded the "Will he do it?" asked, in whispers, the lovers of liberty. "He 'll do no more," shouted the exultant friends of the Rebellion.

They did not know the man. They did not remember Vicksburg; they did not remember Chattanooga. "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," was the only reply. It did take all summer. It took all winter. But he fought it out, and followed that line to victory.

Undismayed by delay, undisturbed by impatience, holding Richmond in both hands, he ordered Thomas to annihilate Hood, and he did it. He ordered Terry to take Fort Fisher, and he took it. He ordered Sheridan to sweep the Shenandoah, and he scoured it clean. Sherman, where was he? Suddenly the thick cloud of loyal doubts and fears and of rebel rumours parted, and revealed Sherman sauntering through Georgia, eating turkeys and sweet pota-Like a gnat, Wade Hampton hovered upon his path, trying to sting, and was brushed away. A gust of Wheeler's cavalry blew off Kilpatrick's hat. Fort McAllister crumbled at Sherman's touch. Hardee stole from Savannah like a thief in the night. The terror of Sherman's presence a hundred miles away emptied Charleston of rebel troops, as when a huge craft passes in the river the waters recede from the distant lands. Across Georgia, across South Carolina, into North Carolina, he moved unopposed, spreading his terrible wings, and

scourging the land with fire. Then, with the accumulated force of fragments, Johnston dashed against one of his arms at Bentonville. man threw him prostrate in the dust with one hand, and stretched out the other to grasp that of his great commander on the James. silent Captain by the river, still holding his antagonist fast in his capital, had now shown, by the end of March, that the army of that antagonist was the Rebellion, and he prepared to strike. At the extreme left of his line the sting of the swift and fiery Sheridan struck the enemy first. He winced and suddenly recoiled. But sharper grew the sting, swifter and more fiery, until the word came, "Sheridan is sweeping all before him from the West!" Then the genius of the great Captain, seconded by the tireless valour of his soldiers, lightened all along the line, struck everywhere at once, burst over the enemy's works, crushed his ranks, forced his retreat, and at the same moment the master, loosening his victorious columns in pursuit, choked the rebel flight and overwhelmed Lee and his army as the Red Sea engulfed Pharaoh and his host. opened and closed the great campaign. Army of the Potomac, often baffled, struck an immortal blow, and gave the right hand of heroic fellowship to their brethren of the West.

So the silent Captain, when all his lieutenants had secured their separate fame, put on the crown of victory and ended civil war.

But with what mournful and pitying eyes did Liberty survey her triumph, bought, as all her great triumphs have been, with tears and blood and heart-break! How truly sang her poet amid the ghastly tempest of battle:

> "We wait beneath the furnace blast The pangs of transformation; Not painlessly doth God recast And mould anew the nation!"

From the happy homes among the hills and valleys, upon the seaside and the prairie, three hundred thousand brave and beloved had marched to the field and returned no more. Him, also, whom your hearts recall, whom his country remembers, who fondly said, as he stood at his door, looking out upon the soft Housatonic landscape, "Is there another spot on earth so beautiful as Cornwall Hollow?" him, also, the green fields of Cornwall Hollow shall behold no more.

Emerging from the Wilderness on the 9th of May, 1864, the army was concentrated around Spottsylvania Court House, General Sedgwick and his corps holding the left of the line.

It was Monday morning, and the General was watching his men place the guns. He was sitting under a tree, talking with General Mc-Mahon, his Adjutant-General and warm personal friend, one of the young heroes whom the war discovered and developed, and whose brilliant service and rapid promotion showed how wisely Sedgwick chose his men. The General was speaking proudly and tenderly of his staff and his corps, when, observing some mistake in the work of his men, he said abruptly: "That's wrong." He and his Adjutant were together, and as they moved toward the working parties the rebel sharpshooters began to fire. soldiers dodged as the bullets whistled. "Come, come, men!" said the General, smiling. "Dodging for single bullets! Why, they could n't hit an elephant at this distance." "Ah, General," said one of the men behind a tree, "I've tried it, and I believe in dodging." "Very well, my man," said Sedgwick; "go to your place, but I tell you they can't hit an elephant here." turned, still smiling, to continue the conversation with his Adjutant, who, at the instant, heard the sharp, low, singing sound of a bullet ending dully, and Sedgwick sank slowly to the ground. His friend McMahon vainly tried to support him. He bent over him, and spoke to

him with passionate eagerness, but Sedgwick did not answer. His eyes were closed; his hands were clasped; the sweet smile lingered upon his face. A little blood trickled down the cheek from beneath the left eye. His heart beat gently for a moment, and was still.

The country heard of his death as of the loss of an army. It was concealed from his soldiers lest they should be unnerved in battle. Then from the sylvan bower in the old woods of Spottsylvania, in which he was tenderly laid that morning, Connecticut, remembering Putnam and Wooster, Connecticut, mother of the Grants and the Shermans, of Ellsworth, Winthrop, Ward, and Lyon, who had sent her children to every famous field of the war, received with love and sorrow, and with perpetual proud remembrance, the dead body of John Sedgwick. the Sunday after he fell, borne by his neighbours, amid the tears of silent thousands, and wrapped in the flag, he was buried in Cornwall Hol-No military salute was fired above his grave, but one solitary peal of distant thunder sublimely suggested the soldier's life and death.

Sedgwick died, but the victory was won. What was the victory? It was twofold. First, it was the revelation of an overpowering national instinct as the foundation of the Union.

It dissipated old theories; it interpreted the Plant a homogeneous people Constitution. under one government along the coast of a virgin continent; let them gradually overspread it to the farther sea, speaking the same language, virtually of the same religious faith, intermarrying, and cherishing common heroic traditions; suppose them sweeping from end to end of their vast domain without passports; the physical perils of their increasing extent constantly modified by science; steam and the telegraph making Maine and Oregon neighbours; their trade enormous, their prosperity a miracle, their commonwealth of unsurpassed power and importance in the world, and you may theorize of divided sovereignty as you will, but you have supposed an imperial nation which may indeed be a power of evil as well as of good, but which, until it is fatally demoralized, can no more recede into its original elements and local sources than this abounding river, pouring broad and resistless to the sea, can turn backward to the petty forest springs and rills whence it flows. "No, no," murmurs the exultant river; "when you can take the blue out of the sky; when you can steal heat from fire; when you can strip splendour from the morning, then, and not before, may you reclaim your separate drops in

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me." "Yes, yes, my river," answers the Union; "you speak for me: I am no more a child, but a man; no longer a confederacy, but a nation. The States are the members; I am the body. I am no more New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, Carolina; I am the United States of America, one and indivisible." "Amen," roar Vicksburg and Gettysburg and Port Royal. "Amen," thunders the Kearsarge, as she sinks the Alabama. "Amen," sings Sherman, as he marches to the sea. "Amen," says Sedgwick, as he sinks dead at Spottsylvania.

But the victory was more than that. great nation may be a great curse to humanity. An imperial flag may be a black flag of injustice. It is not great power, it is the great use of power that is admirable. The true triumph of the war is not that the Union shall henceforth be an undivided power merely, but that it shall be an undivided power of justice and equality. Of the two forces that from the first have struggled for its control, the evil principle, finding that, by all the laws of heaven and of human welfare, it was failing, sought to ruin what it could not rule. Baffled in its bloody effort, let us now take care, with malice toward none, with charity for all, that it be baffled forever. But this can be done only by ceaseless activity.

Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, because its foe is as crafty as it is cruel. Beaten in one form, it will try another. The magician who was a tiger yesterday will be a fox to-day. Sedgwick died to preserve the integrity of the Union; we live that we may secure its justice. From the three hundred thousand who see not this peaceful autumn sun, from field and river, from mount and sea, from the blood in the streets of Baltimore, from the torture and despair of Andersonville, from Fort Wagner and Fort Pillow, from all your heroic fields, men of the 6th Corps, from the Wilderness and Spottsylvania and from your brothers who are buried there, comes the glorious cry: "We conquered under the flag of the Union, the flag that promised liberty. We won our victory and died. See that you die rather than surrender it."

Officers and soldiers of the 6th Corps, for the last time you stand here together, and before parting, never as a corps to meet again, your hands and hearts, that with his beat back the cruel flames of war, here upon the spot he knew so well, in tender memory of him, and in bond of faithful union among yourselves, raise this statue to the brave and gentle Sedgwick. It is wrought of cannon that, with his eye watching you and his heart trusting you, you

captured in the blazing fury of battle. monument of your valour as well as of his devo-His modesty would have refused it for himself, but his affection would have accepted it from you. Here leave it, under the sky and among the hills. Upon this soldier's field it shall outwatch, at its silent post, the sentinels of to-day, the sentinels of coming years. noble pageant, this living multitude, these spoken words, this roar of cannon, these peals of echoing music, shall pass away; but thou, mute soldier, shalt remain! Thy lips shall speak when we are gone. And to the young and docile hearts that, through long years hereafter, shall hither come to give themselves to the service of the flag, say, changeless lips, for us, say for America, say for mankind: "That flag is the flag of liberty and justice, and therefore the flag of peace!"

MILITARY HISTORY OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK

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Second Lieutenant 2nd Artillery, July 1, 1837

First Lieutenant and Artillery, April 19, 1839

Brevet Captain, August 20, 1847, for Gallant and Meritorious Conduct in the Battle of Churubusco, Mexico

Brevet Major, September 13, 1847, for Gallant and Meritorious Conduct in the Battle of Chapultepec, Mexico

> Captain 2nd Artillery, January 26, 1849 Major 1st Cavalry, March 8, 1855

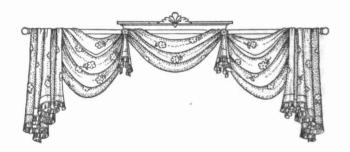
Lieutenant-Colonel 2nd Cavalry, March 16, 1861

Colonel 1st Cavalry, April 25, 1861; 4th Cavalry, August 3, 1861

Brigadier-General United States Volunteers, August 31, 1861

Major-General United States Volunteers, July 4, 1862

Killed, May 9, 1864; Aged 51



MILITARY HISTORY OF MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK

Cadet at the United States Military Academy from July 1, 1833, to July 1, 1837, when he was graduated and promoted in the army to Second Lieutenant 2nd Artillery, July 1, 1837. Served in the Florida War against the Seminole Indians, 1837-38, being engaged in the skirmish near Fort Clinch, May 20, 1838; in the Cherokee Nation, 1838, while emigrating the Indians to the West; on recruiting service, 1838-39; on Northern frontier during Canada border disturbances, at Buffalo, New York, 1839; Fort Niagara, New York, 1839, and Buffalo, New York, 1839-41; in garrison at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, 1841-42; Fort Hamilton, New York, 1842-43; Fort Columbus, New York, 1843-45, and Fort Adams,

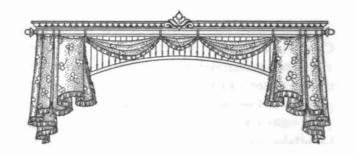
Rhode Island, 1845-46; in the war with Mexico, being engaged in the siege of Vera Cruz, March 9-29, 1847; battle of Cerro Gordo, April 17-18, 1847; skirmish of Amazoque, May 14, 1847; capture of San Antonio, August 20, 1847; battle of Churubusco, August 20, 1847; battle of Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847; battle of Chapultepec, September 12-13, 1847, and assault and capture of the City of Mexico, September 13-14, 1847; in garrison at Fort Columbus, New York, 1848; Fortress Monroe, Virginia, 1848-49; Fort Maryland, 1849-51; Fortress McHenry, Monroe, Virginia, 1851-52, and Fort Mc-Henry, Maryland, 1852-55, and on frontier duty at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, 1855, quelling Kansas border disturbances, 1855-56; Chevenne expedition, 1857, being engaged in the action on Solomon's Fork of the Kansas, July 29, 1857, and skirmish near Grand Saline, August 6, 1857; Utah expedition, 1857-58; Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, 1858; Fort Riley, Kansas, 1858-59, 1859-60; in command of Kiowa and Comanche expedition, 1860; and at Fort Wise, Colorado, 1860-61.

Served during the Rebellion of the Seceding States, 1861-64; in the defences of Washington, D. C., June to August 3, 1861; as Acting

CORRESPONDENCE OF

Inspector-General of the Department of Washington, August 3-12, 1861; in command of brigade in the defenses of Washington, D. C., August 12, 1861, to February 20, 1862; in command of division guarding the Potomac, about Poolesville, Maryland, February-March, 1862; in command of division (Army of the Potomac) in the Virginia Peninsular campaign, March-August, 1862, being engaged in the siege of Yorktown, April 5-May 4, 1862; battle of Fair Oaks, May 31-June 1, 1862; action of Peach Orchard, June 29, 1862; battle of Savage's Station, June 29, 1862; and battle of Glendale, June 30, 1862, where he was wounded; in the Northern Virginia campaign, on the retreat from Bull Run to Washington, D. C., September 1-2, 1862; in the Maryland campaign (Army of the Potomac), September, 1862, being engaged in the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862, where he was severely wounded; on sick-leave of absence. disabled by wound, September 18-December 22, 1862; in the Rappahannock campaign, in command of the 9th Corps, December 22, 1862, and of the 6th Corps, February 5, 1863 (Army of the Potomac), being engaged in command at the storming of Marye Heights, May 3, 1863, and battle of Salem, May 3-4, 1863;

in the Pennsylvania campaign, commanding 6th Corps (Army of the Potomac), June-July, 1863, being engaged (after a forced march) in the battle of Gettysburg, July 2-3, 1863, and pursuit of the enemy to Warrenton, Virginia, July, 1863; in the Rapidan campaign, September-December, 1863, being in command of the right wing (5th and 6th Corps) of the Army of the Potomac in the combat of Rappahannock Station, November 7, 1863, and operations at Mine Run, November 26-December 3, 1863; in the Richmond campaign, in command of the 6th Corps (Army of the Potomac), May 4-9, 1864, being engaged in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5-6, 1864, and while making a personal reconnoissance, and directing the placing of some artillery for the battle of Spottsylvania, was, by a sharpshooter, killed, May 9, 1864; aged 51.



STATE OF CONNECTICUT

GENERAL ASSEMBLY,

MAY SESSION, A.D. 1864.

Resolved, That in the death of Major-General John Sedgwick, who fell gloriously in the hour of victory, May 9, 1864, Connecticut is again called to mourn the loss of one of her noblest sons and of one of the most gallant and accomplished leaders of the national army. Wise in council, of large experience, with rare talent to command, prompt and determined in action, the soul of valour on the battle-field, honoured by his superiors and associates, and beloved by all who served under him, his loss, in a crisis like the present, cannot but be severely felt, while we bow in resignation to the blow which has deprived the country of a tower of strength.

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Resolved, That this Assembly tender to the relatives and personal friends of the late General Sedgwick deep sympathy in their bereavement, and request that an opportunity may be afforded of paying due honours to his remains, by receiving them at the Capitol, and making suitable provision for the funeral ceremonies.

Resolved, That a committee of one Senator and eight members of the House of Representatives be appointed to make the requisite arrangements for carrying the preceding resolution into effect, and to attend the funeral.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted, by the Secretary of State, to the friends of the deceased.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original resolutions on file.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Seal of the State, at Hartford, this eleventh day of July, 1864.

J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL, Secretary of State.

CORRESPONDENCE OF

GENERAL ASSEMBLY,
MAY SESSION, A.D. 1865.

Directing that the sword of Major-General John Sedgwick be deposited with the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford.

WHEREAS, The sword of the late Major-General John Sedgwick, who was killed at Spottsylvania, Virginia, May 9, 1864, has been kindly tendered to the State by his brother, P. C. Sedgwick, Esquire, and his sister, Miss Emily Sedgwick, and is now at the disposal of the General Assembly; therefore,

Resolved, That, in behalf of the State, this Assembly gladly accepts the gift thus generously offered, and receives it as a fitting and precious memorial of one of Connecticut's most noble and worthy sons; of one who, prompted by unselfish patriotism, at the call of his country went forth promptly to its defence; who proved himself an efficient and skilful commander and died beloved by all his command.

Resolved, That the sword of General Sedgwick be deposited, under the direction of the Governor, in the room of the Connecticut Historical Society at Hartford, that these resolutions be entered in full on the Journals of the Sen-

ate and House of Representatives, and that His Excellency Governor Buckingham be requested to forward to the brother and sister of the deceased General an attested copy of the same.

Approved July 20, 1865.

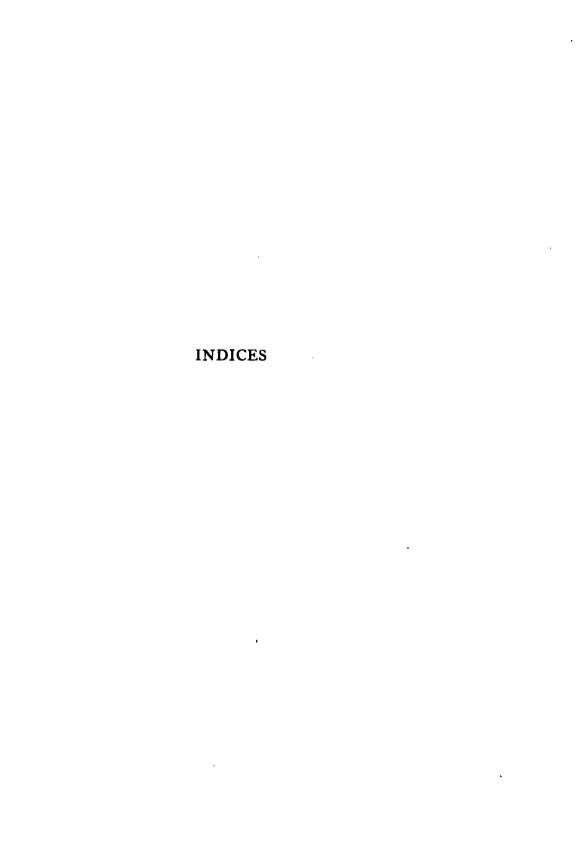
STATE OF CONNECTICUT, SS.

OFFICE OF SECRETARY OF STATE.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of record.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Seal of said State, at Hartford, this twenty-fourth day of August, A.D. 1865.

> J. HAMMOND TRUMBULL, Secretary of State.



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