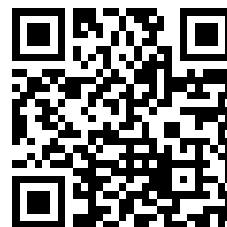


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# General Alfred T. A. Torbert Memorial

BY

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND

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## The General Torbert Memorial

[The following memorial of Gen. Torbert is published by arrangement with the committee having charge of his funeral services. They have chosen this method of publication in preference to a pamphlet issue, believing that it will bring the article more immediately within reach of Gen. Torbert's friends in and out of the Service.]

## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

By George Alfred Townsend

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The death and funeral of Gen. Alfred Torbert have called the attention of the continent to that old and separated Peninsula on which he was born, who made such mark in the military, social, and diplomatic history of the country.

### Family and Birthplace

The Delaware Peninsula, as it is called, is composed of the State of Delaware and parts of Maryland and Virginia. It was of ancient settlement, but a few years later than that of Jamestown. William Penn and Lord Baltimore divided between them that portion of the peninsula north of Virginia, and from the Duke of York's settlement probably came the ancestors of Gen. Torbert. He was born at the present county seat of Georgetown—to which the courts were removed about 1790 from old Lewes, on the Delaware Bay—July 1, 1833. \*Georgetown was named for George Washington, and placed near the centre of the country between rills which flowed, some into the Delaware Bay, some into the Chesapeake. As Delaware State was acquired by the English half a century after the occupation of proximate parts of Maryland and Virginia, families from both those States penetrated into Delaware and assisted in the composition

\*Also said to be named for George Mitchell, who owned the land.

of a tranquil and genial society, which speedily forgot their differences during the Revolutionary War.

There are three names once common on the Peninsula, which were frequently interchanged, Torbert, Turbutt, and Talbot; they were all pronounced Tawbot. In 1680 Hugh Torbert, of an English family, lived at or near the site of Dover, Delaware. He left considerable estates and his will and family papers are the property of Wm. W. Torbert, of Wilmington. His great grandson, William Torbert, was a merchant at Camden, three miles below Dover, and there was born Jonathan Torbert, the General's father. He was a man of great natural humor and very attractive to young people; in early life he was a private tutor in the family of Milby—people rather aristocratic in that day—and he married their daughter, Catharine Milby. Her grandmother was a Miss Robinson, of Sussex, a great belle in her period, whose finery is still extant. William Torbert became a pioneer Methodist preacher, and Jonathan Torbert becoming an active Methodist, was a lay or local preacher in that church, and spent the greater portion of his life as teller of the bank at Georgetown. He is said to have named his son Alfred Thomas Archimedes Torbert, but the General, later in life, abbreviated it to A. T. Torbert.

Torberts, under the name of Turbutts, were also highly respectable settlers in Talbot county, Maryland, where Foster Turbutt was county clerk in 1679; another of the family became clerk of Kent county, Md., in 1686, and another was in the Legislature of Maryland from Queen Ann's county in 1721. They were intermarried with the Tilghman family, which furnished a staff officer to Washington, and with the Goldsborough

family, which produced an admiral in the Civil War. There was military character in the Turbutts, and a major of that name married Miss Chew in Dover, Delaware, in the middle of the eighteenth century. General Torbert's father, Jonathan R. Torbert, lived a while in Cecil county, Maryland, a prolific district for men of fine tone and leadership, and his brother William has been residing at Elkton since 1829. On a corner of the public square at Georgetown, in a house still standing, and which reminds visitors, by its shingled exterior, of the old sea captains' homes on the New England coast, Gen. Torbert first saw the light.

His mother, Catherine A. Milby, was the daughter of Arthur Milby, a prominent man in the county. She had seven children, of whom two, a brother and a sister, survive Gen. Torbert. There were fair educational facilities in that old county; slavery was permitted, but neither the export nor the introduction of slaves with the neighboring States. Doctor C. H. Richards writes of Torbert's boyhood:

"I was raised with him, and knew him as intimately as boys know each other, who gun and hunt and ride together after school in the evening and on Saturdays, and the pictures of the horses we used to ride are now seen as photographs through mental memory. Alfred was one of the best hunters and riders in the country, and he had a light bay horse called 'Oscar,' with a black mane and tail, and two white hind feet; the soldier of after years presented no better appearance than the boy riding through Sussex county around the head of Indian river or on the banks of the Nanticoke."

The fine physical appearance of young Torbert attracted the eyes of Judge E. Wooten, still living, and a

man of the old style. He went to the member just elected to Congress, George Read Riddle, and obtained the promise from him, while in the midst of the enjoyment of a successful election, to send the son of Jonathan Torbert to West Point. The father was poor and had many children to provide for. Mr. Riddle afterwards wished to be let off from his promise, as he had a nearer applicant, but Judge Wooten held him fast. A few weeks before General Torbert's death, on the Third of July, at the first general celebration of our national anniversary ever held in Sussex county, Judge Wooten, now on the Supreme Bench of the State, was seated on Doctor Richards's porch with the venerable Mrs. Richards, who had been present at his birth, and some of these incidents were told. The opinion was expressed that nothing but Gen. Torbert's party bias had stood in the way of his going to the United States Senate from Delaware. On that occasion the General, amid the haunts of his childhood, was the marshal of the first procession that the united people, black and white, had ever beheld as the fruition of his exposures in the war. Though the Presidential nominations had been made and a few important men present had been in the Rebellion, a general concord, like the prevailing sunshine, fell upon the pleasant sandy streets, and the flag of the Union, joyfully accepted by all, festooned the house where the General was born and the rostrum on the public square, and this was, perhaps, his last visit to his birthplace.

#### **Cadet Life and Classmates**

At West Point Torbert became easily and genially acquainted with his fellow cadets. He held an upright,

honorable, unaggressive character. General John E. Corse, the hero of Allatoona, whose grandfather had been an officer in the Delaware line in the Revolution, was acquainted with Torbert there, and says that his amiable, yet substantial character, has always suggested since, the nature of General Jas. B. McPherson, commander of the Army of the Tennessee, who was a part of the same time at the Academy. General W. B. Hazen was a room-mate of Torbert at West Point, and recalls him as a bright, sociable, prompt cadet, who felt that, perhaps, in the future he would have the care of his father's family and was resolved to make his way as well as might be in the military profession. The Southern influences were powerful if not dominant at West Point while General Torbert was a cadet there. Robert E. Lee, venerated for his military descent and connection with Washington's family and influence with General Scott, was superintendent for almost all Torbert's term. R. S. Garnett and Wm. H. T. Walker, both killed on the side of Secession, were instructors, as was Fitz John Porter. But Torbert was also taught by George H. Thomas and Jas. B. McPherson, two of the purest heroes of the Union cause, and was in a pupil's intercourse with Seth Williams—whose brains gave way keeping the vast roster of the Union Armies—with James B. Fry and Doctors Hammond and Barnes. He was the seventeenth and last cadet but one graduated from the State of Delaware before the Rebellion. The Southern cadets, taking their initiative from the audacity of their politicians and the meddlesomeness of slavery, enjoyed the moral regimen that with easy conceit they presumed they had enforced upon the institution, little knowing that in their apparently phlegmatic and negative classmates they

were to encounter the qualities that should worry and wear out their utmost fury and brilliancy.

Among the persons at West Point during some of the time Torbert remained there were Henry W. Slocum, David S. Stanley, Jerome N. Bonaparte, Gen. L. Hart-suff, A. McD. McCook, George Crook, John M. Schofield, Philip H. Sheridan, John B. Hood, Custis Lee, O. O. Howard, J. E. B. Stuart, John T. Greble, George D. Bayard, and John S. Marmaduke. In Torbert's class of '34 graduates were Cyrus B. Comstock, Godfrey Weitzel, David McM. Gregg, Alexander S. Webb, Albert V. Colburn, George D. Ruggles, Lewis Merrill, W. W. Averell and W. B. Hazen. His class standing was 21. Some estimates of his character and ability have been obtained from several of these gentlemen:

General Hazen writes: "Torbert was my room-mate. He came to the academy with a more genteel dress than most boys—a white vest, beaver hat, and cane, and was what we boys called 'dewy.' He was always studious in his lessons, fairly well learned, but he was not quick to learn. He was a kind, true companion and friend, was pleasant even to sweetness of temper and manner, and could always be relied upon. He professed piety, and never wandered from the profession of it, always claiming and professing Christianity, attending church from choice, never using profane language or indulging in liquors. He stood fairly well in his class, and studied enough to be well out of the average, and without becoming a drudge to his books. He impressed one at first as wanting in intellectual vigor, but improved in this power year by year, and finally overcame it, and came out strong and a good student. He read

industriously, and his books were well selected, being those of a moral and religious tendency.

Gen. W. W. Averell remarked of him to the writer: "The impression he made on his class and the professors was that of steadiness. He was not brilliant, not ostentatious, but naturally clean, attentive, and with a sensible head, which carried him into no deflections. I don't think he was distinguished in any particular branch, but averaged up well in all. He graduated 21. He was levelled up nicely, and had a good tone; did not invite but accepted friendship, and was steady in his friendships as in his studies. Before he finished at West Point he was regarded as a sensible product of the academy, who would be a steady, upright soldier. I saw him in after years, and always called him 'Sept' Torbert, the term we used at West Point for the cadets who came in September. I was in the battle of Winchester, which brought Torbert reputation and promotion. His services there recommended him to Sheridan, and when Grant came to know him, his plain, amiable ways recommended him to Grant, who was his friend right onward."

General Webb, President of the College of New York, who was a classmate of Torbert's at West Point, gives this recollection of him: "He was such a retiring boy that without knowing how they got acquainted with him, all his class found him out and loved him. His image grows in the minds of all his classmates, and the more they think about his quiet, steady, sweet character, the more he rises in their estimation, enlarging by contemplation; yet there were no episodes in his career except those of duty. He did not try to be a brilliant talker; he did not 'lark' like some of the class;

something of a womanly nature in him won without exertion. But he never was imposed on. In those days we had fagging, but not the vulgar 'hazing' which came in afterwards. No one dared impose on Torbert; there was that in him which made a tyrannical fellow think twice. He had a manly character from his first appearance at West Point, but it was in a tender setting. I never heard of his saying one word about his worldly circumstances. He was cordial company, and in the Army afterwards, when he had command of all the cavalry of Sheridan he used to come into my tent familiarly. I think the nearest he ever came to personal ambition in the Army was when they gave him a brigade. His sympathy with his soldiers and the desire to see them fight well and think well of themselves, stimulated him to put esprit into that brigade. Particularly plain, though neat in everything, he went so far at that time as to put some gilt ornaments on his coat and hat, seeing that to individualize his brigade was to make it proud for battle. The want of any intense ambition, a perfectly satisfactory sense of duty, the love of his men, which was what he struggled for, made him a remarkable disciplinarian. There was a good deal of the sweet, thoughtful nature of the teacher about Torbert, which was manifested from the first part of the war, when he took hold of the raw Jersey boys and made them both love him and work for him, and so with his brigade and so with the cavalry. These traits identify Torbert to his classmates and military friends like a sort of daisy, as they called David Copperfield. Perhaps his origin in an old and tranquil and retired part of the country down the Peninsula, accounted for this nature. He never was rough at any time of his life. He received his orders,

carried them out, worked, and accepted fate with a rare equalness and magnanimity. The spark of honor could always be detected bright under his mildness. Without profanity or eccentricity or passion, every day came to him like the next and the last, and those who knew him, beautiful as his nature was almost thought that the stormy ocean which was handling him so cruelly as he swam against it all night, felt ashamed of itself to be testing his kind and gallant soul. He had persevered heroically, without abandoning hope or accepting despair, and his heart was still beating as he lay dying on the beach."

### Confronting Disunion

On his return to his birthplace at Georgetown, Gen. Torbert became the witness of his father's death, and from that time almost until he died, a period of twenty-five years, he took his father's place at the head of the family, and therefore did not marry until the close of the Rebellion. A portion of his family had always lived at Elkton, Maryland, and with these cousins the Torberts at Georgetown were on visiting terms constantly. A portion of the General's family in subsequent years went south. He gave his mother a comfortable home in Philadelphia during the Rebellion, with two of his sisters. No doubt some social influences were exerted to prejudice him against the invasion of the Southern States, and particularly of Virginia, where a part of his family married and settled. Like Gen. George H. Thomas and others of that stamp, the qualm was but momentary, and when his orders came to take charge of volunteers and prepare them for the conflict, there was not a more useful and expeditious Army officer in the country.

For about a year after graduating at West Point he

was in Indian service on the Rio Grande, about Fort McIntosh, and was then ordered to the swamps of Florida to deal with the residue of the Seminoles. The contest with the Mormons called him to the plains to join the Army of Albert Sidney Johnson, where he was put on staff duty for awhile, until he desired to join his company, and he made the march to Salt Lake and served there nearly three years, and then went with his regiment to New Mexico. He had never yet taken leave of absence, but in the perilous spring of 1861 he received sixty days leave and crossed Texas, where he had a brother residing, and on reaching San Antonio heard the news that seven States had gone out of the Union. It was designed to persuade him into the Confederate army, or that failing, to decoy or detain him there. His expression of opinion was derogatory to the crude statesmen who would break up the Union, but, keeping his own counsel, he slipped the soldiers in his charge out of harm's reach, and got them back into the loyal States. When he reported for duty he was assigned to the State of New Jersey to organize her State volunteers.

The five years and more of Torbert's lieutenancy in the Army yield no episodes or anecdotes in time for the present writing. He was known to be social, fond of ladies' society, punctilious about military duty, easily discharging his task, and whether conducting recruits to Texas in 1855, scouting against the Lipan Indians and enclosing the Seminoles in a fiery circle in 1856, tasting the joys of St. Louis society in 1857 at Jefferson Barracks, and perhaps, seeing sometimes there the lonely man of that neighborhood, Captain Grant, or exiled in Salt Lake Valley from 1857 to 1860, Torbert was a cheerful, easy-going officer, well liked, without petulancy, and not until the brink of the Rebellion did he receive his first lieutenant's promotion, after he had marched through New Mexico. Much of this

time he had nothing else to look forward to, nothing to fall back upon, though some of his brothers and sisters in civil life were removing, venturing, or marrying. In the agitations preceding the rupture of the Union, he was a Whig in feeling, appointed to the Military Academy by a Whig, the son of a Whig, and the scion of almost immemorial Federal and Whig constituencies. He never had the least interest in slavery, though it may have been otherwise with some of his brothers removed to the South.

It is related that Chancellor Saulsbury, a townsman of the General, stated on the day of the funeral that he asked General Torbert at the brink of the Rebellion how he meant to go. Torbert replied: "The United States Government has given me my education and I should be a pretty disgraceful pupil if I used it against the country." The Chancellor says that although his own sympathies were with the Southern people, he replied: "Alfred, if you will take principle like that to guide you through life you will make no mistake, and," says the Chancellor, "I don't believe, notwithstanding a good many stories I hear, that Torbert ever wavered for one moment in his mind. He was not a disputative man, and he would have listened to some of his Army friends, who were of the other way of thinking, with toleration; but his course was just like his promise, quiet but sure."

At one of those plain brick and marble residences which have given Philadelphia the name of "the city of homes," in the district once called North Penn, lived the General's widowed mother and her two unmarried daughters. Mrs. Torbert, who has survived her son, was a lady of refinement and quiet walk and way, seldom positive in her expressions, and of great faith in Alfred. Her daughters had social and afterward matrimonial ties in the South. A more amiable and considerate family for the wishes and views of

each other was seldom found. To them Lieutenant Torbert avowed his purposes for the war, but desired to stay with his own regiment, the 5th Infantry, instead of taking the large chances of promotion and career afforded among the volunteers. He was a man of locality and companionships, and although the qualities which have endeared him to his friends arose from this kind of stability, beautifully natural as it was, yet there are some who regret that he was not of a more restless ambition and did not look farther in the direction of his personal interests. He was ordered to Trenton to muster and instruct volunteers in the Service, and from that moment he became, to a higher degree than a Delawarean, a son of New Jersey.

#### **New Jersey's Disciplinarian**

One of the earliest movements of his adopted State was to secure Fort Delaware, which stood within the legal limits of his native State, from anticipated capture by Delaware secessionists. At Trenton, awaiting orders from the United States, Lieutenant Torbert became immediately useful. The Governor of the State, Chas. S. Olden, elected eighteen months before, was not unlike General Torbert in unselfish devotion to his times and his people, but had no conception of military organizations. The Adjutant-General of the State then—as during the whole war, Robert F. Stockton, Jr.—was of a martial family and warm patriotism, and had many good qualities to reform the wretched militia system of the State, yet for actually organizing troops in regiments and brigades he was inexperienced, and it is the more to his credit that he took such instant and hearty hold on the young Delawarean, only twenty-five years of age, who had opportunely come to Trenton to be of general utility. In brief time Gen. Stockton repaid the obligation by awakening the diffident spirit

of his friend to take an enlarged command and shake off the dependence a line officer in the Regular Service is apt to acquire among his very virtues.

. If the unknown and retired Grant was hailed as a real friend in need in that district of Illinois to which he was a strange newcomer, merely because he had a West Point education and Regular Army experience, how much warmer was the appreciation in New Jersey of an officer in full Army standing, fresh from the service, and a gentleman in exterior and essentials? He literally taught that State the rudiments of warfare, moulded its political into a military arm, and showed the earliest regiments how to stand, how to walk, and to be intelligible to each other. Cheap, indeed, is the Military Academy acknowledged to be in such times of physical fear, when one young pupil of it can extract order from the chaos of a whole State! Governor Olden made Torbert one of three on a Board of Examiners to select New Jersey's officers, the two others being Stockton and Wm. Cook. The stranger was at once an object of criticism among disappointed applicants for commissions and those meddling politicians and other "strikers" for influence who can never separate a national necessity from their political greed and intolerance.

The estimate of Gen. Torbert held by his adopted State of New Jersey is given in Foster's history, "New Jersey and the Rebellion":

"It was owing to Gen. Torbert's industry and fidelity that the authorities of New Jersey were enabled at the outbreak of hostilities to so promptly fill all the requisitions made on them for troops—his experience and familiarity with the methods of organization wonderfully diminishing the difficulties of the task which was so suddenly imposed upon them. For a period of six months Torbert labored in this work with unexampled activity, proving a strong

right arm to the Executive—never shrinking for a moment from any undertaking, however formidable; never failing in the performance of any duty laid upon him.

“Yet all this while there were some, strange to say, who questioned his loyalty and who labored to undermine him in the confidence of the authorities, and impair his influence with those by whom he was surrounded. This hostility, so far as has ever been ascertained, had no better foundation than the fact that Gen. Torbert was a native of the South and had been associated for the most part with Southern officers—having many influential friends among Southern politicians, with whose views upon the Slavery question he in some degree coincided. But over against this stood the fact that with the very first mutter of treason he arrayed himself vigorously and earnestly on the loyal side, doing more than any single mustering officer in the Northern States to hurry troops to the field to aid in maintaining the authority of the Government, and the further fact, also, that he was at all times outspoken and emphatic in denouncing the whole rebellious conspiracy, never hesitating to rebuke in others the slightest expression of sympathy with it. These facts, amounting to positive evidence, finally, it is gratifying to know, were accepted as conclusive as to Torbert’s status; and if, later in the war, when his sabre was flashing over the heads of the nation’s enemies, any still entertained doubt as to his loyalty, they must have been of the class with whom neither argument nor reason can overcome the influence of irrational prejudice. As a soldier, Gen. Torbert was courageous, vigilant, skilful, with excellent natural capacities for command, uniting much acquired information as to the high arts and rules of war which made him, in point of qualification, vastly the superior of many who ranked him in the service.

“As a cavalry officer he displayed peculiarly brilliant

qualities, his entire connection with that arm of the Service being in the highest degree creditable to himself and the Army. Sheridan, under whose eye he fought, held him in the highest estimation, finding in him many of the elements which in his own character shone so conspicuously. . . . Torbert's success was the result not merely of skill and combination and high personal courage, but in a large measure the enthusiasm with which he fought and which inspiring his command made it irresistible either in attack or when assailed."

Perhaps the author of the above underrated the quality of the inborn gentleman in Lieutenant Torbert to impress himself so readily upon the authorities of the most aristocratic State, perhaps, in the North. He was so easy to get along with, so efficient, so cheerful and reliable, that he seemed made for the place and the hour. His tone, never let down even in the merriest moods, preserved him in daily respect. . . . Something of this quality of mixed sweetness and tone may fairly be ascribed to the society of his little native State, like the kernel of the peach, grown in wider landscapes. The same sullen intolerance which refused him the right to be a Unionist in New Jersey, also long after the war sought in Delaware to reclaim him for "the lost cause" by magnifying stories of how he wavered, or hesitated at some indefinite, mythical time, vivid only to the imaginations of overtaken and degraded peace men. It is to the credit of the New Jersey authorities that they were above vexing the soul of a man almost the consignment of Providence to them, with the least suspicion or want of confidence. While West Point graduates like George D. Bayard and Judson Kilpatrick were asking for commissions in the New Jersey volunteers, Torbert, with almost unaccountable yet sincere preference, looked to his old regiment, in which he was not yet a Captain, to be his uniform field

of service. Like Grant, when offered a regiment by the Governor of Illinois, he felt that he did not want so much responsibility. August 3, 1861, he received the appointment of Captain on Staff and Assistant Quartermaster in the Regular Army. The same day General Philip Kearney, who was to command the first New Jersey brigade in the field, wrote to Adjutant-General Stockton to find him a Colonel for the first New Jersey regiment, already mustered in. Stockton, discouraged that his useful and accomplished associate would presently be a mere captain of the line, pressed him to take the regiment under Kearney, and thus, in a measure, put ambition into the negativeness of his friend. He consented, and Governor Olden at once sent to Washington for a commission for Col. Torbert, which was granted one week before his promotion to a full captaincy in the 5th Infantry, the staff captaincy having been declined. He gave up his onerous duties at Trenton with regret, having easy tendrils, which took hold warmly everywhere. It was always more grateful to Torbert to stay than to go higher.

At the outbreak of the Revolutionary War Trenton and New Jersey gave to Delaware one of her three brigadier-generals, John Dagsworthy, who lies buried at Dagsborough, a few miles from Torbert's birthplace. In the war of the Rebellion Delaware repaid the loan by giving New Jersey the colonel of her first regiment in the field, under Philip Kearney, and subsequently the general of Kearney's brigade.

### **The New Jersey Brigade**

Col. Torbert now went to work with the greatest nicety, patience, and firmness to make a perfect regiment. His command had previously had some slight experience of war.

Three regiments of the first Jersey brigade had gone into the battle of Bull Run, and Gen. Runyon's division of reserves helped to halt the retreat of the Army there. The first and second regiments then went into camp near Alexandria, and were soon joined by the third, which had been at Fairfax during the battle. Major Philip Kearney was now assigned to the command of these New Jersey troops, which were attached to Franklin's Division, with brigade headquarters at St. John's Seminary, three miles back of Alexandria. Kearney was a soldier throughout, and assisted by Torbert, he proceeded to discipline this brigade, which was so well drilled and made so intelligent and efficient in course of time that it became the pride of the Army. During all the fall and winter Torbert was at this camp, drilling, inspecting, teaching, and elevating the standard of officers and men.

Late in September Kearney made a reconnoissance in force with the brigade, a battery and a company of cavalry. This tested the troops, and about the middle of October Torbert's regiment had a skirmish with the enemy's cavalry and lost three or four men. Stanton, the new Secretary of War, now ordered the occupation of Manassas Junction, but McClellan persuaded the President to consent to an advance by way of the Peninsula, thus obtaining a practical suspension of the order. Phil. Kearney was one of the first men in the Army to criticise the procrastinating spirit, and Gen. Torbert, under his immediate command, probably took a bias at that time in favor of the energetic and direct mode of warfare, which long afterward came into play.

Kearney seized the first opportunity, while carrying a party of railroad laborers, to order a reconnoissance—

some negroes having told him that the rebels were moving out of Manassas. Without awaiting orders, and only apprising General Franklin of the information, he threw his skirmishers over a wide extent of country, drove the enemy's pickets in and Torbert's regiment advanced to Fairfax Court-house and to Centreville. The brigade at 10 o'clock on the 10th of March, 1862, entered the abandoned works at Manassas Junction and was the first to take possession. This movement caused more aggressive warfare thereafter, and early in April the New Jersey brigade was appointed to employ the enemy about Catlet's Station, while McClellan's main body was being sent to the Peninsula. There the New Jersey brigade arrived April 17 and Kearney being promoted to a division, Col. Taylor took charge of the brigade. The action of West Point now took place the brigade participating, and on investing Richmond it held the right of our lines about Mechanicsville.

On the shores of the Pamunky River, a few miles beyond Cumberland Landing, the 6th Corps of the Army was organized about the middle of May, 1862. The Army of the Potomac had been previously divided into five corps of three divisions each, of which only three corps intact had been brought to the Peninsula under Sumner, Heintzleman and Keyes. The 6th Corps, under Gen. Franklin, was composed of his own old division and of W. F. Smith's division. Gen. H. W. Slocum now took Franklin's division, composed of the New Jersey brigade, then under Col. Taylor, but afterward known as Torbert's, of Slocum's brigade under Col. Bartlett, and of Newton's brigade. It has been written of this corps that "no other body of troops ever made for itself so proud a record; no corps of the Federal

Army nor of the enemy ever went into battle so frequently and never were either of these two divisions put to rout."

During the battle of Gaines' Hill the New Jersey brigade, which had been transferred to the right bank recrossed the Chickahominy and went for the first time into regular battle. Torbert's regiment was ordered into the woods by General Fitz John Porter, and the firing was severe and attended with great loss until a charge was ordered and the discipline of the regiment was shown in its immediate and universal obedience. All that afternoon and until dark the brigade fought manfully and three times drove the enemy from the woods, and when it recrossed the bridge near midnight the brigade had sustained a loss of 1,000 killed and wounded. Torbert's regiment was well extricated, but the 4th regiment was surrounded and made half the whole losses. Only 965 grimy, exhausted men answered to their names on reaching camp. During this battle of Gaines' Hill, Colonel Torbert was down with the Chickahominy fever and could hardly stand on his feet, but he mounted and went to the battle and showed himself to the men and to the enemy. His Lieutenant-Colonel McAllister, put the men into battle. McAllister reported: "At the time of this engagement Colonel Torbert was confined to his bed with remittent fever, but being informed that his regiment was going into action, he started for the field at once. Arriving there he succeeded after much difficulty in finding the regiment, and, seeing part of the division falling back, went to work with other officers to rally and collect the men."

The Chickahominy fever was more than the equiva-

lent of wounds in battle; insidious, yet unintermittent, as a mosquito in the brain, it brought the dew of death, the dreams of delirium, and the cold of the grave close upon each other. No mental courage could stand against it; it filled the Army with embalmers and undertakers; the steamers to Baltimore went laden with the pine coffins of its victims; the active and high-hearted were among the first to suffer from it, and for more than two years General Torbert had recurrences of the poison, being in the hospitals in part of the winter of 1862 and the spring of 1864. To have fought the enemy right onward would have been to leave the deadlier fever behind, but it was then the day of sickly counsels and such generalship as Cromwell in parliament arraigned the Earl of Manchester for: "That the said Earl hath always been indisposed and backward to engagements, and the ending of the war by the sword, and for such a peace as a thorough victory would be a disadvantage to . . . Hath drawn the army into and detained them in such a posture as to give the enemy fresh advantages, with contempt and villifying the parliamentary authority; sometimes against the councils of war, and sometimes by persuading and deluding the council to neglect one opportunity with pretence of another, and then, again, of a third, and at last by persuading that it was not fit to fight at all."\*

### Gainesville to Gettysburg

The Army being transferred from the Potomac to the relief of Pope, the New Jersey brigade was ordered to Bull Run to guard a railroad bridge and disperse

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\*Carlyle's *Life and Speeches of Cromwell*, Letter XXIII.

guerillas. Torbert's regiment now had only 300 men fit for duty, and the whole brigade amounted to only 1,100 instead of 3,000 as formerly. The supposed guerillas turned out to be the main body of the enemy who attempted to surround and capture the whole brigade. The little column, however, stood gallantly together and in good order worked its way back to Bull Run Bridge and there made a stand. Stonewall Jackson said on the field that "he had rarely seen a body of men fight so gallantly against such odds as those Jersey troops were doing." General Taylor, its commander, was wounded in the leg and died from the amputation, and the brigade losses were again 117 killed and wounded and over 200 missing and prisoners. The great battle of Gainesville followed, where Kearney was the lion of the Federal fight. While driving the enemy near Centerville, Kearney was shot dead, being too much in the front. Gen. Torbert thus became the commander of the brigade, and the story of his operations for some time is in his orders and reports.

For a few days his brigade was in camp in its old position about the Seminary, but Lee's army having crossed the Potomac at Leesburg and moved on Frederick, the whole Army of the Potomac was sent in pursuit under Gen. McClellan and Torbert, in Franklin's corps, marched by way of Rockville and Burkettsville, and on the 14th of September fought in the battle of Crampton's Gap against Howell Cobb. The Rebels had three brigades posted at the windings of the road behind stone walls at the mountain base, and wherever there was an obstacle on the way up the mountain. Eight pieces of artillery commanded the only scaling point on the pass. Newton's brigade of Slocum's division was ordered to

charge and Col. Torbert with his brigade to support Newton, while Gen. Brooks' brigade was to skirmish up the mountain and if possible turn the enemy's right flank. Brooks, however, had so long to march that they could not wait for him, and the two brigades which were to charge in front, carried in succession six rail fences and two stone walls, all filled with Rebel infantry. Gen. Torbert played a very notable part on this field, and a large part of the Army looked on him with admiration to see his little band of veterans dash from point to point of the rocky slopes with a cheer at every rush and enter the pass and go through it, obeying orders as implicitly as children, and fighting with the coolness of ball-players. The mere climbing of the hills would have fatigued men of less character. The losses they inflicted on the enemy were very great, and they took 400 prisoners, one gun, 700 small arms and the enemy's flags. The losses of the brigade were 174 killed and wounded. A newspaper report of that day says: "When we of the New Jersey brigade relieved Newton's brigade and opened fire on the enemy, they were at the foot of the mountain, about 300 yards from us. We had not fired over a dozen rounds when Col. Torbert ordered a charge over the fence, and at it we went across the field at double quick. The Rebels stood their ground until we got within 200 yards of them, when they broke and ran like sheep and we after them. At some points the hill was so steep that we had to go on all fours. But we gained the top. Here they were reinforced by another brigade, but our boys were too much for the entire lot, and we soon got them running again and kept right on in pursuit until we gained the opposite side of the mountain."

The battle of Crampton's Gap was Gen. Torbert's

first appearance to the public in full command of his brigade, and there it got the reputation it continued to sustain till the last of the war. His general orders addressing his troops said:

"Soldiers, the 14th day of September, 1862, is one long to be remembered; for on that day you dashingly met and drove the enemy at every point. Your advance in line of battle under a galling fire of artillery and bayonet charge, was a feat seldom if ever surpassed. The heights you took show what well disciplined and determined soldiers can do. You have sustained the reputation of your State and done great credit to your officers and yourselves. While we lament the death of our brave comrades who have fallen so gloriously, we can only commend their souls to God, and their sorrowing friends to His sure protection. May you go from victory to victory is the hope and wish of the Colonel Commanding brigade!"

Torbert's official report of the battle of Crampton Gap is plain and perspicuous. He marched his brigade in two lines by the right flank under cover, till it gained open ground, when the advance was made in line of battle. His own and the second regiment in front, and 150 paces behind it the third and fourth regiments, advanced half a mile with great regularity through clover and corn fields, intersected by high wood and stone fences, exposed almost all the time to artillery fire. Bartlett's brigade was engaging the enemy, and as soon as one of his regiments got out of ammunition, Torbert's second moved forward to relieve it. The enemy was behind a stone wall at the base of the mountain, with a wood just behind them and an open field, of three to four hundred yards, intersected between the two lines

of battle. Torbert charged forward to the woods across the open fields with his rear line, while the first line was ordered to stop firing. They went on with a cheer at double quick, leaping the fence behind which the first line had been fighting. When they had advanced 150 yards the next line was ordered to charge, and at the two charges the enemy broke and fled up the mountain side in great disorder, closely pursued, and were driven right through the pass and into the valley on the other side, and then night came down. Torbert was slightly wounded at Crampton Gap.

At the battle of Antietam Torbert's brigade, having bivouacked in Crampton Gap, relieved a part of Sumner's corps, which had been hotly engaged, and remained on the field forty-two hours. After Antietam the brigade remained in Maryland till October 2d, when it crossed the Potomac at Berlin, and after tedious campaigning took part in the movement against Fredericksburg. Parts of other Jersey regiments had been added to it, and in the movement on the left below Fredericksburg, it went into battle at three o'clock in the afternoon and drove the enemy from a part of the heights, who again rallied, and nearly the whole brigade had to go into the action. Wretched generalship was shown here from above, but the Jersey boys now fought as well in defeat as in victory. At Fredericksburg Torbert's losses were 172 men. His brigade and that of General Devens covered the recrossing of the Army, and was the last to leave the field on the left of the lines.

That winter the Army laid about Falmouth, where General Bayard was killed. General Torbert was very ill during the spring, and at the battle of Chancellorsville Colonel Brown commanded in his absence; the men

fought with their old system and lost 511 men at Chancellorsville, including 26 commissioned officers. Then followed the battle of Gettysburg, in which the New Jersey brigade, attached to Wright's division of the 6th Corps, crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, June 27th, and having made a forced march of thirty-six miles in one day, reached Gettysburg with only 25 men absent, on the night of July 2d, and was at once sent into position on the left of the line being drawn up in two lines in reserve.

On the 3d of July, 1863, the New Jersey brigade at Gettysburg was detailed from the Corps and advanced to the front and centre of the line, strongly picketing the front, connecting on the right with the 1st corps and on the left with the 5th. As the fighting was on the right and centre the brigade did not become engaged on this decisive day, except on the picket line, where it had 11 men wounded. After Gettysburg was over, the brigade joined in the pursuit, marching in line of battle covered by a heavy line of skirmishers, and late in the afternoon overtook the enemy near Fairfield and had a sharp skirmish. It again engaged the enemy at Hagerstown, July 11th, and on the 19th crossed the Potomac at Berlin and reached Warrenton on the 25th, after a severe march. General Torbert's report said: "Too much praise cannot be given to officers and men for their patience and endurance on this long and tedious march of about 250 miles. There was by far less straggling than was ever known in this brigade before."

From Warrenton the brigade went to Culpepper Court-house, and participated in the involved and fatiguing movements along the Rappahannock, and then again encamped at Warrenton, at Rappahannock Sta-

tion, and at Brandy Station, till late in April, 1865. During this winter and spring Torbert bade adieu to the brigade, being assigned to command a cavalry division. General Torbert's brevets in the Regular Army were five in number during the war; he was made Brevet Major for Gettysburg, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for Hawes' Shop, Brevet Colonel for Winchester, Brevet Brigadier-General for Cedar Creek, and Brevet Major-General March 13th, 1865, "for meritorious service during the war."

### **In the Cavalry**

General Torbert's assignment to the command of a division of cavalry, though it brought him much subsequent reputation, was not regarded as an unmixed benefit by his old military friends. He had won the position of the permanent commander of the best brigade in the Army of the Potomac. There was but one other brigade held in the same estimation by the Army, the Vermont brigade of General Brooks. Torbert had literally made his Jersey Blues—had shaped them from a mass of awkward recruits to be a machine in precision, and had then inspired them with the souls of heroes. They loved him with a love at once masculine and maternal. In one sense he was their mother, with his tender, amiable qualities, in another their hero in the time of battle. General Meade went to General John Sedgwick and said: "I want to give Torbert a Cavalry Division. Can you spare him?" Sedgwick looked grave and replied: "He is very useful here. He has been here a long while. This corps would miss him, General Meade."

"O," replied Meade with some petulance, "I see that you object."

Sedgwick said calmly: "General Meade, I do not wish to stand in the way of General Torbert's promotion, but it is my judgment that right here in the 6th Corps is his best

opportunity. In the fatalities of war I may not always have this corps, and when I go General Wright will be its commander and then General Torbert will have Wright's division."

Still feeling crossed, Meade said: "Why, I offer him a division now! What does he want to wait for?"

"You command the Army," said Sedgwick, "and General Torbert wants only to know where his duty is."

It is not within the limits of this sketch to describe the ineffective though not irresolute movements of the cavalry under General Meade's command before Sheridan took control of it. The creator of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac is generally said to have been General Hooker, who made Stoneman its commander. A few months before his death he told the writer that he had overestimated Stoneman.

When General Meade assumed command of the Army of the Potomac after Hooker, he put General Stahl's division of cavalry into Pleasanton's cavalry corps, who assigned General Kilpatrick to the command of it, and Pleasanton also recommended Captains Farnsworth and Custer as Brigadier-Generals. Torbert's last fight in the infantry was at Rappahannock Station in November, 1863, where Meade probably had him in particular favor.

At Cedar Mountain, October 11, the signal officers had read from the Rebel flags a message saying that J. E. B. Stuart was making for the Union road. The Union Army was then withdrawn toward Culpepper, and marched toward Brandy Station with the cavalry force under Pleasanton to cover its retreat. The Rebels attacked the cavalry and slipped a division between it and the rear of the infantry. This led to the battle of Rappahannock Station between Kilpatrick and the enemy's cavalry. Meade then turned and offered battle, and the Union Army,

three miles long, advanced in splendid organization, the enemy retreating, and nothing resulted but heavy cavalry fighting.

General Alfred Pleasanton says: "The success of the Rebel Army in Virginia for the first two years of the war was mainly due to its splendid organization and to the splendid corps of cavalry it was able to maintain. That army was not hampered with a surplus of artillery, and with its numerous and efficient cavalry kept its commander well informed of all movements. But when the casualties of war reduced this cavalry faster than they could replace them, which was the case in the campaign of 1863, the Rebel Army was soon thrown upon the defensive, from which it was never afterward able to recover."

General Pleasanton, being disposed to criticism, was sent West after Grant came East, and the division commanders of the Eastern cavalry were now ready for that great spirit of the horse who was snuffing the battle from afar. An anecdote of Torbert, possibly misplaced at this point of the narrative, may introduce the serious narrative to follow the arrival of General Sheridan.

Colonel Chas. Treichel, of Gregg's division of the cavalry, says: "A feature of General Torbert was conviviality without indulgence. He never drank anything in the Army; nobody that I have seen recollects that he ever took a drink. Yet he would come into a place where a company of officers or old Army friends were having a lively reunion, would take his glass in hand, and a stranger coming in might have thought he was the spirit of the bounce. He liked company and happy people and needed no wine to be beaming and encourage the hilarity." That even level of resolution, whatever the surface of his enjoyment, made him everywhere reliable and never depressing.

It is related that his fondness for ladies' society only

once brought him into danger. He had been sent with a body of cavalry to relieve another cavalry commander who, in the dead of winter, made an expedition in the Blue Ridge country with his horses smooth-shod, and a sudden sleet springing over the roads and country so impaired and imperilled this detachment, that Torbert, with winter-shod horses, had to assist it to get back from the enemy's region. They were closely followed, however, by the partisan horse at home in that wild country, and General Torbert, after most of his command had passed into and through Warrenton, rode himself to see that the inlets of that town were picketed. He galloped up the leading streets and looking out the various roads was relieved to observe that they were already picketed by watchful horse. In that town was a family of vivacious Virginia girls who coquetted with both Federal and Confederate officers, by the name of Lucas, but they were in sympathy with the cause of their State, and every "Yankee" officer captured by their assistance, gave them reputation at home and also detained an invader friend. The gallant side of his nature equal to his accomplishments and popularity, the General stopped a minute at the Lucas house to pay his compliments, and left an orderly or trumpeter mounted at the door. This trumpeter observed very soon the supposed pickets riding suspiciously into town, quite unlike in appearance and movements the straightforward Union cavalry videttes, and they were prowling up and down back streets, and apparently closing around that portion of Warrenton where General Torbert, amidst the compliments and cake of the beautiful rebel sisters, was trying in vain to detach himself. Suddenly he heard the trumpeter blow and his name shouted outside. His orderly had become so uneasy that, at the risk of trespassing, he had given the alarm. General Torbert darted lightly down the steps and laid his foot in the stir-

rup, but his horse, now agitated by the tramp of galloping troops close by, started and lost him the stirrup. That slip was almost fatal; for around him, thick as hornets at the nest, the brigands were pointing pistols at his head and crying "surrender." He was in the saddle already, and without reply started off at full speed amidst a shower of balls. Down the street as his horse ran, shots were sent after him from every alley and crossing. He escaped their imperfect aim and then a large squad of them charged in pursuit and very close behind him, firing as they came and augmenting at every rod. The spirited chase continued through and beyond the town, and a regiment of cavalry drawn up along and back of the road looked astonished at General Torbert galloping like the wind and almost a squadron at his heels. As soon as they could comprehend the situation they snatched arms and started for the audacious partisans and General Torbert said that he never had such a narrow escape in all his life. His cavalry associate, General Crook, was captured by a similar band in the midst of his command in the city of Cumberland while visiting his future wife—a beautiful Virginia rebel, and at head of his captors was her brother.

### Wilderness Campaign

When Sheridan was changed from the command of a division in the Western army to take the command of the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac in April, 1864, he found this corps in three divisions and twelve battalions. He confirmed the first division to Torbert at once, and Gregg and Wilson got the other two. When the Army moved in the Wilderness campaign, two divisions of the cavalry took the advance and covered the two fords over the Rappahannock, while Torbert's division covered the lines of the Army in the rear for many miles and also picketed

some of the lesser fords. The second day Torbert's division joined Sheridan at Chancellorsville. The spring attack of the Chickahominy fever disabled General Torbert during Sheridan's first celebrated raid in Virginia, which occupied sixteen days, and killed the rebel cavalry leader, Stuart. On rejoining the Army of the Potomac, Torbert took the advance at the crossing of the Pamunkey river. Grant was then on his notable left flanking campaign. Custer, who had a brigade of Torbert's division, did some severe fighting at the fords and about Hanover town, and the cavalry frightened the whole enemy away from the Pamunkey ford, so that Grant's Army crossed unimpeded. While still in advance, the cavalry encountered at Hawes' shop the dismounted rebel cavalry behind a rail breastwork, supported by a brigade of South Carolina troops under Colonel Butler. One of Torbert's brigades was dismounted, formed in close column of attack, and charged with another division, and the enemy fled, leaving all his dead. Here, perhaps, was the first suggestion East of dismounting cavalry and charging breastworks.

The possession of Cold Harbor was of the highest importance to Grant's Army, as it insured communication with the new base of supplies at the White House. The enemy had already anticipated this fact and pushed a strong force up to the Motadequin creek, which Torbert's division held, and a stout engagement ensued, in which the whole of the cavalry became employed. Torbert's men broke the enemy and pursued them close to Cold Harbor again, killing and capturing many of the South Carolinians. Sheridan says in his report that he "now visited Torbert and Custer at Custer's headquarters, May 31, 1864, Torbert's division having the advance, and found that these two had also talked of a plan to attack and capture Cold Harbor, which I *endorsed*, and on that afternoon the attack was made, and

after a hard-fought battle the 'town' taken. Gregg was immediately moved to the support of Torbert, but the place had been captured before any of his troops became engaged." Here Torbert made the strong impression Sheridan expected, and the latter remarks: "Cold Harbor was defended by cavalry and infantry; on the Old Church side the enemy had thrown up breastworks of logs and rails. The fight on the part of our officers and men was very gallant. They were now beginning to accept nothing less than victory." This fighting occupation of Cold Harbor probably saved the Army of General Grant, and the efficiency of the cavalry, fighting without infantry support by dismounting and charging on foot, achieved it. The enemy feeling that it was the key of the position began to prepare masses of troops to drive out Torbert, and Sheridan had already ordered the cavalry to retire, when Grant despatched word that "Cold Harbor must be held at all hazards." The cavalry had then, therefore, to make another battle to reoccupy the place. The enemy's breastworks were counter-faced. the cavalry placed behind these works and ammunition boxes were distributed all along the line during the night, while the active enemy could be heard giving commands and making preparations for a decisive morning attack. Just after daylight, June the 1st, they marched up and were allowed to come close, when the batteries and repeating carbines poured iron and lead into them and they were driven back in confusion. Again re-organized they came on again with the same result, till at last, at 10 o'clock, the 6th Corps arrived and relieved the cavalry.

Thus commenced that notable friendship between this celebrated corps and the cavalry which marked all the remainder of the war. Torbert was a son of both the 6th Corps and the cavalry. Operating on the left of the Army,



and fighting continually, Torbert's and one other division were ordered to make the second great raid from the lower Chickahominy to Charlottesville. Every soldier had a hundred rounds of ammunition—forty on the person. They marched along the north bank of the North Anna, Torbert having the advance, and at Trevillian station he encountered the enemy in full force behind a line of breastworks in dense timber. Custer's brigade was sent around to the enemy's rear and Torbert's other brigades were put in line of battle and carried the works, driving Wade Hampton's division pell mell back on Custer's, which again assailed it, and it was perfectly panic-stricken. Five hundred prisoners were captured. A great force of rebel infantry was now in search of this Federal raid, and Sheridan being out of ammunition and burdened with prisoners, concluded to return to the White House. He sent out Torbert on the Gordonsville road and a heavy action began with the enemy, continuing till dark, while the railroad was being broken up. The cavalry being now nearly surrounded and with two thousand negro refugees and a great many wounded, had to go back on its tracks and graze the nearly-famished horses, and then, recrossing the recent battle-field of Spottsylvania, and marching through Bowling Green, Sheridan led his columns down toward West Point, on the York River. Sheridan draws a pretty picture of this return to West Point, showing the good feeling that existed among the men and their officers: "nothing could exceed the cheerfulness of the wounded, though hauled in old carts, ammunition wagons, etc. I saw on the line of march men with wounded legs driving, while those with one disabled arm were using the other to whip up the animals." On the way down, Sheridan concluded not to go to West Point, but took possession of the White House and marched for the James River—Torbert always in the advance, fight-

ing on the way to get to the *tete du pont* over the James to Bermuda Hundred. The rebels resolved to cut off this cavalry, which was detached and unsupported on the north bank of the James, and Torbert was directed to push his whole division to the front and meet the enemy. There was fighting on all sides all day, but they saved the lines. While this portion of the Army was successful, Wilson's division of the cavalry was beaten south of James River. Sheridan says that his command had now "marched and fought for fifty-six consecutive days, and men and animals were nearly dead."

Along in July Torbert's and Gregg's divisions, with the 2d Corps to back them, were ordered to cut the railroad north of Richmond, if possible, and this led to an engagement between Malvern Hill and Richmond, in which Torbert played a strong part. The cavalry was dismounted and lay down in lines of battle just behind the crest of a ridge, and when the rebel line reached the crest the repeating carbines tore it to pieces and then the cavalry, mounted again, charged upon it and took many prisoners and battle flags. This fight was called the battle of Darbytown. When this last movement with its various intricacies,—not here detailed,—was over, every officer and man in the cavalry was prostrated by anxiety and sleeplessness. General Torbert, still with some fever in his system, had made a great name as a cavalry man.

It was now that Sheridan was ordered to the valley of the Shenandoah, and Torbert's and Wilson's divisions were directed to join him there. In returning thanks to his leading officers, eleven in number, Sheridan places Torbert only second to Gregg.

### **Torbert Head of the Cavalry—Winchester**

Early in August, 1864, Gen. Sheridan, commander of



the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, was put in charge of the Army of the Shenandoah. Sheridan, like Torbert, had been in the infantry, and developed into a cavalryman from the events. Sheridan was given a more respectable Army than had been seen in the valley, because two or three weeks previously Early had made his celebrated march on Washington City and nearly captured it. Grant resolved to send men of enterprise into the valley, and among them was Torbert, whose division of cavalry was sent to Sheridan, as well as Wilson's division. Sheridan at once reorganized his cavalry, regarding it as "the most necessary branch of the Service in the long and rapid marches up and down the valley." He appointed Torbert to command the whole cavalry, a recognition late, though complete, of the steady soldierly qualities which those who knew him had always appreciated. The cavalry was divided into three divisions, under Custer, Averill, and Merritt. Averill was soon replaced by Powell. The 6th Corps, of Gen. Wright, and parts of the 8th and 19th Corps, under Generals Crook and Emery, composed, with the cavalry, Sheridan's Army of the Valley.

On the 10th of August this Army advanced up the valley from near Harper's Ferry, and the Delaware cadet had an immediate experience, which might have been startling a few years before, of how even more rapidly than armies had been the march of moral ideas and of idealism in the Union hosts. They passed by the jail and the court-house where old John Brown had been chained and tried; the court-house was in ruins and the jail a shell of tottering walls, and much of the town was dilapidated by war. Every band of music in the Army, and every drum corps, as it passed through the echoing, dusty streets, played:

"John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave.

His soul's marching on."

Torbert had passed his youth amidst slavery in a modified form, but in the immediate vicinity of slavery without modification. The counties of Maryland, from which some of his family came, were all slave holding counties, and they had all but recently exported slaves to Norfolk and the South. The young General, however, looking out on the wheat field where old Brown had met his death—remarking on the beautiful landscape, the harvests, and the soft-tinted mountains—had progressed like his soldiery in the direction of freedom, and felt his own pulses touched with the chords of music to the soul of the hero. Charlestown was never marched through at any other time, but it was the fashion for the bands to play and the boys to sing the old camp-meeting melody to the memory of John Brown.

A purpose of this march up the valley was to destroy the ripening crops which furnished the winter food for nearly the whole army of General Lee. Early, after his repulse from Washington City, had set the example of devastation by making a second raid in force and burning the city of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. The Government, and Grant and Sheridan, had resolved to make warfare in earnest, and burn this granary and the mills which ground the grain, and to spoil the valley as a side-aisle to Washington and the North, so that peace might come the speedier to a people weeping for it. Therefore the ten thousand cavalry under Gen. Torbert, which composed one-quarter of the Army of forty thousand men, spread across the valley almost from mountain to mountain. Torbert had the supreme cavalry command. They were an arm of the Service hitherto chiefly used for long raids, or battle with opposing cavalry, but now to be developed into the great uses which they served at the close of the war, when at Five Forks they could fight both on horseback and on foot, and men fresh out of the saddles would charge intrenchments with their

carbines. Torbert, accomplished in the infantry service and promoted into the cavalry, was just the man to give discipline, unity, and tactics to such soldiery, and he was working under the eye of a genius, in Sheridan, whose nature was on fire for aggressive warfare, though he had been told by General Grant only "to hold the enemy and not to give battle." It was an intensely hot march, and horses and men suffered, but there were fine streams of water and around the farm houses were springs and wells, and the soldiery lay in the open air at night, under the stars and flying meteots. Torbert's cavalry scouted on the flanks of the infantry and on the front, too, all the way up the valley, running the rebel cavalry on, and so they went to Strasbourg, fifty miles above Harper's Ferry, where the enemy lay intrenched behind transverse mountain walls. Mosby, working through the Blue Ridge, made such havoc among the trains far in the rear, that the Army fell back in less than one week, marching through Winchester to be jeered by the secession females. Here the Jersey brigade, many of whose officers Torbert had brought up from raw recruits, staying back to support the cavalry, joined it in a sharp action. Another battle followed on the 21st of August, and Sheridan's Army, halting about Berryville, with headquarters at Charlestown, lay inactive for about three weeks, the cavalry, however, being constantly exercised in every direction. At Charlestown, among the relics of the John Brown raid, Grant and Sheridan met on the 15th of September, 1864, and the latter urged upon Grant to let him attack the enemy instead of merely repelling attack. General Torbert played a part becoming his position in these counsels, and Grant finally uttered his celebrated words, "Go in!" So, on the 19th of September, Sheridan's Army advanced, accepting a counter movement by Early, who, seeking to get to Martinsburg and burn it, was doubled up by the



cavalry, and driven towards Winchester. Sheridan now sought to attack the detached left wing of Early, and sent two of Torbert's cavalry divisions to engage and divert the enemy on the West, while the Army should strike him on the East of Winchester. In this march a part of Torbert's cavalry under Wilson performed the first feat in the new cavalry-infantry tactics; they leaped their horses over the enemy's breastworks and chased down and captured the men inside. The cavalry had to be in the front everywhere, and received the first gashes. As the infantry marched into the battle of Winchester they saw these wounded cavalrymen coming to the rear, some leading the wounded horses, others with their heads bound in bloody handkerchiefs, others borne on litters. Behind the cavalry the Army slowly formed in line of battle, and Gordon got up his division before any available ground could be occupied, except that which the cavalry had seized by skilful manoeuvring, under Torbert's direction, in front of Bunker Hill. The lines of battle, when all was ready, were three miles long, and made the most beautiful sight seen up to that time in the valley, the disciplined troops moving as on parade, the masses of cavalry on the flanks, all the brigade and regimental flags advanced, and Winchester's spires and roofs glowing in the noon. One infantry corps and a part of the great 6th Corps had been repulsed, and General Russell, at the head of his division, was killed by a cannon ball; but other divisions and parts of the Army were held well together, and the cavalry did its work wherever placed, being used as parts of the line of battle, and for excursions, and to prevent the flank being turned. It is related in Doctor Stevens's history of the 6th Corps, that about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of rapid firing, Sheridan rode down to that corps, which was standing to its arms, his face aglow with excitement, the perspiration rolling down his brow, his famous

black steed in foam, and going straight to General Getty, who commanded the corps, he cried: "General, I have put Torbert on the right and told him to give them hell, and he is doing it. Crook, too, is on the right and giving it to them! Press them, General! they'll run—I know they'll run."

It was the cavalry which was opening the battle of Winchester with the discipline and effectiveness of an army of infantry. At the mention of Torbert's name, the 6th Corps burst into cheers, and the whole line of battle advanced over plain, hollow, and rolling ground, the enemy's artillery raking the Union ranks; but on the left the gleaming sabres of the cavalry charging in the growing corn, rushed like an avalanche against the right wing of the enemy, seeming for an instant to be in complete disorder as they swept on, and then in another moment to be in perfect order; and the jingle of their iron scabbards against their spurs from that mighty mass of horses, was long recalled by the infantry as among the phenomenal sounds of the war. On the right, too, but out of sight, another great body of cavalry was moving to its work, and so the infantry between pressed forward firing, and before anybody knew much about it, the Army were chasing the rebellion through the streets of Winchester. It was the first great rout of the foe seen in that valley for a long time. Some streets became entirely blocked up by the disordered mass, and even footmen could not press through. A squad of cavalry coming up to one of these obstructions leaped from their horses and made their escape on foot. Torbert's cavalry, taking advantage of the confusion, rushed among them and gathered in hundreds of them as prisoners, and captured fifteen battle flags and five guns. The town was filled with thousands of the rebel wounded, and the flying Army was not collected till it was miles beyond the town, and while Sheridan's infantry encamped on the hills about Winchester,

Torbert's mounted thousands were following the enemy with the sharpest horrors of war. This was the celebrated battle of Opequan, or Winchester, in which the young General from Delaware, at the age of thirty-one, was writing his name in history among the associations of Washington and by the grave of Daniel Morgan, buried there. Winchester was the creation of Washington, who built a fort on the spot, which, from a sutler's camp became a town. The fruits of this battle were five thousand men in gray uniforms gathered in the Court-house yard and other public places.

The news of the battle of Winchester thrilled the country and was echoed over the world. Every general in that valley had been out-flanked, chased or broken up, but Sheridan's Army, with its magnificent cavalry always in the front, now moved up the valley sternly, taking prisoners every moment, until it was arrested again by the mountain fortification of Strasbourg.

### **The Cavalry to Cedar Creek**

Here the Blue Ridge and North Mountain approach each other and narrow up the valley, and Fisher's Hill stands like a cross wall—at the foot of it the town of Strasbourg, and in front of Strasbourg, Cedar Creek. The Union pickets occupied part of the village of Strasbourg, and the rebel pickets the other part. The next day, September 21st, Sheridan's infantry saw the cavalry brigades successively go by, each carrying a large number of Confederate flags at the head of the column, making them look almost as if they had gone over to the enemy. The cavalry from that time forward became a powerful reliance of Grant in his great operations, and although General Torbert's lieutenants, such as Custer, Wilson and Merritt, were men of the finest capacity and onset, it is not too much to claim that his

organizing capacity and fine intelligence, transmitted to the Army of the Potomac, was felt to the last day of the war. He was not adventurous—no mere raider; he was a General—and although more dashing soldiers stand out more conspicuously in men's conception of the closing year of the war, yet Torbert, without the least ambition for personal mention, is remembered in many a discriminating head as one of the formative powers in the crushing of the rebellion.

The brilliant operation of capturing Strasbourg followed, by flanking it on the right, along the mountain side. Here the cavalry were used in conjunction with infantry to drive back the heavy skirmish line of the enemy which almost turned Sheridan's right. While this was being done, the enemy were diverted from observing our infantry, which passed around still further from the right, and all that night unseen were dragging artillery along the mountain side, the noise of their operations concealed by strong shows of attack in front. The next morning this outflanking was still secretly going on, and late that afternoon the Union infantry burst from the forest on the mountain, taking the Rebels in flank and rear, and with a shout the whole Army rushed into Strasbourg, capturing artillery and the enemy's breastworks, and with sixteen guns, eleven hundred prisoners and great quantity of small arms. This second victory of Sheridan was achieved at a loss of only forty men. Early had lost seven thousand prisoners, including wounded, in five days. The whole Union was again fired with joy by this brilliant success, and Grant at Petersburg, saw that he had men in the valley who would soon rid him of any enemy in that quarter—the weak spot of the Union through the war.

Torbert and his cavalry now pressed the astonished

and harassed enemy many a mile, capturing the hospitals crowded with wounded at Mount Jackson, and having a running fight of almost the dimensions of a battle, the forerunner of that great pursuit of Lee's army after the storming of Petersburg down to the surrender at Appomattox. They fought through the town of Newmarket with the rebel rear guard, and on the 25th of September, only a week after the breaking of camp at Charlestown, Torbert was in Harrisonburg, sixty miles above Winchester. The whole Army were in the pursuit of the rebels, the artillery taking the turnpike and a double file of ambulances and baggage wagons also, the infantry in many parallel columns, marching through the limestone fields, and the great lines of cavalry out in the front, followed by a skirmish line of infantry and cavalry on both flanks from the North Mountain to the Shenandoah. The only injury the rebels could inflict on the victorious Army was as guerillas in citizens' dress around the camps, and they nearly captured Gen. Torbert one night, he being saved only by his skill and enterprise as a horseman. Part of the cavalry went as far as Staunton, which is 126 miles up the valley from Harper's Ferry. The Army turned about on the 1st of October to take position at Strasburg, midway of the valley, and now ensued a work too long postponed, which was to strike a deadlier blow at the rebellion than any victory in the field—the destruction of the commissary resources of this abandoned valley.

### **Wasting the Valley**

To the cavalry, moving faster than the infantry, was given the piece meal performance of this stern duty. Gen. Torbert had relatives in Virginia, and his heart

might have flinched before this melancholy task, if his excellent head had not shown him that the surgeon's knife works cruellest when most pitiful. A certain number of mills where the grain was stored, a specified number of wheat stacks, and cattle and sheep sufficient for the wants of the people of the valley, were saved by instructions and design, but all other mills, barns, stacks, and granaries were burned, and all other cattle and sheep driven before the cavalry down the valley. Seventy mills creaking under their store of wheat and grain, more than two thousand barns filled with wheat, hay and utensils, were given to gun-powder and the flames. More than seven thousand cattle and sheep were either driven off or killed and issued to the men. It was a suggestive picture of war, that one of the tenderest men who ever lived to do battle and born himself, a hundred miles below Mason's and Dixon's Line, should have seen so well the value of the Union and the military science necessary to preserve it that he calmly carried out his orders to the letter, but with so little error of passion or personal delight in the work that to this day in that valley the name of Torbert is hardly known as the torch bearer of Sheridan. Today the valley is smiling again and blessed by the hand of affluence, and the Pennsylvanians—and Delawareans, too—are moving in to occupy the ever fructified farms in the embrace of those long mountains. In six months from this violation of the valley the shout for peace overspread the South; the war was ended and the harvests were renewed. But as Sheridan's army retired down the valley hundreds of refugees gladly accompanied it, leaving their houses and their farms to find relief in the North, and Torbert's heart was touched for these. He had not been radical at the beginning of

the war; he was not radical in anything by impulse; but, as in the Military Academy, the war brought its instruction to him so quietly, yet so deeply, that he died with a conviction that the civilization of the North must reach every part of this country, if it would be either safe or happy.

As the army approached Strasburg Sheridan ordered Torbert to discipline the rebel cavalry, which was annoying our rear guard. Torbert placed his dashing lieutenant, Custer, in wait, and they not only charged the mounted enemy, but drove him twenty miles up the valley beyond Mount Jackson, and took eleven pieces of his artillery and three thousand prisoners.

Not more than one week was passed in quietness along the banks of Cedar Creek when the battle of that name occurred. General Sheridan had gone off to Washington to discuss plans of future campaigns and General Wright was in temporary command of the army when the army of Early, reinforced by Longstreet's corps of sixteen thousand men, undertook to "get even" for the late disasters. Early had picked his army up and put it together back about Lynchburg, and the moral effect of the Federal victories and the extinction of the commissary resources of the valley had compelled the rebel government to make another campaign in that direction.

### **Cedar Creek**

General Wright and General Torbert were both brave, beloved men; there was never the least debate between them or their friends as to their relative influence in the battle of Cedar Creek. Torbert never spoke about it, never claimed anything, and would have been ashamed to appear in the newspapers among the greedy

claimants of military glory, and the same can be said of General Wright; but a good many authorities on the battle have always regarded General Torbert as the man who held the tide of devastation back till Sheridan came up at the end of his celebrated ride, and turned a reverse into a glorious victory. No military papers were left by General Torbert; he had a practical head directed upon the end in hand and not upon posterity; but it is admitted that the Sixth Corps itself was to some extent stampeded in this battle and driven at least two miles to the rear, while the historian of that corps relates the following points in favor of what stand the cavalry was making while the infantry was asleep.

Doctor Stevens relates how the three corps of infantry, with the cavalry extension of Custer on the right, and Powell on the left, reached almost from North Mountain to Front Royal—fourteen or fifteen miles—following the course of Cedar Creek and of the Shenandoah North Branch. For several days the enemy tried the Federal lines that were posted by Sheridan, at various points, to ascertain the exact position of our troops; for it had been resolved by General Lee that it was absolutely necessary for the safety of Lee's army to destroy Sheridan. Longstreet's corps had always been the finest in the Southern army. Therefore, advancing in the night, along the side of the mountains, a rebel division crossed the North branch at midnight, leaving even their canteens behind them for fear of betraying the movement, and in the midst of a dense fog. They captured the infantry picket force, and at daylight rushed into the Union infantry camps, while the sleeping soldiery were unable to comprehend whence came the storm of missiles launched upon them. Says Doctor Stevens: "At 2 o'clock



in the morning we heard rapid firing where Custer, with his horsemen, held the right, and on the left where more cavalry was posted, but turned over in our blankets and said 'the cavalry are having a brush,' and went to sleep again." The cavalry all through that night was being pressed at various points, but was holding its ground. The 19th Corps of Infantry was first stampeded, and the 8th Corps followed, and their batteries were used by the rebels against the 6th Corps, which, under General Ricketts, was faced to the rear, and he being wounded, General Getty took command of the corps. This magnificent infantry corps, as soon as it could understand where the enemy were and what the situation was, got ready to deliver repelling blows, but it was the task of the cavalry of Torbert to hold the roads open and go to the assistance of the infantry aggressively. The historian of the 6th Corps says: "The cavalry on our flank—and never braver men than the cavalry of our little Army mounted saddles—were doing their best to protect the pike leading to Winchester, and it was the great aim both our cavalry and our single organized corps of infantry, to hold the pike; for on this depended the whole safety of the Army, and perhaps of our cause." After the cavalry and the 6th Corps had turned back several terrific onsets of the victorious enemy, General Wright ordered the line of battle to be moved back to about Middletown. Doctor Stevens remarks: "The cavalry had never for a moment faltered, and it now took position with our reformed corps—Crook on the right and Merritt on the left."

This was at 10 o'clock in the morning. It was at this time that Sheridan made his memorable ride from Winchester and came upon the ground while the 6th

Corps and the cavalry were cooking their breakfasts, and with his lightning disposition Sheridan cried out: "We'll whip them yet, and sleep in our old quarters tonight." The infantry were then collected—even the stragglers—and again with the cavalry in masses on either flank of Sheridan's Army moved on. They first received the rebel attack on their right, and repelling it at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—nine hours after the first stampede of the morning—the whole line of battle swinging on a pivot, broke down the rebel defence, burst through their lines, chased them across Cedar Creek, and then the pursuit was given over to the cavalry, with Custer in the front.

The trophies of this battle were gathered by the cavalry—forty-five pieces of artillery taken by Custer, seven by Merritt, and battle flags, arms, wagons, and prisoners by multitude. The cavalry kept up the pursuit as far as Mount Jackson, nearly thirty miles from the place where the lines had been reformed. Torbert gave the enemy no rest. Those who did not escape into the mountains were followed up by such blows as Cromwell gave his enemy with his iron side horse, and for days and days, the prodigious scout was continued, till Early was extinguished and no more in command on the face of nature.

Sheridan's Army went into camp at Winchester, where they remained till Grant called them to extend his lines before Petersburg. No part of the war in the East was so brilliant and romantic as that of the Army where Torbert was the cavalry arm during this wonderful campaign. In just one month—between the 19th of September and the 19th of October—the battle of Winchester, the battle of Strasburg, the two battles of Cedar Creek, and two successive cavalry campaigns up

the whole length of the valley, resulting in its extinction as a source of supplies and the extinction of any armed enemy in it had occurred and when this victorious cavalry, together with the infantry, by whose side it had fought, had made the great raid on Lynchburg and Richmond, and joined Grant's Army, the cavalry which Torbert had taught did the steadiest and heaviest work at Five Forks, charging the breastworks on foot, and then remounting, chased the Confederacy to its last ditch.

Colonel Michael Sheridan, brother of the Lieutenant-General, says of Gen. Torbert: "It is possible that my brother and Torbert knew each other at West Point; for a year or two they were in the institution at the same time. But when Gen. Sheridan came East to take command of the cavalry corps he found that Meade had already placed Torbert in charge of a division of it; so when he took the cavalry over to the valley, Torbert, as the ranking officer, was put in command of all the cavalry there. While he was not a man of great original enterprise, no one would obey orders more faithfully, and Gen. Sheridan has said that one reason why he liked Torbert at the head of the cavalry was his literal fulfillment of instructions. I do not think that the system of fighting cavalry on foot was anybody's invention especially; it grew out of the nature of a wooded country where you could not get your horse through and had to dismount them to penetrate the woods. It was, however, carried to high efficiency while Torbert had the cavalry. There never was any difference between Sheridan and Torbert. At the time we made our long raid from the valley to the James River, with the intention of going to Sherman's Army—though as we were unable to cross the James we turned back and joined

Grant's—Gen. Torbert was absent on leave and could not go with us; otherwise he would have been very prominent in the movements preceding the surrender of Lee."

### Torbert's Youthful Nature

It is our duty in presenting Gen. Torbert's character to the reader, to admit that in one slight point of temperament he probably stood in his own path; this was described by his associates as "boyishness." While an active, energetic soldier, and loyal to his brigade, his commander and his country, he sometimes, though not at serious times, had relapses into lightsomeness. While not at the point of responsibility his mind did not carry the burdens there, and hence he would sometimes get leave of absence to go and visit somewhere in the North, when his ambition should have directed him not to lose, for one moment, his relation to the great epic occurrences now hastening to their splendor.

Gen. Martin McMahon, John Sedgwick's chief of staff, gives an instance of this kind. Mr. Lassell, a comrade in arms, was about to be married at Hagerstown, Md., and Gen. Torbert became his groomsman. In the midst of delightful ladies' society, in which Torbert was so popular, he spent his week, or two weeks of leave, and wrote to have it extended, which was done. He was then due in another day at his command, but as no active operations were going on at the time—the corps then laying about Brandy Station, he wrote to Gen. McMahon saying that he was in the midst of such enjoyment that he wanted McMahon to ask the General to give him five days more. Taking the best opportunity he could get, McMahon said to Sedgwick: "General, here

is a letter from Torbert." "Well?" spoke Sedgwick, looking up with interest.

"He wants his leave of absence extended five days."

Sedgwick dropped his eyes and went on with his occupation. When it was over McMahon said: "General, there is Torbert's letter. How shall I answer it?"

"I don't care how you answer it!" replied Sedgwick curtly.

"Well, General Torbert is such a good fellow when he is with us, and enjoys himself so much in these little excursions that he would be gratified, I know, with this extension."

Sedgwick looked up and said: "Of course he can have his five days' extension. But, McMahon, Gen. Torbert ought to be old enough now to be over this sort of thing."

Let it be borne in mind that at all times and places, Gen. Torbert's temperance amounted to abstinence, but there was just enough of the cavalier in him to show the Southern touch in his blood. It is related of the enemy's great cavalryman, J. E. B. Stuart, that while he never drank a drop, he would halt his large command almost anywhere to have a frolic and dance with the girls. The society of refined, accomplished ladies, and of his equals among men at the table, touched the warm spot in Torbert's fine soldier's nature.

The same authority relates that he lost that magnificent opportunity to close the war at the head of the cavalry, by going on a leave of absence at a misplaced time. He had won a reputation in the valley, had destroyed Rosser in the sharpest cavalry battle of the war at Round Top, and had chased the flying command out of existence, and there being nothing else to do General

Torbert, having warm invitations to come to Philadelphia, obtained two weeks leave of absence. He was dined at the Union League Club and at private houses among the most agreeable people; his mother and sisters were in Philadelphia; but when he returned to the valley Sheridan was gone. The cavalry had been ordered to make a great raid to join Sherman, and if Torbert had been present he, and not Sheridan would have led the raid. General Sheridan saw the importance of the movement and the part it would play in closing up the war, and was glad enough to lead his own cavalry. Torbert arrived where, of late, the Army of the Shenandoah and his magnificent cavalry had been encamped, and there was little left there but a small command, the hospitals and the debris of the late pageant. And there he had to stay in command, but of nothing, for the enemy had been effectually cleaned out of that valley, while Sheridan was on the James, cutting canals and railroads, and again on the Pamunkey, crossing at the White House, and then, with Grant, before Petersburg, he immediately began an extension of the line, the capture of the enemy's flank, the taking of Petersburg, and that great pursuit which brought Sheridan out as the second name and fame in our military history.

It was not the avoidance of duty, the love of the table, nor anything which could detract from the harmony of General Torbert's character that lost him this last great chance; his very excellence of nature made him so beloved that it was his misfortune to be missing, though on proper leave, at the commencement of the last act of the great struggle. For no other reason are some of the present facts new to the public, because if Torbert had been at the head of the cavalry to the

last, these narrations would now be household property. As at West Point his companions called him "Daisy," so the word "boyish" has survived him in the stories of his companions in arms.

After he took command in the Shenandoah valley on the 23d of April, 1865, he had three divisions of cavalry, one of infantry and six batteries, till the Army was broken up, and then he was assigned command of the district of South Eastern Virginia, with headquarters at Norfolk. He was relieved from that command and mustered out of the service of volunteer rank in December, 1865, went on a long leave of absence, and in November, 1866, resigned from the Army.

As a disciplinarian, as an adjutant-general, as the moulder and fighter of the best brigade in the Army of the Potomac, as a division commander, as a tactician, and as a general of cavalry, Alfred Torbert was the greatest name in the service East of the Alleghanies at the time his active military life ended, except Philip Sheridan. If he had been more avaricious of fame, more suspicious, more aggressive, more restless, more sordid, he might have left a name whose mental and physical proportions would have dwarfed the apparition of his kindness, his sincerity, his freshness, his sweetness, and his loyalty, which is dearer to his friends than if it came to them in Caesar's laurels. At the close of the war he was so much beloved that his honors seemed almost irrelevant. He passed into citizen life like a boy at the end of college into everlasting holiday.

#### **Marriage and Diplomatic Life**

General Torbert's social nature met with the reward of a congenial and happy marriage to a lady of his na-

tive State the year after the close of the war. At the respectable town of Milford, Delaware, Miss Mary E. Curry, the only daughter of a merchant farmer, and educated in St. Mary's Hall, New Jersey, while Torbert was commanding the Jersey brigade, accepted his addresses and name, and her home in Milford became his point of citizenship and her several farms thereabout his business care. Milford was laid out about 1780, and named from some large mills erected at the ford over Mispillion Creek, by an Episcopal rector. It was described in 1878, by Samuel Paisley, its octogenarian, as "famed for its ship building, its white oak, the urbanity of its inhabitants, its muskrats, mosquitoes, fruit, and the cupidity of its people; for we are no more like the people forty years ago than day is like night." The best of good things to eat and to hunt were found in those loamy levels; twenty miles distant was the pretty State capital of Dover, of which the political opponents of General Torbert's party had recently gained control; reposeful as the retired soldier's nature was, it soon awakened from this scene of creeks, marshes and orchards to ideas of a civil career, and he was sent to San Salvador as Minister by General Grant in 1869.

General Horace Porter gave the writer his estimate and recollections of Gen. Torbert a month after his death; "I did not know Torbert very well in his Army life. I think Gen. Grant only began to know him toward the close of the war, when he did such effective work with the cavalry. Torbert was a gentleman, and impressed everybody as such, and his appointment by the President to one of the Central American missions was based on this feeling—that he had been a good officer and

would be a gentleman anywhere. He had married and resigned from the Army. I think he soon found his conceptions of pleasure in one of the Spanish-American missions dispelled, and was desirous to get out of it. A vacancy happened in the Consulate at Havana, and Grant thus found the opportunity to transfer him to a more cosmopolitan place. He made a good Consul, as everybody said. When Meredith Read left Paris to take the Greek mission, applications in Torbert's behalf for Paris were numerous and strong. I recollect that he had an unusually high and wholesome backing. The appointment was one of those rather made outside of politics. He was known to be a Republican, but not an active politician, and his rank in his own State was so high that I recall no political complaint against his receiving these successive honors. Gen. Grant became more intimate with Torbert after resigning the Presidency and going to Paris. There Gen. Torbert had the hospitality and thoughtfulness of a prince. When I went over to London he sent me word that he would give me every assistance, and I replied that my stay would be very short; but a few days or a week. He met me at the train with a carriage and took me from the depot to a dinner party he had already assembled, and from the dinner we went to a box at the opera, and I think it impossible for any one to have seen Paris as fully as I did through his knowledge of it and his method. He was of the highest social popularity, enjoyed life, and was thoughtful and refined. As to his mind and character, I think he was not a general reader and without much literary inclination, and of course was not a brilliant conversationalist. He kept in the channel of daily reading and had good judgment. But

I think above all things loyalty was his characteristic, and a better word is not in our language; loyalty means faith, hope and charity. Torbert was loyal in the war to his country; loyal to his generals, one after the other, when many officers were fault-finding; loyal to his party when others were restless and discontented. He had no ambition that ever affected his loyalty. The circumstances of his death were so frightful, that although there was not a witness of it, we see his struggle all night in that terrible ocean by the light of what we knew of him and by the deposition of his warm body on the beach. He had fought nature serenely all night, and we can almost think that he fought her in all her horrors and tortures with a smile on his face. There are tight places on the battle-field, but Torbert died in such a battle as few have ever seen, cheerfully and alone, thrown up and down hour after hour by those prodigious waves, and yet he had so nearly come off triumphant that he reached the surf and there was struck and stunned by floating timbers, and a boy pulled him up on the sands and ran for aid, and when they came back his heart was warm, but still."

Mr. Hitt, the Secretary of Legation in Paris, was on a returning steamship with the writer, and much of the way over from Europe Gen. Torbert had been the subject of conversation in this state-room on deck till the pilot brought on board newspapers giving an account of his shipwreck. I recollect a few paragraphs of Mr. Hitt's reflections: "Gen. Torbert was the most popular Consul the United States probably ever had in Paris. The French like military men, especially if they have been in notable battles and are distinguished. Such foreign officers as the Count de Paris, who had written the

history of our war, were acquainted with Torbert's career, and it was thought a compliment to France to send them a man of his military consideration. They found him young, amiable and of good presence, with none of the angularities expected in Americans. He had no whims nor humors, and enjoyed the day in which he lived and the best of it. He liked good society, and strong and vivacious men, and was tender to ladies; as a host delightful, and there was spirit in him, too, which hardly ever required the assertion of it. People saw that behind the gentleman was an officer. In his day the American society in Paris was at its best; soon after his recall various circumstances combined to weaken the American colony and bring its best families home. Gen. Torbert had an equal temper, regular health, and he was the charm of all society there. He never thought or spoke about himself, and his death will affect a wider circle of well-bred Americans than any one which has happened in public life for years."

At the funeral at Milford, Delaware, were several French gentlemen visiting the United States, and many American residents of Paris during Gen. Torbert's consulate.

Mr. Walter H. Gilson, who was a friend of Torbert for years, said of him: "I boarded at the San Carlos Hotel in Havana a long time with Torbert. He was the most popular consul and the most useful we ever sent to Havana. The merchants always found him attentive to their interests, discreet, expeditious, and effective. I had a great deal of business transacted through the consulate, and remarked his fine business mind. No merchant in the counting house could have taken to his duties more congenially. He acquired



Spanish at West Point, and his good address got him ready audience with the Captains-General. There was not a great deal of diplomatic business to do in his term, and he was strictly the Consul. Sociably he was popular, and although it was a time of insurrection and excitement, Gen. Torbert's relations with the best class both of Cubans and Spanish, were of the best. He never talked about the war or battles at all, never spoke of himself at any time, and never passed any criticisms on any of his superior officers, whatever party, clique, or associations they were of. There was no meanness in his composition, no envy, nothing small. He did not regard himself as distinguished, nor as exceptional in any way, though he had a due pride of character. Some persons thought he was haughty, but this was only a temporality of his military education. I remember once that a gentleman called upon him at the consular office while Torbert was deeply engaged in business, and after waiting a good while went away mad. He thought Torbert a cold, indifferent man. That evening, however, he found the General's card inviting him to dinner next day, and learned, as every body did who was a gentleman, to like and appreciate him.

The American sea captains at Havana lost not only a strong Consul but a Counsellor and Advocate when Gen. Torbert was transferred. He saved them large sums of money by interposing between the thievish practices of the Spanish authorities and the Spanish merchants at Havana. American vessels would arrive laden with flour, breadstuffs, merchandise, or general supplies and being without wharves to unload, had to anchor in the harbor, and it was the interest of the Spanish consignee to keep the goods on board until he could find a pur-

chaser who would then have them unloaded and pay the storage in bond for them. The lighterage system of Havana is performed by a monopoly, and costs extravagantly. The merchants would arrange with this monopoly to claim that they had not the lighters to do the work, and therefore it was no fault of the consignee that he could not get the goods off. Of course to delay a vessel beyond her reasonable term of discharging cargo is to establish a claim for demurrage from her owners. Such claims almost invariably had resulted in getting no damages until Torbert took hold of the matter. The ship captains whom he often invited, when they were men of good appearance or respectable characters, not only to his hotel but to his table—giving them the hospitality which was the law of his origin in Delaware and Maryland—stated their cases to Gen. Torbert, and he would go to the consignee and say: "It is very easy for you to get lighters if you want to. You shall not plunder American shipmasters in this way. If you don't have those goods taken off by a given day I will send that vessel back to the United States with her cargo, and she shall unload there and the freight be attached for the amount of demurrage you owe her." He would thus force them into compromise, so that captains who had been in the habit of getting nothing got fair compensation for their time. The Spanish officials recognized Torbert's efficiency to that degree that when he went away they said that the General "never went to the Custom House but he meant business."

Mr. John R. Young, Gen. Grant's newspaper companion around the world, says of Gen. Torbert at Paris: "He was almost womanly in his affections. When

Grant left Paris amidst a crowd of distinguished farewell-takers, Torbert's pride in his old commander and in the compliment, filled his eyes with tears. He was so modest that you might go with him a whole year and never know he had been in the war or the Army. His reading was not general, for conversational display, but was West Point reading, the prolongation of his studies there. It was good reading, and he readily took to any subject. Harmonious, thoughtful, beautiful character, not brutalized in any trait by war, is the recollection Gen. Torbert has left on me."

Mr. E. A. Buck, who was an intimate friend of Gen. Torbert for the last two or three years of his life in Paris, as after his return, says: "Gen. Torbert had been so long in routine life—the military, diplomatic, and consular service—that he had somewhat lost confidence in himself to undertake business on his own account. He remarked that he hardly knew whether he would ever be fit for commercial enterprise. His influence in Paris arose from his habitually excellent manners, military reputation, and the honorable use he made of every courtesy. He could get American friends into places where the diplomatic corps were often refused. His salary of \$5,000 did not meet his expenses, though apart from whatever he considered his social duties, he was a careful and frugal man. He accepted no hospitality which he ought to return without returning it in the fullest. He disliked to speak of the military reminiscences, was without assumption, had the language of an educated man but not a studious one, and was honorable in every relation. I never knew a man his superior if he agreed to undertake to do anything; he obeyed orders to the letter. He was a Republican, and had a

belief that the French Republic had come to stay a good while, and predicted that Gambetta would be the leading man in it. He went to Mexico on behalf of international railroad communication. His relations with Gen. Grant were very close after Grant went to Paris and returned to America. As he came out of Mexico Torbert met him at Manitou Springs, Colorado, and accompanied him a considerable part of the journey. Gen. Torbert desired to live in New York, and would have done so if his fortunes had improved. There was much competition for his office in Paris, among both the fashionable and the political class, and I told him that its salary and its worry were not worth his time. He was president of a mining company in Colorado, organized by Philadelphians, when he started for Mexico."

### **His Shipwreck**

Gen. Torbert resigned the consulate at Paris on account of the complications of President Hayes' election, which necessitated the making of some foreign appointments from Southern States, and as the General had but small political fellowship, and his friend Grant was not on the spot, the appointee from such a little State as Delaware had to give way.

On his return to the United States he began at once to look about him for business openings, and went to California to enlarge his knowledge of the West, of the resources of the country, and of business instrumentalities. Those who knew him best say that he was always prudent and reserved in talking about his own affairs, and while he made no daring impressions on capitalists, he grew in their estimation and confidence. Among various propositions made to him was one to go to the

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city of Mexico as an engineer, and report upon a scheme of construction there. His last political employment was as member of the National Republican Committee from Delaware, to be present in Chicago during the convention which nominated Gen. Garfield. Gen. Torbert was in favor of Gen. Grant, but the Delaware delegation was in favor of Senator Blaine. Fulfilling his commission, Gen. Torbert acquiesced in the Republican nomination, and among his last utterances in the country, at a period when his party seemed about to go into a minority, was as the expression of confidence in its impending success. He bade adieu to his wife without any apprehensions, as they were both experienced travelers, and came to Jersey City on Tuesday night, August 31. There he stopped with his friend Gilson, who had been intimate with him for years in Havana. Mr. Gilson went to the steamer next day, Wednesday, to see the General off for Mexico. Mr. A. R. Owen, of Chester, Pa., an engineer, was a fellow passenger. Before the ship sailed, about five o'clock in the evening, Gen. Torbert was introduced to Mr. Attridge, also going out on the *City of Vera Cruz*—the father of the little boy so touchingly associated with the General's death. Gen. Torbert expected to be back in about six weeks or in time to vote at the Presidential election. In less than four days the body of General Torbert was to reach the shore at the extremity of his country, but never again to speak to any person upon it.

As the steamer sailed down the bay that evening, General Torbert looked out upon Fort Columbus on the green terraces of Governor's Island, where he had been assigned to duty on receiving his first promotion in 1855, and had joined the 5th Infantry. Twenty-five years had intervened; his military life was done, and at the age of only forty-

seven, there seemed yet a career before him and many years of life. He had a respectable local patriotism, and reminded one of his friends just before he sailed that he had often asked him to come down to Delaware and take one of his farms and enjoy living.

Rain and a wave of cold weather accompanied the steamer down the coast from New York, and the vessel leaned heavily to starboard on account of the wind and the sea. Everybody felt uncomfortable, but on Friday the tables were deserted, as the dishes and meats went flying. On Saturday morning the Southeast wind was vehement and the sea high, and again the rolling of the ship cleared the tables of the people. About one o'clock that day Captain Van Sice said to his first officer: "I have just noticed that the barometer is falling rapidly. We are going to have a hurricane." At once sails were taken in and deck freight thrown overboard, and in about half an hour the storm came and threw the ship almost on her beam ends, so that the hurricane deck was kissing the water. At the same time the rain in sheets came down, and the frightened people generally left their staterooms and sat or lay on the floor of the saloon, several of them having wounds and bruises. General Torbert had a state room on the port bow; he was washed out of it on Saturday evening, when he came to a saloon state room where his companion, Owen, was quartered. He was bleeding from a wound on the right cheek made against the table during the afternoon, but his spirits were of the highest and his voice the most amiable in the ship. While Owen and Torbert were lying in one berth in the former's state room—the upper berth being wet with water—and the ship tossing about vividly, the conversation of these two men turned on politics. Owen said: "I will go down a Greenbacker any way." Torbert said: "And if I go down I will go down a good Republican." These

reminiscences were related by the survivor to Mrs. Torbert at Milford.

On Sunday morning, while the General was still in good spirits, cheering the passengers and comforting women and children, a heavy sea came over the port side, found its way to the engine room, and put out the fires. The captain then made his headquarters in the engine room, and the fiscal officer of the ship called on Torbert and stated that the passengers must come help the crew or the vessel would go down. For half an hour the General and the other passengers were baling the water out of the vessel in buckets, as the donkey engine would not work.

It was now between two and three o'clock Sunday afternoon, and Torbert and his friend, meeting again in the saloon, agreed with each other that the ship was filling with water and fast going to pieces, and that the worst must be prepared for. They obtained life preservers to fasten on the women and children, and all this time the sea was breaking over the vessel and coming between decks, she being unable to keep her head to the storm, which had become terrific, every fury in the elements attending the waves, the rain, and the wind, and most of the time the vessel lay flat on her side; the great seas made the ship reel as if in a dying spasm, and the wind in the rigging howled and whistled as if in a rejoicing requiem. The rain is said to have cut like hail, and in the thick storm the passengers could see hardly the length of the ship.

A little after four o'clock, while Gen. Torbert and Mr. Owen were lying in the one berth with their life preservers, a huge sea struck the engine room and burst into the saloon like a deluge, making a sound like a battery of artillery; the tables and doors, the passengers' baggage and utensils were all dashed into a mass. Of course the two men arose and in a few minutes Gen. Torbert came into

the presence of his friend with a little boy about nine years old and said: "Romeo, you and I must take this little boy and care for him between us." Mr. Owen protested that it was a mercy to let the little fellow go down with the ship, as in fifteen minutes all would be over. Torbert replied: "I can't leave this dear little fellow behind; you and I must save him if we save ourselves; take him in your arms until I come back." It is supposed that the General had an idea of getting his money (about seven hundred dollars) and putting it on his body. He had scarcely gone when another terrific sea came tearing through the saloon, knocking Mr. Owen down and the child with him, though the child was picked up by a sailor.

Mr. Owen now cried to the General to save himself and repaired to that part of the ship called the "Social Hall." He heard Torbert's cheerful voice crying: "All right, I will go aft and meet you above." Thus, unconsciously, the General expressed his fate and his hope, for he was never seen again by his friend until they were thrown on the beach at Florida, one just dead and the other living. It is supposed that General Torbert, undertaking to attend to some piece of business or humanity, tried to get on deck by the aft stairway and was washed overboard. He was next seen just after the ship sank, endeavoring to climb on a piece of the wreck, and one of the engineers assisted him, greatly exhausted. There were three persons on that raft and the General mentioned his name and said that he was almost worn out, and while they were talking together in the midst of the tremendous seas the raft was upset and Gen. Torbert and one of his companions disappeared, never again to be seen alive.

### Dead

The remaining passengers gathered at the top of the main saloon stairs, and calling their sad good-byes to each

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other, tied on their life preservers and without any unnecessary emotion prepared to take to the water. In endeavoring to prepare the boats most of the officers were lost. At about six o'clock in the morning the ship went down, breaking in the middle and filling the sea with fragments. Men, women, children, horses, rats, cats, trunks and stores made a huge medley on the surface, and the waves, in peaks like mountain tops, were throwing the passengers against floating articles, and it is said that the wind would take up planks from the crest of the waves and blow them through the air, often to kill people. In a minute everybody in the water was suffering from cuts. The little boy that Torbert had tried to save was seen by a survivor floating near his father, but on a separate piece of the wreck, and the assurance of Gen. Torbert seemed to animate him still, for he was calm and handsome. The sea, however, was warm, though the wind and rain were cold, and the day was dark as the night. Salt got in the eyes of the struggling people and blinded them, and yet their appetites were so strong that they ate the floating fruit and vegetables, and talked whenever possible all through the night. Those who reached the breakers turned over and over and their rafts broke to fragments. Gen. Torbert went ashore at New Briton and was discovered floating in the surf about eight o'clock Monday morning. A native pulled him ashore, and then two natives, finding his body yet warm, undertook to rub him. His pulse was beating, his body was warm, and the blood was running from a wound over his right eye. It was believed that he reached the breakers in good health and was there struck in the face by a fragment, and stunned and drowned before he could recover his volition. His life preserver kept his head partly out of the water, and his shoes were on his feet, a ring on his finger, and he wore his masonic badge on

his breast, and his letters were found in his pants pockets. All efforts were unavailing, and the body was soon cold.

It was placed in a boat by Mr. Owen, who had been saved, and taken down the Halifax river to Daytona. Mr. Owen says: "It was sad for me to sit there on that quiet night beside that quieter body. The General and I had been travelling companions most of his last month on earth. He was a man of sterling qualities, generous to a fault; a man one soon learns to confide in and to love. He was confident of weathering through the storm, while I was certain that my end had come. How strange that he should be there and I here! That I should live, and he be dead!"

On Wednesday, the first day of September, he was laid in a grave under palmetto trees in a garden, buried in his clothes and sewed securely in a double blanket, with his life preserver under his head.

The body of Gen. Torbert was disinterred and placed on the steamer *Western Texas* at Jacksonville, and arrived in New York City, September 29, where a military escort took it first to the City Hall and next to Trinity Chapel in Twenty-sixth street. After addresses and honors, the body was carried to Philadelphia and similarly received, and then buried in Milford without further exposure, amidst military and memorial services, and attended by more people than ever assembled about any grave in the State.

Gen. Torbert was above medium height, of roundish but not heavy figure, of dark brown hair and whiskers, combed outwards, Russian style, from the goatee and moustache; his skin was of an olive tint, and his eyes were dark grey. He was always neat, but seldom of pronounced military carriage, and his eyes were playful except at rare times. He always looked the military man or the gentleman hunter on horseback, and his mind seemed to rise to buoyancy and enterprise when he was mounted. He was growing balder



as he advanced in years. He was pure in his heart and speech; amiable to the weakness of others, but self-restrained; never critical nor severe, and he protected any he knew from pain by a careful thoughtfulness which is remembered with tears. A few thought him indolent because he was not restless. Some said he was not without ambition, but he had so little that was crowding and jostling in his disposition that others thought him negative. No doubt the quiet circumstances of his origin in a society where wilful force is rather a disqualification, kept him back from the self-assertion of his Northern companions-in-arms. He would have relapsed into a genial, hospitable Delawarean again but for his popularity in larger society, which acted as a spur somewhat, and tempted him to travel and new engagements. The consenting and commanding qualities in Torbert were compounded into perfect loveableness, and his death brought to his country's notice nobilities and appreciation he had never intended for it. Lying on the sea beach, with a heart still warm for the human world he loved, the meteor cavalryman

did not heed

The sudden silence, or the whispers low,  
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,  
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,  
Or maidens sigh, that grief itself embalms;  
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,  
Like one who on the earth had never slept.  
Ay, even as dead still as a marble man,  
Frozen is that old tale Arabian.

### GENERAL TORBERT'S FUNERAL

The steamer *Western Texas*, of the Mallory Line, which left Jacksonville, Fla., on Thursday afternoon, Sept. 23, and Port Royal, S. C., on Sunday, did not arrive off the New York bar until about midnight, Sept. 28. She reached her pier, at the foot of Maiden lane, at 7 o'clock. Mr. J. F. Swords, United States Consul at Sagua La Grande, Cuba, and Secretary of the Executive Committee of the General Committee of Five from each of the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware to conduct the funeral, was on the pier, and also a platoon of police, under Sergt. Gastlin. Mr. Swords presented the usual documents from the Board of Health to Captain Isaac Hines, commanding the steamer, and the body was at once taken ashore.

So heavy and cumbrous was the coffin that it required a dozen of the sailors to handle it. The outer case was a heavy planed but unpainted pine box, with stout iron handles. It bore in a place cut into the wood the ordinary declarations of the health officers of Jacksonville and the faded roses and evergreens just as they were placed upon the casket by the young ladies of Jacksonville. They were in the form of wreaths, and in the centre was an anchor of evergreens and flowers. The people of Jacksonville rendered great honors to the memory of General Torbert. The body arrived there from St. Augustine the day before sailing, and was taken, with military escort, to the armory of the 1st Florida Artillery, where it lay in state all night in charge of a guard of honor. About half an hour before sailing the body was escorted through the streets of Jacksonville by the military, a band, etc., and then given in charge of Captain Hines, no committee accompanying it.

When the remains were upon the pier at New York,

Mr. Swords directed that the lid of the outer case be taken off. It was supposed that the casket, known to be hermetically sealed, could be taken from the pine shell; but a case of zinc enclosed the casket. This zinc was then cut, and it was found that the coffin had been imbedded in charcoal, so the casket was not taken out. It was a disappointment to those who had hoped that the embalming would permit a view of the General's face; but his terrible fate in that awful hurricane, and the rough handlings of the body by the seas when life had departed prevented this, and so the pine box was taken from the pier and placed in the hearse, and the remains were escorted to the City Hall by the police. Here the cortege was received by a detail from the Old Guard, Maj. McLean commanding, and a detachment of the First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry.

The body was taken to the Governor's Room, in the City Hall, at about nine o'clock, and lay in state until 10.20. The casket was entirely covered by a pall. Over the doorway was mourning drapery, and at the head of the coffin were the coat of arms of the city, State and nation, draped in mourning. The flags on the City Hall were at half-mast. The following detail of the Old Guard acted as a guard of honor: Sergt. T. V. Smith, Corpl. E. B. St. John Henriques, Privs. Joseph W. Torrey, Charles H. Whitefield, Walter Scott, Joseph H. Horton, Dyer Brainerd and John E. Bazley. The First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry, one of the oldest organizations of the kind in the country, were also in the Governor's Room. They consisted of ex-Sergt. J. R. Wilkins and Privs. Craig, Wilson, Graw, Foterall, Struthers, Gondard, Neill and Rulon. They arrived at half-past nine o'clock. They made a showy appearance with their top boots and spurs, skin-tight white trousers and bear tufted caps. There were also three sergeants and three corporals representing the 1st Artillery, U. S. Army.



The pallbearers assembled in the Governor's Room. They were: Gen. G. B. McClellan, Gen. D. E. Sickles, Gen. A. S. Webb, Gen. Wm. F. Smith, Gen. J. B. McIntosh, Gen. John M. Corse, Gen. Chauncey McKeever and Admiral Wyman. About half-past ten o'clock the procession left the City Hall, accompanied by Dodworth's band, 13th regiment, and marched up Broadway to Twenty-fifth street, and thence to Trinity Chapel, where the Rev. Morgan Dix officiated in the Episcopal service for the dead, assisted by Chaplain Goodwin, of Governor's Island. Dr. Dix read the committal service. The music was Handel's dead march in "Saul," the funeral march from the oratorio of "St. John," "Chopin's Funeral March," the hymn:

Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!  
Who does not pray for rest?

concluding with the hymn:

Rock of ages, cleft for me;

which was sung over the body by a surpliced choir of thirty men and boys. Care had been taken, by the issuing of tickets, that the church should not be overcrowded. Among those present were the following: Mr. Lloyd Aspinwall, Gen. Joseph C. Jackson, Governor Marshall Jewell, Rev. Noah Hunt Schenck, D. D., of Brooklyn; Gen. H. E. Davis; Capt. Wharton, of Gen. Hancock's staff; Col. Finley Anderson, Col. C. L. Wilson, Gen. Daniel Butterfield, Col. Treichie, Col. Dilloway, Gens. E. M. Lee and A. W. Adams, formerly of Torbert's cavalry. The 9th regiment, Col. S. Oscar Ryder, in command, about 400 strong, and the 4th New Jersey, took part in the reception of the remains at the chapel, and in the escort duty to the Cortlandt street ferry. Great throngs of people witnessed the procession.

On leaving the chapel the procession moved down

Broadway to and around the Worth Monument, down Fifth avenue to Fourteenth street, down Broadway to Cortlandt street and thence to the ferry. At two o'clock the remains were received on the Jersey City side by the 4th regiment of New Jersey, Col. Stryker, about 300 men, who accompanied them to Philadelphia.

Among those who accompanied the remains were Gen. Sickles, Gen. McIntosh, of New Jersey, who commanded a brigade of cavalry in Gen. Torbert's division; Mr. Walter H. Gilson, an old friend of Gen. Torbert, who at the request of Mrs. Torbert had had charge of all the arrangements for the funeral; Mr. J. F. Swords, the secretary of the executive committee; Col. Stryker, Adjutant-General of Jersey, and staff; a delegation from the Old Guard under the command of Major McLean; the field and staff officers of the 9th regiment of this city; Capt. Clark Fisher, formerly of the U. S. Navy, and Gen. Stockton, of New Jersey.

At Elizabeth, N. J., where the train arrived at 2:50 P. M., the remains were received by the Veteran Zouaves, under Gen. Drake, who fired a salute of fifteen guns.

The body with its escort arrived at the West Philadelphia depot at 5 P. M.

When the train came in the casket and wooden box covering it were transferred to a gun-carriage and draped with the national standard and festoon of crape, and on its top were deposited floral tributes. At 5.45 o'clock Colonel Robert P. Dechert, 2d Regiment, N. G. of Pa., who had been assigned to the command of the escort, gave the order to march, and the procession moved down Market street with the following formation:

Colonel Dechert commanding and staff.

One platoon of the Keystone Battery, Lieutenant James A. Ford;  
two guns.

Detachment United States Marines from the League Island Naval Station, Captain W. R. Brown.

4th Regiment Infantry, National Guard State of New Jersey, Colonel Dudley S. Steele commanding.

2d Regiment Infantry, National Guard Pennsylvania, Captain John T. Durang commanding.

Gun carriage, on which were mounted the remains, with the City Troop as a Guard of Honor.

Pall-bearers—Governor Henry M. Hoyt, General John F. Hartranft, Mayor W. S. Stokley, Commodore Pierce Crosby, U. S. N.; Pay Director John S. Cunningham, U. S. N.; General Robert M. Brinton, Colonel Joseph F. Tobias, Major Rudolph Ellis, William W. Weigley.

Carriage in which were seated Major-Generals Daniel E. Sickles and J. B. McIntosh, U. S. A.

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Brigadier-General J. William Hoffman.

Detail of the Old Guard of New York, under command of Major George B. McLean.

George G. Meade Post No. 1, Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Pennsylvania, Colonel A. J. Sellers.

Upon reaching Thirty-second street the column moved south to Chestnut street, thence to Broad and to Walnut, marching out Walnut street to Twenty-first, to the Armory of the City Troop, below Market street. In the line were the following Committee from the State of New Jersey: General Gershom Mott, General R. F. Stockton, General W. S. Stryker, General E. L. Campbell, General S. D. Oliphant, Colonel W. E. Hoy, Colonel W. P. Wilson, Colonel C. Harris, Colonel C. Suydam, Chief Engineer Clark Fisher, Surgeon A. N. Dougherty, and Surgeon L. W. Oakley. Henry J. Fougeray, an uncle, and Arthur R. Fougeray and Arthur R. Burton, cousins of the deceased General, represented the family, while Captain J. S. Wharton, U. S. A.,

an aide to and representing Major-General Hancock, was present, with Captain J. M. Ingalls and 1st Lieutenant W. H. Hubbell, 1st Artillery, U. S. A., from Governor's Island, New York Harbor. When the Armory of the City Troop was reached the cavalry entered the door on Twenty-first street, and formed in single rank on the north side of the drill room, Post 1, G. A. R., taking a similar formation on the South side and the gun carriage with the body was driven north of the centre. The troops, at a carry arms, with their bands playing funeral marches, entered at the east door, passing between the two lines and to the south of the body and passed out at the large door on the west end of the building. The Military Order of the Legion of Honor and the New Jersey Committee were stationed in the platform on the east front. No religious services were held in the Armory, and the body laid in State during the night under guard of the Troopers. Among those who accompanied the remains to Milford were the following from New Jersey: Col. A. M. Way, Major of 1st N. J. Regt.—Torbert's original regiment; Col. J. N. Duffy, Captain in 2d N. J., Major in 3d N. J., Lieut.-Colonel in 4th N. J., also Inspector-General, 1st Div., 6th Corps; Captain Wm. Alexander, 1st N. Y. Cavalry, Aide to Gen. Kearney, and afterwards Asst. Chief Q. M. in the Shenandoah on Gen. Torbert's staff, also on Sheridan's staff [Capt. Alexander was formerly in U. S. 1st Dragoons, and served with Torbert in New Mexico]; Capt. Joseph Donovan, 2d N. J. The following members of the military order of the Loyal Legion also accompanied the remains: General T. William Hoffman, General W. L. James, General Charles G. Herring, Colonel Alfred Cromelien, General R. M. Brinton, Lieutenant-Colonel James Forney, Lieutenant-Colonel George Bernard, Major W. W. Nevin, Captain P. Lacey Goddard, Captain Thomas Graham, and Captain J. E. Barr. Governor

Hoyt, who was designated as one of the pall-bearers, telegraphed to the Committee on Arrangements at the last hour that he was unexpectedly compelled to remain in Harrisburg and would not be able to attend to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of General Torbert. At the grave Generals Sickles and Webb and Colonel A. Loudon Snowden delivered addresses.

At 7.20 A. M. Thursday, Sept. 30, the special train left Philadelphia and reached Wilmington at 8 o'clock. The box, containing the funeral casket, was borne on a gun carriage on a platform car and guarded by two members of the Philadelphia City Troop and three members of the Keystone battery of that city.

Attached to the funeral car were six passenger cars containing a detachment of the Philadelphia City Troop and a number of friends of the deceased and prominent military officers.

At Wilmington five cars were added to the train and a detachment of Wilmington militia relieved the Philadelphia City Troop and took charge of the body. The three members of the Keystone Battery, however, remained on duty until the remains were interred, agreeably to instructions received.

The cars which were added at Wilmington contained companies A and C, of the Delaware militia, under command of Col. Macallister, Thomas A. Smyth and DuPont posts, G. A. R., and about 25 civilians, friends and relatives of the deceased. Among the relatives were Messrs. John Torbert, of Wilmington and H. C. Hurn, of Elkton, first cousins to the General, his aunt, Mrs. F. A. Ellis, of Elkton, and her husband, Dr. James A. Draper and Austin Harrington, Esq., and General Torbert's mother and sister, who reside in Virginia, had gone down to Milford shortly

after the news of the wreck, and Henry Torbert, a cousin, on the preceding day.

Among the friends were Colonel H. S. McComb, Judge Wales, City Surveyor Conwell and George H. Bates, Ignatius C. Grubb, Anthony Higgins and J. H. Hoffecker, Esqs.

The American Rifles turned out 46 equipped men, under command of Captain Buckmaster; the DuPont Guards 38 men, under command of Captain Curtis; Thomas A. Smyth Post 42 men, under command of J. McDowell, and the DuPont Post 45 men, under command of Dr. J. P. Wales. The Smyth Post was joined at Dover by a detachment of six men from the Post at that place.

At Dover, Company D, numbering about 25 equipped men, under command of Captain Kenney, joined the train, also a few civilians. At Harrington Congressman Martin boarded the train, and among those who were met at Milford were Governor Hall, Judges Wooten and Houston and other prominent men of Kent and Sussex counties.

The train reached Milford at 11:30 a. m. The escort was received at the depot by the Torbert Guards, Company B, numbering about 45 equipped men, under command of Dr. Marshall.

At noon the funeral procession was formed and marched through the streets to the Torbert residence, at Second and Walnut streets, in the following order:

Oglesby's Band, of Chester.

DuPont Guards.

Hall Guards.

American Rifles.

Torbert Guards.

Gun carriage, with corpse, in charge of Keystone Battery, of Philadelphia.

Pallbearers—Senator Saulsbury, Governor Hall, Judges Wales and Wooten, Colonel Henry A. DuPont and

Manlove Hayes.

City Troop, 12 members.

Delegates from Military Order of Loyal Legion.

Friends and civilians.

The streets along the line of march were lined with crowds of people, the band played a dirge, the militia marched with reversed arms, and the church bells were tolled. Over the town hall floated a half-masted flag with a heavy crape border.

At the house Rev. John L. McKim, Principal of St. Mary's College at Burlington, N. J., but formerly stationed at the Milford Episcopal Church, offered up a prayer and read the burial service. The body was then taken to the Methodist Cemetery and lowered into the grave, while the militia fired the burial salute of three volleys, after the clergyman read a short burial service.

The arrangements at the Methodist church were fitting for the memorial speeches. The doors were opened shortly before 3 o'clock, and only those who held cards of invitation being admitted, there was no rush or crowding, and enough persons to comfortably fill the interior were quietly seated in a few minutes.

The church had put on mourning. Crape hung upon the walls and over the altar, draped the large flags that shrouded the gallery, and was knotted among the little flags bunched between the windows. Flowers bloomed at each end of the crape-shrouded altar.

The service opened at 3 o'clock with the *marche funebre* on the organ, followed by the hymn: "From all that dwell below the skies." Miss Delamater was the organist and

the singing was by a quartet composed of Robert Hall, Charles E. Treidler, and Misses Reynolds and Storm.

Mr. Richard Harrington then said a few words on behalf of the Committee of Arrangements:

I feel that I cannot speak, said he, in the presence of the awful shadow of sorrow that has come upon us all. Cold language cannot give utterance to what the heart feels, while the pulse beats low and the heart is bleeding. I perform my record to him in the quiet of my own soul as I look upon all that remains of a man, a hero and soldier.

He then invited Chancellor Saulsbury to preside.

**Address by the Hon. Willard Saulsbury, Chairman of the Meeting**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Alfred Torbert is no more. Only a few short weeks ago he left this village to visit a distant part of the continent. Before he arrived at the place of his destination he perished amid the perils of the sea. His lifeless body, borne to the shore by the waves, has been brought back to his home to-day among sobbing friends. We have buried him in the cold, cold earth, and are met here to make record of our appreciation of his worth. I shall not attempt to eulogize him; that friendly office will be performed more fittingly by others. I cannot, however, forbear to remark that I knew him from his boyhood, and throughout his whole life. I knew his honored father; I knew his most excellent mother. The father went before him; the aged mother he leaves behind him to mourn the loss of her favorite son. There is one other who is left whose anguish no words can express, and whose sorrow no words can solace. Alfred Torbert was true in all the relations of life. He was a dutiful son, a warm friend, a kind

brother, a faithful husband, a good citizen, a brave soldier, and a noble man. He sleeps, but he sleeps well.

"He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,  
No sound shall awake him to glory again."

**Prayer by the Rev Jonathan S. Willis**

O Thou Allwise, Almighty, and yet invisible God! We approach unto the mercy seat in this solemn presence with our hearts as well as with our voices. We acknowledge the littleness of our capacity, the shortness of our life. Our days are as an hand breadth, our lifetime passes as the morning cloud, as the early dew. In thy august presence, O Lord God Almighty! we are but the drop of the bucket, the dust of the balance. We crave the attention and presence of thy divine spirit on this occasion, when we have assembled to pay unto a citizen, a friend, a noble man, the last tribute of our earthly respect. Until we shall meet him in the great gathering of the last day, where in the presence of thyself whom we now address, all our difficulties and all our accounts will be eternally adjusted, we come to lay the garlands of our affection and the tokens of our memory around his grave, and to speak the solemn and tender farewell before we separate. May thy divine presence awe us into a suitable sense of our nothingness; may the reflections that grow out of this hour inspire us with the sense of our shortness of life and feebleness of power. O Lord, our God! teach our hearts humility as we look into the unexpectedly opened grave, and as we gaze upon the pale face of the dead; as we bring with tender and yet inspiring recollections the record of the noble life before us and feel that the tall shaft has been broken, the cedar has been stricken and has fallen from its majesty, and lies low in the earth. O Lord! we pray we may not only be taught a sense of our littleness, but that this hour may teach us

a lesson of sympathy as well. We are children of a common woe, brethren of a universal grief. The hand of death has laid his mark upon all of us, and we too must fall. The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, whatever beauty, whatever wealth may be given unto us in this life, await alike the inevitable hour. Glory, grandeur, and splendor, but follow in the same retinue to the grave. O Lord, our God! teach us that we may be bound together by a common fraternal sympathy in a strong affection one for another in consideration of our common woe and the common destiny that await us. Teach us, O Lord, a lesson of diligence in view of these circumstances, and of this hour. Teach us that this short span of life is so little and so feeble as that every moment, as well as every hour of it, must be employed for the building up of a noble character, for the achievement of a noble distinction. May the recollections which come up from a review of the life of the deceased inspire us with nobleness, while we remember with most pleasing delight that the last hours of his life, even amid the agitation and confusion of a storm upon the sea, were tinged with a golden lining of nobleness of character so seldom met with in this life of selfishness. O Lord! teach us to be men, men of great aspirations, men of high views, men of noble instincts. Teach us that no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. Grant that thy holy spirit may comfort the hearts of those who have been afflicted by this sudden stroke. May not only those around the fireside where the dark wings of sorrow brood over the place that was gladdened with innocent mirth, be comforted, but may those stalwart companions who endured with him the midnight bivouac, the winter's storm and the fierce battle feel in this hour that the hand of God, who is the soldier's friend and the citizen's friend, as well as the widow's friend, is laid upon their hearts. O, thou Eternal

One, who knowest when a sparrow falls, pray be nigh unto those who are bereaved this hour. Out of the gloom that has gathered around them may there come forth the voice of promise and inspiring hope, and around the shadows of the grave shed a light that will teach of that morning that shall rise with eternity full of everlasting glory. Be nigh unto us, O Lord, our father, whenever, and wherever, and however we may die, and let us die the death of the righteous, and let our last end be like his, and thy great name shall have all the praise forever, through Christ our Lord. Amen.

**Address by Maj.-Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, U. S. A.**

MR. PRESIDENT: I first met Gen. Torbert in 1861 leading the first Battalion of New Jersey Volunteers. It was easy to see then that he was sure to win distinction. Afterwards as a brigade and division commander his brilliant services merited and received the commendation of the Government and the applause of the country. Towards the close of the war I reviewed his command in the valley of the Shenandoah. The soldierly bearing of the troops of all arms revealed the presence of an intrepid leader, a thorough disciplinarian, and a beloved companion. This is not the occasion, however, for a critical review of his life. In 1869, Gen. Torbert was appointed Consul-General of the United States in the Island of Cuba. He held that office during nearly the whole of my official residence in Madrid. I therefore had the best opportunity to form a careful judgment of his character and fitness for high civil employment. At that time the people of Cuba, were in insurrection against the mother country. The duties of our representative there in view of the large American interests constantly involved required vigilance, tact and judgment, and the estimate formed by the Government of the ability

with which Gen. Torbert discharged the duties of his difficult office was evinced after four years of service by his promotion to the highest post in the consular service of the Government, that of Consul-General at Paris. There, too, I had met him in the years 1874, 1875 and 1876. He was in daily intercourse with the foreign and American visitors to the great capital, with the merchants and manufacturers engaged in business with the United States, with the large American colony resident there. I presided at the complimentary dinner given to Gen. Torbert in Paris in 1876, attended by gentlemen representing all these interests, and by many distinguished Frenchmen, and the testimony there was universal of the ability and courtesy and kindness with which he had fulfilled the duties of that high office.

Gen. Torbert was a true friend. He was the type of a gentleman—frank, urbane, courtly; and in his social relations hospitable, ever agreeable. Perhaps never in the history of the Consulate of Paris has its hospitality been better illustrated than during the time General and Mrs. Torbert fulfilled it. In his last hour he was, as ever, brave and cheerful, not forgetting others. For who has not noticed that touching incident of his care for the little boy whose unprotected situation commanded his attention, and in the great crisis of his fate he had a cheerful word for his fellow sufferers floating on the ocean, and how bravely he struggled is seen in the remarkable circumstance that after twenty hours and more, in the fearful tempest, alone on the deep, he reached the distant shore with a heart still beating. His Army associates, his friends from many places, come here to unite with his neighbors in this last homage to his name. No, not that, for while we live his memory will live, and history will hand down his honored name to other generations. Although he died far away from home and kindred and companions there were not wanting

gentle hands to wreath garlands on his heart, and they were the hands of those who knew little else of him than his prowess in battle at a time when war made him their enemy. All the way from St. Augustine to Milford, cities and communities have vied with each other to do honor to your lost neighbor and fellow citizen. And I must apologize myself now for the brevity and incompleteness of what I have said about him, first because I was informed that others were to perform this office, and because if I were to go further I should touch upon ties and associations of which I am not able now to speak.

Solo, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

#### Oration of Gen. Robert F. Stockton

MR. CHAIRMAN: Your committee, I fear, has committed a great error in appointing me to open this memorial service. There are many present more fitted for the duty, and whose ripe experience renders them more worthy the solemnity of the occasion. But there are times when one has little option left him; and my association with the deceased was of so intimate a character that, although feeling my own unworthiness to properly fulfill the allotted task, I cannot refuse to bear tribute of respect to the memory of a valued friend. We were brought together some twenty years ago, under circumstances which required constant association and mutual confidence, which gave rise to an intimacy that soon ripened into a friendship which has continued uninterrupted to the day he was so unexpectedly taken from us. As memory reviews the happy hours and pleasant incidents which marked our social and professional intercourse, I shrink in sadness from the contemplation of our loss. Pardon me, therefore, if I mingle my private sorrow with the public grief. Torbert was my friend. None knew him better; none loved him more.

Brevet Major-General Alfred T. A. Torbert was born at Georgetown, Sussex county, in the State of Delaware, on the first day of July, in the year 1833. His father was Jonathan R. Torbert, a prominent citizen of Delaware; a farmer by occupation; he also held the position of cashier of a local bank, and was a Methodist local minister. Alfred received a good school education at Georgetown, and at the age of seventeen, desired to engage in business, at his native place. This purpose, however, he relinquished, in order to gratify a long-cherished wish of his father, and, receiving an appointment, he entered the United States Military Academy, at West Point, during the year 1851, as a cadet from the State of Delaware. His constant good humor and social disposition, while pursuing his studies at the Academy, soon endeared him to his classmates as a lovable companion, and his attention to duty was sufficient to insure success. He graduated from the Academy in 1855, in the same class with Generals Weitzel, Gregg, Webb, Hazen, Averill, Colonel Comstock, and others whose names have become familiar in the history of the late war. Having so far succeeded in the course marked out for him by his father, it was with a sad heart that he returned from West Point only in time to see that parent laid in the grave. His duty to the remaining members of his father's family did not allow Torbert to think, for a moment, of leaving the profession for which he was educated, and, therefore, he forthwith reported for duty, and thus commenced a military career which was destined to be illustrious. He was assigned to the 2d United States Infantry as a brevet 2d lieutenant, and during the summer of 1855, was promoted to 1st lieutenant of the 5th United States Infantry, and placed on duty at Fort Columbus, in New York Harbor. During the month of November, 1855, he was ordered, with recruits, to join his regiment,



then on the Rio Grande frontier, at Fort McIntosh, where he remained, on Indian service, until the fall of 1856, at which time he left, with his regiment, for the swamps of Florida, and served through the Seminole campaign. When, in the following year (1857), our troops were ordered to rendezvous at Fort Leavenworth, to prevent contemplated hostilities in Utah, Torbert came with his company and regiment, but on the 21st of July was detailed on staff duty, as regimental commissary of subsistence.

It will be remembered that the column under command of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston started for Utah, and camped the following winter at Fort Bridge, in the Rocky Mountains. Just before arriving at the fort, Lieut. Torbert, at his own request, was relieved from staff duty, and joined his company, which, at the time, was serving as cannoneers to a battery under the command of the late General Reno. When the Army reached Camp Floyd, in Salt Lake Valley, during the summer of 1858, with his company, he rejoined the regiment, which remained in Utah until 1860. Thence he went with his regiment to New Mexico, where he served at Fort Stanton, on Indian service, until the spring of 1861. Up to this time, it will be observed that Lieut. Torbert had taken no leave of absence since he graduated. In the spring of 1861, however, he received sixty days' leave of absence, to visit the States, and started for home by the overland stage route through Texas. On reaching San Antonio, he learned for the first time that seven States had determined to secede from the Union. To secure his services for the cause of secession, great temptations were offered, but he never deviated from his determination to remain in the service of the United States; indeed, a frank denunciation of the scheme of secession gave rise to an adroit attempt to capture him, together with the men under his charge, but, suspecting that an effort would be

made to detain him, he changed his route, and, after some difficulty, succeeded in reaching the States, and arrived safely in Philadelphia, where his mother and sister had resided since the death of his father. Although he was warmly and affectionately received, yet, after a few days, he missed the home of his childhood and the face of his much-loved father; and, within ten days after his arrival, nothing loth to respond to an order received placing him on mustering duty, he left for Trenton, New Jersey. He remained on this duty from April to September, 1861, during which period he mustered in and out a brigade of three months' volunteers, and mustered in eight regiments of three years' volunteers, one regiment of cavalry, and two batteries. His close attention to duty, soldier-like conduct, honest, straightforward, and accurate business methods, won for him the respect of all those with whom he was associated, and enabled him to settle his account with the United States Government without difficulty, when he left Trenton for service in the field.

It was a warm day, in the latter part of August, 1861; a day I can never forget, for the incidents of that day were eventful in the history of the 1st New Jersey Brigade and in the life of my friend, Lieut. Torbert. It had been a tiresome and trying day to both Torbert and myself. After getting through the work of the day we met in our bedrooms, which adjoined. I was reading a private letter from Gen. Kearny, which had been received during the day, but which, on account of press of business, had remained as yet unread, when Torbert, coming from his room, threw a letter upon my bed, saying, "Read that!" and retired to his room, after reading my letter, which, among other things, stated that a vacancy would probably occur in the colonelcy of the 1st regiment of the brigade under Kearny's command, and urging me to take a personal interest in securing a

first-rate officer for the position. Torbert had always been averse to taking position in the volunteer service, preferring duty with his own regiment. I, therefore, did not at first think of him in connection with the vacant colonelcy; but, after reading the other letter, which contained the official notification of his appointment as Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, I saw that there was no chance of a valuable regular officer being of use to his country unless he went into the volunteer service, and therefore urged the appointment and his acceptance of the same. His Excellency, Governor Olden, applied to the War Department for permission, which being granted, Torbert was commissioned Sept. 16th, 1861, Colonel of the 1st regiment New Jersey Volunteers, then camped at Fairfax Seminary, near Alexandria, and which, together with the 2d, 3d and 4th regiments from the same State, had been brigaded under the command of Gen. Phil. Kearny, and attached to Gen. Franklin's command in the Army of the Potomac. He immediately left to join his command and served as Colonel of this regiment through the Peninsula campaign, was engaged at the siege of Yorktown, at West Point, Gaines' Mill, Charles City Cross Roads, and the numerous skirmishes in which his regiment took part. During this campaign he suffered much from a low malarial fever, contracted in the marshes through which the Army passed, and at times was unable to march with his regiment; but whenever the regiment went into battle, he insisted upon leaving camp in an ambulance, and mounting his horse in the field, led his regiment in many gallant charges. After the battle of Gainesville, by seniority, he fell into the command of the brigade, which, as herein stated, was composed of the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th regiments New Jersey Volunteers, and remained in this command until the latter part of the month of April, 1864. On the 29th of Nov. 1862, he received his appointment of

Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He fought the Brigade at Second Bull Run, Crampton's Pass, Antietam, First Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and in many skirmishes, in all of which engagements he did credit to himself, and added to the well-merited reputation of his brigade. It is not proposed in this brief sketch of the military career of Gen. Torbert to give a detailed account of the many battles in which he was engaged, all of which were important in the movements of the 6th Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and in all of which he bore himself in such a manner as to add to his own reputation and that of his command. I cannot, however, refrain from special mention of the engagement at Crampton's Gap. On the 2d of Sept., 1862, the Army of the Potomac was in full retreat upon the defences of Washington, followed by a victorious enemy; on the 3d, the enemy disappeared from in front of Washington and prepared to cross the Upper Potomac into Maryland. To resist this invasion, and succor the garrison at Harper's Ferry, Major-Gen. McClellan had been placed in command, and proceeded to rally the Army of the Potomac, and march it towards the Upper Potomac and Harper's Ferry. The successful issue of this campaign, together with the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, are matters of history; but I propose for a moment to call your attention to the part taken by Gen. Torbert and the brigade under his command, in those sanguinary conflicts.

In crossing the South Mountain range it became absolutely necessary to gain possession of Turner's and Crampton's passes. During the march from Washington, the 6th Corps covered the road from the mouth of the Monocacy to Rockville, and Gen. Franklin pushed his corps rapidly forward toward Crampton's Pass. The South Mountain range at this point averages about one thousand feet in height, and forms a strong natural military barrier. The

enemy occupied the crests of the commanding hills on either side of the pass, with artillery bearing upon all the approaches to the position. This was the position that our troops must carry. The 6th Corps reached the pass about 12 o'clock M. on the 14th of Sept., 1862, and attempted to dislodge the enemy. But to take men across open fields of clover and corn, in the face of a heavy artillery fire, to attack infantry behind stone walls and protected by woods, was no easy task, and well might the bravest troops shrink from what appeared to be certain death. Attempt after attempt had been made to dislodge the enemy, but so galling his fire, so strong his position, that attack after attack had been repulsed, and brigade after brigade had been obliged to retire from the field with exhausted ammunition and decimated ranks. At this critical moment Gen. Newton appealed to Torbert to know if he thought his men would storm the pass. "I believe my men will storm hell, sir, should I give the command." Such a reply, under such circumstances, could not fail to procure the order, "Go ahead, sir;" and the brigade with its noble leader advanced steadily through a storm of shot and shell. Without firing a gun they calmly and resolutely cross the fields as steadily as though on dress parade. Bayonet to bayonet, hand to hand, they drive the enemy from his position at the base of the mountain, where he had been protected by a stone wall. This is not enough, however, for a total dislodgment is necessary to secure the possession of the pass, and the artillery is still in place. The little band, feeling themselves invincible, after what they have done, renew the charge and steadily force the enemy back up the mountain, and the infantry reach the position of their battery near the road, well up the mountain. Here they make another stand, and victory appears to hang for a moment in the balance, but the impetuous charge of Torbert's men cannot be withstood,

and the defeated enemy is driven slowly back, the infantry retiring with their artillery *en echelon*, until the crest was gained, when they fled in haste down the mountain on the other side. The close of the action on the night of the 14th found Gen. Franklin's advance through the pass and in Pleasant Valley, within three miles and a half of the point on Maryland Heights, where he might have formed a junction with the garrison at Harper's Ferry had it not been previously withdrawn. Gen. Torbert next day congratulated his troops upon their conduct during the engagement as follows:

*"Soldiers of the 1st New Jersey Brigade:*

"The 14th day of September, 1862, is one long to be remembered, for on that day you dashing met and drove the enemy at every point in your advance in line of battle under a galling artillery fire, and final bayonet charge, a feat seldom if ever surpassed. The heights you took show plainly what determined and well-disciplined troops can do. You have sustained the reputation of your State and done great credit to your officers and yourselves.

"While we lament the death of our brave comrades who have fallen so gloriously, we can only commend their souls to God, and their sorrowing friends to His sure protection.

"May you go from victory to victory, is the hope and wish of the Colonel commanding brigade."

Eye-witnesses state that, had they not seen it, they never would have believed that the position could have been carried. A prominent general officer exclaimed: "What devils they are!" Gen. Newton says: "I wish, particularly, to speak of the brilliant charge with the bayonet, made at Crampton's Pass. Gen. Torbert, in command of a brigade, commended himself particularly to my notice, by his cool and calm courage, and by his able conduct, in the face of the enemy, when he was obliged to charge where

they were entrenched behind stone walls, and sheltered by woods on a hill nearly as steep as a crow's nest." Gen. Slocum says: "In this battle, he greatly distinguished himself." General Franklin speaks of "the handsome manner in which he led his brigade at Crampton's Gap," and adds: "The reports of the battle of Crampton's Gap show that the good conduct of Gen. Torbert's brigade had much to do with the success of that day, and for his gallant leadership alone, he is entitled to promotion."

He was one of the best tacticians in the Army, and maintained superior discipline in his brigade, while his personal supervision over the detailed minutiae of his command, rendered his brigade always ready for service, and secured the comfort and happiness of the men. Upon this point, General Slocum says: "He served in my division as commander of brigade, and proved himself one of the best brigade commanders that I have ever met. He is superior not only as a commander on the field of battle, but as a disciplinarian. His brigade is not only in an excellent state of discipline, but is always supplied with everything that is necessary to its efficiency or the comfort of the men." General Franklin speaks of the improvement of the brigade under his command. General Brooks says: "I know of no officer with a finer record." General Sedgwick endorsed the above statement, and adds: "General Torbert is considered by all the general officers of the 6th Corps, as a most gallant and distinguished General." Major General McClellan, in his report, speaks in the highest terms of him, and Major General Hooker, while commanding the Army of the Potomac, in 1863, adds his testimony to the others.

While in command of his brigade at Brandy Station, in April, 1864, Major General Meade, then in command of the Army of the Potomac, offered General Torbert the command of a division of cavalry, but, not willing to leave the

men who had fought under him on so many battlefields, he declined the offer; he was, however, subsequently ordered to report to Major General Sheridan, who at the time commanded the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, and was assigned to the command of the 1st Division of Cavalry, May 4, 1864. About the 9th of May he was obliged, on account of ill health, to give up his command for eight or nine days. About the 17th of the month he reported to headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, but the cavalry corps was on a raid around Richmond, and he was assigned to the command of a provisional division of cavalry, all that was then with the Army of the Potomac (about twenty-five hundred.) He commanded this division in the fight at Milford Station, on the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad, and at the North Anna river. During the latter part of May, the cavalry corps having returned, General Torbert rejoined his division, and commanded it in the fight of Hanover Town and Crump's Swamp, including Haines' Shop, (for which he was breveted Lieut. Col. U. S. Army,) Old Church, Coal Harbor, Trevillian Station, White House, Deep Bottom, and a number of skirmishes. In all these engagements he was successful, and was ordered with his division, July 30, 1864, to join General Sheridan, for service in the Shenandoah Valley.

In July, 1864, attention was again called to the Upper Potomac and Shenandoah Valley. General Hunter was retreating from Lynchburg by the way of Kanawha river, and by such a devious line of retreat that the Shenandoah Valley was left open to the enemy. General Early, reinforced by Lee's cavalry and Breckenridge's and Kenshaw's commands, prepared to take advantage of the situation by a speedy advance through the valley, in the direction of the Potomac and Washington. Indeed he had succeeded in getting within striking distance of the Capital,

when the news of Sheridan's advance caused him to retreat and mass his forces in the neighborhood of Winchester.

In the latter part of the month, General Sheridan was assigned to the command of all the forces against Early, and shortly after, the Middle Military Division was created, comprising the Susquehanna, Middle, Washington and West Virginia Departments. General Sheridan was placed in command, and a force given him sufficient to protect Washington, and, if necessity demanded, to wage an aggressive campaign. Among the earlier troops assigned this command from the Army of the Potomac was the 1st Division of Cavalry, under General Torbert; and the 3d Division, under General Wilson, joined this command at a later date. General Torbert left the Army of the Potomac with his division on the 30th of July, and, upon reporting to General Sheridan, was appointed chief of cavalry of the department, over the heads of a Major General and a Brigadier General who ranked him. His command comprised four divisions of cavalry, namely: Torbert's old division, commanded by Brigadier General Merritt; the 3d Division from the Army of the Potomac, commanded by Brigadier General Wilson; the 1st Division of West Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Brigadier General Duffie; and the 2d Division of West Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Brigadier General Averill. This was the largest body of cavalry that, in this country, was ever placed under the command of one officer; and, inasmuch as this force was eminently successful in all its undertakings, doing much hard marching and fighting, much of it against infantry, making for itself a lasting name, more than a passing notice should be made of its campaign in the Valley.

General Torbert ordered General Duffie's division to Cumberland, Maryland, and took into the field the remaining three divisions. The month of August was occupied in

skirmishing and severe fighting with the enemy, driving the cavalry from their position to the protection of his infantry. On the 15th our cavalry was attacked by cavalry, infantry and artillery, which, after a severe engagement, were totally routed, and three hundred prisoners and two infantry battle flags captured. The 19th, 20th and 22d were occupied in harassing the enemy, who was advancing rapidly in three columns. The cavalry succeeded in holding him in check; on the 25th, defeated a division of infantry; and on the 28th, the 1st Division met the enemy's cavalry in force, and gallantly drove them with the sabre through Smithfield across the Opequan Creek, a distance of five miles. On the 29th our cavalry was driven, for awhile, by superior force, but fell back on the reserve, and then, in turn, drove the enemy across the creek. (On the 13th of September the 1st Brigade of the 3d Division, commanded by Brig. Gen. McIntosh, while on a reconnoissance, met the enemy's cavalry at Lime Stone Ridge and drove them across the Opequan Creek, when coming upon the 8th Regiment of the Infantry from South Carolina, surrounded and captured that entire regiment.) Thus, to the 19th of September, the cavalry were scouring the country from the Potomac to Opequan Creek, and annoying the enemy by forced reconnoissances. On the 19th of September, 1864, the battle of Winchester was fought—a battle long to be remembered by the cavalry.

The enemy was posted on the west bank of the Opequan Creek, covering Winchester. Our forces were in front of Berryville. Either could bring on a battle at any moment. Major General Sheridan was restive and urgent for orders to attack the enemy. Lieut. General Grant, however, considering the forces under General Sheridan in point of numbers insufficient to warrant the risk of a general engagement hesitated to allow him to take the initiative.

Sheridan's defeat would again lay open the States of Maryland and Pennsylvania to a raid by the enemy, and would seriously affect the plan of operations determined upon for the Army of the Potomac. After earnest solicitations and personal interviews, however, General Sheridan at length received permission, and on the 19th he advanced upon the enemy. The result of the battle of Winchester is now a part of history, and it is well known that General Sheridan attacked the enemy on the morning of the 19th of September, and after a most sanguinary fight, lasting the entire day, the enemy was defeated, his positions carried, several thousand prisoners captured, together with five pieces of artillery and a number of battle-flags. I propose to pause for a moment to follow the cavalry command during that eventful day. General Wilson's 3d Division moved on the Berryville and Winchester pike, in the direction of Winchester, in advance of the infantry. The 1st Division, under the command of General Merritt, moved on the right to cross the Opequan Creek at Sevres and Lock's fords. The 2d Division, under the command of General Averill, was ordered to cross the Opequan Creek, and move on Winchester and Martinsburg pike in the direction of Winchester. General Torbert remained with the two latter divisions, which he commanded in person. The crossing the creek by the 1st Division was disputed by infantry, but after a gallant charge the crossing was effected, and the enemy driven a mile and half from their first to their second position, where, behind stone walls and rail breastworks, they succeeded in temporarily checking the advance of our troops. The 2d Division driving before it the enemy's cavalry, and getting well to the rear of the infantry force in front of the 1st Division, which commenced to fall back, enabled the 1st Division to advance rapidly, and made a junction on the Valley pike with the 2d. Both divisions



then pushed towards Winchester, Averill on the right and Merritt on the left of the Valley pike, driving the enemy's cavalry pell-mell before them. When within about four miles of Winchester, and while in hot pursuit of the enemy's cavalry, at the battle of Winchester, Gen. Torbert's attention was called to the sound of the artillery and infantry firing, which appeared to recede, indicating that Sheridan was hotly pressed, and might require assistance. With that cool decision which ever marked his course as a leader on the field of battle, he immediately ordered the pursuit stopped, and by a quick movement, bringing him squarely upon the left flank of the opposing army, now hotly engaged with Sheridan's forces, he burst upon the enemy's infantry by successive charges by brigades, thence sweeping around with a sickle-shaped line, he attacked the enemy's rear with such impetuosity as to send his whole army "whirling through Winchester." So sudden was the movement, and so brilliant was the charge, that a battery was captured before it could be fired. Merritt's division alone captured seven hundred and seventy-five prisoners, seventy officers, two pieces of artillery and seven battle-flags.

Gen. Sheridan's report of this battle says: "At Winchester, for a moment, the contest was uncertain, but the gallant attack of Gen. Upton's brigade restored the line of battle, and Merritt's and Averill's division of cavalry, under Torbert, sent the enemy 'whirling through Winchester.'" The enemy, in their account of this battle, say: "The Confederate heroism of that day was never surpassed. It was only when the cavalry came like a torrent upon the left flank, and swept it away, that the Confederate line was broken." The wreck of Early's army escaped during the night, and fled in the direction of Staunton and Lynchburg. During this month, Gen. Torbert was appointed brevet major-general, for distinguished services during the war,

and at the close of the campaign, was recommended by Lieut.-Gen. Grant, and by Maj.-Gens. Sheridan and Meade, for promotion to the rank of major-general.

Before passing to the civil service rendered by Gen. Torbert to his country, I will, in brief terms, call your attention to one more action. I allude to that of October, 1864. When our forces took possession of Winchester, after the battle of September 19, Torbert received a message from one of the leaders of the Confederate cavalry, making excuses for former defeats, and stating that his corps was going to Richmond to recruit and be remounted, and should then return to wipe him (Torbert) out. Torbert returned answer that he would meet him, and hoped that the fight might be so conclusive, that at its termination, no question would arise concerning the wiping out.

On the 9th of October, Brig.-Gen. Merritt, commanding the 1st Division of Cavalry, was in the Valley pike, at Brook Creek, at the foot of Round Top Mountain. Brig.-Gen. Custer, commanding the 3d Division, was on the back road, at Tumbling Brook. These two roads were generally parallel, and about three miles apart. The 2d Division was not in the fight, having been sent to Laury. The enemy's cavalry, having received considerable reinforcements, had again returned, and were camped as follows: Gen. Rosser's command on the back road, and the commands of Gen. Lomax and Johnson on the pike. The forces were about equal in numbers, but the enemy had the advantage of fresh horses.

Torbert ordered Gen. Custer, who was about six miles from Broad Creek, to move, at daylight, back on the back road, and attack the enemy as soon as met. Merritt, being near Brook Creek, and nearer the enemy than Custer, was directed to move at seven o'clock, one brigade in the pike and two brigades between the roads, and to connect with

Custer and the brigade in the pike. Those officers were prompt in the execution of these orders, and, as Custer's guns were heard early in the morning, on Brook Creek, Merritt moved to the attack, and to make the connection with him. Col. Lowell commanded the reserve brigade of the 1st Division, and moved on the pike, and attacked Gens. Lomax and Johnson. The 1st Brigade of the 1st Division moved on the right, to connect with Gen. Custer, and to attack the enemy on the right flank. The 2d Brigade of the 1st Division moved in the centre. After a spirited engagement for about two hours, during which some desperate hand to hand fighting took place, the enemy, seeing that they were being flanked, and severely pressed in front, gave way in great confusion.

This was taken advantage of by both division commanders, and although the enemy rallied several times and fought desperately, yet its troops could not stand the charges made upon them, and were finally driven in a perfect rout, and pursued for twenty miles. The 1st Division captured five pieces of artillery, all of the enemy's ordnance, ambulances, wagon trains and sixty prisoners. The 3d Division captured six pieces of artillery, all their headquarter wagons, ordnance, ambulances and wagon trains. Our cavalry, under their gallant leader, covered themselves with glory, and there was no question as to who was wiped out. This was the only general cavalry fight, where large numbers were engaged, during the war, and I believe the only cavalry duel on record. It reminds one of the days of knight-errantry, as, on that autumnal morn, Custer moved to the attack, with Torbert and Merritt impatiently waiting for the sound of the opening gun; then the advance, the roar of artillery, the clash of arms, and the many deeds of personal prowess when sabre met sabre, each arm nerved by the thought that no matter how severe

other fights had been, today they must conquer or die; the din of battle advancing and receding; ranks broken, only to be rallied for a more desperate struggle, until at length the movement on the flank is successful; the despairing flight; the total rout—what a sketch for the pen of Macaulay.

Gen. Sheridan says, "It was a brilliant engagement. It was an equal cavalry fight, in which the enemy was routed beyond my power to describe."

Gen. Torbert was in command of the District of Winchester from July 12 to September 1, 1865, and of the District of Southeast Virginia from September 1 to December 31, 1865; and was mustered out of the volunteer service January 15, 1866. For gallant services at Gettysburg he was breveted major in the Regular Service, lieutenant-colonel for the action at Hawes' Shop, colonel for the battle of Winchester, brigadier-general for the fight at Cedar Creek, and major-general for meritorious services during the war. He was also breveted major-general of volunteers.

Gen. Torbert received leave of absence at the conclusion of the war to January, 1866, during which time he was married, at Milford, Del., to Miss Mary E. Currey, only child of the late Daniel Currey, of that place. He resigned his commission in the U. S. Army, and settled at Milford, Del. In 1869 he was appointed minister to San Salvador, where he remained nearly two years; was Consul General at Havana in 1871, and was promoted to the position of Consul General at Paris, November, 1873, for which position he was unanimously confirmed by the Senate of the United States during the following month. In these diplomatic positions he represented his country with dignity, and his good judgment and cool courage prevented international difficulty, which otherwise might have occurred. He was firm in preserving the rights of American citizens in foreign countries, and no citizen of the United States, no matter

what his social position, ever appealed to him for assistance in vain. After his return from Paris he devoted himself exclusively to his personal affairs, and was on his way to Mexico in connection with private business when the vessel in which he had taken passage was foundered, some fifty miles off the west coast of Florida, in an unprecedentedly severe storm. Although familiar to scenes of danger and death, the grim monster appeared to him in a form he had never met before, but found him the same unselfish, cool, brave, and intrepid hero it had ever found him. While the vessel was in its death throes, he seemed to think less of himself and of his own danger than of the danger to those around him, and used every effort to relieve the anxiety and suffering of others. Who can tell how many were saved the pangs begotten of nervous fear by the cool courage and encouraging words of Gen. Torbert? To those who knew him well, how his whole life was pictured in the few last words he uttered: "We must manage to save this little fellow between us." Soon after, amid the boiling waters, he is drifting toward shore, and when almost safe is struck by a floating spar, and resigned his life into the hands of his Creator. Battling amid the war of elements, our friend is taken from us by One, of whom it is written, "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof is still." How mysterious are God's dealings with men. We cannot fathom it; and, in the words of our lamented friend, we can "but commend his soul to God, and sorrowing friends to His sure protection."

Like into some bottomless caves of earth, the dark waters roll, and rocks are carried without a sound, with no returning echo; even so the days of our life with their myriad notes of human joy and woe are ever gliding down noiseless and unstayed, to be swallowed up in an oblivion

whose shores give back no sound, whose hand yields no report.

In the death of Gen. Torbert the country mourns a brave and chivalrous soldier; his State, a patriotic citizen; his mother, a devoted son; his wife, a kind and affectionate husband, and all of us a true and faithful friend. Possessed of a warm and social disposition, simple in his manners, always cheerful, and one of those few characters that circumstances never change, Torbert was a lovable man. Of incorruptible integrity—no temptation could shake his truth—Torbert was respected by all who knew him. With a clear perception, rare good judgment; with a calm and determined bravery, he was successful as a soldier, and seeming utterly unconscious of the petty ambitions and rivalries that disturbed the happiness of others, but moving straight forward in the path of duty, without any concern for himself, Torbert won the confidence, and was loved by his comrades in arms, and by the men under his command. He had the power of concentrating his mind upon the object he had in view to such a degree that he became oblivious to everything else; and whether that objective point was the selection of his own position, or storming the position of an enemy, remained perfectly cool, when others upon the field of battle would become excited or confused. So total was this absorption, that it may be literally said of him, that on the field of battle he never appreciated personal danger. He never felt fear. Brought up under the counsel of a conscientious and pious father, who knew no compromise between right and wrong, he early formed the impression which his after-training in the United States Army moulded into a principle ruling every action of his life; that the mainspring of a happy and contented life was the conscientious discharge of duty. How well he per-

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formed his duty we have seen; and this performance was accompanied by a modesty rarely equalled.

No herald proclaimed his advance; no scribe followed in the wake to sing his praises before a reading public. Indeed, he was reticent to his best friends on subjects where he himself was concerned. But he has left a record of his military life in the testimony of all his comrades in arms--a record which forms a basis for reputation as firm, as the everlasting hills, and one loved by every true soldier. (The number of battle-scarred soldiers who stood around General Torbert's grave, the number of veterans, members of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, who have come to Milford today to pay the tribute of respect to a deceased companion, are mute endorsements of his reputation as a brave but modest soldier, in striking contrast to the summer soldiers and sunshine patriots who are wont to strut before the public and vent their self-made praises from the hustings.)

And now the last funeral rites have been performed, and we have stood by the grave and seen it closing over the remains of him we loved. He is gone, and we shall see him no more in his accustomed haunts; but if there is a "divinity that shapes our ends," if the preservation of the American Union bears any part in the plan of Divine Providence in His mysterious dealings with nations, we may yet see our friend when the heavens shall be rolled together, and Africa take her part with the other three great continents of the earth in bearing up the ark of human freedom to the exultant view of a liberated world, and the resplendant glory of Jehovah comes forth, as of old, to meet the work of its own doing, and proclaim them blessed who were the humble instruments through which His great purposes on earth were wrought.

We have laid him to sleep amid the scenes he so loved, in the promise of a glorious awakening.

Let his requiem be sung in the sighs and tears of many sincere friends. Let his epitaph be written in the future prosperity of a happy and united people.

"Fleet foot on the correi,  
Sage counsel in cumber,  
Red hand in the foray,  
How sound is thy slumber."

**Address by Hon. John W. Houston**

It would be much more congenial to the sadness which now fills my bosom, to allow mine to mingle in silence with the tears of those who are at this moment in sorrow over the mournful and untimely death of our distinguished departed friend, than to utter one word of eulogy or lament on this impressive and solemn occasion; but having been invited to make a few remarks, with all the grief I experienced on receiving the intelligence of the sad and mournful death of Gen. Torbert, with my intimate knowledge and acquaintance with him from an early period of his life and with the consciousness of what the State has lost in his untimely death, I could not refuse to accept, although I came here for no purpose of pronouncing a eulogy on him. After what has been, and so justly, said with regard to his illustrious services, and his noble example as a champion of the freedom of our great country, and of the Constitution under which we now live, it would be a work of supererogation for me to add anything if I were competent to add anything.

My knowledge of Gen. Torbert was in his private and social relations and commenced when he was seven or eight years of age—a noble boy, the son of parents whom I knew and respected, and whose grandfather I knew. From the

earliest period therefore of my knowledge of him I felt interested in him. He was the most illustrious hero that my county or my State furnished to the country in the late memorable conflict through which we have passed, and no one knows better than I that he never was properly appreciated, at home at least. But grand as his character as a hero has been proved to be there was a noble character that underlay it, and that was his private character, exhibited in the most remarkable instance and manner I have ever known of in the last moments of his noble, heroic life. It was in the humanity that animated every impulse of his heart during the long period of doubt and dismay of the terror-stricken passengers for a night and a day. Serene as he ever was seen on the calmest summer evening, thinking not at all of himself, but only of those around him, who he knew were then like himself in the jaws of death; to sustain and encourage and animate them with hope to the last, and when that had been done, the still nobler spectacle of the little boy, whose father, unmanned and paralyzed with grief, was not able even to procure the means of supporting him in the waves, he became at once attached to this little boy, who bore no relation to him other than that of an acquaintance formed during the voyage, I suppose. His determination at the last moment that he should be saved, and when told by his friends that it was of no use, that they would all be dead in a few moments, and he had better leave the little fellow to sink with the ship, what was his noble, magnanimous answer? "We must not leave the dear little fellow behind us. We must save him." That, too, at a moment when there was no prospect of saving even his own life. What does that indicate? A humanity, a kindness of heart, a gentleness of spirit which you would expect to find in one who had turned so recently from the bloody theatres of a great war, and who had exhibited this



courage under circumstances when there was much to animate and excite it in the contests which characterized it, but still more nobly and remarkably exhibited on this occasion—that gentleness of heart which constituted in my judgment the most admirable trait of his character; and I therefore come before this audience merely to express my high appreciation of Gen. Torbert on account of that exhibition of that trait of character on that occasion more than anything I could say for him as one of the distinguished heroes of the war. Yet as a champion of our country in that great conflict I must say that we had reason, and always shall have reason, to be proud of him. I am proud of him, and shall cherish his memory with grateful recollections to the last period of my life. Having said this much with regard to him, I will content myself with saying nothing further. I did not come before you to express anything more than my own appreciation of his character, my own regard and respect for him as a personal friend as well as a citizen of the State and a native of my own country, and one whose death I sincerely deplore.

**Address by Gen. E. Burd Grubb**

Mr. President: I could have wished, sir, when I found it was expected that I should make a few remarks that some other member of Gen. Torbert's military family could have been here who with readier tongue than I could paint our love for him; but as it has fallen to my lot, let me say what I may, if I can. He was our friend, our comrade, our commander and our hero. I see before me scattered here and there through this assembly the bronzed faces of those whom I have seen commanded by him. I have seen those faces flush at that clarion voice, that magnificent voice that we will hear no more. I would that those were here who are scattered from Maine to San Francisco, members

of his military family—men who slept with him, men who ate at his table, men who fought at his side, who could tell you better than I what a man he was to us. We loved him, and he was worthy of it. A true friend, a grand companion, and a most magnificent soldier. Gentlemen of Delaware, I had the honor to belong to the troops of the State to which you loaned Torbert. His record embellishes the most golden pages of the history of that State. I belong also to this honorable company of cavalry who come here to bring back to you all that the cruel sea left on the shores of Florida. But although he has passed away, his memory he has made immortal, and that belongs to all of us, and it is the proudest reflection of my life that I can share this with you here. Nothing remains for me but to say farewell. Farewell, dear friend; farewell, most gallant commander; God rest you well!

**Address by Hon. Jas. R. Lofland**

Mr. Chairman: Though it may seem superfluous in me to say anything after what has been so well and so fittingly said, yet I cannot refrain from adding my tribute to the memory of my dear friend. It was my privilege to enjoy the closest relations of friendship with the deceased, and to know him intimately was to love him well. The nation has lost a hero, the State a man, and I a friend. His public career is part of the history of the country which he loved so well, and which he defended so nobly. His name is inscribed high on the scroll of fame, and the story of his deeds will be handed down from father to son, as long as freedom and patriotism shall be cherished among men. His memory will be associated in the hearts of all Delawareans with that of Kirkwood and Vaughn, and Gibson and Maxwell and Haslett, men whose deeds have made the State illustrious, and of whom we are justly proud.

His military career has been adverted to by those far more competent to speak than myself, but his chivalry and bravery and nobility were perhaps better illustrated in the last hours of the man than in his most brilliant charge on the field of battle, in that dread hour when the wild storm shrieked through the cordage of the laboring ship, when the hungry waves were leaping to engulf them, when death stared him in the face, the calm bravery of the hero, the chivalry of the true gentleman, the innate nature of the man shone conspicuous. In the words of an eye-witness, the gallant Torbert, forgetful of self, "spoke a cheery word to a man here, assisted another there, and attended the women and children everywhere."

Our friend was a hero, and his townspeople are truly and justly proud of him; proud of him in life and proud of him in death. We receive his precious remains as a sacred and honored trust, and will teach our children the story of his illustrious life and the heroism of his lamentable death. While we most deeply sympathize with his afflicted family, and mourn as for one of our own household, yet we know that the man did not live in vain, and his memory will be cherished by us, our children, and their children hereafter.

Anthem, "Cast thy burden on the Lord."

**Address by Hon. George P. Fisher**

Mr. President, and Friends of My Beloved and Lamented Friend: How solemnly, how beautifully, and on this occasion how mournfully and touchingly expressive are the lines of that beautiful hymn of Cowper:

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform:  
He plants his footsteps on the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

Oh yes, to our finite vision His ways do, indeed, seem mysterious and past our finding out. We cannot now, but we may hereafter, thank God, comprehending clearly and fully why it is that we are summoned hither today to render the sorrowful tribute of our tears around the bier of one whom we all loved so well, whom none could know but to admire; of one who but a few short weeks ago, in such grand perfection of mature manhood and such sweet buoyancy of exuberant health and life and hope, bade us a kindly, cheery adieu, as he was about to set out on what he and all of us hopefully trusted would prove to be but a brief and successful business mission to a foreign land.

Alas! alas! how little did we then imagine that today, instead of greeting him with a cheering, joyous welcome home, we should be gathered here to perform for him this last sad office of respect and love.

The most dutiful of sons, the tenderest and most affectionate of husbands, the most cheery and genial of friends, the bravest of heroes, the purest of patriots, the calmest in danger and storm, the brightest in sunshine, the foremost in every deed of noble daring or of sweet beneficence, who of us all today does not deeply deplore his untimely taking off? But why, my friends, should we mourn that he is gone? Gone, aye gone, to that far off spirit land from whose bourne no traveller returns, gone to receive not ours, but angelic greetings, gone to

“That blest home beyond the river,

Where surges cease to roll;

Where in all the bright forever

Sorrow ne’er shall vex the soul.”

To our short-reaching, human comprehension it is, indeed, a fearful mystery that one so strong, in robust health, so good, so brave, so universally beloved, should be so suddenly snatched from our midst in the very

prime of a noble and useful manhood, and, dazed with reverential awe, we stand and vainly wonder why it was that He who rides upon the furious tempest and rules the boisterous deep should have sped forth the fearful cyclone, with its towering and devouring mountain waves, thwart the track of the good ship *Vera Cruz* bearing on board a human freight so precious; and we wonder, too, again and again, why it should so have happened that no good Samaritan was passing along that tempest beaten coast of Florida, who might stanch the wounds and stay the ebbing tide of life in our dear friend at that supreme moment when the fiercely surging billows had buffeted and rudely dashed him, still breathing, but exhausted, on the dreary, lonely shore. Yes! yes! my friends, "God does move in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," and though in this poor mortal life of ours "blind unbelief is sure to err and scan His works in vain, "yet when we shall come to behold the King in His glory, we know that we shall be like him, and then that we shall be able clearly to read His mysterious dispensations in the bright sunlight of celestial wisdom, and fully realize that God was and is and ever will be "too wise to err, too good to be unkind." And so my dear, good friends, if our faith shall be sure and steadfast, like an anchor cast within the vale, we need not, cannot, nay, we shall not mourn as those who have no hope; for the blessed promise of our Father assures us that we shall be comforted; that we shall meet our loved, lost friend again in that far off better land where parting and sorrow shall no more be known, and where our Elder Brother will wipe away all tears from our eyes forever. Yes, we shall know him, thank God:

"When we hear the music ringing  
Through yon bright celestial dome,  
When sweet angel voices singing,  
Gladly bid us welcome home,  
To the land of ancient story,  
Where the spirit knows no care,  
To the realms of light and glory,—  
We shall know each other there.

"Know each other! Who shall question?  
Truth so grateful to the heart,  
When the cords are torn and bleeding,  
When all earthly hopes depart.  
Christian love how pure and sacred,  
Who this parting scene could bear,  
Did not mercy gently whisper,  
We shall know each other there,"

Oh, then! let the weary, worn and weeping partner of his bosom bear up today under this present weight of woe and sorrow! Cheer up, thou mourning mother! Courage take bereaved brother, sister, friend, and comrade, for the noble lessons of the pure and stainless life of our friend assure us that when our time shall come, and we are called to go—when we shall have passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death, fearing no evil because His rod and staff do comfort us, then we shall again behold our friend and brother, not clad with the poor frail habiliments of our mortal humanity, but we shall see him crowned with immortal life and glory, standing with outstretched arms and eager eyes in the fore front of that angelic host, there waiting to bid us a joyous, hearty welcome home.

**Address by Col. A. Loudon Snowden**

We have assembled today from distant parts of our common country to offer the last tribute of respect to the memory of a gallant soldier and distinguished citizen, as well as to pay the last debt that love and affection owes to a dead companion.

I am aware how impossible it is for me to express in weak words the thoughts and emotions that arise in our minds and swell to our hearts for utterance. If I were to portray the character of the dead as our incentive and example to the living—if I were to tell of his services to the Nation—of that exalted patriotism, which in the midst of our doubt and disloyalty never wavered, never debated, never doubted, but was always true to the integrity and honor of his country, and the glory of the flag under which he had been educated and equipped for high services—if I were to speak of his splendid qualities as a soldier illustrated on many a battlefield of the Republic—of his unobtrusive modesty and gentleness of nature, of his high integrity, devotion to duty and love for his friends that endeared him to us all—if I were to speak of the manhood and courage which ever characterized him and which were so grandly illustrated in the last great trial of his life, when the cyclone struck the frail ship on which he voyaged on that fatal night, when the winds from the “four corners of earth and heaven,” like the wild demons and lost spirits were let loose—when the mighty deep was broken up and the tempest in its majesty and might raged wild and uncontrolled over the sea—how in that supreme hour of terror, when no rescuing hand was stretched forth from about or above, and Death alone ruled master of the

scene—in that hour of agony, when most of us would have failed, how he was equal to the occasion, and by wise counsel and courageous example stimulated to duty those who could do, and by tender sympathy and encouragement upheld the faint, the weak and the despairing, inspiring their drooping hearts with his own hopeful and courageous spirit—if I were to tell you all this and a thousand fold more that might be told, yet, when I had done, I am more than conscious that my best thoughts of the departed, my truest appreciation of his character and services, and the tenderest emotions of all our hearts for our dead friend would still remain unvoiced.

The lesson of his life is full of instruction to us all, and I can add nothing to it. If we cannot comprehend, our duty is to bow before the mysterious Providence which removed him from his kindred, his friends and his country, in the full pride and power of ripened manhood.

It is a hopeful sign and it gives me pleasure to record that since his lifeless remains were washed upon our Southern coast, all honor and respect have been paid to his memory.

In this work of love and affection, the representative men of both sections have cordially united—the Blue and the Gray; the friend and the foe, enemies in the late war and his companions in arms have vied with each other in paying melancholy tribute to the memory of one whose record is, so far as I know, untarnished by a single act, in war and in peace, that would not become a soldier and a gentleman.

Our task is about ended. You have assembled here, neighbors, kinsfolk and companions-in-arms with the dead, to do him reverent honor. All that could be done

has been done to mark our sympathy, affection and love. We will leave him into your keeping in yonder quiet churchyard. There he will remain in the long last sleep that knows but one awakening, whilst we turn our faces once again toward the busy world, not forgetting the dead, but dedicating ourselves anew to the work that is before each of the living, remembering ever the lesson that his life and all lives like him teach, so far as men are individually concerned, as to the vanity of all human aspirations and all human honors.

He has been to this State what other great soldiers have been to their State—something to lean on in an hour of great peril, a strong hand to guide and direct. Such men rise up here and there in all lands; but in our country, thank God, in the time of our greatest need there were many who rose from the ranks of the people, educated at our military school and elsewhere, who illustrated in their patriotism, in their services and in their blood what American citizens can do when the honor and integrity of their country and the glory of its flag are in peril.

And now, patriot, soldier, companion, friend, brother, a long farewell! May thy sleep be sweet, and thy ashes find always about them willing hands who will see that this grave in the centuries to come shall mark with loving care the spot where a patriot and soldier sleeps.

**Address by Geo. V. Massey, Esq.**

Mr. Chairman: Ladies and Gentlemen: I fear that no poor words of mine can add aught that is substantial to what has been already so feelingly and delicately expressed by those who have preceded me. There are occasions, sir, in the course of human experience, where

we are called face to face in the presence of some appalling calamity from which we recoil with a horrible contemplation, when language seems to fail in the performance of the proper office, and when silence, becoming more eloquent and potential than speech, seems only to be appropriate. Such occasion is this we now memorialize. That dread, mysterious messenger whose every visitation wrecks some human hope, blasts some happy purpose, sunders some dear relationship, and severs some sacred tie, has invaded our midst and laid his iron grasp upon one of our most distinguished citizens. He has removed from among us and the sight of familiar faces, our esteemed friend, our honored associate; and all, Mr. Chairman, that remains to us today of Gen. Alfred T. A. Torbert, are the valued memories which cling with us—are the dear impressions of his person and character, and the kindly recollection of pleasant associations which will be ever cherished by all who knew him, and cherished most by those who knew him best, as the most valued reminiscences, worthy to be treasured for all time to come in memory's storehouse.

No more in soldier fashion will he greet with lifted hand his comrades. All that was mortal of the man we have today committed to the silent tomb in the cemetery; and while another hero has gone from out the ranks of the living to join the grand army of the silent dead, nevertheless there is an immortality that lives after the mortal has departed, and we are thankful today, as we look each other in the face, as we meet in sorrow and in mourning, that our departed friend has left behind him as the richest heritage to his family as well as to his friends, a record that shall live in the pages of history, and shall be presented in the memories of his countrymen,

long years, my friends; after you and I shall have been gathered to our fathers and been forgotten.

It would seem to be now altogether unnecessary to speak in detail of the life, the character, and the public services of our distinguished and no longer present friend, after what you have heard; but it is the more so because his public services are already engrafted upon the pages of his country's history, and his private virtues are already embalmed in the hearts of his friends. Trained and educated as a soldier, his patriotism was not of that doubtful, shrinking character too often witnessed in the dark days of the Republic, and he did not hesitate to go nobly and with alacrity to his country's rescue in the hour of her peril, and bear the fatigue of privations, the dangers of a soldier's life, unflinchingly and without complaint. And when his martial life had ended and had passed into the keeping of the historian, and when he was called into another sphere and department of public service, and was connected with the diplomatic service of the Government, the same zeal; the same earnestness of purpose, the same fidelity in the discharge of duty characterized his efforts until it became proverbial that no man in the service abroad was more solicitous and attentive to the wants, and the necessities, and the comforts of the American citizens abroad than was Gen. Torbert. And it seems to me, my friends, in these days, when men are so prone to forget their public duties, or if remembering them, are so often influenced in their discharge by some motive of gain or some selfish consideration, that no higher encomium can be passed upon our departed friend, no handsomer eulogy pronounced to his memory, than to testify to the fact, which is a fact, that he never sold the truth to serve the hour. In all his rela-

tions with his neighbors and associates, our deceased friend will be peculiarly remembered for his genial, courteous, and kindly temperament and bearing, and his readiness always to lend a helping hand to those who needed his assistance, regardless of their position, their past or their present station in life. His unselfishness, his nobility of purpose, and his bravery are attested in the most eminent degree by the last act in the drama of his life: Think of the scene and its surroundings. The face of an ordinary man would have blanched with terror, and yet, my friends, in the midst of that frightful tempest, when the waves and the elements combined were howling and roaring around him, when the gallant ship, of which he was for the time the life, apparently, was being deluged by mountainous waves rolling around her, and when the creaking, straining timbers, and the falling spars alike, were present reminders of that fearful doom that so soon awaited the good ship *Vera Cruz* and all her living freight, our deceased friend, although himself then wounded, calm, cool, collected, apparently undisturbed, was engaged in encouraging that ship's company, in seeking for their safety and allaying their apprehensions, aye, in arousing them from that lethargy of despair by which they had become enshrouded. Truly, my friends, it may be said that in all the dark and doleful and dismal hours of that dreadful night, the presence of our departed friend was to that ship's company what a ray of sunlight is that breaks unexpectedly behind the blackest cloud and reveals the sun in all its glory. But I dare not, I must not omit, to refer to the last act in this wonderful drama. The martial hero contending against fearful odds, it may be, dies in the fore front of the battle at the head of his column; or some distinguished naval commander,

of whom we read in the history of the past, lashing himself in the shrouds of his ship, may set his signal for close action in the face of an overwhelming force against him, and direct it to be nailed to the masthead; or some brave father may lose his own life in endeavoring to save that of his only child; or some fond, loving, husband may risk—not only risk, but give away his life blood, it may be, to attempt the rescue of a beloved wife; and when we read of these things our hearts are stirred within us with admiration, and rightfully so. And yet, my friends, by how much greater emotion must we be aroused when we come to contemplate the gallant, unselfish, high, heroic conduct of the dead hero whose death we here memorialize. When in the fearful cyclone in the Gulf, when all hope of weathering the storm had been abandoned, when men's hearts stood still in view of what was clearly within their anticipation, when almost certain death stared that whole ship's company in the face, we see our dead hero ready to sacrifice his life, if need be, to save that of a child, to him comparatively unknown. In that act, my friends, he has erected a monument to his own memory more lasting than all the marble shafts that were ever chiseled by human architect; and he has left us a monument of faith in humanity; has left an example, that shall live through all time to come and one which we shall do well to emulate. He has gone, who seems so great; gone, gone, but nothing can obscure the light, which his example has left with us; and we believe him, my friends, something far advanced in state, and that he now wears a truer crown than any wreath that man can weave him.

“So speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,

And in yon silent church-yard leave him;  
God accept him, Christ receive him."

Hymn—"Immortal honor, endless fame."

**Prayer and Benediction by Rev. J. B. Quigg**

Almighty God! May these sorrowful services impress us with the brevity of time and the uncertainty of life, with the emptiness of mere worldly honor and the unsatisfactory nature of earthly things. May the bereaved and widowed heart and the aged and maternal one find comfort and hope in the Everlasting Arms. May we all love and serve Thee, and may the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the blessing of God the Father and the abiding presence and communion of the Holy Spirit be with you now, henceforth and evermore. Amen.

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At a meeting of the Society of the Cavalry Corps of the Armies of the United States, convened by order of the President to take action upon the death of Major-General Alfred T. A. Torbert, it was

Resolved, that the members of this Society deeply mourn his sudden death, and extend their heartfelt sympathy to his family and friends.

Resolved, that the brilliant record of General Torbert during the late war as well as his subsequent civil career command our highest admiration and respect.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to attend the funeral, and that a copy of these resolutions be entered upon the records of this Society and be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted.  
New York City, Sept. 22d, 1880.

Henry E. Davies, Jr., Vice-President, Chairman.  
Chas. H. Hatch, Secretary.

Charles Treichel, Edmund Blunt, Charles H. Hatch were appointed a committee to attend the funeral, by the Chair, Sept. 22d, 1880

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At the final meeting of the Executive Committee of the Torbert Obsequies, composed of representatives from the States of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware, held at the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, on Saturday, October 30th, 1880, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the heartfelt and sincere thanks of the members of this committee, by an unanimous expression, are hereby tendered

To Frank Thomson, Esq., General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, for his kind tender and prompt attention in placing at the disposal of the Committee special trains from New York to Philadelphia upon the day of the funeral services.

To F. Wolcott Jackson, General Superintendent of United Railroads New Jersey Division Pennsylvania Railroad, for his able co-operation and assistance.

To H. F. Kenney, Superintendent of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, for special train and transportation from Philadelphia to Wilmington, Delaware, with his personal attendance.

To J. B. Groom, Superintendent of the Junction and Delaware Railroads, for special transportation and trains, with his personal attendance.

To J. N. Mills, Superintendent of the Delaware Railroad, for a like co-operation.

To Col. S. Oscar Ryder, the officers and members of the 9th Regiment National Guard, S. N. Y., for their prompt proffer of services and attendance as escort to the funeral cortege on the day of the funeral.

To Major Geo. W. McLean, officers and members of the Old Guard of New York City, for their kind attendant services as Guard of Honor at the City Hall, as well as body guard upon the day of the funeral.

To Capt. E. Burd Grubb, commanding, and members of the 1st City Troop of Philadelphia, for an escort to the remains sent to New York, a reception at Philadelphia, the use of armory and escort to the grave, at Milford, Delaware.

To Col. Dudley S. Steele, officers and members of the 4th Regiment, New Jersey National Guard, for an escort from New York City to Philadelphia.

To Col. Robert P. Dechert, officers and members of the 2d Regiment, Pennsylvania National Guard, for escort from depot through the city of Philadelphia.

To Col. Samuel A. McAllister, officers and members of the 1st Regiment, Delaware State Militia, for escort and volley firing at the interment at the grave at Milford, Delaware.

To the many kind and hospitable citizens of Milford, Delaware, who so generously opened their houses and provided for the comfort of the many visitors from adjoining States, who attended the remains of the illustrious dead to a final interment.

To Joseph F. Swords, Esq., United States Consul at Sagua la Grande, Cuba, to whose zeal, attention and unrequited services given while on leave of absence, the Committee are greatly indebted for much of the success which attended their efforts to pay proper regard to the remains of one so universally loved.

Finally, to one and all of the eminent men of military and civic life, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Cavalry Corps Association, the Army and Navy Club of New York City, George Washington Post, Grand Army of the Republic of New York, and those whose associations and titles may be unknown to this Committee. Comrades—one and all—accept our sincere thanks, for without your spontaneous co-operation the duties imposed upon your Committee would have been severe indeed, but were lightened by your kind and loving attention to the remains of a deceased comrade, whose friendship and love influenced us as well “in death as in life.”

WILLIAM F. SMITH,  
ALEXANDER S. WEBB,  
WALTER H. GILSON,  
E. A. BUCK,  
GEORGE R. BLANCHARD,

New York.

JOSEPH F. TOBIAS,  
RUDOLPH ELLIS,  
E. BURD GRUBB,  
H. H. BINGHAM,  
W. W. WEIGLEY,

Pennsylvania.

RICHARD HARRINGTON,  
A. B. RICHARDSON,  
GEORGE P. FISHER,  
JAMES R. LOFLAND,  
JOSEPH A. DRAPER,

Delaware.

ROBERT F. STOCKTON,  
WM. S. STRYKER,  
WM. E. POTTER,  
CHARLES H. WINFIELD,  
CLARK FISHER,

New Jersey.



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