

ARMY HISTORY

Summer 2013

PB 20-13-3 (No. 88) Washington, D.C.

IN THIS ISSUE

Nothing but the Spirit of Heroism

Andrew A. Humphreys at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg

6

By Matthew T. Percy

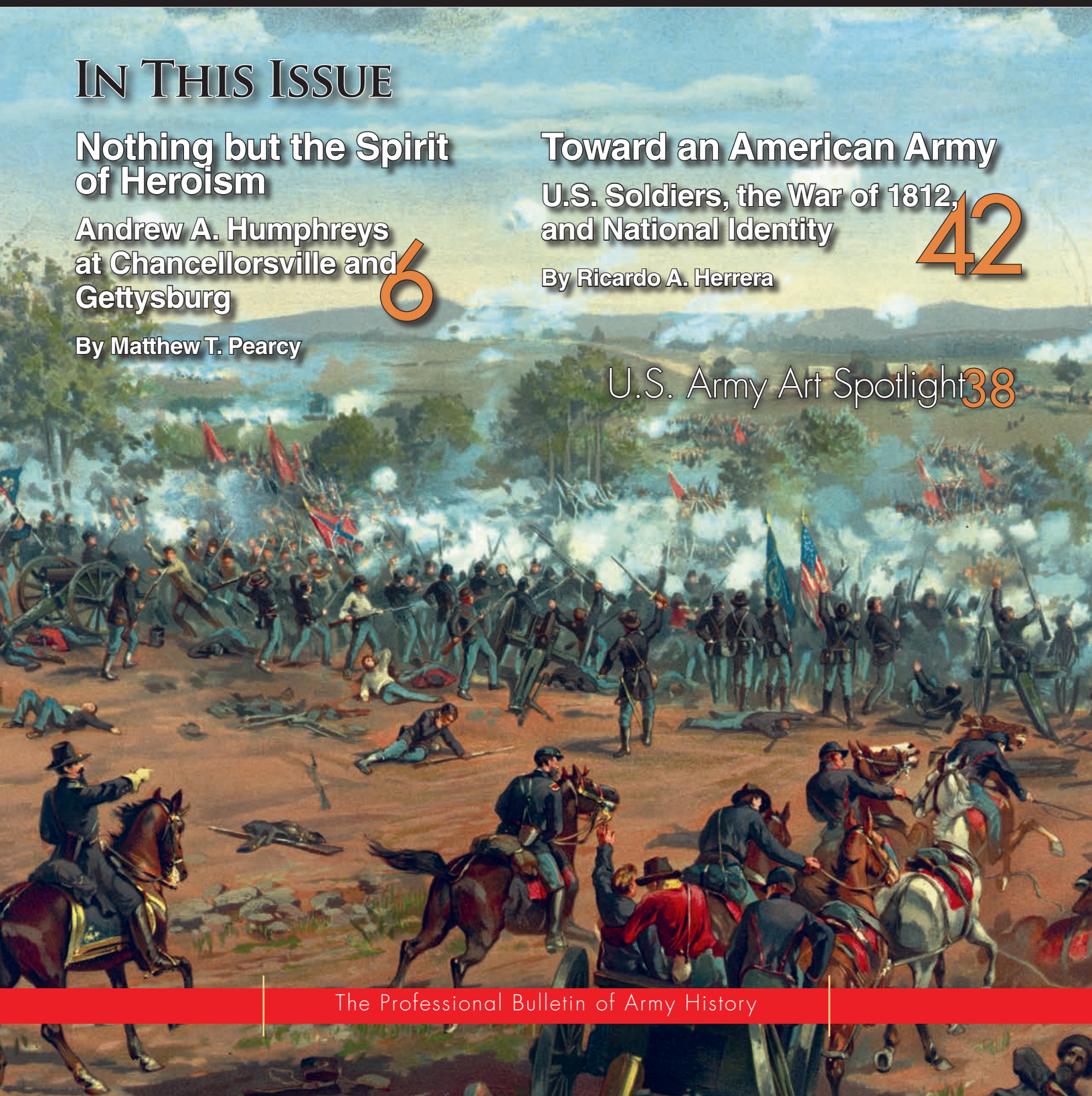
Toward an American Army

U.S. Soldiers, the War of 1812, and National Identity

42

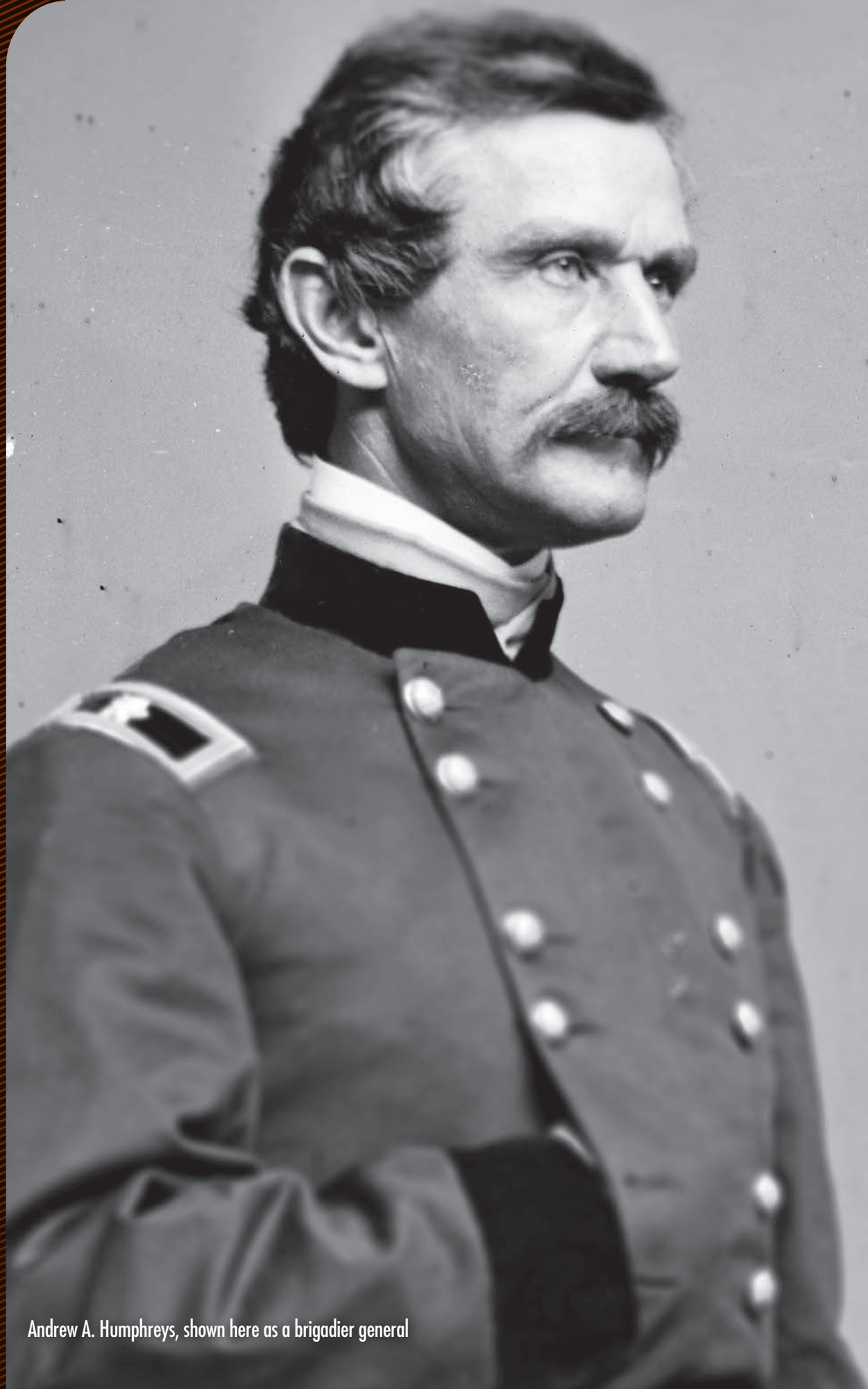
By Ricardo A. Herrera

U.S. Army Art Spotlight 38



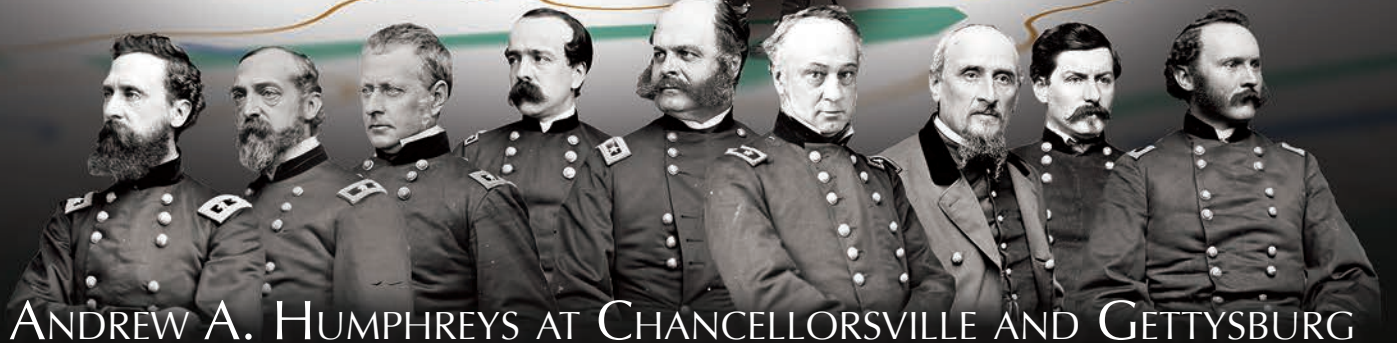
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Dr. Matthew T. Percy has been a historian with the Office of History of Headquarters, U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, in Alexandria, Virginia, since 2006. He worked from 2001 to 2006 as the historian of the St. Paul District of the Corps of Engineers in St. Paul, Minnesota. While there, he joined with Charles A. Camillo to coauthor *Upon Their Shoulders: A History of the Mississippi River Commission* (Vicksburg: Mississippi River Commission, 2004). He has published articles in *Louisiana History*, *Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society*, *Florida Historical Quarterly*, and *Military History of the West*. He holds a Ph.D. in history from the University of North Texas. He is currently working on a book-length biography of Andrew A. Humphreys (1810–1883).



Andrew A. Humphreys, shown here as a brigadier general

NOTHING BUT THE SPIRIT OF HEROISM



ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS AT CHANCELLORSVILLE AND GETTYSBURG

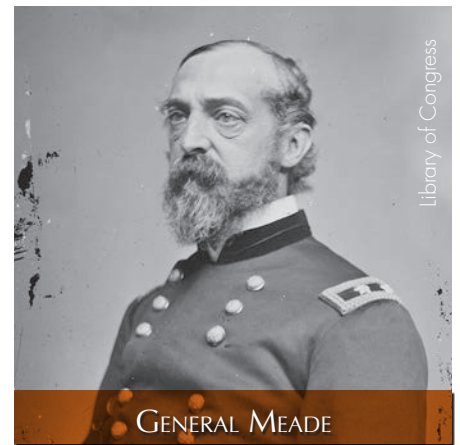
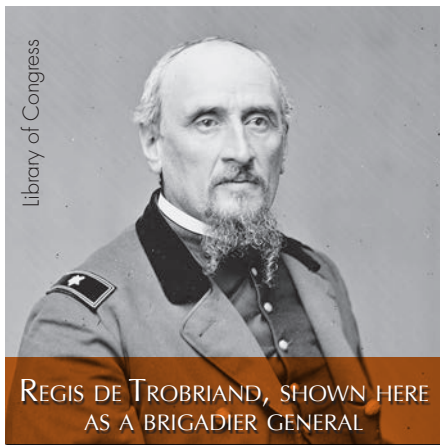
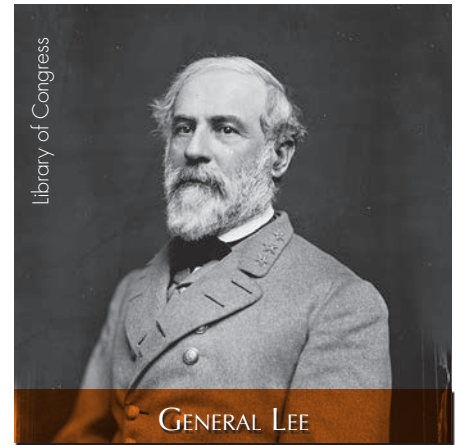
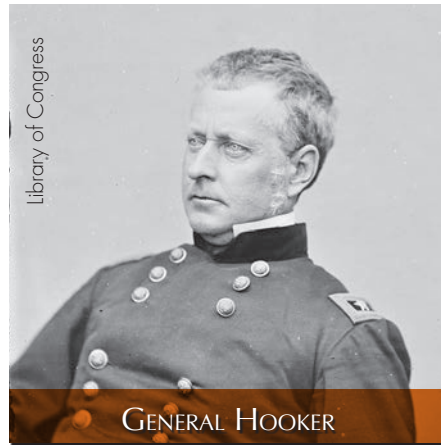
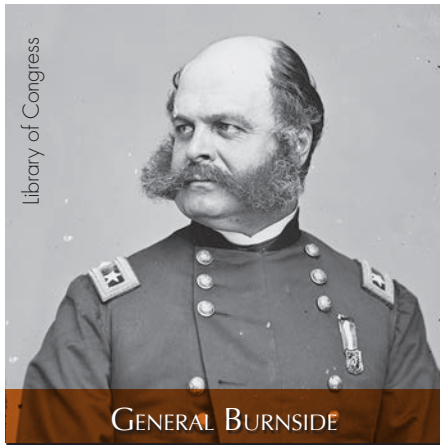
BY MATTHEW T. PEARCY

Christmas of 1862 saw the battered Army of the Potomac, demoralized after its costly defeat at Fredericksburg, settling back to its “old camping place” at Falmouth, Virginia, and bracing for a hard winter.¹ For his part, Brig. Gen. Andrew A. Humphreys had cause for optimism. The 30-year veteran of the Army Corps of Topographical Engineers had led his green division of Pennsylvania volunteers in a valiant and widely admired assault on Confederate positions along Marye’s Heights. “It has cost me a great labor,” he admitted to his wife Rebecca, “but I take it that it has established my reputation in arms as the same earnestness did before in science & art & administration.”² Humphreys had, by all accounts, performed magnificently at Fredericksburg, and its aftermath brought accolades from all quarters. Maj. Gen. Ambrose Burnside, commander of the Army of the Potomac, heaped

praise on his division commander for “conspicuous . . . gallantry throughout the action,” and Regis de Trobriand, a colorful French aristocrat and colonel of the 55th New York, went further still, calling Humphreys “probably the best officer in the Army of Potomac that day.”³ Two weeks after the battle, *Harper’s Weekly* ran an illustrated account of the assault on Marye’s Heights. The piece was titled “Gallant charge of Humphrey’s division at the battle of Fredericksburg.”⁴ Back at camp amid a spike in desertions, Humphreys turned his attention to rebuilding his division and securing a much sought-after promotion to major general.

Burnside was restless to redeem himself and made one final attempt at Confederate General Robert E. Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia, still in force across the river at Fredericksburg. This was to be a flanking attack and called for a march up

the Rappahannock River for Banks Ford, ten miles upstream. Originally planned for the morning of 18 January 1863, the movement began two days late and then in the afternoon. The delay proved costly as the army advanced only a few miles from Falmouth when a sheet of wind-driven rain, thundering out of darkened skies, swept through the ranks. Humphreys’ 3d Division, V Corps, bivouacked along the roadside, but most of the men were without shelter and quickly drenched. The relentless storm continued into the next day, and the army started out only to find the Virginia roads so mired that passage was impossible. Men waded through mud, water, and pouring rain; wagons and artillery carriages sank to their axles; and horses had to be cut loose, or in some cases, shot, as they struggled to exhaustion in the mud. The next day, 22 January, Burnside called off the whole affair, and the hard-luck Army of the



Potomac slogged back to Falmouth. Humphreys lamented, "If we had only marched a day earlier, and could have attacked the enemy's entrenchments in that storm, we should have carried them. It would have been a glorious fight."⁵ Burnside's grip on command did not long survive the "Mud March," with President Abraham Lincoln turning next to Maj. Gen. Joseph "Fighting Joe" Hooker, a 48-year-old Massachusetts native with a reputation for aggressive fighting and loose morals. Humphreys, still a brigadier general, remained at Falmouth with his division of mostly short-timers as the clock ran out on their enlistments.

It would be spring before the army moved again, but for Humphreys the quiet months at Falmouth were anxious and unsettled. With 1,337 men on sick leave by mid-February, his division counted no more than 3,398 men—about the size of a single brigade.⁶ He put through a request to his new V Corps commander, friend and fellow engineer, Maj. Gen. George

Meade, for additional troops to bring it to 10,000, "the proper strength of a division of infantry," but conceded that his was a special case, as "six of eight regiments composing my division are nine months men whose term of service will expire the first week of May."⁷ Meade did not act on the request, and the fate of the 3d Division remained uncertain late into April.

Humphreys' professional standing, too, was unresolved. Though highly regarded in the Regular Army, he was a mere captain on the eve of the Civil War, and the rapid wartime promotions that came so easily to others mostly eluded him. He had built his reputation as a scientist and engineer and, after two decades in Washington, was regarded as something of a "desk soldier," a perception only reinforced by his history of frail health and his want of recent combat experience.⁸ Baseless but persistent rumors that Humphreys was "lukewarm in his loyalty" were buttressed when his only surviving brother, Joshua, threw in his lot with the rebel navy.⁹ Certainly his very public friendship with Jefferson Davis, now president of the Confederacy, did not help at all. Humphreys also held all the wrong views—Democratic, conservative, and antiemancipation. These were majority positions among the West Point set but out of favor in the wartime capital. All of this condemned Humphreys to watch from behind while less worthy men advanced over him. It was a full year into the war before he secured his brigadier-ship but even that left him junior to

dozens of officers he had outranked in the old Army. It was a bitter pill for the proud Pennsylvanian.

In the days immediately after Fredericksburg, Burnside threw his still considerable weight behind an effort to promote Humphreys and pressed Lincoln on the issue, successfully it seemed initially but nothing came of it. Humphreys first learned of trouble on 17 January when an investigation revealed that "my name is not on the list of those officers sent to the Senate for promotion, and that there is no trace whatever in the War Department of any such intention towards me." He fumed in frustration, writing to his wife that "President L. had not done as he had promised General Burnside." She offered to speak to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, but Humphreys initially balked—"I would not have you or anyone say one word to the Secretary of War or anyone else. If I cannot command the position I know that I am entitled to by my acts, I will not have it by impetrating or intercession... so let it pass."¹⁰

After a week of reflection, he changed his mind and took leave of his division to attend to the matter personally in Washington. A brief visit to the White House on Wednesday, 28 January, did him no good, and he returned to Falmouth with the “depression consequent upon the chilling reception I met at the President’s and at the War Department.” That an old nemesis, General in Chief of the U.S. Army, Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck, nursed a grudge was no surprise to Humphreys, but he was disheartened to learn that Lincoln had “no recollection of my recommendation for promotion, nor of his assurance it should be made, and knows nothing of my service at Fredericksburg.”¹¹

Lincoln, neck-deep in a war gone badly, had simply forgotten.¹² Shortly after his brief meeting with Humphreys, the president scratched out a note to Burnside:

Gen. Humphreys is now with me saying that you told him that you had strongly urged upon me, his,

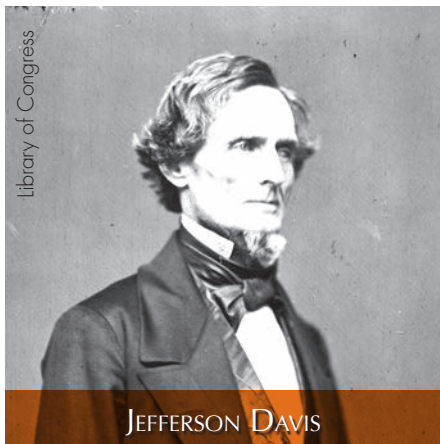
Gen. H’s promotion, and that I in response had used such strong language, that you were sure his name would be sent to the Senate. I remember nothing of your speaking to me; or I to you, about Gen. H. Still this is far from conclusive that nothing was said. I will now thank you to drop me a note, saying what you think is right and just about Gen. Humphreys.¹³

Burnside wrote his response to Lincoln on Valentine’s Day: “Humphreys is the general that behaved so gallantly at Fredericksburg, and when I spoke to you of him you said he ought to be rewarded by promotion to rank of major-general, and I hope it will be done.”¹⁴ The note would doubtless have had the desired effect but for the hostile machinations of others.

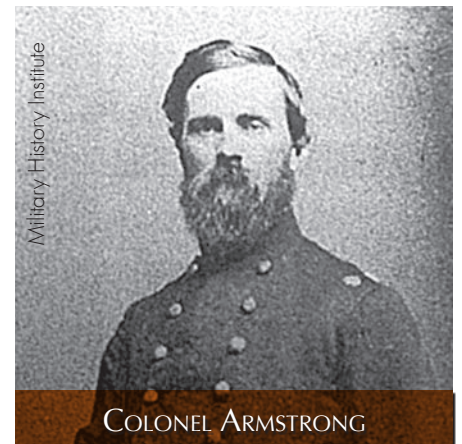
In mid-January, simmering tensions between Humphreys and one of his leading regiments, the 129th Pennsylvania, spilled over into several courts-martial. Two of its best volunteer officers, Col. Jacob G. Frick and Lt. Col. William H. Armstrong, had refused—in violation of direct orders by Humphreys—to require the purchase of winter dress coats that they saw as an unnecessary and extravagant expense for their men, most of whom had only several months remaining in their enlistments. Humphreys dug in his heels, testified against both officers, and saw them incarcerated for a time before they were cashiered from the Army for what became known as the “frock coat mutiny.”¹⁵ Neither of the men went quietly, and their howls of protests reached the capital with some

effect. Frick’s brother-in-law, Eli Slifer, was the Pennsylvania secretary of state in Gov. Andrew Curtin’s administration, and the colonel’s dismissal “roused a whole nest of state politicians.”¹⁶ The clever Armstrong struck back with his pen, later publishing a pseudonymous and highly unflattering account of his experiences in the division. The novella was directed at Humphreys and titled *Red-Tape and Pigeon-Hole Generals* (1864).¹⁷

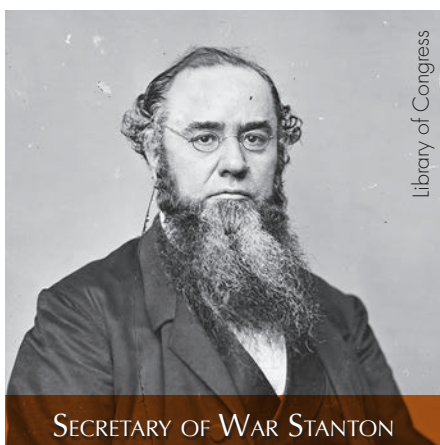
In short order, a second schism opened between Humphreys and his senior brigade commander, Brig. Gen. Erastus Tyler. A capable drill officer and disciplinarian, the native Ohioan had felled a future U.S. president for his colonelcy and was a formidable figure in his own right. He was also an avowed teetotaler (which made him an outsider at division headquarters) and a braggart. In the immediate aftermath of the December battle, he wrote a self-aggrandizing account of his actions that left Humphreys out of the tale altogether. Then, circumventing his chain of command, Tyler sent copies



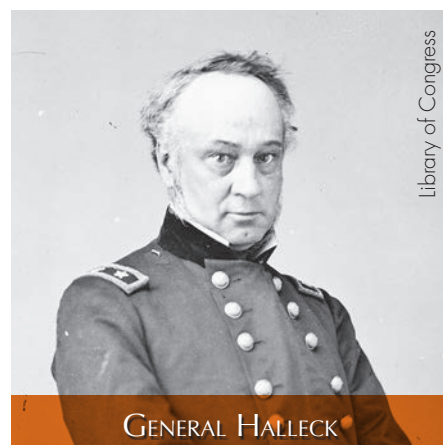
JEFFERSON DAVIS



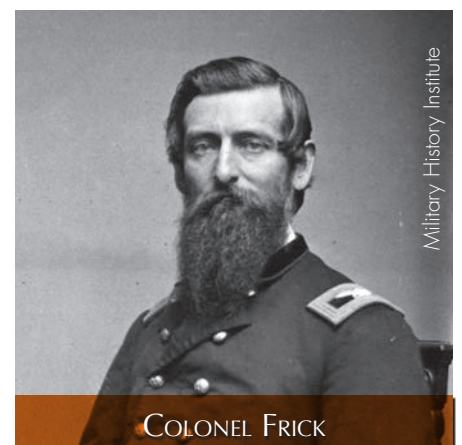
COLONEL ARMSTRONG



SECRETARY OF WAR STANTON



GENERAL HALLECK



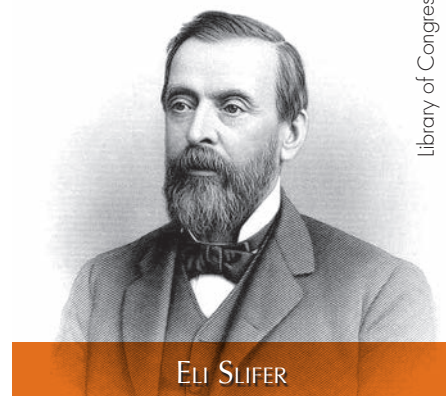
COLONEL FRICK

to his hometown press and to Governor Curtin in Harrisburg. Humphreys soon learned of it and threw into a rage. “This fellow [Tyler],” Humphreys wrote to a friend, “who passes himself off as a hero to those who have never seen him under fire, fills newspapers with false accounts of his deeds. . . . He is double-faced, stealthy, mean, unscrupulous, and I believe much of a coward.” Humphreys preferred formal charges against Tyler who was summarily court-martialed and rebuked before returning to command; but Humphreys could take little satisfaction in it. At some point in late February, he learned of a rumor circulating in Washington that “the President had sent my name to the Senate for promotion, but had withdrawn it when he learnt of Colonel Frick’s case.” Humphreys was loathe to believe it but moved quickly to rally powerful friends to his side.¹⁸

He began in Congress, turning first to the senior senator from his home state of Pennsylvania, Edgar Cowan, a moderate Republican on good terms with Governor Curtin. In a sprawling ten-page letter, Humphreys justified his actions against Armstrong and Frick, both Pennsylvanians, and drew up a new and damning case against Tyler, who “dilly-dallied” at Fredericksburg doing everything he could to “delay and delay until it was too dark for his brigade to go into the fight.”¹⁹ Humphreys also shared information recently gleaned from trial testimony that Frick and Armstrong were acting on Tyler’s advice when they refused the frock coats, so the three had been in cahoots.²⁰ Humphreys reached out as well to Solomon Foot, a powerful Republican from Vermont and president pro tempore of the Senate.²¹ Throughout much of 1860, the two had served alongside Jefferson Davis and several others in a congressional investigation of the five-year curriculum at the U.S. Military Academy. Foot promised his support.²² Humphreys turned next to the War Department and Burnside, presently on a thirty-day furlough awaiting reappointment. The two exchanged letters, but, by mid-March, the former commander took an apologetic tone. “I did all in

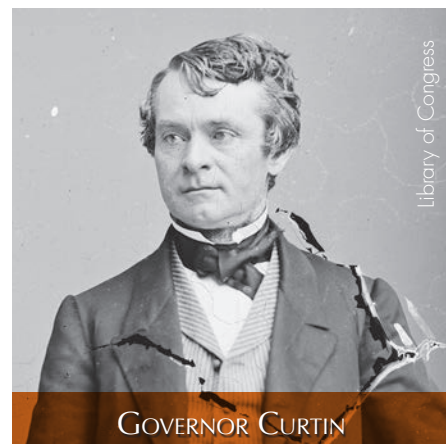
my power, personally and otherwise, to have you promoted, but there was something or somebody in the way.”²³ On the identity of that person, Burnside demurred, leaving Humphreys to speculate. By that point it was a long list of suspects.²⁴

The early part of the year was not entirely absent of good news. On 3 March 1863, Lincoln signed two bills of immediate concern to Humphreys. The first established the National Academy of Sciences (NAS) and named Humphreys among its fifty incorporators. His close friend, the renowned scientist and supervisor of the U.S. Coast Survey, Alexander Dallas Bache, had long called for the creation of “an institution of science” to guide public action; and the demands of the Civil War saw both the Army and Navy overwhelmed by proposals for new technologies and weapons. The NAS would be staffed by the finest scientific minds of the country and would serve in an advisory capacity to the government through Congress and various federal agencies and departments. Given wartime exigencies, military scientists and engineers were well represented among the original fifty, and Humphreys ranked among the most esteemed of these. His remarkable record of scientific achievement went back at least two decades and included a long stint as “assistant in charge” at the Coast Survey while Bache transformed that agency into the preeminent patron of antebellum science in the United States; authorship of an exhaustive survey of the lower Mississippi River and, with Henry Abbot, a landmark *Report upon the Physics and Hydraulics of the Mississippi River* (Washington, D.C., 1861), among the most significant contributions to hydraulic engineering in the nineteenth century; and a long stretch directing the Pacific Railroad Surveys (1853–1860), an unprecedented assemblage of more than one hundred soldiers, scientists, and technicians marshaled for the purpose of identifying the most practical and economical route for the nation’s first transcontinental railroad.²⁵ As the *North American Review* noted in 1862, Humphreys was “associated with, literally, almost every



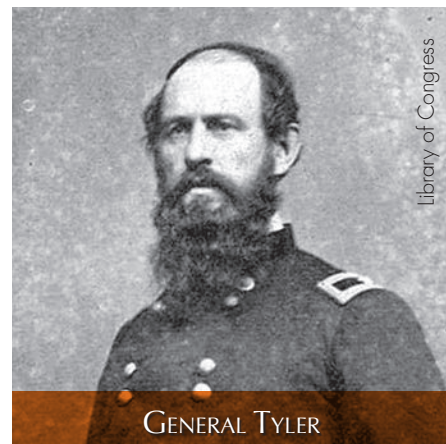
ELI SLIFER

Library of Congress



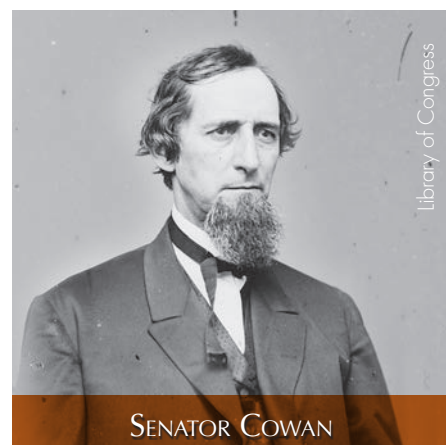
GOVERNOR CURTIN

Library of Congress



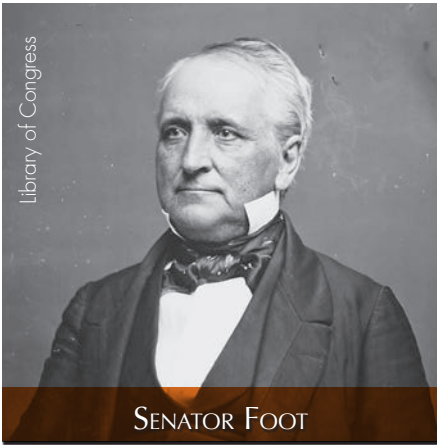
GENERAL TYLER

Library of Congress

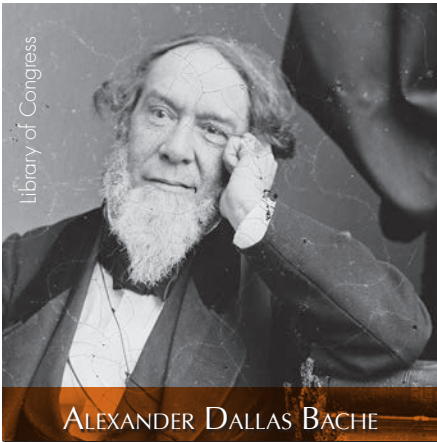


SENATOR COWAN

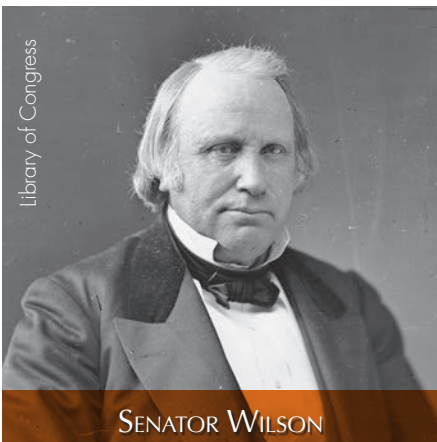
Library of Congress



SENATOR FOOT



ALEXANDER DALLAS BACHE

HENRY ABBOT, SHOWN HERE
WEARING A LIEUTENANT'S UNIFORM

SENATOR WILSON

important scientific work undertaken by our government during the last quarter of a century.²⁶ He was the only topographical engineer named to the National Academy of Sciences, and his appointment marked the end of an era.

The second bill signed by Lincoln legislated the Corps of Topographical Engineers into oblivion.²⁷ Massachusetts Senator Henry Wilson, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs and the driving force behind the creation of the NAS, sponsored the bill to abolish the topographical corps and transfer its functions to the Corps of Engineers. The two corps had coexisted for twenty-five years with each enjoying its own distinct function and purview. The topographical engineers, otherwise known as “topogs,” did mapping and the design and construction of federal civil works while the Corps of Engineers did mainly coastal fortification and some lighthouse work; but the war muddled those distinctions. Given the immense scale of the conflict, there were far too few engineers to go around, and most were assigned without any regard to their position in the Regular Army. Engineers from both corps were engaged in the construction of bridges, blockhouses, entrenchments, and fieldworks and batteries for the reduction of Confederate coastal forts and other permanent works.²⁸ The low rank structure long in place also contributed to a major exodus early in the war as the most talented and ambitious officers abandoned the engineers for opportunities in the civilian world or for substantial promotions into the volunteer ranks. Of the original forty-five topogs serving in 1861, fewer than thirty-one remained by February 1863.²⁹ Of that lesser number, at least nine took leave to command troops, including, most prominently, Humphreys, Meade, William H. Emory, Amiel W. Whipple, John G. Parke, Orlando F. Poe, Gouverneur K. Warren, and John C. Fremont. The new legislation, in addition to streamlining the engineers into a single organization, increased the aggregate strength of the corps and elevated its rank structure to better reflect its value to the Army. News of the merger came

as no surprise to Humphreys. Though proud of his long association with the topogs (his career spanned its entire existence from 1838 to 1863), he supported the merger when most engineers did not.³⁰ It was cold ambition that drove him. Humphreys already had his eye on a postwar command of the newly combined engineer corps. The merger elevated that position from colonel to brigadier general in the Regular Army.³¹

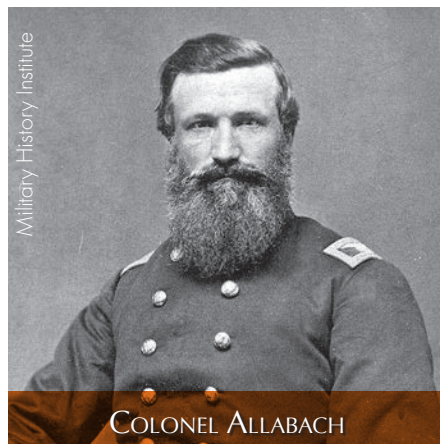
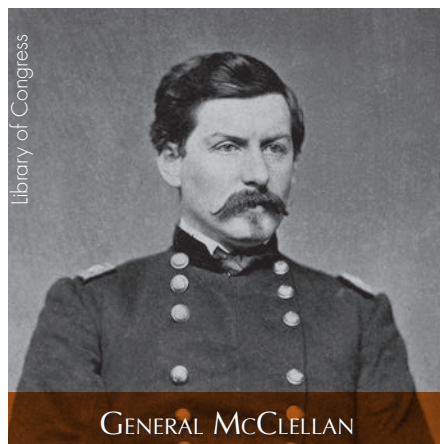
None of this could remove the dark cloud hanging over Humphreys and his division. Possessed of a keen intellect and extraordinary soldiering skills, he was stubborn as an ox and, once crossed, a relentless adversary. He also had blind spots and, despite mounting evidence, refused to see that fallout from the several courts-martial was chiefly responsible for holding up his promotion. His search for an alternative explanation led to yet another clash with the unpopular General Halleck, the top commander in the Army. The two men had traded barbs six months earlier on the eve of the Antietam Campaign. As Humphreys was scrambling to organize and equip his green regiments for the march from Washington, Halleck—increasingly anxious at the delay—dashed off a note threatening Humphreys with arrest for “disobedience of orders” unless he “immediately leaves to take command of his division in the field.”³² Humphreys had not forgotten the incident and, on 28 March 1863, wrote Secretary Stanton asking for a court of inquiry. “I make this request because after having been strongly recommended for promotion for services in the field by Major-General Burnside, my promotion has not taken place.” The note crossed Halleck’s desk as it snaked its way up through the War Department, and the general in chief of the U.S. Army added a handwritten notation, “As General Halleck did not oppose General Humphrey’s promotion, but on the contrary supported General Burnside’s recommendation for such promotion, the whole motive of General Humphreys’ complaint falls to the ground.”³³

Humphreys next turned on Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, the for-

mer commander of the Army of the Potomac who had been sacked in late 1862 following a record of failure and missed opportunities. Both men were Philadelphians and West Point graduates, and they had worked closely together in the Office of Pacific Railroad Explorations and Surveys in the early 1850s. When war came, Humphreys joined McClellan's staff as chief topographer of the Army of the Potomac and served him loyally for the better part of a year before assuming division command. The two men remained cordial, even friendly. Then, in early April 1863 as Humphreys read the *Daily Morning Chronicle* (Washington, D.C.), he came across McClellan's newly published report on the Battle of Antietam. There on 17 September 1862, at Sharpsburg along Antietam Creek in Maryland, McClellan had checked the invading Army of Northern Virginia but failed to follow up with decisive action the next day. In his report, he fell back on his customary and fatal excuse that he was awaiting reinforcements, but then added in detail, "Humphreys's division of new troops, fatigued with forced marches, were [sic] arriving throughout the day [September 18] and were not available until near its close." This struck a nerve with Humphreys, who had pushed his green division in a painful overnight march of more than twenty-three miles to place it on the field that morning. He addressed McClellan directly: "Nothing but the spirit of heroism would have carried men who had recently entered service and who were unused to fatigue and hardship through that march. . . . Your report would mark us as laggards" and "has, I believe, done me a serious injury at the War Department." Humphreys concluded by asking McClellan to "do me and my command the justice of correcting the errors I have pointed out."³⁴ McClellan took the high road and agreed to strike the offending language from his final report on Antietam, but Humphreys accomplished nothing by it all but the estrangement of a powerful friend.

The war crept back on center stage in April. By then, General Hooker had largely rebuilt the Army of the

Potomac and overseen a remarkable transformation in its spirit, organization, and logistical capabilities. He did this by putting the needs of his soldiers first. He improved their diets by adding fresh vegetables and soft bread to daily rations. He instituted a system of rewards for efficient units that included week-long furloughs prized by soldiers above all else. He secured the army with pickets and detachments keeping close watch on the line of the river from Rappahannock Station to



the mouth of the Massaponax, about five miles below Fredericksburg. He kept the army active and engaged in preparing the ground for a spring offensive—large details of 1,000 to 1,500 men were tasked daily to repair and corduroy roads and make temporary bridges. Finally, he instituted a system of division and corps badges to be worn conspicuously on the caps of all soldiers. These became a source of regimental pride and esprit de corps. The cumulative effects of these actions

were revitalizing. With its strength at nearly 134,000 men and 404 artillery pieces, the Army of the Potomac stood poised to march against a Confederate force less than half that size.³⁵

Humphreys had his 3d Division in fighting trim as well, though there were continued distractions. Armstrong and Frick, their disabilities removed by the state of Pennsylvania in late March so that they could rejoin the Army, arrived at Falmouth on 10 April and were warmly received by their regiment. Both men would fall into line when the time came for it, but tensions remained. Less than a week after his return, Frick retaliated against Humphreys with a grab bag of formal charges that never went to trial.³⁶ General Tyler, commander of the 1st Brigade (91st, 126th, 129th, and 134th Pennsylvania Regiments), returned about the same time from an extended sick leave in Washington spent mostly currying favor with politicians and stirring up trouble for Humphreys.³⁷ Col. Peter H. Allabach, a burly Mexican War veteran and a congenial fellow, retained command of the 2d Brigade (123d, 131st, 133d, and 155th Regiments) and enjoyed continued close relations with division headquarters.

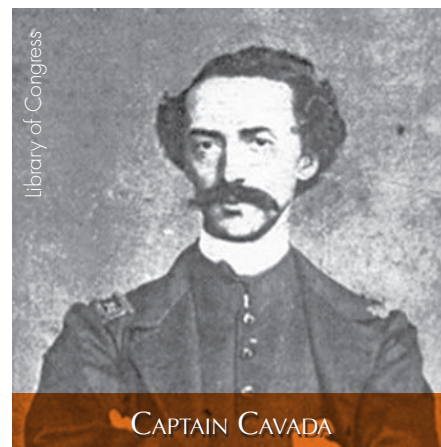
Humphreys' personal staff had not changed substantially since Antietam. Two were holdovers from the Peninsula Campaign—his 23-year-old eldest son, Henry "Harry" Humphreys and Capt. Carswell McClellan, an engineer graduate of Williams College and, notably, first cousin of General McClellan. Of middling height, dark hair, and haunting eyes, Captain McClellan served Humphreys with pluck and fidelity and, like his commander, saw a younger brother join the rebellion.³⁸ Harry was eager and smart, an inch or two taller than his father and fiercely loyal. He attended high school at the elite Phillips Academy at Andover, a traditional feeder school for Yale College but looked instead to West Point. With his father's help, Harry secured an at-large appointment in 1857 that would place him in the lackluster class of 1861 alongside George Armstrong Custer; but for reasons unknown, he

accepted the appointment but did not attend, enrolling instead at the Yale Scientific School (later the Sheffield Scientific School) for instruction in science and engineering. The Civil War interrupted his education, and he joined his father at Yorktown as a civilian assistant in the Topographical Engineers Department. Humphreys wanted a commission for his son and successfully lobbied Governor Curtin, who in the days after Antietam appointed Harry a first lieutenant in the 112th Pennsylvania Volunteers. The young Humphreys immediately left the regiment to serve with his father, rarely leaving his side.³⁹ Additional aides-de-camp were Lt. Henry C. Christiancy of Michigan and Capt. William H. Chester, a popular 46-year-old from New York City. Also noteworthy was the Division Assistant Inspector General and “special aide-de-camp,” Capt. Adolfo Fernández Cavada, the youngest of three brothers born in Cuba to a father of Spanish descent and an

American mother from Philadelphia. He was also a diarist.⁴⁰

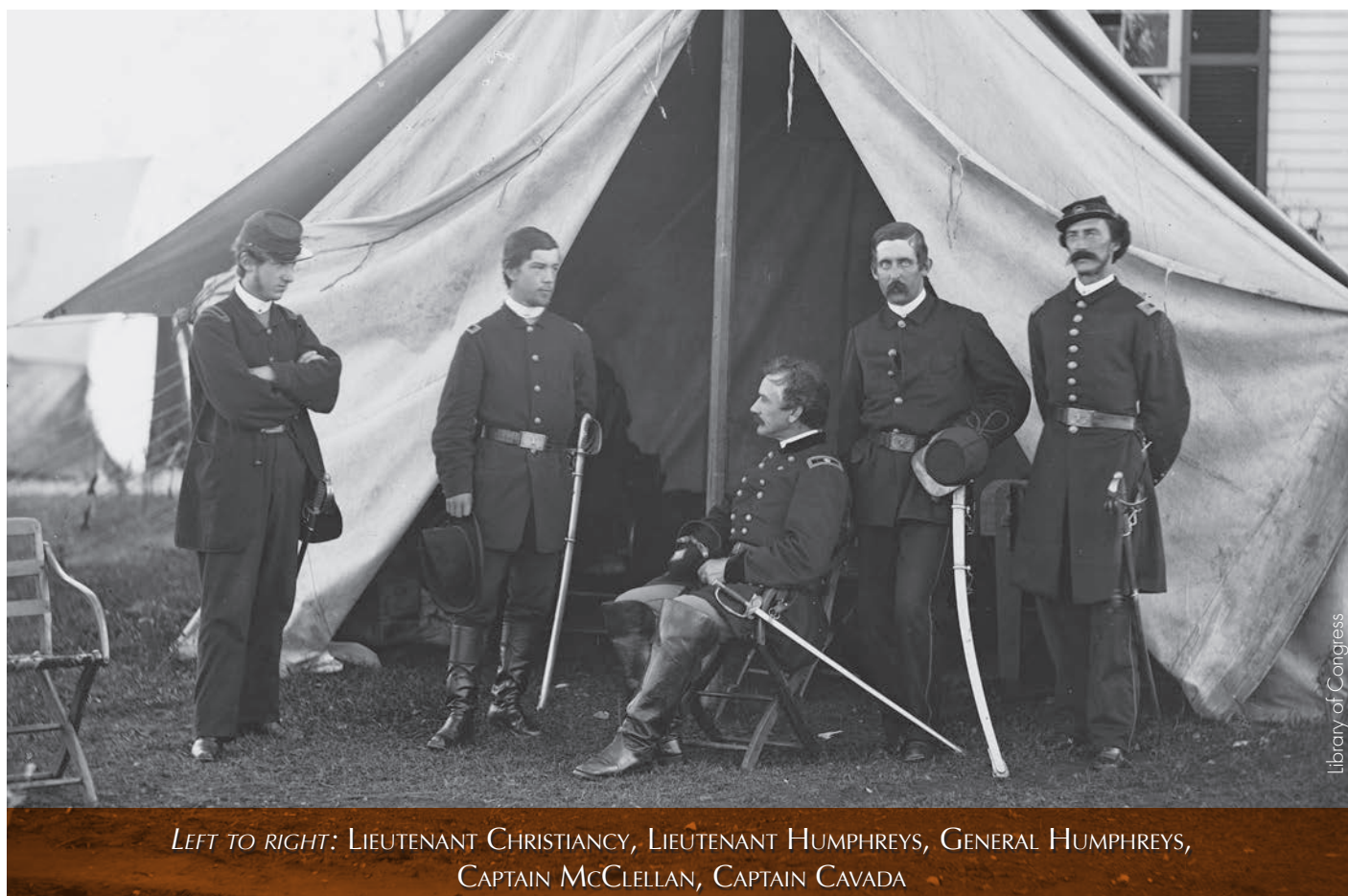
The months of preparation and training came together in a last bit of pageantry, a grand review for President Lincoln on Wednesday, 8 April 1863. It was a warm, clear day in Falmouth as the soldiers took to the field in their best uniforms. The regimental banners flapped in a steady breeze as the musket barrels and brass buttons gleamed in the sun. The president, dressed in civilian clothes and a stovepipe hat, rode a large bay with an Army saddle and ornamental blanket.⁴¹ Alongside him was his youngest son, Thomas “Tad” Lincoln, dressed in military garb and astride a splendid horse of his own. It was just four days past his tenth birthday. Humphreys wrote an account to his wife:

The sight was far more imposing than the grand review of McClellan’s in October 1862, the troops now looking like soldiers and moving soldierly. There were not so many



bands of music, but one was made to do duty for many. The corps, divisions, and brigade flags came just after the general [and] . . . they give a much more martial aspect to the command.⁴²

The grand review was also a show of force—the two armies were in plain sight of each other and separated only by the waters of the Rappahannock. They would have at each other soon enough



at Chancellorsville, a dusty crossroads ten miles west of Fredericksburg.

As Hooker firmed up plans for the spring offensive, he struggled decidedly with the timing of it. Further delay promised warmer, drier weather in that region of Virginia, but there was good cause to push ahead as well. The Army of the Potomac faced potentially disruptive manpower problems as the terms of enlistment for 37,000 men, nearly a quarter of its infantry ranks, began to expire. This number included two-year men who enlisted in spring 1861 and nine-month men who signed up during the invasion crisis of late summer 1862. Few divisions in the Army were as heavily impacted as Humphreys' 3d Division in which six of eight regiments were to muster out in the first week of May. Striking a balance between the prospects for improved weather and the ultimate loss of nearly sixty infantry regiments, Hooker decided to move in late April 1863.⁴³ His plan called for a double envelopment, attacking Lee simultaneously from his front at Fredericksburg and his rear at Chancellorsville while an advance of cavalry cut off Lee's supply line to the south. It was an audacious plan that would allow the Union Army to deploy its superior numbers to best effect.

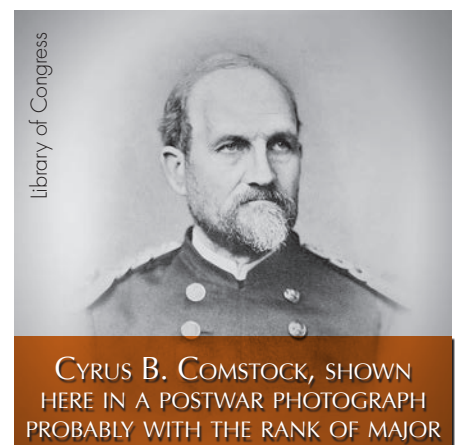
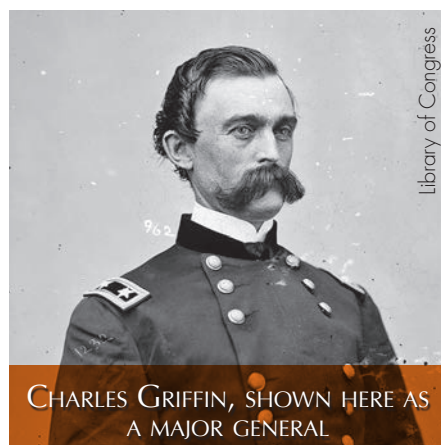
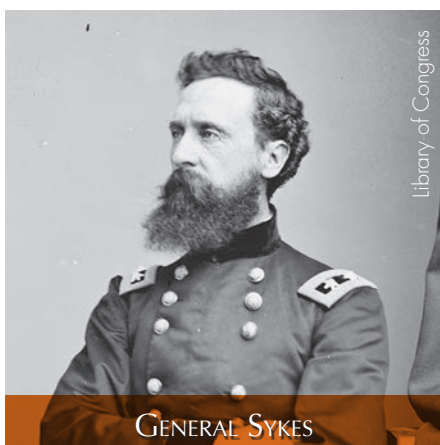
Humphreys received his marching orders in the early hours of 27 April but they were not what he had hoped. The three divisions of the V Corps would advance to Chancellorsville along with the bulk of the Federal forces, but Meade had specifically ordered that the rear guard "be selected from regiments whose terms of service are soon-

est to expire."⁴⁴ His motives were clear. Few placed much trust in short-timers who were allegedly characterized by a reluctance to fight in their final weeks of enlistment.⁴⁵ Even so, the 3d Division, consisting of about thirty-seven hundred men in total, stepped briskly into the limited role assigned to it. The 2d Division of regulars under Maj. Gen. George Sykes marched at 1000 followed an hour later by the 1st Division under Brig. Gen. Charles Griffin. Humphreys and his division set out at 1200. Each of the soldiers carried eight days' rations—hard bread, coffee, sugar, and salt—and sixty rounds of cartridges. Marching under a flag bearing the blue Maltese Cross, they made for Kelly's Ford traveling along Warrenton Pike.

The long wagon train of men, beef cattle, pack mules, rations, ammunition, and baggage stopped at Hartwood Church that night and the next day drew up on the summit of a ridge overlooking the Rappahannock River. Kelly's Ford was a natural bottleneck with a single canvas-covered pontoon bridge, and the 1st and 2d Divisions of the V Corps were delayed in crossing until late on the morning of 29 April. They then turned south and made for Ely's Ford on the Rapidan River. The 3d Division stayed behind to cover passage of the remaining trains. Throughout that day, Humphreys supervised the crossing of the XII, XI, and, finally, the V Corps including a single train of at least one hundred seventy wagons and ambulances. The 3d Division was the last to cross, taking up the pontoon bridge behind it, and Humphreys set off in a steady rain to

rejoin the rest of the command. Deteriorating roads made the march "very slow," and, according to accounts, it was "so dark that nothing could be seen." Colonel Armstrong recalled "the streams forded during the night of sleepless toil, the enjoined silence, broken only by the sloppy shuffle of shoes half filled with water, and the creaking wagons, the provoking halts that would tempt the eyes to a slumber that would be broken immediately by the resumption of the forward movement."⁴⁶ After several hours of it in "pitch dark," the guide "lost his way" and "discovered that he was not on the road he had traversed twice the day before." Humphreys halted the command "as there was nothing else to be done but lie down in the rain on the roadside and wait until there was light enough to see."⁴⁷ The men, according to Captain Cavada, "tried to get some sleep but the cold & rain made that impossible."⁴⁸

That night and into the next morning Humphreys received several urgent communications. The first came from Meade advising him "of the importance of having the pontoon train at Ely's Ford at the earliest possible moment." The second largely repeated the first but originated from Army headquarters. Capt. Cyrus B. Comstock, U.S. Engineers, hand delivered that one at 0100. At dawn, "as soon as there was light enough to see," Humphreys brought up the pontoon train, and the column fell in behind it on the march to Ely's Ford. Just under way, he received new instructions from Meade to leave the remaining trains under the guard of a



single regiment and move the rest of his command “as quickly as possible” to Chancellorsville. The V Corps commander anticipated a fight and wanted Humphreys on hand. The division, “very much jaded by the want of sleep and the wet of the previous night,” picked up its pace and drew up on the ford in the early afternoon, but Sykes and Griffin had already departed.⁴⁹ The Rapidan River, swollen by heavy rain, ran too strong for pontoons, so Humphreys and his men had to wade into chilled waters running breast deep. They stripped down, fixed their cartridge boxes to their musket barrels, and bundled a set of dry clothes on their heads. After gathering on the far side of the river, the men—cold, wet, and exhausted—moved only as far as Hunting Creek where they bivouacked three miles from Chancellorsville. They had marched eighteen miles that day.⁵⁰

Humphreys roused his division in the predawn hours of 1 May 1863. It promised to be a momentous day. The men struck tents, packed, and set out at daybreak. They reached Chancellorsville at 0700, “having been delayed one hour,” as Humphreys reported in a direct jab at Tyler, “by the tardiness of the First Brigade.”⁵¹ The 3d Division located the V Corps near the junction of three narrow country roads that passed through Chancellorsville en route to Fredericksburg. The largest and most direct of these was Orange Turnpike which ran due east into the city; the second was River Road which ran in a northeasterly direction before turning back along the Rappahannock to Fredericksburg; and the last was Plank Road which dipped in a southeasterly direction before converging again on the turnpike about six miles up. The area was otherwise thickly wooded with scrub oak, stunted pine, and a dense undergrowth of hazel and briar. The locals called it “The Wilderness.” As the 3d Division settled into a clearing behind the Chancellor house, Humphreys and his staff briefly occupied its lower rooms while the female residents, “the ladies of the house of Secesh [secessionist] sympathies, kept themselves closely in the upper story.” Their cu-

riosity tempted them “to occasional peeps from half-opened shutters at the blue coats below.”⁵² It would have been a daunting site. By mid-morning, Hooker had concentrated 70,000 Union troops in the vicinity including the V, II, III, XI, and XII Corps. Maj. Gen. John Sedgwick and his VI Corps, as well as the I Corps under Maj. Gen. John F. Reynolds, remained at Falmouth with 40,000 men in an initial holding action. The Army of the Potomac had executed the deployment flawlessly. Lee was outnumbered and outmaneuvered, the envelopment complete.

After reconnoitering enemy positions in the early part of the morning, Hooker put the bulk of his force in motion toward Fredericksburg about 1100. The V Corps led the way. Meade sent Griffin up River Road toward Bank’s Ford with Humphreys immediately behind in reserve. Sykes took his regulars east on the turnpike, and the XII Corps under Maj. Gen. Henry Slocum followed Plank Road. The XI Corps under Maj. Gen. Oliver Howard held the Union right while the III and II Corps began a slow movement east in support of the advance. The two armies first clashed on the turnpike about a mile east of the Chancellor house when Sykes and his division traded shots with the vanguard of Lt. Gen. Thomas E. “Stonewall” Jackson’s Confederate corps. A sharp engagement ensued, and the sounds of battle—“the roar of cannon, the explosion of shells, the rattle of musketry . . . mingled with the shrill cheers . . . of the Rebels”—carried to the north and

accompanied Humphreys and his men as they marched to the Rappahannock. There were occasional shots fired up ahead as the lead division moved on enemy pickets and pushed through a hastily deserted Confederate camp littered with “tents left standing” and abandoned caissons and ammunition. For another hour or two the column wound its way unmolested along the narrow road when Griffin, with Humphreys close behind, approached a wooded summit overlooking Bank’s Ford. Distant several miles, the din of battle faded out altogether, “with no sound to break in upon us save the screaming of the whip-poor-wills.”⁵³ The men had scarcely reached their destination when Humphreys received an order to “retire in haste” and return his division to Chancellorsville. Hooker had lost his nerve and was falling back on the defensive. Humphreys saw that the return was “promptly done,” and his division found its place again in the vicinity of the Chancellor house.⁵⁴

Meade then sent Humphreys, his best topographer, to make preparations for anchoring the army’s left flank on the Rappahannock. After a “hurried examination,” he selected a line beginning at Ely’s Ford Road and bending to the right along Mineral Spring Road to the river and moved promptly to place his division on its extreme left. The 2d Division halted on its return from Bank’s Ford and formed to Humphreys’ right. “The sound of the axe . . . broke the stillness of the night along the lines” as Humphreys and

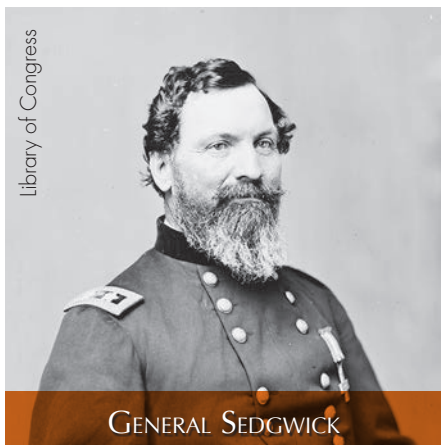
CHANCELLOR HOUSE, CHANCELLORSVILLE, VIRGINIA, c. 1865



his men strengthened their position with rifle pits and log breastworks faced with abatis.⁵⁵ They worked through the night and by 1200 the following day were, as Armstrong remembered, “enjoying our coffee in a cleared space, behind a ridge of logs and limbs that fronted our entire division, and which we would

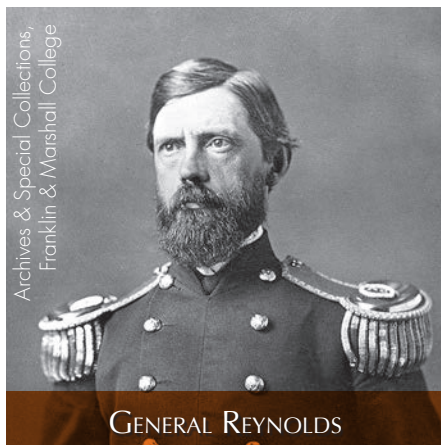
have been content to hold against any attacking force.” Humphreys also deployed twenty-six pieces of artillery, “rendering it impossible for the enemy to debouch from the woods on the high, open plain.” As a final precaution he borrowed a regiment of sharpshooters, the 7th New Jersey, and deployed them to

rugged ground on the extreme left extending to the narrow bottomland of the river. Humphreys had secured the left flank, but in late afternoon the Union right met with disaster. Howard had failed to fortify his position, and Jackson, concealed by the dense woods, orchestrated a daylight march around the Federal lines and



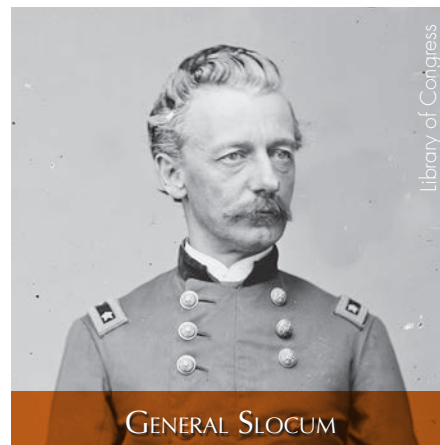
Library of Congress

GENERAL SEDGWICK



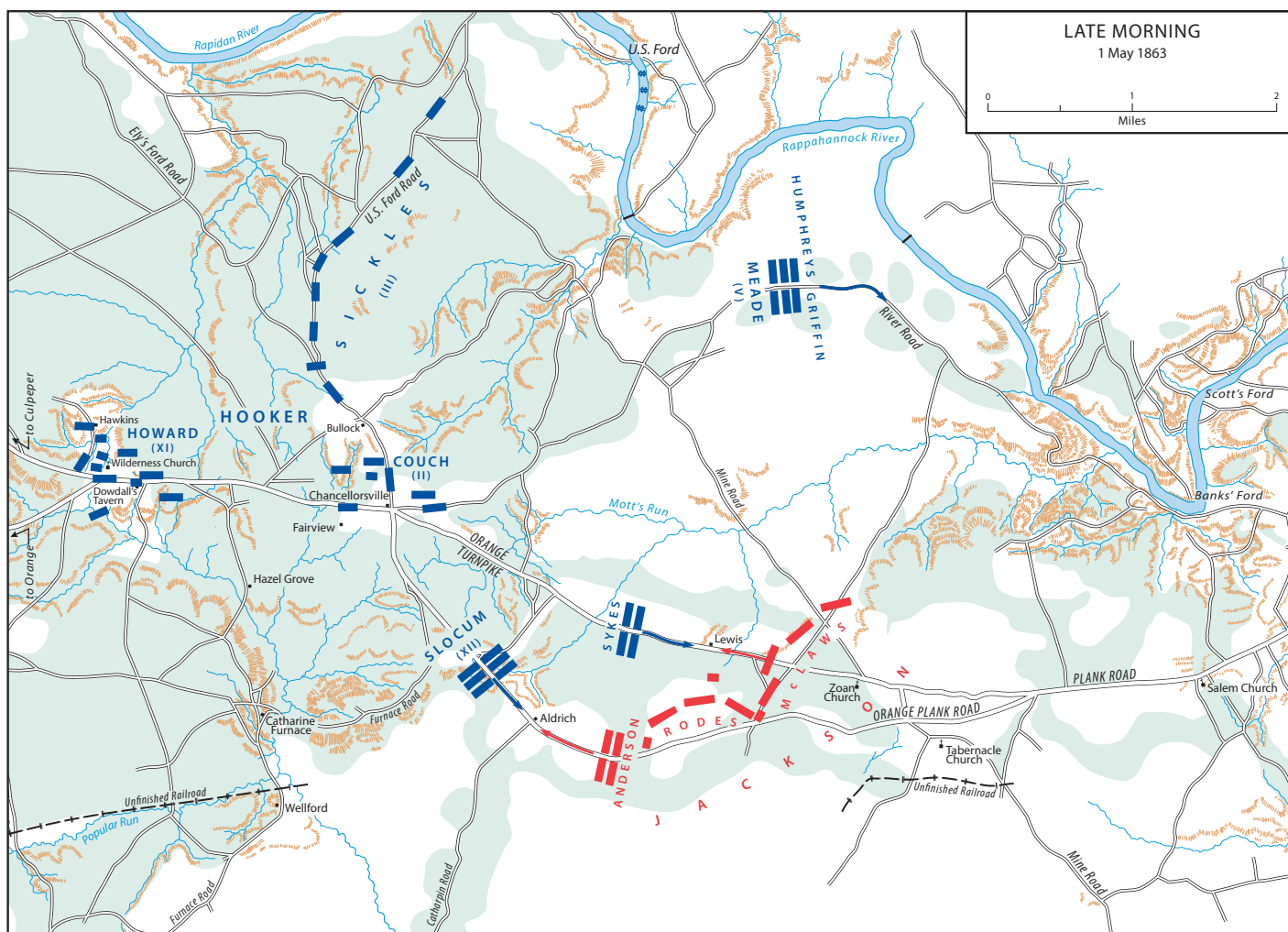
Archives & Special Collections, Franklin & Marshall College

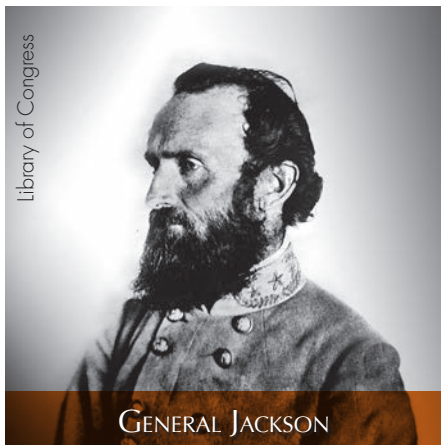
GENERAL REYNOLDS



Library of Congress

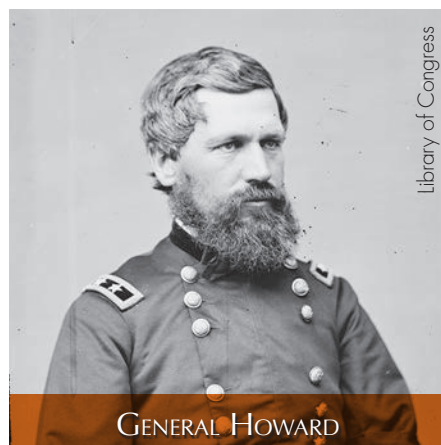
GENERAL SLOCUM





and threatened to throw the entire Union Army into confusion:

At first sounding sullenly away to the right, then gradually nearing, until at nightfall musketry and artillery appeared to volley spitefully almost upon our Division limits. It was apparent that our lines had been broken, and apprehending the worst we anxiously stood at arms and awaited the onward. Nearer and nearer the howling devils came; louder and louder grew the sounds of conflict. The fiercest of fights was raging evidently in the very center of the ground chosen as our stronghold.⁵⁷

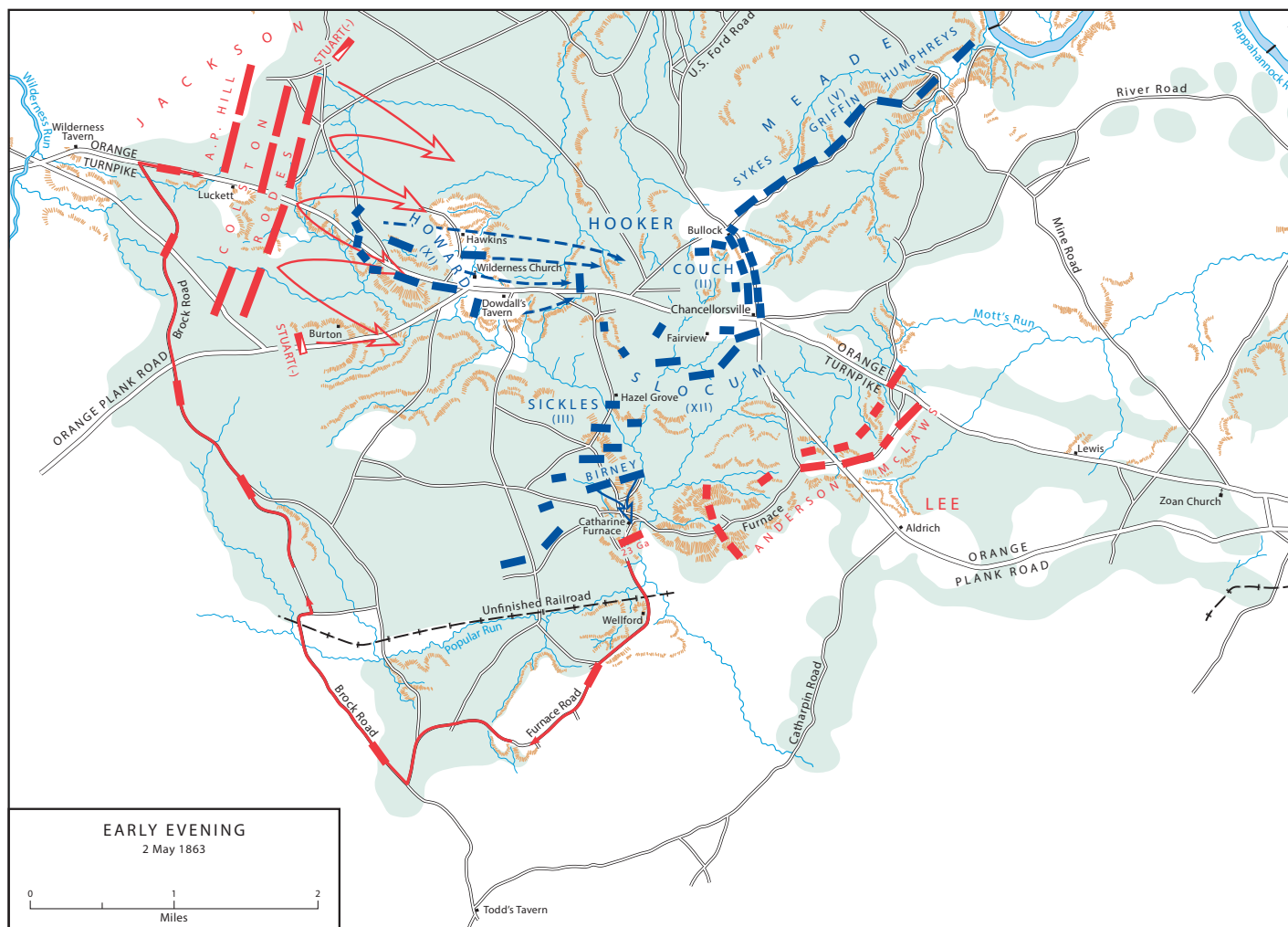


attacked its hanging flank from the rear. The XI Corps was overrun in the worst rout of the war.⁵⁶

Secure in its earthworks, the 3d Division could only listen and wait as the calamity played itself out in the distance. Colonel Armstrong described what he heard as Jackson and 26,000 Confederates swept down the turnpike

As night fell on a chaotic field, Jackson ran out of steam and Hooker roused himself from a curious lethargy to re-form and stabilize his lines. Meade moved Sykes that evening into

a new position—now facing Jackson rather than Lee—about a half mile to the west along Ely's Ford Road.⁵⁸ The rest of the V Corps would follow at daybreak but not before situating into its formidable earthworks a host of stragglers and disorganized regiments from the shattered XI Corps.⁵⁹ After pointing out the details of the position,



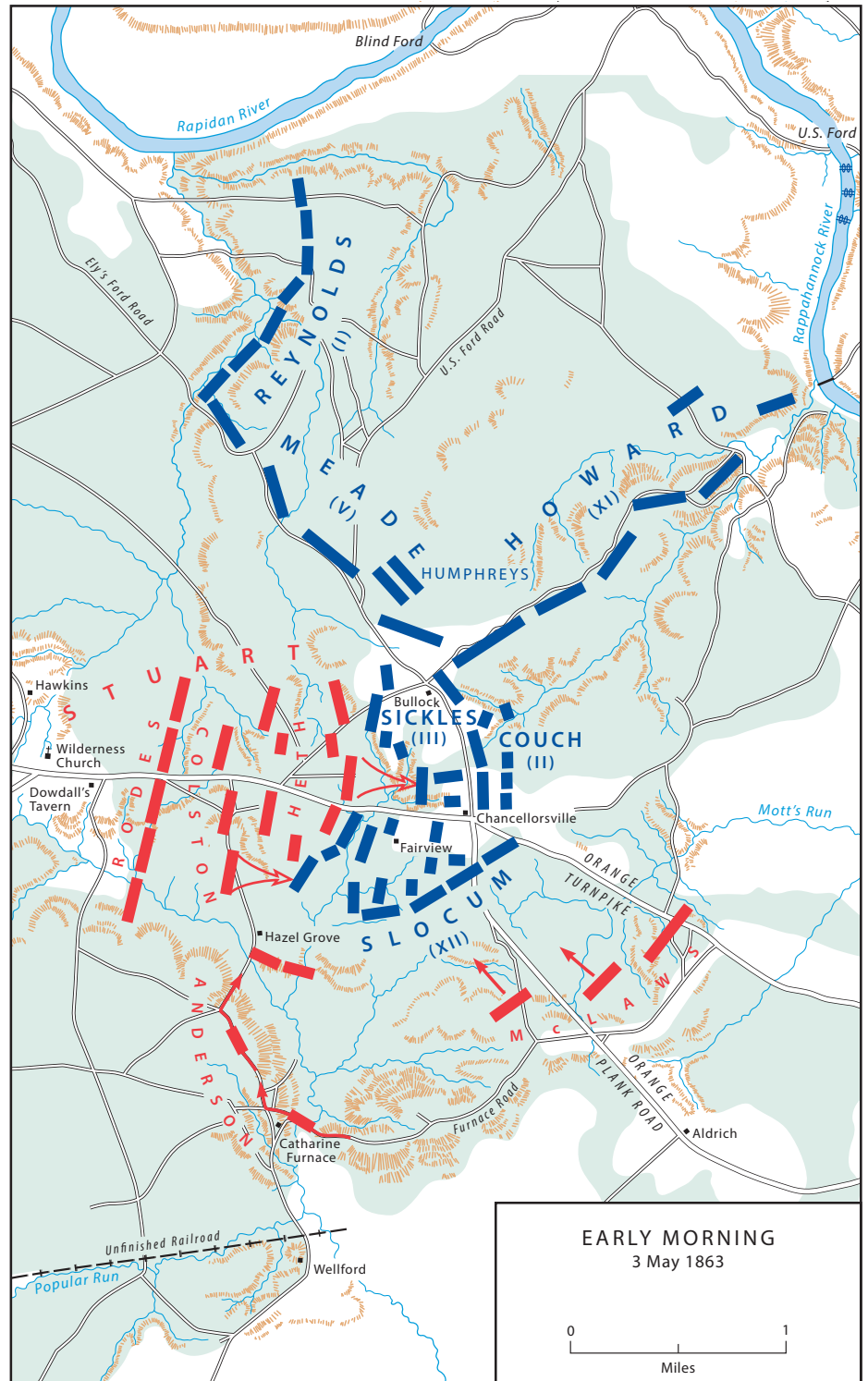
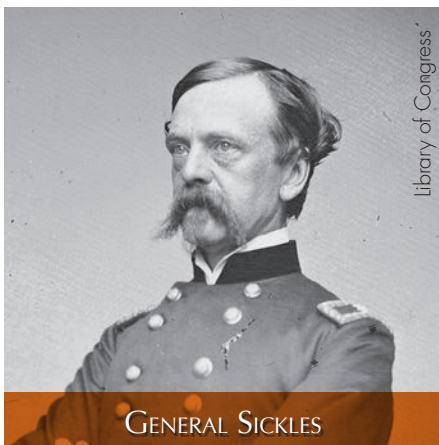
Humphreys marched his men to the rear of General Griffin's line which fell back along U.S. Ford Road. Joining the V Corps to its right and anchoring that new flank was General Reynolds and his I Corps, fresh up from Falmouth.

Sunday morning still held promise for a Union victory. Despite the ruin of the previous day, Hooker had 80,000 men in fortified positions while the Confederates—now without Jackson who had been accidentally shot by his own pickets the previous night—stood badly outnumbered and divided on the field. Separating the two rebel wings along the turnpike was the Union III Corps under Maj. Gen. Daniel Sickles. A political general from New York City and a hardheaded, aggressive commander, he held the high ground at Hazel Grove, a substantial clearing south of the turnpike with a wide-ranging field of fire. The location was the key to the whole Union position, but Hooker failed to see it. Despite protests from Sickles and others, he ordered the plateau abandoned.⁶⁰ Confederate artilleryist and West Point engineer, Col. Edward Porter Alexander, quickly occupied it, hauled in thirty cannons, pointed them to the north, and began firing shells into Federal positions all along the front. The III Corps, situated nearest the guns, caught much of it. One shell struck the Chancellor house where Hooker had established his headquarters, and a falling pillar knocked him senseless. He retired from the field but refused to yield command. The Federals, now effectively leaderless, were slowly driven back toward the crossroads as the two wings of the Confederate army closed

in on the central part of the Union position at Chancellorsville.

Humphreys, again in reserve but this time with the rest of the V Corps, was disgruntled at the “unsatisfactory disposition of my command to support whenever support was required—unsatisfactory because it almost certainly took from me the opportunity of fighting my division as a whole.”⁶¹ Indeed,

both brigades were detached for much of the morning, and each saw independent action at various points along the horseshoe-shaped front. The first out was Colonel Allabach's brigade which moved to a frontline position immediately to the left of Griffin's division. That sector saw little activity, but Humphreys later accompanied two of its regiments south to the turnpike on



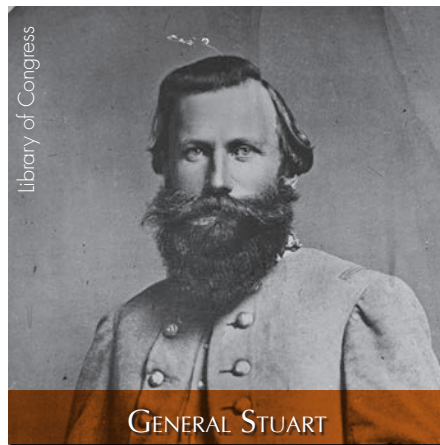
a “most risky” mission to “hold the enemy in check” while the III and II Corps fell back from their increasingly untenable positions south of the cross-roads.⁶² As Humphreys moved his men into position, “almost to the enemy,” the Confederates opened canister and shell on them. The men had just been ordered to lie flat “or they would have been mowed down.” As soon as the two corps took up their new positions, these regiments retired slowly through the woods and rejoined their brigade.⁶³

Meanwhile General Tyler’s brigade, with orders from Meade, pushed to the southwest to shore up the exposed right flank of the II Corps then hotly engaged with elements of Jackson’s corps (now under the command of Maj. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart). Tyler and his men, upon approach, came under heavy fire as they became “objects of especial interest to the Rebel sharpshooters.” In another minute, “flashes of flame and puffs of smoke that ap-

peared to rise among the dead foliage of the wood—so closely did their Butternut clothing resemble leaves—revealed a strong, well-formed, but prostrate Rebel line.”⁶⁴ The opposing forces traded volleys for nearly two hours before the Federals ran out of ammunition and withdrew. Humphreys then, as directed, massed his restored command in a reserve posi-

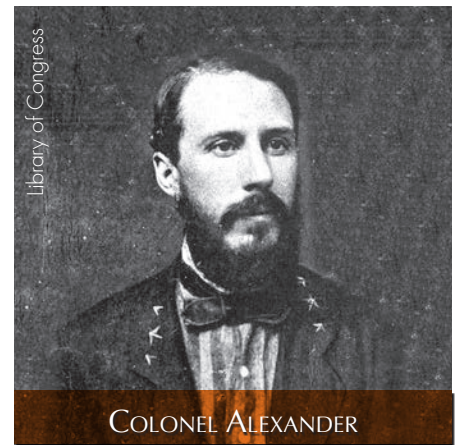
tion behind Sykes’ division, though “this supporting,” he reiterated, “is not to my liking.”⁶⁵

Meade watched the battle all morning from his line to the north and saw one last opportunity to turn the fight. As Stuart’s forces advanced to the east, his columns passed directly under the Union V Corps, still largely unbloodied and anxious to engage.



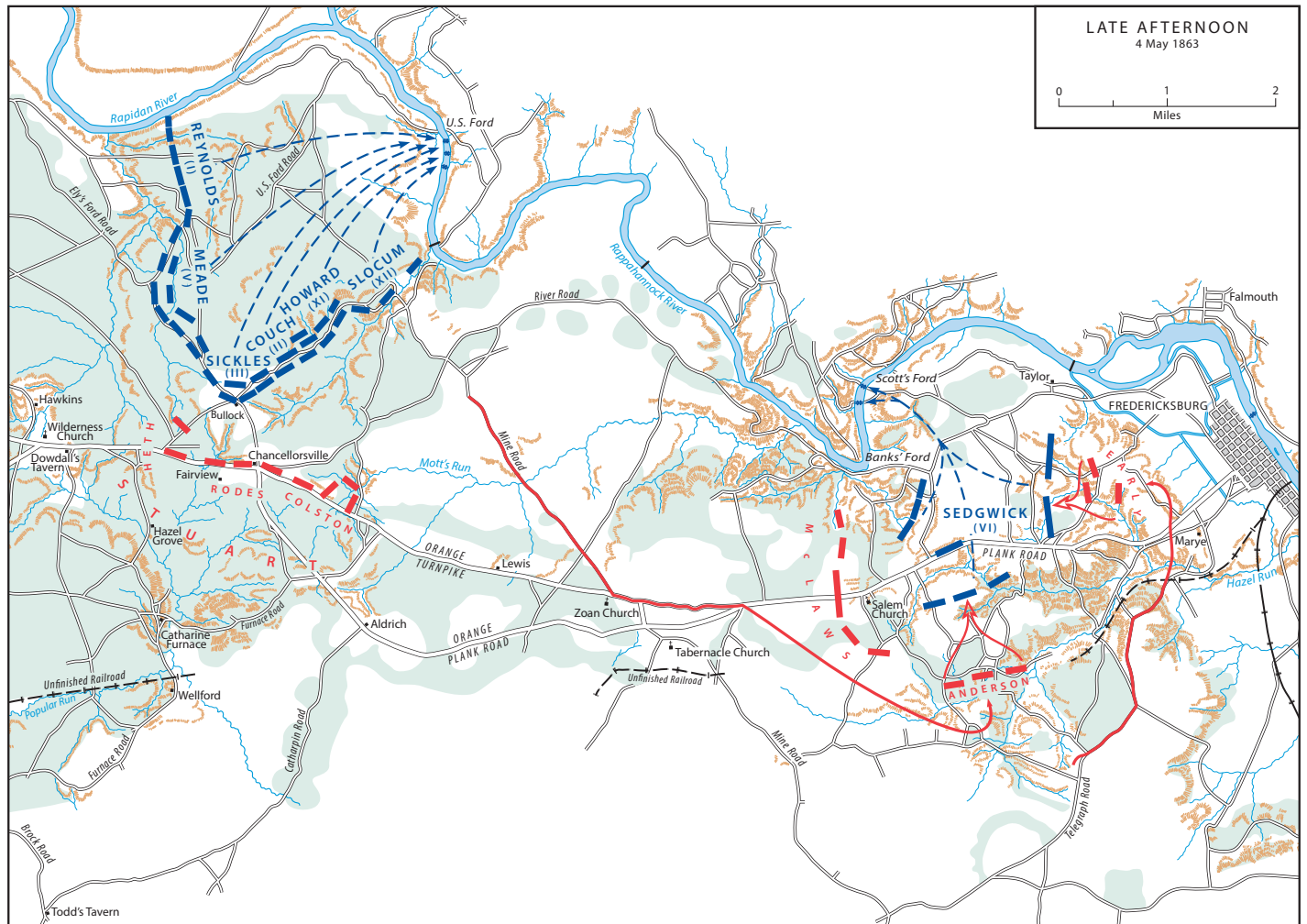
Library of Congress

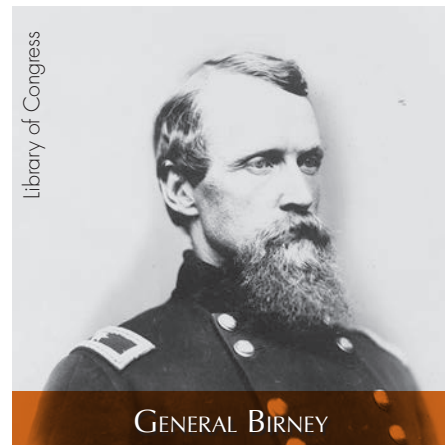
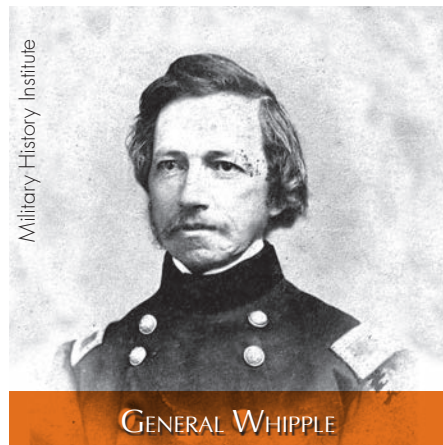
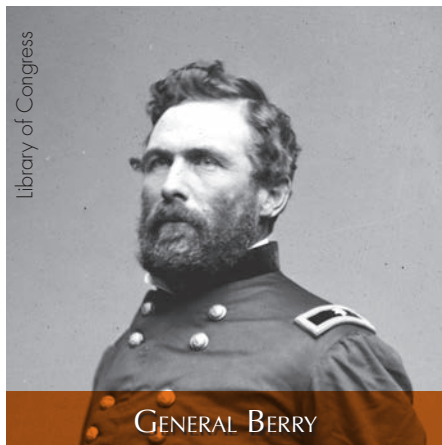
GENERAL STUART



Library of Congress

COLONEL ALEXANDER





Conditions were right for a potentially devastating flank attack—the V Corps, together with the I Corps, could throw twenty thousand men into it; and the rebels appeared completely unawares.⁶⁶ Meade rode rapidly to army headquarters and made his case. Hooker, who was prostrate in his tent but conscious, refused without explanation and then censured the V Corps commander “for sending in a brigade [Tyler’s] of Humphreys’s, which,” Meade later conceded, “I did in spite of orders to the contrary.”⁶⁷ Within the hour, two wings of the Confederate army converged on Chancellorsville and approached the mansion, now a smoking ruin, as the men in blue beat a hasty retreat to positions just beyond the fork of Ely’s Ford and U.S. Ford roads. The day held one final humiliation for the Federals as the VI Corps, bogged down after some small success at Fredericksburg the previous day, was “hemmed in” just west of the city and taking a beating.⁶⁸ Backed up to the Rappahannock, Sedgwick quietly withdrew across it under cover of darkness and made for the safety of Falmouth. Hooker, after hunkering down for a day, would follow suit. Lee had won a stunning victory at Chancellorsville.

A cold storm blew in on Tuesday, and rain fell in torrents all afternoon and a greater part of that “horrible night” as the Army of the Potomac began preparations for a painful withdrawal across the Rappahannock. Once again the V Corps would cover the retreat and be the last to cross. Captain Cavada reported a grim mood among division staff—“starved

and tired out” and “pretty well used up”—as they awaited orders. Humphreys, too, was in a pensive mood. Colonel Armstrong recalled a scene late that night as the division commander sat on a camp stool, “with cloak wrapped closely about him, in front of a fire whose bright blaze gave him enormous proportions upon the dark background of pines, surrounded by his Staff . . . and receiving frequent consolation from a long, black bottle.”⁶⁹ The order to move came after 2400. The division gathered up and commenced its march to U.S. Ford, halted after the first mile, and massed on the side of the road in defensive positions “to resist an attack should one be made.” It was full daylight before Humphreys led his men across the Rappahannock by the upper of two pontoon bridges. The “rain pelted piteously” as they ascended the steep slope of the opposite bank. After marching all day “over roads resembling rivers of mud,” they slept away their sorrows under wet blankets in the comfortable huts of their old campground at Falmouth.⁷⁰

Humphreys had little time to reflect on the Chancellorsville debacle. His division was “beginning to dissolve” and, as he admitted to his wife, he still did “not know what assignment will be made of me.”⁷¹ On the first full day back at camp, he issued a formal statement to his men expressing “the satisfaction and pride I have felt at their conduct, from the time I assumed command . . . up to the present eventful period . . . I shall part with them with deep regret.”⁷² That latter sentiment was widely if not univer-

sally held.⁷³ The first of the regiments to go was Col. John B. Clark’s 123d Pennsylvania—“one of the very best.” It left Falmouth on 8 May under the escort of one of two three-year regiments in the division. “Sorrow and sadness prevailed,” remembered an officer of the 155th Regiment, “when they were ordered to fall into line with their bands to escort the nine-months’ regiments from Camp Humphreys to Stoneman’s Station, there to entrain via Washington for Pittsburgh.”⁷⁴ The others followed suit over the next week.⁷⁵

The last to go, fittingly, was the 129th (home to the troublesome officers Frick and Armstrong) but not before one final row. On 10 May, Capt. David Eckar of that regiment filed formal charges against the division adjutant general, Captain McClellan, for “drunkenness upon duty” and a slew of other alleged violations dating back to January.⁷⁶ Whatever the merits of the case, the intent was clear. It was a parting shot at the division commander and his personal staff. Humphreys put pen to paper as he so often did when vexed and drafted a five-page letter to Meade. It began with a heated defense of his adjutant against the “false and malicious” accusations levied by Eckar but “no doubt . . . prepared with the instigation of Genl. Tyler and Col. Frick.” The focus then turned exclusively to Tyler and his several months of mischief making. Two incidents stood out—his ongoing plot “to undermine my authority and influence in his brigade” and another involving extortion and blackmail.⁷⁷ At some point while Tyler was still facing

charges, he sent two friends, one of whom was a former Republican congressman from western Pennsylvania, to meet Humphreys and “prevail on me to withdraw my charges against General Tyler, first by the offer of aid to my promotion, and next by a threat to do all they could to prevent my promotion.”⁷⁸ So it had been Tyler all along. Humphreys declined the “bargain” and instead pushed to have his brigade commander “relieved of duty” from the division, as he shortly was. “Just before sunset,” on 17 May “came the order giving the coup de grace to my division. It will expire today.”⁷⁹ Tyler would return to Washington, ending his time with the Army of the Potomac and, happily, any further association with Humphreys; the remaining three-year regiments—the 155th and the 91st Pennsylvania—would join Sykes and his regulars; and Humphreys would take charge of a veteran division.

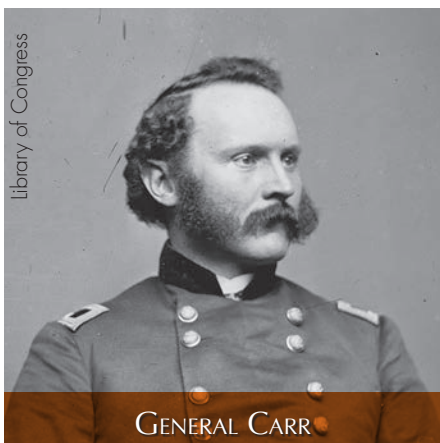
After breakfast on 18 May, Humphreys went to army headquarters to receive orders for his new command. As he told to his wife, “it shall be Hooker’s old division, one of the very best in the whole army and consisting, I understand, of nearly 10,000 men.” Though not so large as that, it was a plum assignment, and Humphreys understood that “General Hooker himself had done this—certainly complementary.”⁸⁰ Formed in March 1862, the hard-hitting 2d Division of the III Corps had won a reputation for courage and gallantry at Yorktown, Fredericksburg, and, finally, Chancellorsville where Hooker threw the veteran unit—“the darling of his own

creation”—into the breach against “Stonewall” Jackson’s troops. By then, division command had devolved on Maj. Gen. Hiram Berry, a Democratic state politician from Maine who had earned his stars on the field. He was one of two division commanders—both belonging to the III Corps—killed by sharpshooters at Chancellorsville. The other was Humphreys’ friend and colleague, General Whipple, a U.S. Military Academy graduate, a fellow topog, and yet another engineer veteran of the Pacific Railroad Surveys. All told, Sickles lost 22 percent of his corps in the campaign, and Berry’s division saw nearly twelve hundred men killed and wounded, more than any other Federal division.⁸¹ Those losses, together with the resignation of one Pennsylvania and four New York regiments, substantially reduced its strength and forced a consolidation in the III Corps from three to two divisions—the 1st Division remained under Maj. Gen. David Birney, son of the famed abolitionist, and the 2d Division under Humphreys who would be the only West Point-trained general officer in the corps. Meade, back at V Corps headquarters, was “sorry to lose Humphreys. He is a most valuable officer, besides being an associate of the most agreeable kind.”⁸²

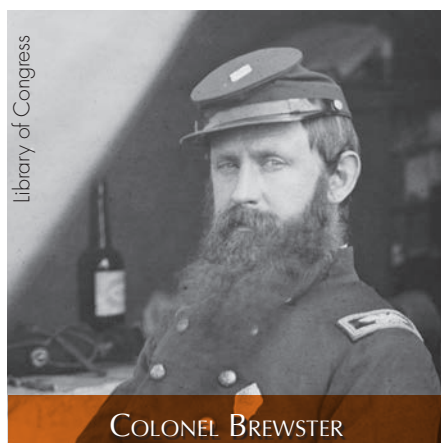
Humphreys spent the next few weeks acclimating to new surroundings. He located his new camp at Stafford Heights (above Falmouth) on the morning of 24 May and got situated into his residence—a house “with many comforts that I am not accustomed to” instead of a tent, though he had mixed feelings about it. “An oc-

casional sleeping in a house may do,” as he explained to his wife, “but in the field I prefer my tent.” The “greatest attraction of the present position is the well of good water of which one may drink freely without apprehension or suffering from it.” He spent part of the day reviewing division reports and then “rode informally through the encampments, some of which are very prettily situated. It was very oppressive [hot]; scarcely a breath of air stirring and the visit occupied several hours.” Late that afternoon, he “dined with Genl. Sickles to meet the other officers of the command and had a pleasant dinner.” But the adjustment continued to be a difficult one for Humphreys. “There is something depressing in changing all your associations and finding yourself under the necessity of forming new.” Though he retained his personal staff, he missed the other officers of his old division and corps—“not only efficient officers but warm, devoted friends.”⁸³

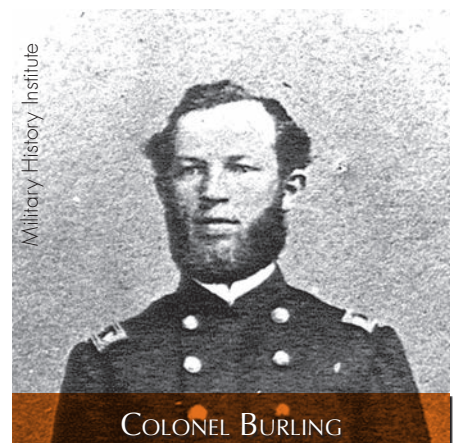
Humphreys initiated a review of his new division in the first week of June. He began with the 1st Brigade under Brig. Gen. Joseph B. Carr, a mustached New Yorker and former tobacco merchant who briefly commanded the division after Berry fell at Chancellorsville. A dry wind blew “clouds of dust over the plain,” hampering Humphreys’ efforts, but “I made this inspection myself to see what kind of men I had, and was very well satisfied with them.” They were “fine, manly looking fellows that I know I can depend on. In marching, condition of arms, and soldierly appearance or bearing in the ranks, they did not sur-



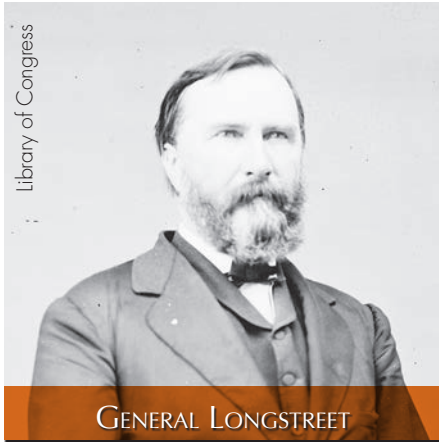
GENERAL CARR



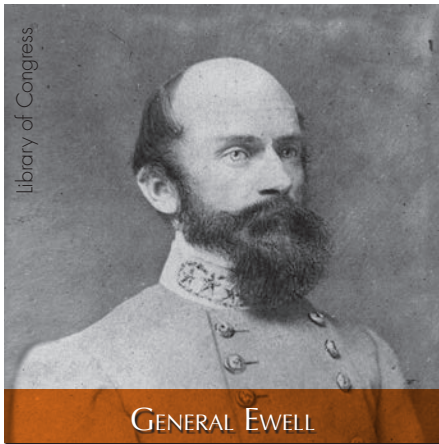
COLONEL BREWSTER



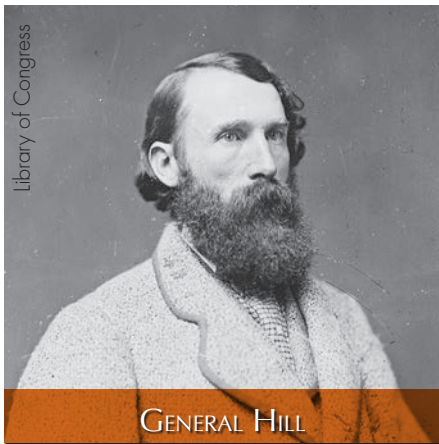
COLONEL BURLING



GENERAL LONGSTREET



GENERAL EWELL



GENERAL HILL

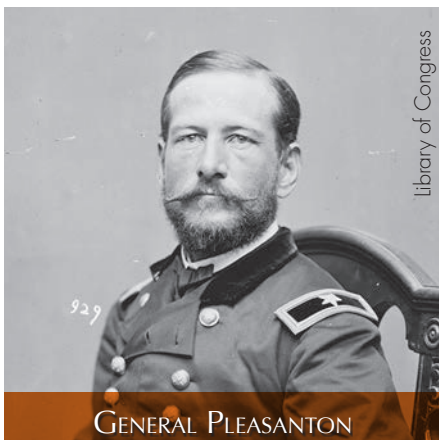
pass my good nine months men. But some of the regiments had a somewhat hardier look—for they have been two years acquiring it.”⁸⁴ He next inspected the 2d Brigade under Col. William R. Brewster, an inexperienced commander with an unflattering military record. He had recently inherited the famed “Excelsior Brigade” composed entirely of New York regiments recruited by Sickles in 1861. Last was the 3d Brigade under the temporary command of Col. George C. Burling. A New Jersey native and coal merchant with a reputation for bravery, Burling was wounded early in the fighting at Chancellorsville and still recovering. Humphreys conducted these reviews on a new horse, “Becky,” a gray (named after his wife, Rebecca) “who was not afraid of the soldiers or the music, but the flapping of the flags (the wind was very strong) alarmed her very much, and I couldn’t get her to ride close to the lines.” She looked “magnificently in her alarm—and, indeed, throughout. . . . She will soon become accustomed to flags and drums and men and with a little teaching will deport herself in a most perfect manner.”⁸⁵

On the morning of 5 June the division awoke to “artillery firing below the Phillips House on the River” and “rumors of a move of some kind.” Lee was pulling back from his positions along the Rappahannock and drawing together two of his three corps—those of Lt. Gens. James Longstreet and Richard Ewell—at Culpeper while Lt.

Gen. A. P. Hill’s Confederate III Corps remained at Fredericksburg. Hooker, with no plans to move his army, sent Union cavalry to investigate. On the morning of 9 June, Maj. Gen. Alfred Pleasanton and eight thousand Yankee troopers splashed across the river at Beverly’s Ford in a daring raid that caught General Stuart’s forces napping. The ensuing battle at Brandy Station was the largest cavalry battle of the war. After a day of mounted charges and fighting at close range with sabers and pistols, Pleasanton broke off the engagement and returned to Falmouth with useful intelligence on the strength of the Confederate concentration around Culpeper Courthouse. The presence of strong infantry forces removed all doubt; Lee was preparing to march north. Hooker would follow with roughly one hundred thousand men while trying to ascertain enemy intentions and keep his army between Lee and Washington City.

The Union III Corps would be the first out, and Humphreys was exhilarated.⁸⁶ “How dreary and gloomy it was to see me at my new headquarters near Falmouth in the Third Corps,” he explained to a friend, “until the orders to march came—and that always brings bright anticipation.” After more than five months in winter quarters, his division “broke up camp” at Falmouth on 11 June and started out after Birney’s division. The day was “hot and sultry” and the roads “very dusty” as Humphreys and his men

THE SECOND UNITED STATES CAVALRY AT BEVERLY FORD, DRAWING BY CHARLES STANLEY REINHART



GENERAL PLEASANTON

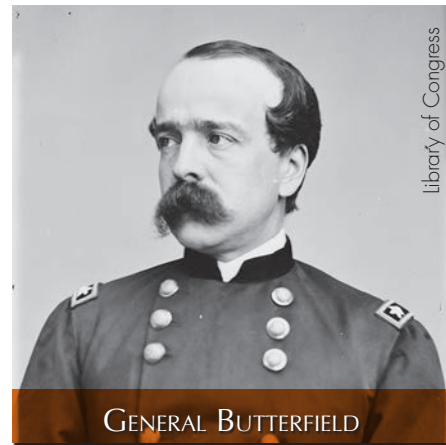
made their way along the now familiar Warrenton Road and bivouacked once again at Hartwood Church. They spent three days on the Rappahannock in the vicinity of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad Bridge making “such defensive arrangements as would render it impracticable for the enemy to cross in my front.” His men threw up rifle pits and batteries at two crossings, Wheatley’s and Beverly’s fords, and destroyed the railroad bridge. Sickles was notably absent. Suffering from persistent enteritis (inflamed bowels), he had gone home to New York City to convalescence in the arms of his infamous young wife. He would rejoin the corps just days before Gettysburg.⁸⁷ Birney served as acting commander until then.

By 14 June it was clear to Hooker that Lee had got the jump on him. Ewell marched forty-five miles in two days and appeared near Winchester, a scant few miles from the new state border with West Virginia. As Ewell continued his dash up the Shenandoah Valley to the Potomac River, he threatened to flank the Federal Army or cut it off from Washington. This imbued Hooker with a sense of urgency, and he ordered his whole army forward to Manassas Junction, about twenty miles southwest of Washington, moving under cover of the Bull Run Mountains while pushing his cavalry out front to locate the main Confederate body.⁸⁸ Humphreys and his men filed out of camp that evening, “as soon as it was sufficiently dark to conceal the movement,” marched all night, rested for a few hours in the morning, and then set out again at 1200. It was, according to Humphreys, “painful in the extreme, for, owing to the long continued drought, streams usually of considerable magnitude were dried up; the dust lay some inches thick on the roadway, and the fields were equally uncomfortable. The suffering from heat, dust, thirst, fatigue, and exhaustion was very great.” It was nearly 2400 when they reached their destination and, as Captain Cavada wrote, “fell to the ground in their bivouac more dead than alive.”⁸⁹ Men staggered into camp throughout the night, and the ambulances in the rear

were crowded with soldiers suffering from heat exhaustion and sunstroke.⁹⁰ The division rested a day before marching for Centreville and then, two days later, Gum Springs. It bivouacked there for nearly a week while Hooker reconciled conflicting reports on Lee’s whereabouts and planned his next moves.

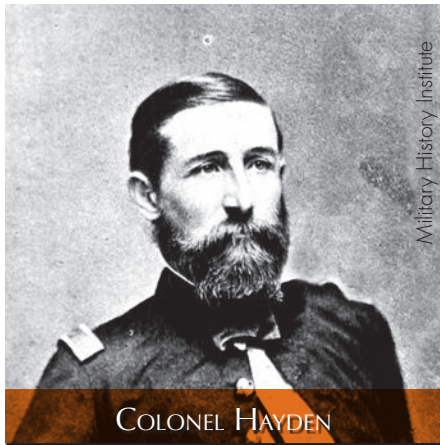
Hooker turned to the cavalry and to his own spies for clarity, and they pieced together a disturbing picture. Lee had crossed the Potomac River in force, pushed north, and scattered his men to subsist on the fat Pennsylvania countryside. Hooker had little choice but to follow, and he ordered his army into Maryland. After an all-day march on 25 June, Humphreys and his men crossed the river at Edward’s Ferry on a pontoon bridge spanning more than a quarter mile and then under a heavy rain hiked alongside a canal on a narrow towpath to Monocacy Aqueduct. The march continued late into the night, as Cavada wrote, “partly in the utter darkness . . . and with a cold driving rain in our faces.”⁹¹ Another officer recalled that “men were continually falling from utter exhaustion . . . a few slipped into the canal.”⁹² While many in the division remembered it as an especially painful march, it brought the war-weary division back to Northern soil. There, according to Cavada, the “the look of distrust and hesitancy gives place to the hearty and cheerful expression—and it does one good to hear an honest outspoken, ‘God bless you, boys,’ from simple minded country folks.”⁹³ The whole Army of the Potomac with all its artillery, cavalry, and supply trains, had crossed the Potomac River into Maryland by Sunday, 27 June. Sickles returned to the III Corps the next day, just in time to see Hooker displaced. Secretary Stanton and the administration had lost faith in him, and a bureaucratic snaggle over the garrison at Harpers Ferry became the pretext for his dismissal. The commanding general job went to Meade.

While moving east on Old National Pike from Middletown, Maryland, Humphreys received a dispatch from Meade briefly detailing the change at headquarters and “requesting his immediate presence in Frederick City.”



Humphreys left his division to Colonel Brewster and started off on horseback with his son Harry and Captain McClellan. They found Meade in his new army headquarters tent and quickly divined his purpose. He wanted Humphreys to serve as chief of staff, a senior advisory position with a rank of major general but no promise of glory. Sorely tempted, he spent several hours at headquarters discussing the matter but then politely “declined or deferred it.” He was loathe to give up combat duty for a desk job, particularly with his home state overrun, and he wanted to command his division in the coming fight. Also, Humphreys aspired to corps command, “less than that I cannot stand,” and was hesitant to take even a promotion that did not bring him closer to it. Meade was left with little recourse and, while he would later regret it, stuck with the able incumbent, Maj. Gen. Daniel Butterfield.⁹⁴ The two worked closely that first day to concentrate the army about Frederick and then throw it forward to Taneytown and Emmitsburg where Meade could control the main roads from Baltimore and Washington and, with the railhead at Westminster immediately to its rear, provide a secure supply line to his army.

Humphreys returned to his division as it entered Frederick. The city’s residents “thronged the streets to see us march by” and greeted the men as “heroes of the war.” The column then filed out of town on the main road north to Taneytown reaching Walkersville that evening and encamping nearby. Before dawn on 29 June the division was “under arms and in motion,”



Military History Institute

reaching Ladiesburg at midday—“a village counting three full grown houses and fewer full grown ladies.” The men had fresh bread and fresh milk by the roadside before pushing on. They reached Taneytown early in the afternoon and, according to Captain Cavada, “marched through its principle street amid hearty cheers and waiving of handkerchiefs, and groups of young girls greeted us with choruses of patriotic songs.” One party sang the ever popular, “When this cruel war is over” and did so “very charmingly.”⁹⁵ The division bivouacked north of town.

Reports of enemy activities in the direction of York, Pennsylvania, forced Meade to modify his plans on the afternoon of 30 June and he ordered the III Corps to Emmitsburg where Sickles would report to Reynolds and fall under his authority. Humphreys led his men back into Taneytown, “turned to the right on main road to Emmetsburg [*sic*],” and advanced three or four miles before halting for the night.⁹⁶ The column reached its destination late the following morning, 1 July, and, according to Cavada, found the “1st & 11th Corps moving through in great haste on the Gettysburg Road.”⁹⁷ Meade held the III Corps back but, throughout midday, had Humphreys undertake a “careful investigation of the ground in front of Emmetsburg,” all in “the event of our fighting the battle there.”⁹⁸ He and Cavada were still engaged in that important work when a dispatch arrived urging the “greatest haste” in pushing the division on to Gettysburg. The I Corps had encountered a large Confederate

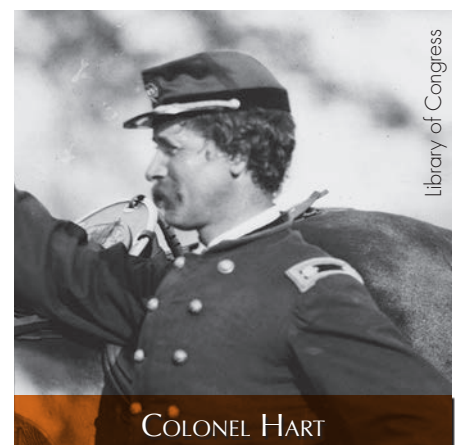
force there and was “fighting against great odds and . . . in danger. Genl. Reynolds is killed.”⁹⁹

By the time Humphreys returned to his men, two of his three brigades, those under Carr and Brewster, were already under way. Sickles had put them on a circuitous path—“a country wagon road making many turns right and left”—running two to three miles west of the main Emmitsburg Road which carried Sickles and Birney along with the 1st Division directly into Gettysburg later that afternoon. Colonel Burling and a single battery were left in position to guard the South Mountain approaches. Humphreys rode up the dirt road “through the mass of men struggling forward” and, after about a mile, overtook the head of his division then under the guidance of Lt. Col. Julius Hayden, a staff officer in the III Corps, and Dr. Andrew Annan, a prominent citizen, and Union man, from Emmitsburg.¹⁰⁰ The column pressed ahead until it approached a fork in the road just beyond Marsh Run. Humphreys, already warned via dispatch “to look out for his left in coming up,” had misgivings. The road to the left would carry him by way of the Black Horse Tavern and Fairfield Pike into Gettysburg from the west. A right would put him on Millerstown Road and carry him to the main highway leading north into the city.¹⁰¹ Given the uncertainty of enemy positions, that latter route seemed safer to Humphreys, but Hayden, “more noted for froth and foam than for common sense [*sic*]” insisted that they take the left.¹⁰²

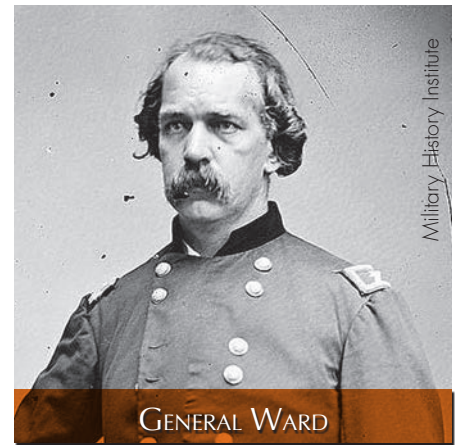
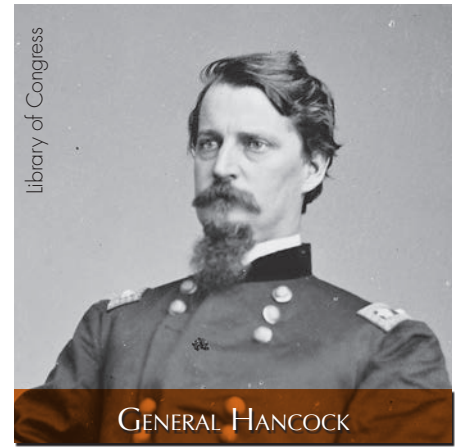
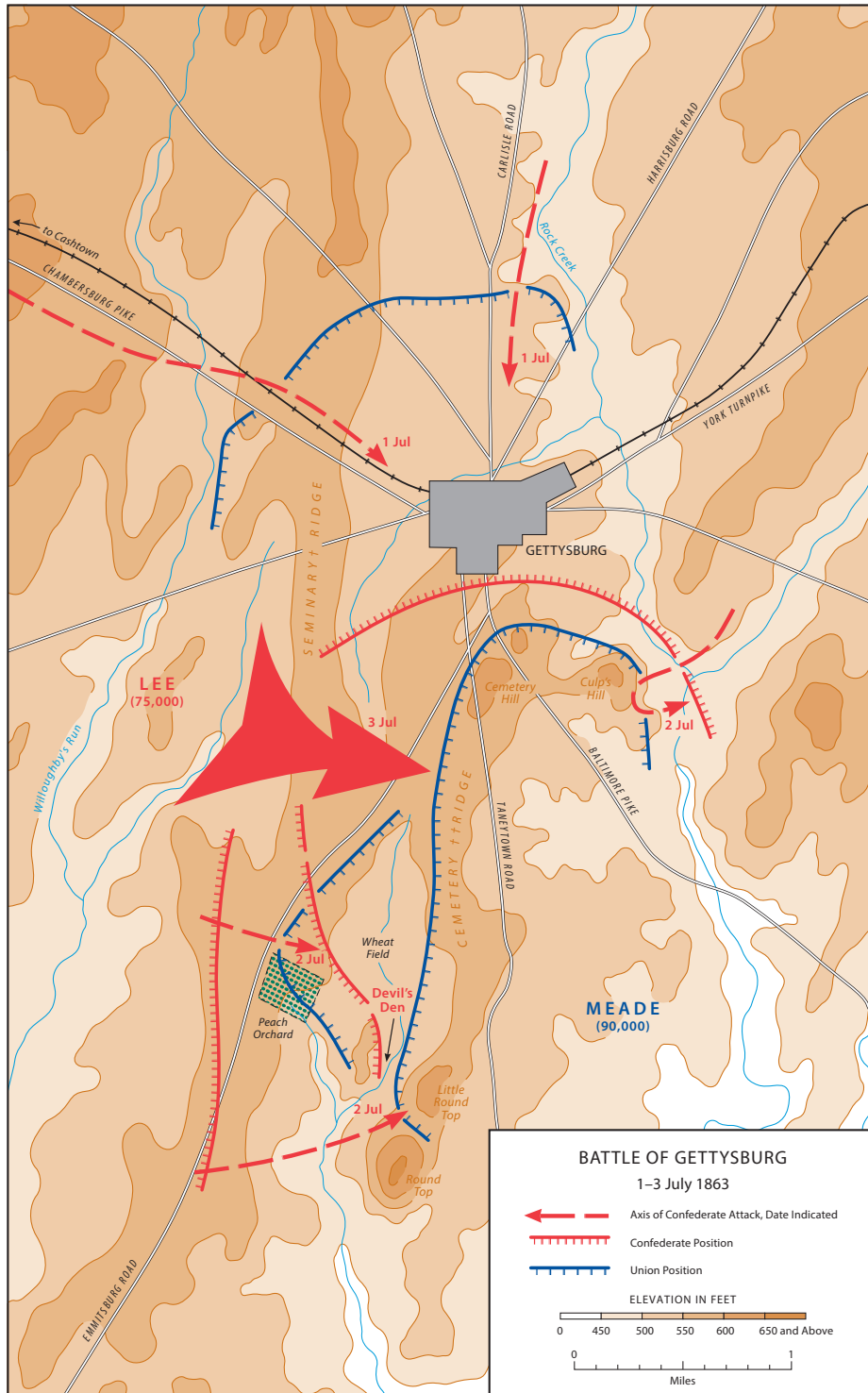
Humphreys deferred to Hayden despite nagging concerns that they may be “coming upon the enemy,” and, as the sun dropped below the horizon, the division pushed forward across Marsh Run. The sharp sounds of horses, artillery, and ambulances fording the rocky streambed carried into the night, but, with the crossing complete, Humphreys “issued orders along the line to prevent all noise—then dismounted and . . . went cautiously up the road to the Black Horse Tavern, which was only a few hundred feet.” With him went McClellan, Harry, the two guides, and a young orderly, Pvt.

James F. Dimond. No advanced guard accompanied them. The party of six discovered on its approach a rebel picket and quickly “understood the exact condition of things.” They had stumbled into the Confederate rear at Gettysburg. As Cavada told it, “we were almost within the Rebel lines and . . . over thirty pieces of artillery crowned the very hill we were about to ascend and completely commanded the point we then stood on.” As silently as possible and with the moon riding high in the night sky, the two brigades did a hasty “about face” and retraced their steps. Humphreys and his staff had not been gone ten minutes when twenty or thirty Confederates rode up to the tavern and passed the night there. He later conceded that “it was one more of my many good fortunes, almost a thousand. You will call it Special Providence.”¹⁰³

The division—according to Cavada “not a little relieved at our fortunate escape from our perilous position”—followed the left bank of Marsh Run in a southeasterly direction to the Sachs Covered Bridge that carried it back across the stream.¹⁰⁴ It then resumed the “proper road,” crossed Willoughby’s Creek, and marched past Pitzer School House. Upon reaching the crest of Warfield Ridge, the division “encountered another wolf.” Spread out before it were “the extensive smouldering [*sic*] fires of *some* [author’s italics] troops.” Humphreys called for an experienced officer and sent him forward with a company of infantry to reconnoiter. “After an absence of some time,” he returned with good news. These



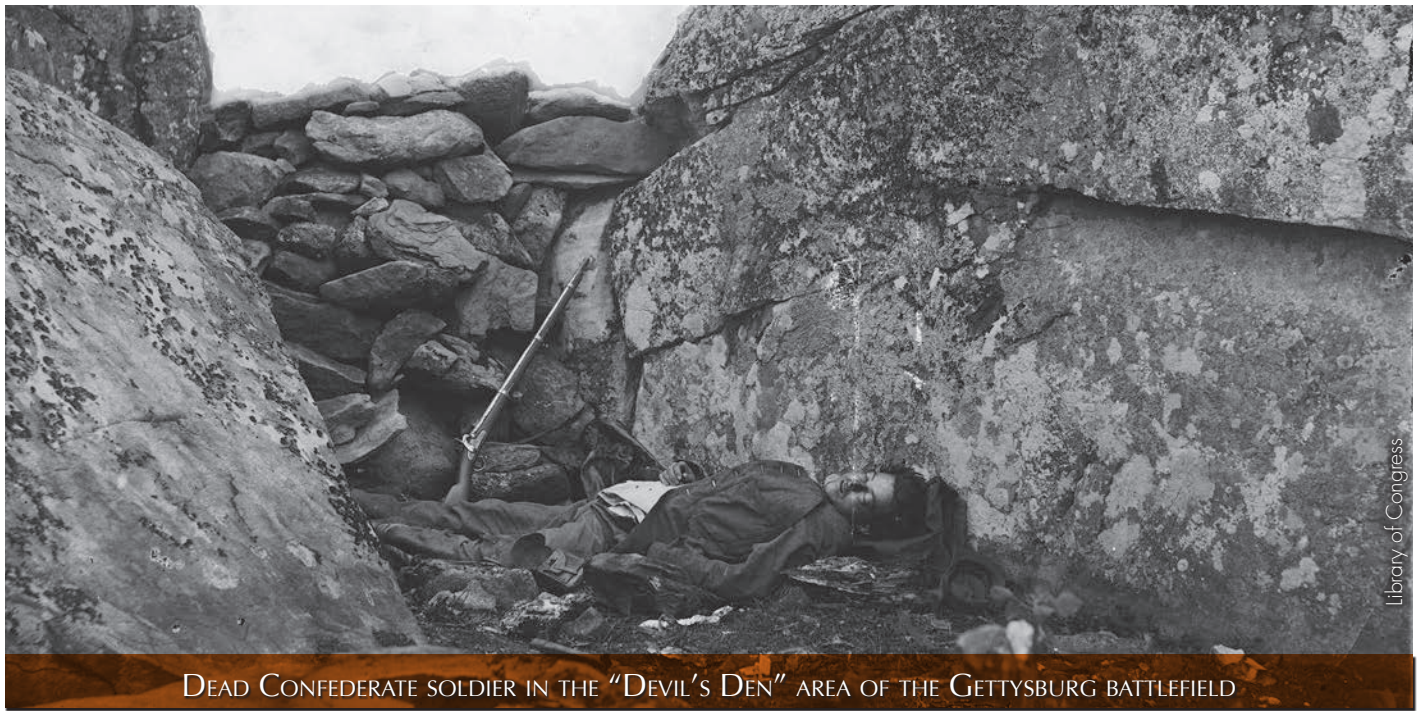
Library of Congress



were Union fires. For that they had confirmation from Col. Orson H. Hart, assistant adjutant general of the III Corps, who had been sent “to find out what had become of the division.” Apparently, there had been “much uneasiness expressed” at headquarters “because of its non-arrival.”¹⁰⁵ Humphreys led his men forward to Emmitsburg Road, turned left past the outposts and the Peach

Orchard and found, just beyond, the camp fires of Birney’s division. The incompetence of the guide had added many miles and several hours to the march, and it was well after 2400.¹⁰⁶ The exhausted troops bivouacked “without delay.” Cavada, “overcome with fatigue and sleepiness,” threw himself “under the nearest tree amid the wet grass, and in spite of rain and mud was soon lost to everything.”¹⁰⁷

Humphreys awoke before dawn to a hushed camp, his personal staff spread out under the canopies of two large trees and “enwrapped in their overcoats . . . all buried in slumber.” The white division flag “drooped heavily from its staff,” and the only sound was the “pattering rain drops on the grass.” The division had bivouacked just to the east of Emmitsburg Road near the crest of high ground running from Cemetery Ridge in a southerly direction to a “conical shaped hill” called Little Round Top. Birney’s pickets were out all night with tired eyes, and, as the first order of business, Humphreys sent Cavada to round up replacements. Within minutes “the clear notes of a single bugle broke upon the ear and before its echo had lost itself among the hills a dozen had taken up the call.”¹⁰⁸ The army began to stir. Burling arrived at midmorning, tardy by several hours. As the 3d Brigade massed to the rear of the division, Humphreys had his men pull down “all fences in front of the division . . . and extending up to the Emmitsburg



DEAD CONFEDERATE SOLDIER IN THE "DEVIL'S DEN" AREA OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD

Library of Congress

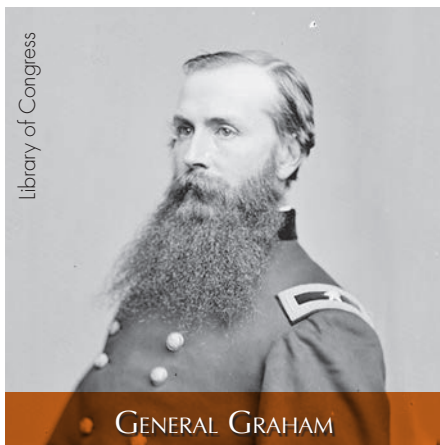
Pike." There were no trees except those of the Peach Orchard "which were small."¹⁰⁹ The skirmishing up ahead was at times "very brisk," and the occasional spent ball would "sail lazily over our heads or drop among us without causing injury."¹¹⁰

About 1200 Humphreys had orders to form his division in line of battle, one brigade behind the other and separated by 200 yards. It was Carr, Brewster, and then Burling. To their left was Birney's division which stretched to the base of Little Round Top, a craggy, rocky hill with command of the field. To their right was Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock's II Corps. Drawn up in a "considerable hollow" facing Emmitsburg Road,

the III Corps occupied the extreme left of a Union position that extended for nearly two miles in a straight line along Cemetery Ridge before curling back along Culp's Hill.¹¹¹ This position offered the obvious tactical benefit of high ground and interior lines, but Sickles chafed at his leg of it, the only point along the Federal line where the advantage of high ground was lost. He remembered Chancellorsville and the order to abandon the plateau at Hazel Grove for which he had paid a steep price. After conferring at length with Birney—and excluding Humphreys entirely—Sickles made his fateful decision.¹¹² He would act unilaterally, seize the higher ground to his front before the enemy could do so, and tell

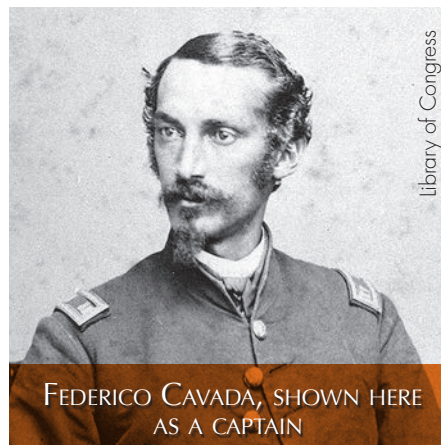
no one—not even the II Corps to his immediate right. He began with Birney and his three brigades. The 2d Brigade under Brig. Gen. John Henry Hobart Ward abandoned its position at the base of Little Round Top, leaving it uncovered, and marched forward 500 yards to a rocky area known as Devil's Den. The 3d under Brig. Gen. Regis De Trobriand filed into the Wheatfield but with fewer than fourteen hundred men could not begin to cover the wide front. The 1st under Brig. Gen. Charles Graham set out across open field for Emmitsburg Road.¹¹³ Cavada watched this last movement with special interest. His brother, Lt. Col. Federico Cavada, commanded its 114th Regiment, "conspicuous by their Zouaves uniform," as it "took the lead and reached the road under a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries and sharpshooters."¹¹⁴ By early afternoon, Birney and his men were detached from the army and spread thinly along a remote and dangerous salient (later known as "Sickles' salient").

As Ward received the first attack, Sickles ordered Humphreys to turn over one of his brigades to Birney and to "make it subject to his order for support."¹¹⁵ Humphreys, disgusted at the request but powerless to refuse, tasked Cavada with "selecting a position," and



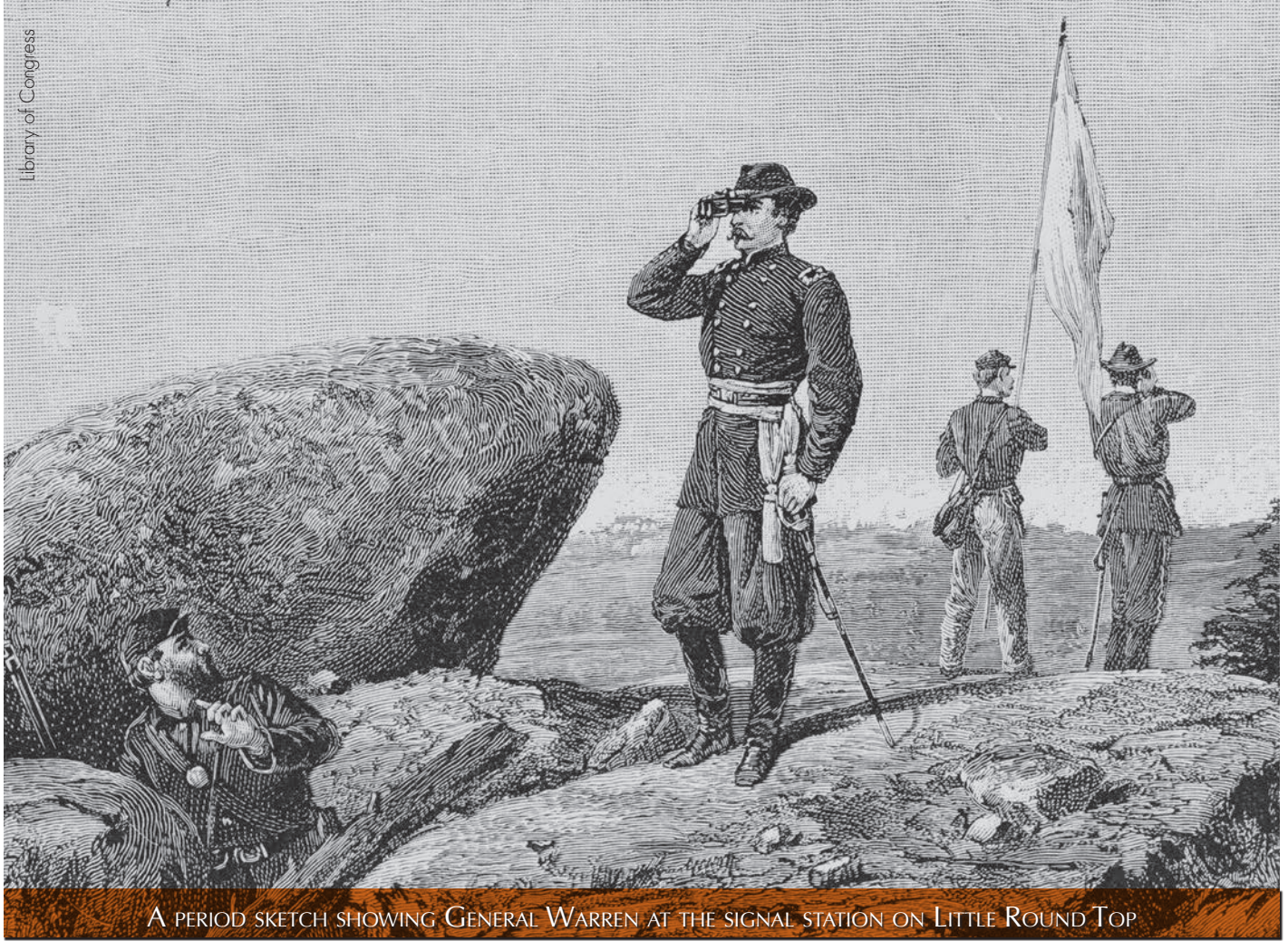
GENERAL GRAHAM

Library of Congress



FEDERICO CAVADA, SHOWN HERE AS A CAPTAIN

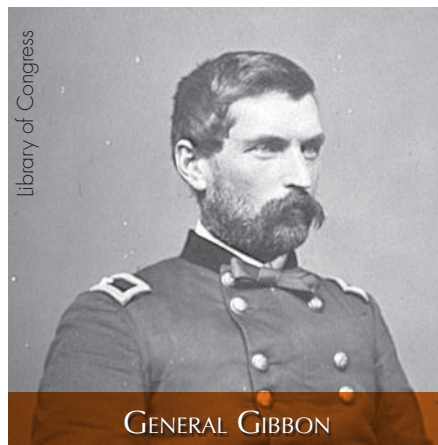
Library of Congress



A PERIOD SKETCH SHOWING GENERAL WARREN AT THE SIGNAL STATION ON LITTLE ROUND TOP

the captain led Burling and his brigade to a “rocky wood of large growth . . . with a crumbling stone wall about 3 ft high serving as cover.” He then returned to his division, “now reduced to two small brigades” and numbering only about thirty-six hundred men.¹¹⁶ Humphreys later called back one of the strongest regiments, the 5th New Jersey, for picket duty, but the rest of the brigade was shortly taken from him and divided up, “no two regiments being together,” to plug holes along Birney’s weak and overextended line.¹¹⁷ The afternoon was half spent when Meade learned that the III Corps was not in its assigned position. He quickly gathered up his staff and rode for the left flank. As he passed Humphreys’ division, the men “jumped to their feet and cheered lustily,” but Meade was in no mood for it.¹¹⁸ He could already see the enormous gap in his line. Pushing ahead, he found Sickles at the Peach

Orchard and demanded an explanation but did not wait to hear it. “You cannot hold this position,” Meade warned, “but the enemy will not let you get away without a fight.”¹¹⁹ On cue several Confederate batteries opened upon them. The fight had begun. Meade promised the V Corps support and rode off to secure it.



GENERAL GIBBON

Sickles then directed his 2d Division forward to Emmitsburg Road, “a half a mile in front of the rest of the army.”¹²⁰ Humphreys knew “it was all wrong” but dutifully gave the order. General Carr advanced in line of battle and Colonel Brewster in battalions in mass. The sun shone brightly on their waving colors as they marched into open field.¹²¹ It was a grand sight, Cavada recalled, “one to make the blood warm and tingle through its channels.” The soldiers of the II Corps watched the display with a mixture of pride and bafflement. Seated on his horse and observing from a position on Cemetery Ridge, Brig. Gen. John Gibbon, a West Point graduate and division commander in that corps, “could not conceive what it meant, as we had heard no orders for an advance and did not understand the meaning of making this break in our line.”¹²² The movement was still under

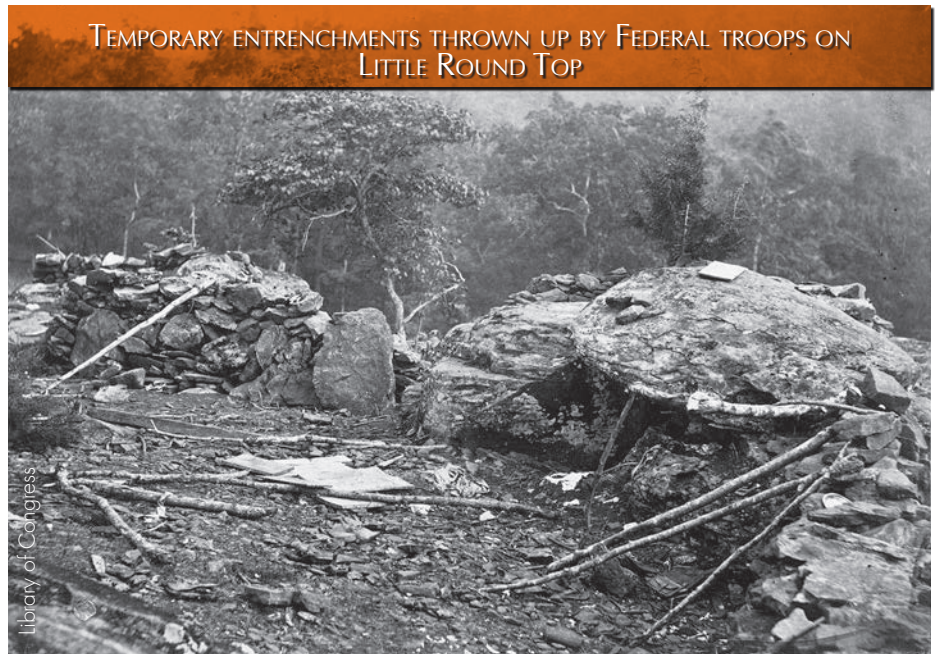


Library of Congress

AN 1864 SKETCH BY ALFRED R. WAUD SHOWING BENJAMIN LUDLOW AS A BRIGADIER GENERAL

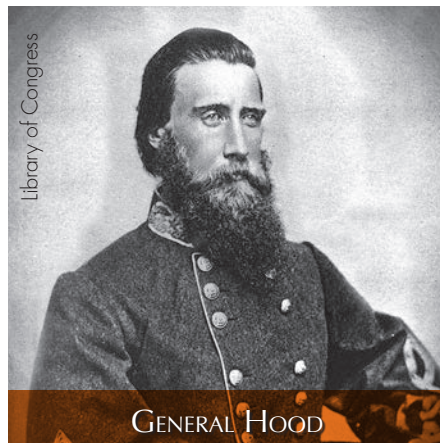
way when the shells came screaming and bursting among the advancing ranks of blue. Longstreet had concealed himself with 13,000 men in a dense wood beyond the Peach Orchard, his position roughly parallel to that of the Union left, and his gifted artilleryman, Colonel Alexander, had massed fifty-four guns along Warfield Ridge bearing directly on the Peach Orchard.¹²³ These were mounting a deadly crossfire when Humphreys, still en route to Emmitsburg Road, received new orders.

Brig. Gen. Gouverneur K. Warren, a brilliant young protégé of Humphreys and now chief engineer of the Army, had made a stunning discovery. Little Round Top, aban-



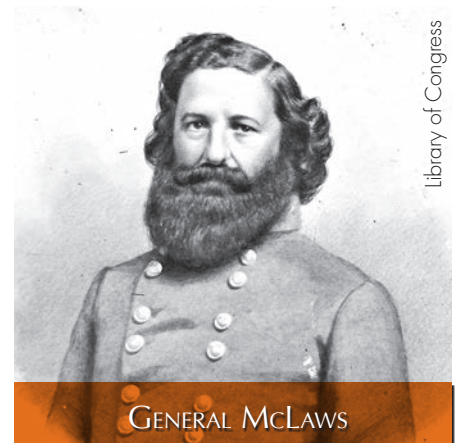
Library of Congress

TEMPORARY ENTRENCHMENTS THROWN UP BY FEDERAL TROOPS ON LITTLE ROUND TOP



Library of Congress

GENERAL HOOD

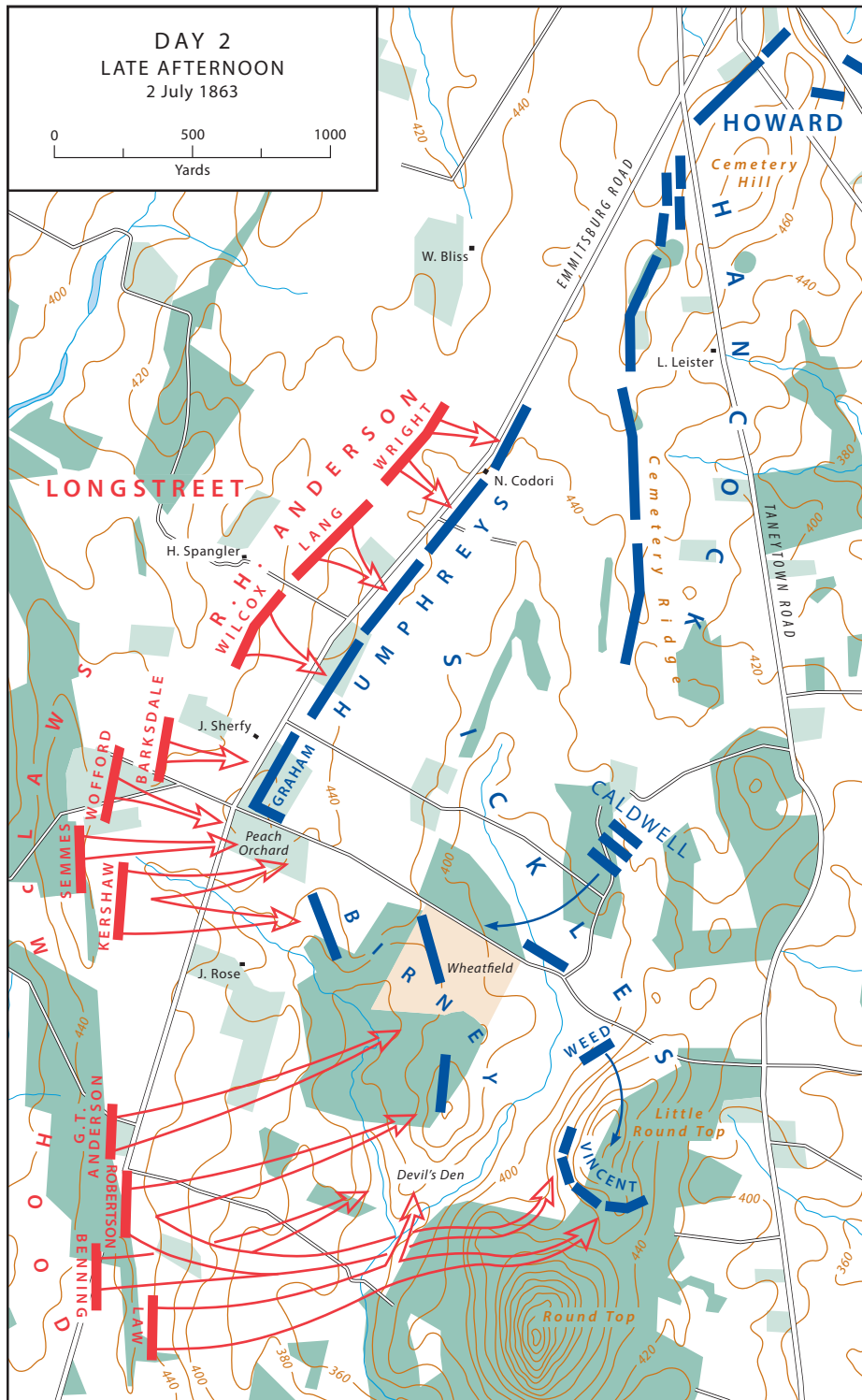


Library of Congress

GENERAL McLAWS

doned hours earlier by Sickles, was yet unmanned. Standing near its summit and peering through his binoculars into the distance, Warren spied a long rebel line running far to the south and advancing in his direction, and he took only a moment to recognize the emergency. Lee was moving against the Union left, and Little Round Top was the key to the whole position. Warren scrambled to find defenders and sent word to Meade who thought first of Humphreys. The army commander dispatched his personal aide, Maj. Benjamin C. Ludlow, riding out to the Pennsylvanian with instructions "to move at once towards Little Round Top and occupy the ground there which was vacant." As Hum-

phreys later recalled, "I immediately gave the order by my aides for the division to move by the left flank, a movement that was made at once and with the simultaneousness of a single regiment." The order given, he "turned to . . . Ludlow . . . and requested him to ride at full speed to Gen. Meade and inform him that the execution of this order, which I was complying with, would leave vacant the position my division was ordered to occupy [along Emmitsburg Road]." The major was gone but a few minutes when Humphreys rode off in the same direction "to expedite matters." Ludlow met him on the rapid return and, according to Humphreys, "informed me that Gen. Meade had recalled his order"



recalled that “they began chiefly at Birney on my left.”¹²⁵ Hood led the fray, sweeping forward under rough terrain and closing on Devil’s Den and Little Round Top where he encountered stiff resistance in a standing fight of unusual ferocity. McLaws made demonstrations along Emmitsburg Road “but did not,” Humphreys wrote, “drive in my pickets.”¹²⁶ Rebel guns continued to enfilade his lines, and he ordered his men to the ground as he positioned his own batteries. At about that time, Humphreys sent Captain McClellan to find Sickles and “report to him our conditions and position and ask if he had any further orders.” The captain found the III Corps commander on horseback in the company of Colonel Hayden “some distance in the rear of the line of battle.” Shells were “dropping thick and fast,” and the commander had little to say but warned of “a battery the enemy was putting in position in your front.” McClellan replied that they “had already been introduced to it” and rode off. Moments later, a solid shot struck Sickles squarely in his right knee and shattered his leg.¹²⁷ He was carried from the field and his leg later amputated above the knee. Birney assumed command just as his own positions began to falter. Hood was pressing his attack all along the vulnerable salient and making inroads. Graham put in a “most urgent request” for another regiment, and Humphreys and McClellan discussed it for a time before complying. As the last of his reserve regiments peeled away, Humphreys had word that “the enemy was driving in my pickets, and was about advancing in two lines to the attack.”¹²⁸ He turned his immediate attention to his active batteries, “stepping between the guns and giving his directions,” as Cavada recalled, “wholly intent upon the work & heedless of the murderous missiles that were felling the very gunners around him.” As McLaws and his men drew within sight, they sent up “a diabolical cheer and yells” and came on “like devil’s incarnate.”¹²⁹

and that “the 5th Corps were moving to Little Round Top.” Humphreys then ordered an about-face, and the division “re-trod the ground by the right flank that they had the moment before gone over by left flank” and resumed its march to Emmitsburg Road. The maneuver had occupied less than five minutes and was done with “the precision of a careful ex-

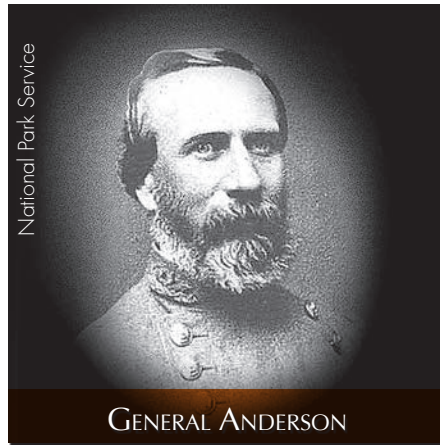
ercise, the enemy’s artillery giving effect to the picturesqueness.”¹²⁴

As Humphreys settled into his new position just short of the road and aligned with Graham on the left, Longstreet and two of his three division commanders, Maj. Gens. John Bell Hood and Lafayette McLaws, unleashed a sweeping *en echelon* attack against the Union flank. Humphreys

Humphreys called his men to their feet, and a “here they come” echoed

along the thin blue line.¹³⁰ They received the attack in open field. Already, “portions of Birney’s command were removing to the rear, broken and disordered,” and Humphreys found himself practically alone along Emmitsburg Road and utterly exposed, his left flank “in air” and his right a half-mile in front of the II Corps—“almost,” as McClellan later wrote “beyond hope of assistance from the rest of the army.”¹³¹ The fighting was fierce, and dozens on both sides fell in the first minutes. Humphreys, still mounted, struggled to hold the line; but his men were now drawing “the enemy’s whole attention,” and he was badly outnumbered.¹³² On the left Birney was “calling to some of the regiments to fall back.”¹³³ A couple “took the contagion and fled,” as Cavada recalled, “leaving a wide gap through which the enemy poured into us.” Humphreys sent several of his personal staff to shore up that side of the line, and they drew their swords “to check the flying soldiers and endeavor to inspire them with confidence.”¹³⁴ Among these was McClellan in the rear catching stragglers, and he saw Birney “riding very rapidly along the line” and bearing new orders.¹³⁵ Humphreys was to throw back his left and “form a line oblique to and in the rear of the one . . . then held.”¹³⁶ The 1st Division would then complete the line to Little Round Top. Humphreys thought the order “all bosh”—there were not enough men in the entire corps to cover that ground (from Emmitsburg Road to Little Round Top)—but he initiated a (counterclockwise) pinwheel movement, leaving his extreme right attached to Emmitsburg Road while pulling back his left toward Little Round Top ridge.¹³⁷

It was a tricky and dangerous battlefield maneuver, and Humphreys and his staff—all still horsed—were severely exposed and drawing enemy fire. Humphreys’ aide, Captain Chester, while trying “to rally the flying soldiers towards the right where Carr’s Brigade was hastening to effect a change of front,” was shot in the abdomen. In “acute pain,” he dropped from his horse not far from Humphreys who summoned two orderlies, including

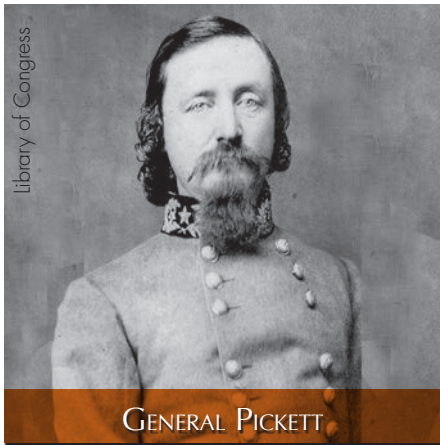


a sergeant, to help the badly injured man from the field. They had not gone far when, as Chester recounted, “a solid shot came flying by taking off my horses head and the sergeant’s also.” The remaining orderly skedaddled, and Chester fell to the ground, lost amid the chaos and gore.¹³⁸ Meanwhile, Humphreys was maintaining “pretty good order under a heavy close fire of artillery and infantry” when his horse (not Becky) suddenly “pitched headlong into the ground.”¹³⁹ The general pulled himself up, dusted off, and, no doubt cursing, detached his holsters from the saddle, and resumed his efforts on foot. Minutes later, Private Dimond surrendered his horse to the general and disappeared into the battle. He was never seen again. With a herculean effort, Humphreys succeeded in forming a new line, but, just as feared, there was “nobody to form the new line with but myself—as Birney’s troops cleared out.”¹⁴⁰

The situation was manifestly grim when Birney, acting through a staff officer, ordered Humphreys to retire all the way to Cemetery Ridge, still a considerable distance to the rear.¹⁴¹ A fresh Confederate division under Maj. Gen. Richard H. Anderson had joined McLaws in the fight, and, as three large Confederate brigades closed in on Humphreys from left, front, and right, he initiated a slow and deliberate withdrawal. To steady the ranks, he placed a provost guard of seventy men with fixed bayonets behind the retreating line. The ensuing movement occupied thirty minutes, during which, as Humphreys recalled, “Twenty times did I bring my men to halt and face

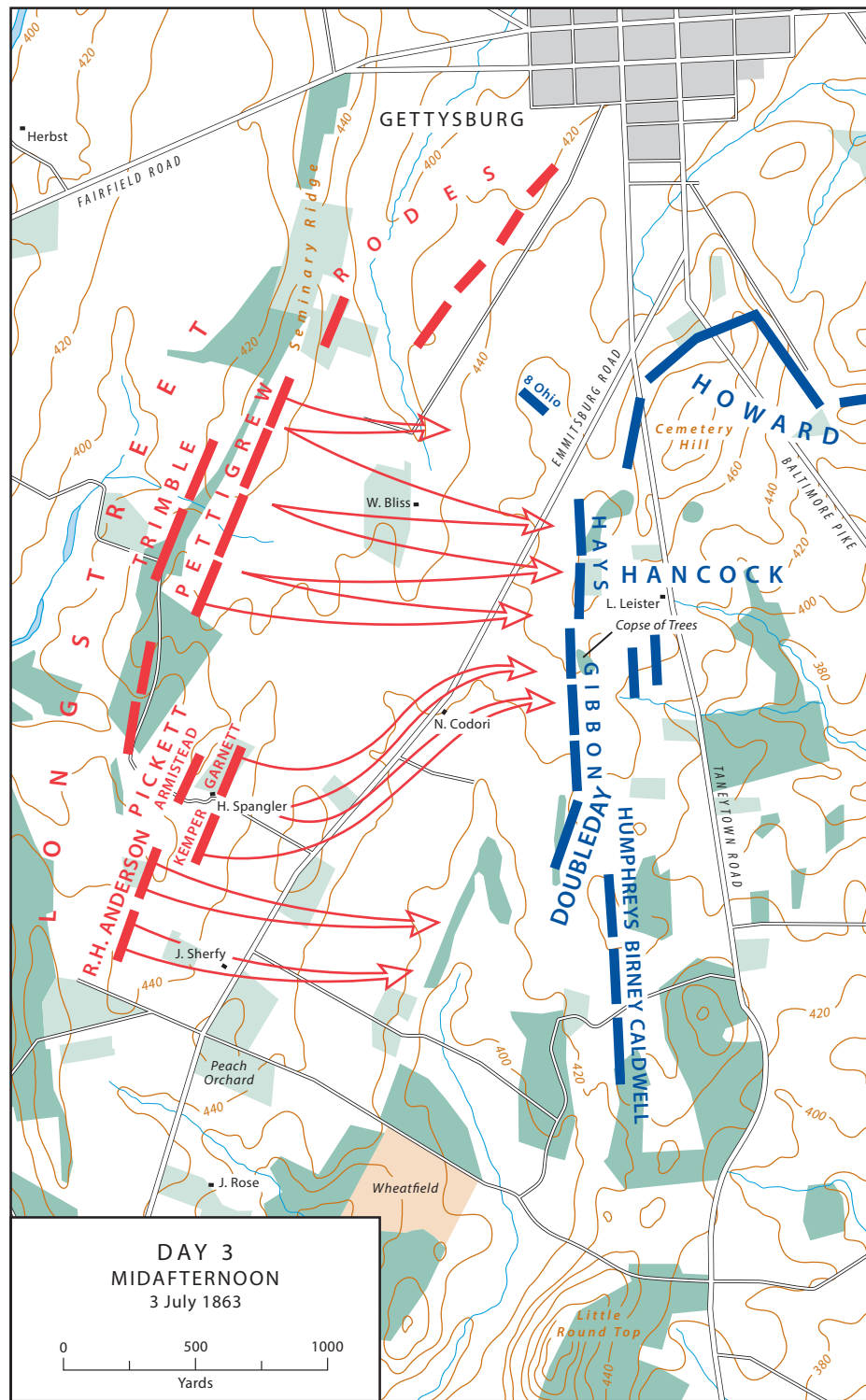
about [to fire].”¹⁴² He maintained a “cool and calm demeanor” throughout and, according to Cavada, placed himself “at the most exposed positions in the extreme front, giving personal attention to all the movements of the Division.”¹⁴³ Few officers in either army could have managed it as well. The tattered remnants of his division arrived at Cemetery Ridge just as the battle crested. They formed around their tossing regimental flags, still defiant, and aligned to “the left of General Hancock’s troops, whose artillery opened upon the enemy, about 100 yards distant.” At dusk the Federal infantry surged forward and, as Humphreys recalled, “the enemy broke and was driven from the field, rapidly followed by Hancock’s troops and the remnants of my two brigades.”¹⁴⁴ The ground they reclaimed was “liberally strewn with dead and wounded for a half mile.”¹⁴⁵ His division had suffered 2,088 casualties out of less than 5,000 engaged, the third highest casualty total in the Federal Army.¹⁴⁶ Humphreys was again uninjured—yet another case of “special providence”—but his personal staff had paid a bloody price for the engagement. All were dismounted or had their horses shot out from under them. Captain Chester was severely wounded; Private Dimond was missing; and his son Harry was shot through the arm. As a heavy darkness covered the battlefield, Humphreys formed his division “on the left of Hancock’s (Second) corps, along the Round Top ridge, where it remained during the night.”¹⁴⁷ He sent out ambulance parties to bring in the wounded. It was ghastly work.

The men roused before daybreak and received fresh rations and ammunition in preparation of “another struggle this day.” The morning was “cold and damp,” and the smoke from their fires spread out along the ground. Cavada recalled that, at first light, “a shot from a battery opposite to us, barely grazed our heads as we stood on the crest of a hill.” A bombardment followed, and the “position soon became very hot.” The rank and file were ordered to “keep low.” Putting on brave faces, Humphreys and his staff ignored their own directive,



or tried to. The men laughed when one of the party made “a very sudden ‘bow’ & then positively denied that he had budged at all.” Humphreys had a close scrape of his own as “a shell burst so near the General’s head that he could have reached the missile with his hand as it passed.” Shortly after, the division fell back “about half a mile to give the men a chance to rest and gather the stragglers.” Humphreys took the opportunity to send Cavada to the hospital along Rock Creek, about a mile off, ostensibly to check on the wounded but also to seek out news on his missing brother. For the captain, it was a “dreadful sight . . . , even my familiarity with such scenes was not proof against the agonizing picture here presented.” He found Chester, pulled from the field the previous night. The two talked for some time, and the injured officer “appeared cheerful and full of hope though his wound (through his stomach) was one considered fatal.” After a spell Cavada turned away confident that his friend had “fought his last battle.” Chester died shortly after. Cavada resumed his search, visiting with several other officers, “some severely & many slightly wounded.” The news on his brother was contrary and confusing—“some thought he had escaped, others had seen him wounded and prisoner, others had seen him struck down by a cannon ball.” Amid so many “contradictory statements,” Cavada could only hope for the best. He concluded his “painful survey of the place” and returned to the division.¹⁴⁸

Humphreys and his division moved twice that morning—initially in re-



serve “to the right of the First and the left of the Second Corps” and then further to the left, “massed in rear and support of the Fifth Corps . . . near where the Marsh Run road passes by the Round Top.”¹⁴⁹ The division held that position, just below the ridge and blind to the action, at about 1300 when Confederate cannonading became,

as Cavada remembered, “very rapid on our right.” Lee meant to soften up Federal defenses and silence its artillery in preparation for a final assault on the Union center. An hour into the barrage, as the day grew uncomfortably warm and clouds of smoke obscured the field, Longstreet sent forth his entire force of 12,500 men in what



BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, BY THURE DE THULSTRUP, 1887

became known as “Pickett’s Charge” (named after one of the three division commanders, Maj. Gen. George Pickett). Union artillery opened “with great fury” on the gray lines as they advanced from Seminary Ridge across three-quarters of a mile of open ground. Cavada “had never heard such artillery firing—it was as rapid as ordinary musketry—the hills fairly groaned, the ground trembled, and the air seemed filled with shrieking shells and whining shot.”¹⁵⁰ It was likely the largest (and loudest) bombardment of the war, and the doomed charge bent under it.

As the remnants of Pickett’s Charge dashed itself to pieces against the Union lines, broke and receded, a supporting attack, too late to do any good, approached the Union left. An aide rode up hastily with an order for Humphreys “to move ‘double quick’ to the right and form in charging columns behind our batteries.” His

men were promptly on their feet and pressing out of the woods at a full run along the ridge. Their flags drew enemy fire and, as Cavada recalled, “for some time a shower of shot, shell and canister followed us cutting down many of our men in their tracks.”¹⁵¹ As they reached their destination—once again “to the left of the Second Corps”—Humphreys ordered two of the regiments forward to the rifle pits. They were “spoiling for a fight” and, “supposing that they were ordered to charge the whole mass,” would have carried over the ridge into the enemy “but for the united efforts of all the officers to restrain them.”¹⁵² As the men settled into their forward positions, a “swarm of graybacks” poured down the opposite hillside, “bayonets glistening like moonlight on the rippled surface of a vast lake.” Division batteries, “silent until now, opened a perfect hurricane of shot upon the advancing columns of Rebels.” A thick smoke

covered the field and, for a moment, “nothing could be distinguished.” As it cleared, Cavada saw “the traces of humanity . . . shattered into fragments and disorder.” The Federals let out a tremendous cheer as the rebel columns “broke and fled.” A Vermont brigade of Green Mountain boys abandoned their rifle pits in pursuit and sent a scattered volley into the retiring mass. Dozens of Confederates surrendered, “waving their hats and throwing down their muskets in token of submission.” The assault was over, but enemy artillery continued to fire into the lines. One shot closed on Humphreys and his staff, all once again mounted, “tearing an infantryman’s leg into shreds, scattering our horses on all sides, [and] wounding Capt. McClellan in the foot.” The infantryman had been “standing before the general’s horse at the time,” and the “torn flesh and blood” from his limb “bespattered” their clothes and “adhered to the sides



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL MEADE AND CORPS COMMANDERS IN VICINITY OF WASHINGTON, D.C., JUNE 1865. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: MAJ. GEN. HORATIO G. WRIGHT, JOHN A. LOGAN, MEADE, JOHN G. PARKE, AND HUMPHREYS.

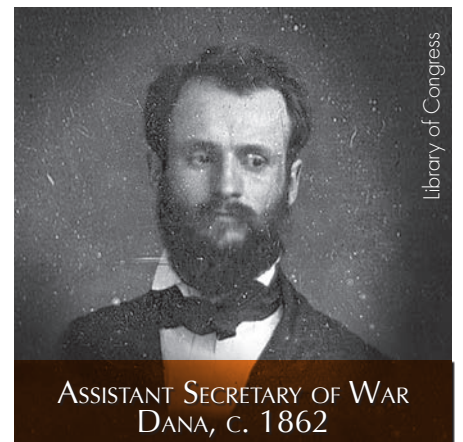
of our horses.”¹⁵³ At dusk, the division fell back to its position in the rear of the V Corps and, when all fighting was done for the day, “engaged in bringing in the wounded, burying the dead, and collecting arms.”¹⁵⁴

The Army of Northern Virginia had been defeated at Gettysburg but was still a dangerous fighting force. That night Lee fell back to strong lines on Seminary Ridge and entrenched hoping for a Union attack to retrieve his fortunes.¹⁵⁵ Meade sensed the risk and passed the early hours of Independence Day in a defensive posture—feeding and re-equipping his army and addressing the immediate needs of its more than twenty-three thousand battlefield casualties. Humphreys used the lull in activity to pen a letter to his wife and report on the battle: “I am untouched and Harry has only a flesh wound in the arm—a ball having gone through it. . . . Yet the fire that I went through was better in artillery and as destructive as at Fredericksburg—for a time positively terrific.” Humphreys “had lost very heavily” and especially blamed Sickles and “this ruinous belief (it doesn’t deserve a name of system)

of putting troops in position and then draining off its reserves and second line to help others, who if similarly disposed would need no such help.”¹⁵⁶ Humphreys, it was clear, felt ill used by III Corps leadership, and he carried deep resentments into the coming weeks and months. After dark on 4 July, Lee began his withdrawal from Pennsylvania. A “severe storm” lent cover to his activities.¹⁵⁷ Two days later Meade ordered a pursuit, and Humphreys and his division joined the march south in the early hours of 7 July.

Later that day, as Humphreys recalled, “Meade overtook my division and asked me to ride with him a short distance, when again he urged me to take the position” of chief of staff. Humphreys still “had no intention of doing so” but afterward sent word by a staff officer that he would accept “if I could get no better command than I had.”¹⁵⁸ None were apparently forthcoming, and that sealed it. Meade acted at once. At 2400 on 8 July, just as Humphreys was lying down after an “excessive fatiguing day,” he received a message asking him to come to Meade’s headquarters at once,

“that I was a Major General, and Chief of Staff.” It was 0200 before he reached the camp. He had “no sleep that night; and,” writing on 16 July, “an excessively fatiguing time since, working incessantly.” In many ways, Humphreys was perfectly suited to the new job—he was exceptionally hardworking, had a keen eye for detail, and had accumulated in the years before the war more high-level administrative experience than anyone in the Army—but he was nevertheless unenthusiastic about the position. Within weeks, he grumbled to a friend



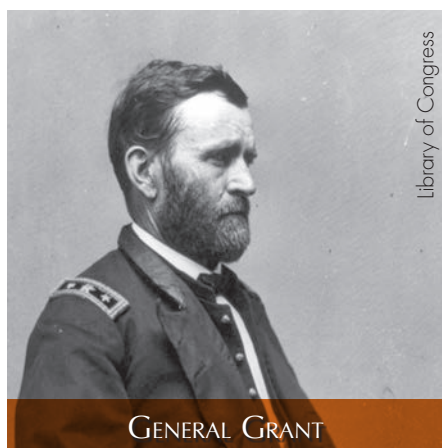
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR
DANA, c. 1862

that “it suits me in nothing, my habits, my wishes, my tastes. It is even more distasteful to me than I can well express and I feel therefore depressed at no longer commanding. . . . I hate to be second to anyone.”¹⁵⁹ Humphreys never entirely warmed to the position but held it for a full sixteen months, playing a prominent role in the tragic encounters at the Wilderness and Cold Harbor as well as the early siege of Petersburg. When he stepped down to assume command of the celebrated II Corps in November 1864, he was widely regarded as the best chief of staff the Army of the Potomac ever had.¹⁶⁰ Humphreys later earned accolades at Sailor’s Creek and contributed in no small part to Lee’s final surrender at Appomattox Courthouse. At war’s end, Charles Dana, assistant secretary of war, called Humphreys “the great soldier of the Army of the Potomac.”

The generalship Humphreys displayed at both Fredericksburg and Gettysburg evinced a military talent that placed him in the front rank of division commanders in the Federal Army. Yet, the myriad idiosyncrasies that made him a great battlefield commander occasionally stymied his efforts to win the authority and respect of his men off the field. His failures in this regard were most evident in his bitter relations with the volunteer officers of the 129th Pennsylvania Regiment, including especially Frick (later a Medal of Honor recipient) and Armstrong—both of whom fell victim to what one of their contemporaries called Humphreys’ “great idea of military duty.”¹⁶¹ Humphreys valued order, obedience, and, above

all, military discipline. Months earlier in a letter to an academic friend, he drew this out with an abundance of candor—“But discipline I hold for higher value than anything else and will maintain it if I have to crush out the whole of my command to preserve it.”¹⁶² In this dogged pursuit, he sacrificed the esteem of his men; scuttled a promotion to major general in the aftermath of Fredericksburg; and delayed opportunities for a corps command he so desperately coveted, though he did learn some valuable lessons in his command of Pennsylvania volunteers.¹⁶³ These he applied with remarkable success to increasingly responsible commands through the remainder of the war.

In 1866 General Ulysses S. Grant selected Humphreys as the new chief of the Corps of Engineers, a position he held for thirteen years. During his long tenure he managed a dramatic postwar expansion of internal improvements and oversaw important surveys and explorations of the American West as well as a complete overhaul of the nation’s coastal fortifications. He also established the Army’s first engineer school at Willets Point, New York, and served on a number of important boards and commissions, including the Washington Monument Commission, the Lighthouse Board, and the commission to examine canal routes across the isthmus connecting North and South America. He retired at the age of sixty-eight and is the second longest serving chief of engineers, behind only Brig. Gen. Joseph G. Totten. Humphreys’ last years were devoted to penning two important and highly reputable histories of the Virginia campaigns. He died in Washington, D.C., on 27 December 1883.



EDITOR’S NOTE

This article is a continuation of the narrative featured in the Summer 2010 issue of *Army History* (no. 76) titled “No Heroism Can Avail”: Andrew A. Humphreys and His Pennsylvania Division at Antietam and Fredericksburg.” For the purpose of continuity some small amount of text from that article is included here.

NOTES

1. Ltr, Andrew A. Humphreys (AAH) to Rebecca Humphreys (wife), 18 Dec 1862, Andrew A. Humphreys Papers, Historical Society of Pennsylvania (hereafter cited as AAHP, HSP), 33/26; Matthew T. Pearcy, “No Heroism Can Avail”: Andrew A. Humphreys and His Pennsylvania Division at Antietam and Fredericksburg,” *Army History* 76 (Summer 2010): 6–26.

2. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 17 May 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/32.

3. Gen. Ambrose Burnside’s official report, see *The War of Rebellion: A Compilation of Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies* (hereafter cited as OR), vol. 33 (Washington, D.C.: 1890–1901), p. 95; also see, Ltr, Burnside to Humphreys, 21 Jan 1863, AAHP, HSP, 14/60; for comments by Regis de Trobriand, see John Watts DePeyster, “Andrew Atkinson Humphreys,” *Magazine of American History* 16 (October 1886): 352. For similar comments, see, Francis W. Palfrey, *The Antietam and Fredericksburg* (New York: Thomas Yoseloff, 1882), p. 170, “Some of the very best fighting that was done at Fredericksburg was done by the Third Division of the V Corps. The division was commanded by General Humphreys, who was probably the best officer in the Army of the Potomac that day.”

4. *Harper’s Weekly*, 10 Jan 1863.

5. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 24 Jan 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/28; William H. Powell, *The Fifth Army Corps (Army of the Potomac): A Record of Operations During the Civil War in the United States of America, 1861–1865* (Dayton, Ohio: Morningside Press, 1984), pp. 407–08.

6. Consolidated abstract of officers and men absent on leave, furlough, or on account of sickness, from 3d Division, V Corps, 14 Feb 1863, AAHP, HSP, 12/57.

7. Ltr, AAH to Maj Gen George Gordon Meade, 11 Feb 1863, AAHP, HSP, 12/46.

8. Humphreys fought in the Second Seminole War but not the Mexican War. Pearcy, “The Ruthless Hand of War”: Andrew A. Humphreys in the Second Seminole War,” *Florida Historical Quarterly* 85 (Fall 2006): 123–53.

9. James H. Wilson, “Major-General Andrew Atkinson Humphreys,” in Theodore F. Dwight, ed., *Critical Sketches of some of the Federal and Confederate Commanders* (Boston: Military Historical Society of Massachusetts, 1895), p. 78; DePeyster, “Andrew Atkinson Humphreys,” p. 349; Henry H. Humphreys, *Andrew Atkinson Humphreys: A Biography* (Philadelphia, Pa.: John C. Winston Company, 1924), p. 147.

10. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 17 Jan 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/27; Brooks D. Simpson, “General Mc-

Clellan's Bodyguard: The Army of the Potomac after Antietam," in *The Antietam Campaign*, ed. Gary W. Gallagher (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1999), p. 68.

11. Ltr, AAH to Maj Gen Joseph Hooker, 28 Jan 1863, AAHP, HSP, 14/61; Halleck later made it clear that he "did not oppose the promotion for Humphreys." Roy P. Basler, ed., *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* (New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 1953), 6: 81.

12. Two days earlier, on 26 January, Lincoln had replaced Burnside with Hooker.

13. Ltr, Lincoln to Burnside, 28 Jan 1863 in Basler, *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, 6: 81.

14. Ltr, Burnside to Lincoln, 14 Feb 1863 in Basler, *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, 6: 81.

15. William H. Armstrong and Frederick B. Arner, *Red-Tape and Pigeon-Hole Generals: Andrew A. Humphreys in the Army of the Potomac* (Charlottesville, Va.: Rockbridge Publishers, 1999), pp. 308–11.

16. Ltr, AAH to Professor Hansen, 22 Feb 1863, AAHP, HSP, 12/22. Chief among these was U.S. Representative (Pa.) Edward McPherson of Pittsburgh who sent a sharp letter to the War Department. In his first term, Governor Curtin suffered a severe breakdown from the stresses of war. Secretary of State Eli Slifer handled governmental affairs during the increasingly frequent periods when Curtin was incapacitated.

17. Ibid. Frick returned almost immediately to the Army and many years later received a Medal of Honor for valor at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville.

18. Ibid.; Theodore Lyman, *With Grant & Meade: From the Wilderness to Appomattox* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1994), p. 78; Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, pp. 312–15.

19. Ltr, AAH to Senator Edgar Cowan, 23 Feb 1863, AAHP, HSP, 12/24.

20. Ibid.

21. Ibid.

22. Ltr, AAH to Hansen, 22 Feb 1863, AAHP, HSP, 12/22. Humphreys wrote that both Cowan and Foot "offered to go to the War Dept. and the White House to urge upon the President the promotion I won at Fredericksburg."

23. Ltr, Burnside to AAH, 17 Mar 1863, AAHP, HSP, 14/68.

24. Humphreys later raises the issue with Hooker. Ltr, AAH to Hooker, 7 Mar 1863, AAHP, HSP, 36/61.

25. Martin Reuss, *Designing the Bayous: The Control of Water in the Atchafalaya Basin, 1800–*

1995 (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 2004), p. 50; Pearcy, "Science, Politics, and Bureaucracy: Andrew A. Humphreys and the Office of Pacific Railroad Explorations and Surveys," in *Military History of the West* 38 (2008): 89–90.

26. *North American Review* 60 (April 1862): 488.

27. William H. Goetzmann, *Army Exploration in the American West, 1803–1863* (Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 1991), p. 432.

28. Garry D. Ryan, "War Department Topographical Bureau, 1831–1863: An Administrative History" (Ph.D. diss., American University, 1968), pp. 333–38.

29. Ibid., pp. 317–32. Three died, four retired, and eight resigned from the U.S. Army (of whom, seven went over to the Confederacy).

30. "Not one officer of the old Topogs (Abbot excluded) has spoken in commendation of the present legislation. . . . Neither Parke, Michler, Simpson, nor Macomb are satisfied." Ltr, Maj Israel G. Woodruff to AAH, 20 Mar 1863, AAHP, HSP, 13/87.

31. Several years later in 1866, Humphreys became the first "Chief of Engineers" of the combined corps.

32. Ltr, AAH to Archibald Campbell, 4 Oct 1862, AAHP, HSP, 8/103. For a copy of the order, see *Under the Maltese Cross: Antietam to Appomattox, The Loyal Uprising in Western Pennsylvania, 1861–1865. Campaigns of the 155th Pennsylvania Regiment* (Pittsburgh, Pa.: 155th Regimental Association, 1910), p. 67.

33. Ltr, Lincoln to Burnside, 28 Jan 1863, in Blaser, *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, 6: 81.

34. Ltr, AAH to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton, 3 Apr 1863, AAHP, HSP, 14/41; Ltr, Col Peter H. Allabach to AAH, 4 Apr 1863, AAHP, HSP, 14/45; Ltr, AAH to Maj Gen George B. McClellan, 13 Apr 1863, AAHP, HSP, 14/114.

35. James I. Robertson, *Stonewall Jackson: The Man, the Soldier, the Legend* (New York: Macmillan, 1997), p. 699.

36. Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, pp. 317–21; Ltr from HQ 129th Pa. Regiment, 13 Apr 1863, AAHP, HSP, 14/109.

37. Ltr, AAH to Hansen, 22 Feb 1863, AAHP, HSP, 12/22.

38. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 22 Oct 1862, AAHP, HSP, 33/20; *Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History* (New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1905), 6: 8. Also a graduate of Williams College, Henry Brainerd McClellan taught in Virginia for several

years before the war and later attained some notoriety as chief of staff to General J. E. B. Stuart. He wrote a history of his wartime experiences, "The Life and Campaigns of Major-General J.E.B. Stuart, Commander of the Cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia" (1885).

39. For notice of appointment to West Point for Henry Humphreys, see *New York Times*, 25 Feb 1857; also see *Jefferson Davis: Constitutional, His Letters, Papers and Speeches*, ed. Dunbar Rowland, 10 vols. (Jackson: Mississippi Department of Archives and History, 1923), 6: 529; Ltr, AAH to Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, 18 Sep 1862, AAHP, HSP, 9/46. Custer served under Humphreys in the Yorktown campaign, Henry Humphreys, *A Biography*, p. 157.

40. His older brother, Frederico, had recently assumed command of the 114th Pennsylvania Zouaves, also in the III Corps. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has a print copy of the Captain Adolph F. Cavada Diary, 1861–63, Collection AM .6956 (hereafter referred to as Cavada Diary).

41. James A. Wright, *No More Gallant a Deed: A Civil War Memoir of the First Minnesota Volunteers*, ed. Steven J. Keillor (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society, 2001), p. 254.

42. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 10 Apr 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/30.

43. Stephen W. Sears, *Chancellorsville* (New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1996), p. 103.

44. Powell, *The Fifth Army Corps*, p. 428.

45. Steven E. Woodworth, *The Loyal, True, and Brave: America's Civil War Soldiers* (Wilmington, Del.: Scholarly Resources, Inc., 2002), p. 70; Major General John Sedgwick of the VI Corps best summarized the feeling among Union commanders, "No troops with but a few days to leave are going to risk much in a fight."

46. Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, p. 236.

47. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, pp. 545–46; Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 8 May 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/31.

48. Cavada Diary, 29 Apr 1863.

49. Cavada Diary, 30 Apr 1863.

50. Powell, *The Fifth Army Corps*, pp. 428–431; Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, pp. 233–37; OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 546.

51. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 546.

52. Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, p. 237.

53. Ibid., p. 239.

54. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 546.

55. Powell, *The Fifth Army Corps*, p. 443; Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, p. 239.

56. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 8 May 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/31; "Determining that the Union left and center were well protected and invulnerable, Lee acted on intelligence . . . that the Union Right was 'in the air' and vulnerable to a flanking movement." Robert C. Plumb, *Your Brother in Arms: A Union Soldier's Odyssey* (Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 2011), p. 82.
57. Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, p. 240.
58. Powell, *The Fifth Army Corps*, p. 455.
59. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 547.
60. Thomas Keneally, *American Scoundrel: The Life of the Notorious Civil War General Dan Sickles* (New York: Doubleday, 2002), p. 268.
61. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 8 May 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/31.
62. Ibid.
63. Powell, *The Fifth Corps*, p. 478; The detached regiments were the 155th and the 131st. *Under the Maltese Cross*, p. 37.
64. Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, p. 243.
65. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 8 May 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/31.
66. Number drawn from George Meade, *The Life and Letters of George Gordon Meade* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913), 2: 7–8 (hereafter cited as Meade Papers).
67. Sears, *Chancellorsville*, p. 356; Powell, *The Fifth Corps*, pp. 476–77; for quote see Meade Papers, 1: 372.
68. Sears, *Chancellorsville*, p. 423.
69. Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, p. 246.
70. Ibid.; Cavada Diary, 6 May 1863; Powell, *The Fifth Corps*, p. 472.
71. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 8 May 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/31.
72. Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, p. 248.
73. Ibid. Armstrong speculated that "such regret was not in the least reciprocated by his command."
74. *Under the Maltese Cross*, p. 145.
75. Ltr, Col Frederick T. Locke to AAH, 20 Apr 1863, AAHP, HSP, 15/61.
76. See undated "Charges and Specifications preferred against Carswell McClellan," AAHP, HSP, 12/32.
77. Ltr, AAH to Meade, 12 May 1863, AAHP, HSP, 12/31.
78. Ibid. The former congressman was Dr. John Winfield Wallace.
79. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 17 May 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/32.
80. Ibid.
81. Sears, *Chancellorsville*, p. 441.
82. Meade Papers, 1: 378; Hampton L. Carson, Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, 5 Dec 1884, p. 60.
83. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 25 May 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/34.
84. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 3 Jun 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/35; Cavada Diary, 1–3 Jun 1863.
85. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 3 Jun 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/35.
86. Jesse Bowman Young, *The Battle of Gettysburg: A Comprehensive Narrative* (Dayton, Ohio: Morningside Bookshop, 1976), p. 111; Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19.
87. OR, ser. 1, vol. 27, pt. 1, pp. 529–30; Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19; Cavada Diary, 11 Jun 1863; Young, *Battle of Gettysburg*, p. 111; Keneally, *American Scoundrel*, pp. 273–74.
88. Edwin B. Coddington, *The Gettysburg Campaign: A Study in Command* (New York: Touchstone, 1979), p. 75.
89. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 530; Young, *Battle of Gettysburg*, p. 113; Capt. Henry N. Blake of the 11th Massachusetts in Humphreys' division wrote that "Caligula and other monsters of antiquity never displayed a more diabolical spirit than certain generals in the corps . . . there is not more than one in ten officers of high rank that understands the proper mode of moving a division." Henry N. Blake, *Three Years in the Army of the Potomac* (Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1865), pp. 191–92; Armstrong and Arner, *Red-Tape*, p. 332.
90. Young, *Battle of Gettysburg*, p. 113.
91. Cavada Diary, 25 Jun 1863.
92. Blake, *Three Years*, p. 198.
93. Cavada Diary, 29 Jun 1863; see similar remarks by Blake, *Three Years*, p. 199.
94. Henry Humphreys, *A Biography*, pp. 200–201; Bill Hyde, ed., *The Union Generals Speak: The Meade Hearings on the Battle of Gettysburg* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2003), pp. 183–84.
95. Cavada Diary, 28–29 Jun 1863; "When this cruel war is over" was also known as "Weeping Sad and Lonely." Written by Charles Carroll Sawyer, it was among the most popular sentimental songs of the war.
96. Cavada Diary, 30 Jun 1863.
97. Cavada Diary, 1 Jul 1863.
98. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 530; Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19; Cavada Diary, 1 Jul 1863; Harry W. Pfanz, *Gettysburg: The Second Day* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1987), p. 30.
99. Cavada Diary, 1 Jul 1863.
100. Ibid.
101. Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19.
102. Bradley M. Gottfried, *Brigades of Gettysburg: The Union and Confederate Brigades at the Battle of Gettysburg* (Cambridge, Mass.: Da Capo Press, 2002), pp. 212–13.
103. Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19; Ltr, AAH to DePeyster, 11 Jul 1869, AAHP, HSP, 22/59; Cavada Diary, 1 Jul 1863; OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 531; Henry Humphreys, *A Biography*, pp. 189–92.
104. Cavada Diary, 1 Jul 1863; Also called Sauck's or Sauk's Covered Bridge.
105. Henry Humphreys, *A Biography*, p. 191; Cavada Diary, 1 Jul 1863; David G. Martin, *Gettysburg July 1* (Cambridge, Mass.: Da Capo Press, 1996), pp. 547–51.
106. Humphreys blamed Sickles for the whole affair: "You see how things were managed in the Third Corps!" Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19; James A. Hessler, *Sickles at Gettysburg* (New York: Savas Beatie, 2010), pp. 98–99; "The Third Corps . . . was late in starting, late in moving, lost its way and got far out into the hostile lines, and got back only by Humphrey's [*sic*] skill and readiness, and long before they were on the field, Reynolds' dead body was on its way to a place of safety." Maj Joseph G. Rosengarten, "General Reynold's Last Battle," in *The Annals of War: Written by Leading Participants North and South* (Philadelphia, Pa.: Times Publishing Company, 1879), p. 64; for additional criticism of the movement of the III Corps, see Coddington, *The Gettysburg Campaign*, pp. 335–36.
107. Cavada Diary, 1 Jul 1863.
108. Cavada Diary, 2 Jul 1863.
109. Henry Humphreys, *A Biography*, p. 192.
110. Cavada Diary, 2 Jul 1863.
111. William Swinton, *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac: A Critical History of Operations in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania from the Commencement to the Close of the War, 1861–5* (Secaucus, N.J.: Blue & Grey Press, 1988), p. 344.
112. Pfanz, *Gettysburg*, p. 91; Hessler, *Sickles at Gettysburg*, p. 130.
113. Hessler, *Sickles at Gettysburg*, p. 133.
114. Cavada Diary, 2 Jul 1863.
115. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 531.
116. Cavada Diary, 2 Jul 1863; Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 4 Jul 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/36.
117. OR, ser. 1, vol. 27, pt. 1, p. 571.
118. Cavada Diary, 2 Jul 1863.
119. Pfanz, *Gettysburg*, p. 144.
120. Bruce Catton, *The Army of the Potomac: Glory Road* (Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday), p. 289.

121. Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19; Pfanz, *Gettysburg*, p. 145.
122. John Gibbon, *Personal Recollections of the Civil War* (Dayton, Ohio: Morningside Bookshop, 1988), p. 136.
123. Gen James Longstreet, "The Mistakes of Gettysburg," in *The Annals of War* as originally published in the *Philadelphia Weekly Times* (Dayton, Ohio: Morningside, 1988), p. 621; Gary W. Gallagher, ed., *Fighting for the Confederacy: The Personal Recollections of General Edward Porter Alexander* (Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1989), p. 238.
124. Ltr, AAH to DePeyster, 11 Jul 1869, AAHP, HSP, 22/59.
125. Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19.
126. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 532.
127. Ltr, Capt Carswell McClellan to AAH, 21 Sep 1869, AAHP, HSP, 22/81–82.
128. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 531; Ltr, Carswell McClellan to AAH, 21 Sep 1869, AAHP, HSP, 22/81–82.
129. Cavada Diary, 2 Jul 1863.
130. Ibid.
131. Ibid.; Ltr, Carswell McClellan to AAH, 21 Sep 1869, AAHP, HSP, 22/81–82.
132. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 533.
133. Ltr, Carswell McClellan to AAH, 21 Sep 1869, AAHP, HSP, 22/81–82.
134. Cavada Diary, 3 Jul 1863.
135. Ltr, Carswell McClellan to AAH, 21 Sep 1869, AAHP, HSP, 22/81–82.
136. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 531.
137. Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19.
138. Cavada Diary, 3 Jul 1863; Pfanz, *Gettysburg*, pp. 317, 432–34; Charles W. Bardeen, *A Little Fifer's War Diary* (Syracuse, N.Y.: C. W. Bardeen Publisher, 1910), p. 232.
139. Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19; Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 4 Jul 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/36. In the letter to his wife, Humphreys indicates that "I lost another horse, but not my grey," which he had named "Rebecca" after his wife.
140. Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19; in a letter to his wife, Humphreys explained that "The troops on my left retired, leaving me to catch it." Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 4 Jul 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/36.
141. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 533.
142. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 4 Jul 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/36.
143. Coddington, *The Gettysburg Campaign*, p. 413. One of Wilcox's veterans remembered, "They did not run, but retreated slowly and in good order, and returning our fire, but leaving the ground literally covered with their dead."
144. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 533.
145. Ltr, AAH to Campbell, 6 Aug 1863, AAHP, HSP, 17/19.
146. Hessler, *Sickles at Gettysburg*, p. 216; for a valuable account of Humphreys at Gettysburg, see Kavin Coughenour, "Andrew Atkinson Humphreys: Divisional Command in the Army of the Potomac," Gettysburg Seminar Papers, National Park Service (http://www.nps.gov/history/history/online_books/gett/gettysburg_seminars/6/essay5.htm).
147. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 535.
148. Cavada Diary, 3 Jul 1863.
149. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 536.
150. Cavada Diary, 3 Jul 1863.
151. Ibid.
152. Ibid.; Hyde, *Union Generals Speak*, p. 195.
153. Cavada Diary, 3 Jul 1863.
154. OR, ser. 1, vol. 25, pt. 1, p. 536.
155. Coddington, *The Gettysburg Campaign*, pp. 535–37.
156. Ltr, AAH to Rebecca, 4 Jul 1863, AAHP, HSP, 33/36.
157. Swinton, *Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac*, p. 365.
158. Henry Humphreys, *A Biography*, pp. 200–201; DePeyster, a close friend to Humphreys after the war, sheds additional light on Humphreys' decision to accept the chief of staff position. DePeyster asserts that "nothing would induce him [Humphreys] to remain in a position subordinate to any who were likely to succeed him [Sickles], Birney particularly." Also, "Meade gave Humphreys to understand that even if the corps were to continue as they were, small and compact..., he, Humphreys, would not get one of them under any circumstances." DePeyster, *Andrew Atkinson Humphreys of Pennsylvania* (Lancaster, Pa.: Lancaster Intelligencer Print, 1886), p. 15.
159. Henry Humphreys, *A Biography*, pp. 200–201.
160. Gallagher, *The Wilderness Campaign*, John J. Hennessy, pp. 72–73.
161. Lyman, *Grant & Meade*, p. 73.
162. Ltr, AAH to Professor Hansen, 22 Feb 1863, AAHP, HSP, 12/22.
163. Joseph R. Orwig, *The History of the 131st Pennsylvania Volunteers* (Williamsport, Pa.: Sun Book Printing House, 1902), pp. 183–85.