

SEDGWICK'S DEATH.

KILLED BY A SHOT FROM A TELESCOPIC RIFLE.

Gen. M. T. McMahon's Vivid Description of the Occurrence—Falling Dead with a Smile on His Face—Soldiers' Grief.

[“Gath’s” Interview in The Enquirer.]

Said I: “Gen. McMahon, were you not with Sedgwick, the commander of the Sixth corps, when he died?”

“Why,” said Gen. McCook, “he died in McMahon’s arms.”

Said I: “If I remember correctly he was killed while sighting a gun?”

“No,” said McMahon, “he was killed while dressing his line of battle.”

I asked to be told about this incident, and McMahon related it to me nearly as follows:

“Sedgwick was killed about three miles, I should think, from Spotsylvania court house. I have never been to Spotsylvania hamlet or court house, and am told the stone which has been put there to commemorate Sedgwick’s death is at the wrong place. On the morning he died—and he died near 8 o’clock in the morning—Gen. Sedgwick said to me, ‘I don’t like the way the Jersey boys are looking this morning. They are such excellent troops in general that I think I see that they are discouraged with the fighting we have already had. I want you to go out there, McMahon, and spur them up some how—stimulate their pride a little.’ So when I went out with the general’s orders I talked loud enough for the troops to hear me. They were then under the enemy’s fire, and sharpshooters with telescopic rifles were picking off officers. I didn’t feel entirely happy myself, but made some remarks to the men; I said when I saw a file of them about to shift position, and they seemed to duck the balls coming: ‘Why, it is a new thing for the Jersey boys to duck that way. The Vermont boys say they are going to take the shine from you boys to-day.’

“The brigade, which was one of the very finest in our service, had been ordered to go in the open field until their rifle-pits should be got ready, in which they were to lie. When they were ordered out I saw that they looked depressed. That terrible fighting we had in the Wilderness, with all our wounded accompanying us on the march afterward, their groans and wail had put a cloud over the army. Such losses had never been known in the army of the Potomac. Over the whole Wilderness campaign there seemed to hang a shadow of death. It was frightful. The battle of Spotsylvania happened toward the middle of May; Sedgwick was killed on the 9th. The temporary intrenchments to protect our men were made of fence-rails, with a little earth thrown over them. Before the order was given for the Jersey brigade to march off by companies and get behind these slight ramparts, I said aloud: ‘Now, colonel, you will move your men to their assigned places.’ At this I saw the Jersey boys get up and begin to move. ‘What!’ I exclaimed; ‘who heard the order for you to move, boys?’ It was evident that they were nervous, because they hadn’t waited for their own officers to give them orders.

“All this time these peculiar telescopic shot were coming from the enemy’s lines—not in volleys, but in individual balls, half a minute or a minute apart, and they made a sort of loquat noise, bothersome to hear. After the men were arranged, Gen. Sedgwick came down along the line, and he saw at one place that a battery, or a part of a battery, had advanced beyond the infantry line, and the infantry were being annoyed by these sharpshooters, who naturally fired toward the pieces. The balls, falling among the men, produced some little annoyance, and Sedgwick stepped outside through the line of battle to order these guns to be slightly changed in position.

“I went out there with him, and said: ‘general, I wish you wouldn’t stay out here.’

“‘What is the matter,’ said he?

“While we were speaking these sharpshooters’ balls would come, making a noise like an insect in midsummer—something of a scream and something of a grinding in the sound.

“‘Why, general,’ said I, ‘we have lost several officers this morning. These are telescopic rifles, and they are evidently picking out the officers.’

“‘O, pshaw,’ said Gen. Sedgwick, ‘I don’t believe they could hit an elephant at that distance.’

“At this moment one of those balls came screaming through the air, and suddenly stopped; it stopped with a kind of lumping or thudding sound. I thought I was hit myself, and I turned to Sedgwick, and there was a smile on his face.

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"Said I: 'General,' and I repeated the word 'general.' At that moment there burst from his cheek, right under the eye, a great spurt of blood, which fell upon my face and breast, and he turned half way and fell on me; he was a heavy man, and we both fell to the ground, myself all covered with his blood. I called him 'general' repeatedly, telling him to speak—to hear me. I was in dreadful agony of mind, and could not believe he was dead. Although the blood continued to pour from his wound that smiling expression never left his lips. When he was shot I could see the men in that instance, depressed as I was, crawling up out of their rifle-pits and little ramparts on their hands looking at us from both directions. I can still see that scene of surprise, astonishment, wonder, grief all along that blue line. We took him back through the line of battle, and then I got on my horse and rode to Grant's headquarters. I was all covered with blood, and when I went in first they thought I was wounded.

"Said I. 'No,' interpreting what they meant.

"In a minute they all cried out 'Sedgwick.'

"I burst into tears, and sat down there and cried."

An Anecdote of Stephen A. Douglas.

[Cor. Louisville Courier-Journal.]

When Douglas swung around the circle in 1860, he made a speech at Nashville. Just before he appeared on the balcony of the hotel to address the immense audience he swallowed two tumblers of undiluted brandy without batting an eye, and within two minutes was delivering the best speech he made during the canvass, beginning with the ringing words: "Sixteen years ago to-day, fellow citizens, I visited the city of Nashville, battling for the principles of Democracy, urging the preferment of a noble son of Tennessee, and received the thanks and benediction of the hero and sage at the Hermitage." It was a splendid speech, and the liquor he had drunk seemed only slightly to exhilarate him as tea does the delicate organism of a lady.

"Theodora" in Munich.

Sarah Bernhardt will have only one spectator at her performance of "Theodora" in Munich. It will be the king of Bavaria, who pays \$4,000 for the privilege of being the entire audience.

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The St. Paul Chamber of Commerce has declared for the Tehuantepec Ship Railway, reading "that our government at the earliest practicable moment and in the most practicable way should take steps, with or without the aid of other national powers, to secure its construction."

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