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WEBB
AND HIS BRIGADE
AT THE ANGLE
GETTYSBURG





W E B B
AND HIS BRIGADE
AT THE ANGLE
GETTYSBURG

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BVT. MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB U. S. A. IN WAR TIME

In Memoriam
Alexander Stewart Webb
1835=1911



Published by Authority of the State of New York, Under the Supervision of
The New York Monuments Commission



ALBANY
J. B. LYON COMPANY, PRINTERS
1916

ead



Dedication of Monument

Erected by the State of New York
in Commemoration of the
Services of

Brevet Major-General
Alexander Stewart Webb
U. S. A.

Who Commanded the Philadelphia Brigade
on the Battlefield of Gettysburg
July 2d and 3d
1863

NEW YORK MONUMENTS COMMISSION

FOR THE BATTLEFIELDS OF

GETTYSBURG, CHATTANOOGA AND ANTIETAM

NEW YORK, *March* 8, 1916.

To the Legislature:

I have the honor to transmit herewith report on the monument erected on the battlefield of Gettysburg to Brevet Major-General Alexander Stewart Webb, U. S. A., and the dedication proceedings thereof, October 12, 1915.

Respectfully submitted,

LEWIS R. STEGMAN,

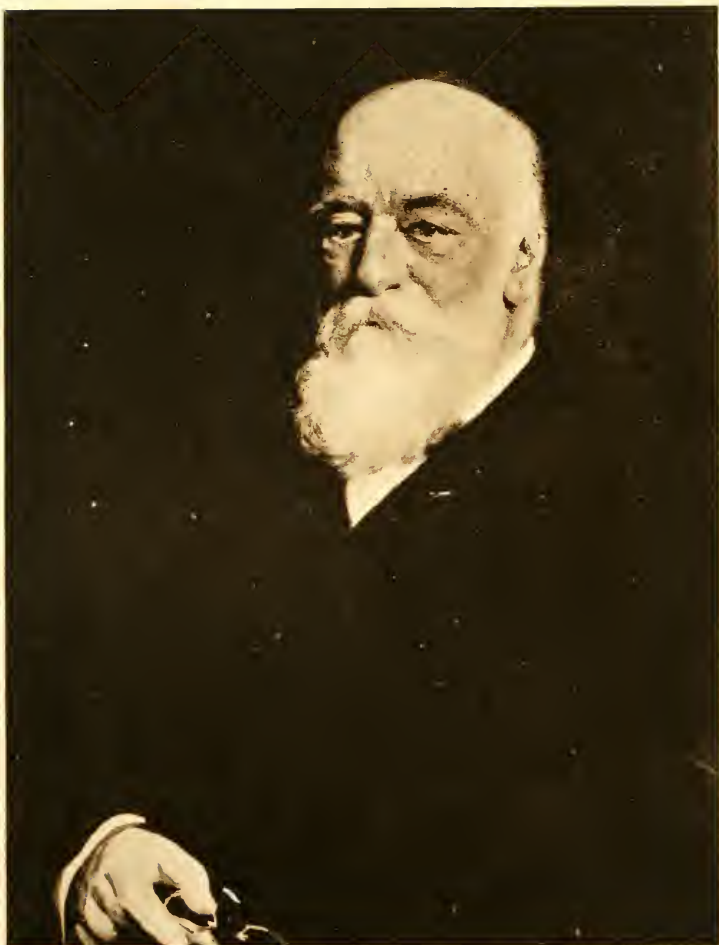
Chairman.

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BVT. MAJOR-GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB, U. S. A.

In Memoriam

Alexander Stewart Webb

Introductory

WHEN Major-General Alexander Stewart Webb resigned from the United States Army, in 1870, to become president of the College of the City of New York, there was to his credit in the War Department a record of fifteen years of continuous military service; and that his career during that time was replete with action and incident such as tend to make stirring history is shown by the following synopsis of the account of his soldiership, prepared by the War Department itself:

"He was a cadet at the United States Military Academy July 1, 1851, to July 1, 1855, when he was graduated and appointed brevet second lieutenant, Fourth Artillery, July 1, 1855; second lieutenant, Second Artillery, October 20, 1855; first lieutenant, April 28, 1861; captain, Eleventh Infantry, May 14, 1861; major, First Rhode Island Light Artillery, September 14, 1861; lieutenant colonel, A. I. G. (by assignment), August 20, 1862; brigadier general of volunteers, June 23, 1863; honorably mustered out of volunteer service, January 15, 1866; lieutenant colonel, Forty-fourth Infantry, July 28, 1866; transferred to Fifth Infantry, March 15, 1869; unassigned, March 24, 1869.

"He received the brevets of major, July 3, 1863, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Gettysburg, Penn.; lieutenant colonel, October 11, 1863, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Bristoe Station, Va.; colonel, May 12, 1864, for gallant and meritorious services at the battle of Spotsylvania, Va.; brigadier general, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services in the campaign terminating with the surrender of the insurgent army under Gen. R. E. Lee; major general, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services during the war, and major general volunteers, August 1, 1864, for gallant and distinguished conduct at the battle of Gettysburg, Penn., Bristoe Station, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania, Va.

"He was awarded a medal of honor 'for distinguished personal gallantry in the battle of Gettysburg.'"

Alexander Stewart Webb

SERVICE

"He was on duty at the Military Academy, July 5 to August 28, 1855.

"He joined his regiment January 9, 1856, and served with it in Florida, in operations against hostile Seminole Indians, to November 19, 1856; at Fort Independence, Mass., to July 3, 1857; absent sick to September 20, 1857; with company at Fort Snelling, Minn., to October 31, 1857.

"On duty as assistant professor of mathematics at the United States Military Academy, November 10, 1857, to January 7, 1861, and on duty with the West Point Light Battery to April 5, 1861; with battery at Fort Pickens, Fla., to July 4, 1861; in the field in Virginia to August 12, 1861; assistant to chief of artillery, Army of the Potomac, to August 20, 1862; inspector general and chief of staff Fifth Army Corps to November, 1862; inspector of artillery, camp of instruction, Camp Barry, D. C., to January 18, 1863; inspector general Fifth Army Corps to June 26, 1863; commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, Second Corps (temporarily commanding Second Division, Second Corps, August 16 to September 5, 1863), to October 7, 1863; commanding Second Division, Second Corps, to April 5, 1864, and First Brigade, Second Division, Second Corps, until severely wounded at the battle of Spotsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864, absent sick on account of wounds to June 21, 1864; superintendent of recruiting for Second Army Corps, and on courtmartial duty in New York City to January, 1865; chief of staff to General Meade, headquarters Army of the Potomac, January 11 to June 28, 1865; acting inspector general, Division of the Atlantic, July 1, 1865, to February 21, 1866, and on leave of absence to June 13, 1866.

"Principal assistant professor of geography, history, and ethics at the Military Academy, July 1, 1866, to October 21, 1868.

"He joined his regiment October 24, 1868, and commanded it at Washington, D. C., to March 30, 1869.

"At Richmond, Va., commanding First Military District, April 2 to 20, 1869, after which latter date he performed no duty, having been, at his own request, left without assignment in the consolidation of infantry regiments.

"On November 25, 1870, he requested to be discharged from the military service under the provisions of section 3, Act July 15, 1870, to take effect December 31, 1870, and was honorably discharged accordingly.

"During his service he participated in the following battles, actions, etc.:

"Siege of Yorktown, April and May, 1862; Mechanicsville, 1862; Hanover C. H., May 27, 1862; Gaines Mill, June 27, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; Antietam, September 17, 1862; Shepherdstown, September 19, 1862; Snicker's Gap, November 14, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 2 to 5, 1863; Gettysburg, July 1 to 3, 1863; Bristoe Station, October 14, 1863; Mine Run campaign, November 26 to December 2, 1863; Morton's Ford, February 6, 1864; Wilderness, May 5 to 6, 1864; Spotsylvania, May 8 to 12, 1864; siege of Petersburg, January to April, 1865; Hatcher's Run, February 5 and 6, 1865."

Numerous and noteworthy also are the individual tributes to his worth that continued to come to General Webb, during the Civil

Alexander Stewart Webb

War and afterwards, from field and corps commanders, as well as division and brigade generals, under whom and with whom he served in the strenuous and prolonged campaigns of the Army of the Potomac. The few extracts quoted here by way of introduction are but specimens of the many encomiums contained in Civil War literature where mention is made of General Webb's part in the engagements described or referred to.

On the occasion of a medal being presented to General Webb, in 1866, General Meade, in a letter addressed to him, said:

"In selecting those to whom I should distribute these medals, I know of no one general who has more claims than yourself, either for distinguished personal gallantry on that ever memorable field (Gettysburg), or for the cordial, warm and generous sympathy and support so grateful for a commanding general to receive from his subordinates. Accept therefore the accompanying medal, not only as commemorative of the conspicuous part you bore in the great battle, but as an evidence on my part of reciprocation of the kindly feelings that have always characterized our intercourse both official and social."

General Hancock, to whose Second Corps the brigade commanded by General Webb at Gettysburg belonged, referring to that battle at a dinner given some years after the Civil War, stated in the course of his remarks:

"In every battle there must be one point upon which the success of either side must hinge. At such a position every earnest or brave general must hope to be posted. It was General Webb's good fortune to be posted at that point at Gettysburg, and he held it."

In his book, "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg," telling of the final struggle at Gettysburg, the third day, in which he played an important part himself, General Doubleday has devoted a few pointed paragraphs to General Webb:

"Although Webb's front was the focus of the concentrated artillery fire, and he had already lost fifty men and some valuable officers, his line remained firm and unshaken. It devolved upon him now to meet the great charge which was to decide the fate of the day. It would have been difficult to find a man better fitted for such an emergency. He was nerved to great deeds by the memory of his ancestors, who in former days had rendered distinguished services to the Republic, and felt that the results of the whole war might depend upon his holding of the position. His men were equally resolute. Cushing's Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, which had been posted on the crest, and Brown's Rhode Island Battery on his left, were both practically destroyed by the cannonade. The horses were prostrated, every officer but one was struck, and Cushing had but one serviceable gun left.

Alexander Stewart Webb

"As Pickett's advance came very close to the first line, young Cushing, mortally wounded in both thighs, ran his last serviceable gun down to the fence, and said: 'Webb, I will give them one more shot!' At the moment of the last discharge he called out, 'Good-by!' and fell dead at the post of duty.

"Webb sent for fresh batteries to replace the two that were disabled, and Cowan's First New York Independent Battery came up just before the attack, and took the place of Cushing's battery on the left.

"Armistead pressed forward, leaped the stone wall, waving his sword with his hat on it, followed by about a hundred of his men, several of whom carried battle-flags. He shouted, 'Give them the cold steel, boys!' and laid his hands upon a gun. The battery for a few minutes was in his possession, and the rebel flag flew triumphantly over our line. But Webb was at the front, very near Armistead, animating and encouraging his men. He led the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Regiment against the enemy, and posted a line of wounded men in rear to drive back or shoot every man that deserted his duty. A portion of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania, behind a stone wall on the right, threw in a deadly flanking fire, while a great part of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania and the remainder of the Seventy-first made stern resistance from a copse of trees on the left, near where the enemy had broken the line, and where our men were shot with the rebel muskets touching their breasts."

General William F. Barry, under whom General Webb served as an artillery officer in the early stages of the Civil War — in the Peninsula campaign and subsequently — commended him frequently in both despatch and private letter. In a letter written to General Webb's father at this period General Barry said, among other things:

"In conclusion, I beg to assure you that in all soldierly attributes of subordination, intelligence, energy, physical endurance and the highest possible courage, I consider your son to be without his superior among the young officers of the army. I also consider that both aptitude and experience fit him to command — and command well — anything from a regiment to a division."

General Webb died on the 12th of February, 1911. He had reached the ripe old age of three score and sixteen years. His, unmistakably, was a finely-rounded career. His lifetime was distinctively one of important and never-failing accomplishment, as a soldier, scholar and citizen. By his brilliant record in the War of the Rebellion he had grown, to a certain extent, to be a national figure. In his own State, and more especially in the City of New York, of which he was a native and resident, he was regarded as one of its most prominent citizens for a long number of years. He left the army to occupy an exalted position in civil life. For thirty-three years he was president of the College of the City of New York,

Alexander Stewart Webb

and what he did for the cause of higher education in his maturer years was no less marked and recognized than his success on the battlefield as a comparatively young man. General Webb took part in seventeen battles and engagements during the Civil War, including such important conflicts as the siege of Yorktown (where he got his first opportunity to signalize himself, as an artillery officer), the battles fought at Mechanicsville, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Five Forks and Appomattox.

Immediately after General Webb passed away, it was felt in veteran circles far and near — those who knew him by reputation as well as those who were counted among his veteran friends — that as a final tribute to his prowess and achievements on the battlefield a statue should be erected to his memory.

Colonel Andrew Cowan, of Louisville, Ky., who, as commander of the First New York Independent Battery, co-operated with General Webb when Pickett's charge was repulsed at the Angle, in the battlefield of Gettysburg, addressed the following letter, dated February 14, 1911, to the New York Monuments Commission:

"I learn that General Alexander S. Webb is dead. He was a noble type of the American soldier and gentleman. God rest his soul! His military career was splendid, and his civil life one of distinction, but so modest that it did not impress the multitude. I am a living witness of the great service he performed on the battlefield of Gettysburg July 3, 1863. His small brigade, posted behind a low stone wall, two or two and a half feet high, in the Angle, at the clump of trees, on Cemetery Ridge, repulsed the assault of Pickett's Confederate Division. I would not detract in the least from the credit due to the forces on our line, at the left of the Angle, but the statement I have made is the simple truth.

"It has been claimed by, or for, other officers engaged in that struggle, that their services were very creditable, but to no man, nor to any score of men of rank, was the credit of the victory due in the degree that belonged to General Webb.

"I trust that since he has gone from this world there may now be a fitting recognition of the great service for our country which he rendered on that memorable day. I know how prompt the New York Monuments Commission has been to give honor where honor was due; and I feel that I am taking a liberty in even suggesting that the New York Legislature be promptly asked to provide the means for placing a fitting monument in honor of General Webb within that famous Angle at Gettysburg — not an equestrian statue, but one which the Commission shall deem worthy and fitting."

From Burlington, Vt., came another letter to the Commission on this subject, written by General Theodore S. Peck, under date

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of March 8, 1911, in which he spoke of General Webb in the warmest terms, and expressed the hope that the State of New York would not fail to erect a statue to him on the battlefield of Gettysburg.

At a special meeting of the officers and council of the Military Service Institution, held at Governor's Island, N. Y., February 13, 1911, the following resolution, among others then adopted, was put on record:

"That in his intrepid and conspicuous gallantry as a commander on many a hard-fought field of the Civil War, his unswerving loyalty and patriotism during the darkest hours of the Republic, his steadfast and untiring devotion to duty in the highest sense as a soldier and citizen, ceasing only with his death, and in the never-failing dignity, broad charity and unsullied purity of a long life, General Webb will stand as a shining example of all that is highest and best in American manhood for the emulation of succeeding generations."

General Webb was a member of the New York Monuments Commission for many years, and at a meeting of the Commissioners convened February 19, 1911, to take appropriate action on his death the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, The members of this Board of Commissioners have learned with profound sorrow of the decease of their colleague, Brevet Major General Alexander Stewart Webb, United States Volunteers, on Sunday, February 12, 1911, at his residence, Riverdale-on-Hudson, this city; and

"WHEREAS, General Webb has been a member of the New York Monuments Commission for the past sixteen years, having been appointed April 8, 1895, by his Excellency Levi P. Morton, Governor, in the place made vacant by the death of Brevet Major General Joseph B. Carr; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we unite in this unanimous expression of our sense of the bereavement we have suffered; and that we, in true fraternal spirit, join our comrades of the Union Army in the War of the Rebellion, and especially with the surviving veterans of the State of New York, in placing on record:

"Our deep appreciation of his distinguished and meritorious military service, and his unswerving loyalty, sturdy patriotism and earnest devotion as a soldier;

"His scholarly attainments and the high sense of honor and rectitude that marked all his conduct in an active and most useful civil career, reflecting by a dignified bearing and courtly manner what is best in our American manhood;

"His valuable and generous services rendered as a member of this Commission.

"Resolved, That the Secretary enter this action upon the minutes, and forward a copy to the widow and family of the deceased."

At that meeting also it was regularly moved and adopted that the Chairman, in behalf of the Board, be empowered to make application to the Legislature for an appropriation to erect a monument to General Webb.

Alexander Stewart Webb

This resolution was transmitted to the Legislature on April 3, 1911, and pursuant thereto, by chapter 547 of the Laws of 1912, the New York Monuments Commission was authorized and directed to procure and erect on an appropriate site in the battlefield of Gettysburg, in the State of Pennsylvania, a bronze statue to Brevet Major-General Alexander Stewart Webb, at an expense not to exceed the sum of Eight thousand dollars. By the provisions of this Act the sum of Three thousand dollars became available for immediate use; and by chapter 531, Laws of 1914, the balance of Five thousand dollars required to complete the work was allowed.

In view of the frequency that General Webb's distinguished and gallant conduct at Gettysburg was eulogized, it was, of course, a foregone conclusion that when the time came to honor his memory with a statue that field was the most appropriate place for erecting it, and of all other spots there, too, the far-famed Angle, on Cemetery Ridge.

What General Webb accomplished at the Angle is an oft told story. This was the scene of his greatest exploit as a commander. It was there that he found his great opportunity to show the heroic stuff of which he was made, and he emerged from the ordeal with such honor and glory as will echo along the corridors of time while Gettysburg survives in story. This is the consensus of opinion among historians, and it has been corroborated through official channels.

Senator Proctor, chairman of the committee on military affairs in 1895, when reporting a bill introduced that year to place General Webb on the retired list of the United States Army submitted the following statement among other data bearing on the matter:

"General Webb's conduct at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, is particularly worthy of mention. He was in command of the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Second Corps, and had been with the color-guard of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, of whom every man was wounded or killed. General Webb left the color-guard and went across the front of the companies, to the right of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, all the way between the lines in order to direct the fire of the latter regiment upon a company of rebels who had rushed across the low stone wall, led by the rebel general Armistead. Thus, General Armistead and General Webb were both between the lines of troops, and both were wounded; but by this act of gallantry General Webb kept his men up to their work until more than one-half were killed or wounded. In this action he was wounded by a bullet which struck him near the groin. General Meade, in his letter presenting a medal to General Webb, mentions this act as one not surpassed by any general on the field."

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The particular spot in the Angle where the statue should stand was studied by the Commissioners early in their deliberations for its construction and erection. At first, Webb Avenue — called after General Webb — was thought to be the logical location for it. This is a short side avenue in the Angle, west of Hancock Avenue. In the enclosure within its bounds are the markers indicating where Armistead and Cushing fell. Closer proximity to the stone wall over which the Confederates leaped when they encountered General Webb's men was another factor in favor of the spot on Webb Avenue primarily in mind for the monument. At a subsequent meeting of the Board, however, it came to light that General Webb while visiting the Angle in company with the members of the Gettysburg National Park Commission, not very long before he died, was consulted by them, in a casual way, as to the exact location where he would like his statue to stand in the event of its ever coming to pass that the State of New York should decide to honor his memory in that manner. Thereupon — though at first with some hesitation and reluctance, it is related — General Webb examined carefully the positions occupied by the regiments constituting his brigade when grappling with their Southern assailants. It goes without saying that there were several points worthy of consideration for the object in view, because General Webb when he saw Armistead and his warriors approaching and crossing the stone wall, fronting the ground he held, practically continued ubiquitous in his movements until the charge was completely repulsed. There was, however, for reasons that he explained then and there one central point which demanded more effort and attention from him in the emergencies that arose than any other part of the arena. That place, which is situated on the eastern side of Hancock Avenue, facing the Angle, he pointed out, and forthwith it was marked by Colonel John P. Nicholson, Chairman of the Gettysburg National Park Commission. Eventually, it was formally approved by the Secretary of War as well as the Gettysburg National Park Commissioners.

Pursuant to letters and specifications addressed to various sculptors of established reputation, inviting them to submit sketch models for the proposed statue to General Webb, the following artists favored the Commission with designs for it: R. Hinton Perry, J. Massey Rhind, Robert G. Eberhardt, of New York, L. A. Gudebrod, Meriden, Conn., and Solon Borglum, Norwalk, Conn.



Brig. Gen. LOUIS W. STOTESBURY



Col. LEWIS R. STEGMAN



Col. CLINTON BECKWITH



Gen. HORATIO C. KING

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Their proposals were examined at a meeting of the Commission convened March 10, 1913, with the result that the design prepared by J. Massey Rhind was selected. During the month of June, 1914, Mr. Rhind's full-size model was inspected by the Commissioners and Mr. Alexander S. Webb, son of General Webb, and being found satisfactory and conforming to specifications it was approved and accepted.

In the memorandum furnished the sculptors who took part in the competition for modeling this statue, attention was called to the fact that General Webb was the recipient of a gold medal commemorating his distinguished personal gallantry on the scene at Gettysburg where it was intended to erect the monument, and that, therefore, a figure fittingly portraying the general in action at that historic conflict was desired. In Mr. Rhind's creation the expectations of those responsible for the statue and interested in it were fully realized. His work is regarded as a splendid artistic effort. The head is finely poised on a sinewy frame, depicting in heroic lines both strength and courage. Dressed in the full uniform of a major general, U. S. A., the open collar gives the lungs a chance for air without as well as within. In the stalwart stand and proud pose and in the fire and resolve of the eyes there is intrepidity and alertness — a commander ready for any emergency and resolved to conquer or die.

The sculptor's model and the inscription tablet were reproduced in bronze by Jno. Williams, Inc., of New York. Worden-Crawford Co., of Batavia, N. Y., were awarded the contract for the pedestal. A. J. Zabriskie, deceased, who was engineer and secretary of this Commission, prepared the design for the pedestal.

The statue is eight feet high. The pedestal is nine feet, nine and a half inches in height, measuring twelve feet by eleven feet, three and a half inches at the base. It is composed of dark Barre granite.

Of the \$8,000 appropriated for the monument, the sum of \$6,678.35 was expended on it, leaving a balance in the State Treasury of \$1,321.65.

The construction of the monument was superintended throughout by Commissioner Clinton Beekwith.

By chapter 726 of the Laws of 1915, the sum of ten thousand dollars was appropriated for dedicating, with appropriate ceremonies, the statue to General Webb erected on the battlefield of Gettysburg. Provision was thus made for transportation to and from Gettysburg,

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Pa., of two hundred and fifty survivors of the New York commands engaged conjointly with the Philadelphia Brigade — General Webb's Brigade — at the Angle, in the battlefield of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, to be designated by the respective veteran associations, upon an apportionment fixed by this Commission, to attend the dedication of General Webb's statue; for transportation of the Governor and Military Secretary, the Lieutenant Governor, the Comptroller, the State Treasurer, the family of General Webb, the Speaker of the Assembly, the President pro tem of the Senate, the members of the Finance Committee of the Senate and the Ways and Means Committee of the Assembly, this Board of Commissioners and invited guests; and for the preparation, printing, interspersed with photographic views, and binding of one thousand copies of the report and proceedings of the dedication.

At a meeting held July 23, 1915, the Board authorized the Chairman to proceed with the necessary arrangements for carrying out the provisions of this Act; and a resolution was adopted at the same time, whereby Tuesday, October 12, 1915, was designated as the date for the ceremonies.

Under date of July 9, 1915, the Chairman addressed a letter to His Excellency, the Governor, calling his attention to the Act empowering the Commission to conduct this dedication and inviting him as well to deliver an address to the veterans in attendance thereat. The Governor in his reply advised that it would give him great pleasure to go to Gettysburg to take part in those ceremonies, that Mrs. Whitman would accompany him, and that, as suggested, he would speak to the veterans and their friends assembled at the statue.

From the official records and other sources, as well as maps of the battlefield, it was found that the following New York regiments and batteries co-operated with General Webb's Brigade in the repulse of Longstreet's assault at and in the vicinity of the Angle, and hence by the Act their respective organizations were entitled to representation at the dedication:

Forty-second, Fifty-ninth, Eighty-second (Second N. Y. S. M.), Tenth, Eightieth (Twentieth N. Y. S. M.), One hundred and eighth, Thirty-ninth, One hundred and eleventh, One hundred and twenty-fifth and One hundred and twenty-sixth regiments of infantry; the First, Eleventh, Thirteenth and Fourteenth independent batteries, and Batteries B and K, First New York Light Artillery.

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Accordingly, a circular that had been prepared was forwarded to the officers of those veteran organizations, notifying them of the date set for the dedication; the arrangements that were to be made with the railroads for furnishing their delegations with transportation to the battlefield, and other particulars regarding this event. With the circulars were enclosed muster roll blanks for the officers to enter thereon the names of the survivors whom they desired to designate for going to Gettysburg. Many of the regiments and batteries concerned not having veteran associations of their own their survivors were communicated with direct from this office and the muster rolls for them made up by the Commission.

Transportation for the official dedication party was furnished by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, on a special train, which started from New York at 9:40 Monday morning, October 11th. At Gettysburg, the party was accommodated at the Eagle Hotel and the Gettysburg Hotel.

General Webb's command at Gettysburg being composed of Pennsylvania troops — the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second and One hundred and sixth infantry regiments — known as the Philadelphia Brigade — the Commission was anxious that the Keystone State should be offered every facility and encouragement for co-operating with the Empire State in the ceremonies contemplated for this function. Accordingly, correspondence was opened with the Philadelphia Brigade Association, through their adjutant, Major John D. Worman. With commendable enthusiasm and energy, they at once commenced organizing a delegation to represent them and participate in the dedication of the statue to their old commander. In fact, as soon as announcement was made of the date set for it they were ready to take the initiative in the matter themselves. On August 24, 1915, Colonel Lewis R. Stegman went to Philadelphia to confer with them at a special meeting called to effect arrangements for the part which they were to take in this event. Admiration for General Webb and a desire to do everything in their power to honor his memory were much in evidence at that conference. Consequent on their deliberations then and afterwards, they were determined that at least fifty of their members should go to the battlefield; while Dr. G. J. R. Miller, Joseph R. C. Ward and Captain John D. Rogers volunteered to deliver addresses there.

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To supplement Pennsylvania's quota to the occasion, General James W. Latta, of Philadelphia, a Civil War veteran, responded with alacrity to an invitation to be orator for his State.

Colonel Andrew Cowan, of Louisville, Ky., also promised to contribute an address.

Colonel Zan L. Tidball, of Buffalo, a member of the Fifty-ninth Regimental Association, and Department Commander, G. A. R., of the State of New York, was appointed grand marshal, and Captain James Ross, of the Eighty-second N. Y. Volunteers, who resides at Westfield, N. J., adjutant general.

The statue was to be unveiled by Mrs. Bayard Cushing Hoppin, of East Islip, N. Y., granddaughter of General Webb, but illness preventing Mrs. Hoppin from going to Gettysburg that honor was reserved for Miss Anne R. Alexandre, of Lenox, Mass., also a granddaughter.

Pursuant to request made by the Commission, in behalf of the State of New York, to the War Department, under date of July 26, 1915, there was present for duty at the exercises a company from Battery E, Third U. S. Field Artillery, Captain Clarence N. Jones commanding. Major-General Leonard Wood, U. S. A., commanding the Department of the East, who was intimately acquainted with General Webb, and a great admirer of his, took a special interest in this assignment of the battery.

There were 203 transportation orders furnished veterans of the various regiments and batteries entitled to send delegations to the dedication. Of these forty were returned unused. Some of the organizations concerned had but very few in attendance. As the years go by and as veterans become feebler, they seem less and less inclined to revisit Gettysburg, much as they liked to go there formerly. The Philadelphia Brigade contingent present numbered sixty-five.

It was sought in advance to have the dedication of General Webb's statue conducted in a manner fully worthy of his memory, and the occasion proved to be a battlefield event which put the town of Gettysburg and the Angle in gala. As part of the printed itinerary, the veterans and the official party devoted the early part of the day to visiting salient points along the northern part of the field. The first stop was made at the Wadsworth monument. Here Colonel Lewis R. Stegman described leading incidents of the opening of the battle. Before resuming the journey, a group photograph was taken

Alexander Stewart Webb

of the party. Another halt was made at Culp's Hill, where it was told how General Greene, with his small brigade of 1,350 men, gallantly held his ground on the night of the second day against overwhelming odds. Many other famous spots and beautiful memorials in this territory were also passed and pointed out by the guides. Soon after midday the procession that was to go to the Angle began to assemble; and at the appointed time — half past one — the start was made for the monument. The route of the parade was along Baltimore Street to the Taneytown Road and then Hancock Avenue. Captain Clarence N. Jones, with a detail from his battery, acted as escort. The Governor and his party drove from the Eagle Hotel — the headquarters of the Commission. The veteran organizations were in charge of the grand marshal, Colonel Zan L. Tidball, Captain James Ross, adjutant general, and a large number of aides appointed from among the veteran associations. As the carriages passed along the streets greetings in plenty were given their occupants. There was no mistaking the fact that it was a holiday in Gettysburg — Columbus Day and General Webb day. At two o'clock, as the exercises were about to commence, grandeur characterized the scene around the statue, at the Angle. The "High-water Mark" or its environments have seldom witnessed anything so impressive. Hundreds of people from Gettysburg and adjacent towns joined the procession, thus making quite a concourse present. As a dedicatory preliminary, the "boys" of the Philadelphia Brigade alighted from the carriages within four hundred yards of the stand; then, escorted by the band, they marched proudly to the statue, and on reaching it the "boys" all the way from New York, who had arrived in advance, welcomed them with cheers and gave their comrades a rousing reception. The guests as they arrived were shown to their places by men from the U. S. Battery. Colonel Lewis R. Stegman, Chairman of the New York Monuments Commission, acted as master of ceremonies. The Citizens Band of Gettysburg furnished the music. The opening prayer was pronounced by the Rev. William T. Pray, a veteran of the field. Miss Anne R. Alexandre, of Lenox, Mass., granddaughter of General Webb, unveiled the statue. Then the U. S. Battery began thundering a major general's salute of thirteen guns, which solemnly resounded over the slopes of Cemetery and Seminary Ridges. The oration for New York State by Governor Whitman was a special feature. When he was introduced

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as not only Governor of the Empire State, but also as the son of one of the angels in human attire who hastened to Gettysburg immediately after the combat was over, to give consolation to the dying and help to the wounded, the veterans did not fail to show their appreciation of this coincidence. The orator for Pennsylvania, General James W. Latta, in his eloquent address took a comprehensive and philosophical view of war in general and the Civil War in particular — giving prominence to Gettysburg. He paid a glowing tribute to General Webb and the Philadelphia Brigade that he so ably commanded. General Horatio C. King recited two poems of his own composition, which were listened to with interest. Colonel Andrew Cowan's address was a vivid word picture, and to those who had the privilege of hearing him it was an interesting and historical object lesson. Colonel Cowan enjoys the distinction of being one of the heroes of the Angle, and this imparted rare significance to his narration of the melee which took place there. Soldiers and civilians reverently watched him and heard him throughout — some of his audience being members of his own battery. At the conclusion of his remarks, when he came to bidding a last farewell at the Angle to his comrades, they were overcome — many of them could not speak and tears streamed down the cheeks of many more. Dr. G. J. R. Miller treated his audience to a very interesting address on the history of the Philadelphia Brigade and the numerous engagements in which it was actively engaged, including its never-to-be-forgotten resistance to Pickett's charge, of the brunt of which it bore a heavy part.

The State of New York has organized many functions for Gettysburg similar to this, but never was a celebration conducted under its auspices that evoked greater enthusiasm than the dedication of General Webb's statue.

On the afternoon of the dedication Governor Whitman held a reception at the home of the president of the Pennsylvania College, where he made a brief address to the students, for which he was warmly thanked and applauded.

On October 13th the official dedication party visited the battlefield of Antietam — about forty miles distant from Gettysburg. This trip proved very enjoyable and interesting. The rendezvous at Antietam was the celebrated Dunker Church. Here, after luncheon was served, Colonel Stegman spoke on interesting incidents of the battle. From



Rev.
WM. T. PRAY



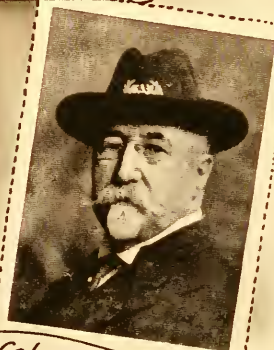
COL. ANDREW COWAN
FIRST N. Y. IND. BATTERY



Gen.
THEO. S. PECK



Gen.
JAMES W. LATTA



Col.
ZAN L. TIDBALL

SPEAKERS AT THE GENERAL WEBB MONUMENT DEDICATION

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the Dunker Church the party went to the historic Burnside Bridge, at which point the operations of the left wing of the army were described.

The total of the expenditures incident to the dedication of General Webb's statue was \$7,719.19.

Official Dedication Party

His Excellency, Governor Charles S. Whitman, and Mrs. Whitman, Brig.-Gen. Louis W. Stotesbury, The Adjutant General, Major Francis L. V. Hoppin, Captain Lorillard Spencer, Captain Alvan W. Perry.

Senator A. J. Gilchrist, Senator Charles J. Hewitt and Mrs. Hewitt, Senator Samuel J. Ramsperger.

Hon. Thaddeus C. Sweet, Speaker of the Assembly, and Mrs. Sweet, Col. S. C. Clobridge and Mrs. Clobridge, Assemblyman Harold J. Hinman and Mrs. Hinman, Assemblyman John Kerrigan, Assemblyman Peter P. McElligott, Assemblyman William J. Maier and Mrs. Maier, and Assemblyman Heber E. Wheeler and Mrs. Wheeler.

Brig.-Gen. W. W. Wotherspoon, U. S. A., Superintendent of Public Works, and Mrs. Wotherspoon, Hon. James L. Wells, State Treasurer, John C. Birdseye, Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Hon. Willard D. McKinstry, Civil Service Commissioner, and Mrs. McKinstry, Hon. Alexander Macdonald, of the Conservation Commission, and Mrs. Macdonald, E. Walter Moses, First Assistant to Clerk of Assembly, and Mrs. Moses, Hon. Lewis F. Pilcher, State Architect, and Mrs. Pilcher, Hon. William G. Rice, Civil Service Commissioner, Hon. Frank M. Williams, State Engineer, and Mrs. Williams.

Gen. H. D. Hamilton, Gen. H. S. Huidekoper, Gen. James W. Latta, Gen. Anson G. McCook, Gen. Theo. S. Peck, Mrs. Peck and Miss Peck, Col. Andrew D. Baird, Col. Peter S. Bonus, U. S. A., Col. E. B. Cope, Col. Andrew Cowan and Mrs. Cowan, Col. Chas. I. DeBevoise and Mrs. DeBevoise, Col. Henry W. Knight and Miss Knight, Col. John P. Nicholson and Mrs. Nicholson, Col. Frank Sellers, Col. W. H. M. Sistare, Col. Zan L. Tidball, Col. John W. Vrooman, Col. Frank West, U. S. A., Major W. H. M. Barker, Major George Breck, Major Ira H. Evans, Captain Chas. E. Fiske,

Alexander Stewart Webb

Captain C. St. John and Mrs. St. John, Captain Wm. T. Ziegler, Rev. Wm. T. Pray and Mrs. Pray, Hon. John F. Murtaugh.

Family of General Webb: Alexander S. Webb, son; Mrs. John E. Alexandre, Mrs. George B. Parsons, Miss Anne R. Webb and Miss Caroline LeRoy Webb, daughters; Miss M. C. Alexandre and Miss Anne R. Alexandre, granddaughters; Major G. Creighton Webb and J. Louis Webb, brothers; F. Egerton Webb, brother, and Mrs. Webb; Mrs. Seward Webb, Louis B. Souter, Mrs. H. V. R. Kennedy and Major Charles E. Lydecker.

John Quincy Adams, Hartwell B. Baird, J. E. Baker, Charles S. Barker, William T. Briggs, Alexander L. Brodhead, Mrs. Brodhead and Master Alexander L. Brodhead, E. C. Burgess and Mrs. Burgess, R. G. Conover and Mrs. Conover, Ralph Devendorf, H. M. Golden, T. M. Grogan, M. D. Hartford, J. V. Hemstreet, Harold J. Hichman and Mrs. Hichman, Frank Horn and Mrs. Horn, Stephen E. Jackman, Mrs. H. B. Knight, Charles W. Lake, Mrs. Clara K. Litchfield, J. W. Lynch, C. A. McCreery, Frank Martlock, H. G. Munger, F. E. Munson, John F. O'Connor, J. E. Rafter, Charles E. Reid, J. Massey Rhind, Sculptor, Charles Schoeneck and Mrs. Schoeneck, Charles A. Shaw, Daniel Smiley and Mrs. Smiley, D. F. Strobel.

Col. Clinton Beckwith, Col. Lewis R. Stegman and Mrs. Stegman, Gen. Horatio C. King and Mrs. King.

Commissioners:
Col. CLINTON BECKWITH
Col. LEWIS R. STEGMAN
Gen. HORATIO C. KING
Brig.-Gen. LOUIS W. STOTESBURY
The Adjutant-General

Executive Committee
Col. CLINTON BECKWITH
Brig.-Gen. LOUIS W. STOTESBURY

Col. LOUIS R. STEGMAN
Chairman
J. W. LYNCH
Secretary

NEW YORK MONUMENTS COMMISSION

FOR THE BATTLEFIELDS OF

GETTYSBURG, CHATTANOOGA AND ANTIETAM

ROOM 1015, 116 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

JULY 26, 1915.

Dedication of Monument to Gen. Alexander Stewart Webb

CIRCULAR No. 1

By chapter 726 of the Laws of 1915, this Board of Commissioners is authorized to dedicate, with appropriate ceremonies, the bronze statue which is to be erected to the memory of Brig. Gen. Alexander Stewart Webb, at The Angle in the battlefield of Gettysburg.

The dedicatory exercises will be held Tuesday, October 12, 1915.

As is well known, General Webb commanded the Philadelphia Brigade, which took such a distinguished part in the repulse of Pickett's charge at The Angle, July 3, 1863.

The New York regiments of infantry and batteries of artillery which fought conjointly with the Philadelphia Brigade, at and in the vicinity of The Angle during the critical period of Longstreet's assault, will be asked to send delegations to this dedication; and for this purpose the State will furnish free transportation to Gettysburg and return.

Muster roll blanks will be forwarded to the officers of the veteran associations, for them to enter thereon the honorably discharged survivors of their regiment or battery whom they desire to designate for participation in this event.

Alexander Stewart Webb

Transportation orders, filled out by the undersigned from the certified muster rolls furnished by the officers of the different organizations, will be forwarded to those officers for distribution among the veterans in whose favor they are drawn.

Those transportation orders will not be accepted for passage on trains, but must be exchanged for railroad tickets; neither are the orders transferable; if not used they should be returned to the New York Monuments Commission.

The officers are requested to send in the muster rolls so that same will be received at this office not later than September 20th, in order that there may be ample time to transmit the certificates, and also to notify the railroad companies of the stations for which transportation orders have been issued.

Application has been made to the railroad companies, through the Trunk Line Association, to honor tickets for this occasion, from points in New York State, on any day from October 6th to October 11th, inclusive.

It is requested that veterans attending this dedication will, as far as practicable, appear in the uniform usually worn on Memorial Day.

Badges specially gotten up for this function will be forwarded for distribution to the officers in charge of the muster rolls, at the same time that the transportation certificates are sent out.

Flags and streamers suitable for the occasion will be furnished the organizations at Gettysburg.

On the day of the dedication carriages will be furnished by the Commission for conveying the veterans from Gettysburg Square to the site of the monument and return; and they will also be given a free ride around the battlefield.

It is expected that a good many Civil War veterans, other than those entitled to free transportation, will travel to Gettysburg for this event, and a cordial invitation is extended to them to be present at the ceremonies.

Benches will be provided in front of the platform to seat the veterans and those accompanying them during the dedicatory exercises.

The War Department will be asked to furnish a squadron of cavalry and a battery of artillery for duty at the ceremonies.

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Governor Whitman and the Military Secretary, the Lieutenant Governor, the State Comptroller, the State Treasurer, the family of General Webb, the Speaker of the Assembly, the President Pro Tem of the Senate and members of the two Finance Committees of the Legislature are among those who will constitute the official party at the dedication of General Webb's statue.

Elaborate preparations are being made for this dedication, and the Commission is endeavoring to secure for it worthy representation from the New York regiments and batteries engaged with the Philadelphia Brigade, under General Webb, in the great Gettysburg struggle which culminated at The Angle.

The headquarters of the New York Monuments Commission will be at the Eagle Hotel.

Fraternally,

LEWIS R. STEGMAN,

Chairman.

HEADQUARTERS OF GRAND MARSHAL EAGLE HOTEL, GETTYSBURG, PA.

OCTOBER 11, 1915.

Having been appointed Grand Marshal by the New York Monuments Commission for the Battlefields of Gettysburg, Chattanooga and Antietam, on the occasion of dedicating the statue to Brevet Major-General Alexander Stewart Webb, at the Angle, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, October 12, 1915, I hereby assume command.

The following staff appointments are announced:

CAPTAIN JAMES ROSS, *Adjutant General.*

Aides:

DENNIS MCGOWAN	69th Penna Vols.
WILLIAM M. BURROWS . . .	71st Penna Vols.
CHARLES P. CHARLTON . . .	72nd Penna Vols.
JOSEPH R. C. WARD	106th Penna. Vols.
CHARLES W. COWTAN . . .	10th N. Y. Vols.
HERMAN KOPP	39th N. Y. Vols.
JAMES ELSON	42nd N. Y. Vols.

Alexander Stewart Webb

JAMES DILLON..... 59th N. Y. Vols.
 WILLIAM VALLETTE..... 80th N. Y. Vols.
 DAVID McMUNIGLE..... 82nd N. Y. Vols.
 ALFRED ELWOOD..... 108th N. Y. Vols.
 HOWARD SERVIS..... 111th N. Y. Vols.
 CLINTON E. TAYLOR..... 126th N. Y. Vols.
 HARRISON SMITH..... First N. Y. Ind. Battery.
 JOHN M. STINER..... Eleventh N. Y. Ind. Battery.
 JOHN WHITE..... Thirteenth N. Y. Ind. Battery.
 THEODORE C. TAGGART... Battery B, First N. Y. L. A.
 EDWARD W. HARRISON... Battery K, First N. Y. L. A.

They will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

The hour for assembly will be One and a half P. M.

The carriages and wagons conveying the official party and veteran delegations to the site of the statue will form as follows:

1. Grand Marshal and Staff. Orator for the occasion.
2. Detail from Battery E, 3rd U. S. Field Artillery; Captain Clarence N. Jones, Commanding.
3. Official Party, New York Monuments Commission, and Invited Guests.
4. Citizens Band of Gettysburg.
5. Veteran Division, namely:

69th Penna. Vols..... ANDREW W. McDERMOTT, Commanding.

71st Penna. Vols..... ISAAC TIBBENS, Commanding.

72nd Penna Vols..... JOHN D. WORMAN, Commanding.

106th Penna. Vols..... G. J. R. MILLER, Commanding.

10th N. Y. Vols..... WILLIAM McKEE, Commanding.

39th N. Y. Vols..... ADOLPH HESS, Commanding.

42nd N. Y. Vols..... GEORGE S. WALSH, Commanding.

59th N. Y. Vols... DANIEL A. O'MARA, Commanding.

80th N. Y. Vols..... ENOCH J. NICHOLS, Commanding.

82nd N. Y. Vols..... HENRY MANN, Commanding.

108th N. Y. Vols..... FRANKLIN B. HUTCHINSON, Commanding.

111th N. Y. Vols..... ROBERT L. DRUMMOND, Commanding.

126th N. Y. Vols..... JORDAN SNOOK, Commanding.

First N. Y. Ind. Battery.... ANDREW COWAN, Commanding.

Alexander Stewart Webb

Eleventh N. Y. Ind. Battery, JACOB H. FOLMSBEE, Commanding.
Thirteenth N. Y. Ind. Battery, JOHN P. MCGURRIN, Commanding.
Battery B, First N. Y. L. A. CHESTER COOPER, Commanding.
Battery K, First N. Y. L. A. MATTHEW ELLIS, Commanding.
Veteran of G. A. R. THOMAS J. MCCONEKEY, Commanding.

The officers named will take charge of their respective organizations, to facilitate such movements as are required.

The U. S. Battery of Field Artillery will form on the south side of Washington Street, with its right resting on Chambersburg Street.

The Official Party will form on the north side of Washington Street, with its right resting on Chambersburg Street.

The Veterans will form on York Street, with right resting on Gettysburg Square.

There will be no marching on foot, and it is expected that every one participating will be prepared to start promptly on time announced.

The line of movement from the public square to the site of the monument will be through Baltimore Street to the Taneytown Road and Hancock Avenue.

Regiments and batteries will follow each other from the place of formation, as indicated, commencing with the regiments of the Philadelphia Brigade.

Division and brigade flags and regimental and battery pennants for each organization will be furnished, to distinguish the various sections on embarkation.

At the monument during the exercises the Veterans are requested to keep the flags well displayed.

A special guard from the U. S. Artillery will keep the speakers' stand entirely free until the arrival of the official party.

Seats in front of the stand will be provided for the veterans and their friends.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the Veterans and Official Party will be brought back to Gettysburg in the same conveyances that carried them to the Angle.

ZAN L. TIDBALL,

Grand Marshal.

Official:

JAMES ROSS,

Captain and Adjutant General.

Commissioners:
Col. CLINTON BECKWITH
Col. LEWIS R. STEGMAN
Gen. HORATIO C. KING
Brig. Gen. LOUIS W STOTESBURY
The Adjutant-General

Executive Committee:
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Secretary

NEW YORK MONUMENTS COMMISSION

FOR THE BATTLEFIELDS OF

GETTYSBURG, CHATTANOOGA AND ANTIETAM

ROOM 1015, 116 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK

ITINERARY OF OFFICIAL PARTY AT DEDICATION OF STATUE OF GEN. ALEXANDER STEWART WEBB

GETTYSBURG, PA., *October 11, 12, 13 and 14, 1915.*

Monday, October 11th

The special train will leave the Pennsylvania Station, 32nd Street and Seventh Avenue, at 9:40 A. M., Monday, October 11th; arriving at Gettysburg 3:45 P. M. Depot only one block from Eagle Hotel.

Tags should be tied to grips and valises. Articles not desired to be held in the parlor cars will be taken to the baggage car, and transferred from there to the proper rooms at the hotel.

Lunch will be served on the train from 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. Dinner at the hotel from 6 to 8 P. M. (With so large a party to make arrangements for, a little patience on arrival is requested.)

Tuesday, October 12th

BREAKFAST AT 7 O'CLOCK

Wagons to convey the official party to salient points on the battlefield will be in readiness at the hotel 8 A. M., and will start promptly at 8:30; proceeding to the Fairfield Road, to the left of



CAPTAIN
JOHN D. ROGERS
71st. PA.



COL.
JOS. R. G. WARD
106th PA.



MAJOR
JOHN D. WORMAN
72nd. PA.



DR. G. J. R. MILLER
106th. PA.



DENNIS MCGOWAN
69th. PA.

Alexander Stewart Webb

the First Corps line (Doubleday's Division in the first day's contest), and passing the spot where General Reynolds was killed, and where Archer's Confederate Brigade was captured, in the initial engagement. A brief halt will be made at the Wadsworth monument, near the railroad cut, and a description given of the battle in which the First and Eleventh Corps took a memorable part. From thence along the lines of the cavalry formation and the right of the First and Eleventh Corps lines — through the Mummasburg Road — reaching the place where General Barlow was wounded.

From this point to Culp's Hill, by East Confederate Avenue — the line of Confederate attack on Slocum's Twelfth Corps and the right wing of the Union Army. Here another halt and description; after which Cemetery Hill, where the "Louisiana Tigers" charged, will be reached. Through the National Cemetery, on to the Taneytown Road, and then to the Eagle Hotel for dinner.

Wagons for conveying the official party to the dedicatory exercises, at The Angle, will be prepared to join the column of march — following the U. S. Battery of Field Artillery — at 1:30 sharp. There will be no delay.

The ceremonies of dedication will commence promptly at 2 o'clock. Immediately on reaching the Angle, the Official Party will take their places on the main stand provided for the occasion.

After the ceremonies, the party will drive along Hancock Avenue, to the Little Round Top — the left of the Union Army line the second and third days. Brief halt and description of the battle. From this point, a view can be had of the entire battlefield. Thence through the Devil's Den, the Wheatfield, the Loop and Peach Orchard — the lines of the Third and part of the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps — Sickles' defensive position the second day. Back to the hotel for supper.

Wednesday, October 13th

BREAKFAST AT 7 O'CLOCK

Automobiles, for conveying the party to the battlefield of Antietam, Md., will be ready at the hotel at 8 o'clock, and the start for Antietam will be made at 8:30; setting out by way of the Fairfield Road, and going over the Catoctin Mountains, a spur of the Blue Ridge, passing through a beautiful country — over and into the

Alexander Stewart Webb

Cumberland Valley. In going over the Fairfield Road, the line of retreat of part of General Lee's Army will be practically followed. Through Waynesboro to Hagerstown, and from thence to Antietam battlefield.

At Antietam, a halt will be made near the historic Dunker Church, and the New York State Park. Here refreshments will be served and a brief narrative given of the severe engagement which took place September 17, 1862. Then to the village of Sharpsburg, over the Hagerstown pike; reaching the left of the Union line (Burnside's command), where the salient positions of both Union and Confederate troops can be plainly seen. Antietam Creek and the famous Burnside Bridge next. Between the Dunker Church and Sharpsburg, the centres of the Union and Confederate lines are indicated by tablets and markers.

A brief stay at the National Cemetery, and then to the turnpike, by General McClellan's headquarters; through Keedysville and Boonsboro, and the scene of the battle of South Mountain, September 14, 1862; over the National Turnpike, through Hagerstown, to Gettysburg, arriving at the hotel in time for supper.

Thursday, October 14

Guests wishing to visit the scene of the cavalry engagement at Bonaughville will be furnished with wagons for this purpose. Conveyances used October 12th will be at their disposal. Only the time limit should be kept in mind. Dinner will be served at 12 o'clock. The train will leave Gettysburg on the homeward journey at 2 o'clock. Supper on the train after 5 o'clock. Train reaches New York about 8 o'clock. Good night then and there.

Throughout the railroad trip, Gen. Louis W. Stotesbury will be in charge of Cars A and B; Col. Lewis R. Stegman, Car C; Gen. Horatio C. King, Car D, and Col. Clinton Beckwith, Car E.

NEW YORK MONUMENTS COMMISSION.

Order of Exercises

At

General Webb Monument

The Angle, Gettysburg

October 12, 1915, 2.00 P. M.

1. Music, Citizens Band of Gettysburg.
2. Prayer, by Rev. Wm. T. Pray, 102nd New York Veteran Volunteers.
3. Introductory Remarks by Chairman of Board of Commissioners, Colonel Lewis R. Stegman.
4. Music, Citizens Band of Gettysburg.
5. Unveiling of the Monument, by Miss Anne R. Alexandre, Granddaughter of General Webb.
6. Major General's Salute, by Battery E, Third Regiment, U. S. Artillery; Captain Clarence N. Jones, Commanding.
7. Oration, Governor Charles S. Whitman, of New York.
8. Music, Citizens Band of Gettysburg.
9. Poem, "Gettysburg," General Horatio C. King, of Sheridan's Cavalry.
10. Oration, General James W. Latta, of Pennsylvania.
11. Music, Citizens Band of Gettysburg.
12. Address, Colonel Andrew Cowan, Commander of First New York Independent Battery of Artillery.
13. Address, Dr. G. J. R. Miller, of the Philadelphia Brigade.
14. Music, Citizens Band of Gettysburg, "Star Spangled Banner."
15. Remarks, by Comrades of the Philadelphia Brigade.
16. Remarks, by Gen. Theo. S. Peck, of Vermont.
17. Benediction, Rev. Oscar L. Severson, 137th New York Volunteers.

Invocation by the Reverend Wm. T. Pray

102ND H. P. VOLs.

OUR Father who art in Heaven; Almighty and Everlasting God: The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, who hast given us grace at this time and with one accord to make our common supplication unto Thee, hear us now as we give thanks for the protection and guidance which Thou hast thus far vouchsafed us.

We praise Thee that while we assemble to give tangible, substantial and permanent expression of our love and veneration for the memory of our departed Commander, we are assured of the Divine presence and blessing, in order that we may be guided in the exercises of the hour and thus glorify Thee and enjoy a comradeship with one another that shall be sacred and enduring.

We thank Thee for the opportunity and high privilege of gathering to honor the name of one whose patriotism, character and usefulness have been recorded in the annals of our country. We thank Thee that we are here to dedicate this monument to his memory. We praise Thee that it has a place on these historic grounds where names famous for valor and distinction are seen on every hand: and, we would cherish his memory as a brave and loyal soldier, an efficient educator, a useful citizen, and a friend whose far reaching influence presents a career that is best known to those who love and revere his name: and we would not forget the honorable citizenship that commended him to the respect and love of vast numbers of his fellow men in time of peace.

We implore Thy blessing upon the kindred of the valiant General, who are honored by his name, and the sacred association of family ties. Hear us for the rank and file, who fought by the side of their Commander, who may yet linger on the shores of time — and the families who, perhaps, rehearse the heroic deeds of the brave men who have ended life's march and have gone to their reward.

Hear us, O God, for our nation, in all its exigencies and welfare. Hear us in our supplication for those who are in authority, that wise

Alexander Stewart Webb

counsels may prevail and our great country shine forth in all its historic honor and glory.

Grant Thy blessing upon the chief magistrate of our land. Remember him in all the intricate and trying problems of the hour. Grant him wisdom, patience and courage.

Bless the commonwealths that have made this occasion possible, and may their governments and all in authority and all our population be crowned with Thy benediction. Let Thy blessing be with those who are in charge of the exercises of this important event and upon all who contribute in any way to make this day memorable in our country's history: and thus may the pleasure of the Heavenly Father rest upon us, and the brotherhood and comradeship of men become stronger and more hallowed than ever.

Hear us O Lord for the countries engaged in war. Hasten the day of peace, that the tread of the war god shall not be heard throughout the world.

Fulfil, O Lord, the desires and petitions we bring to Thee, as may be best expedient for us: Granting us in this world knowledge of Thy truth, and in the world to come, life everlasting. All of which we ask in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Address by Colonel Lewis R. Stegman

102nd R. I. Vols.

Chairman, New York Monuments Commission

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
AND COMRADES OF ALL THE ARMIES PRESENT:

WELCOME to Gettysburg — welcome to the Angle — and welcome to the dedication of the statue of Major General Alexander Stewart Webb. Once more, it is pleasant to remark, a brilliant concourse, astir with interest and enthusiasm, has assembled at this picturesque and famous scene, to honor the memory of one of its many heroes. It is a source of pride and gratification, as well as thankfulness, to see this event so becomingly celebrated. New York and Pennsylvania have reason to rejoice at this splendid demonstration.— the Empire State, because the distinguished commander to whose memory we are now paying our respects was one of its foremost Gettysburg generals, and the Keystone State, because of the brigade he led on this field having been composed of Pennsylvania regiments; and never before, I venture to say, did that brigade — the Philadelphia Brigade — feel prouder of their old commander than they do to-day.

We meet on hallowed and historic ground. In the entire range of American history — whether in Revolutionary or Civil War annals — there is not another spot on this continent, identified with the story of battle, more renowned than the Angle. It was here that the most spectacular, and, for the time it lasted, the severest conflict of the Civil War occurred. For the Army of the Potomac, their part in the engagement that culminated in victory for them on Cemetery Ridge is expressed in the words, “High-water Mark of the Rebellion;” while for the Army of Northern Virginia, though beaten, it is attested that they evinced deeds of daring and determination that have seldom been equalled anywhere, or in any time, not even in the days of old when Greek met Greek. The battle waged here will be talked of for ages to come, not alone for its intensity, but



THE GENERAL WEBB MONUMENT

On Hancock avenue, opposite the Angle

Alexander Stewart Webb

for the great issues then at stake and the far-reaching results involved in the outcome of it. For the historian, the scene enacted here remains the most alluring topic of the War of the Rebellion: it has furnished inspiration for classic painting, and it has been enshrined in song.

“They fell who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand;
They smote and fell who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland.

They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium;
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on this slippery slope,
Amid the cheers of Christendom.”

Nor have the States whose soldiers were destined to take part in the mighty contest focussed here been unmindful of their claims to remembrance. Numerous and beautiful memorials, shaped in enduring bronze and granite, and conspicuously in evidence everywhere on this field, demonstrate this.

And, Comrades of the Army of the Potomac, not a few of these memorials deserve to be specially mentioned now, for you are yourselves pleasant and interested reminders of them. There is not a veteran organization represented here, I am glad to say, but has its part in the drama staged on this ground and its environments recorded in lasting inscription.

Right here, also Comrades, let me express a renewal of my thanks to you, in behalf of the New York Monuments Commission, for enhancing these ceremonies with your presence, and traveling so far, as most of you have, notwithstanding the long years that now separate you from your youthful days.

Gettysburg all over and its salients, where crucial conflicts were centered during the three days that the battle raged, put heroes by the score, both of the North and the South, into history. There are heroes of Seminary Ridge, the Round Tops, the Peach Orchard, the Wheatfield, the Devil's Den, Culp's Hill and Cemetery Hill; but because it was fortuitously reserved for those engaged at the Angle to be in the fight at the finish they seem to abide more in memory than the successful defenders of other prominent arenas. Conceding that General Hancock is the hero of Cemetery Ridge, if the question

Alexander Stewart Webb

should be asked, "Who is the hero of the Angle?" for myself, I think we have the answer in the statue we are dedicating to-day.

Even in an arena of heroism, General Webb was a hero of heroes. It is not easy to point out in battle annals a situation fraught with more peril, or presenting greater difficulty, than that which confronted General Webb when Armistead and his gallant band forced their way to the Angle. For the moment, it looked as though Longstreet's assault was to materialize and cut the Union line in twain. The Confederate charge at that juncture has even been credited with achieving a semblance of success. The bravest troops, seeing that they were to be outnumbered and overwhelmed, could not, at first, help being temporarily dispirited, if not overawed, to some extent, when their assailants came surging toward them, with a fury and desperation verging on frenzy. A crisis then arose that needed a man of mettle and rare resources to cope with it. Strategy, valor, vision, the power to command and the genius to employ every means at his disposal in prompt and effective resistance — these, exerted by General Webb, were largely instrumental in keeping the onslaught in check pending the arrival of reinforcements. History and the official records have done full justice to General Webb for his noble work at the Angle. But his fame is far from being confined to Gettysburg. He shared the vicissitudes of the Army of the Potomac in all its campaigns and rose to be a division commander. When the war ceased he was only thirty years old, and for so young an officer his record was decidedly brilliant. At that time he was a brevet major general, U. S. A., and a brigadier general in the volunteers. He won six brevets, and in all took part in seventeen battles and actions, in two of which, Gettysburg and Spotsylvania, he was wounded. In the second day's fight his brigade was also actively engaged on Cemetery Ridge, and part of it at Culp's Hill, but what they did then is sometimes overlooked in thinking of the herculean task set them the third day. I was at Gettysburg myself, but in a different part of the field from the Angle, and it did not take long for us boys at Culp's Hill to learn what the Philadelphia Brigade and its commander had accomplished. For a great many years it was my privilege to know General Webb intimately as a comrade, a colleague and a friend. As a member of the New York Monuments Commission, I had frequent occasion to meet him in business. In his maturer years, there was something beautiful and grand in the character of this remarkable

ALEXANDER STEWART WEBB

BREVET MAJOR GENERAL U.S. ARMY

1835-1911

COMMANDED 69TH, 71ST, 72ND AND 106TH
PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY (PHILADELPHIA
BRIGADE) WHICH RESISTED LONGSTREET'S
ASSAULT - JULY 3, 1863

CADET U. S. M. A. JULY 1, 1854. BREVET SECOND
LIEUTENANT FOURTH U. S. ARTILLERY JULY 1, 1855.
SECOND LIEUTENANT SECOND ARTILLERY OCT. 28, 1855.
FIRST LIEUTENANT APRIL 28, 1856. CAPTAIN ELEVENTH
INFANTRY MAY 14, 1856. LIEUT. COLONEL FORTY-FOURTH
INFANTRY JULY 28, 1856. FIFTH INFANTRY MARCH
15, 1858. HONORABLY DISCHARGED AT HIS OWN
REQUEST DEC. 5, 1870.

MAJOR FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY
SEPT. 14, 1858. LIEUT. COLONEL ASST. INSPECTOR GENERAL
BY ASSIGNMENT AUG. 20, 1862, TO JUNE 28, 1863.

BRIG.-GENERAL U. S. V. JUNE 23, 1863. HONORABLY
MUSTERED OUT OF VOLUNTEER SERVICE JAN. 15, 1866.

IN COMMAND OF THE DIVISION 2^D CORPS. IN THE
RAPIDAN CAMPAIGN AND 1ST BRIGADE, 2^D DIVISION
2^D CORPS IN THE WILDERNESS. SEVERELY WOUNDED
AT SPOTSYLVANIA, MAY 17, 1862. CHIEF OF STAFF
ARMY OF POTOMAC, JAN. 11 TO JUNE 28, 1863. ASST.
INSPECTOR GENERAL, DIVISION OF THE ATLANTIC
JULY 1, 1863 TO FEB. 21, 1866.

AWARDED CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR
FOR DISTINGUISHED PERSONAL GALLANTRY AT THE
BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, WHERE HE WAS WOUNDED.

BREVETTED MAJOR U. S. A. JULY 3, 1863 FOR GALLANT
AND MERITORIOUS SERVICES AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG,
PA. LIEUT. COLONEL OCT. 11, 1863 FOR GALLANT AND
MERITORIOUS SERVICES AT THE BATTLE OF BRISTOE
STATION, VA. COLONEL MAY 12, 1864 FOR GALLANT AND
MERITORIOUS SERVICES AT THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA, VA.
BRIG.-GENERAL MARCH 13, 1865 FOR GALLANT AND
MERITORIOUS SERVICES IN THE CAMPAIGN TERMINATING
WITH THE SURRENDER OF THE INSURGENT ARMY
UNDER GENERAL R. E. LEE. MAJOR-GENERAL MARCH 13, 1865
FOR GALLANT AND MERITORIOUS SERVICES DURING THE WAR.

BREVETTED MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. V. AUG. 1, 1864
FOR GALLANT AND DISTINGUISHED CONDUCT AT
THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG, PA., BRISTOE STATION,
THE WILDERNESS AND SPOTSYLVANIA, VA.

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man. Time and again have I stood with him at this Angle, and it is one of my pleasantest recollections of the field, listening to his recital of the struggle that took place here. Throughout his life, General Webb's career as a soldier, scholar and citizen earned for him frequent encomium, but, as a soldier, the Angle and what he did there have always been first in mind when his name was mentioned, and so it will be also, beyond any doubt, for the generations to come. As president of the College of the City of New York, General Webb's name became as familiar in educational circles as among Civil War veterans. I need not dwell on his splendid reputation as a leader in the cause of higher education. Thousands of graduates from the great institution over which he presided testify to that. When put in charge of the College of the City of New York, in 1870, he found it with only 768 students, and when he retired from his collegiate duties three decades later the rolls of the college contained 1,969 names.

Happily for this occasion, and happily above all else for themselves, the family of General Webb is here in ample attendance; and to them this statue and the dedicatory exercises for it signify more than words can convey. They are to be congratulated on the felicity which this event affords them and the pleasure that must be theirs in recalling it during the years to come.

It was almost on the eve of the battle of Gettysburg that General Webb was made commander of a brigade. This was the Second Brigade of the Second Division, Second Corps, or as it rejoiced in calling itself, and does still, the Philadelphia Brigade, composed of the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second and One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania regiments of infantry. When it is stated that this brigade bore the brunt of a heavy part of Pickett's charge, that they emerged as victors from the turmoil and terrible trials they had to undergo then, and that their commander on that occasion was General Webb, enough is implied therein to cover anybody of 1,100 men with undying honors. In his report of the battle General Webb said of his brigade: "I feel that the general commanding has had abundant proof that as a brigade the Second can be relied upon for the performance of any duty which may be required of it." At Gettysburg and after General Webb had good reason to feel proud of the regiments he commanded there, and that they on their part were ever ready to reciprocate his admiration for them we have glad

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testimony to-day. The most encouraging and pleasantly reminiscent feature of this dedication is the proud participation in it by such a splendid contingent from the Philadelphia Brigade Association; and not only that, but its success is largely due to their co-operation in making preparation for it. Major John D. Worman, the adjutant of the association, is deserving of special thanks by reason of his eagerness and activity in rallying his comrades to take a prominent part in these ceremonies. As announced in our programme, Dr. G. J. R. Miller, of the One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania, is to speak in behalf of the Philadelphia Brigade Association, and time permitting other worthy members of the brigade will also contribute to these exercises. I have no doubt that they will give a good account of their brigade, and show that on other fields as well as Gettysburg they maintained a high reputation for fearless and foremost fighting.

A good part of to-day's honors has fallen to Pennsylvania, and it is apt and just that this is so. The orator for this occasion also belongs to the Keystone State. He is General James W. Latta, of Philadelphia. When first requested to prepare his oration he responded cheerfully, and we are much obliged as well as very thankful for his coming here. General Latta is a Civil War veteran. His regiment was the One hundred and nineteenth Pennsylvania, and he was assistant adjutant general of the Third Brigade of the First Division, Sixth Corps, and later of the Fourth Division Cavalry Corps, Military Division of the Mississippi. General Latta is no novice in the oratorical line. He is a veteran speaker as well as a veteran soldier. His effort at the dedication of the memorial to his regiment, on this field, and also his address delivered here, in behalf of the infantry, at the dedicatory exercises for the Pennsylvania State monument, are fine examples of eloquence and analysis. This was a good many years ago, and though his health and strength are not what they used to be, all the same I do not doubt but he is still fully capable of rising to the height of a battlefield dedication, and that, in the words of another veteran among us, he will prove that "There is vim in the old men yet."

Longstreet's assault was deliberately planned and as confidently and defiantly begun. The desperate endeavor of 15,000 men — the flower of the Army of Northern Virginia — and most of them fresh troops — to gain their objective and seize Cemetery Ridge, was not to be easily foiled, and it took more than one of the Northern States

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to defeat them. A word or two on each of the units of the Empire State engaged in the repulse, inasmuch as they are represented here to-day, is quite in order.

When the Confederates were seen coming over the stone wall the Forty-second New York (also called the Tammany Regiment), commanded by Colonel Joseph E. Mallon, rushed forward to meet them and they took an active part in the melee. Their color sergeant, Michael Cuddy, fell mortally wounded, and Private Michael McDonough captured the flag of the Twenty-second North Carolina. In the fight of the second day this regiment also sustained severe losses.

"Boys, bury me on the field," was the last command issued by Lieut.-Colonel M. A. Thoman to his regiment, the Fifty-ninth. When he fell Captain William McFadden took his place. This regiment contributed strenuously to the repulse of the charge and seized the colors of the Eighteenth Virginia.

The Eighty-second Regiment (Second N. Y. S. M.) lost 153 men in the battle of the second day and sixty-nine the third day. Its commander, Lieut.-Colonel James Huston, was killed. Captain John Darrow succeeded him. The Eighty-second was effectively in evidence at the clump of trees. The second day they captured the flags of the Forty-eighth Georgia and the third day those of the First and Seventh Virginia.

Willard's Brigade, consisting of the Thirty-ninth, One hundred and eleventh, One hundred and twenty-fifth and One hundred and twenty-sixth regiments, directed a deadly flank fire on Pettigrew's men, and in their counter attack captured prisoners by the score and a large number of battle flags. Colonel G. L. Willard, of the One hundred and twenty-fifth, was killed the second day, and the command of the brigade devolved on Colonel Eliakim Sherrill, of the One hundred and twenty-sixth, who was also killed. Then it was put in charge of Lieut.-Colonel James M. Bull, also of the One hundred and twenty-sixth. Lieut.-Colonel James G. Hughes was commander of the Thirty-ninth. This regiment lost fifty per cent. of its men at Gettysburg. With one exception, the One hundred and eleventh sustained the greatest losses of any Union regiment at Gettysburg. It was first led by Colonel Clinton D. McDougal, and after he was wounded by Lieut.-Colonel Isaac M. Lusk and Captain A. P. Seeley. Colonel Levi Crandall commanded the One hundred and twenty-fifth.

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The Tenth N. Y. Battalion, Major George F. Hopper in command, had the honor of receiving directions from General Meade personally. It was in service as provost guard, and after the failure of the assault 1,800 prisoners were committed to its care.

The Eightieth Regiment (Twentieth N. Y. S. M.) divided its attention and its firing between Kemper's and Garnett's brigades, and the end of the assault found them at the clump of trees. General Doubleday, to whose division this regiment belonged, complimented them warmly for their valor and sacrifice during all three days of the battle.

The One hundred and eighth Regiment, with Colonel Charles J. Powers, in command, supported Woodruff's Battery I, U. S. Artillery and Willard's Brigade, at Ziegler's Grove. Its casualties at Gettysburg were 113 men out of 200.

The batteries that helped the Empire State to loom large in the repulse are also well represented here. We have delegations from the First, Eleventh and Thirteenth N. Y. Independent Batteries, and Batteries B and K, First N. Y. Light Artillery.

Captain James M. Rorty, fated to fall, commanded Battery B and Captain Robert H. Fitzhugh Battery K, while Lieut. William Wheeler commanded the Thirteenth Battery. The Eleventh Battery was attached to Battery K and the Fourteenth, Captain Rorty's, to Battery B.

Only one of the officers commanding the New York regiments and batteries, engaged at the Angle and near it the third day, remain. That surviving officer is Colonel Andrew Cowan, of the First N. Y. Independent Battery, who, all the way from Louisville, Ky., is with us here, and a hundred welcomes and many thanks to him for this honor. Colonel Cowan is going to speak to you not only in behalf of his own battery, but also on other batteries that wheeled to the front when danger threatened Cemetery Ridge. As you will soon learn, he is an authority on what took place here a little more than fifty-two years ago. Unlike most of the regiments and batteries massed on this ridge when Longstreet made it his objective Colonel Cowan's command did not belong to the Second Corps. His corps was the Sixth, and that corps' reputation for forward and telling work was well sustained by Colonel Cowan not only at Gettysburg but before and after Gettysburg.

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Though the Angle when it resounded to the furious rush of combatants and their hand-to-hand conflict was immune from the charge of squadrons, the cavalry was not far off then, nor, as is well known, idle either. That important arm of the service, I am glad to announce, has a worthy representative at this dedication, and he is going to recite some appropriate verses of his own composition. As secretary of the Society of the Army of the Potomac for many decades past and also a member of Sheridan's Cavalry, the name of General Horatio C. King became well known to you long ago, and I believe there is hardly a veteran present that has not seen him or heard him at Gettysburg ere this. I know you will appreciate his contribution to these exercises.

While this dedication immediately concerns Pennsylvania and New York, nevertheless, now, as always, there is glory enough in Gettysburg — even in that part of it at which Longstreet's assault was directed — to go all round; and a good share of that glory has fallen to Vermont. Three of Stannard's Vermont regiments — the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Sixteenth — with Gates's Demi-brigade — the Eightieth New York and One hundred and fifty-first Pennsylvania (both brigades belonging to Doubleday's Division) — gave battle to Kemper's regiments as they manoeuvred to the clump of trees, and together did most effective work at the final encounter. I mention this because a gentleman from Vermont, General Theodore S. Peck, is going to address you in behalf of his State. General Peck when the war commenced joined the First Vermont Cavalry, from which he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the Ninth Vermont Infantry, and he served with such gallantry that he was awarded a gold medal of honor by the United States government. General Peck was a life long friend of General Webb and an ardent admirer of his.

How often on this battlefield have visitors not of veteran years found pleasant reminiscence in the thought that they had a relative or a father who contributed his share of good work here during those memorable days of July, 1863. This I know to be a fact in the case of a distinguished gentleman by whose presense we are especially honored to-day. His father, however, though at Gettysburg was not there as a soldier, but, as has been well said, "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Though seldom talked of nowadays, the after scenes at Gettysburg, just as the combat was over, are not yet forgotten, and they never could be by anyone who

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witnessed them. All around lay the victims of the fray for whom there was nothing more left in this world but a soldier's grave, and soldier sacrifice to remember. All the men that could be spared were aiding the doctors and bringing the helpless of both armies to the hospitals improvised for the occasion; and, oh! it was piteous — hear those poor fellows groaning and to think of their agonies — a large number of them beyond aid and dying by the score. It did not take long for the news of the battle to be talked of far and near, and, without losing a moment, from the North and East, and every direction, came angels in human form — angels clothed in male and female attire — brethren and sisters of the Christian Mission and members of the Sanitary Commission, all zealously and untiringly engaged in the benevolent work of rendering what relief they could to the wounded and consolation to the dying. And among those heroes and heroines of peace and ministers of compassion who hastened to that after scene, intent on corporal and spiritual works of mercy, was a young clergyman from Boston, the Reverend John Seymour Whitman, the father of His Excellency, Charles Seymour Whitman, Governor of New York.

Not all of you, probably, have heard Governor Whitman before, but you have all often heard of him, as you often will again, too, I have not the least doubt. New York, as to its attitude regarding other States, is sometimes accused of being provincial, but in the past, as I hope it will also be in the future, governors of New York have frequently been identified with possibilities in national affairs by no means provincial. I know that Governor Whitman is not going to include in his remarks a short account of his stewardship as chief magistrate of the Empire State. That is entirely unnecessary, for his administration speaks for itself, and speaks laudably too. Prior to assuming honors and responsibilities gubernatorial, Governor Whitman was engaged, in the capacity of district attorney, in conducting a campaign against lawlessness and unearthing dangerous conspiracies, in New York City, and his great success in that work has earned for him gratitude. He showed then that he was not the man to be deterred by any consideration from carrying out his resolution, that the law should take its course and that crime — heinous crime — should not remain unpunished and should be forcefully discouraged.

I now take great pleasure in introducing to you Governor Whitman of New York.



HIS EXCELLENCY CHARLES S. WHITMAN, GOVERNOR

Address by Governor Charles S. Whitman

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

THIS place of many monuments erected by the Federal government, by States and by military organizations, represents, as perhaps no other field in the world represents, the effort of the living to glorify a Nation's heroes and forever to perpetuate their memory.

Time was when the very word "Gettysburg" stood for all that was terrible in war. The horrible combat here waged cast a shadow over thousands of American households, which the long years have slowly dispelled.

All the misunderstanding, the enmities created, the rancor and bitterness engendered, indeed all that was evil and wrong during the most unhappy years of our National life — all is forgotten now. The splendid heroism, the firmness for the right, as God gave them to see the right, the faithfulness unto death — these qualities characterized both armies — the Blue and the Gray. The record is the common heritage of a united American people and never can be forgotten.

These wonderful hills and valleys, precious to the Nation, are becoming of ever increasing interest and value to our people as the years go by, as monument and tablet in bronze and in stone, telling the story of heroic deeds and heroic lives, perpetuating memories, not of a brutal conflict but of noble self sacrifice and devotion, fittingly mark historic spots on this "The Nation's Holy Ground."

New York has erected many monuments here — over a hundred, so I am told — and they testify to the prowess and the patriotism of those whom she sent to battle and to death that the nation might live. In no other battle of the war were so many of the troops engaged drawn from the Empire State, and nowhere else in the North were so many homes made desolate or so many called upon to mourn the loss of the dearest and the best, as a result of the three days' conflict here waged.

We come to-day to unveil a stately figure, cast in bronze, perpetuating, so far as the skilful sculptor can, the form and features of a great soldier and a great and good man.

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Two states share in the glory of achievement with which General Webb's name will be forever associated here. For although he was a son of New York, the brigade which he commanded was composed of Philadelphia regiments. The men who beat back the charging hosts of the enemy at the Angle were sons of Pennsylvania, and the survivors of those regiments, the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second and One hundred and sixth, who are here to-day, honor us and our State by their presence and by their devotion to the memory of their old commander.

Great in war, his service to the State was no less real and no less distinguished in time of peace.

Thousands of young men, even many in middle life, in New York, will hardly recognize in the stern, set face and heroic figure, clad in the uniform of a major general, his right hand firmly clasping the sword-hilt, the dignified, kindly, scholarly instructor, who for so many years was the president of the College of the City of New York, who, with his splendid qualities of mind and heart, impressed his wonderful personality upon a great number of our citizens, graduates of that institution, in whose lives and in whose hearts he lives and ever will live.

General Webb was the son of a soldier and the grandson of a soldier. His grandfather was wounded in the battle of Bunker Hill. Against a savage foe on our then Western frontier, his father defended the Flag and the liberty, the civilization and the enlightenment which the Flag embodies and represents.

He was true to his inheritance, loyal to the country's traditions and institutions. He realized the value of all that the Nation and the Flag stood for. He recognized the peril to both, and he came to their defense without hesitation and without thought of personal danger, as did the hosts who followed him.

The noble qualities which he possessed were in no sense unusual. The capacity for the most heroic effort displayed by all in this terrible conflict glorified the American name and is the common heritage of the American people.

I am not one of those who believe that the qualities of patriotism and heroism have departed from the youth of our land. The splendid traits of the noble character, to which we here do honor, are possessed to-day by the young men of the Nation, North and South and East and West.

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We honor ourselves when we do honor to the heroes of the past.

Gettysburg has offered for the emulation of succeeding generations many a shining example of all that is highest and best in American manhood. Among them all there is no name more worthy of remembrance than that of the man whose loyalty and patriotism never wavered during all the darkest hours of the Nation's life, whose steadfast and untiring devotion to duty as a soldier and a citizen ceased only with his death, the man whom the State of New York is proud to own as her son, in whose honor to-day she gives this statue to Gettysburg and to the Nation.

Oration by General James W. Latta, of Pennsylvania

119th Pa. Vols.; Assistant Adjutant-General, Third Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps, and later of Fourth Division Cavalry Corps, Military Division of the Mississippi

COMMISSIONERS, COMRADES, FRIENDS:

SOMEWHERE it has been said that there are two kinds of public speakers — those who come with a long message, and others who come with a long memory. I hope not to weary you with the matter of the message, nor tire you with its length, but the memory — my memory — will be long, ever long in its cherished recollections of this place of undeserved prominence to which your invitation has so generously assigned me in these proceedings.

“Wars are wars of creed or wars of greed.” Under which does the present war fall? was the postulate recently assumed by a magazine writer of some repute. He did not attempt to sustain his postulate, nor seem even satisfactorily to give answer to his interrogatory. Possibly in the self-imposed limitation of his assumption he rendered his interrogatory the less susceptible of categorical disposition. In our military nomenclature there is no place for the phrase.

Religious warfare disappeared in the long ago. By those out of touch with the much alleged aggressor in this big world's war, it would emphatically be declared to be a war of greed. Religion, however, has its place everywhere throughout these war-ridden lands, and though the participants are of discordant and different creeds, and divers professions, all worship the same God, the God of revelation, the God who some day must bring them all to judgment. “The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.”

But in the minds of those who have had some share in war's actualities, this war can scarcely be recognized as an old acquaintance. Decimation, destruction, annihilation, follow so closely in its path that a new word must be found to give it distinctive definition. General engagement, skirmish, affair at arms, the camp, the march, the bivouac have but scant recognition. Siege, blockade, traverse,

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salient, still serve a purpose, while the trench, said when properly defended to be irreducible, is given a new and conspicuous recognition. All names are now shadows, for the romance of great leaders, the magic of personal combat, has long vanished out of this war, which has resolved itself into "a slow grinding of anonymous masses against each other." The battle, murder, and sudden death from which the Litany prays deliverance, though still maintaining its full and intended significance, should now be modernized to be of essential import and peculiarly adaptable to present conditions, when an explosive from a forty-two centimetre announces its unwelcome presence. The monotonous detail in the East Indies in the whilom days, with neither promotion to encourage energy, nor duty to stimulate activity, prompted the British officers to frequent repetitions of the impious supplication, "Oh! for a bloody war or a sickly season." The long delayed answer to the impious prayer of the ancestor has found punitive response to his progeny of a later generation.

The romance of the fight is out of it, the poetry of the charge has lost its rhythm; the clang of the sabre and ring of the molineaux is a lesson of the past; the rapid fire gun sounds an impending doom for the hitherto indispensable infantry; the long range cannon and the high explosives make the battlefield a holocaust and the trench a sepulchre; the shout, the cheer, the defiance are hushed in the awful slaughter in the moment of the deadly impact. All the blessed memories of a storied past are suppressed for the time in the conduct of this "bludgeon war", with which the European nations impair the promise, hinder the progress and still the activities that greeted the opening years of this splendid twentieth century civilization.

But this war of ours, this war of which some still remain, as living exponents of what is was, how it was, and who fought it, was a war of neither creed or greed, neither conquest nor subjugation, it was a war to determine whether a free, liberty-loving representative democracy should be nationalized or denationalized, whether its free, liberty-giving purpose and principle should be for all peoples — all creeds, all faiths, regardless of color, condition, or servitude — or whether the Caucasian alone should be the full participant of its blessings and its benefits. Here, here on this field was the issue decisively determined, and here with its Marathon on Round Top, and its Thermopylae at the Angle, will Gettysburg — great Gettysburg — be and remain forever immortal as the ages.

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The Empire State and the Keystone State united to save the nation, in the forum and on the battlefield, both in the State of Pennsylvania, on two occasions — critical periods in our country's history. James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, a leader at the bar, eminent on the bench, was a strenuous and potential factor in framing the Constitution of the United States, adopted in September 1787 by the Convention at Philadelphia. Alexander Hamilton, of New York, deserted by his colleagues, who had returned to New York to defeat its ratification, still remained a dominant force in the Convention. Anxious moments, serious thoughts, followed the strenuously conducted campaign against ratification. Hamilton with his "masterful power of exposition and persuasion" in the end brought his campaign to a successful issue and by a narrow margin New York cast her vote for adoption.

And the other occasion was on this decisive battlefield, at three o'clock on the afternoon of the third day of July, 1863. Here on this spot, where was the "stress and strain" of the conflict, here where the enemy fought tenaciously to drive in his "fiery wedge." Here met by Alexander Stewart Webb, of New York, with Owen's Philadelphia Brigade — the Second Brigade — of the Second Division, of the Second Corps — Pennsylvanians all — he was driven back routed, defeated, discomfited, and American democracy, with all its vast and comprehensive meaning, was re-assured of that perpetuity for which the "founders" had given in preamble and text of their Constitution their written guarantee.

The great Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer. The "two" Alexanders were content, each in his day and generation, and in his sphere, with the opportunity that had been given them to contribute so substantially to the making of the one great world power, that no seceder from within can dis sever, nor foe from without disturb.

Alexander Stewart Webb — soldier, scholar, sage! His standing in his classes through his cadetship, his after achievements in the field, his higher scholarly acquisitions, ultimately brought the promise of his early years to a full fruition, in the military honors he secured and the masterful leadership conceded him in the educational world.

Rarely has the presence of a general officer been ever so distinctively marked in a common consensus of commendation, in book, pamphlet, or official report, as an indispensable personality, as has



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Photograph taken at Wadsworth Monument

Alexander Stewart Webb

been that of General Alexander S. Webb on the battlefield of Gettysburg at the moment of the deadly impact.

Comte de Paris says: "Owen's Brigade, commanded by General Webb, is on the right of the Angle. The shock is terrific; first it falls upon the brigades of Hall and Harrow, then concentrates upon that of Webb against which the assailants are oscillating right and left. The latter general in the midst of his soldiers encourages them by his example."

And this from a participant from what he saw: "Webb's men are falling fast and he was among them to direct and encourage."

And from Banes' History of the Philadelphia Brigade: "General Webb won the esteem of his soldiers for his skilful management and for the extraordinary coolness he displayed in the midst of danger."

Gibbon in his official report says: "The repulse of the assault was most gallant, and I desire to call attention to the great gallantry and conspicuous qualities displayed by General Webb and Colonel Hall. Their services were invaluable, and it is safe to say that without their presence the enemy would have succeeded in gaining a foothold at that point."

And Hancock follows: "They were by the personal bravery of General Webb and his officers immediately formed behind the crest.
* * * Brig. Gen. Webb and Colonel R. Penn Smith performed in like manner most distinguished services in leading their men forward at a critical moment of the combat."

And then as if to strengthen and confirm with proper sequence and with concurrence of the highest authority, the Congress awarded to General Webb its medal of honor "for distinguished personal gallantry at the battle of Gettysburg."

Webb was graduated from the West Point Military Academy in the class of 1855. Who were his classmates? And what has history to say of them? With his own, the names of many of his fellows were at one time as familiar to the country as are those of men prominent in the nation's life to-day.

Cyrus B. Comstock never lost first place in all his classes as he passed through the Academy, as he never lost first place in the trust and confidence of both Grant and Sherman in the delicate and responsible duties he was called upon to perform in his services upon their respective staffs.

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George D. Ruggles and Samuel Breck rose to the head of their department; each in turn was The Adjutant General of the Army.

Alfred T. A. Torbert commanded the cavalry corps of the Army of Potomac and won name and fame for himself and his corps.

Godfrey Weitzel, who was No. 2, commanded the Twenty-fifth Army Corps.

William W. Averill was a famous general officer of the cavalry arm of the service.

William B. Hazen with his capture of Fort MacAllister made the fall of Savannah inevitable, and thus permitted Sherman to conclude his march to the sea with its occupancy, on December 25th, and send it with his greeting as his Christmas gift to the nation.

And then these dedication services not only tend to give a true historic value to a singular coincidence, but as well to bring into distinctive prominence another significant battlefield touch of the Keystone and Empire States.

While Webb was sending the enemy back from the Angle, routed, defeated, discomfited, David McMurtrie Gregg, of Pennsylvania, his fellow classmate, with his cavalry command was making like summary disposition of Stuart at Rummel's Farm. Gregg was a leader in his profession of arms, a masterful spirit in the trade of war, the faithful public servant, the exemplary citizen, the truly Christian man.

These troops of Webb were seasoned soldiers all of them. Not only were they all from the same State, but they were all from the same city. State brigade organizations were familiar — notably the Vermont Brigade, the New Jersey Brigade, the Michigan Brigade; but Philadelphia has alone carried its City designation. Sickles' Excelsior Brigade, of New York, probably came nearest to it in this respect. Made up of Owen's Sixty-ninth, Baker's Seventy-first, Baxter's Seventy-second and Morehead's One hundred and sixth Pennsylvania, it was known successively and it never lost its City identity through all its change of commanders — as Burns', Owen's, Webb's — Philadelphia Brigade always, at all times, and on all occasions — tested, tried and true.

The brigade was originally the conception of former residents of the Pacific Coast, who, desirous that California should have its representation with the Eastern troops, secured the authority of the War Department to raise a brigade, which eventuated in the recruitment and muster of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania — first known as the

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California Regiment. Edward D. Baker, the distinguished senator from the State of Oregon, was made its colonel, and Isaac J. Wistar, of Philadelphia, its lieutenant colonel; the three other Pennsylvania regiments assigned to it completed its organization. Colonel Baker was killed at Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861. Colonel Wistar succeeded him, and Pennsylvania now claiming its own, as is so quaintly said by Frank H. Taylor, author of the official history, "Philadelphia in the Civil War." "These four so called California regiments were destined to win honor and glory as the Philadelphia Brigade."

The Second Corps was a famous corps for fight — for its fighting qualities — its fighting generals. It could administer punishment and receive punishment with equal aptitude. It gave it and took it with like stolidity. What it gave was more than what it had to take. Sumner, Couch, Hancock, Humphreys. No military association ever grouped so forcefully, courage, capacity, valor, achievement. Not a blemish to mar the splendor of its memories, nor cloud to darken the brightness of its recollections.

Recalled after so many years, when this group had seemingly passed out of mind, there comes a touch of self reproach that such forgetfulness has been permitted. "But the greatest of these (is) was" you cannot answer, you won't answer, the more you press for an answer the more reluctance there is to give it. Sumner so intense to every sense of responsibility and with all his years, so eager for the field. His two sons have attained the same high rank as the father — a most unusual happening — but true to manhood as they are, they will never be their father; Couch, the intrepid, as he threw brigade after brigade against the impossible at Fredericksburg. Besides the reverence and respect in which his soldiers held him, his home State, Massachusetts, honored him with responsible official preferment. "Hancock was superb", as McClellan had styled him at Williamsburg. He did not like the word, but he could not help it; everybody else did and it was true in the highest conception of its meaning. Walker in his "History of the Second Corps," says of him when he left the corps finally, as if he were writing at the very moment of the happening of the event and was still of his military family — so impressively is it said — "Hancock left the Second Corps 'forever' ". He must pass to the realm of the reader and the student, for the world will never know him as his soldiers did, and they are nearly all gone. Humphreys, so profound as a scholar, so thorough

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as a soldier. Humphreys at Fredericksburg, Humphreys at Gettysburg; Meade, of a scientific bent himself, when he found the scholar and the soldier assimilate so well as they did with Humphreys and with Webb sought them out to do him special service. So when Humphreys went from chief of staff to command the Second Corps, Webb was chosen to succeed him. "But the greatest of these was" you cannot answer, you won't answer, you may know, you may think or believe you know, but you have too much love for each and all and everyone of them to disclose or reveal your conviction. Pardon this apparent digression. The moment was too auspicious to be lost.

It was of this distinctive gathering, this Second Corps combination, that the Philadelphia Brigade was a conspicuous unit. Yorktown, Fair Oaks, the Peninsula, The Seven Days' Fight, Pope's Campaign, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville — march, bivouac, camp, fatigue, exposure, disease, wounds, death, disaster, defeat, triumph and victory. It was through and after all this genuine service that the brigade came to the fateful day — fortuitous is better — in the early July days of '63, to its own home State, to find itself again affront its old antagonist, the Army of Northern Virginia — there to do battle once more — this time decisively, on what is now the far-famed field of Gettysburg.

Kinglake, when his "Crimean War" was in course of preparation is said to have interviewed such of its survivors as he could conveniently reach. Its thoroughness, especially in the two volumes of Balaclava and "That Inkerman Sunday," quite conclusively show that he did. The work is replete with expressions that could only come from the living witness. A notable illustration is Cardigan's "damn that Nolan." So incensed was he that a staff officer should with his "there is your enemy," pointing to a new direction, attempt to thus confuse his movement, that he continued to repeat his denunciation all the way down the valley. And another was Lord George Percy's awful implication, as he first saw Cardigan when he rode out of the fight, whom he had not happened to see in it. "My God, Cardigan, where were you?" If Gettysburg's already voluminous literature — valuable as it is — had received like treatment its proportions would be scarce conceivable.

And yet with all this Gettysburg literature, complete as it is — and there will always be more or less contribution yet to come — there still seems something wanting. With all the well-deserved prominence



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Photograph taken at Webb Monument

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given the valor of those who made the charge, a like prominence has not been as freely accorded those who received it. The soldier is coming to the fore again, in this season of purposeful preparedness; it is wise to preserve the past, as well with a rigorous accuracy as with an appreciative recognition.

The designation, "Pickett's Charge," seems to leave naught else for appreciation but Pickett's men. To the distant observer, there seems to be more of the pomp and pageantry and trumph of war in a column moving forward to strike a foe, appreciably sustained by its own enthusiasm, than there is in the knitted brow, the hard-set countenance, the hushed voice, the watchful eager eye of those whom this steadily advancing foe is about to strike. Nerve, endurance, determination alone sustain the one, while the quick movement, the rapid stride, urgent appeal, stirring speech of officer, field and line, so largely tend to help, encourage and sustain the other. Casualties left behind as a column passes on have not the depressing effect of the casualty that remains while the engagement continues.

Discipline has been epitomized "as the endurance of loss under fire." A few excerpts from the History of the Second Army Corps by General Francis A. Walker, so eminent as a scholar, so reliable as an authority, show, through an orderly sequence, the intensity of the moment, with equal recognition of the efficiency and valor of friend and foe alike. An attempt to break an enemy's centre was never viewed with favor. The excerpts follow:

"One Confederate division remained unbreathed. This was the division of Pickett, comprising the brigades of Garnett, Kemper and Armistead — in all fifteen Virginia regiments — the very flower of the Southern chivalry. This was justly the most distinguished of that splendid army for discipline and valor."

"Upon the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Pennsylvania of Webb's Brigade, posted on the low stone wall, falls the full force of Longstreet's mighty blow."

"Like leaves in the autumn gale, the Philadelphians drop along the line."

"And now the collision for which these thousands of Confederates have crossed the bloody plain and for which those soldiers of the Union have watched through all that anxious time comes with a crash and clamor that might well appall the stoutest heart."

"It must be evident, even to one who knows nothing of war, that such a strain as this could not long continue, something must give way under such a pressure. If one side will not the other must, if not at one point then at another. The time has come to advance the standards of the Second Corps. With loud cries and a sudden forward surge, in which every semblance of formation is lost the Union troops now move upon the faltering foe. One moment more and all is over."

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Every battlefield has its gems and treasures that brighten with a new lustre as time goes on. Gettysburg with its great treasure house full to repletion tenders a contribution from its Second Corps jewel case.

As the sun was within a couple of hours of its daylight limit on that sweltering second day, off yonder near where the Third Corps had fought so hard, the One hundred and sixth, Lieut.-Colonel Curry in command, with other troops of the brigade, perceiving that volley after volley had checked the enemy's advance and set his lines to wavering, "fixed its bayonets in the presence of the fleeing foe" and still so pressed the charge that the enemy retiring in much confusion, to his original lines, a confusion that was indeed so far a rout that the colonel, major, five captains, fifteen lieutenants and two hundred of the men of the Forty-eighth Georgia were captured on the way.

And again the contribution runs of the Sixty-ninth, with O'Kane and Tschudy gone and Duffy severely wounded, directing to the end — a regiment "that always stayed where it was put." It is isolated for the moment with the enemy in its rear, nothing but its "shouts and shots" indicates just where it is as the "terrific shock" intensifies. With its heavy casualty score of fifty-four per cent. it won its place that day with its other days of fight, among the Three Hundred Fighting regiments, three of the field, twelve of the line, one hundred and twenty-four of the men, clubbed muskets, a crushed skull, personal encounters.

And another relic from the treasure house tells of how the Seventy-second — its place about the hottest, where the "fiery wedge" hit hardest — fighting "steadily and persistently", with Baxter sorely wounded the day before — when with the One hundred and sixth it had then pursued the enemy so vigorously that many of them throwing down their arms cried out with oaths, "Let us out of this, it is too hot" — and Hesser in command, Armistead mortally wounded, right beside the colors. With casualties the heaviest numerically and percentage score of forty-four per cent., that with its other losses on other fields won for it also a place with the three hundred fighting regiments out of the two thousand that made up the aggregate of the Union Army.

And with these jeweled treasures, the Seventy-first too had its gem-like place, not alone for holding its position while the enemy was still in its rear, and other eminently distinctive instances of valor,

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but also for the official recognition that came to Colonel Smith by the corps commander "for most distinguished services in leading his men forward at a critical moment" and as well also from General Webb for making, as he said, "such important disposition of two of his companies at a moment of imminent peril in the action as showed him to be the possessor of true military intelligence on the field." With casualties of twenty-four per cent. and many another heavier loss on other fields, the noble three hundred fighting regiments claimed the Seventy-first for their own and there it has its place to-day.

Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, were yet to follow, until July 20, 1864, when the Seventy-first and Seventy-second, honorably mustered out by expiration of term, the Sixty-ninth veteranized and the One hundred and sixth reduced to a battalion, the Philadelphia Brigade, its perpetuity assured with the distinction it had won, ceased to be forever.

At Gettysburg in 1913

By General Horatio C. King

MY mind reverts first to the wonderful reunion held in 1913, where the men who confronted each other in battle met here to celebrate a restored Union. One of the number and my friend of many years, Capt. John H. Leathers, a Confederate, was with them. He was in Johnson's Division, at Culp's Hill, and was wounded in this battle. On his return I was tempted to a bit of rhythm, which I will present now before giving my poem on Gettysburg. I feel that it will touch the hearts of my old comrades.

We've tramped the famous battlefield
Where fifty years ago
The Boys in Blue and Boys in Gray
Were met as deadly foe;
The sun was piping hot, dear John,
With some their steps were slow,
But fierce the heat and swift the feet
Some fifty years ago.

We climbed the Little Round Top, John,
And panted up Culp's Hill,
Then back to War's High Water Mark
Where Cowan's guns are still,
That tore the columns thro and thro,
Ah, John, how well you know,
For you were in that awful fight,
Some fifty years ago.

Six hundred monuments to-day
Bedeck that sacred field,
And every foot of that rich soil
Its tales of valor yield;
Full fifty thousand valiant men
Poured out their blood, you know;
It was, dear John, a gruesome sight
Some fifty years ago.

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But now, dear John, throughout the land
The voice of peace is heard,
While North and South in sweet accord
Repeat the joyful word;
The gulf is bridged, the hatchet lost,
But still through memories flow
The deeds that thrilled the world, dear John,
Some fifty years ago.

Gettysburg has been immortalized in song and story and my own contribution is presented with becoming modesty.

GETTYSBURG

By General Horatio C. King

Fair was the sight that peaceful July day
And sweet the air with scent of new mown hay,
And Gettysburg's devoted plain serene
Resplendent shone with waves of emerald green.

The western heights, where close embowered stood
The sacred shrine, near hidden in the wood,
Reeked not of war, but echoed with the tread
Of God's meek messengers of peace, who led
The thoughts from earthly things to things above,
And taught the wayward heart that God is love;
While far across wide fields of golden grain
Another ridge uprose from out the plain;
And in its bosom, freed from earthly woes,
The dead of ages lie in calm repose.

Two bloody days across the stricken field,
Two angry hordes in ghastly combat reeled;
And welcome night its dusky mantle threw
In pitying love to hide the scene from view.

Again the bugle with its piercing call
Awoke the soldier from deep slumber's thrall;
With anxious waiting, nerved by conscious power,
All stood impatient through the morning hour,
Till from the throats of every shotted gun
The smoke of hell obscured the blazing sun;
Then silence deep, and every soldier knew
The charge was near, and tight his buckle drew:

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Lo! from their midst a stern command; and then
The quick advance of twenty thousand men;
A solid line of veterans clad in gray,
With iron nerves and earnest for the fray.

In thought a new-born nation rose to sight,
With "stars and bars" unfurled in glorious light.
On, on they came, nor faltered in their tread,
Each man a hero — giants at their head.
We stood amazed at courage so sublime,
No braver record on the page of time.

With bristling bayonets glistening in the sun,
The stubborn ranks, inspired by victories won,
Pressed grimly on, unmindful of the storm
Of shot and shell that felled full many a form;
The maddened roar of angry cannon massed
Rocked the red field as if an earthquake passed.

Still on they come; the gaps they quickly close;
"Now steady, men!" and from our ranks there rose
A mighty cry, and thick the leaden hail
Fell on the wavering lines. "See! now they quail!"
"Strike! strike! for freedom and your native land!"
And bayonets clashed in conflicts hand to hand!
Oh, fierce the struggle; but they break! they fly!
And God to freedom gives the victory.

Here on this consecrated spot
Where fiery courage filled the air,
When dead and dying ghastly lie
And brave men fought with grim despair;
Here gallant Webb led on his men
To meet the bold and reckless foe
And drove them back; and on his brow
The crown of victory bestow.



FAMILY OF GENERAL WEBB

Address by Colonel Andrew Cowan

Former Captain of the First New York Independent Battery at Gettysburg, and
Commander of the Artillery Brigade of the Sixth Corps

COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

WE have heard an eloquent and inspiring oration from Governor Whitman of the Empire State, and a beautiful tribute by Colonel Stegman to the Governor's reverend father, who ministered unto our sick and wounded in the hospitals and on battle-fields, as an angel from the Christian Commission.

We have heard the fine oration of your beloved and distinguished comrade, General James W. Latta, of Philadelphia, and the stirring verses of General Horatio C. King, of Sheridan's Cavalry. So having heard from two of the infantry and one of the cavalry, the New York Monuments Commission expects me to speak for the light artillery. The cheers you gave so heartily for the First New York Battery, and again for its captain on that memorable day more than fifty years ago, affected me deeply.

Colonel Stegman, Chairman of the New York Monuments Commission, wrote me that I would be expected to say something to-day, and that a chair would be provided for me to speak from, for he had learned that I was crippled, as you see me, by reason of infection of an old wound, which woke up again over a year ago. When asked here: "Colonel, what is the matter, rheumatism?" I answered: "No, kicked by a mule. I am from Kentucky."

I replied to Colonel Stegman that I should prefer to be used as an exhibit only, but I could not decline an honor so kindly meant.

Until I received a copy of the printed programme of exercises last Saturday, which has me down for an "Address", I had expected to speak in an off-hand way about the fight here in the Angle, where the Philadelphia Brigade, of four veteran regiments, numbering less than fifteen hundred men, lay behind that low stone wall, which was the only breastworks, here where the soil was too thin to build an earth-work as high as our shootops. You will remember that the Philadelphia Brigade invited Pickett Camp, U. C. V., to meet them

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here on the twenty-fourth anniversary of the battle, and that the First New York Battery Association, being here for the dedication of the Battery's monument — escorted by Capt. Will Kirby's handsome militia company and a splendid band, from Auburn, N. Y. — joined with you in cordially greeting the Confederates in the town square, when they arrived and in shaking hands "across the wall" here in the Angle the following day.

Colonel Bachelder and I, while standing in this Angle that day, heard an officer telling a group of his comrades in gray about the fight. He said: "After we had carried two strong lines of breastworks, we came to a fort, about where we are standing. My horse was killed and fell with me into the ditch of the fort, but in some way, which I cannot recall, I scrambled up the slope and got inside, where the Yankees took me prisoner." I told that officer, when I was introduced to him later in the day, that there were no breastworks nor any fort here. He rode out from town with me and became convinced that the low wall, just about as you see it now, was the only protection that the Philadelphia Brigade had. He knew, as every soldier does, that breastworks and a fort could not be built where there was so little earth.

Here, at the right of a large copse of small scrub oaks, of which yonder umbrella-shaped clump of trees is the remnant, was Cushing's United States Battery and one gun of Cowan's First New York Battery, and at the immediate left of the copse were the other five guns of my battery, from the time the enemy, fifteen thousand strong, began to advance from the trees that lined Seminary Ridge, about a mile away, under the fire of more than a hundred cannon, from the Cemetery at our right to the Little Round Top on the left. The artillery front was about where Hancock Avenue is now. Battery caissons were conveniently parked to the rear for safety.

The repulse of Pickett's Virginians was your part in the panoramic battle of July 3rd, 1863, which defeated General Lee's hopes of breaking the center of Meade's Army and forcing its retreat.

You may ask how a battery of the Sixth Corps had the good fortune to be with your Second Corps at that critical time. Your patience would be taxed if I began my story with our arrival at Rock Creek on the Baltimore Pike, at one o'clock p. m. the second day. I was ordered, very early on the morning of the 3rd, to report with my battery to General John Newton, near Little Round Top.

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He then commanded the First Corps. We got our breakfast and rested until a few minutes after the Confederates opened the cannonade, with about one hundred guns, and we replied with about one hundred and fifty guns.

I was then directed to a position behind the extreme right of Stannard's Second Vermont Brigade, First Corps, this side of where the Pennsylvania monument now stands. The ride from the Taneytown Road, at the junction of the granite school house road, under that tempest of shot and shell, was thrilling, but the enemy's fire was far too high. The position assigned us was farther away from the breastworks than that of Pettit's Battery B, First New York Light Artillery — commanded that day by Captain J. McKay Rorty — which was the first battery to my right. The battery on Rorty's right was Brown's Battery B., First Rhode Island.

We fired, deliberately, to the left oblique at the enemy's batteries along the Emmitsburg Road, until an officer, riding at a run from the right toward our left, shouted to me as he passed: "Cease firing, hold your fire for the infantry." We ceased firing, but I wondered what he meant by "hold your fire for the infantry." Before the smoke which enveloped us was entirely blown away, another officer, riding in the same fashion, called to me as he passed: "Report to General Webb at the right." I hesitated because I was under General Doubleday's orders, directly behind the extreme right of his division, with two of the guns overlapping the left of the Second Corps. But I saw an officer standing at the copse of trees, waving his hat toward me, and I saw that the battery was withdrawing from the position at the right of Rorty's guns and left of the trees. The officer was General Webb and the battery was Brown's B, First Rhode Island, which was out of ammunition. It had been engaged in the great battle of the afternoon before, when Lieut. T. Fred. Brown, in command, was shot in the neck and fell from his horse wounded, between here and the Emmitsburg Road. I instantly gave the order: "Limber to the right, forward!" We wheeled into Brown's position at a gallop. Then, at a glance over yonder, I saw the enemy's skirmish line advancing from the trees with colors flying. I gave the distance and the time for fuses before I saw that one of my six guns had passed to the right of the trees in our furious gallop. I rode there and found my gun in position for firing, within a few yards of the left gun of the battery posted there. An officer came

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limping down to see what was the matter and I recognized him as Lieut. Alonzo Cushing, who had been slightly wounded in the thigh, probably by a small shrapnel ball. He heard my hurried explanation, made some pleasant reply and gave the order to his left gun: "By hand to the front." As I saw his gun being pushed down toward the wall, making room for mine to fire, I turned away, and saw him no more alive. After the fight, when looking for my gun, which had disappeared, I saw his dead body lying beside a gun down at the wall. A rifle ball had hit him in the mouth, doubtless killing him instantly.

The enemy seemed to be developing three lines — their skirmish line with two strong lines following — and were keeping a splendid alignment, guiding left. We fired rapidly from our five guns; I left the gun at the right take care of itself under acting Sergeant Mullaly, a brave soldier. Presently, I saw a body of Confederates appear, topping the ridge where Alexander's artillery was in action. It was Pickett's Division of Longstreet's Corps, five thousand strong, which had only arrived during the previous night, and therefore had not been engaged the first or second day. They dressed their lines before advancing, and from there they came on steadily in three lines at brigade front.

I could see them perfectly, for there were no trees then along the wall to obstruct the view. The trees on the little knoll over there in the front have grown from stumps of small trees that were cut down there the second day. As gaps opened in their lines, when men fell under our cannon fire, they closed to their left and kept a splendid front, as described in my official report. Their direction was oblique, and it seemed that they were marching to this copse of trees, as indeed they were. The Codori House and barn hid them from my sight for a minute, and when I saw them again they were coming at a run, without regard to alignment. There was a little elevation, covered with bushes as it then seemed to me, just where yonder bunch of trees beyond the wall has grown from suckers. A few hundred of the Virginians fell down behind that brush-covered knoll and opened fire on us. But the large body of them, to their left, rushed forward in the direction of the Angle, to our right of the trees.

General Hunt was on horseback in my battery, and I was standing at the left side of his horse, when I opened with canister on the crowd lying down. He soon began firing his pistol at those rushing

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on, exclaiming: "See 'em! See 'em!", when in a moment his horse fell dead under him. We extricated him and quickly mounted him on our Sergeant Van Etten's big bay, on which he rode away toward the right of the trees, calling over his shoulder to me: "Look out or you will kill our men", meaning our infantry behind the low wall in front of my five guns; but I had no thought of firing over their heads at such close range.

Then, in a flash, our infantry behind the wall in front of my guns arose and rushed to the right through the trees, for some cause I could not see. Quite a number of them ran away through my guns. One was a captain, with his sword tucked under his arm, running like a turkey. I swore at him as he passed me. But it was a circus to hear and see our Corporal Plunkett, swearing like a pirate and prancing like a mad bull, striking at the runaways with his fists, until I saw him pick up something from the ground and smash it over the head of one of the frightened boys. It was a big tin coffeepot, the loot from some Dutch Frau's kitchen. The blow broke in the bottom. I can still see that fellow running with the tin pot well down over his ears.

Then the enemy, that had found shelter behind that little rocky knoll covered with brush, rushed forward toward our uncovered front. I had given the order: "Load with double canister", just as my Lieutenant Wright, standing at my side, fell, shot through the body. Young Jake McElroy, No. 2 at the gun near the trees, called to me: "Captain, this is our last round", and I replied: "I know it, Jake." As he stepped outside the wheel he fell, and when we lifted his body, after the fight, there were three bullet holes in his face. The five guns, double loaded with canister, were ready, their muzzles run down to the lowest point, when I saw a young officer, waving his sword, leap the wall, followed by a number of men, and heard him shout: "Take the gun", meaning our gun closest to the trees. I shouted: "Fire!" The bronze bas-relief on our battery monument here tells the story of that gun.

Samuel Wilkeson, the great war correspondent with the Army of the Potomac, whose son, Lieut. Bayard Wilkeson, was killed the first day at Barlow's Knoll, commanding the United States Battery there, wrote to the New York Times, describing the "awful" effect of the canister from Cowan's guns, and bestowing exaggerated praise on our battery. At his request, when he was walking along the line

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the same evening before dusk, I escorted him across the wall and left him there talking with wounded Confederates. On our left side of the wall, Blue and Gray were lying; beyond it, "only the gray clad Virginians, immortality their guerdon"; as I said to my son when we were here twenty-three years afterwards. I did not know about Mr. Wilkeson's letter until that visit, when I found extracts from it in Professor Werts' "Hand Book of Gettysburg Battlefield", one of the first guide books which was published. The entire letter was re-published in the New York Times on the fiftieth anniversary of its first appearance. We buried that young officer in a separate grave, and we buried Captain Rorty, Battery B, First New York Light Artillery, in a grave beside him, marking both with cracker box head boards. I returned that young officer's sword to a representative of Pickett's Camp, U. C. V., at the dedication of the First New York Battery's monument, on the twenty-fourth anniversary. I had his belt also, but some one had stolen it before that time.

Pickett's Division, as I said, came on in three lines, brigade front. General Garnett was killed, General Kemper wounded, and a few of them indeed, except the rear brigade, commanded by General Armistead, got as far as the wall here in the Angle. General Armistead, followed by a hundred or two hundred of his bravest men, crossed the wall in the Angle. He fell mortally wounded where the granite slab stands. That break was the cause for the left companies of the Philadelphia Brigade, in front of my guns, being ordered to the right to repel the enemy. Most of our infantry must have retired as far as this place, on which Cushing's guns stood when I first came up, for I saw the colors of three regiments and an Irish flag, close together, surrounded by our men, firing "at will", as fast as they could load. I did not see a panic such as Lieutenant Haskell, of Gibbon's staff, described in a letter home, published years after his heroic death when leading his regiment at Cold Harbor. Pickett's five thousand brave men were repulsed with fearful loss and the battle of Gettysburg ended.

Remember, Comrades of the Philadelphia Brigade, that I have only told the story of what I saw while serving with your brigade, commanded by that accomplished soldier and gentleman, General Alexander S. Webb, whose memory and service this monument, just unveiled, fitly commemorates. Others may tell about Hall's and Harrow's Brigades, of your division, to the left, whose services on

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both days were just as heroic as yours here; also of the assault by Stannard's Second Vermont Brigade on Pickett's right flank, south and east of the Codori House, which I did not see.

Your Third Division, commanded by General Alexander Hays, held the higher wall from the right of this Angle to Ziegler's Grove and beyond. General Hays, in his official report — which I heard Major C. A. Richardson read two years ago — describes the advance of the enemy from the trees along Seminary Ridge in his front, until they came in splendid order to within two or three hundred yards of his wall, when, as he relates, his men could be restrained no longer. They arose in four ranks and poured such a withering fire upon the Confederates that their lines crumbled, and in a moment they were running for their lives. No hostile flags were planted anywhere on Hays' wall; no Confederates ever crossed it except as prisoners. Here, where General Armistead fell, was the "high-tide" of the battle.

Do not imagine that the Second Corps fought and won the battle of Gettysburg, magnificent as was its part and great its losses on the two days. I heard General Sickles once say, at a meeting of his corps, "the battle of Gettysburg was fought and *won* the second day", after which I mentioned to him the fierce fight at Culp's Hill, all the forenoon of the 3rd, and the desperate and picturesque assault of Longstreet's fifteen thousand veterans, to break the centre, on the third afternoon. I may even state my opinion now that if the First Corps had not fought so well all day on the 1st, and then effected a masterly retreat to this ridge, there would have been no second day at Gettysburg.

Walk along Seminary Ridge to its junction with the Mummasburg Road, and stand with uncovered heads: yes, you may remove the shoes from your feet, like Moses of old, for the place you stand on is holy ground. There, in the late afternoon of that day, when the First Corps, after fighting against overwhelming and increasing numbers in front and on its right flank, must retreat or be annihilated, General Doubleday ordered four small veteran regiments to form at right angles to his line and hold their ground *at all hazards*, until the corps had crossed to this ridge. *They did it; nothing in this battle surpassed their heroism.*

Remember also, the Third Corps, on the second day, late in the afternoon, attacked by Longstreet's great divisions, supported by

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Anderson's, of Hill's Corps, to smash the salient made by Sickles' advance to the commanding ground along the Emmitsburg Road, and bending around to the vicinity of Big Round Top. In that tremendous contest, lasting until darkness put an end to it, the Third Corps fought with desperate valor and sustained fearful losses. Part of your corps and part of the Fifth, Sixth and Twelfth went to their assistance before the day ended. Over yonder, beyond United States Avenue, Captain John Bigelow sacrificed his Ninth Massachusetts Battery, to check Barksdale's Mississippians, until Major McGilvery had placed more than twenty guns from the Artillery Reserve along Trostle's Lane, as a rallying ground for a new line of infantry. Bigelow was carried back, seriously wounded. Barksdale's riflemen killed eighty of his battery's horses and many of its men.

Recall also, Little Round Top, which by some oversight was left undefended, after Geary's men marched from there to Culp's Hill. General Warren, Meade's chief of engineers, discovered the imminent peril and rushed troops and a battery (which fortunately were marching out the Taneytown Road) up its steep and rocky eastern side to the summit, just in time to save the key to the entire battle line. The first to gain its top was the One hundred and fortieth New York Regiment, led by its splendid West Point Colonel, Paddy O'Rourke, who fell dead, almost at the feet of the colonel of the leading Alabama regiment, which had nearly climbed to the summit up the rough western side of the hill.

I must not omit mention of the assault upon East Cemetery Hill that evening, by Early's Texans and Louisiana "Tigers," driving our men from its foot and winning its summit and two of our batteries; only to be repulsed, with slaughter, by our rallied infantry aided by the First Division of the Second Corps. General Edward Johnson's Division had attacked and had been repulsed by Greene's New York Brigade at Culp's Hill, and Johnson had entered the breastworks of part of the Twelfth Corps which had been sent to the aid of Sickles, and still held them at daylight on the third day. It cost a fierce battle, lasting until noon that day, to regain them. Hundreds of trees along Culp's Hill were girdled, and died, due to the continuous rifle fire there.

Remember Slocum's Twelfth Corps, along Culp's Hill from the right of Wadsworth's Division of the First Corps to McAllister's Hill at Rock Creek, the extreme right of the battle line of the army.



GENERAL WEBB'S HEADQUARTERS

Near Culpeper, Va., March, 1864

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It was comprised of two small divisions, commanded by General Geary and General Williams, and was confronted by General Edward Johnson's Confederate Division, commanded until after Chancellorsville by General Stonewall Jackson and believed to be unsurpassed by any other division of Lee's Army.

Johnson's Division included fourteen regiments of Virginians, four of Louisianians, two of North Carolinians and a battalion of Marylanders — veterans all — who had never yet known defeat, and all fresh, having come up too late to take part in the great battle of the first day.

I have already mentioned the assault upon East Cemetery Hill, the evening of July 2d by Early's Texans and Louisiana "Tigers", which was repulsed after gaining the crest and capturing our batteries; there Johnson's Division simultaneously advanced against the line of the small Twelfth Corps, but was not to meet it.

Late in the afternoon, General Meade had ordered Slocum to abandon his entire line and march to the relief of our left wing which was in sore need of reinforcements. General Slocum secured permission to leave behind one brigade of Geary's Division to hold the breastworks. He chose Greene's Brigade, of five New York regiments, which extended from the right of Wadsworth.

Now, that little brigade, numbering about 1,300 men, was left to defend the entire line of the Twelfth Corps, and before as much as a skirmish line could be extended by Greene along the breastworks which had been abandoned, Johnson's Division was upon them. Greene's Brigade, of five regiments, held its line, as extended, against four direct assaults by at least seventeen regiments of Johnson's Division. As the fierce assaults were repulsed, and repeated four times, up to the very front of the breastworks, Wadsworth sent two New York regiments and the Sixth Wisconsin to Greene's assistance. The Eleventh Corps sent the Forty-fifth and One hundred and fifty-seventh New York, the Sixty-first Ohio and Eighty-second Illinois.

Therefore, eleven small regiments, of which eight were New York, one Ohio, one Illinois and one Wisconsin, numbering all told less than two thousand men, withstood seventeen regiments of Confederates, of fully five thousand men, in a three-hour fight, as fiercely waged as any of the tremendous contests of the three days.

Comrades, I have described in a simple manner the battle we fought here on the third day, which has been accorded world-wide

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praise. The names of Pickett and Webb were written high on the scroll of fame, for what they did here with their Virginians and Pennsylvanians. But, let me say, that in my opinion, Greene's Brigade saved our army from disaster on that night of July 2d. It is my firm opinion, as I have said, that if the First Corps had not fought so bravely and then effected a masterly retreat to Cemetery Ridge on the first day, there would have been no second day at Gettysburg, and if Greene's Brigade had not repulsed Johnson's Division the night of the second, there would have been no third day, because Johnson would have gained our rear, and with reinforcements within easy reach, our line along Culp's Hill and East Cemetery Hill and on Cemetery Ridge, as far at least as Ziegler's Grove to the south, would have been taken from us.

It is believed by some, that if Lee had taken Longstreet's advice and turned our left flank on the second day without any fierce battle, as was quite practicable, the Army of the Potomac would have been forced to fall back to the Pipe Creek line near Westminster. But we could then have fallen back with our army intact, weakened only by the losses of the first day.

I ask what would have happened had we been forced to retreat about midnight on that bloody second day? Honor then to Greene's New York Brigade, as high as that bestowed on the Philadelphia Brigade for its splendid work in repulsing Pickett's assault, to break the centre here on the third day, thereby bringing the great battle to its successful end.

The Twelfth Corps, which had been sent to reinforce our left wing late in the afternoon, returned about midnight to re-occupy its breastworks along Culp's Hill. They found their works on the right, extended from Greene's Brigade to McAllister's Hill, were in possession of the Confederates, who had simply marched into them that evening unopposed. Promptly at dawn, the Confederates were fiercely attacked, but they were not driven out of our earthworks until after some seven hours of desperate and bloody battle.

I have not time to tell you the story, but if you would care to know it, read "Recollections of a Confederate Soldier," by the Reverend Randolph H. McKim, of Washington, D. C., who took a conspicuous part as a fighting officer and has written a most brilliant and thrilling description of that sanguinary struggle.

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"There was Glory enough at Gettysburg to go all around," as President Lincoln said to General Sickles. It is a pity that some of the high official reports spread the glory in spots. Slocum got the icy hand and Greene's Brigade never has had its due.

Comrades, I cannot stop until I have said something that it is in my mind and heart to say about the Gettysburg Battlefield Commission. I remember very well the appearance of this battlefield when I visited it the twenty-third year after the battle. A few regimental monuments and markers had been erected on small spaces acquired through the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, formed by patriotic citizens of this town and a number of former officers and soldiers who had been invited to join with them. To that little association, doubtless, is due much of the credit for the acquisition of the battlefield by the National Government. To the United States Gettysburg Battlefield Commission is due the honor and credit of its splendid development, which we witness to-day. Under their wise control nothing has been done to mar its natural beauty; while the lines of the battle have been shown with accuracy, and made accessible by grand avenues and side avenues all the way around and across. Besides that, the Commissioners deserve greatest commendation for their impartiality. Every organization, from the corps unit to the single battery, had their claims accorded careful and fair consideration by the Commission and were settled according to ascertained facts.

When the battle lines of the Army of Northern Virginia were studied and mapped out the Commission built Confederate Avenue, which sweeps grandly from the Confederate left to right, around and beyond Devil's Den, that was won by Longstreet on that bloody second day, to the foot of Round Top. The positions of the Confederate organizations, along that great avenue and elsewhere, have been located correctly, and are marked with pedestals of polished granite, on which bronze tablets are mounted, bearing the names of brigades, regiments and batteries which occupied the ground nearest them. We might let this grand work be the Commission's monument, but it seems to me, since there are already hundreds of splendid monuments on the battlefield to commemorate great deeds and in honor of the great commander of this army, General Meade, also of corps, division, brigade and regimental officers who led us in the battle — no one more worthy than the commander of the Philadelphia Brigade here in the Angle — a monument for the Battlefield Commissioners who

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have done so much to develop and mark it, should be erected in due time. I declare that a grateful country ought to erect a monument of bluish-gray granite, bearing on its faces bronze tablets with the names of the commissioners and their able civil engineer, Colonel E. B. Cope, and surmounted by a statue of Colonel John P. Nicholson, who has been the chairman of the Commission from the first. The captain of the First New York Battery was under twenty-two,—the old veteran you look upon now is seventy-four, and lame. He may never pass this way again, but many of you are younger and strong. Remember what he said here.

Comrades, when you return to your homes and firesides, perchance in the long winter evenings to come, you may dream of the heroic days of your youth, when you fought to save the Union and cleared the way for building this great Nation.

LISTEN!

“Listen, the trumpet is telling
Of fields where we fought and won—
What? Am I only dreaming
Now that the day is done?
I dreamt I heard it calling,
Heard every clanging note
That leapt with the march's cadence
From its battered, gleaming throat!

From its first clear notes in the dawning
To the last low call at night
Through the battle years it led me—
Through drill and march and fight;
Through war with its pomp and glory
And its pride and martial power
And through war in its darkest moments
Through the crushing, blinding hour.

I heard it singing so often
Those terrible, blood-stained years;
It told me so many stories,
Of fight, of laughter, of tears—
From the crashing charge of squadrons
To the last sad notes at the grave,
That it seems like an old time comrade,
Old and tried and brave.

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It seemed that I heard it calling
To memory's blue-clad ghosts
That marched to its ringing music
With the War God's vanished hosts —
But its gleaming sides are battered
And the firelight softly plays
Where it hangs among the trophies
Of the by-gone battle days."

Comrades, farewell! Two years ago I said: "Auf-Wiedersehn!"
(Goodbye until we meet again) — Now, I say "Farewell."

Address by Dr. G. F. Miller

106th Pa. Vols.

MR. CHAIRMAN, COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

I HAVE the honor to speak to you in behalf of the Philadelphia Brigade, on this important occasion of the dedication of the statue to the distinguished man who commanded our brigade in the battle of Gettysburg.

We have just been called, by the orator of the day, General James W. Latta, "The Old Philadelphia Brigade." Now I do not think we are so very old. Our years are but fifty-four — just in the prime of life. The brigade holds a rather unique position in its history. First we were thought to be Californians, then United States troops, and lastly we came to be included in the ranks of the grand old Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

We were really brought into existence by a speech made by United States Senator E. D. Baker, of Oregon — a speech that was delivered in New York City on May 21, 1861. The senator felt at that time that the Northern States had a long war on their hands; and while other States were recruiting men for only three months, under the first call for troops, he said he would enlist a regiment for three years, with the authority of the State of California and the approval of the President of the United States. He realized that the war would last that time. His intention was to recruit a regiment in New York City. I do not know the reason for his change of plan, but he went to Philadelphia afterwards, and it was there that he did his recruiting, early in the summer of 1861. It did not take him long to get the regiment together. Thereafter, California gave him authority to recruit a whole brigade in the East, as it would have taken too long a time to recruit the regiments in California and transport them to the theatre of war. As soon as the wishes of California in this matter were conveyed to President Lincoln he at once commissioned Senator Baker as the colonel of the First California Regiment. During the summer and fall of 1861 the other regiments were organized and

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placed under his command. We were then known as Baker's California Brigade, consisting of four regiments, the First, Second, Fourth and Fifth Infantry Regiments. We were also to have a regiment of cavalry and a battery of artillery, but the death of General Baker prevented the consummation of that plan. In the fall of 1861 we were taken to Washington and sent into camp at Camp Observation, at Poolesville, Maryland, where the recruiting still continued.

Here we thought it was fine to be soldiers. We were well treated. In the morning, after roll call, we were given a cup of hot coffee and a couple of allowances of hard tack. Before and after dinner we had drill exercises, and in the evening dress parade; all very fine, but it was not to last long.

On the night of October 20, 1861, something began to happen, and the following day found the brigade in its first battle, at Balls Bluff, Virginia, not far from Leesburg. Colonel Baker was commissioned a brigadier-general of United States Volunteers the day before the battle. The means of getting troops across the river were very bad and not all of them were able to take part in the engagement. The First California Regiment crossed the river, and with the other regiments present fought bravely and lost fifty per cent. of their numbers. It was here that General Baker lost his life as he gallantly led his men in the charge. With the tremendous odds against us there was no chance to win. Our men were vastly outnumbered by the Southern troops, who had more cannon as well as occupying a better position. Retreat became inevitable, and nearly all those who escaped were obliged to swim the river, many of them being shot while in the water. By this time we began to realize that there was not so much fun in being a soldier after all.

Now I wish to give a part of our history in the war that is not so well known. The War Department records show that the First California Regiment, commanded by Colonel Edward D. Baker, fought at the battle of Balls Bluff, Virginia, on October 21, 1861, its commander being killed in action. On the other hand, the records of the State of California have it that the State recruited the First California Regiment, but never left California soil. That came about in this way. In the East our brigade was never recognized by California; and after the battle of Balls Bluff, having lost our commander there, the link between the East and the West was broken, and

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Pennsylvania claimed the brigade as her own. The men constituting it were all from Pennsylvania, and none of its officers was commissioned. As far as the army was concerned, we belonged to no State in particular. We received our pay as United States volunteers. Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania offered to commission the officers and place the brigade as part of Pennsylvania's quota to the Northern armies.

The first man to accept a commission was Colonel Joshua T. Owen, of the Fourth Infantry, the figures "69" being given him as his number in the line. Only a few days after Colonel Isaac J. Wister received his commission, and his regiment, the First, became the Seventy-first. Then Colonel D. W. C. Baxter, of the Second Regiment, was commissioned, and the Seventy-second Regiment was put in his charge. Colonel Turner G. Morehead, of the Fifth, did not want so high a number then, but delay in accepting made it necessary to give him the One hundred and sixth. On account of these high numbers we were often taken for new regiments, and nearly all of the men being from Philadelphia, we were christened the "Philadelphia Brigade", and have been known by that name ever since.

Upon the organization of the Army of the Potomac, we became the Second Brigade, of the Second Division, Second Corps, with General William W. Burns as brigade commander, General John Sedgwick as division commander and General Edwin V. Sumner corps commander.

The brigade took part in all the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, notably doing its duty whenever called upon to serve. At Fair Oaks, Virginia, on May 31, 1862, it supported Kirby's Battery, when charge after charge was made to capture it, the enemy being driven back every time with heavy losses. It performed brave and meritorious service at Antietam, on September 17, 1862, losing 545 of its numbers in killed, wounded and missing. On Fredericksburg's memorable field, December 13th the same year, it stood its ground and remained there all that long cold winter's day until night brought relief. And here on this hallowed ground, the Angle, made famous in the world's history as the greatest battle of the Civil War, a little more than fifty-two years ago, commanded by New York's illustrious soldier, Alexander S. Webb, it did more than heroic work when it fell to it to bear the brunt of that magnificent assault of Pickett's noble Virginians.

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Pickett's men formed on the edge of yonder wood, on Seminary Ridge, about a mile from this ground. When they first appeared they seemed to move as if on parade. Proudly advancing to this position, in close column, and numbering about 15,000 men — made up of the best regiments in General Lee's Army — troops that had not yet been in action on this field — they were met with a rain of grape and canister, shrapnel and shell from our batteries. Spite of rifle and artillery fire that mowed them down like grass before the reaper — commanders leading and cheering their men in the charge — they continued to pursue their objective, but with all their determination they did not succeed. They either fell or were captured or slain and but a remnant of them returned to Seminary Ridge. The melee was fierce beyond description, but it was over in twenty minutes. The enemy left four-fifths of their men upon this field; of their brigade commanders two were killed and one wounded; seven of their colonels fell and one was wounded; three lieutenant colonels were mortally wounded and nine wounded not so seriously. In fact, only one field officer, besides General Pickett, was left of the number they had when the charge began. The casualties among the company officers were no less. Thus ended, practically, the battle of Gettysburg, and history finds few such great combats to record.

The Philadelphia Brigade followed the fortunes of the grand old Army of the Potomac until the end came at Appomattox. It was at the battle of Bristoe Station and at Locust Grove, the Wilderness, Po River, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Ream's Station, Boydton Plank Road, Hatchers Run, Sailor's Creek, Farmville and Appomattox.

General Latta has said in his address that the Philadelphia Brigade had done its duty all through the years of the great war, but that it ceased to exist in the spring of 1864. To that remark I take exception. The Philadelphia Brigade has not, and will not, cease to exist, and it will not until the last man claiming to belong to it answers the final roll call. We keep and have kept up our organization, as the survivors of the brigade, ever since the close of the war. We hold meetings and reunions and keep alive the memories of the past. We have had great influence in bringing the North and the South closer together as brothers. Over twenty-five years ago, the Brigade Association entertained the survivors of Pickett's Division upon this historic ground,— the same men who fought us so hard here on July 3, 1863;

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and we gave them the hand shake at the same spot and over the same stone wall where so many of their brave comrades gave up their lives fifty-two years ago; and in return we were entertained by Pickett's men in the City of Richmond, Virginia, on October 5, 1888. We captured the city then and did not lose a man. Again, on May 27, 1889, in the City of Washington, the brigade presented a beautiful United States flag to General George E. Pickett's Camp Confederate Veterans of Richmond. They carried it back home with them, proud to march once more under the old flag, and some of them told me then that should there ever be another war you would find the South and the North marching shoulder to shoulder and elbow to elbow in the same cause and under the same old flag. And so it came to pass. In the Spanish-American War we had no North or South, but one reunited country. So you see that we still keep up the Association of the old Philadelphia Brigade, and with the survivors of Pickett's Grand Division will cement the friendship of the North and the South for all time, under One Country, One Flag and One God.



LOCATION OF GRIFFIN'S BATTERY HENRY HOUSE, BULL RUN VA.

Address by Colonel Joseph R. C. Ward

106th Pa. Vols.

MR. CHAIRMAN, COMRADES AND FRIENDS:

IT would be impossible for me, in the short time allowed, to even briefly recount the most valuable services rendered by the 106th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, or even mention in detail the many brave and heroic deeds performed by its members during its four long years of service, for it was the only regiment of the Philadelphia Brigade that kept its organization until the end of the war, when it was finally mustered out on June 30, 1865.

It had enrolled 1035 officers and men and lost in killed, wounded and missing 518, just fifty per cent. of its membership. So I must confine myself to the services rendered by the regiment on this famous battlefield.

On the first day of the great battle, July 1, 1863, we were on the march from seven o'clock in the morning, when we left our camp at Frizelberg, Maryland, until nine o'clock at night, and then went into camp on the eastern slope of Round Top, west of the Taneytown Road.

The next morning, July 2nd, we were awakened at three o'clock and told to get ready to move at once. After a short march, the brigade was massed in a field on the right of the Taneytown Road, and addressed by General Alexander S. Webb, our new brigade commander. He told us we would be called upon to defend our native State, and it would require every man to do his full duty. He expected each man to do his duty; anyone found shirking would be severely dealt with; he would shoot any man he saw leaving the line and called upon any man to shoot him if he failed to do his duty. He won the hearts of the boys and had them all with him.

About six o'clock that morning we were moved into position on this, then known as Granite Ridge, but now known as East Cemetery Ridge, at what is at present known as the Angle. The Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first were placed in line along the stone wall here, the Seventy-second behind them and the One hundred and sixth in rear

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of the Seventy-second, just over beyond the road. At once Companies A and B of the One hundred and sixth were sent out as skirmishers, under the command of Captain John J. Sperry; Company A deployed and Company B in reserve.

During the morning, General Meade rode up, and in consultation with General Webb said he would like to know the strength of the enemy in front. General Webb at once volunteered to advance with his brigade and ascertain for him. To this General Meade said "No", the movement of so large a force might bring on an engagement and he was not ready yet. Then he said "send that company", pointing to Company B of our regiment out front, commanded by Capt. James C. Lynch, who at once advanced his company almost up to that large wood on Seminary Ridge, and was met with a heavy fire, but he pushed on and uncovered the enemy in large force in that wood. He withdrew his company and reported to General Webb.

In the meantime a force of the enemy had taken possession of the Bliss House and barn, beyond the Emmitsburg Road and had succeeded in killing and wounding some of the men of Company A by their enfilading fire, and when Captain Lynch returned with his company Captain Sperry told him to go and dislodge them. Captain Lynch found a much larger force there than he expected. This was the Sixteenth Mississippi Regiment. Captain Lynch placed his men behind a stone wall and sent to General Hays, in whose front he was, for reinforcements. General Hays furnished four companies of the Twelfth New Jersey Regiment, and together they captured the house and barn, taking a large number of prisoners as well. The house and barn were burned to the ground. While accomplishing this Captain Lynch lost one officer and eleven men.

In the afternoon, General Wright with his Georgia Brigade had passed the right of Humphreys' Division, at the Emmitsburg Road, southwest of the Codori House, and pushed on up to our position, capturing the four guns of Brown's Rhode Island Battery in our front. At that moment General Hancock rode up to our regiment and asked what regiment it was, and when told by Colonel Curry ordered him to charge at once upon the advancing enemy. Colonel Curry rushed the regiment over the stone wall at the left of our brigade, poured a volley into Wright's men and then charged and drove them back beyond the Emmitsburg Road, capturing at the Codori House, Colonel Gibson, 20 line officers and 200 men,

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principally of the Forty-eighth Georgia Regiment. Captain Ford who received their surrender came back with his arms full of the officers' swords and turned them over to Colonel Curry.

The regiment then returned to its position with the brigade, but had hardly done so when an urgent appeal came from General O. O. Howard, commanding the Eleventh Corps on East Cemetery Hill, for his old brigade to come to his assistance. He had formerly commanded the brigade and knew them well. His line had been pierced by the famous "Louisiana Tigers", who had driven his men from their position at a stone wall, and forcing their way up the hill had captured the guns of Wiedrick's New York and Rickett's Pennsylvania batteries. General Webb at once ordered the Seventy-first and the One hundred and sixth regiments to report to General Howard. Unfortunately, the Seventy-first went too far to the right and ran into Johnson's men, then occupying the works recently vacated by General Geary, who was ordered to reinforce our line on Round Top, and the Seventy-first lost one officer and twenty men, as prisoners, and Colonel Smith brought his regiment back to the brigade; but the One hundred and sixth proceeded as directed and reported to General Howard, just as the "Louisiana Tigers" had been repulsed and were being driven from the field, and our regiment was ordered to take position at that stone wall, with instructions to hold it. As they passed by General Howard, he turned to Major Osborne, of his staff, and said, "Major, your batteries may be withdrawn when that regiment runs away."

Before leaving the brigade, a detail of fifty men from all the companies, under Captain Robert H. Ford, was sent to relieve Companies A and B on the skirmish line. Captain Sperry had been wounded, and Captain Lynch commanded both companies. All the lieutenants of the two companies were either killed or wounded. He reported to General Webb that his men were entirely out of ammunition. General Webb told him to take them back to the train and replenish his ammunition, and when they returned the regiment had gone over to General Howard. Captain Lynch asked General Webb if he should take his men and report to the regiment. The general told him to stay where he was, and that is how the two companies and that detail of fifty men came to be here at the Angle and helped to repulse Pickett's charge, when the rest of the regiment was doing good service with the Eleventh Corps.

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When Pickett's charge was made that portion of the One hundred and sixth regiment lay there just behind that now celebrated clump of trees, and Captain Ford being wounded during the terrible artillery duel that preceded the infantry assault, Captain Lynch was again in command. When General Armistead, with some of his men, pierced our line here at the Angle, General Webb, with his cap on his sword called for his men to follow him, leading them into that terrible hand-to-hand conflict, Captain Lynch called out, "General, the One hundred and sixth is with you", and rushed his men down over the stone wall and took part in that hand-to-hand fight as General Webb, said, "Boys, the enemy are ours," and passed over two Confederate flags on the ground without stopping to pick them up.

Pickett's repulse ended the battle of Gettysburg, and that night General Lee withdrew his army and began his retreat, and early the next morning General Howard sent forward the One hundred and sixth Regiment into the town to see if the enemy had vacated it. The regiment moved down into the town, driving before them the enemy's pickets, and found the last of General Lee's Army going out of the other end of Gettysburg. Thus was the One hundred and sixth regiment the first of our troops to enter Gettysburg after the battle.

My comrades you will then see that the services rendered by the One hundred and sixth Regiment were different from those of any other regiment.

In the first place, it was the only regiment of our brigade that furnished the skirmish line for the second and third days of the battle. One company of it was selected by General Meade for reconnoissance. Later, that same company joined in the assault on the Bliss House and assisted in the capture of it and the many prisoners taken. That same afternoon General Hancock ordered the regiment to repel Wright's assault, which they did, with the capture of 250 prisoners. After that the regiment was sent to the assistance of General Howard, at his special request, leaving 100 men here, who helped repulse Pickett's charge. And, finally, it was the first of the troops to enter the Town of Gettysburg after the enemy had evacuated it. Glory enough for one regiment. The One hundred and sixth brought into this great battle 23 officers and 263 men, and lost one officer and ten men killed, ten officers and 53 men wounded and two made prisoners, making a total of 75.



ELY'S FORD ROAD

Where General Webb led Tyler's Brigade at the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863

Address by General Theodore S. Peck

Of Burlington, Vt.

COMRADES, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

VERMONT is highly honored in being invited to participate in the dedicatory exercises of this beautiful memorial to one whose name is so well known to the veterans of the Green Mountain State,— Major General Alexander Stewart Webb, one of the most distinguished officers of the United States Army during the war for the Union and the gallant commander of the Philadelphia Brigade, Second Corps, which bore such an important part in the Battle of Gettysburg. We feel a particular pride in what it represents, due to the fact that the Second Vermont Brigade, whose monument, surmounted by the statue of its intrepid commander, Major General George Jerison Stannard, you can see in the distance, also bore an important part in that terrible struggle, which proved to be the high-water mark of the Rebellion, and has become known as one of the most desperate ever recorded in history.

For many years it was my privilege to enjoy the friendship of General Webb, and to repeatedly hear from his own lips the details of that terrific combat which took place on this spot on the afternoon of July 3, 1863.

General Webb never forgot to praise the brilliant and rapid movement of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Sixteenth Vermont Regiments, under the leadership of General Stannard, who, as the Confederate troops appeared over the crest of the hill in their advance upon the Union lines, realized the importance of immediate action, and, without orders, changed his battle line and poured upon Pickett's right flank such a destructive fire, in addition to that of General Webb's Brigade, that a probable defeat was changed into a decisive victory. Ever after General Webb had the highest regard for General Stannard as a commanding officer, and their warm friendship was terminated only by death.

Of the wonderful gallantry of Lieutenant Cushing, commanding the battery of artillery which bore his name, General Webb often told

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me, and also of the heroic action of First Sergeant Frederick Fuger, who, when Lieutenant Cushing and the other officers were killed and wounded, took command of what was left of the battery and performed deeds of valor for which General Webb recommended him for a lieutenancy in the United States Army and for the Congressional medal of honor, both of which he received. It was characteristic of General Webb to see that others were rewarded for their bravery, and it is a source of gratification and pride to his many friends that Congress did not fail to bestow upon him the cherished medal of honor for distinguished gallantry at Gettysburg.

Upon the field of battle at Spotsylvania General Webb again met the Vermont troops,— the First Vermont Brigade, well known as the “ Old Vermont Brigade,” Second Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Army Corps, commanded by General Lewis A. Grant. It was here that General Webb received the severe wound in his head, from which he suffered the remainder of his life. The valor of the Vermonters during the engagement and their ready response to the now famous command of General Sedgwick, “ Put the Vermonters ahead and keep the column well closed up,” brought forth renewed praise from General Webb, and of him they could not say too much as a commanding general and a man.

Time forbids me speaking at length, but as a Vermonter and a friend and admirer of General Webb I take this opportunity to express to Governor Whitman the appreciation of the Vermont veterans of what the great Empire State, which he so admirably represents, has done to honor the memory of her illustrious son. Vermonters remember with much pleasure that Governor Whitman when a boy lived in Lyndon, Vt., where his father was a minister of the gospel. To Major General James W. Latta, of Philadelphia, the Assistant Adjutant General of the Third Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps, and later of the Fourth Division, Cavalry Corps, Military Division of the Mississippi; to Colonel Cowan, of Louisville, Ky., a distinguished soldier who rose from a private to the rank of lieutenant colonel and commanded a battery and later a battalion in the Sixth Army Corps, and is now President of the Society of the Army of the Potomac; and to General Horatio C. King, of New York, a brave officer upon the staff of General Sheridan — a medal of honor man — and for many years the able Secretary of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, our thanks are due for their admiration always

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expressed for the Vermont troops, especially the "Old Vermont Brigade" and First Vermont Cavalry, which regiment at five o'clock on the afternoon of July 3, 1863, some two hours after Pickett's attack, made the terrific charge in front of Round Top, in which some two hundred men were led by their gallant commander, Major William Wells, later a major general commanding a division in Sheridan's Cavalry Corps, and suffered a loss of sixty-seven men, killed and wounded, in less than thirty minutes.

Especially do I congratulate Colonel Lewis R. Stegman, chairman, and the members of the New York Monuments Commission upon this noble and lasting tribute which has been dedicated to-day. Colonel Stegman was one of our bravest soldiers, whose record is full of battles and wounds, promoted from captain to the grade of colonel in the One hundred and second New York Regiment, serving in the Army of the Potomac and in Sherman's Army, and receiving wounds at Cedar Mountain, Gettysburg, Ringgold and Pine Mountain.

Under the kindly and watchful care of the Gettysburg National Park Commission, of which Colonel John P. Nicholson, of Philadelphia, is chairman and Colonel E. B. Cope engineer, the many monuments on this historic battlefield will forever stand as silent witnesses to the valor of those brave heroes who here paid to the nation their uttermost tribute of devotion, but none speaks more worthily than this which has brought us together to-day.

In closing, may I add my tribute to him whose record is a priceless heritage, not only to us but to future generations. As a soldier — a noble and mighty defender of his country — as a citizen — a leading college president; and a God-fearing man whom to know was to honor and to love.

Remarks by Captain John D. Rogers

71st Pa. Vols.

COMRADES AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

MY talk to-day is one of love. My text is, "Hope is often like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, but memory is like a sweet-voiced angel, which hovering by our side forges the links in the chain which binds our hearts to sanctified memories."

We here dedicate this statue to the memory of one of nature's noblemen. As a military hero he towered high, and as an educator he established a reputation that will be no less remembered.

It was my good fortune to know General Webb intimately. My regiment belonged to the brigade that he commanded on this field; and during the years that he was president of the College of the City of New York it was my privilege to meet him frequently. The ability with which he discharged his duties as the head of a great institution of learning reminded me forcibly of the genius that he displayed on the battlefield as a commander.

To-day we are concerned with General Webb's career as a soldier. Perhaps it will not be out of place for me to tell of my first impressions of the general as commander of the Philadelphia Brigade, a few days before the battle of Gettysburg. My regiment was not far then from the scene of the contest. We all felt that a great struggle was not far off. Our marching was strenuous, and in consequence our uniforms were anything but fit for a parade. Not so though with our commander. His dress and personality attracted us the moment we first laid eyes on him. Compared to him we must have looked shabby ourselves then.

The last day of June General Webb issued an officer's call of the Second Brigade by regiments, and he addressed his officers as follows when they appeared before him:

"I presume you are all officers as you attend the call. There are but few of you whom I am able to recognize as officers, as you have no insignia of office except your swords."

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Our experience in battle led us to know that we were safer if we were not conspicuously dressed, as officers were the first to be picked off by the enemy, and hence we tried to be as little conspicuous as possible in our dress.

The general ordered us to go to our commands and prepare ourselves with insignia, as we were entitled to, so that when he met us he would know our rank. We thought this order was far fetched, but we must obey. The next day another officer's call brought us before the general again. This time he told us he was informed that there was frequent straggling in the regiments. He ordered that the officers should arrest any of the men found straggling and to bring them to him and he would shoot them like dogs. This last order, though severe, was doubtless just. Many thought him untempered and fresh.

We arrived on the field the night of July 1st. Most terrific fighting had been going on all day. Our brigade laid on its arms that night, but when day came we had several contests; and finally, the second day, we came into combat near the Angle, where the enemy captured two of our guns, but we soon recaptured them. The thing was so adroitly handled by the general that he with the men engaged at this point broke loose with the wildest shouts and yells. All could see that the general had a lot of grit and sagacity as well as grace and he won our confidence and admiration.

And now about the fight the third day at the Angle, in which the Philadelphia Brigade was foremost. Our brigade occupied positions near the Angle when General Lee commenced the great artillery duel at Seminary Ridge. The Southern artillery destroyed some of the batteries posted in our vicinity. During the cannonading General Webb stood in the most conspicuous and exposed place, leaning on his sword and smoking a cigar, when all around the air was pierced by screeching shot and shell. Our appeal to him was not heeded. He stood like a statue watching the movement of the enemy. No greater valor was ever shown in battle than that displayed by General Webb at the Angle. That was enough for us. General Webb was no longer the dress parade soldier that we supposed him to be at first, but the great hero. We who knew him and served under him at Gettysburg loved him.

General Webb lives to-day in sanctified memory. His latest sun did not set in the darkened west but melted away in the brightness of heaven.

Benediction by the Reverend Oscar L. Severson

137th H. P. Vols.

MAY the spirit of Abraham Lincoln, who when leaving Springfield, Illinois, for Washington, asked his neighbors and friends to pray to the Divine Person, in whom we all believe, for wisdom, guide us in our duties.

And may the Blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost rest upon us all forever. **AMEN.**

Life of General Webb

By General Horatio C. King, L.L.D.



LANDRUM HOUSE, SPOTSYLVANIA, VA.

Near which General Webb was severely wounded, May 12, 1864

Brevet Major-General Alexander Stewart Webb

By General Horatio C. King, L.L.D.

IT is a pleasure to write of a manly man after an acquaintanceship of more than half a century. Handsome in physique, genial in approach, warm-hearted in action and bright in intellectual resources, he made and carried hosts of friends through life.

In our Republican government we are more or less democratic, but I think it will not be denied that human nature generally enjoys a good ancestry. Even the self-made man is proud of his creator, that is of himself, and the humblest will not reject his affiliation with higher lights in history.

Samuel Blatchley Webb, the grandfather of General Webb, was born on the 15th day of December, 1753, at Wethersfield, Connecticut. His ancestor was Richard Webb, of Gloucestershire, England. He settled in Boston in 1632, and became a member of the Hooker Colony to Hartford in 1635. His descendant, Samuel B. Webb, became a lieutenant in the Colonial Army, was wounded at Bunker Hill and complimented in General Orders. He was an aide to General Putnam and then secretary and aide-de-camp to General Washington. It is of him the story is told that going down the New York Bay to meet a flag of truce, he was presented with a letter written by General Howe and addressed to Mr. George Washington. Webb declined to receive the letter. His subsequent services in the Revolution, his capture, his promotion to brevet brigadier-general, and his death at Claverack, Columbia County, N. Y., in 1807, can have but a slight reference here.

In 1802, at the place just named, was born James Watson Webb, the father of our subject. He was of a military turn of mind, and at the age of seventeen ran away to Washington and obtained an appointment as second lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery. At twenty he performed the remarkable feat, in the company of one reliable companion and an Indian guide, of crossing Illinois in eight inches of snow, and reached Fort Armstrong in time to warn Fort Snelling

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of an intended raid and slaughter, which was prevented. In 1825 he was made an adjutant of the Third Infantry. Two years later he resigned and bought the New York Morning Courier, of which he was principal editor. The Enquirer was added to the Courier, and the Courier and Enquirer started a new method of news getting and became a leading paper. In 1861 he was appointed Minister to Brazil, where he served eight years. Returning to New York, he passed the remainder of his life there, and died on the 7th of June, 1884.

It is not surprising that from such ancestors General Alexander S. Webb inherited fine military and masterly qualities. He was born in New York City on the 15th of February, 1835. From private schools he entered the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1855. In his class were General George D. Ruggles, General A. T. A. Torbert and General William B. Hazen. He was commissioned a lieutenant in the Second Artillery and ordered to Florida, where he took part in the operations against the Seminole Indians. In this expedition he had some of the most exacting and dangerous experiences of his life. Thence he was ordered to Minnesota, on frontier duty, from 1855 to 1857. He was then detailed as assistant professor of mathematics at West Point, and was a junior officer in Griffin's West Point Battery. This company, under the command of Captain, afterwards General, Griffin, was ordered to Washington, where it paraded in the inauguration ceremonies of President Lincoln. The announcement that the guns were loaded with grape and shrapnel doubtless prevented the threat of the Secessionists to stop the inauguration. From this company Webb had a guard in citizen's clothes to protect General Scott at his headquarters.

At the outbreak of the War he was assigned to Light Battery A, Second Artillery. Its commanding officer, Captain, afterwards General, William T. Barry, speaks of Webb in the highest terms. The battery moved to Fort Pickens and saved that defensive work to the Union. "He rendered me," says Captain Barry, "that intelligent, faithful and energetic assistance that gave promise of the still greater soldierly qualities that distinguished him later in the War."

At the first battle of Bull Run he was an officer of the B Battery which he raised at West Point. Under the command of Captain

Griffin, it held a dangerous and critical position at the Henry House. Rickett's Battery was there too. Then occurred one of those errors which caused the disabling of both batteries, whose fine discipline, wonderful daring and matchless skill were the prime features in the fight. On Griffin's right a regiment emerged from the woods and was supposed to be a support from Heintzelman. A deadly Confederate volley ensued and every cannoner was killed or disabled, as well as many horses. The guns fell into the hands of the enemy.

General Webb was appointed Assistant Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac. His selection as Major of the First Rhode Island Volunteers he was obliged to decline. In the summer of 1862 he served with the Army of the Potomac and was active in the Peninsula campaign. His excellent account of McClellan's movements are given in his volume of the Scribner's Series, entitled "The Peninsula."

When General Barry took the field with the Army of the Potomac, in March, 1862, the subject of this sketch accompanied him as inspector-general on his staff. Of his duties at Yorktown, General Barry says: "He exhibited not only energy but also very great coolness and gallantry." In the battles of Hanover Court House and Gaines Mill "he rendered gallant and efficient service."

During the masterly retreat of McClellan from the front of Richmond to Malvern Hill, generally known as the seven days' battle, Webb was always conspicuous and became so exhausted on the sixth day as to fall fainting from his horse. The day before the engagement and bloody repulse of the Confederates from Malvern Hill, he discovered and reconnoitred an unknown road into which the train was turned and saved it from capture.

In September, 1862, General Barry was transferred to other duties. Webb preferred to remain with the Army of the Potomac. In parting, his official head wrote of him:

"In conclusion, I beg to assure you that in all the soldierly attributes of subordination, intelligence, energy, physical endurance and the highest possible courage, I consider him to be without his superior among the younger officers of the Army. I also consider that both aptitude and experience fit him to command, and to command well, anything from a regiment to a division."

He was at Camp Barry, at Washington, D. C., until January, 1863, when he reported to General Meade, Fifth Corps, as assistant inspector-general.

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At Chancellorsville he was conspicuous, and General French in his report of his division in the battle writes: "Having been thus hotly engaged for more than an hour, I discovered a body of troops taking a position which flanked and turned my own. I therefore sent to the general commanding the Army (General Couch, commanding the Second Corps, being at a distant point on the field), informing him of the fact. Very soon a brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Tyler, led in very handsomely by Lieutenant-Colonel Webb, of General Meade's staff, formed line of battle, connecting with my right, and immediately engaged the enemy."

A most brilliantly planned battle was lost by mismanagement. General Couch in his account in the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" says:

"In looking for the causes of the loss of Chancellorsville the primary ones were that Hooker expected Lee to fall back without risking battle. Finding himself mistaken he assumed the defensive, and was outgeneraled and became demoralized by the superior tactical boldness of the enemy."

General Pleasanton in the same work, in "The Successes and Failures of Chancellorsville," writes:

"It is useless to speculate what General Hooker would have done if he had not been disabled. Up to the evening of the 2d of May the enemy had suffered severely, while the Army of the Potomac had but comparatively few killed and wounded; but the unfortunate circumstances that contracted the lines of our Army enabled the enemy to inflict the severest punishment upon all the troops that were engaged. In fact the greatest injury was inflicted on the 3d day of May, while the Army had no commander. Had the First Corps, which had not been engaged, and the Fifth Corps, still fresh, been thrown into the action in the afternoon of Sunday, the 3d of May, when Lee's troops were exhausted from the struggle, they would certainly have made Chancellorsville what it should have been — a complete success. Those two corps mustered from 25,000 to 30,000 men. There was no one to order them into the fight and a second golden opportunity was lost."

I have heard it stated often that had General Couch taken command of the Army as soon as General Hooker was disabled, the victory would have been ours.

Webb was promoted to brigadier-general on June 23, 1863, and placed in command of the Second Brigade, Second Division of the Second Corps. This was only seven days before the battle of Gettysburg. His troops were known as the Philadelphia Brigade, consisting of the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second and One hundred

and sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and facetiously known as "Paddy Owen's Regulars."

His official report of the engagements of July 2d and July 3d shows that his brigade at 6:30 A. M. on the 2d was posted on Granite Ridge, its right resting on Cushing's Battery A, of the Fourth U. S. Artillery, and its left on Battery B, First Rhode Island Artillery, Lieutenant Brown commanding. During the day both of the batteries on the flanks of the brigade as well as the infantry engaged the enemy. The shelling wounded but few. But the desperate contest occurred in the afternoon of July 3d, in the famous charge of Pickett's troops. At 1 P. M. the enemy opened with more than twenty batteries on the centre. This indicated the direction of their assault.

"The Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers were moved to the wall on the right of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

"About 1 P. M. the enemy opened with more than twenty batteries upon our line. By 2:45 o'clock had silenced the Rhode Island Battery and all the guns but one of Cushing's Battery, and had plainly shown by his concentration of fire on this and the Third Brigade that an important assault was to be expected.

"I had sent, at 2 P. M., Captain Banes, assistant adjutant general of the brigade, for two batteries to replace Cushing's and Brown's. Just before the assault, Captain Wheeler's (Cowan's) Battery, First New York Artillery (First New York Independent Battery) had gotten in position on the left, in the place occupied by the Rhode Island Battery, which had retired with a loss of all its officers but one."

"At three o'clock the enemy's line of battle left the woods in our front; moved in perfect order across the Emmitsburg Road; formed in the hollow in our immediate front several lines of battle, under a fire of spherical case from Wheeler's (Cowan's) battery and Cushing's guns, and advanced for the assault."

"The Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers were advanced to the wall on the right of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Three of Cushing's guns were run down to the fence, carrying with them their canister. The Seventy-second Pennsylvania Volunteers were held in reserve under the crest of the hill. The enemy advanced steadily to the fence, driving out a portion of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers. General Armistead passed over the fence with probably over one hundred of his command and with several battle-flags. The Seventy-second Pennsylvania Volunteers were ordered up to hold the crest and advance to within 40 paces of the enemy's lines. Colonel Smith, commanding the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, threw two companies of his command behind the stone wall on the right of Cushing's Battery, 50 paces retired from the point of attack. This disposition of his troops was most important. Colonel Smith showed true military intelligence on the field. The Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers and most of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers, even after the enemy were in their rear, held their position. The Seventy-second Pennsylvania Volunteers fought steadily and persistently, but the enemy would probably have succeeded in piercing our

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lines had not Colonel Hall advanced with several of his regiments to my support. Defeated, routed, the enemy fled in disorder. General Armistead was left, mortally wounded, within my lines, and 42 of the enemy who crossed the fence lay dead.

"This Brigade captured nearly 1,000 prisoners, 6 battle flags (4 have been turned in), and picked up 1,400 stand of arms and 903 sets of accoutrements.

"The loss of the Brigade on the 2d and 3d was 43 commissioned officers and 482 enlisted men. But 47 enlisted men are missing."

General Webb in his report confuses Andrew Cowan's with Wheeler's Battery, a mistake which he later took pains to correct.

A more detailed account of the part taken by him and his brigade will be found at the close of this volume, in an address delivered by General Webb to the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, at the dedication of their monument at Gettysburg.

General Walker in his splendid history of the Second Corps presents this final charge in most graphic form. It is a fine word painting of a decisive event in history, and I shall copy it here in full.

"The cannonade has lasted an hour and a quarter, and the ammunition of the artillery is getting low. Brown's Battery, which had suffered severely on the previous day, is ordered from the field, and Cowan's New York Battery takes its place. The other batteries are directed to cease firing, that they may be ready for the infantry charge soon to follow. From right to left our fire dies down, which the Confederates interpret to mean that our guns have been silenced by their greater weight of metal; and, for a few minutes, they lash our lines with redoubled fury.

"And now in the edge of the woods, the column of attack is seen forming. There stand the Confederate chiefs, grim and resolute for their great emprise. Well they understand the desperate hazard of the struggle to which they are called; Longstreet, to whom has been assigned the conduct of the day, hesitates. He has to be reminded more than once that precious minutes are passing. At last the die is cast, the word given, and the splendid column, fourteen thousand strong, is launched against the Union line.

"Of Pickett's Division, Garnett and Kemper are in the first line, Armistead in support. On Pickett's left is the division of Pettigrew. The advancing line offers a tempting mark to the artilleryists on the Union centre and left; but, with an hour and a half of such work behind them, and with what is plainly before them in the next half hour, it behooves our men to husband their strength and their ammunition. And so, for hundreds of yards, this column moves in full view, almost unmolested, on its hostile errand. The Second Corps batteries have a special reason for being silent. They have nothing but canister remaining, and must await close quarters. But now the brigades of Pickett, making a half wheel to the left, in order to bring themselves directly face to face with Hancock, expose their right flanks to McGilvray's and Hazlitt's guns, while Osborne's batteries, from Cemetery Hill, open on Pettigrew's Division. Undaunted by the sudden and tremendous outburst, Longstreet's men rush forward over fields and fences, without wavering or staying in their

course. But Wilcox, who should have been on their right, has failed to move in time, exposing thus the flank of the main column. And now the moment of collision is approaching. Pickett's Division and a portion of Pettigrew's are directly in front of the position occupied by Gibbon's (Second) Division of the Second Corps. The main body of Pettigrew's Division is equally close to Hays' (Third) Division of the Second Corps. Behind Pickett are the brigades of Lane and Scales.

"Up the slope the Confederates rush with magnificent courage. At two or three hundred yards the Union infantry opens its deadly fire, but still the assailants push forward, undaunted, though Garnett falls dead in the van. And here appears the first serious consequences of Wilcox's failure to come up on the right. This has left open Pickett's flank on that side, and Hancock, easily the best tactician of the Potomac army, and always on the front line of battle, eagle-eyed, sees and seizes his opportunity. Galloping to Stannard's Brigade, he directs him to move his regiments to the front and attack the flank of the assailing forces. And now the collisions—for which these thousands of Confederates have crossed the bloody plain, and for which those soldiers of the Union have waited, through all that anxious time—comes with a crash and clamor that might well appall the stoutest heart. Upon the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first Pennsylvania, of Webb's Brigade, posted on the low stone wall, falls the full force of Longstreet's mighty blow.

"Like leaves in Autumn gales the Philadelphians drop along the line. Now the position of the Seventy-first is carried, and the right of the Sixty-ninth is thrown over upon its centre; now the Confederate flags wave over the stone wall; the men of Kemper and Armistead, of Garnett and Archer, pour in through the gap, led by Armistead in person, and beat down Cushing's gunners over their pieces. The gallant and accomplished young commander of the battery gives one last shot for honor and for country, and falls dead among his men. For the moment that great and long-prepared charge is successful. Meade's line is broken. In the very centre of the Union position, crowning Cemetery Ridge, wave the flags of Virginia and the Confederacy.

"Meanwhile Pettigrew's brigades are engaged at close range with Hays' Division. Deployed at fifty to two hundred yards, they maintain an unavailing fusillade, which is responded to with fearful effect by the cool and hardy troops of Hays. The regiments of Smyth's Brigade, now commanded by Colonel Pierce, of the One hundred and eighth New York, for Smyth has been wounded in the cannonade, bear themselves with a gallantry that cannot be surpassed. The Twelfth New Jersey, First Delaware, and Fourteenth Connecticut, on Smyth's left, pour in a deadly fire, before which the Confederate line curls and withers like leaves in the flame. While Pettigrew is thus engaged, Lane and Scales, of Pender's Division, moving rapidly up from Pickett's rear, thrust themselves into the fight, finding a place where they can, among the fighting brigades. Wright, Thomas and McGowan advance nearer the scene of conflict, to cover the retreat or to crown the victory. And so, for an awful quarter of an hour, the two lines stand confronting each other, here two hundred yards apart, there but forty, pouring upon each other a close and unrelenting fire.

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"Let us now pass in thought to a point behind the Union line shaken by this most gallant assault, and see what is doing there in that moment of suspense. When the Seventy-first Pennsylvania was forced back, and Cushing's guns had fallen into the hands of the exultant enemy, no panic seized the veteran troops of the Second Corps, which, from the rear and from the flank, behind the Confederate flags waving on the stone wall. With one spontaneous impulse officers and men bend themselves toward the point of danger. Gibbon has already fallen, severely wounded. The gallant Webb rallies the Seventy-first Pennsylvania and forms it on his remaining regiment, the Seventy-second. Hall, whose brigade lies on Webb's left, moves a portion of his command promptly to attack the enemy's column in flank, while Harrow, of the First Brigade, throws his veteran regiments forward to help restore the line. So eager are the troops to join in the fray that men break from the ranks and rush toward the point where the head of the Confederate column, giving and taking death at every blow, still lies within the Union lines, incapable of making further progress, and fast being walled in by a force against which it may not long contend. It is a moment for personal example, and personal examples are not wanting. Hunt, Chief of Artillery, rides along the line and fires barrel after barrel of his revolver into the faces of the enemy; while two young officers, bravest of the brave, Major Mitchell, of Hancock's staff, and Lieutenant Haskell, of Gibbon's, ride mounted through an interval between the Union battalions, and call upon the troops to go forward.

"It must be evident, even to one who knows nothing of war, that such a strain as this could not be long continued. Something must give way under such a pressure. If one side will not, the other must; if not at one point, then at another. The Union infantry has come up somewhat tumultuously, it is true, but courageously, nay enthusiastically, and has formed around the head of Longstreet's column four ranks deep. Armistead is down. Every field-officer in Pickett's Division, except Pickett and one lieutenant colonel, has fallen.

"The time has come to advance the standards of the Second Corps. With loud cries and a sudden forward surge, in which every semblance of formation is lost, the Union troops move upon the now faltering foe. One moment more and all is over. The most of the surviving Confederates throw themselves on the ground; others seek to escape capture, and retreat hurriedly down the hill and across the plain, which is once more shrieking with the fire of the artillery, now reinforced by Weir's, Wheeler's, Kinzie's, and other batteries.

"Then did the Second Corps go forward, 'gathering up battle-flags in sheaves', and gathering in prisoners by thousands. Thirty-three standards and four thousand prisoners are the fruits of that victory. And so Fredericksburg is avenged! Yet not without frightful losses. Hancock has fallen, desperately wounded; in the moment of victory. Gibbon and Webb are also wounded; while in the Second Division, on which fell the utmost weight of the great assault five battalion commanders have been killed. Scarcely any regimental field-officers remain unwounded. The corps artillery, too, has suffered an extraordinary severity of punishment. Cushing is dead, and Woodruff and Rorty; Brown is wounded, Arnold alone remains at the head of his battery."



McCOOL HOUSE AT THE BLOODY ANGLE," SPOTSYLVANIA VA.

Alexander Stewart Webb

For his great and specific gallantry here he was brevetted major in the regular army and was awarded the Medal of Honor.

General Meade in presenting to General Webb a replica of the gold medal given to him by the Union League Club in Philadelphia, in 1866, wrote:

"In selecting those to whom I would distribute these medals I know of no one general who has more claims than yourself either for distinguished personal gallantry on that ever memorable field, or for the cordial, warm and generous sympathy and support so grateful for a commanding general to receive from his subordinates. Accept therefore the accompanying medal, not only as commemorative of the conspicuous part you bore in the great battle, but as an evidence on my part of reciprocation of the kindly feelings that have always characterized our intercourse both official and social."

In reporting the bill to place General Webb on the retired list, Senator Proctor, chairman of the committee on military affairs, said:

"General Webb's conduct at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, is particularly worthy of mention. He was in command of the Second Brigade of the Second Division of the Second Corps, and had been with the color guard of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania Volunteers, of whom every man was wounded or killed. General Webb left the color-guard and went across the front of the companies to the right of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania all the way between the lines in order to direct the fire of the latter regiment upon a company of rebels who had rushed across the low stone wall, led by the rebel general, Armistead. Thus, General Armistead and General Webb were both between the lines of troops, and both were wounded; but by this act of gallantry General Webb kept his men up to their work until more than one-half were killed or wounded. In this action he was wounded by a bullet which struck him near the groin. General Meade, in his letter presenting a medal to General Webb, mentions this act as one not surpassed by any general on the field."

During the year following the battle of Gettysburg, General Webb was twice in command of the Second Division of the Second Corps. He was division commander at Bristoe Station, where he captured from Hill's Corps five guns, a large number of prisoners and two battle-flags.

An incident at Bristoe Station is pleasantly told by General Walker. The sharp rattle of musketry indicates that the flanking regiment, the First Minnesota, has encountered the skirmishers of the enemy and that a smart fight was at hand. He writes:

"A pretty to do it is! A moment more discloses the Confederate infantry forming upon the crest on the left, to advance against the flank of our column. Those

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are the brigades of Cooke and Kirkland, coming fast into line to face the railroad instead of the stream, while Poague's pieces, diverted from their practice upon the rear of the Fifth Corps column, are galloping into battery on a new line, to turn their fire upon Webb, who, discerning the importance of securing the crossing of Broad Run, moves at double-quick toward the Ford.

"Brown's B, First Rhode Island, was marching literally at the very head of the column. Upon the discovery of the enemy the bugle cry, 'Cannoneers, mount!' rings out, and, with 'trot, march!' the battery dashes across the plain, goes splashing through Broad Run and comes at once into action from the other side. The race has been a sharp one, with the Confederates moving squarely down on Webb's flank; but Webb gets to the stream, and even crosses the Eighty-second New York, to hold the opposite bank with Brown, while he faces his remaining regiments to the left to meet the impending blow."

He adds in conclusion of this contest:

"It is dark, and 'Bristoe Station' has passed into history. It can be no longer written that the Second Corps threw off the first attack of Heth, but was crushed beneath the gathering masses of Hill and Ewell. The corps has accomplished its difficult and perilous task; and is now at liberty to withdraw, as fast as the weary legs of the men will carry them, to join their comrades behind Bull Run. Its spirited young leader has made himself a reputation of the first class; and, though only temporarily assigned to the command, it cannot be doubtful that he will find a place among the permanent corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac."

General Webb's own official report of December 4, 1863, of the campaign at Mine Run tells modestly what his division did and the principal part is here given:

"At daylight on Thursday, November 26, in accordance with orders, this division marched from camp near Ross' Mills to Germania Ford on the Rapidan River, crossed the river at 2:30 p. m., marched four miles, and camped during the night near the Chancellorsville plank road. On the morning of the 27th marched to Robertson's Cross Roads, at which point the Third Division, which preceded, was skirmishing with the enemy, who was endeavoring to get possession of the ridge which commanded the crossing of the turnpike and Raccoon Ford road. The Second and Third brigades were immediately placed in position on the right of the Third Division; the Seventy-first and Seventy-second Pennsylvania and two companies of the Nineteenth Massachusetts were ordered forward as skirmishers. A brisk skirmish took place, during which the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania and Fifteenth Massachusetts were deployed on the right of the Seventy-second. At three p. m., the enemy's skirmishers were reported coming around the right of the skirmish line. The First Brigade, Colonel Baxter commanding, was directed to take up position on the right, which movement checked the enemy's advance. The skirmish line was then ordered to advance, supported by the First Brigade, and wheel to the left and feel the enemy. The line advanced 600 yards, and, not meeting with opposition,

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was halted and dispositions made for the night. The line of battle connecting on the left with the Third Division at Robertson's Cross-Roads extending along the ridge to Jacob's Ford road, connecting on the right with the Sixth Corps.

"On the morning of the 28th, the division marched in line of battle to Mine Run, near Old Verdierville, in which position it remained until 5 P. M. of the 30th, when it was relieved by the Second Division, Fifth Corps, General Ayres commanding. It then marched past the rear of the Sixth Corps and rejoined the First and Third divisions of the Second Corps at Robertson's Cross-Roads, marching toward New Verdierville, and halting on the plank road two miles from the enemy's works at 3 P. M. Here the Third Brigade, Colonel Morehead commanding, was ordered to report to General Caldwell, as the enemy was reported coming around his right flank. The Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts were deployed and skirmished with the enemy until dark. The division camped for the night near the plank road. At 4 A. M. on the 30th, the division moved to a position between the railroad and plank road, where it was concealed from the enemy and placed in two lines, for the purpose of storming the enemy's works; its right connected with the Second Division, Third Corps; the left rested on the railroad and connected with the Third Division, Second Corps. Remained in this position until dark, when it retired to the woods directly in its rear, and camped for the night, with the First Division, Second Corps, on its right. It remained in this position until 8 P. M. December 1, when the division was moved in rear of the corps, left in front, toward Gold Mine Ford, on Rapidan River. Crossed the river at Gold Mine Ford at 9 A. M. December 2d, and reached camp, left on the 26th of November at dark."

In the campaign of 1864 when Grant took command of all the armies and made his headquarters with General Meade, General Webb participated. In his brilliant recital of the events of that advance, in the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," he gives a graphic account of what the Army did. Grant's officers and men numbered nearly one hundred and fifteen thousand. Such a number disposed for battle would cover a line of twenty-one miles, two ranks deep and one-third in reserve. Lee had sixty-two thousand, which would cover twenty miles. But Lee had the interior line and could at any moment reinforce a point of attack.

In this struggle, at the Wilderness, General Webb's Brigade, on the 6th of May, advanced and found itself engaged with Field's Division, consisting of Gregg's, Benning's, Law's and Jenkins' brigades, on the north side of the Orange Plank Road. The Second Corps was hotly engaged. He says:

"One of Burnside's divisions, under Stevenson, moved up the plank road in our support and I placed four of his regiments, taken from the head of his column, as my right, then pressed to the right and changed my whole line, which had been

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driven back to the plank road, forward to its original line, holding Field's Division in check with the twelve regiments now under my command. Now at this very moment, General Wadsworth (who had assumed command over me because he stated that Stevenson ranked me and he must take us both in his command) had given to me the most astonishing and bewildering orders,—which was to have the twelve regiments under my command at his (Wadsworth's) disposal, and to go to the left and find four regiments and stop the retreat of those troops of the left of our line, who were flying to the Brock Road. When I rode off to obey this unfortunate order, General Wadsworth, in order to stop the enemy's attack upon Birney on his left, sent to the Twentieth Massachusetts of my brigade and ordered that regiment to leave its log-works and charge the enemy's line, a strong breast-work on the west side of the ravine on Wadsworth's front.

"General Wadsworth was told that the regiment could not be safely moved, that I had changed my front on the regiment and held the line by means of it. Wadsworth answered that the men were afraid, leaped his horse over the logs and led them in the charge himself. He was mortally wounded and my line was broken by Field and swept off as by a whirlwind."

"Birney's line was also broken under an attack led by General Lee in person. When the general returned from his endeavor to carry out General Wadsworth's order, he held this position. Colonel Connor was shot in the leg, in the logworks, and his regiment remained until Webb gave the order to retreat to the Brock road.

"May 6th was the last day of the battle. Ewell had stopped the movement of the right wing of Meade's army and Hill and Longstreet had defeated Hancock on the left. The Second and Ninth Corps had been driven in detail and the Fifth and Sixth were blocked. The confidence of the troops in their officers was much shaken."

The movement towards Spotsylvania was begun, led by the Fifth, and followed by the Sixth Corps. General Webb's notes show that his part of the Second Corps obeyed orders implicitly. "We waited to cover the movements of the rest of the army and then took our place at 4 p. m. on the eighth of May on the Brock road, about one mile southeast of Todd's Tavern."

Of his principal work in this engagement at Spotsylvania, he states that Hancock, after repulsing the enemy, crossed to the north side of the Po river. One gun, the first ever lost by the Second Corps, was jammed between the trees and had to be abandoned. Meanwhile, Warren determined to attack. This was on the 10th of May. The column included Crawford's Division, Cutler's (formerly Wadsworth's) Division and Webb's and Carroll's brigades, of the Second Corps. Many gained the Confederate works but were driven back.

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At half past five, Hancock returned and ordered another attack at seven, but was driven back. On the left, Wright had found a vulnerable point. Emory Upton was to lead the attack. "Upton," he writes, "formed in four lines. The Sixth Corps batteries played upon the left of the enemy's salient, enfilading it, and as they ceased firing, Upton charged. Rushing to the parapet with a wild 'Hurrah', heedless of the terrible front of flank fire he received, his men passed over the enemy's breast works after a hand-to-hand fight, and passing forward took the second line of rebel entrenchments with its battery."

Mott did not support Upton and the latter retired under orders taking with him several standards and twelve hundred prisoners.

On that day the Second, Fifth and Sixth Corps lost forty-one hundred men killed and wounded, with very few missing.

On the 11th, dispositions were made for the grand assault at the "Bloody Angle." During the night three divisions of the Second Corps were to move to the left, behind the Sixth and Fifth, and join the Ninth Corps in an attack at 4 A. M. on the 12th. The attack was made at 4:35 A. M., and General Johnson, four thousand of Ewell's men and twenty pieces of artillery were captured. At this time, General Webb was dangerously shot and carried to the rear. In respect to this he said, that in the Wilderness he was speaking with Wadsworth, explaining why he thought it useless to look after men who were shot in the head. He thought such cases were past cure, unless a man could lift up his head, and when he himself was wounded at Spotsylvania the discussion recurred to him. The bullet which struck him had passed through the corner of his eye and came out behind his ear. When he struck the ground after falling from his horse, he made an effort to raise his head and when he succeeded he made up his mind that he would not die of the wound — and fainted. In January, 1865, he returned to active service as chief of staff to Gen. George G. Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, and served as such until after Lee's surrender at Appomattox.

He was mustered out of the volunteer service on January 15, 1866, and after some reconstruction duties as Military Governor of Virginia was made Assistant-Professor of Geography, History and Ethics at West Point. When the Army was reorganized, he was appointed Lieut.-Colonel of the Forty-fourth Infantry. In December, 1870, he was, at his own request, discharged to accept a civil position as President of the College of the City of New York.

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Several brevets were conferred upon him. Lieutenant-Colonel, October 11, 1863, for Bristoe Station; Colonel, May 12th, 1864, for Spotsylvania, Brigadier-General, March 13, 1865, for the campaign ending with the surrender of Lee, and same date Major-General, August 1, 1864, for Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, the Wilderness and Spotsylvania. All of these were for gallant and meritorious services.

His entire absences from the Army from April, 1861, to April, 1865, including the time that he was recovering from wounds, did not exceed two months. After his wound in 1864, he did court-martial and recruiting duty until he joined his command. It must not be overlooked that after Gettysburg and until April, 1864, he commanded the division of which his brigade was a part. He was entitled to and should have received promotion at this time.

General Webb's system, weakened doubtless by his wounds, began to fail about a year before his death, and on the 12th of February, 1911, he died. In three days he would have reached the age of seventy-six. He died on Lincoln's birthday and was buried on his own birthday, February 15th. After funeral services in New York City the remains were taken to West Point and interred with military honors.

Mrs. Webb survived her husband until the 15th day of November, 1912. General Webb's family comprised Mrs. Webb, Henry R. R. Webb, who died in infancy, and William Remsen Webb, who died in March, 1899; Helen Lispenard Webb (Mrs. John E. Alexandre), Elizabeth Remsen Webb (Mrs. George B. Parsons), Anne R. Webb, Caroline LeRoy Webb, Alexander Stewart Webb, Jr., and Louisa De Peyster Webb (Mrs. W. John Wadsworth), who died in 1910.

General Alexander Stewart Webb in Civil Life

By Major Charles E. Lydecker

FROM his birth in 1835 to his entrance to the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, young Webb was in civil life, and had the education of a home where there was no lack of life and energy, and conspicuous Americanism, for James Watson Webb was a man of the strongest individuality. He also had the benefit of instruction in one of the best private schools, the Churchill School, at Sing Sing. From 1851 to 1869, his associations were emphatically military and these experiences left him a man of action, of kindly impulse, of just appreciation of the value of character, honor, patriotism, ability and industry. From July 1866 to October 1868, he was on detail to the West Point Academy as Instructor in Constitutional and International Law, and from there he was elected by the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York to the office of president of that institution.

The college has always been moulded after the U. S. Military Academy in its course of study, particularly in science and mathematics, and it not only seemed logical to find a West Pointer to succeed the retiring president, Horace Webster, but the time was one when a gifted war veteran was most acceptable to the people of New York to manage the people's college. At that time he was a comparatively slight, dark haired, swarthy faced man of thirty-four years, having a finely moulded head, erect upon a compact but nervous and active frame, displaying assertion and eagerness, in all his movements and speech.

He early found that the educational authorities were yielding to the constant and unvarying cry for reform, change, reconstruction and economy, usually made by persistent theorists or self seekers, to men who are too often uncertain in their own conceptions of what is most valuable and wise.

The following was written in 1902 as a summary of the work of General Webb as president.

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He promptly set about acquiring a grasp of the situation, and his report to the Board of Trustees, in October, 1869, shows how early in his new position the path of the college was made thorny.

The Board of Trustees had resolved in substance October 4th, 1869:

1. To consolidate the chairs of English and of History.
2. To consolidate the chairs of Mathematics and Mixed Mathematics.
3. To require the President to teach all the Philosophy taught.
4. To abolish all tutorships except one.
5. To give professors \$5000 per annum "in view of their increased duties."

It must have astonished the new president to see how many ways there were of criticising and balking the work of the institution. Of course the trustees listened to reason and the arguments of General Webb, and did not do any of the things threatened. But they put a firm limitation on the broadening views of the professors and president, and every one settled back to the old work.

The following statements appear fairly to be sustained by the records of the Board of Trustees:

General Webb at once suggested changes in the courses of studies, some of which were made in 1870. He recommended that German be put upon an equal footing with the French and Spanish languages, and that those in the lower classes be given an opportunity to study that language. Theretofore the study of German had been limited to the comparatively few who became juniors and seniors.

He advised that the students of the introductory class be on probation the first eight weeks, and that those who clearly showed their lack of preparation, or their indisposition to enter upon the college work, be dropped. This effective change was made and relieved the college greatly. It also improved the tone of the sections.

He early advocated the enlargement of the classical schedule of studies, and this has eventually resulted in separating the classical and scientific courses very markedly, so that the graduates of the college now have no cause to regard themselves as stunted in their collegiate training in the ancient languages.

In 1873, the commercial course was added to the college, but this was never regarded as of a character to warrant its association with the regular courses, and after a few years it was abandoned.

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In 1875, through the advocacy of Professor Compton, a post-graduate course in civil engineering was created, but no degree was ever favored by the president. General Webb had early founded a manual instruction course by which students were given an opportunity after hours to perfect themselves in the use of tools. Ultimately the mechanical course was incorporated in the college schedule in 1881. Originally this was a three years' course, but in 1889 it was enlarged to a five years' course, and became a regular collegiate course, yielding to graduates the degree of B. S.

General Webb always opposed those who considered young men in the sophomore class ready to enter upon a proposed course of pedagogy. He was consistently against the establishment of the commercial course, and his aim was always to steady the work of the institution along the lines of its original foundation. He never believed that the average student attending college should be given early in the course too much indulgence in electives.

When, in 1897, the high schools were established and inaugurated as a part of the public education of the city by those whose aims appeared to be hostile to the College, the foresight of the president forced the establishment of a College High School by the subdivision of the entrance classes, and an extension of their courses, so as to maintain the supply necessary to keep the College alive.

During the years 1895 and 1897, when the earnest and successful efforts of the friends of the college, led by its Alumni Association, were made to procure the legislation for a new site, there was no one who gave more continuous and intelligent application to the accomplishment of the work than the president of the College, never thwarting but always aiding that movement. When, finally, in 1898, the supplementary act had to be passed to provide the additional sum of \$200,000, General Webb's personal aid on the floor of the Senate was instrumental in having the bill taken up out of its course on the last day of the session, thus insuring its successful passage.

It was an exciting moment, when, in the hurry and struggle and bustle of the last hours of the Legislature, Mr. Ellsworth, the leader of the Senate, taking the distinguished president of the College on the floor of the Senate, and introducing him as the hero of Gettysburg, asked unanimous consent to pass out of its order the bill which had come from the Assembly, after over a week's careful watching and urging, and in a few minutes the work of its adoption was done.

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The loyalty of Webb to the College idea, led him to be conservative toward the progress of events which have gone through something of a cycle. He wrote on one occasion:

"Colleges will differ according to their especial objects and location, but not in the essential lines of instruction. Every college graduate is to-day as good a man as any other college graduate, or he is, in his own estimation, a little better than any other college graduate. The term is a well known one and we must respect the title, and see to it that no reputable college reduces its course, or changes its general course in any way to bring contempt on the Bachelor's degree. But the advocate of the elective course comes in and tells us that we are all wrong. Parts of our course studied in excess are better for this man and that man than the whole course.

"One cannot conceive how the plan proposed could tend to produce harmony amid all these conflicting interests. We sincerely deplore that we must differ conscientiously from high authorities in matters which refer to the policy to be adopted by our institutions of higher education, but, at this time, it is especially necessary to be plain spoken against invasions of the present college course as arranged by the best minds of the country, and to express determined hostility to the abuse of the elective system, leading as it does to these discussions, when this system is applied to students not of the university grade."

It was a great disappointment to General Webb not to continue in office until the great structures could be built upon the site acquired for the College on Convent Heights. He had seen the college grow beyond all power to care for its students; he had made an army of friends and admirers and the college was most firmly established as an integral part of the educational system of the City.

On his retirement he received the highest tributes of respect from Students Alumni, Faculty and Trustees; and several years after the Associate Alumni gave him a most enthusiastic banquet, at which the decorations were his old corps flags, and the speakers his ardent admirers and friends.

This was the students' tribute:

"And we who have known the general so well, will ever remember that noble, gentle face and kindly eye, reflecting as it does a heart as big as the man himself. In him we have always found a staunch friend, a wise counsellor, a merciful judge. Slow to anger, steadfast in the right, dignified, courteous, noble, generous, in fact an ideal man whom we all might well follow as a precept and example, for it can truly be said of him, 'He was a man the like of whom we shall not see again'".

The dominant trait which Webb, as president, represented, was a manly example of heroic, patriotic and worthy actions.

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General Webb took a prominent part in the ceremonies attendant upon the inauguration of General Grant as President of the United States; and was grand marshal of the funeral parade in New York City to the same distinguished person.

After his retirement, General Webb was occupied in his home at Riverdale in working up some of his old army records, and in the Military Service Institution of the United States, of which he became the president. He particularly labored to foster attention to military education. The last year of his life was one of weakening strength, and he passed away, survived by his wife, a son and four daughters.

An Address Delivered at Gettysburg

August 27, 1883

By

General Alexander Stewart Webb

At the Dedication of Monument to the Seventy-Second Pennsylvania Volunteers

THESE Cities of the Dead, established by the Government of the United States — preserved by the loving hands of those who cherish the saddest recollections of our late war — are the lasting monuments we have reared to testify to our assurance that it was God himself who preserved this Union; they are the pledges we have given that we will be its conservators.

We, therefore, approach in reverential respect and affectionate regret the graves of our comrades who have fallen, and, with tender recollection of our last companionship with them, we drop the tear of pride — yes, but of glorious pride — when we recall the time and the circumstance of their death — the time of our own salvation.

And why build monuments and pay loving respect and especial tribute to the memory of these men? Why claim for them a little more of these sad testimonials of our devotion than we give to others?

If from these few words of mine we may find left with us the conviction that these cold marbles are not yet sufficient to record, with anything like fidelity, the magnitude of the services rendered by the men who fought on this spot, we will have done no more than simple justice to their patriotism in this our act of veneration.

It is proper, therefore, that it should devolve upon one who was present with you in our glorious defense of “the main point of the Union line upon which General Lee ordered his columns to advance” (this is from Longstreet himself), it is proper, I repeat, to write that of which he can speak as an actor in the fray, with the certainty that no one will hereafter gainsay a clear statement of what we may all now testify to, and with the feeling that, in performing this labor of love, he does nothing more than pay a proper tribute to the memory of these who died a soldier’s death while rendering to their country a service for which no adequate recompense can be or will ever be made, either to their heirs or to their companions still living.

For thus it is, and thus it always must be, with Republics; so that, expecting nothing and seeking nothing from our Government, we come to engrave on imperishable marble our tribute to the fallen in your old Seventy-second Pennsylvania, knowing, as none others know, the time, the circumstance of their final devotion and gallantry, and death.



THE ANGLE

Scene of General Webb's defense against Pickett's charge, July 3, 1863

Alexander Stewart Webb

You will, therefore, gladly, no doubt, dwell with me for a few moments while I endeavor to place before you the facts and the circumstances which gave to the old clump of trees we so long defended, and which we never lost, the well-deserved name of "the turning point in the war."

And who were these men whose graves are now so signally honored, and whose death we crown with historical tribute?

Enlisted in Philadelphia, in August, 1861, by Col. D. W. C. Baxter, they served under our old chief McClellan, on the Peninsula, rendering signal service at Fair Oaks, where, under the war horse Sumner and gallant Sedgwick, they came to the support of General Heintzelman, and with Sully and others checked the Rebel advance at a moment when all was confusion and much was panic. Thence to Peach Orchard and Savage Station, under their still honored and respected Gen. W. W. Burns, they passed to Glendale, displaying such staying qualities, and exhibiting such results of their discipline and drill, that they, together with the other regiments of the brigade, secured the promotion of their well-tried commander of the Sixty-ninth, Joshua T. Owen, to a brigadier-generalship. Tried and exposed to shot and shell at Malvern Hill, they rested at Harrison's Landing — veterans — with a history of which they might well be proud. Surviving the disasters and mismanagements of the second Bull Run, they covered the retreat from Chantilly to the defenses of Washington under Generals Sully and Sumner in person.

And now we ask your attention to their next service, since some writers have been misled, and these men, who, on this spot, fought with me, and made me known as their commander, have the right to demand for their reputation the services of my pen and voice.

Antietam was a scene of their success and of their bloody loss. It was not to them at any time a source of discomfort or of loss of reputation. Let Dunker Church, had it a voice, relate how they passed by it, across the open field, far, far into the wood, arrested only by the personal order of Sumner himself. Count the missing and the slain, and recall the promotion of Wistar, and then ask if all this can be, and this regiment and this brigade be charged with remaining in the rear or retiring without success.

At this time I cannot stop to dwell upon Fredericksburg, where their services are acknowledged and recorded. Time fails me, and I hasten on to this historic field.

The battle of Chancellorsville, May 2d to May 5, 1863, whereby Gen. Joseph Hooker lost much of his hard-earned reputation, was to the Northern patriots so severe a blow — and to the Southern rebel so just a cause for pride and elation — that it is not a matter of wonder that Gen. R. E. Lee, taking into consideration the situation at Vicksburg, and almost certainty of the surrender of that city to General Grant, determined to "counterbalance that impending disaster" by striking at once at the existence of the Army of the Potomac, and our possession of the Capitol at Washington by invading the North.

In matters international, it is generally customary, and probably wise, to dissemble in regard to our feelings toward all nations — but it will be better for us, if we study well the relations of the foreign powers to the United States during this portion of the year 1863 — before we give way to any very strong feelings of

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reverence or esteem for their policies, their interest in, or their appreciation of our institutions. And, after such study, if we find that the neutrality of the government of England (save on the part of her queen and prince consort) was shallow and pretentious; the position of France positively hostile; all other nations, except Russia, inclined to rejoice in our defeats, it may be well, on such occasions as these, to give way to that which is the honest expression of a reasonable distrust of all their pretensions, past, present and future, and thus leave behind for the careful consideration of our posterity the soldier's maxim:

"In peace prepare for War."

That dissembling policy strongly characterized the condition of affairs so far as regards our foreign relations from May 3d to July 4, 1863; but Vicksburg and Gettysburg made it necessary for all these powers to continue dissimulation indefinitely.

It may thus be understood that Lee did not lack good and sufficient reasons for, and moral support in, beginning his invasion, and he seems to have felt confident, and reasonably so, that with a force of 75,000 men, placed north of Baltimore and Washington—cutting or menacing all their communications North, East and West—he would be in a position to receive sufficient aid from the Northern Copperheads and the foreign neutrals, to warrant the claim from his Rebel "Government," that England should throw aside her mask, and acknowledge "The (so-called) Confederacy of the South."

What a day dream! With English guns, English Shenandoahs, English moral support, and now English loans. What was to stand between Rebel hopes and Rebel success?

Just one power, Omnipotent in council, irresistible in the field—

"The Will of God."

Why relate to you the incidents of the march from the Rappahannock to Gettysburg. You all took part in it, and remember it, and you care for little other than the remembrance of the facts as you now recall them. It is sufficient for us to repeat that, July first, we found the Rebels here, and that we knew that they had come to stay, if the right hand of the Government, the force in whom the people of the North had their sole dependence did not drive them out. The people knew the qualities of the Army of the Potomac. They relied upon it, and not in vain.

And now we near our subject, "The value of the sacrifice of these men— at this point of all others on this field—on the second and third days of the battle of Gettysburg."

For nearly two months the disagreement between the War Department and General Hooker had been steadily approaching that point at which the resignation or relief of this General from the command of the Army was at last inevitable, and on the 29th of June, Major General George Gordon Meade was placed in command of the troops, who were destined under Divine Providence to drive Lee forever from Northern soil.

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Bid not farewell to Joseph Hooker without expressing for his memory that meed of praise which should be his — by reason of his services from the Peninsula to Gettysburg. He was willing and anxious to fight at all times — was an able, impetuous commander in the presence of the enemy — was a warm friend of any one he considered a good soldier, and an able man in the field; but was most unwise in the selection of his surroundings.

His was a sad fate. Stripped of his unwise counsellors, and surrounded by good men and able staff officers, he would have ceased to have been his own worst enemy. He is dead. His faults lie buried with him. He was a courageous, ambitious, fearless commander — an organizer of men, a fast friend.

How can we of the Army of the Potomac speak in adequate terms of our last beloved commander, General Geo. G. Meade!

He who addresses you, as you well know, knew him as a soldier as intimately as any one, serving with him night and day, in battle and in camp — how can he express to you one tithe of his love and respect for him!

The man, who was the first and only man who ever met Lee in his pride and strength in pitched battle, and defeated him, has, I know, been assailed for years by those whose military history will bear but little examination. And recently they have found a mouth-piece quite willing to repeat, without sufficient experience or any personal knowledge, the scandals to which these writers gave life, only after their final deposition from active commands or responsible duty in an army, to whose success, against Lee, they could have added, and did add nothing.

But George G. Meade was, and is, known to have been the soul of honor, the Christian soldier and patriot, the modest, kind, scholarly friend, to all who approached him for counsel and support, the successful chief of the grandest army this continent ever has seen, or ever will see. How dare they tell us — on their hearsay — that such a man deliberately evaded telling the whole truth before the Committee of Congress, which was endeavoring to fasten upon him (by his own evidence) these malignant aspersions of those discharged, relieved, or retired officers — men who well knew that under such a commander as Meade, all the abuses practised during Gen. Hooker's rule, to which they owed their advancement, must cease. Gen. Meade then declared under oath, and called upon his God to witness to his then repeated declaration, that not one word of their charges against him was, or ever had been, true.

Strong indeed is the testimony of Sedgwick, Howard, Newton, Sykes, Williams and Gibbon, and A. S. Williams, who were present at the Council of War, held July 2d, against Pleasanton and Doubleday, who were not present, and Slocum, who thought Gen. Meade said that, "Gettysburg was no place to fight a battle." Stronger yet, for the truth of history, is the evident inability of Gen. Birney to charge Gen. Meade with any other fault than "seeming indisposed to fight, or hazard a battle on any except the most favorable terms." Strong indeed, on the side of Meade, is the testimony of Generals Warren, Hunt, and Seth Williams, his trusted staff officers; and finally, and last of all, and most powerful against the influence of the authors of these charges, are the circumstances surrounding their separation from this army, and the natural result therefrom, that some, or all of them, have been finally permitted to sink into oblivion after having failed utterly in their endeavors to detract

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from the well-earned reputation of Geo. G. Meade. Their punishment is well deserved.

This Christian soldier, on June 28th, took command of our dear old army, and, when he sent forth the following address to us, we well knew that he and we had come to succeed here or be sacrificed:

“By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier, in obeying this order — an order totally unexpected and unsolicited — I have no promises or pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest.”

And believing in this all-controlling Providence, and relying on the skill, the soldierly ability, and the guidance of such a commander, the Army of the Potomac moved to this spot, ready to determine here in these open fields whether or not it was yet the will of God that the Union should be saved.

And now for a brief allusion to the battle and to the part these fallen heroes took in it. Pardon me if I relate something concerning the details of it, which you may know even better than myself. For the sake of the truth in history bear with me for a little while.

This three days' contest was a constant recurrence of scenes of self-sacrifice, and of exhibition of wise presence, on the part of Meade, Reynolds and Howard on the first day; of Sykes, Warren, Weed, Hancock and Geo. S. Greene, the man who saved our right flank, on the second; and on the part of all engaged on the third and last day. Lee was ever active and pushed us sorely.

The list of dead and wounded among our higher officers stands an ever present witness to the severity of these actions, and their loss was indeed to us, who had served with and had learned to respect and follow these men, most terrible.

The history of the battle has been told and retold until we are all familiar with the well established particulars of it, as well as with most of the claims made by those who have not as yet been able to agree as to whether they were posted by themselves, by their commanders, or by individual skill and forethought, in localities calculated to repel Lee's and also any other army of the Rebel Confederacy.

In the presence of the graves of our dead let us repeat that which I wrote of you about twenty years ago, sustained as I have been in my statements by the best of our historians, and conscious of my willingness and desire to acknowledge the rights and the claims of any and every soldier who may have participated in our triumph.

Men of the Philadelphia Brigade held this position for the whole period of the battle, and were never driven from one rod or foot of it under any circumstance, save when the two companies of the Seventy-first, to which I refer in my report, others of the same regiment having been already removed to afford a space for artillery fire, were fairly overwhelmed, and driven back 100 to 150 feet by a mass of the enemy, now known to be equal in volume to a full brigade. Some men of



THE CRATER
PETERSBURG, VA.



FORT STEDMAN
PETERSBURG, VA.

FAIR OAKS
VA.



Alexander Stewart Webb

the other brigades of our division passed in rear of our Seventy-second Regiment to its right, and, after the assault, to our front, who were not at any moment in the immediate face of the rebels, and who yet claim to have passed through that regiment. They did not.

Justice — simple justice — to these, our dead, require this declaration, and if I am to-day brought in direct conflict of statement with some of those who so patriotically endeavored to assist us on July 3d, it is not through a want of appreciation of their efforts. God knows that I was grateful enough to them; but it is simply through my sense of duty to the memory of these, over whose graves we hold this service.

In loving commemoration of their devotion and daring, I must restrict these claims.

You were posted, as you will remember, early on July 2d, on this ridge,¹ and on the right of our division, by order of Brigadier-General Gibbon, our commander. Our right rested on Lieut. A. H. Cushing's Battery A. Fourth U. S. Artillery; our left on Battery B, First Rhode Island Artillery, Lieut. T. Fred. Brown commanding. The Sixty-ninth Regiment was placed behind a fence, a little in advance of the ridge — the remaining three regiments of the brigade under cover of the hill in the rear. Brown's Battery was in the course of the day removed to the front of the Sixty-ninth Regiment. It remained at this point until the assault at 6:30 p. m.

Your position was well calculated to render you available for the work before you.

Colonel Charles H. Bancs, our adjutant general of brigade — than whom there is no better staff officer or military adviser, nor more self-possessed man on the hottest field — has, in his account of this day's fighting, written as follows:

"Immediately after assuming this position, a detail, ordered from each regiment, was advanced as skirmishers beyond the Emmitsburg Road, and parallel with the Rebel line of battle on Seminary Ridge. This disposition was scarcely completed before the enemy opened with sharpshooters and artillery. During the day both of the batteries on the flanks of the brigade engaged those of the enemy, the shelling wounding but few on our side."

From our position, which gave us a commanding view of our front and left, we beheld the whole of the unfortunate advance of General Sickles and his subsequent discomfiture, and we knew at the time that it would devolve upon General Hancock's command to repulse the charge or assault the rebels were certain to make. Hancock had command of the First, Second and Third Corps, and it required all his energy and military promptness to save our broken line on that day, using for this purpose every man at his disposal.

We cannot pause to speak in fitting terms of the deaths of Generals Weed and Vincent, of Colonel O'Rorke and Captain Hazlett, in saving for us our position on Little Round Top, or of the sacrifice of Colonels Willard, Cross and Zook, of our corps, in saving the Third Corps from total rout. Their names have been handed

¹ Extending from the left of the cemetery, and falling off gradually towards Round Top, Granite Ridge formed the natural location for a line of battle. Defense there was none, except the low stone walls marking the field boundaries. In the centre of this line, and just below the crest, a small grove of peculiar shaped trees gave prominence to the landscape, and it was this copse which was selected by General Longstreet as the point of direction for his columns of attack.

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down to posterity as those of our dead heroes of Gettysburg whose deaths ensured to us our victory at the end. No efforts of the very best and bravest of our generals could stem the tide of Longstreet's attack, supported as he was by the "best fighting material in the rebel army," under Wilcox, Barksdale, Perry and Wright. Not even the soldierly qualities of the brave Humphreys could secure more to the Third Corps than a sullen retreat. Thus were we of necessity brought into action at about six o'clock p. m. on the 2d, and well was the honor of Philadelphia upheld by your regiments.

"Our skirmishers had been holding their line and engaging the enemy during the past hour."

"The enemy made the assault of the 2d at about 6:10 p. m. Their line of battle advanced beyond one gun of Brown's Battery, receiving at that point the fire of the Sixty-ninth, of the Seventy-first advanced to the support of the Sixty-ninth, and of the Seventy-second and One hundred and sixth, which had previously been moved to the left by command of Major General Hancock. Colonel Baxter, of the Seventy-second, while gallantly leading his command was at this time wounded. The enemy halted, manoeuvred, and fell back, pursued by the One hundred and sixth, Seventy-second and part of the Seventy-first. The Seventy-second and One hundred and sixth followed them to the Emmitsburg Road, capturing and sending to the rear about two hundred and fifty prisoners, among whom were one colonel, five captains and fifteen lieutenants."

During the first assault we lost eighteen officers, and probably 200 men killed and wounded. We were thus well prepared for the work before us, and we were thus soon to be tried as men seldom had been or have since been in the presence of their fellow soldiers.

Let us turn then to the consideration of the part we were about to take in the final contest for the maintenance of Rebel strength north of Washington.

There is a point to which in any pursuit of life one may attain success beyond which he may not pass. With the sanguine hopes of his government, and the moral support of most of the rulers of the nations of the earth, R. E. Lee, the leader of the Rebel forces, was permitted to reach this, but till then little known Pennsylvania town — only to find that here all hope of success was to be lost, all assurances of carrying the war into the Northern States to be proven false. Bitter, bitter failure! Thus far shalt thou go.

Gettysburg in the political sense was, and is now throughout the world, known to be the Waterloo of the Rebellion. And thus it was of necessity most bloody. Both sides knew the importance of the results, and were prepared then and there to decide the issue.

For two days Lee had contended to determine and to carry some weak point in Meade's line, and without success. He had crushed in our advance on the first, had driven back Sickles on the second, had almost turned both right and left on that day, and had retired only to determine upon some point upon which to renew his assaults.

Once successful with one of his strong columns, he felt that the day would be his, and that the first step would be taken toward opening correspondence with the

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Rebels of the North. And now the question in which you are most interested was to be settled, and as Longstreet has himself given testimony it was settled in your favor. Your clump of trees was to be taken, and to be assaulted by the flower of the Rebel host. This decision gave you your place in history; this stone wall its prominence.

Before describing the main assault and its failure, let us refer for the last time to some of the reports and histories which have been written with the desire to wrest your laurels from you.

One writer thus describes the action of the enemy "after they found his" (the writer's) "command too much for them." "I moved my command by the right flank to the foot of the 'bluff', delivering our fire as we marched, and keeping between the enemy and the object of his enterprise" (i. e., us). "He succeeded in reaching the fence at the foot of the bluff, but with ranks broken, and his men evidently disheartened. Some succeeded in getting over the fence," etc., etc.

This one we should be thankful to. He was the saviour of the clump. Can you find the bluff?

And now another: "The charge was aimed directly at my command, but owing apparently to the firm front shown them, the enemy diverged midway and came upon the line on my right." Then he took them in flank and probably without loss, captured not Lee, but the main portion of those Lee had dared to point towards him, "the larger portion of them surrendered and marched in not as conquerors but as captives." This all took place on our left, and beyond the position of those who really were with us in our hour of need.

But in pleasant contrast let us look to the right. There was "old" Alex. Hays, a glorious fighter, probably a man without a newspaper in his interest. He tells of his front without one attempt to take from any one their laurels fairly won. Thus he writes:

"Their march" (the enemy's) "was as steady as if impelled, marching unbroken by our artillery. . . . When within one hundred yards of our line, the fire of our men could no longer be restrained" . . . "before the smoke of our first volley had cleared away, the enemy, in dismay and consternation, were seeking safety in flight."

With our right protected by Alex. Hays (than whom there was on that field no braver, and but few more observing officers), and with our left reinforced by Hall, Colonel Norman J. Hall commanding the First Brigade of our own division, I do not think we either looked for or asked for any one to dishearten the enemy before they reached us, nor did we expect any one to interpose their forces between ourselves and Pickett. Had these latter been near enough to the rebel line to know Pickett's men, they would never have permitted this absurd claim to have been made for them.

It seems a little hard to be forced to state at this late day just what was the "point of attack of Longstreet's forces." But, in self-defense, it must be done. Will you accept Longstreet's own statements, and that of Colonel Harrison, General Pickett's adjutant general and inspector general, or that of General E. P. Alexander, of the Rebel artillery? Bacheider says: "While visiting the field with him at

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Gettysburg, the copse of trees on General Webb's front was the point on which the troops were directed to advance. "These trees being relieved in clean outline against the sky, when seen from the Rebel line, formed an unmistakable landmark."

Lieut.-General James Longstreet spent several hours, in 1868, in Mr. Walker's studio, examining the painting of the battle of Gettysburg, not then completed. After looking at it closely for some time, he turned with a sad smile to Bachelder, and said: "Colonel, there's where I came to grief."

"I have called your assault the 'tidal wave,' and the copse of trees in the centre of the picture, the 'high-water mark' of the rebellion," said Bachelder. "You said rightly," Longstreet responded; "we were successful until then. From THAT point we retreated, and continued to recede, and never again made successful headway."

At a dinner given not more than five or six years ago, General Hancock, in reply to a toast given to him, and referring to his success at Gettysburg, said:

"In every battle there must be one point upon which the success of either side must hinge. At such a position every earnest or brave general must hope to be posted. It was General Webb's good fortune to be posted at that point at Gettysburg, and he held it."

Have you any doubts remaining in your minds to-day in regard to the culminating point on this field? Here, therefore, we claim were sacrificed the lives of these men, to whom all must give the highest honor, through force of position and circumstance during the trying day, which decided forever the Rebel claim to rule this country—a claim which had never been more properly asserted, than when spoken in our National Legislature in this wise: "I shall yet call the roll of my slaves under the shadow of the Bunker Hill monument." I refrain from alluding to another author who wrote page after page to prove that those whom we met were exhausted.

THE THIRD DAY

The One hundred and sixth Regiment had been ordered to our right, to General Howard. They had won sufficient honor with us; they received a glad welcome, and a corresponding praise when parted from us.

Our Sixty-ninth was on the left at the wall, and in front of the now renowned copse of trees. On their right was most of the Seventy-first Regiment, a portion of it retired to the wall, behind the Angle, placing it in echelon with the remainder.

The Seventy-second was posted immediately behind the crest of the mound or hill in support of Cushing's Battery and Hall.

On our right was glorious old fighting Hays, and on our left Hall and Harrow. Our strength was but 1,100 men and but seventy-four officers (of these we were to lose forty-three officers and 452 men, of which latter but forty-seven were missing). As we now consider matters, we had not much more than one full regiment.

We had heard and fully realized the severity of the morning's contest in regaining for our side Culp's Hill, abandoned the night before in the darkness. We had rested, but we were not unmindful of the fact that the silence of the enemy forebode some severe and well-planned attack. If not retreating Lee was to be aggressive.

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About one o'clock, while the men were wondering what would be the next movement in this great battle, a single Whitworth gun was fired from the left of Seminary Ridge, a distance of three miles. Then followed those signal guns, and at last that terrific fire from the Rebel artillery. Have you ever heard the like? Shell and shot from nearly 150 pieces falling among our batteries and regiments. We had little or no cover save a pile of stones not two feet high. Had the fall of missiles been likened to hail, the picture would not have been overdrawn. A hissing, fiery storm—every conceivable bolt of destruction striking in our midst—the dreadful thud everywhere! Horse and carriage and dismounted gun lying where a little before had stood the Union battery. The wounded, suffering, and the dying still and quiet in the midst. The calm and brave Cushing and his brother officers of that noble artillery, standing by their remaining pieces to the last—our pride and our glory. When will it cease? When will they charge? for surely this is what it means. Can you not feel yet the heat of that bursting caisson; the stones and sand from that exploded shell? It will never be forgotten. And there in the wood they form "a solid front." Pickett and Pettigrew and Trimble—Virginia and Georgia and North Carolina, Virginia leading—are to take this clump of trees. Ah, well chosen was this gallant band! See them now as their lines descend toward us—our countrymen, but our foes. With all, we cannot be other than proud of our enemies. They come to crown this crest or perish.

Bring us now new batteries! Let Wheeler and Cowan come to replace Woodruff and Cushing. These are to die, but, oh! such deaths, in every contact with the enemy. Let every man know now that the impending strife is to be for life or death, for Union or defeat.

Two lines of Rebel regiments, possibly 18,000 men, are moving on our line slowly and determinedly. They near the crest. Cushing, wounded, asks to have his remaining gun run down to the fence, and, glorious martyr, wounded, yea, sorely, stands by that piece the very picture of a soldier. Americans can well glory in the achievements of the Cushings.

But Hancock, our glorious Hancock, ever near the front in action, was not to be easily overthrown by this mass of angry foes. He had the old Second Corps and Doubleday's Division of the First; and well he knew how to use us! Stannard was to be used to stay the supporting column on the Rebel right, and well he did it. Gates, of Rowley's First Brigade, was enabled to assist in this movement. Harrow and Hall, of our own division, were near to help us, and Hays on our right with the Third Division, with Smith's Brigade, was well able to hold his own.

On, on they come with solid front! Line closing in upon line, as their right or left felt the pressure of Hancock's aggressive movements. And now they strike the Sixty-ninth, under Colonel O'Kane, and a portion of the Seventy-first, under Lieut.-Colonel Kochersperger, and, halting under the withering fire of these brave men, pressed toward the open part of the wall, in front of the space held formerly by Cushing. Here, Armistead, waving his sword aloft, had rushed in with his men. Here, Cushing had died at his piece. Here, was to be the final struggle for the crest! But this crest was not to be taken from us, if, by self-sacrifice and by individual effort, it could be retained.

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Pressed by a wedge-shaped column of Rebels, the right of those who guarded the wall on the left of Cushing was pressed to the rear, but not penetrated or driven to the rear. They were better for defense in their new position. The brigade commander himself pointed out to them the number of the Rebels who had passed to their right, and directed them to fire upon them, and to fight their right and rear.

But past the wall—low enough for Armistead to step over—what had they to meet: First from our right the fire of the companies of the Seventy-first, under Colonel R. Penn Smith; then from the front the fire of the Seventy-second Regiment, perfectly organized and in line on this crest, and from our left, and left centre, that of the body of Hall's men, the guard or rear guard under Captain Ford and Lient. Lynch, of the One hundred and sixth, which hurried to be with their brigade in the fray, and finally also, the rush of Kochersperger's men pressed right and left. With no hope of success in their front, and no hope of retreat, they surrendered. Armistead dying—their dead and wounded within our lines—killed and maimed in a hand to hand contest, those in rear had nothing else to do. Hall, Hays, Harrow, did much to aid in securing this result; in every battle it will be and has been in vain to try to claim all the praise and all success for any one brigade or regiment; but I defy you to find a contest in which any one brigade performed more nobly the part assigned to it.

This is no description of this battle at the crest. No man on such an occasion as this can enter into the details of a history which would require the limits of a volume to portray its incidents.

We came to tell of the deeds of those who lie buried here; but pausing, find that the limits of this, my tribute to your patriotism, will not permit of it. Each name has been engraven on some panel. It may be, in what is to-day a place of obscurity; but in the near future I can see that history, so often called unreliable, will—from some efforts such as this—be led to uncover these silent memorials, and in pages emblazoned with the symbols of truth, and breathing forth the imperishable words of Justice, will seek near this spot to relate to the world, the deeds of those unconquered heroes, who gave their lives to their country, in order that the power of the fiat, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther," might be proven to be in things temporal and in things spiritual, the will of Omnipotence.

What words can better describe our feelings than those of our grand President, Abraham Lincoln, delivered on this spot: "The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here."

"From these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

Meade, beloved and honored, has passed from among us; but his name shall live as the hero of Gettysburg.

Lincoln is dead, but we well remember that we laid this, our offering, at his feet, acknowledging him to be for that, our National Crisis, the ordained saviour of the principles of American Liberty.

Hancock still lives, we give to him his portion of our glory and respect for giving to us his unstinted praise. And can we here forget our citizen friend and companion, J. Warner Johnson, the quiet, thoughtful friend of each and all of us. For his self-sacrifice, God has no doubt rewarded him. The man who shod and

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clothed some of these very men, who wisely counselled and befriended so many, who cared for the wounded, who supported the widows, has engraven on our hearts a remembrance we will cherish to the end.

To our brethren of the army we turn to do us justice. They who on this bloody field saw so much to try their patience and their valor, to them we look, as a soldier may look to soldier, to give to the memories of these, our comrades, their places in history. None, none but such brave men can estimate our work; few, few yet live to tell of the intensity and strength of our trial. O'Kane and Tschudy, Duffy, Thompson and Kelly, Steffan and Dull, McBride, Griffiths and Jones, from their silent graves call for our maintenance of their rights, our cherishing of their reputations and their sacrifices. We will do our part. In this a memorial to all of them, we, rearing this monument to the dead of the Seventy-second Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers, do honor to all.

The Rebel blow at our Unity, and the slave-holders' proud boast that the Northern artisan should yet succumb to their power and influence, found on this spot their death-knell.

The dead knew not, it may be, all that they have done; but they died for us, and for our country. "But ere the spirit fled, Heaven grant they saw that not in vain they bled." We approach their graves in reverence and in tears. We now know how much we owe to them. Rest! patriot spirits, Rest! We live to know how great was your sacrifice—how great was our gain. History shall give to you the glory, and Memory (crowding upon us all that we can recall of your gallantry and worth) will secure to you from us, in the future, as now—love, affection and attachment, on occasions such as these.

You have died that we might live, and this nation since your death honors annually her nation's dead. We decorate in fond remembrance the graves of our nation's sacrificed. We find none who dare to withhold from them these symbols of the nation's gratitude. We speak of our Union dead as of the lost in our families; of their cause for which they died, as the cause of the salvation of our country and of her institutions; of their services and death as the sacrifices of her sons, that she might live.

If the spirits of those who slumber here may be allowed to know of this, our tribute to their patriotism; if the spirits of those who sowed, but never reaped; who died for freedom; and for the fulfilling of God's will, may be allowed to commune with us to-day; we, their comrades and their survivors, can do nothing more fitting in our act of consecration of this humble memorial, than here to solemnly renew our oaths of allegiance to our Glorious Union; here to swear that this government, loved, honored, and preserved by us in the past, will be maintained, protected and conserved by all in the future. God gave and preserved the Union of the United States. Who shall dare to sever us?

Brothers before the war—brothers to-day—we deplore the cause of these sad remembrances; but we well know as few others can, that mementos such as these must be erected, that men may, in the sight of these hallowed graves, recall the errors of the past, and knowing the cost of rebellion against His will—resolve to foster and maintain the principles for which our fathers fought, for which their sons have died.

