THE GILDER LEHRMAN
INSTITUTE of AMERICAN HISTORY

Course Reader

Gettysburg: History and Memory

Professor Allen Guelzo

GETTYSBURG in HISTORY and MEMORY
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First Moves Brandy Station & Winchester	❑ William Swallow, "From Fredericksburg to Gettysburg," *Southern Bivouac* 4 (November 1885) ❑ "Fight at Brandy Station" (June 10, 1863), in in *The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events, with Documents*, ed. Frank Moore (New York, 1864), volume seven
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Appendices:	Michael Zuckert,"De(a)dication: Lincoln, Gettysburg, and the Founders" - University of Notre Dame (2006) Maps Union and Confederate Orders of Battle

THE SITUATION 1863

A.R. Boteler, "Stonewall Jackson In Campaign Of 1862," *Southern Historical Society Papers* 40 (September 1915)

It will be remembered by those who are familiar with the history of military operations in the Valley of Virginia during the late Civil War that the Battle of Winchester, which was so successfully fought by Stonewall Jackson, on Sunday, the 25th of May, 1862, not only forced the Federal general, [Nathaniel] Banks, to seek safety for himself and followers beyond the Potomac and, in his precipitate flight, to abandon an immense amount of valuable stores of every description, but that it, likewise, caused such uneasiness among the authorities at Washington as to lead them to countermand their orders to [Irvin] McDowell, who at that time had an army of 40,000 men at Fredericksburg, with which to reinforce [George B.] McClellan in front of Richmond, but, who, instead of doing that, was required to detach a portion of his command to the defense of the Federal capital, and with another part of it, consisting of 20,000 men, to march across the Blue Ridge to Front Royal for the purpose of intercepting the victorious Confederates. So that Jackson, by one and the same blow, effectually disposed of the force under Banks, furnished his own command with a superabundance of much-needed supplies, practically neutralized the fine army of McDowell and indefinitely postponed the plans of McClellan for the reduction of Richmond. But in securing these advantages, while he had diminished the dangers that threatened the Confederate capital, he had at the same time increased the perils of his own position, for the Federal government, as already intimated, being thoroughly frightened by his successes and supposing that his purpose was to advance on Washington, promptly put in motion all the available means in its power to check his progress. ...

With this preliminary explanation it will be seen what was the state of affairs with Jackson on Friday, the fifth day after the battle of Winchester.... Early in the afternoon of the Friday above mentioned, May 30th, the general and his staff—of which I was then a member—were on a hill near Halltown, to the right of the turnpike, where one of our batteries was engaged in an artillery duel with some heavy guns of the enemy that were posted on an eminence in the direction of Bolivar Heights. ...On placing myself by his side, he said: "I want you to go to Richmond for me. I must have reinforcements. You can explain to them down there what the situation is here. Get as many men as can be spared, and I'd like you, if you please, to go as soon as you can." After expressing to him my readiness to go at once and to do what I could to have his force increased.

I said: "But you must first tell me, general, what is the situation here." Whereupon he informed me of McDowell's movement, how he was transferring a large portion of his army from Fredericksburg to the Valley, by way of Manassas Gap, to cut him off.... Said he..."You may tell them, too, that if my command can be gotten up to 40,000 men a movement may be made beyond the Potomac, which will soon raise the siege of Richmond and transfer this campaign from the banks of the James to those of the Susquehanna."

James Longstreet, "Lee in Pennsylvania," in *Annals of the War Written by leading Participants North and South* (Philadelphia, 1879)

After the defeat of [Ambrose] Burnside at Fredericksburg, in December, it was believed that active operations were over for the winter, and I was sent with two divisions of my corps to the eastern shore of Virginia, where I could find food for my men during the winter, and send supplies to the Army of Northern Virginia. I spent several months in this department, keeping the enemy close within his fortifications, and foraging with little trouble and great success. On May 1st, I received orders to report to General Lee at Fredericksburg. General [Joseph] Hooker had begun to throw his army across the Rappahannock, and the active campaign was opening. I left Suffolk as soon as possible, and hurried my troops forward. Passing through Richmond, I called to pay my respects to Mr. [James] Seddon, the Secretary of War. Mr. Seddon was, at the time of my visit, deeply considering the critical condition of [John C.] Pemberton's army at Vicksburg, around which General [Ulysses] Grant was then decisively drawing his lines. He informed me that he had in contemplation a plan for concentrating a succoring army at Jackson, Mississippi, under the command of General [Joseph E.] Johnston, with a view of driving Grant from before Vicksburg by a direct issue-at-arms. He

suggested that possibly my corps might be needed to make the army strong enough to handle Grant, and asked me my views. I replied that there was a better plan, in my judgment, for relieving Vicksburg than by a direct assault upon Grant. I proposed that the army then concentrating at Jackson, Mississippi, be moved swiftly to Tullahoma, where General [Braxton] Bragg was then located with a fine army, confronting an army of about equal strength under General [William S.] Rosecrans, and that at the same time the two divisions of my corps be hurried forward to the same point. The simultaneous arrival of these reinforcements would give us a grand army at Tullahoma. With this army General Johnston might speedily crush Rosecrans, and that he should then turn his force toward the north, and with his splendid army march through Tennessee and Kentucky, and threaten the invasion of Ohio. My idea was that, in the march through those States, the army would meet 'no organized obstruction; would be supplied with provisions and even reinforcements by those friendly to our cause, and would inevitably result in drawing Grant's army from Vicksburg to look after and protect his own territory. Mr. Seddon adhered to his original views; not so much, I think, from his great confidence in them, as from the difficulty of withdrawing the force suggested from General Lee's army. I was very thoroughly impressed with the practicability of the plan, however, and when I reached General Lee I laid it before him with the freedom justified by our close personal and official relations. The idea seemed to be a new one to him, but he was evidently seriously impressed with it. We discussed it over and over, and I discovered that his main objection to it was that it would, if adopted, force him to divide his army. He left no room to doubt, however, that he believed the idea of an offensive campaign was not only important, but necessary.

At length, while we were discussing the idea of a western forward movement, he asked me if I did not think an invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania by his own army would accomplish the same result, and I replied that I did not see that it would, because this movement would be too hazardous, and the campaign in thoroughly Union States would require more time and greater preparation than one through Tennessee and Kentucky. I soon discovered that he had determined that he would make some forward movement, and I finally assented that the Pennsylvania campaign might be brought to a successful issue if he could make it offensive in strategy, but defensive in tactics. This point was urged with great persistency. I suggested that, after piercing Pennsylvania and menacing Washington, We should choose a strong position, and force the Federals to attack us, observing that the popular clamor throughout the North would speedily force the Federal general to attempt to drive us out. I recalled to him the battle of Fredericksburg as an instance of a defensive battle, when, with a few thousand men, we hurled the whole Federal army back, crippling and demoralizing it, with trifling loss to our own troops; and Chancellorsville as an instance of an offensive battle, where we dislodged the Federals, it is true, but at such a terrible sacrifice that half a dozen such victories would have ruined us. It will be remembered that Stonewall Jackson once said that "we sometimes fail to drive the enemy from a position. They always fail to drive us." I reminded him, too, of Napoleon's advice to Marmont, to whom he said, when putting him at the head of an invading army, "Select your ground, and make your enemy attack you." I recall these points, simply because I desire to have it distinctly understood that, while I first suggested to General Lee the idea of an offensive campaign, I was never persuaded to yield my argument against the Gettysburg campaign, except with the understanding that we were not to deliver an offensive battle, but to so maneuvre that the enemy should be forced to attack us—or, to repeat, that our campaign should be one of offensive strategy, but defensive tactics. Upon this understanding my assent was given, and General Lee, who had been kind enough to discuss the matter with me patiently, gave the order of march….

"Letter from Major-General Henry Heth, of A.P. Hill's Corps, A.N.V.," *Southern Historical Society Papers* 4 (September 1877)

…Just here let us take a retrospective view, and consider what the Army of Northern Virginia had in one year accomplished. In 1862, eighty thousand strong, it attacked the Federal army, one hundred thousand strong, and after seven days' fighting drove that army to shelter under its gunboats. Following up this success, after a series of engagements, [John] Pope was driven across the Potomac. Then followed the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam), when possibly the fighting capacity of the Army of Northern Virginia never shone brighter. Its numbers reduced by fighting, fatigue, and hard marching to less than forty thousand strong, it gained a drawn battle against its adversary, who numbered nearly, if not quite one hundred thousand men. Then came Fredericksburg, where, with its ranks recuperated to seventy-eight thousand, it hurled across the Rappahannock river an adversary who had crossed with one hundred and ten thousand men. Then follows that most daring and

wonderful battle, Chancellorsville, where it again triumphed, fifty thousand strong, against its adversary, numbering one hundred and thirty-two thousand, compelling him again to seek shelter behind the Rappahannock. After such a series of successes, with such disparity of numbers, is it wonderful that the Army of Northern Virginia and its great leader should have believed it capable of accomplishing anything in the power of an army to accomplish? says "it was a mistake to invade the Northern States at all," and then gives very clearly and concisely his reasons for entertaining this opinion. Some of the reasons substantiating this view I shall answer hereafter. I think from this standpoint, and especially looking at the sequel of the invasion of Pennsylvania in 1863, he is correct, and I have no doubt that by far the greater number of historians who may follow him will entertain like opinions. It is, possibly, very natural for myself and other officers who served in the Army of Northern Virginia to permit our judgments to be biased by the opinions of one whom we loved, admired and trusted in, as much as we did, in any opinion entertained by our great Commander. I will state General Lee's views in regard to the invasion of Pennsylvania, as given by him to me and to another. A short time before General Grant crossed the Rapidan, in the spring of 1864, General Lee said to me: "If I could do so—unfortunately I cannot—I would again cross the Potomac and invade Pennsylvania. I believe it to be our true policy, notwithstanding the failure of last year. An invasion of the enemy's country breaks up all of his preconceived plans, relieves our country of his presence, and we subsist while there on his resources. The question of food for this army gives me more trouble and uneasiness than everything else combined ; the absence of the army from Virginia gives our people an opportunity to collect supplies ahead. The legitimate fruits of a victory, if gained in Pennsylvania, could be more readily reaped than on our own soil. We would have been in a few days' march of Philadelphia, and the occupation of that city would have given us peace." It is very difficult for any one not connected with the Army of Northern Virginia to realize how straitened we were for supplies of all kinds, especially food. The ration of a general officer was double that of a private, and so meagre was that double supply that frequently to appease my hunger I robbed my horse of a handful of corn, which, parched in the fire, served to allay the cravings of nature. What must have been the condition of the private?

After the battle of Gettysburg the President of the Confederate States, desiring to communicate with General Lee, sent Major Seddon, a brother of the Secretary of War, to General Lee's headquarters, when the following conversation took place: General Lee said, "Major Seddon, from what you have observed, are the people as much depressed at the battle of Gettysburg as the newspapers appear to indicate?" Upon Major Seddon's reply that he thought they were, General Lee continued: "To show you how little value is to be attached to popular sentiment in such matters, I beg to call your attention to the popular feeling after the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At Fredericksburg we gained a battle, inflicting very serious loss on the enemy in men and material; our people were greatly elated—I was much depressed. We had really accomplished nothing; we had not gained a foot of ground, and I knew the enemy could easily replace the men he had lost, and the loss of material was, if anything, rather beneficial to him, as it gave an opportunity to contractors to make money. At Chancellorsville we gained another victory; our people were wild with delight—I, on the contrary, was more depressed than after Fredericksburg; -our loss was severe, and again we had gained not an inch of ground and the enemy could not be pursued. After the battle of Chancellorsville matters stood thus: Hooker in my front, with an army more than a hundred thousand strong; [John G.] Foster preparing to advance into North Carolina; [John A.] Dix preparing to advance on Richmond from Fortress Monroe; [Erastus] Tyler in the Kanawha Valley preparing to unite with [Robert] Milroy, who was in the Valley of Virginia, collecting men and material for an advance on Staunton. To oppose these movements I had sixty thousand men. It would have been folly to have divided my army; the armies of the enemy were too far apart for me to attempt to fall upon them in detail. I considered the problem in every possible phase, and to my mind it resolved itself into the choice of one of two things: either to retire on Richmond and stand a siege, which must ultimately have ended in surrender, or to invade Pennsylvania. I chose the latter….

Lee to Jefferson Davis (June 10, 1863), in *O.R.*, series one, 27 (pt 3)

Mr. President: I beg leave to bring to your attention a subject with reference to which I have thought that the course pursued by writers and speakers among us has had a tendency to interfere with our success. I refer to the manner in which the demonstration of a desire for peace at the North has been received in our country.

I think there can be no doubt that journalists and others at the South, to whom the Northern people naturally look for a reflection of our opinions, have met these indications in such wise as to weaken the hands of

the advocates of a pacific policy on the part of the Federal Government, and give much encouragement to those who urge a continuance of the war.

Recent political movements in the United States, and the comments of influential newspapers upon them, have attracted my attention particularly to this subject, which I deem not unworthy of the consideration of Your Excellency, nor inappropriate to be adverted to by me, in view of its connection with the situation of military affairs. Conceding to our enemies the superiority claimed by them in numbers, resources, and all the means and appliances for carrying on the war, we have no right to look for exemptions from the military consequences of a vigorous use of these advantages, excepting by such deliverance as the mercy of Heaven may accord to the courage of our soldiers, the justice of our cause, and the constancy and prayers of our people. While making the most we can of the means of resistance we possess, and gratefully accepting the measure of success with which God has blessed our efforts as an earnest of His approval and favor, it is nevertheless the part of wisdom to carefully measure and husband our strength, and not to expect from it more than in the ordinary course of affairs it is capable of accomplishing. We should not, therefore, conceal from ourselves that our resources in men are constantly diminishing, and the disproportion in this respect between us and our enemies, if they continue united in their efforts to subjugate us, is steadily augmenting.

The decrease of the aggregate of this army, as disclosed by the returns, affords an illustration of this fact. Its effective strength varies from time to time, but the falling off in its aggregate shows that its ranks are growing weaker and that its losses are not supplied by recruits.

Under these circumstances, we should neglect no honorable means of dividing and weakening our enemies, that they may feel some of the difficulties experienced by ourselves. It seems to me that the most effectual mode of accomplishing this object, now within our reach, is to give all the encouragement we can, consistently with truth, to the rising peace party of the North.

Nor do I think we should, in this connection, make nice distinction between those who declare for peace unconditionally and those who advocate it as a means of restoring the Union, however much we may prefer the former.

We should bear in mind that the friends of peace at the North must make concessions to the earnest desire that exists in the minds of their countrymen for a restoration of the Union, and that to hold out such a result as an inducement is essential to the success of their party.

Should the belief that peace will bring back the Union become general, the war would no longer be supported, and that, after all, is what we are interested in bringing about. When peace is proposed to us, it will be time enough to discuss its terms, and it is not the part of prudence to spurn the proposition in advance, merely because those who wish to make it believe, or affect to believe, that it will result in bringing us back to the Union. We entertain no such apprehensions, nor doubt that the desire of our people for a distinct and independent national existence will prove as steadfast under the influence of peaceful measures as it has shown itself in the midst of war.

If the views I have indicated meet the approval of Your Excellency, you will best know how to give effect to them. Should you deem them inexpedient or impracticable, I think you will nevertheless agree with me that we should at least carefully abstain from measures or expressions that tend to discourage any party whose purpose is peace.

With the statement of my own opinion on the subject, the length of which you will excuse, I leave to your better judgment to determine the proper course to be pursued.

The Armies

Richard Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction: Personal Experiences of the Late War in the United States* (Edinburgh, 1879)

A high opinion has been expressed of the strategy of Lee, by which Jackson's forces from the Valley were suddenly thrust between M'Dowell and M'Clellan's right, and it deserves all praise; but the tactics on the field were vastly inferior to the strategy. Indeed it may be confidently asserted that from Cold Harbour to Malvern Hill inclusive, there was nothing but a series of blunders, one after another, and all huge. The Confederate commanders knew no more about the topography of the country than they did about Central Africa. Here was a limited district, the whole of it within a day's march of the city of Richmond, capital of Virginia and the Confederacy, almost the first spot on the continent occupied by the British race, the Chickahominy itself classic by legends of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas; and yet we were profoundly ignorant of the country, were without maps, sketches, or proper guides, and nearly as helpless as if we had been suddenly transferred to the banks of the Lualaba. The day before the battle of Malvern Hill, President Davis could not find a guide with intelligence enough to show him the way from one of our columns to another; and this fact I have from him. People find a small cable in the middle of the ocean, a thousand fathoms below the surface. For two days we lost M'Clellan's great army in a few miles of woodland, and never had any definite knowledge of its movements. Let it be remembered, too, that M'Clellan had opened the peninsular campaign weeks before, indicating this very region to be the necessary theatre of conflict; that the Confederate commander (up to the time of his wound at Fair Oaks), General Johnston, had been a topographical engineer in the United States army; while his successor, General Lee—another engineer—had been on duty at the War Office in Richmond and in constant intercourse with President Davis, who was educated at West Point and served seven years; and then think of our ignorance in a military sense of the ground over which we were called to fight. Everyone must agree that it was amazing. Even now I can scarcely realise it. M'Clellan was as superior to us in knowledge of our own land as were the Germans to the French in their late war, and owed the success of his retreat to it, although credit must be given to his ability. We had much praying at various headquarters, and large reliance on special providences; but none were vouchsafed, by pillar of cloud or fire, to supplement our ignorance; so we blundered on, like people trying to read without knowledge of their letters.

John S. Robson, *How a One-Legged Rebel Lives: Reminiscences of the Civil War* (Durham, 1898)

We used to notice one curious difference between the Northern and Southern generals during the war. Their commanding generals of armies and army corps on battle-days kept at their headquarters, long distance from the field, and using their well-appointed staff officers and couriers exclusively in communicating their orders to the troops, while the Southern generals were up among their men, directing and leading their movements, and encouraging them at the critical points.

I am sure that if the Northern soldiers had been thus led and handled, so they could have had the same confidence in their generals the Southern men had, they would have ended the war in less than four years. Everything else being equal, one man is as good as another, but one soldier, having confidence in his commander, is worth ten half-hearted fellows, who have little faith in their general and only see him at review. We did not have the same discipline—in regard to our generals anyhow—that the Northern army had, and ours did not make the same display of "fuss and feathers" with brilliant staff officers, nor require the same flourishing of caps and saluting with arms presented whenever they met us. Ours met spontaneous salutes of cheers right from the hearts of their admiring soldiers, and I have seen Jackson, Ewell and others do some very hard riding, bareheaded, along the columns to escape the noisy homage of their devoted followers.

George H. Washburn, *A Complete Military History and Record of the 108th Regiment N.Y. Vols., from 1862 to 1894* (Rochester, 1894)

Washed or unwashed the "gray back" would insidiously invade men's clothing, and as they multiplied rapidly and as thickly as grass seed, soldiers garments became a medium for mass conventions of livestock of a maddening, aggravated character…. We have noticed officers and men's limbs raw from the parasites feasting on them, and unless strenuous efforts were made to check their revelry, the afflicted subjects would become emaciated, disheartened and fall victims thereto. ...They did not invade the hair on the head; their race-course seemed to be men's spinal columns, and their lunching resort was mostly on the woof of men's stockings about the ankles. On a hot day, marching, they were very aggravating. …Another parasite that would engraft itself upon and in men's flesh was the coy "wood tick," and they were of such dimensions that no magnifying lens was required to see them. Camping in woods and lying upon wet leaves would yield a full quota of the torment to the men, with their heads embedded in the flesh; and the task of pulling them off, generally leaving the heads in the flesh, which caused an irritating pea-like swelling, was not of a nature…to check the profanity which waxed strong.

Thomas Hyde, *Following the Greek Cross, or Memories of the Sixth Army Corps* (Boston, 1894)

…they insisted on making me major in spite of my extreme youth, as I was the only man in the regiment who could drill a company. Even now I can recall the thrill of joy and dread and gratified pride that the unexpected vote gave me; but the responsibilities were too huge and I promptly declined, and would probably have persisted in declining, had not Mr. John B. Swanton and Colonel Harding, by their encouragement and insistence, almost forced me into it. I did not know then that the principal duties of a major were to ride on the flank of the rear division, say nothing, look as well as possible, and long for promotion. The two lieutenants soon heard of my unexpected exaltation, and promptly took the train for their homes, neither being willing to take the captaincy; and it was only on my promising to be captain, too, till I could find a substitute, that I was able to get them back to camp.

It was intended that the 7th Maine should stay long enough in camp at Augusta to get some cohesion and be able to march together; but long before they did it happened that orders came to send us to the front. Imagine my consternation on receiving them, when I reflected that the colonel had not yet been allowed by the war department to accept, that the lieutenant-colonel had not come, and that I, the newly fledged major, had to take this mob of one thousand men to Washington. To make it worse, when the order to break camp came, it was a literal copy of the one used by Colonel O.O. Howard, a West Pointer, to take the 3d Maine out of Augusta. He had taken one used at West Point for some grand function by the corps of cadets, and it was longer than one of Grant's orders moving the army toward Richmond. I remember the tent pegs were to be pulled in order at tap of drum, and the operation of taking care of them would take a week to learn.

Spencer Glasgow Welch to Cordelia Strother Welch (August 18, 1862), in *A Confederate Surgeon's Letters to His Wife* (New York, 1911)

The crops of corn are magnificent and are almost matured, but wherever our army goes, roasting ears and green apples suffer. I have often read of how armies are disposed to pillage and plunder, but could never conceive of it before. Whenever we stop for twenty-four hours every corn field and orchard within two or three miles is completely stripped. The troops not only rob the fields, but they go to the houses and insist on being fed, until they eat up everything about a man's premises which can be eaten. Most of them pay for what they get at the houses, and are charged exorbitant prices, but a hungry soldier will give all he has for

something to eat, and will then steal when hunger again harasses him. When in health and tormented by hunger he thinks of little else besides home and something to eat. He does not seem to dread the fatiguing marches and arduous duties.

A wounded soldier who has been in Jackson's army for a long time told me his men had but one suit of clothes each, and whenever a suit became very dirty the man would pull it off and wash it and then wait until it dried. I believe this to be a fact….

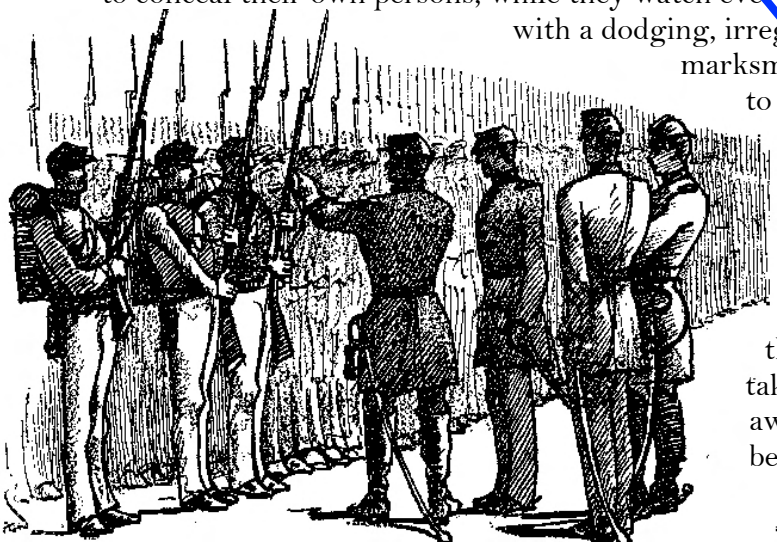
Abner R. Small, *The Road to Richmond: Civil War Memoirs of Major Abner R. Small of the Sixteenth Maine Volunteers*, ed. H.A. Small (Berkeley, 1939)

Clothes

His suit is a model one, cut after the regulation pattern, fifty thousand at a time, and of just two sizes. If he is a small man, God pity him; if he is a big man, God pity him still more…. His forage cap, with its leather visor, when dry curls up, when wet hangs down, and usually covers on or both ears. His army brogans, nothing can ever make shine, or even black…and he doesn't crease trousers…. The knapsack…is an unwieldy burden with its rough, coarse contents of flannel and sole leather and sometimes twenty rounds of ammunition extra. …All this is crowned with a double wool blanket and half a shelter tent rolled in a rubber blanket. One shoulder and the hips support the "commissary department"—an odorous haversack, which often stinks with its mixture of bacon, pork, salt junk, sugar, coffee, tea, dessicated vegetable, rice, bits of yesterday's dinner, and old scraps husbanded with miserly care against a day of want….

Mrs. Arabella M. Willson, *Disaster, Struggle, Triumph: The Adventures of 1000 "Boys in Blue," from August, 1862, until June, 1865* (Albany, 1870)

As skirmishing is a most important feature in war, and as few unmilitary people have a correct idea of it, we will insert some descriptive notices of this peculiar mode of warfare. So important is it, that skirmish drill is part of the training in every well drilled organization. The men are trained to use every wile and manoeuvre to conceal their own persons, while they watch every opportunity to pick off their antagonists. To run with a dodging, irregular, zigzag motion, so as to foil the eye of a marksman; to crawl like a reptile among vines and bushes; to hide behind trees, or rocks and stones, or in rifle-pits; to keep the eye steathily but steadily fixed upon the foe; in short, to imitate in every possible manner the cunning of the savage or the beast of prey, these are the accomplishments of the skirmisher. No trick is thought disgraceful; no stratagem to throw the enemy off his guard is thought unmilitary, if only successful; and, when he takes his murderous aim, the skirmisher is fully aware that, at the same moment, an unseen foe may be taking equally fatal aim at him.



John H. Rhodes, *The History of Battery B, First Regiment Rhode Island Light Artillery, in the War to Preserve the Union* (Providence, 1894)

Previous to the fall of 1861 the field artillery was in an unsatisfactory condition. The high reputation which it had gained in Mexico was lost by the active and persistent hostility of the war department, which almost immediately dismounted three-fourths of its authorized batteries. …Again in 1861 Congress amply provided for the proper organization and command of the artillery in the field, but as there was no chief nor special administration for that arm, and no regulation for its government, its organization, control and direction were left to the fancies of the various army commanders. …No adequate measures were taken for the supply of recruits, and the batteries were frequently dependent on the infantry of the divisions to which they were attached for men enough to work their guns in battle. For battery-draft they were often glad to get the refuse horses after the ambulance and quarter-masters' trains were supplied. …On taking command of the

army General Hooker had transferred the military command of the artillery to his own headquarters…which resulted in such mismanagement and confusion at Chancellorsville that he consented to organize the artillery into brigades. This was a decided improvement and would have been greater if the brigade commanders had held adequate rank. Of the fourteen brigades organized four were commanded by field officers, nine by captains, and one by a lieutenant taken from their batteries for the purpose. The number of field batteries was sixty-five of 370 guns, 212 with the infantry, fifty with the cavalry, and 108 in the reserve.

A Gallant Captain of the Civil War: Being the Record of the Extraordinary Adven-tures of Frederick Otto Baron von Fritsch [Capt, 68th NY], ed. Joseph Tyler Butts (New York, 1902)

General Alexander von Schimmelpfennig was, in spite of his long name, a man of small stature, and slender build. His health was not good, and he suffered from dyspepsia, as a consequence of the eighteen months of hard life in the field. He was highly educated, and, after having left the Prussian service as a captain, he became by profession an engineer and splendid draughtsman. He was not sociable, and liked to be left alone, except before retiring at night. In the day time, when not feeling well, he was generally cross, and his orders were given in a sharp and very commanding voice. He was a strict disciplinarian and an excellent officer, but somewhat soured, and with no inclination to meet superior officers. He dressed in very old uniforms, and thought nothing of appearances…. "The great misfortune and worst feature in this army is that the Generals lack experience," he said once. "They provide remarkably well, and at times most extravagantly, for the troops; they plan good campaigns; but when firing commences, or the enemy does not act as they had calculated, they lose their heads and are unable to control, assist or manoeuvre their corps. We always lack support in case of need, and reserves are never placed in the right positions. I have seen no generalship shown on the battlefield as yet. The selection of staff officers is very bad with most Generals. They detail relations, sons of old friends, or m soldiers, have no maps, no knowledge of the country, no eyes to see where help is needed, and brigades, or regiments are left in the lurch after the attacks. But things will get better and better, and may God inspire our great President soon to pick out a commander who possesses some of Napoleon's or Moltke's genius. There is much jealousy among the Generals, and each one is anxious for personal glory and not over-anxious to assist his fellow commanders, particularly if the latter be German-Americans. So, my dear Aid, in any battle we may fight together, let us look out for ourselves, and never expect outside help. Do not even trust other German Generals. They have caught the spirit, and wish success for themselves only. Very selfish, but almost excusable in the general circumstances. I have given up all hopes of further promotion, but intend to do my duty at all times, and if possible gain some reputation for my brigade, small as it is."

THE COMMANDERS

Peter Wellington Alexander, "Robert E. Lee," *Southern Literary Messenger* (January 1863)

CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS.

BY P. W. ALEXANDER.

ROBERT E. LEE.

The Confederacy is fortunate in having such a man as General Lee in its service. He is still in the prime and vigor of physical and intellectual manhood, being about fifty-five years of age. He is six feet in height, weighs about one hundred and ninety pounds; is erect, well formed, and of imposing appearance; has clear, bright, benignant black eyes, dark gray hair, and a heavy gray beard. He is exceedingly plain in his dress, and one looks at his costume in vain for those insignia of rank for which most officers show such a weakness. He wears an unassuming black felt hat, with a narrow strip of gold lace around it, and a plain Bull Run coat, with three stars on the collar, but without the usual braiding on the sleeves. He travels and sleeps in an ambulance, when the army is in motion, and occupies a tent when it is stationary, and not the largest and best house in the neighbourhood, as is the custom of some officers. In a few words, he cares but little for appearances, though one of the handsomest men in the Confederacy, and is content to take the same fare his soldiers get.

In character and personal deportment, he is all that the most ardent patriot can desire. Grave and dignified, he is yet modest and painfully distrustful of his own abilities. The descendant of a gallant officer of the elder revolution, the husband of the grand daughter (by adoption) of Gen. Washington, the inheritor of a large estate, and the trusted leader of a great and victorious army, he is nevertheless accessible to the humblest and most ragged soldier in the ranks, courteous to his officers, just and kind to citizens, and withal, and above all, a meek and humble christian.

During the time the army was in Maryland, an officer of high position in the country suggested a number of reasons to Gen. Lee in support of a grave measure then under discussion. Among others, he remarked to him, that he was trusted by his Government, had the hearts of his soldiers, and possessed the entire confidence of his country, and that the army, the Government and the people relied upon his patriotism and genius. Tears rushed to his eyes, and he exclaimed, "Do not say that—do not say that. I am sensible of my weakness, and such a responsibility as your remark implies would crush me, to the earth." He said, in the course of the same conversation, that there was nothing he so much desired as peace and independence. All he had and all he hoped for—all that ambition could suggest or glory give—he would freely give them all to stop the flow of blood and secure freedom to the country. He did not doubt that these blessings would come in due season; but he wanted them now, and would readily sacrifice every thought of personal aggrandizement to save the life of even one soldier.

Gen. Lee, though not possessing the first order of intellect, is endowed with rare judgment and equanimity, unerring sagacity, great self-control, and extraordinary powers of combination. Like Washington, he is a wise man and a good man, and possesses in an eminent degree those qualities which are indispensable in the great leader and champion upon whom the country rests its hope of present success and future independence. In simple intellect, there are other officers in the service who are his equals, and perhaps his superiors; and as a mere fighter, there are some who may excel him. But in the qualities of a commander entrusted with the duty of planning and executing a campaign upon a large scale, and with the direction and government of a large army, whether scattered over a broad extent of territory or massed together as at Richmond, he surpasses them all, and is the peer of any living chieftain in the New World or the Old. The country should feel grateful that Heaven has raised up one in our midst so worthy of our confidence and so capable to lead. The grandson of Washington, so to speak, let us hope that the mantle of the ascending hero has fallen upon the wise and modest chief who now commands the army of Northern Virginia.

J. William Jones, *Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee* (New York, 1875)

General Preston thus gives the opinion of General Winfield Scott of his favorite officer:

"I remember when General Lee was appointed lieutenant-colonel, at the same time when Sidney Johnston was appointed colonel, and General Scott thought that Lee should have been colonel. I was talking with General Scott on the subject long before the late struggle between the North and South took place, and he then said that Lee was the greatest living soldier in America. He didn't object to the other commission, but he thought Lee should be first promoted. Finally, he said to me, with emphasis, what you will pardon me for relating: 'I tell you that if I were on my death-bed to-morrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, Let it be Robert E. Lee.'"

In his address at a memorial meeting in Baltimore, Hon. Reverdy Johnson bore the following testimony:

"It was his good fortune to know him many years since, before the Mexican War, immediately preceding the great struggle, and after it. The conduct of General Lee at every period was everything that could command the respect, admiration, and love of man. He (Mr. Johnson) had been intimate with the late General Scott, commander of the Army of Mexico…and he had heard General Scott more than once say that his success was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee. It was a theme upon which he (General Scott) liked to converse, and he stated his purpose to recommend him as his successor in the chief command of the army.

He (Mr. Johnson) was with General Scott in April, 1861, when he received the resignation of General Lee, and witnessed the pain it caused him. It was a sad blow to the success of that war, in which his own sword had as yet been unsheathed. Much as General Scott regretted it, he never failed to say that he was convinced that Lee had taken that step from an imperative sense of duty. General Scott was consoled in a great measure by the reflection that he would have as his opponent a soldier worthy of every man's esteem, and one who would conduct the war upon the strictest rules of civilized warfare. There would be no outrages committed upon private persons or private property which he could prevent. . . .

Robert E. Lee is worthy of all praise. As a man, he was peerless among men. As a soldier, he had no superior and no equal. As a humane and Christian soldier, he towers high in the political horizon. He remembered with what delight, while he was the representative of the country at the court of Great Britain, he heard the praises of General Lee's character and fame from eminent soldiers and statesmen of that country. The occasion does not require any comparisons that were made between the generals of the North and Lee by the public opinion of England. There was not one of them who was the superior of Robert E. Lee. It was not only the skill with which he planned his campaigns, it was the humane manner in which he carried them out. He heard the praises which were bestowed upon Lee's order of June 26, 1863, issued in Pennsylvania, to his army, in which he told his men not to forget that the honor of the army required them to observe the same humanity in the country of the enemy as in their own."

As confirmatory of the statements of General Scott's opinion of Lee, I give in full the following letter:

"Headquarters of The Army, May 8, 1857.

John B. Floyd, Secretary of War.

Sir: I beg to ask that one of the vacant second-lieutenancies may be given to W. H. F. Lee, son of Brevet-Colonel R. E. Lee, at present on duty against the Comanches.

I make this application mainly on the extraordinary merits of the father—the very best soldier that lever saw in the field— but the son is himself a very remarkable youth, now about twenty, of a fine stature and constitution, a good linguist, a good mathematician, and about to graduate at Harvard University. He is also honorable, and amiable like his father, and dying to enter the army. I do not ask this commission as a favor, though if I had influence I should be happy to exert it in this case. My application is in the name of national justice, in part payment (and but a small part) of the debt due to the invaluable services of Colonel Lee.

I have the honor to be, with high respect,

Your obedient servant,

Winfield Scott."

Defense of his name today

Rev. Dr. Brantley stated, in a memorial discourse at Atlanta, that in a conversation with him General George Meade, of the United States Army, had stated as his very emphatic opinion that Lee was "by far the ablest Confederate general which the war produced."

Jefferson Davis, "Robert E. Lee," *North American Review* 150 (January 1890)

ROBERT EDWARD LEE, gentleman, scholar, gallant soldier, great general, and true Christian, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on January 19, 1807. He was the youngest son of General Henry Lee, who was familiarly known as Light- Horse Harry in the traditions of the war of the Revolution, and who possessed the marked confidence and personal regard of General Washington. R. E. Lee entered the United States Military Academy in the summer of 1825, after which my acquaintance with him commenced. He was, as I remember him, larger and looked more mature than the average pleb, but less so than [Charles] Mason, who was destined to be the head of his class. His soldierly bearing and excellent conduct caused him in due succession to rise through the several grades and to be the adjutant of the corps of cadets when he was graduated. It is stated that he had not then a demerits mark standing against him, which is quite credible if all reports against him had been cancelled, because they were not for wanton or intentional delinquency. Though numerically rated second in his class, his proficiency was such that he was assigned to the engineer corps, which for many years he adorned both as a military and civil engineer. He was of the highest type of manly beauty, yet seemingly unconscious of it, and so respectful and unassuming as to make him a general favorite before his great powers had an opportunity for manifestation. His mind led him to analytic rather than perceptive methods for obtaining results. From the date of his graduation in 1829 until 1846 he was engaged in various professional duties, and had by regular promotion attained to the grade of captain of engineers. As such he offered for that which is the crowning glory of man: he offered himself for the welfare of others. He went to Mexico with the rank of captain of engineers, and by gallantry and meritorious conduct rose to the rank of colonel in the army, commission by brevet. After his return he resumed his duties as an officer of the Engineer Corps. While employed in the construction of Fort Carroll, near Baltimore, an event occurred which illustrates his nice sentiment of honor. Some members of the Cuban Junta called upon him and offered him the command of an expedition to overthrow the Spanish control of the island. A very large sum of money was to be paid immediately upon his acceptance of their proposition, and a large sum thenceforward was to be paid monthly. Lee came to Washington to converse with me upon the subject. After a brief discussion of the military problem, he said it was not that he had come to consult me about; the question he was considering was whether, while an officer in the United States Army and because of any reputation he might have acquired as such, he could accept a proposition for foreign service against a government with which the United States were at peace. The conclusion was his decision to decline any further correspondence with the Junta. In 1852 Colonel Lee was made superintendent of the United States Military Academy; a position for which he seemed to be peculiarly fitted as well by his attainments as by his fondness for young people, his fine personal appearance, and impressive manners. When, a year or two thereafter, I visited the academy, and was surprised to see so many gray hairs on his head, he confessed that the cadets did exceedingly worry him, and then it was perceptible that his sympathy with young people was rather an impediment than a qualification for the superintendency. In 1855 four new regiments were added to the army, two of cavalry and two of infantry. Captain Lee, of the engineers, brevet-colonel of the army, was offered the position of lieutenant- colonel of the Second Regiment of cavalry, which he accepted. He was a bold, graceful horseman, and the son of Light-Horse Harry now seemed to be in his proper element; but the chief of engineers endeavored to persuade him that it was a descent to go from the Engineer Corps into the cavalry. Soon after the regiment was organized and assigned to duty in Texas, the colonel, Albert Sidney Johnston, was selected to command an expedition to Utah, and the command of the regiment and the protection of the frontier of Texas against Indian marauders devolved upon Colonel Lee. There, as in every position he had occupied, diligence, sound judgment, and soldierly endowment made his service successful. In 1859, being on leave of absence in Virginia, he was made available for the suppression of the John Brown raid. As soon as relieved from that special assignment he returned to his command in Texas, and on April 25, 1861, resigned from the United States Army. Then was his devotion to principle subjected to a crucial test, the severity of which can only be fully realized by a West- Pointer whose life has been spent in the army. That it was to sever the friendships of youth, to break up the habits of inter- course, of manners, and of thought, others may comprehend and estimate; but the sentiment most profound in the heart of the war-worn cadet, and which made the change most painful to Lee, he has partially expressed in the letters he wrote at the time to his beloved sister and to his venerated friend and commander, General Winfield Scott.

Partisan malignants have not failed to misrepresent the conduct of Lee, even to the extent of charging him with treason and desertion; and, unable to appreciate his sacrifice to the allegiance due to Virginia, they have blindly ascribed his action to selfish ambition. It has been erroneously asserted that he was educated at the

expense of the general government, and an attempt has been made thence to deduce a special obligation to adhere to it. The cadets of the United States Military Academy are apportioned among the States in proportion to the number of representatives they severally have in the Congress; that is, one for each congressional district, with ten additional for the country at large. The annual appropriations for the support of the army and navy include the commissioned, warrant, and non-commissioned officers, privates, seamen, etc., etc. The cadets and midshipmen are warrant officers, and while at the academies are receiving elementary instruction in and for the public service. At whose expense are they taught and supported? Surely at that of the people, they who pay the taxes and imposts to supply the treasury with means to meet appropriations as well to pay generals and admirals as cadets and midshipmen. The cadets obligation for his place and support was to the State, by virtue of whose distributive share he was appointed, and whose contributions supplied the United States treasury; through the State, as a member of the Union, allegiance was due to it, and most usefully and nobly did Lee pay the debt both at home and abroad.

No proposition could be more absurd than that he was prompted by selfish ambitious to join the Confederacy. With a small part of his knowledge of the relative amount of material of war possessed by the North and South, any one must have seen that the chances of war were against us; but if thrice-armed Justice should enable the South to maintain her independence, as our fathers had done, notwithstanding the unequal contest, what selfish advantage could it bring to Lee? If, as some among us yet expected, many hoped, and all wished, there should be a peaceful separation, he would have left behind him all he had gained by long and brilliant service, and could not have in. our small army greater rank than was proffered to him in the larger one he had left. If active hostilities were prosecuted, his large property would be so exposed as to incur serious injury, if not destruction. His mother, Virginia, had revoked the grants she had voluntarily made to the Federal Government, and asserted the state sovereignty and independence she had won from the mother-country by the war of the Revolution; and thus, it was regarded, the allegiance of her sons became wholly her own. Above the voice of his friends at Washington, advising and entreating him to stay with them, rose the cry of Virginia calling her sons to defend her against threatened invasion. Lee heeded this cry only; alone he rode forth, as he had crossed the Pedrigal, his guiding star being duty, and offered his sword to Virginia. His offer was accepted, and he was appointed to the chief command of the forces of the State. Though his reception was most flattering and the confidence manifested in him unlimited, his conduct was conspicuous for the modesty and moderation which had always been characteristic of him. The South had been involved in war without having made due preparation for it. She was without a navy, without even a merchant marine commensurate with her wants during peace; without arsenals, armories, foundries, manufactories, or stores on hand to supply those wants. Lee exerted himself to the utmost to raise and organize troops in Virginia, and when the State joined the Confederacy he was invited to come to Montgomery and explain the condition of his command; but his engagements were so pressing that he sent his second officer, General J. E. Johnston, to furnish the desired information. When the capital of the Confederacy was removed from Montgomery to Richmond, Lee, under the orders of the President, was charged with the general direction of army affairs. In this position the same pleasant relations which had always existed between them continued, and Lee's indefatigable attention to the details of the various commands was of much benefit to the public service.

In the meantime disasters, confusion, and disagreement among the commands in western Virginia made it necessary to send there an officer of higher rank than any then on duty in that section. The service was disagreeable, toilsome, and in no wise promising to give distinction to a commander. Passing by all reference to others, suffice it to say that at last Lee was asked to go, and, not counting the cost, he unhesitatingly prepared to start. By concentrating the troops, and by a judicious selection of the position, he compelled the enemy finally to retreat. There is an incident in this campaign which has never been reported, save as it was orally given to me by General Lee, with a request that I should take no official notice of it. A strong division of the enemy was reported to be encamped in a valley which, one of the colonels said he had found by reconnoissance, could readily be approached on one side, and he proposed, with his regiment, to surprise and attack. General Lee accepted his proposition, but told him that he himself would, in the meantime, with several regiments, ascend the mountain that overlooked the valley on the other side; and at dawn of day on a morning flied the colonel was to make his assault. His firing was to be the signal for a joint attack from three directions. During the night Lee made a toilsome ascent of the mountain and was in position at the time agreed upon. The valley was covered by a dense fog. Not hearing the signal, he went by a winding path down the side of the mountain and saw the enemy preparing breakfast and otherwise so engaged as to indicate that they were entirely ignorant of any danger. Lee returned to his own command, told them what he had seen, and, though the expected signal had not been

given by which the attacking regiment and another detachment were to engage in the assault, he proposed that the regiments then with him should surprise the camp, which he believed, under the circumstances, might successfully be done. The colonels went to consult their men and returned to inform him that they were so cold, wet, and hungry as to be unfit for the enterprise. The fog was then lifting, and it was necessary to attack immediately or to withdraw before being discovered by the much larger force in the valley. Lee therefore withdrew his small command and safely conducted them to his encampment. The colonel who was to give the signal for the joint attack, misapprehending the purpose, reported that when he arrived upon the ground he found the encampment protected by a heavy *abatis*, which prevented him from making a sudden charge, as he had expected, not understanding that if he had fired his guns at any distance he would have secured the joint attack of the other detachments, and probably brought about an entire victory. Lee generously forbore to exonerate himself when the newspapers in Richmond criticised him severely, one denying him any other consideration except that which he enjoyed as the Presidents pet. It was an embarrassment to the Executive to be deprived of the advice of General Lee, but it was deemed necessary again to detach him to look after affairs on the coast of Carolina and Georgia, and so violent had been the unmerited attacks upon him by the Richmond press that it was thought proper to give him a letter to the Governor of South Carolina, stating what manner of man had been sent to him. There his skill as an engineer was manifested in the defences he constructed and devised.

On his return to Richmond he resumed his functions of general supervisor of military affairs. In the spring of 1862 Bishop Meade lay dangerously ill. This venerable ecclesiastic had taught General Lee his catechism when a boy, and when he was announced to the bishop the latter asked to have him shown in immediately. He answered Lee's inquiry as to how he felt by saying, Nearly gone, but I wished to see you once more, and then in a feeble voice added God bless you, Robert, and fit you for your high and responsible duties….

After the battle of Seven Pines Lee was assigned to the command of the army of Virginia. Thus far his duties had been of a kind to confer a great benefit, but to be unseen and unappreciated by the public. Now he had an opportunity for the employment of his remarkable power of generalization while attending to the minutest details. The public saw manifestation of the first, but could not estimate the extent to which the great results achieved were due to the exact order, systematic economy, and regularity begotten of his personal attention to the proper adjustment of even the smallest part of that mighty machine, a well-organized, disciplined army. His early instructor, in a published letter, seemed to regard the boys' labor of finishing a drawing on a slate as an excess of care. Was it so? No doubt, so far as the particular task was concerned; but this seedling is to be judged by the fruit the tree bore. That little drawing on the slate was the prototype of the exact investigations which crowned with success his labors as a civil and military engineer as well as a commander of armies. May it not have been, not only by endowment but also from these early efforts, that his mind became so rounded, systematic, and complete that his notes written on the battlefield and in the saddle had the precision of form and lucidity of expression found in those written in the quiet of his tent? These incidents are related, not because of their intrinsic importance, but as presenting an example for the emulation of youths whose admiration of Lee may induce them to follow the toilsome methods by which he attained to true greatness and enduring fame. In the early days of June, 1862, General McClellan threatened the capital, Richmond, with an army numerically much superior to that to the command of which Lee had been assigned. A day or two after he had joined the army, I was riding to the front and saw a number of horses hitched in front of a house, and among them recognized General Lee's. Upon dismounting and going in, I found some general officers engaged in consultation with him as to how McClellan's advance could be checked, and one of them commenced to explain the disparity of force and with pencil and paper to show how the enemy could…by successive parallels make his approach irresistible. Stop, stop, said Lee; if you go to ciphering we are whipped before-hand.

…I have had occasion to remonstrate with General Lee for exposing himself, as I thought, unnecessarily in reconnoissance, but he justified him- self by saying he could not understand things so well unless he saw them. In the excitement of battle his natural combativeness would sometimes overcome his habitual self-control; thus it twice occurred in the campaign against Grant that the men seized his bridle to restrain him from his purpose to lead them in a charge. He was always careful not to wound the sensibilities of any one, and sometimes, with an exterior jest or compliment, would give what, if properly appreciated, was instruction for the better performance of some duty; for example, if he thought a general officer was not visiting his command as early and as often as was desirable, he might admire his horse and suggest that the animal would be improved by more exercise. He was not of the grave, formal nature that he seemed to some who only knew him when sad realities cast dark shadows upon him; but even then the humor natural to him would occasionally break out. For instance, General Lee

called at my office for a ride to the defences of Richmond, then under construction. He was mounted on a stallion which some kind friend had recently sent him. As I mounted my horse, his was restive and kicked at mine. We rode on quietly together, though Lee was watchful to keep his horse in order. Passing by an encampment, we saw near a tent two stallions tied at a safe distance from one another. There, said he, is a man worse off than I am. When asked to explain, he said: Don't you see he has two stallions? I have but one. His habits had always been rigidly temperate, and his fare in camp was of the simplest. I remember on one battlefield riding past where he and his staff were taking their luncheon. He invited me to share it, and when I dismounted for the purpose it proved to have consisted only of bacon and cornbread. The bacon had all been eaten, and there were only some crusts of cornbread left, which, however, having been saturated with the bacon gravy, were in those hard times altogether acceptable, as General Lee was assured in order to silence his regrets. While he was on duty in South Carolina and Georgia, Lee's youngest son, Robert, then a mere boy, left school and came down to Richmond, announcing his purpose to go into the army. His older brother, Custis, was a member of my staff, and, after a conference, we agreed that it was useless to send the boy back to school, and that he probably would not wait in Richmond for the return of his father; so we selected a battery which had been organized in Richmond and sent Robert to join it. General Lee told me that at the battle of Sharpsburg this battery suffered so much that it had to be withdrawn for repairs and some fresh horses; but, as he had no troops even to form a reserve, as soon as the battery could be made useful it was ordered forward. He said that as it passed him a boy mounted as a driver of one of the guns, much stained with powder, said, Are you going to put us in again, general? After replying to him in the affirmative, he was struck by the voice of the boy and asked him, Whose son are you? to which he answered, I am Robbie, whereupon his father said, God bless you, my son, you must go in. When General Lee was in camp near Richmond his friends frequently sent him something to improve his mess-table. A lady noted for the very good bread she made had frequently favored him with some. One day, as we were riding through the street, she was standing in her front door and bowed to us. The salutation was, of course, returned. After we had passed he asked me who she was. I told him she was the lady who sent him such good bread. He was very sorry he had not known it, but to go back would prove that he had not recognized her as he should have done. His habitual avoidance of any seeming harshness, which caused him sometimes, instead of giving a command, to make a suggestion, was probably a defect. I believe that he had in this manner indicated that supplies were to be deposited for him at Amelia Court-House, but the testimony of General [John C.] Breckenridge, Secretary of War, of General St. John, Commissary General, and Louis Harvey, president of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, conclusively proves that no such requisition was made upon either of the persons who should have received it; and, further, that there were supplies both at Danville and Richmond which could have been sent to Amelia Court-House if information had been received that they were wanted there. Much has been written in regard to the failure to occupy the Round Top at Gettysburg early in the morning of the second days battle, to which failure the best judgment attributes our want of entire success in that battle. Whether this was due to the order not being sufficiently positive or not, I will leave to the historians who are discussing that important event.

I have said that Lee's natural temper was combative, and to this may be ascribed his attack on the third day at Gettysburg, when the opportunity had not been seized which his genius saw was the gate to victory. It was this last attack to which I have thought he referred when he said it was all his fault, thereby sparing others from whatever blame was due for what had previously occurred. …Arbitrary power might pervert justice and trample on right, but could not turn the knightly Lee from the path of honor and truth. Descended from a long line of illustrious warriors and statesmen, Robert Edward Lee added new glory to the name he bore, and, whether measured by a martial or an intellectual standard, will compare favorably with those whose reputation it devolved upon him to sustain and emulate.

"Letter From Maj. Scheibert, of the Prussian Royal Engineers," *Southern Historical Society Papers* 5 (January-February 1878)

…I cannot remember, notwithstanding my earnest studies in military history, one case where the history of a battle has been so fully illustrated and illuminated by individual reports given by all of the prominent leaders -- not immediately after the battle, when personal impressions are conflicting, but after a lapse of more than ten years, when time and matured judgment have ripened the fresh sketch into a splendid picture. The result is so impressive that if I were professor of military science, I would choose the battle of Gettysburg for the special study of my students. My personal impressions about the poor result of the battle of Gettysburg have been exactly expressed by Gen'l Heth, whose letter I fully endorse. But he, as well as the other writers,

has omitted one element which seems to me to be of the highest importance. I refer to the individual character of Gen'l Lee. I have made the military character of this General, who has never had an admirer of such fervour as myself, my peculiar study, and have written a biographical sketch of him, which appeared in a German paper.

Lee was, in my opinion, one of the ablest leaders of this century in two great qualities. He weighed everything, even the smallest detail, in making his general plan of battle, and he made the boldest dispositions with heroic courage and the most stubborn energy. He gave to every link the right place in the construction of a chain which became a masterpiece of military workmanship.

He did not reach his conclusions, as Jackson and Stuart did, by an instinctive, sudden impulse; his plans did not come upon him like the lightning's flash followed by the thunder's crash: but he painfully and studiously labored in order to arrange those splendid dispositions fraught with the keenest and most hardy enterprises, and well worthy of the troops which were ordered to execute them.

General Lee, in speaking to me of his dispositions, said: "Captain, I do everything in my power to make my plans as perfect as possible, and to bring the troops upon the field of battle; the rest must be done by my generals and their troops, trusting to Providence for the victory."

…But in all these cases General Jackson (who had his special information coupled with his natural instincts, his sudden impulses, and his peculiar ideas,) came or was ordered to headquarters to give his personal opinions to the Commanding General, who linked the genial thoughts of Jackson to his own beautiful chain: *e.g.*, before the battle of Chancellorsville these famous leaders met on a hill near the Aldrich house to mature those plans which resulted in the unequaled battles of the Wilderness and Chancellorsville. Each of these generals was the supplement to the other; just as in the family, both man and wife are necessary to keep up the household.

When Jackson fell, Lee, as he himself said, lost his right arm, the army lost the mother, and thus the void which had been made was too great to be so soon closed, the wound which the army received too deep to be healed in four weeks. Thus the carefully planning general encountered the fearful odds at Gettysburg without his faithful mirror, the cavalry, and without his ready counsellor, General Jackson. He himself felt this great loss in making his dispositions. He felt uneasy, as Hood justly remarks.

All who saw him on these two occasions, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, will remember that Lee at Chancellorsville (where I had the honor of being at his side in the brunt of the struggle), was full of calm, quiet, self-possession, feeling that he had done his duty to the utmost, and had brought the army into the most favorable position to defeat the hostile host. In the days at Gettysburg this quiet self-possessed calmness was wanting. Lee was not at his ease, but was riding to and fro, frequently changing his position, making anxious inquiries here and there, and looking care worn. After the shock of battle was over he resumed his accustomed calmness, for then he saw clearly and handled the army with that masterly ability which was peculiar to him. This uneasiness during the days of the battle was contagious to the army, as will appear from the reports of Longstreet, Hood, Heth, and others, and as appeared also to me from the peep I had of the battlefield. What a difference from the systematic advance of the army from the Wilderness to the assault of the breastworks at Chancellorsville, where a unity of disposition and a feeling of security reigned in all the ranks. At Gettysburg there was cannonading without real effect, desultory efforts without combination, and lastly, the single attack which closed the drama, and which I, from my outlook in the top of the tree, believed to be only a reconnaissance in heavy force. Want of confidence, misapprehensions, and mistakes were the consequences, less of Stuart's absence than of the absence of Jackson, whose place up to this time had not been filled.

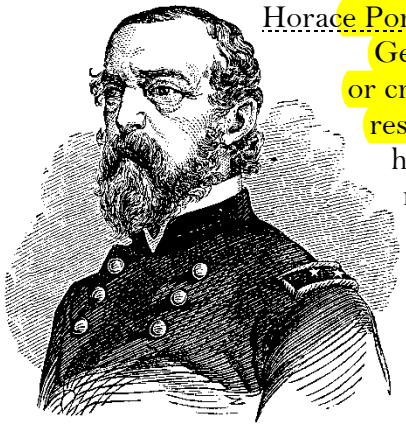
After this it was filled by Lee himself, who, like a father when the mother dies, seeks to fill both her place and his own in the house….

The battle of Gettysburg would have been won by Lee's army if it could have advanced at any time and on any part of the field to one concentrated and combined attack on the enemy's position….

Richard Taylor, *Destruction and Reconstruction: Personal Experiences of the Late War in the United States* (Edinburgh, 1879)

I had abundant opportunities for studying the original character of "Dick Ewell." We had known each other for many years, but now our friendship and intercourse became close and constant. Graduated from West Point in 1840, Ewell joined the 1st Regiment of United States Dragoons, and, saving the Mexican war, in which he served with such distinction as a young cavalryman could gain, his whole military life had been passed on the plains, where, as he often asserted, he had learned all about commanding fifty United States dragoons, and forgotten everything else. In this he did himself injustice, as his career proves; but he was of a singular modesty. Bright, prominent eyes, a bomb-shaped, bald head, and a nose like that of Francis of Valois, gave him a striking resemblance to a woodcock; and this was increased by a bird-like habit of putting his head on one side to utter his quaint speeches. He fancied that he had some mysterious internal malady, and would eat nothing but frumenty, a preparation of wheat; and his plaintive way of talking of his disease, as if he were someone else, was droll in the extreme. His nervousness prevented him from taking regular sleep, and he passed nights curled around a camp-stool, in positions to dislocate an ordinary person's joints…. On such occasions, after long silence, he would suddenly direct his eyes and nose toward me with, "General Taylor, what do you suppose President Davis made me a major-general for?"— beginning with a sharp accent and ending with a gentle lisp. Superbly mounted, he was the boldest of horsemen, invariably leaving the roads to take timber and water. …With a fine tactical eye on the battle-field, he was never content with his own plan until he had secured the approval of another's judgment, and chafed under the restraint of command, preparing to fight with the skirmish line. On two occasions in the Valley, during the temporary absence of Jackson from the front, Ewell summoned me to his side, and immediately rushed forward among the skirmishers, where some sharp work was going on. Having refreshed himself, he returned with the hope that "old Jackson would not catch him at it." He always spoke of Jackson, several years his junior, as "old," and told me in confidence that he admired his genius, but was certain of his lunacy, and that he never saw one of Jackson's couriers approach without expecting an order to assault the North Pole.

Later, after he had heard Jackson seriously declare that he never ate pepper because it produced a weakness in his left leg, he was confirmed in this opinion. With all his oddities, perhaps in some measure because of them, Ewell was adored by officers and men.



Horace Porter, *Campaigning With Grant* (New York, 1907)

General Meade's irritability of temper, and over-sensitiveness to implied censure or criticism on the part of the newspapers, led him at one time to tender his resignation as commander of the Army of the Potomac. General Grant talked to him very kindly on the subject, soothed his feelings, and induced him to reconsider his intention. The general-in-chief did not mention the matter publicly, and was very glad that hasty action had been prevented. If Meade had resigned at this time, Hancock would have succeeded him, and Ingalls, who had shown such signal executive ability, might possibly have been given an important command. Ingalls and I expressed a desire repeatedly to serve in command of troops, as such service gave promise of more rapid promotion and was more in accordance with our tastes; but the general always insisted

upon retaining us on his staff.

General Meade was a most accomplished officer. He had been thoroughly educated in his profession, and had a complete knowledge of both the science and the art of war in all its branches. He was well read, possessed of a vast amount of interesting information, had cultivated his mind as a linguist, and spoke French with fluency. When foreign officers visited the front they were invariably charmed by their interviews with the commander of the Army of the Potomac. He was a disciplinarian to the point of severity, was entirely subordinate to his superiors, and no one was more prompt than he to obey orders to the letter. In his intercourse with his officers the bluntness of the soldier was always conspicuous, and he never took pains to smooth any one's ruffled feelings.

There was an officer serving in the Army of the Potomac who had formerly been a surgeon. One day he appeared at Meade's headquarters in a high state of indignation, and said: "General, as I was riding over here some of the men in the adjoining camps shouted after me and called me 'Old Pills,' and I would like to have it stopped." Meade just at that moment was not in the best possible frame of mind to be approached with such a complaint. He seized hold of the eye-glasses, conspicuously large in size, which he always wore, clapped them astride of his nose with both hands, glared through them at the officer, and exclaimed: "Well, what of that! How can I prevent it! Why, I hear that, when I rode out the other day, some of the men called me a 'd—d old goggle-eyed snapping-turtle, and I can't even stop that!" The officer had to content himself with this explosive expression of a sympathetic fellow-feeling, and to take his chances thereafter as to obnoxious epithets.

"Testimony of Major General Abner Doubleday" (March 1, 1864), in *Report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War*, volume 4

…There has always been a great deal of favoritism in the army of the Potomac. No man who is an anti-slavery man or an anti-McClellan man can expect decent treatment in that army as at present constituted.

Question. Has that, in your judgment, led to great disasters, from time to time, in the army of the Potomac?

Answer. Yes, I think it has.

Question. You speak of political favoritism. Explain what you mean by that.

Answer. I think there have been pro-slavery cliques controlling the army, composed of men who, in my opinion, would not have been unwilling to make a compromise in favor of slavery, and who desired to have nobody put in authority except those who agreed with them on that subject.

Question. Do you believe that this feeling of rivalry and jealousy, that seems to have actuated the high corps commanders of that army, has been detrimental to the public service, and led to checks and defeats?

Answer. Undoubtedly. I cannot but think that there has been an indifference, to say the least, oh the part of certain officers, to the success of our army. I do not believe that General Pope received all the co-operation he was entitled to; and I do not believe that General Burnside received it….

George G. Meade Papers, Historical Society of Pennsylvania

(To 'Dear Doct.', August 5, 1861) I have great confidence personally in McClellan – know him well – know he is one of the best men we have to handle large armies, but I fear the means at his disposal will not be [equal] to the task assigned him.

(To Margaretta Meade, October 12, 1861) They do not any of them officers or men seem to have the least idea of the solemn duty they have imposed upon themselves in becoming soldiers. Soldiers they are not in any sense of the word.

(To Margaretta Meade, November 24, 1861) The men are good material, and with good officers might readily be molded into soldiers – but the officers, as a rule with but few exceptions are ignorant, inefficient, & worthless. They have no control or command over the mean…. Let the ultras on both sides be repudiated, & the masses of conservative & moderate men may compromise & settle the difficulty.

(To John Sergeant Meade, March 29, 1862) …Conquering the South is no child's play, and will involve an immense expenditure of money. …If it should please God to give us a decisive victory in *Va. Kentucky* & *Missouri* the South will conclude it is useless to contend any longer – on the other hand should our forces meet with disaster, in the three fields…I think the people of the North will be prepared, to yield the independency of the South on the ground that it does not pay to resist them. This is the conviction without doubt, that

makes McClellan so cautious & determined not to risk a battle until he has every reason to believe the chances of success are in our favor….

(To Margaretta Meade, June 22, 1862) [McClellan] was very civil & kind to me…. He talked very freely of the way in which he had been treated, and said positively that had not McDowell's corps been withdrawn, he would long before now have been in Richmond.

(To John Sergeant Meade, October 23, 1862) I must confess I do not mourn the results of the election in Pa Ohio & Indiana. A proper & loyal opposition to the administration will effect much good, in requiring those in power to be careful their acts cannot be subjected to legitimate criticism.

(To John Sergeant Meade, March 31, 1863) Gen. Biddle…who is I believe a regular abolitionist…is expansive, but in a little discussion we had at breakfast this morning, I gave him to understand that we eschew politics in the army….

There is much talk of a forthcoming letter from the President to a convention in Illinois which is to precede a Proclamation to the South offering amnesty to the masses, if they will give up their leaders – I don't believe much in this story…. The leaders at the South have too strong a hold on the people to permit themselves to be sacrificed. I believe Peace could be made but not on the terms that the rulers of the North would require….

(To Margaretta Meade, August 9, 1863) …if the draft is not heartily responded to the Govt had better wake up their minds to letting the South go unless they avail themselves of the present opportunity to attempt a reconstruction on some terms the South can accede to…. I am nothing of a copperhead. I am for a vigorous prosecution of the war. But unless more troops volunteer or are drafted, then I say make terms of some kind or other with the South….

(To Margaretta Meade, January 20, 1865, on meeting with the Confederate peace commissioners bound for Hampton Roads) I called this morning with Genl Grant on them & remained after Genl Grant left, and talked very freely with them. I told them very plainly what I thought was the basis on which the people of the North would be glad to have peace – by the emphatic restoration of the Union, and such a settlement of the slavery question, as should be final, removing it forever as a subject of strife…. They found the difficulty would be to obtain such modification of the old Constitution as would protect the states, in case of other questions arising to produce strife. I said if you mean to propose a reorganization & change in our government – I dont think you will meet with success…. Mr. [R.M.T.] Hunter then asked me, what we proposed to do with the slaves after freeing them, as it was well known they would not work unless compelled – I replied this was understandably a grave question but not insurmountable – they must have labor & the negroes must have support – between the two necessities I thought some system could be found accommodating both interests, which would not be as obnoxious as slavery…. All thus I have written you, must be confidential, as it would not do to let it be known I have been talking with them, or what I have said.

The First Moves – Brandy Station and Winchester

William Swallow, "From Fredericksburg to Gettysburg," *Southern Bivouac* 4 (November 1885)

EARLY in May, 1863, the Federal army, under General Hooker, sustained a severe defeat before Chancellorsville. The important events which transpired during the two succeeding months, rapidly following upon each other, will forever form a marked epoch in the history of America.

Immediately after his defeat, Hooker withdrew his army to the left bank of the Rappahannock, and placed his troops in a position of probable security. Notwithstanding the disaster which befell him, Hooker still had over a hundred and twenty thousand men under his command.

The Army of Northern Virginia, under General Lee, after the fight at Chancellorsville, scarcely numbered seventy-five thousand men. But this disparity in numbers was more than compensated to the Confederates in the brilliant victory they had gained. That victory was saddened by the loss of the gallant commander of the Second corps, Lieutenant-General Jackson. When on that night in May, 1863, the news went forth to the army that Stonewall Jackson was dead, a strange tremor was felt throughout its ranks. It was as if some brilliant star, which his soldiers were accustomed to behold, had suddenly fallen.

Shortly after the death of Jackson, General Lee began to remodel the Army of Northern Virginia, and to place its organization in the utmost state of efficiency. That great soldier resolved to secure sonic of the valuable results of his recent victory over Hooker, and to this end he prepared for an undertaking long contemplated and frequently discussed, both at Richmond and with the chiefs of the Confederate army. This was no other than an invasion of Pennsylvania, the capture of the capital of that commonwealth, and to gain, if possible, a great Confederate victory upon her soil. This idea of transferring the scat of war from Virginia to Pennsylvania was neither new nor original with General Lee. As far back as September, 1862, Stonewall Jackson urged the expediency of the enterprise, and had his "mind's eye on it" when he marched into Maryland, in September of that year. The impregnable position that McClellan held at South Mountain, with the division of opinion at Richmond consequent upon the battle of Antietam, prevented it then. After the defeat of Burnside at Fredericksburg in the following winter it was again discussed, and received much consideration at Richmond.

But strong objections presented themselves. The inclement season of the year and impassable condition of the roads, it was thought, might be attended with some danger in an enemy's country.

After the defeat of Hooker in May, 1863, the prestige of the Confederate victory put the army in high good humor for an onward movement.

Many arguments were used in support of the undertaking. It was urged that the prolonged and continual presence of the contending armies had completely impoverished the people of the Virginia valley and eaten up their subsistence; that the cavalry had become greatly reduced, and it was thought that plenty of fine horses and cattle, with the means of their support, could easily be procured in the rich and fertile counties of Southern Pennsylvania. It was also currently reported and believed that Hooker's well-known rashness as a commander would be certain to involve his army in some great calamity.

These suggestions had their weight with General Lee, but there were other reasons of greater moment that influenced the judgment of the commanding general and his government at Richmond. It was believed that public sentiment at the North had become greatly divided, and that many Republicans themselves, of high character, had become discouraged; that a very highly respectable element of the Northern people began to doubt the abilities of the "Washington authorities" to grapple with the tremendous forces against which they had thus far unsuccessfully contended.

It was therefore believed by General Lee and his government at Richmond, that if the State of Pennsylvania were invaded and a great victory gained upon her soil, and the Army of Northern Virginia placed between Washington and the army, the sentiment of the Northern people might turn in favor of peace and result in the recognition of Southern independence.

This was the central idea. Keeping it steadily in view, General Lee determined to push boldly forward from Fredericksburg, Virginia, to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, seize the capital of the commonwealth and fight a decisive battle somewhere upon her soil.

Harrisburg was Lee's objective point. From the moment he left Fredericksburg he never suffered anything to interfere with this object until the evening of the 29th of June, when circumstances obliged the commanding General to change the whole character of the campaign. Even on the night of the 29th of June, when Lee countermanded the order to attack Harrisburg, General Ewell was before the city and covered it with his artillery.

The reader will mark well every movement made by the great commander until the 29th of June in order to obtain a distinct view of the aims and objects of the Pennsylvania invasion.

Some writers have asserted that the Gettysburg campaign commenced in the fight at Beverley's Ford on the 9th of June. In view of this fact, the writer will detain the reader to notice some engagements of the cavalry in justice to the memory of the gallant General Stuart. In the fight at Beverley's Ford, on the 9th of June, between Stuart's cavalry and the Federal cavalry under General Pleasanton, it was claimed, as usual, as a great victory for the Federal commander. In the afternoon of the day the advance of the Confederate infantry arrived, and General Lee was personally present on the field, and if he had given the order General Pleasanton would have been utterly routed and hopelessly crushed before he could have passed the narrow fords of the Rappahannock.

The commanding general did not wish to precipitate a general engagement in order to gain a temporary advantage that might in any way delay his movements on the capital of Pennsylvania.

From General Lee's conduct on this occasion, General Longstreet reached the conclusion that the campaign in Pennsylvania would be "offensive in strategy," and "defensive in tactics." In the fight at Beverley's Ford, General Pleasanton claimed that he captured the headquarters of General Stuart, with his official papers and orders from General Lee, from which he received the information of Lee's contemplated invasion of Pennsylvania.

Now General Pleasanton has thought proper from time to time to repeat this ridiculous statement under his own signature in periodicals and journals of repute. Pleasanton claimed that he captured Stuart's headquarters about a half mile from Beverley's Ford. The truth is that General Stuart's headquarters were at Fleetwood Hill, over three miles from Beverley's Ford, and General Pleasanton, as is well known, did not come within a cannon-shot of them. As for capturing Stuart's official orders from Lee, this statement is equally foolish, for General Lee did not give Stuart his official orders until the night of the 23d of June, two weeks after the battle of Beverley's Ford, as will be seen hereafter.

A desk belonging to Major [Robert F.] Beckham, of Stuart's horse artillery, fell from the wagon, was picked up by some of Pleasanton's men, and got into that general's possession. It seems that a circular had been issued the night before directing certain movements of the cavalry for the next day; and from this circular General Pleasanton, perhaps, may have imagined that he discovered General Lee's design of invading Pennsylvania. It is well to notice how the Federal commanders and historians in treating of these facts contradict themselves and each other. Several Federal writers assure us that General Lee had intended to move direct on Washington, but the masterly strategy of Hooker compelled Lee to change his course and move into the valley west of the Blue Ridge. Another writer of high repute assures us that the severe defeat that was inflicted upon General Stuart at Beverley's, Aldie, and Upperville, cut the cavalry from its proper course and compelled Stuart to move around the Federal army. The circular above referred to was presented to Captain Carswell McClellan, then serving with the Fifth corps, as a souvenir of his brother, the gallant and accomplished Major H. B. McClellan, now of Lexington, Kentucky, at that time quite a young man, serving on the staff of General Stuart as his especial aid.

Both of these young men were Pennsylvanians, and full cousins of the distinguished general of the same name, George B. McClellan.

After the action at Beverley's Ford, the corps of A.P. Hill and Longstreet remained in Culpepper County, Virginia, but that of General Ewell passed into and down the valley to Winchester. General Albert Gallatin Jenkins, with his brigade of cavalry, was in the advance of Ewell's corps down the valley—in front of the divisions of Rhodes and Early.

On Monday, the 15th of June, General Longstreet moved his corps to Ashby's and Snicker's gaps. The cavalry brigades of General William E. Jones and General Wade Hampton guarded the line of the Rappahannock until A.P. Hill's corps had passed into the valley. After the corps of A.P. Hill and Ewell had passed into the valley, and were moving down the valley to Pennsylvania, two cavalry engagements took place, one at Aldie, the other at Upperville. The cavalry brigade of General Fitzhugh Lee, commanded by Colonel [Thomas] Mumford, engaged the enemy at Aldie, and here took place one of the severest cavalry fights of the war. General Stuart was at Middleburg, and was aware of the approach of the Federal cavalry from Thoroughfare Gap. He immediately notified Colonel

Mumford of his danger, and ordered the brigades of Robertson and Colonel Chambliss to move at once to Middleburg. Stuart, having no force with him except his personal staff, retired to Rector's Cross-roads. Meantime, Colonel Mumford established himself at Aldie. About two or three o'clock in the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th of June, the enemy advanced on Aldie, driving in Mumford's pickets on his main line, which was due west of the village.

The action that now followed was one of great severity. Mumford's lines commanded the road leading to Middleburg, as well as the one leading to Snickersville. Captain James Breckinridge, of the Second Virginia cavalry, commanded the squadron of pickets in falling back before the enemy. He was one of the ablest officers of his rank in the army, and in the battle that now ensued ho greatly distinguished himself. Colonel [Thomas] Rosser, with the Fifth regiment, and Colonel Tom Owen, with the Third, behaved with their accustomed skill and bravery. Every effort on the part of the Federal cavalry to dislodge Mumford was bravely met and repulsed. Mumford only retired from the conflict when ordered by General Stuart to do so. In retiring he brought off all his dead and wounded, and the enemy never even attempted to pursue him. If he had been defeated in this engagement this would have been impossible. Mumford fell back by the Snickersville road and encamped for the night without being disturbed.

Robertson's brigade reached Middleburg about dark, and found the village in possession of the First Rhode Island cavalry. He attacked the enemy, drove him out of the town, and pursued him for some distance up the same road by which he had advanced.

Stuart encamped for the night with Robertson's brigade around Middleburg, where he was joined next morning, Thursday, the 18th, by General W.H.F. Lee's brigade, under Colonel Chambliss. The gallant Mumford was stationed on the left, at Union, five miles distant. No advance was made by the enemy on Thursday, but on the next day, Friday, the 19th, a heavy attack was made on both Confederate brigades west of Middleburg, and at the same time upon Colonel Mumford, then on the Snickersville road. The fighting along the Middleburg road was very severe, and, although the Confederates repulsed every attack made by the enemy, they were not strong enough to follow up with advantage. Stuart, therefore, determined to fall back and form a new line about half a mile to the rear, which offered greater advantages. Stuart withdrew under the fire of the enemy, who did not, on that day, make the least attempt to attack the new line when formed. General William E. Jones arrived on Friday evening with his brigade, and was posted at Union. Colonel Mumford moved a little further to the left to cover Snicker's Gap. General Wade Hampton did not arrive until Saturday, the 20th. Information was now received through Colonel John Mosby, the daring partisan commander, that the Federal cavalry at Aldie was supported by a large infantry force from the Fifth corps of Hooker's army. In view of these facts General Stuart resolved to assume the defensive until his forces could be concentrated. On Sunday morning, the 20th, the enemy moved out in force and attacked our lines on the Upperville pike and the Union road. General Stuart resolved to check the enemy in retiring and falling back upon Upperville.

General Wade Hampton's brigade did good service on the right of the road. The determined resistance offered to the enemy will be understood when it is stated that it was late in the evening when Stuart reached Upperville, and he had been on the fall-back from 8 o'clock in the morning, a distance of five miles. In the fight at Upperville General Gregg and General Buford united their forces, and as soon as this was effected they resolutely attacked the retiring lines of Stuart. Robertson's brigade, which was posted on the main road, was thrown into confusion and retired through Upperville. General Wade Hampton now attacked the enemy upon the right with so much spirit and resolution that the Federals were driven back.

As soon as this was effected he went to the support of Robertson, when darkness closed the scene of this hard-fought battle. It was time, for Longstreet's corps was still at the gap, and if the night had not closed the action the infantry would have taken part. With the fight at Upperville the operations of Stuart against the enemy ceased.

On the 23d and 24th General Stuart remained at Rector's Cross-roads. On the 23d he had a personal interview with General Lee, who was with Longstreet's corps, which had as yet not left Virginia. During this interview the future movements of the cavalry were fully discussed. It was then that Stuart submitted his plan to the commanding general to pass around the enemy's rear and join the main army in Pennsylvania. Two plans presented themselves to the General-in-Chief and his young commander of the cavalry. Either to cross west of the Blue Ridge at Shepherdstown and enter Maryland and Pennsylvania by that route, or cross between the enemy and Washington City. There was no alternative, for, as will be seen hereafter, it would have been simply impossible for Stuart to cross the river between Harper's Ferry and Edward's Ferry, lower down, where Hooker's army crossed.

On the night of the 23d of June, while General Stuart was at Rector's Cross-roads, he received his official orders from General Lee, authorizing his movement around the enemy's rear. On the next day, late in the afternoon, dividing his force, he began to

execute the orders of the commanding general. It will be seen hereafter how faithfully and bravely he discharged that duty. His movement around the enemy's rear was a complete success, and far more productive of valuable results than it was possible to secure in any other way.

Leaving the gallant young commander of the cavalry for the present, the writer wishes to follow in detail the movements of the main army in its inarch into Pennsylvania, and, at the proper time, to return to the gallant Stuart, and consider carefully the charges that have been brought against him by a number of Confederate generals who, instead of censuring his conduct, should have confined their labors to a defense of their own. The writer hopes to be able to show that the disastrous issues of the campaign can be traced to other causes.

While Longstreet was still in Culpepper County, Virginia, he had with him a favorite scout, named [Thomas H.] Harrison. This man had been sent to Longstreet by Secretary Sedden. He was well acquainted with all the mountain passes of Northern Virginia and Southern Pennsylvania, as well as the fords and passages of the Upper Potomac. Longstreet now resolved to send this man into the Federal lines to procure information, and giving him a large sum of gold dismissed him, saying, "Spare no expense to get the information." On leaving, Harrison said, "Where shall I report to you, General?" Longstreet replied, "Anywhere north of the Potomac you can find me."

Now, the reader will keep his eye on this man, for on him and the faith reposed in him both by Lee and Longstreet the most disastrous and tremendous consequences resulted, consequences which, on the night of the 29th of June following, changed the character of the whole campaign, compelling the withdrawal of the left wing from Harrisburg and the right wing from York, and in less than forty-eight hours precipitating the battle of Gettysburg, throwing two hundred thousand men into deadly conflict upon the issue of which was staked the life of the nation.

In the march down the valley Ewell's corps led the advance, then came A.P. Hill, next Longstreet. On reaching Winchester, Virginia, on Saturday and Sunday, the loth and 14th of June, Early's division, in the extreme advance of Ewell, engaged and defeated General Milroy, who had held the town. The rout of Milroy's army at Winchester was so complete that many of his regiments in their flight threw away their muskets and knapsacks.

The fugitives fled in all directions, many of them taking a northwestern course into the mountain counties of Pennsylvania. The pursuit of the enemy was prompt and vigorous, hut his movements were rapid. Many prisoners and a large wagon-train fell into the hands of the Confederates. When Early's division entered York, just two weeks after the battle, many of Gordon's brigade wore the knapsacks of the Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment. This fact produced much amusement among the people of that historic town, for the Eighty-seventh regiment had been recruited at York.

After the fight at Winchester the divisions of Early and Rhodes, of Ewell's corps, pushed rapidly forward to the banks of the Potomac, and crossed that river on Saturday night and Sunday morning, June 20th and 21st, near Shepherdstown.

At Hagerstown the divisions of Rhodes and Early united on Monday, June 22d, having reached that place by different roads from the Potomac. At Hagerstown, Ewell's infantry advance was met by the cavalry brigade of General A.S. Jenkins. General Jenkins' cavalry brigade, leading the extreme advance of General Lee's army in Pennsylvania, had moved so rapidly in front of Early's division that his cavalry had reached Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, on Monday, the 10th of June, the clay after the defeat of Milroy at Winchester. Jenkins and his staff spent the night at the residence of the Hon. Alexander K. McClure, now the editor of the *Philadelphia Times*, but then a resident of Chambersburg and the editor of the *Franklin Repository*. General Jenkins remained in Chambersburg for several days, and then fell back on Hagerstown. At Hagerstown, on Monday, Lee's advance separated and went down the valley to the Susquehanna in different directions. The division of General Rhodes, supported by the cavalry of General Jenkins, passed down the valley through Chambersburg, which place they reached on Wednesday, the 23d; next day, Rhodes was at Shippensburg, and on Friday, June 26th, Rhodes and Jenkins were at Carlisle, just eighteen miles from the capital of Pennsylvania. Rhodes and Jenkins, in their march on Harrisburg, wore closely followed by General Ed. Johnson's division and Ewell's wagon-train. Ewell was personally present with this division of his corps. On Saturday night, the 27th of June, a skirmish took place at Oyster Point, on the turnpike, three miles from Harrisburg. A portion of Rhodes' division, who engaged the enemy, drove them to the river. General Ewell arrived in person on Sunday morning, the 28th, with the advance of General Edward Johnson's division. He immediately threw up breastworks on the left bank of the Susquehanna, and covered the capital of Pennsylvania with his artillery. The left wing of Lee's army had reached its objective point on Sunday, the 28th of June. The left was composed of the divisions of Johnson and Rhodes, with the cavalry brigade of General Jenkins. General Ewell, who was personally present with the left wing, was well acquainted in this section

of the State, for he had, when quite a young man, been employed as a civil engineer on the Harrisburg and Columbia Railroad.

Let us now trace the movements of the right wing of Lee's army to York, Pennsylvania, the probable point of concentration. The right wing was Early's division. To this division the writer was attached in all its vicissitudes from the banks of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg to the shores of the Susquehanna at Wrightsville, and was with it and shared its fortunes in the eventful battle that was soon to follow.

At Hagerstown, Maryland, on Monday, June 22d, Early's division separated from Rhodes' and went down the valley to the Susquehanna, in a southeasterly direction. The division reached the Chambersburg and Gettysburg turnpike at a place named Greenwood. In passing down the pike toward Gettysburg, Early destroyed the Caledonia Iron Works, near the base of South Mountain. These works belonged to Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, of Pennsylvania. Mr. Stevens himself had been at the works only a few hours before the division arrived, and left for his home at Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The next day the division crossed South Mountain and marched to Gettysburg, which place was reached on Friday, June 20th. Gordon's brigade entered the town about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On Saturday Early moved his division to York, Pennsylvania, by two different roads. A portion of his command went by way of East Berlin, while the remainder passed through Hanover to the junction of the Northern Central Railroad, about ten miles from York.

Early's division entered York on Sunday morning, June 28th, just as the good people were going to church. York, no doubt, was the intended point of concentration. The town was one of singular beauty. It was also hallowed by many Revolutionary recollections. It was situated in the midst of a fertile country, about ten miles from the Susquehanna. Late in the evening of Sunday, the 28th, a report reached York that Ewell had taken Harrisburg and burned the capital of the commonwealth. This proved to be incorrect.

Nevertheless it is a historical fact that on the same day that Lee's right wing reached its probable point of concentration, his left wing was before the capital of Pennsylvania. While Early was at York a detachment was sent down to Wrightsville, on the right bank of the Susquehanna. At Wrightsville the Susquehanna is over a mile wide. A bridge connects Wrightsville with Columbia on the opposite shore.

General [Darius] Couch, who was in command of the department of the Susquehanna, ordered Colonel [Jacob] Frick, at Columbia, to burn the bridge, which was done at once. After the destruction of the bridge the detachment returned to York. The right and left wings of General Lee's army appear to have made equal time from Hagerstown to the Susquehanna. The distance from Hagerstown to Harrisburg by which Rhodes moved was nearly the same as the distance to York. The road to York, however, was not so good. These two wings of Lee's army reached their respective points of destination just three weeks after the battle of Beverley's Ford.

The rear of Lee's army, composed of the corps of A.P. Hill and Longstreet, with the cavalry brigades of Jones and Robertson, passed on down the valley and crossed the Potomac the same day, Wednesday, the 24th of June. The corps of A.P. Hill crossed the river at Shepherdstown, while Longstreet crossed at Williamsport. Heath's division of Hill's corps held the advance and moved forward to Hagerstown and Chambersburg. On Friday morning, June 26th, Heath's division entered Chambersburg. General A. P. Hill was with this advance division of his corps. About 10 o'clock in the forenoon General Hill was standing on the pavement, talking to a citizen of the town, Mr. Bishop, making inquiries about old acquaintances at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, whom he had known before the war, while in command of the United States barracks at that place.

Mr. Bishop asked Hill whether General Lee was coming, to which Hill replied: "I am expecting him every moment," and, looking up the main street, said, "there he comes now." As General Lee and staff rode to the square, A.P. Hill mounted his horse and, raising his hat, went to meet the commanding general. Lee and Hill rode aside and spoke a few words to each other in a low tone of voice.

Mr. Jacob Hoke, of Chambersburg, an intelligent observer of all that passed before his eyes, has this to say of the commanding general:

As General Lee sat on his horse in the open square of our town he looked every inch the soldier. He was somewhat over fifty years of age, stout, and well built, his hair was strongly mixed with gray, and he wore a gray beard. He appeared to me to be what he undoubtedly was, a grave, a deep and thoughtful man. He wore the Confederate gray, with a black slouch hat. Ho looked like a great man, and seemed to have not only the profound respect of his men, but their admiration and love.

His staff was composed of a fine looking, intellectual body of men, and presented a soldierly appearance, which those who witnessed will never forget. In that small group was, to a great extent, the brains of that vast army which had invaded our State, and while we could not help admiring the genius of these men, still we regarded them as the enemies of our country.

Lee and Hill took up their headquarters at Shutter's [Messerschmidt's] Grove, on the edge of the

town, on Friday noon, June 26th. Here the commanding general and his staff remained from Friday noon till the following Tuesday, the 30th, the day before the battle opened at Gettysburg.

It was here that he received the reports from his right and left at Harrisburg and York. It was here that General Lee formulated the details and issued the orders for Ewell to attack and capture the capital of Pennsylvania.

On Friday, the 2fith, [Harry] Heath's division passed through Chambersburg to a small village named Fayetteville, on the Gettysburg turnpike, a short distance from Chambersburg.

On the following day, Saturday, the two remaining divisions of A.P. Hill's corps, commanded by [R.H.] Anderson and [Dorsey]Pender, passed through Chambersburg to Fayetteville, and here they joined their old associates and Heath. On the same day, Saturday, the 27th, General Longstreet arrived at Chambersburg with his corps, Hood's division leading the advance. General Hood passed his division to a point a little north of the town, and encamped near the Harrisburg turnpike.

The two remaining divisions of Longstreet's corps, commanded by McLaws and Pickett, encamped three miles south of the town, in the direction of York, Pennsylvania, and as near as possible within supporting distance of A.P. Hill's corps, then at Fayetteville.

We now see that on Sunday morning, the 28th of June, three days before the battle opened at Seminary Ridge, near Gettysburg, General Lee had his army firmly planted on the soil of Pennsylvania. But on this Sunday morning the battle of Gettysburg was, in the judgment of the commanding general, a remote possibility. It was unexpectedly and suddenly brought about by the shifting tide of events which no human skill could foresee, and over which General Lee had no control. That the battle of Gettysburg was a surprise to General Lee will be shown hereafter.

On that Sunday morning before the battle, two corps of the Army of Northern Virginia, Hill's and Longstreet's, were at Chambersburg, twenty-five miles distant from Gettysburg. But the South Mountain had to be crossed in order to reach Gettysburg. The remaining corps of Lee's army, commanded by Ewell, composed the two wings, and were at Harrisburg and York. The divisions of General Edward Johnson and General Rhodes, with Ewell, in person, supported by the cavalry brigade under General Jenkins, were on the right bank of the Susquehanna opposite Harrisburg, a distance of fifty miles from Chambersburg. This force composed the left wing of Lee's army.

The right wing, composed of Early's division, was at York, Pennsylvania, a distance of fifty-six miles from Chambersburg. York was only twenty-seven miles from Gettysburg. The cavalry brigades of Jones, Robertson, and Jenkins were in the Cumberland valley in communication on Lee's front with his left wing. Imboden's command of cavalry was at McConnellsburg, in Pennsylvania.

In looking at the map it will be seen that General Lee rested his army in a triangle, the vertex of the triangle being at Chambersburg. The left side of his triangle extended his line to Harrisburg, and terminated in his left wing. The right side extended his line from Chambersburg to York, Pennsylvania, and terminated in his right wing. The Susquehanna River formed the base or third side of the triangle. The distance from York to Harrisburg was twenty-five miles.

When, on Monday night, 20th of June, the orders were issued by the commanding general for concentrating the army of Northern Virginia, the Confederate army was swung to the right and closed and rested on its right support. In concentrating the Federal army to oppose Lee, General Meade was forced, from the nature of the situation, to swing his whole army on his left and close and rest upon his left support.

The point of contact between these mighty forces was Gettysburg.

On Monday, June 29th, important changes were made in the disposition of the Confederate forces at Chambersburg. In the forenoon Heath's division broke up its encampment at Greenwood, crossed South Mountain, and rested for the night at Cashtown. The two remaining divisions of A.P. Hill's corps, Pender's and Anderson's, rested at Fayetteville. The divisions of McLaws and Hood, which wore encamped north and south of the town, were ordered by General Lee to proceed to Fayetteville, on the Gettysburg and Baltimore turnpike. The remaining division of General Pickett continued, at Chambersburg, to protect and guard the wagon-train. Just here the writer would invite attention to the important fact that the road which led from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, by way of Fayetteville and Greenwood, was also the direct road to York, Pennsylvania, where the right wing of General Lee's army rested, under Early. From Gettysburg to York the distance was only twenty-seven miles, by an excellent turnpike, and in addition to this there were several excellent county roads. This route, therefore, was the best and most expeditious by which the commanding general, with his rear, could reach his right wing at York. It may be said with truth, that up to Monday night, the 29th of June, the movements of General Lee were directed to York, Pennsylvania, and not upon Baltimore, by way of Gettysburg, as some writers have attempted to show. By making the latter movement General Lee would have been diverging and going away from his right and left wings, thus endangering his army, and exposing it to the risk of being cut to

pieces in detail by the enemy. In moving upon York, by way of Gettysburg, either Hill or Longstreet could have moved upon the Susquehanna, and, reached it equidistant between York and Harrisburg, and thus completed his line. The distance from York to Harrisburg was only twenty-seven miles; nevertheless, an event took place that arrested the contemplated concentration at York, and changed the whole character of the campaign.

Up to Monday evening, June 29th, neither Lee nor Longstreet knew of the whereabouts of Hooker's army. But late in the evening of that day a ragged, weather-beaten Confederate soldier was seen lurking around Longstreet's headquarters. The appearance and conduct of the man excited some suspicions, but on his claiming to know General Longstreet, and that he had important communications to make to him, he was at once taken to Longstreet's tent. As soon as Longstreet put his eyes on him he grasped the poor soldier by the hand, and, shaking it heartily, said, "Good Lord, I am glad to see you! I thought you were killed!" He proved to be the brave and faithful scout, Harrison, that Longstreet had sent into the Federal lines while his corps was still in Culpepper County, Virginia. Longstreet examined him on the spot, and from this man received the first information that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and its advance had reached Frederick City, Maryland. He sent the scout to General Lee, by a staff officer, and followed himself soon after.

Longstreet, in one of his contributions to the *Annals of the War*, page 419, in speaking of this very man's appearance on the night as stated, says:

"Late on Monday evening, June 29th, a scout, named Harrison, who had been sent by me into the Federal lines to obtain information, while our army was yet in Culpepper County, Virginia, came to my headquarters at Chambersburg, and reported that the Union army had crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and his advance was at Frederick City, Maryland."

General Longstreet saw at a glance that the information brought by this scout was of vast importance, and might involve momentous consequences. In this connection, a little further on, Longstreet says:

"We had not heard from the enemy for several days, and General Lee and myself were in doubt as to where he was. Indeed, we did not know that he had yet left Virginia. In the absence of all knowledge of the position of the Federal army, General Lee had issued orders to General Ewell for an attack on Harrisburg, a part of whose corps was, on that very night, Monday, June 29th, near the intrenchments, on the west bank of the Susquehanna; but on receiving the information brought by this scout he at once countermanded the order and directed Ewell and all his other Generals to concentrate on Gettysburg."

The work of concentration was begun at once. We thus see that the capture of the capital of Pennsylvania was one of the objects contemplated by the commanding general. He knew that no regular or efficient force was there to defend it. And he also knew that raw militia could effect little or nothing against Ewell's veteran troops.

In issuing the orders to concentrate, it required five or six hours to reach Ewell at Harrisburg, and eight hours to reach Early at York.

In the absence of all telegraphic communication, General Lee was obliged to reach Harrisburg and York by couriers with relays. This was aided by long torch fires set to burning on elevated ridges along the way. These signals were well understood by the Confederates.

Nothing could exceed the energy displayed by the commanding general in the difficult work of concentration which immediately followed. On Tuesday, the 30th of June, the work of concentration went on with an energy that was in marked contrast with that displayed by the Federal army.

The right wing under Early, at York, moved on Gettysburg by way of East Berlin, and was joined in the evening by General Rhodes at Heidlersburg. [Elijah] White's battalion of cavalry, of [John D.] Imboden's command, moved from York to Gettysburg by the direct turnpike, thus protecting Early's rear and flank from surprise. The remaining division of Ewell's corps was commanded by General Ed. Johnson. Ewell's wagon-train was in charge of Johnson's division. Dr. Cullum [J.S.D. Cullen], medical director on Longstreet's staff, says this train was fourteen miles long. The cavalry brigades of Jones, Robertson, and Jenkins guarded the rear of Johnson's division and Ewell's wagon-train in the retrograde movement from the Cumberland valley to the base of South Mountain. The two divisions of A.P. Hill's corps, commanded by Pender and Anderson, left their encampment at Fayetteville, crossed South Mountain, and encamped at Cashtown, about seven miles from Gettysburg. On this very day General Pettigrew's brigade of Heath's division made a reconnaissance as far as Seminary Ridge, and returned during the day to Cashtown. General Longstreet made an attempt to cross South Mountain during the day, and unite with A.P. Hill in the evening at Cashtown. McLaws' and Hood's divisions were put in motion at Fayetteville; Pickett's division was left at Chambersburg to guard the rear of Ewell's train. The divisions of Hood and McLaws, in their attempt to cross South Mountain, were kept back by Pender's and Anderson's divisions and Ewell's wagon-train, so that

little or no progress was made by Longstreet on Tuesday, and he did not reach the battle-field until the evening of the next day, July 1st.

The movements of McLaws' and Hood's divisions of Longstreet's corps were greatly obstructed all day on Tuesday. Longstreet, in one of his contributions to the *Annals of the War*, page 420, notices this great inconvenience, and says: "On leaving Fayetteville for Gettysburg the road in front of my corps was completely blocked up by Pender's and Anderson's divisions of Hill's corps and Ewell's wagon-train, which had cut into the turnpike in front of my division." The order for concentration was issued by the commanding general on Monday night, and so rapid were the movements of his right wing, under Early at York, and his left near Harrisburg, under Rhodes, that both these divisions reached Gettysburg on Wednesday morning, and took part in the first day's engagement on the afternoon of July 1st.

Having brought the army of Northern Virginia to Gettysburg, let us review the situation on the night before the great battle opened. Here were concentrated around the town of Gettysburg, and within a radius of from four to eight miles, nearly two hundred thousand men soon to engage in deadly conflict.

The Emmittsburg road was the line that divided those two mighty armies. The Army of Northern Virginia was posted north of that road, while the Union army was south of the road. A.P. Hill's corps was at Cashtown, only seven miles from Gettysburg. Longstreet's was still north of South Mountain, kept back by Johnson's division and Ewell's wagon-train, about eighteen miles from Gettysburg. Pickett's division with Imboden's cavalry were at Chambersburg.

The cavalry brigades of Jones and Robertson and Jenkins, were on the northern side of the mountain guarding the rear of the Confederate forces.

The divisions of Rhodes and Early were at Heidlersburg, about eight miles from Gettysburg.

The Union army was stretched along a strip of country south of the Emmittsburg road, and extending to Frederick City, Maryland.

General Buford, with six thousand cavalry, the advance of the Federal army, arrived at Gettysburg on Tuesday afternoon, and encamped on the Chambersburg pike, about half a mile from Gettysburg. The Union army was composed of seven corps of infantry, and, in moving on Gettysburg from Frederick City, went by two different routes. On the night before the battle it was disposed as follows: First corps, General Reynolds, was encamped four miles south of Gettysburg; the Eleventh corps, General Howard, was between Taneytown and Gettysburg, and about eight miles from the latter place; the Third corps, commanded by Sickels, and the Twelfth, commanded by Slocum, were about ten miles southeast of Gettysburg, near Littlestown. The Second corps, General Hancock, and the Fifth, General Sykes, were between Uniontown and Gettysburg, while the Sixth corps, General Sedgwick, and Gregg's cavalry were near New Windsor, moving on to Gettysburg.

Defense of Stuart

Having placed the Army of Northern Virginia in its position by corps and divisions up to the night before battle, let us now turn our attention to a portion of the Confederate cavalry and ascertain to what extent the gallant Stuart was responsible for the disastrous consequences that befell our army on the field of Gettysburg.

A number of prominent Confederate officers, and among them Generals [Cadmus] Wilcox, [Armistead Lindsay] Long, [Edward Porter] Alexander, and Colonel Walter Taylor, have, from time to time, handed in to the archives of the "Southern Historical Society," at Richmond, Virginia, their opinions as to the cause of the failure of the campaign. These writers all say that Stuart's movements with the cavalry were the actual cause of the disaster at Gettysburg.

It is asserted first, that General Stuart's movements around the enemy's rear into Maryland and Pennsylvania deprived General Lee of his cavalry. Secondly, that the movement was made by Stuart solely to gratify his ambition for sensational display in disobedience of the orders of General Lee. Thirdly, that the whole movement around the Federal rear by Stuart was a failure and a "fatal blunder." These writers have also quoted, in support of their charges against Stuart, an expression from General Lee, in which he complains of "want of information of the enemy's movements in consequence of the absence of the cavalry." The writer now proposes to show that all these charges are without the least foundation.

That the movement around the enemy's rear was not in violation of the orders of General Lee, but by his express authority, after mature deliberation; that the movement did not deprive General Lee of his cavalry; that the movement was not a failure and "fatal blunder," but a complete success, and far more productive of valuable results than any other movement ho could have made; that the complaint made by General Lee as to the absence of the cavalry was not intended to blame General Stuart for the loss of the battle, since that disaster can be explained by other and better reasons.

Besides, too, while these writers have, with one accord, used the name of General Lee to accuse Stuart, not one of them, nor any other writer, has been able to show in what manner the presence of General Stuart with the main army would have altered the results of the battle and turned the tide of victory in favor of the

Confederates. The facts are, that on Tuesday, the 23d of June, while Stuart had his headquarters at Rector's Cross-roads, and Longstreet's corps was still at Ashby's and Snickers' gaps. General Stuart proceeded to army headquarters and had a personal interview with General R.E. Lee in regard to the contemplated movement. At this interview the whole question of the future movements of the cavalry was thoroughly discussed. It was on this occasion that Stuart proposed to General Lee his plan of passing around the Federal army and joining the right, wing of Lee's army in Pennsylvania at any point the commanding general might designate. One of two alternatives presented itself.

Stuart had either to move west of the Blue Ridge, cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and push on through Maryland and Pennsylvania, or attain the rear of the Federal army at some point between that army and Washington City, and cross the Potomac, move onward through Maryland and join his old associates in Pennsylvania.

As for the assertion that some writers have advanced, that Stuart might have taken a middle course, and crossed the Potomac between Harper's Ferry and Edward's Ferry, where the Federal army crossed it, is erroneous. Certainly no intelligent soldier acquainted with that section of the country would expose his judgment to the ridicule of pretending to assert that Stuart could have crossed at that point without exposing his weakness to the whole Federal army, whose cavalry were all united now and hanging on the Federal front under Gregg and Buford. To have attempted it would have been a piece of inconsiderate rashness.

In speaking of what took place at army headquarters, at his personal interview with General Lee on the 23d of June, General Stuart, in his report says: "I submitted to the commanding general a plan of leaving a brigade or so of cavalry in my present front, and passing through Hopewell, or some other gap in the Bull Run Mountains, attain the enemy's rear, and moving between his main body and Washington cross the Potomac into Maryland and join our army north of that river."

Now let us see what effect this suggestion had upon the judgment of General Lee. In his official report, speaking of this very interview, General Lee says: "Upon the suggestions of General Stuart that he could damage the enemy and delay his passage of the river by getting in his rear, he was authorized to do so."

And further on in his report, January, 1864, General Lee says: "General Stuart was directed to hold the mountain passes with part of his command as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac, and with the remainder to pass into Maryland and place himself on the right of General Ewell. It was loft to his discretion whether he should enter Maryland east or west of the Blue Ridge; but he was instructed also to lose no time in placing his command on the right of our column as soon as he should perceive the enemy moving northward."

These extracts from the report of General Lee show very clearly that General Stuart was authorized to make the movement, and General Lee's report can be found in the *Southern Historical Society Papers* at Richmond without difficulty. On the same night of the day, June 23d, upon which Stuart had his personal interview with General Lee he received from the commanding general his official orders.

General Stuart was at Rector's Cross-roads the night these orders were received by his faithful aid, Major McClellan, who read them to Stuart as he lay out in the rain, wrapped in a blanket, sharing the hardships of a soldier with his men.

Major H. B. McClellan, than whom I am persuaded no one more devoted to the memory of General Stuart lives, furnishes facts which fully confirm General Lee's plan of the campaign, and lets in a little light on that question. Major McClellan says: "With the orders from Lee to Stuart was a letter written at some length from General Lee to Stuart, marked confidential. The letter discussed the plan submitted during the day by Stuart, at the personal interview with Lee, of passing around the enemy's rear. It informed Stuart that General Early would move on York, Pennsylvania, with the right wing, and that it was desirable to place his cavalry, as speedy as possible, with Early's division.

The letter also suggested that, as the roads leading northward from Shepherdstown and Williamsport were already incumbered with the artillery and transportation of the army, the route in that direction would consume more time than the proposed one of passing to the enemy's rear. This letter also informed Stuart that he could take either route his discretion might dictate, but that if ho chose the latter General Early would receive instructions to look out for him at York, Pennsylvania. York was particularly mentioned as the point at which Stuart was to look out for Early, and as the probable point of concentration."

Let us now quote from General Stuart's official report, which is in the archives of the United States Government at Washington. This report is dated January 20, 1864. Stuart says: "I was advised by General Lee that the Army of Northern Virginia would move in two columns for the Susquehanna. General Early commanded one of the divisions to the eastward, and I was directed to communicate with him as speedily as practicable after crossing the Potomac, and place my command on his right flank. It was expected that I would find him at York, Pennsylvania. It is believed that had the corps of Hill and Longstreet moved onward, in-

stead of halting near Chambersburg three, or four days, that York could have become the point of concentration instead of Gettysburg. Moreover, considering York as the point of junction, the route I took to get there was certainly as direct and far more expeditious than the alternate one proposed."

Let us now compare notes. On Saturday, the 19th of June, General Early crossed the Potomac and moved direct for York, Pennsylvania, by way of Hagerstown and Gettysburg, reaching Gettysburg on the 26th and York on the 28th. Hence it will be seen that before General Stuart had fully crossed the Potomac Early was at York.

Now the principal object of the commanding general was to place Stuart's cavalry on the right flank of the Army of Northern Virginia mid to reach the advance of his right wing as speedily as possible, which, as has been shown, was expected to be under Early at York.

This is the whole of it. In moving on York General Stuart had the question left to his judgment, either to move west of the Blue Ridge and cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, or attain the enemy's rear and pass on to York by way of Rockville, Westminster, and Hanover. Ho chose the latter route for the reason that he thought, and so did General Lee, that in consequence of the roads west of the Blue Ridge being incumbered by our artillery and wagon-trains, he could reach York sooner by moving around the Federal army.

Having seen that the movement was authorized by General Lee's express authority, let us see further whether in executing it he robbed the commanding general of his cavalry.

On Tuesday, June 24th, General Stuart divided his cavalry. The three brigades of Generals Wade Hampton, Fitzhugh Lee, and W.H.F. Lee, the latter commanded by Colonel Chambliss, he ordered to get ready to pass around the enemy.

The brigades of General William E. Jones and Robertson were left by Stuart in observation on the enemy's front, with full instruction to follow up the enemy in case of withdrawal, and to join the main army. Now every intelligent soldier who was acquainted with the especial qualifications of the different officers of General Lee's army knows full well the high reputation of General W. E. Jones.

His sagacity in obtaining information was unrivaled. He was, without a doubt, the best outpost officer in the Army of Northern Virginia. The brigades of Jones and Robertson mustered nearly three thousand five hundred men, while the brigade of General Jenkins, then at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, mustered two thousand. To this might be added the cavalry of General Imboden, also in Pennsylvania, at McConnellsburg. It will be seen that Stuart left with General Lee a force of cavalry greater than that which be carried with him. Under these circumstances, surely, Stuart was justified in believing that he had left with General Lee a force of cavalry fully sufficient to discharge every duty required by the commanding general of his cavalry.

There is another point deserving of attention. General Lee knew on the 24th that Stuart had resolved to pass around the Federal army. He knew that Jones and Robertson were left to the main army. Now as a matter of fact, founded on common sense, did not General Lee know that the route undertaken by General Stuart was such that his absence from the main army for at least five days was a matter of necessity, and that he could not in all reason hope to obtain any reliable information from the commander of his cavalry before the 29th or 30th of June?

True, some unforeseen event might, by possibility, have enabled Stuart, by employing individual scouts, to send some information to Lee. But then both Stuart and Lee were soldiers, and great soldiers, and neither of them would depend upon an accident as a medium of success. The only sensible conclusion, therefore, is this, that in the absence of General Stuart the commanding general had to look to other sources to procure information and keep himself advised in regard to the enemy's movements.

When the high reputation for sagacity which General W.E. Jones possessed is considered, no man can doubt the motives that prompted the young commander of the cavalry to assign him to the main army. It was done, without a doubt, to strengthen the arm of the commanding general.

Stuart thought he had left a force of cavalry with his beloved commander fully sufficient to watch the enemy's movements and keep General Lee properly advised until he could reach him in Pennsylvania. Stuart was certainly very confident of this, for be refers to it in his report, and says, "Properly handled, the cavalry I left with the main army should have done everything requisite, and left nothing to detract from the brilliant exploits of their comrades, achieved under circumstances of great hardship and danger."

To resume our narrative: General Stuart with the cavalry pushed rapidly forward, and, having attained the enemy's rear, reached the Potomac near Darnestown, and crossed that river, under circumstances of much hardship, at Roussers, on Saturday night, the 27th of June; many did not reach the Maryland shore until near daylight on Sunday morning. His command moved on to Rockville, Maryland, and routed the Federal forces that held the place. At this point a large wagon-train was coming from Washington to supply Hooker's army. Colonel Chambliss pursued them to within sight of Washington, capturing them all. He

turned this train over to our quartermaster at Gettysburg. Colonel Walter Taylor, of General Lee's staff, in his contribution to the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, page 85, volume iv, expresses his opinion that Stuart was unfortunately delayed in capturing this train.

But Major McClellan, who was present, assures the writer that it did not detain Stuart's movements over three hours. Moving onward, Fitzhugh Lee's brigade reached the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Sykesville by daylight on Monday morning, June 29th.

The track at this point was torn up and the bridge burned. The appearance of Stuart on the Maryland side on Sunday, and his operations on that day and the following Monday had the desired effect, and produced not only much anxiety with General Meade, the new commander of the Federal army, then stationed at Frederick, but a corresponding and deep apprehension was felt in Washington. The communication between Meade's army and his government was completely destroyed, except by private couriers.

General Halleck, commander-in-chief at Washington, on Monday night, June 29th, telegraphed to General Conch, in command of the Department of the Susquehanna, "I have no communication with General Meade."

Hon. Edgar Cowan, United States Senator from Pennsylvania, then in Washington, telegraphed to Governor Curtin, at Harrisburg, "Stanton can hear nothing from the Army of the Potomac, and we all fear that it has met with some disaster."

Seward, on Monday night, June 29th, telegraphed to Hon. Thurlow Weed, at Albany, New York, to urge Seymour to send on the New York militia; that the government was in extreme peril. Stuart pushed on and reached Westminster, Maryland, on the afternoon of Monday, June 29th, and on the following day, Tuesday, June 30th, he had passed his command around the whole Federal army, and reached Hanover, Pennsylvania, at 10 o'clock A.M. of that day. He was now twelve miles from Gettysburg and fourteen from York. His command had been in the saddle day and night from the Potomac, and did all that mortal men could do and that flesh and blood could suffer to attain their end. At Hanover, on Tuesday, Wade Hampton's brigade engaged Kilpatrick's cavalry and drove him from the town. On this same day Early had left York by way of East Berlin for Gettysburg. The writer, who was an officer of Early's division, is perfectly confident that if Stuart had known that Early had left York that morning for certain, and known also of his direction, he could have effected a junction with him before sundown, perhaps, at some point near East Berlin.

But, unfortunately, the order issued to Early at York to look out for Stuart never reached him, and Early's division had no knowledge of Stuart's movements to the rear of the Federal army. While the writer of this paper was passing with his command to the left of East Berlin, on Tuesday night, June 30th, at dusk, the whole command distinctly heard Stuart's guns. But in a hilly country like that in which we were moving we could not tell either the distance or direction of the firing. Stuart had heard while at Hanover that Early had left York and moved to Shippensburg, but ho could not rely on a statement of this kind in an enemy's country. Later in the day, when he finally received information of a reliable character that Early had left York, he relinquished his undertaking in that direction. It was late at night before he struck Early's trail, and expected to find him further up on the Susquehanna. He crossed the mountain at Mt. Holly, and reached Carlisle on Wednesday, July 1st. Here he learned the true state of affairs, and turning his cavalry again to the southward, rode rapidly on to Gettysburg, reaching the battle-field on Thursday, July 2d, just in time to repel a movement of Federal cavalry on Hunterstown. When Stuart's command was at Hanover, on Tuesday, and in its wanderings during that day, had any of his force met White's battalion, who moved on Gettysburg that day from York, by the turnpike, he no doubt would have continued his movements through the night, reaching Cashtown on Wednesday, and could have been with Lee and Longstreet before the battle opened on that day. If he could have reached Lee on the 1st of July, he, no doubt, could have furnished the commanding general with valuable information with respect to the recent positions of at least some of the corps of General Meade's army.

But is any man authorized to say that the information Stuart could have furnished Lee would have enabled him to change the course of victory? General Lee knew, on Monday night, the 29th, at Chambersburg, from Longstreet's scout, that the Federal army was at Frederick City, Maryland. He also knew that the distance from Frederick to York, Pennsylvania, where his right rested, was sixty miles, and that from Frederick on to Gettysburg it was only thirty-five miles. Under almost any circumstances it would have been impossible for Stuart to have given Lee the information of the passage of the Potomac by the Federal army and its presence at Frederick earlier than he received the news from Longstreet's faithful scout. These are facts unquestionable. Moreover, it was known at Washington on Saturday, the 27th, that Lee was at Chambersburg and Ewell and Early at Carlisle and Gettysburg.

That the Federal army would be ordered to pursue the Confederate forces none can doubt. Stuart's move-

ments in Maryland, on Sunday and Monday, June 28th and 29th, confused the government at Washington by breaking the communication between Meade and his commander-in-chief, General Halleck. It will be remembered that Meade had assumed command at Frederick on Sunday, the 28th, and he was naturally careful not to make any rash movements to begin with. The operations of Stuart in his rear, and his inability to hear any thing from Washington, naturally obliged Meade to delay his movements. General Early awards to Stuart this high honor. In his official report, Early says, "If Stuart had crossed the Potomac at Shepherdstown, Maryland, it is doubtful whether he could have answered Lee's expectations, but by his movement to the Federal rear he compelled the enemy to move slower." The truth is, that General Stuart did all he agreed to do at his personal interview with General Lee on the 23d, and if the cavalry that went with the main army had been vigilant in Stuart's absence, the disastrous issues of the campaign might have been averted. General Lee, at Chambersburg, on the 30th of June, made this remark to his friends, "It is now time to hear from Stuart," showing clearly that he had not expected to hear from him sooner. On the 1st of July, while crossing South Mountain, General Lee said to his staff, "I can not think what has become of Stuart. I fear some disaster has befallen him." General Lee knew that the cavalry with him had not kept him properly advised, and his expression, "In the absence of Stuart I could gain no information of the enemy's movements," was perfectly natural.

With many it is a common expression, but for General Stuart "Lee would have succeeded in Pennsylvania and gained the victory at Gettysburg." In a subsequent paper, in treating of the great battle, the writer will attempt to show "how Lee lost Gettysburg."

It can easily be shown that as a matter of fact General Lee did not blame Stuart for the disaster which befell the Confederate army on the field of Gettysburg. Long, indeed, before Stuart's friends could be heard in his defense, many writers, relying on a partial expression of General Lee, built upon it a foundation to accuse Stuart and poison public sentiment in advance against the gallant young commander of the cavalry.

The war developed no braver, no more patriotic spirit; no reverses, no misfortune could check the ardor of his fearless and unconquerable soul. He fell in the great cause he had advocated, sealing his devotion with his blood, urging his companions with his dying prayer to imitate his example. His spirit was the spirit of Chevalier Bayard and Du Guesclin; his courage was that of Richard the Lionhearted. He sleeps his last sleep in the lovely cemetery at Richmond, Virginia, by the side of his beloved commander. There many of his old soldiers and friends scatter flowers upon his tomb, and look sadly upon the spot where his heart has moldered into dust.

"Fight at Brandy Station" (June 10, 1863), in, *The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events, with Documents*, ed. Frank Moore (New York, 1864), volume seven

Yesterday introduced and ended the most terrific and desperate cavalry fight that ever occurred on this continent—a fight which commenced at sunrise and closed at the setting of the same.

We had learned that Stuart, with a heavy force of cavalry and artillery, was encamped at Brandy Station. It was determined to give him fight for two reasons: to find out the whereabouts of the enemy, and to disturb his plan of a contemplated raid into Pennsylvania. Our success was complete. We found out the whereabouts of the enemy emphatically. We interfered with his purposed raid, for we captured his plan and letters of instruction, which we have now at headquarters, Second brigade, Third cavalry division. General Buford was to cross Beverly Ford and attack the enemy in front, while General [David] Gregg's and Colonel [Alfred] Duffie's divisions crossed at Kelly's Ford, and passing around his rear attacked him there….

Your correspondent was with General Gregg's division. At sunrise we heard the cannonading of Buford's command. At half-past seven a.m., we commenced to cross; at ten, we nabbed the enemy's picket; at half-past ten, the Second brigade, Third division, commanded by Colonel [Percy] Wyndham, struck his main body, and the play began. A section of artillery, supported by the First Maryland cavalry, was instantly thrown to the front and placed in position. As soon as his regiment was formed Major [Charles H.] Russell, First Maryland cavalry, led his second squadron to the charge. He routed the enemy's advance, sent it flying over fields and roads, captured an ambulance—which was afterward found to contain a

major and all General Stuart's plans and letters of instruction from General Lee—drove the enemy before him down the Culpeper road, and, alas! charged too far. Before he could rally his men and bring them back, the enemy had brought up two regiments and cut him off, with fifteen of his command. The artillery now opened on both sides. Captain Buckley and Lieutenant Apple led the third squadron First Maryland cavalry into the charge to meet the advancing foe. The Captain was taken prisoner, then rescued by his boys. The Lieutenant was wounded; his men faltered and shivered before an overwhelming force. Lieutenant Erick rallied them and led them to the charge again. He, too, was wounded. Then brave, fearless Captain Creager led on his brave boys of company I. Three times they charged the foe. Twice they were driven back; but in the third charge Captain Creager fell from his horse, wounded in the left breast Then Lieutenant Kimble took command of company I, rallied the men behind a hill and led them back to the charge. Eight times did that fearless officer and those brave boys charge with shrieks and yells against fearful odds. Lieutenant-Colonel Deems was conspicuous on the field, rallying and cheering on his men.

On our left stood a house around which a body of rebel cavalry had gathered. Lieutenant-Colonel [Virgil] Broderick led his brave New-Jersey boys in a charge by battalions against them. As they closed up, the rebels fell back, when the whole house full of infantry poured a murderous fire from the hundreds of loop holes which pierced the walls of the house. The Lieutenant-Colonel and the Major were wounded, and the boys fell back.

The scene now became terrific, grand, and ludicrous. The choking dust was so thick that we could not tell "t'other from which." Horses, wild beyond the control of their riders, were charging away through the lines of the enemy and back again. Many of our men were captured, and escaped because their clothes were so covered with dust that they looked like graybacks. Captain Buckley was three times a prisoner, and finally escaped. Sergeant Embrey, of company I, was taken prisoner. He wore a brown blouse. He played secesh orderly to a secesh colonel for a while, and then escaped. Sergeant Hiteshem, same company, was captured, and escaped because he wore a gray pair of trowsers.

Our men fought well and lost heavily. But the enemy met every charge with overwhelming numbers. He had both wings supported by infantry; had three batteries against our three guns.

I was in the fight, and have only mentioned, therefore, what passed under my own eye, and in the dust one man could not see far.

I must not forget to mention that Major Russell, after he found that he was cut off, lost none of his usual coolness, courage, and sagacity. His wit sharpened with the emergency; he reached the rear of the enemy's army. He rallied his fifteen men, and set immediately to work. The enemy moved out of the woods and tried to turn our left flank. The Major had most of his men partly concealed, partly exposed. Every time the enemy moved out of the woods the Major would dash at them with three or four men, and when close upon them would turn upon his horse and call upon some imaginary officer to bring up those imaginary squadrons out of those woods. Then he would retire, always bringing some prisoners with him. When they (the enemy) moved out again he would repeat the joke. At one time he had between forty and fifty prisoners whom he had thus captured. He thus perplexed and checked them until our division had retired.

At length the rebels charged upon him and retook all the prisoners excepting fourteen. The Major turned, tired his pistol into their faces, and again called upon that imaginary officer to bring up those imaginary squadrons. The charging squadron of rebels halted to re-form for the charge, and while they were forming he slid his men and prisoners between two divisions of the rebel cavalry and rejoined his regiment.

Two things probably saved the Major. He lost his hat and took a secesh cap from a prisoner. He looked like a reb. When he returned through the two divisions of rebel cavalry ha had so many prisoners and so few men that they doubtless mistook him and his party for their own men moving out to reconnoitre.

This may sound extravagant, but I have the word of the prisoners he brought in (fourteen) and of his own men for its fidelity, and the ambulance he captured, with General Stuart's trunk, papers, letters, and plans, are at headquarters.

The battle soon became a fight for Beverly Ford. We drove the enemy back, secured the ford, and recrossed about sundown.

We accomplished our great design, that is, found out that the enemy was there….

THE MARCH UP

General Orders, No. 72 (June 21, 1863), in in *O.R.*, series one, 27(pt 3)

While in the enemy's country, the following regulations for procuring supplies will be strictly observed, and any violation of them promptly and rigorously punished.

I. No private property shall be injured or destroyed by any person belonging to or connected with the army, or taken, excepting by the officers hereinafter designated.

II. The chiefs of the commissary, quartermaster's, ordnance, and medical departments of the army will make requisitions upon the local authorities or inhabitants for the necessary supplies for their respective departments, designating the places and times of delivery. All persons complying with such requisitions shall be paid the market price for the articles furnished, if they so desire, and the officer making such payment shall take duplicate receipts for the same, specifying the name of the person paid, and the quantity, kind, and price of the property, one of which receipts shall be at once forwarded to the chief of the department to which such officer is attached.

III. Should the authorities or inhabitants neglect or refuse to comply with such requisitions, the supplies required will be taken from the nearest inhabitants so refusing, by the order and under the directions of the respective chiefs of the departments named.

IV. When any command is detached from the main body, the chiefs of the several departments of such command will procure supplies for the same, and such other stores as they may be ordered to provide, in the manner and subject to the provisions herein prescribed, reporting their action to the heads of their respective departments, to whom they will forward duplicates of all vouchers given or received.

V. All persons who shall decline to receive payment for property furnished on requisitions, and all from whom it snail be necessary to take stores or supplies, shall be furnished by the officer receiving or taking the same with a receipt specifying the kind and quantity of the property received or taken, as the case may be, the name of the person from whom it was received or taken, the command for the use of which it is intended, and the market price. A duplicate of said receipt shall be at once forwarded to the chief of the department to which the officer by whom it was executed is attached.

VI. If any person shall remove or conceal property necessary for the use of the army, or attempt to do so, the officers hereinbefore mentioned will cause such property, and all other property belonging to such person that may be required by the army, to be seized, and the officer seizing the same will forthwith report to the chief of his department the kind, quantity, and market price of the property so seized, and the name of the owner. By command of General R.E. Lee:

R.H. CHILTON, Assistant Adjutant-General.

"Jenkins's Raid into Pennsylvania," in *The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events, with Documents*, ed. Frank Moore (New York, 1864), volume 7

On Sunday evening, June fourteenth, the dark clouds of contrabands commenced rushing upon us, bringing the tidings that General Milroy's forces at Martinsburgh had been attacked and scattered, and that the rebels, under General Rhodes, were advancing upon Pennsylvania. With due allowance for the excessive alarm of the slaves, it was manifest that the rebels were about to clear out the Shenandoah valley, and, that once done, the Cumberland, with all its teeming wealth, would be at rebel mercy. On Sunday night our people were much excited, and the question of protection became one of paramount interest. To inquiries, the authorities at Washington answered that the aspect of the war just at present rendered it unwise to divide or weaken the army of the Potomac, and that Pennsylvania .must furnish her own men for her de-

fence. A call from the President was issued to that effect, which is noticed elsewhere.

On Monday morning the flood of rumors from the Potomac fully confirmed the advance of the rebels, and the citizens of Chambersburgh and vicinity, feeling unable to resist the rebel columns, commenced to make prompt preparation for the movement of stealable property. Nearly every horse, good, bad, and indifferent, was started for the mountains as early on Monday as possible, and the negroes darkened the different roads northward for hours, loaded with household effects, sable babies, etc., and horses and wagons and cattle crowded every avenue to places of safety. About nine o'clock in the morning the advance of Milroy's retreating wagon-train dashed into town, attended by a few cavalry, and several affrighted wagon-masters, all of whom declared that the rebels were in hot pursuit; that a large portion of the train was captured, and that the enemy was about to enter Chambersburgh. This startling information, coming from men in uniform, who had fought valiantly until the enemy had got nearly within sight of them, naturally gave a fresh impetus to the citizens, and the skedaddle commenced in magnificent earnestness and exquisite confusion. Men, women, and children, who seemed to think the rebels so many cannibals, rushed out the turnpike, and generally kept on the leading thoroughfares as if they were determined to be captured, if the rebels were anywhere within range and wanted them. We watched the motley cavalcade rush along for a few hours, when it seems to have occurred to someone to inquire whether the rebels were not some distance in the rear; and a few moments of reflection and dispassionate inquiry satisfied the people that the enemy could not be upon us for several hours at least. The railroad men were prompt and systematic in their efforts to prepare for another fire, and by noon all the portable, property of the company was safely under control, to be hauled and moved at pleasure. The more thoughtful portion of our people, who felt it a duty to keep out of rebel hands, remained until the cutting of telegraph communication south, and the reports of reliable scouts rendered it advisable to give way to the guerrilla army of plunderers.

Greencastle being but five miles north of the Maryland line, and in the direct route of the rebels, was naturally enough in the highest state of excitement on Sunday night and Monday morning. Exaggerated rumors had of course flooded them, and every half-hour a stampede was made before the imagined rebel columns. Hon. John Rowe at last determined to reconnoitre, and he mounted a horse and started out toward Hagerstown. A little distance beyond he was captured by a squad of rebels, and held until General [Albert G.] Jenkins came up. Jenkins asked Rowe his name, and was answered correctly.

He subsequently asked Mr. ----- who was with Rowe, what Rowe's name was, and upon being told that the name had been given to him correctly, he insisted that the Major had been an officer in the United States service. Mr. assured Jenkins that the Major had never been in the service, and he was satisfied. (Jenkins had evidently confounded Major Rowe with his son, the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Rowe, of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth.) Jenkins then asked Mr. whom he had voted for at the last Presidential election. He answered that he had voted for Lincoln. To which Jenkins gave the following chaste and classic reply: "Get off that horse, you — abolitionist." The horse was surrendered, and the same question was propounded to Major Rowe, who answered that he had voted for Douglas, and had scratched every Breckinridge man off his ticket Jenkins answered: "You can ride your horse as long as you like—I voted for Douglas myself." He then demanded to know what forces were in Greencastle, and what fortifications. Major Rowe told him that the town was defenceless; but Jenkins seemed to be cautious lest he might be caught in a trap. He advanced cautiously, reconnoitred all suspicious buildings, and finally being fully satisfied that there was not a gun in position, and not a man under arms, he resolved upon capturing the town by a brilliant charge of cavalry. He accordingly divided his forces into two columns, charged upon the vacated streets, and reached the centre of the town without the loss of a man! This brilliant achievement, so soon after entering Pennsylvania, seemed to encourage the gallant guerrilla chief to still more daring deeds, and he immediately commenced to empty stables and capture every article within his reach that seemed to suit the fancy of his men. He announced in terms unfit for ears polite that he had come to burn and destroy, and that he would begin at Greencastle. Major Rowe informed him that he could burn Greencastle, but that he would end his depredations and his mundane career at about that point Jenkins pondered as he blustered, and Jenkins didn't burn and destroy. He probably forgot to apply the torch. Generous teaching of memory!

The rebels were evidently under the impression that forces would be thrown in their way at an early hour, and they pushed forward for Chambersburgh. About eleven o'clock on Monday night they arrived at the southern end of the town,. and the same intensely strategic movements exhibited at Greencastle were displayed here. Several were thrown forward cautiously to reconnoitre, and a few of our brave boys captured them and took their horses. This taste of war whetted the appetite of Jenkins, and ho resolved to capture the town by a brilliant dash, without so much as a demand for surrender. He divided his forces into several columns— about two hundred in advance as a forlorn

hope, to whom was assigned the desperate task of charging upon the empty undefended streets, store-boxes, mortar-beds, etc., of the ancient village of Chambersburgh. Every precaution that strategy could invent was taken to prevent failure. Men were detailed to ride along the columns before the charge was made, bawling out as loudly as possible to plant artillery at different points, although the redoubtable Jenkins had not so much as a swivel in his army. The women and children having been sufficiently frightened by the threatened booming of artillery, and all things being in readiness, the forlorn hope advanced, and the most desperate charge ever known in the history of war—in Chambersburgh at least—was made. Down the street came the iron clatter of hoofs, like the tempest with a thousand thunderbolts; but the great plan had failed in one particular, and the column recoiled before it reached the Diamond. A mortar-bed on the street, in front of Mr. White's new building, had not been observed in the reconnoitring of the town, nor had willing copperheads advised him of it. His force was hurled against it; down went some men and bang went a gun. To strike a mortar-bed and have a gun fired at the same time was more than the strategy of Jenkins had bargained for; and the charge was broken and fell back. A few moments of fearful suspense, and the mortar-bed was carefully reconnoitred, and the musket report was found to be an accidental discharge of a gun in the hand of one of his own men, who had fallen. With a boldness and dash worthy of Jenkins, it was resolved to renew the attack without even the formality of a council of war. Again the steeds of war thundered down the street, and, there being nothing in the way, overcame all opposition, and the borough of Chambersburgh was under the rule of Jenkins. Having won it by the most determined and brilliant prowess, Jenkins resolved that ho would be magnanimous, and would allow nothing to be taken from our people—excepting such articles as he and his men wanted.

Jenkins had doubtless read the papers in his day, and knew that there were green fields in the "Green Spot;" and what is rather remarkable, at midnight he could start for a forty-acre clover-patch belonging to the editor of the *Repository* [Alexander K. McClure] without so much as stopping to ask where the gate might be found. Not even a halt was called to find it; but the march was continued until the gate was reached, when the order "File right!" was given, and Jenkins was in clover. Happy fellow thus to find luxuriant and extensive clover as if by instinct. By way of giving the devil his due, it must be said that, although there were over sixty acres of wheat, and eighty acres of corn and oats in the same field, ho protected it most carefully, and picketed his horses so that it could not be injured. An equal care was taken of all other property about the place, excepting half a dozen of our fattest Cottswell sheep, which were necessary, it seems, to furnish chops, etc., for his men. No fences were wantonly destroyed, poultry was not disturbed, nor did he compliment our blooded cattle so much as to test the quality of their steak and roasts. Some of his men cast a wistful eye upon the glistening trout in the spring; but they were protected by voluntary order, and save a few quarts of delicious strawberries, gathered with every care, after first asking permission, nothing in the gardens or about .the grounds was taken. Having had a taste of rebel love for horses last October, when General Stuart's officers first stole our horses, and then supped and smoked socially with us, we had started to the mountains slightly in advance of Jenkins's occupation of the town, and, being unable to find them, we are happy to say that. General Jenkins didn't steal our new assortment.

However earnest an enemy Jenkins may be, he don't seem to keep spite, but is capable of being very jolly and sociable when he is treated hospitably. For prudential reasons the editor was not at home to do the honors at his own table; but Jenkins was not particular, nor was his appetite impaired thereby. He called upon the ladies of the house, shared their hospitality, behaved in all respects like a gentleman, and expressed very earnest regrets that he had not been able to make the personal acquaintance of the editor. We beg to say that we reciprocate the wish of the General, and shall be glad to make his acquaintance personally—"when this cruel war is over." Colonel [William H.] French and Surgeon Bee spent much of their time with Mrs. McClure, and the former showed his appreciation of her hospitality by taking her revolver from her when he left. An order having been made for the citizens to surrender all the guns and pistols they had, Colonel French took the pistol of his hostess. How many rifles he didn't get that were in her keeping, we "dinna choose to tell."

Horses seemed to be considered contraband of war, and were taken without the pretence of compensation; but other articles were deemed legitimate subjects of commerce even between enemies, and they were generally paid for after a fashion. True, the system of Jenkins would be considered a little informal in business circles; but it's his way, and our people agreed to it perhaps, to some extent, because of the novelty, but mainly because of the necessity of the thing. But Jenkins was liberal—eminently liberal. He didn't stop to higgle about a few odd pennies in making a bargain. For instance, he took the drugs of Messrs. Miller, Spangler, Nixon, and Heyser, and told them to make out a bill, or if they could not do that, to guess at the amount, and the bills were paid. Doubtless our merchants and druggists would have preferred greenbacks to confederate

scrip that is never payable, and is worth just its weight in old paper; but Jenkins hadn't greenbacks, and he had confederate scrip, and such as he had he gave unto them. Thus he dealt largely in our place. To avoid the jealousies growing out of rivalry in business, he patronized all the merchants, and bought pretty much everything he could conveniently use and carry. Some people, with the antiquated ideas of business, might call it stealing to take goods and pay for them in bogus money; but Jenkins calls it business, and for the time being what Jenkins calls business, was business. In this way he robbed all the stores, drug-stores, etc., more or less, and supplied himself with many articles of great value to him.

Jenkins, like most doctors, don't seem to have relished his own prescriptions. Several horses had been captured by some of our boys, and notice was given by the General Commanding that they must be surrendered or the town would be destroyed. The city fathers, commonly known as the town council were appealed to in order to avert the impending fate threatened us. One of the horses, we believe, and some of the equipments were found and returned, but there was still a balance in favor of Jenkins. We do not know who audited the account, but it was finally adjusted by the council appropriating the sum of nine hundred dollars to pay the claim. Doubtless Jenkins hoped for nine hundred dollars in "greenbacks," but he had flooded the town with confederate scrip, pronouncing it better than United States currency, and the council evidently believed him; and, desiring to be accommodating with a conqueror, decided to favor him by the payment of his bill in confederate scrip. It was so done, and Jenkins got just nine hundred dollars' worth of nothing for his trouble. He took it, however, without a murmur, and doubtless considered it a clever joke.

Sore was the disappointment of Jenkins at the general exodus of horses from this place. It limited his booty immensely. Fully five hundred had been taken from Chambersburgh and vicinity to the mountains, and Jenkins's plunder was thus made just so much less. But he determined to make up for it by stealing all the arms in the town. He therefore issued an order requireing the citizens to bring him all the arms they had, public or private, within two hours; and search and terrible vengeance were threatened in case of disobedience. Many of our citizens complied with the order, and a committee of our people was appointed to take a list of the persons presenting arms. Of course very many did not comply, but enough did so to avoid a general search and probable sacking of the town. The arms were assorted—the indifferent destroyed, and the good taken along.

On Tuesday a few of Milroy's cavalry, escaping from Martinsburgh, were seen by the redoubtable Jenkins hovering in his front Although but thirteen in number, and without the least appetite for a battle with his two thousand men, he took on a fright of huge proportions, and prepared to sell his command as dearly as possible. Like a prudent general, however, he provided fully for his retreat. The shrill blast of the bugle brought his men to arms with the utmost possible alacrity; his pickets were called in to swell the ranks; the horses and baggage, consisting principally of stolen goods, were sent to the rear, south of the town; the surgeon took forcible possession of all our buildings, houses, barns, sheds, etc., to be used as hospitals, and especially requested that their wounded should be humanely treated in case of their sudden retreat without being able to take them along. The hero of two brilliant cavalry charges upon undefended towns was agitated beyond endurance at the prospect of a battle; and instead of charging upon a little squad of men, who were merely observing the course of his robberies, he stood trembling in battle array to receive the shock. No foe was nearer than the State capital, over fifty miles distant, and there the same scene was being presented. Jenkins in Chambersburgh, and the militia at Harrisburgh, were each momentarily expecting to be cut to pieces by the other. But these armies, alike terrible in their heroism, were spared the deadly clash of arms, inasmuch as even the most improved ordnance is not deemed fatal at a range of fifty miles. Both armies, as the usual reports go, having accomplished their purpose retired in good order.

As a rule, we believe that private houses were not sacked by Jenkins's forces; but there were some exceptions. The residences of Messrs. Dengler and Gipe, near Chambersburgh, were both entered (the families being absent) and plundered of clothing, kettles, and other articles. Bureaus and cupboards were all emptied of their contents, and such articles as they wanted were taken. We have not learned of any instances of the kind in town.

A very few of our citizens exhibited the craven spirit of the genuine copperhead, but Jenkins and his men, in no instance, treated them with even courtesy. That they made use of some such creatures to obtain information, cannot be doubted; but they spurned all attempts to claim their respect because of professed sympathy with their cause. To one who desired to make fair weather with Jenkins, by ardent professions of sympathy with the South, he answered: "Well, if you believe we are right, take your gun and join our ranks." It is needless to say that the cowardly traitor did not obey. To another he said: "If we had such men as you in the South we would hang them." They say, on all occasions, that there are but two modes of peace — disunion or subjugation, and they stoutly deny that the latter is possible. Lieutenant Reilly had just returned

from West-Point the day the rebels reached here, and of his presence and residence they were minutely advised, for they called at the house and compelled his sister to go with them into every room to search for them. General Jenkins also had the fullest information of the movements of the editor of this paper. He told at our own house, when we had left, the direction we had gone, and described the horse we rode, and added that there were people in Chambersburgh sufficiently cowardly and treacherous to give such information of their neighbors. When it was suggested that such people should be sent within the rebel lines, he insisted that the South should not be made a Botany Bay for Northern scoundrels.

Quite a number of negroes, free and slave — men, women, and children — were captured by Jenkins and started South to be sold into bondage. Many escaped in various ways, and the people of Greencastle captured the guard of one negro train and discharged the negroes; but, perhaps, full fifty were got off to slavery. One negro effected his escape by shooting and seriously wounding his rebel guard. Ho forced the gun from the rebel and fired, wounding him in the head, and then skedaddled. Some of the men were bound with ropes, and the children were mounted in front or behind the rebels on their horses. By great exertions of several citizens some of the negroes were discharged.

The southern border of this county has been literally plundered of everything in the stock line, excepting such as could be secreted.

Philip Schaff, "The Gettysburg Week," *Scribner's Magazine* (July 1894)

*Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, June 26, 1863.*This is the third time within less than a year that the horrible civil war, now raging through this great and beautiful country, has been brought to our very doors and firesides. First, during the Rebel invasion of Maryland, in September, 1862, when forty thousand Rebel troops occupied Hagerstown, and sent their pickets to within five miles of this place, and kept us in hourly fear of their advance into Pennsylvania, until they were defeated at Antietam. In October followed the bold and sudden Rebel raid of Stuart's cavalry to Mercersburg and Chambersburg, in the rear of our immense army then lying along the upper Potomac. At that time they took about eight prominent citizens of this place prisoners to Richmond (released since, except Mr. P.A. Rice, editor of the *Mercersburg Journal*, who died in Richmond), and deprived the country of hundreds of horses. Now we have the most serious danger, an actual invasion of this whole southern region of Pennsylvania by a large portion of the Rebel army of Lee, formerly under command of the formidable Stonewall Jackson, now under that of General Ewell. The darkest hour of the American Republic and of the cause of the Union seems to be approaching. As the military authorities of the State and the United States have concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and to leave Southern Pennsylvania to the tender mercies of the advancing enemy, we are now fairly, though reluctantly, in the Southern Confederacy, cut off from all newspapers and letters and other reliable information, and so isolated that there is no way of safe escape, even if horses and carriages could be had for the purpose. I will endeavor on this gloomy and rainy day to fix upon paper the principal events and impressions of the last few days.

*Sunday, June 14th.*While attending the funeral of old Mrs. McClelland, near Upton, whose husband died a few weeks ago, in his eighty-seventh year having been born in the year 1776, in the same month with the birth of the American Union, rumors reached us of the advance of the Rebels upon our force at Winchester, Va., and of the probable defeat of General Milroy.

Monday, the 15th. On my way to my morning lecture to complete the chapter on the conversion of the Germanic races to Christianity, I heard that the advance of the Rebels had reached Hagerstown and taken possession of that town. Rumors accumulated during the day, and fugitive soldiers from Milroy's command at Winchester and at Martinsburg, most of them drunk, made it certain that our force in the valley of Virginia was sadly defeated, and that the Rebels were approaching the Potomac in strong force. On the same evening, their cavalry reached Greencastle and Chambersburg, endeavoring to capture Milroy's large baggage-train, which fled before them in the greatest confusion, but reached Harrisburg in safety.

Tuesday, the 16th. We felt it necessary to suspend the exercises of the Seminary, partly because it was impossible to study under the growing excitement of a community stricken with the panic of invasion, partly because we have no right to retain the students when their State calls them to its defence. We invited them all to enlist at the next recruiting station for what are seminaries, colleges, and churches if we have no country and home? We closed solemnly at noon with singing and the use of the Litany.

Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 16th-18th. Passed under continued and growing excitement of conflicting rumors. Removal of goods by the merchants, of the horses by the farmers; hiding and burying of valuables, packing of books; flight of the poor

contraband negroes to the mountains from fear of being captured by the Rebels and dragged to the South. Arrests of suspicious persons by some individual unknown to us, yet claiming authority as a sort of marshal. One of these persons, from Loudon County, Va., was shut up for a while in the smoke-house of the Seminary, under my protest. I concluded to stay with my family at the post of danger, trusting in God till these calamities be passed. There is now no way of escape, and no horses and carriages are within reach. All communication cut off. These rumors of war are worse than war itself. I now understand better than ever before the difference of these two words as made by the Lord, Matt. xxiv. 6. The sight of the Rebels was an actual relief from painful anxiety.

Friday, the 19th. Actual arrival of the Rebel cavalry, a part of General Jenkins's guerilla force, which occupied Chambersburg as the advance of the Rebel army. They were under command of Colonel [Milton] Ferguson, about two hundred strong. They had passed through town the night previous on their way to McConnelsburg, and returned to-day after dinner with a drove of about two hundred head of cattle captured at McConnelsburg, and valued at $11,000, and about one hundred and twenty stolen horses of the best kind, and two or three negro boys. They rode into town with pointed pistols and drawn sabres, their captain (Crawford) loudly repeating: We hear there is to be some resistance made. We do not wish to disturb private citizens; but, if you wish a fight, you can have it to your hearts content. Come out and try. Long conversation with Col Ferguson. He said in substance: I care nothing about the right of secession, but I believe in the right of revolution. You invaded our rights, and we would not be worthy the name of men if we had not the courage to defend them. A cowardly race is only fit for contempt. You call us Rebels; why do you not treat us as such? Because you dare not and cannot. You live under a despotism; in the South the Habeas Corpus is as sacredly guarded as ever. You had the army, the navy, superiority of numbers, means, and a government in full operation; we had to create all that with great difficulty; yet you have not been able to subdue us, and can never do it. You will have to continue the war until you either must acknowledge our Confederacy, or until nobody is left to fight. For we will never yield. Good-by, I hope when we meet again we will meet in peace. The colonel spoke with great decision, yet courteously. The Rebels remained on their horses, and then rode on with their booty towards Hagerstown. The whole town turned out on the street to see them. I felt deeply humbled and ashamed in the name of the government. The Rebels were very poorly and miscellaneously dressed, and equipped with pistols, rifles, and sabres, hard-looking and full of fight, some noble, but also some stupid and semi-savage faces. Some fell asleep on their horses. The officers are quite intelligent and courteous, but full of hatred for the Yankees.

Saturday, the 20th. Appearance of about eighty of Milroy's cavalry, who had made their escape from Winchester in charge of the baggage-train, and returned from Harrisburg under Captain Boyd, of Philadelphia. They were received with great rejoicing by the community, took breakfast, fed their horses, and then divided into two parties in pursuit of some Rebels, but all in vain. They then went to Shippensburg, I believe, and left us without protection.

Sunday, the 21st. Received mail for the first time during a week, in consequence of the temporary withdrawal of the Rebel advance from Chambersburg. But on Monday all changed again for the worse.

Monday and Tuesday, 22d, 23d. Squads of Rebel cavalry stealing horses and cattle from the defenceless community. No star of hope from our army or the State government. Harrisburg in confusion. The authorities concluded to fortify Harrisburg and Pittsburg, and to leave all Southern Pennsylvania exposed to plunder and devastation, instead of defending the line and disputing every inch of ground. No forces of any account this side of Harrisburg, and the Rebels pouring into the State with infantry and artillery. The government seems paralyzed for the moment. We fairly, though reluctantly, belong to the Southern Confederacy, and are completely isolated. The majority of the students have gradually disappeared, mostly on foot. Mr. Reily left on Saturday. Dr. Wolf remains, but his wife is in Lancester.

Wednesday, the 24th. An eventful day, never to be forgotten. As we sat down to dinner the children ran in with the report, The Rebels are coming, the Rebels are coming! The advance pickets had already occupied the lane and dismounted before the gate of the Seminary. In a few minutes the drum and fife announced the arrival of a whole brigade of seven regiments of infantry, most of them incomplete one only two hundred strong with a large force of cavalry and six pieces of artillery, nearly all with the mark U.S., and wagons captured from Milroy and in other engagements. Their muskets, too, were in part captured from us at the surrender of Harpers Ferry in October last, and had the mark of Springfield. The brigade was commanded by Gen. Stewart, of Baltimore, a graduate of West Point (not to be confounded with the famous cavalry Stuart, who made the raid to Mercersburg and Chambersburg last Oct.). The major of the brigade, Mr. Goldsborough, from Baltimore, acts as marshal and rode up to the Seminary. He is distantly related to my wife. I had some conversation with him, as with many other officers and privates. This brigade belongs to the late Stonewall

Jacksons, now to Ewell's, command, and has been in fifteen battles, as they say. They are evidently among the best troops of the South, and flushed with victory. They made a most motley appearance, roughly dressed, yet better than during their Maryland campaign last fall; all provided with shoes, and to a great extent with fresh and splendid horses, and with U. S. equipments. Uncle Sam has to supply both armies. They seem to be accustomed to every hardship and in excellent fighting condition. The whole force was estimated at from three thousand to five thousand men. General Stewart and staff called a few of the remaining leading citizens together and had a proclamation of Lee read, dated June 21st, to the effect that the advancing army should take sup- plies and pay in Confederate money, or give a receipt, but not violate private property. They demanded that all the stores be opened. Some of them were almost stripped of the remaining goods, for which payment was made in Confederate money. They emptied Mr. Fitzgerald's cellar of sugar, molasses, hams, etc., and enjoyed the candies, nuts, cigars, etc., at Mr. Shannon's. Towards evening they proceeded towards McConnelsburg…. They hurt no person, and upon the whole we had to feel thankful that they behaved no worse.

*Thursday, the 25th.*The town was occupied by an independent guerilla band of cavalry, who steal horses, cattle, sheep, store-goods, negroes, and whatever else they can make use of, without ceremony, and in evident violation of Lee's proclamation read yesterday. They are about fifty or eighty in number, and are encamped on a farm about a mile from town. They are mostly Marylanders and Virginians, and look brave, defiant, and bold. On Thursday evening their captain, with a red and bloated face, threatened at the Mansion House to lay the town in ashes as soon as the first gun should be fired on one of his men. He had heard that there were firearms in town, and that resistance was threatened. He gave us fair warning that the least attempt to disturb them would be our ruin. We assured him that we knew nothing of such intention, that it was unjust to hold a peaceful community responsible for the unguarded remarks of a few individuals, that we were non-combatants and left the fighting to our army and the militia, which was called out, and would in due time meet them in open combat. They burned the barn of a farmer in the country who was reported to have fired a gun, and robbed his house of all valuables. On Friday this guerilla band came to town on a regular slave-hunt, which presented the worst spectacle I ever saw in this war. They proclaimed, first, that they would burn down every house which harbored a fugitive slave, and did not deliver him up within twenty minutes. And then commenced the search upon all the houses on which suspicion rested. It was a rainy afternoon. They succeeded in capturing several contrabands, among them a woman with two little children. A most pitiful sight, sufficient to settle the slavery question for every humane mind.

Saturday, the 27th. Early in the morning the guerilla band returned from their camping-ground, and, drove their booty, horses, cattle, about five hundred sheep, and two wagons full of store goods, with twenty-one negroes, through town and towards Greencastle or Hagerstown. It was a sight as sad and mournful as the slave-hunt of yesterday. They claimed all these negroes as Virginia slaves, but I was positively assured that two or three were born and raised in this neighborhood. One, Sam Brooks, split many a cord of wood for me. There were among them women and young children, sitting with sad countenances on the stolen store-boxes. I asked one of the riders guarding the wagons: Do you not feel bad and mean in such an occupation? He boldly replied that he felt very comfortable. They were only reclaiming their property which we had stolen and harbored. Mrs. McFarland, a Presbyterian woman, who had about three hundred sheep taken by the guerillas, said boldly to one: So the Southern chivalry have come down to sheep-stealing. I want you to know that we regard sheep thieves the meanest of fellows. I am too proud to ask any of them back, but if I were a man I would shoot you with a pistol. The Rebel offered her his pistol, upon which she asked him to give it to her boy, standing close by her. Among the goods stolen was the hardware of Mr. Shirts, which they found concealed in a barn about a mile from town. They allowed him to take his papers out of one box, and offered to return the goods for $1,200 good federal money, remarking that they were worth to them $5,000, as hardware was very scarce in Virginia. He let them have all, and took his loss very philosophically. Mr. McKinstry estimates his loss in silks and shawls and other dry goods, which the guerillas discovered in a hiding-place in the country, at $3,000. The worst feature is that there are men in this community who will betray their own neighbors! In the Gap they took from Mrs. Unger a large number of whiskey-barrels, and impressed teams to haul them off. They say they will bring $40 per gallon in the South. I pity Mrs. Unger, but am glad the whiskey is gone; would be glad if someone had taken an axe and knocked the barrels to pieces. From a man by the name of Patterson, in the Cove, they took, it is said, $5,000 worth of goods, and broke all his chinaware. From Mr. Johnson they took all the meat from the smoke-house. Other persons suffered more or less heavily. I expect these guerillas will not rest until they have stripped the country and taken all the contraband negroes who are still in the neighborhood, fleeing about like deer. My family is kept in constant danger, on account of poor old Eliza, our ser-

vant, and her little boy, who hide in the grain-fields during the day, and return under cover of the night to get something to eat. Her daughter Jane, with her two children, were captured and taken back to Virginia. Her pretended master, Dr. Hammel, from Martinsburg, was after her, but the guerillas would not let him have her, claiming the booty for themselves. I saw him walk after her with the party. These guerillas are far worse than the regular army, who behaved in an orderly and decent way, considering their mission. One of the guerillas said to me, We are independent, and come and go where and when we please. It is to the credit of our government that it does not tolerate such outlaws. Already the scarcity of food is beginning to be felt. No fresh meat to be had; scarcely any flour or groceries; no wood. The harvest is ripe for cutting, but no one to cut it. And who is to eat it? The loss to the farmers in hay and grain which will rot on the fields is incalculable. …I hear from a drover that the Rebel army has been passing all day from Hagerstown to Chambersburg in great force. Perhaps their advance-guard is in Harrisburg by this time…. Hooker is said to be behind them in Frederick, Md.

Sunday, the 28th.Thanks be to God we had a comparatively quiet Sunday. Dr. Creigh preached in our church. Small congregation, few country people, all on foot. In the evening…we see camp-fires in the Gap.

Monday, the 29th. Imboden's brigade encamped between here and the Gap. Infantry, artillery, and cavalry. They came from Western Virginia, Cumberland, and Hancock. They clean out all the surrounding farmhouses. They have discovered most of the hiding-places of the horses in the mountains, and secured to-day at least three hundred horses.

*Tuesday, the 30th.*This morning Gen. Imboden, with staff, rode to town and made a requisition upon this small place of five thousand pounds of bacon, thirty barrels of flour, shoes, hats, etc., to be furnished by eleven o'clock; if not complied with, his soldiers will be quartered upon the citizens. If they go on this way for a week or two we will have nothing to eat ourselves. They say as long as Yankees have something, they will have something. Gen. Imboden, who is a large, commanding, and handsome officer, said within my hearing, You have only a little taste of what you have done to our people in the South. Your army destroyed all the fences, burnt towns, turned poor women out of house and home, broke pianos, furniture, old family pictures, and committed every act of vandalism. I thank God that the hour has come when this war will be fought out on Pennsylvania soil. This is the general story. Everyone has his tale of outrage committed by our soldiers upon their homes and friends in Virginia and elsewhere. Some of our soldiers admit it, and our own newspaper reports unfortunately confirm it. If this charge is true, I must confess we deserve punishment in the North. The raid of [James] Montgomery in South Carolina, the destruction of Jacksonville in Florida, of Jackson in Miss., and the devastation of all Eastern Va., by our troops are sad facts. A large part of the provision demanded was given. Imboden made no payment, but gave a sort of receipt which nobody will respect. In the afternoon Imboden's brigade broke up their camp a little beyond the toll-gate, and marched through town on the way to Greencastle. They numbered in all only about eleven hundred men, including three hundred cavalry, six pieces of cannon, fifty wagons, mostly marked U. S., and a large number of stolen horses from the neighborhood. …Imboden remarked to a citizen in town, that if he had the power he would burn every town and lay waste every farm in Pa.! He told Mrs. Skinner, who wanted her horses back, that his mother had been robbed of everything by Yankee soldiers, and was now begging her bread. Mrs. S. replied, A much more honorable occupation than the one her son is now engaged in; you are stealing it.

Wednesday, July 1st. We hoped to be delivered from the Rebels for awhile, but after dinner a lawless band of guerillas rode to town stealing negroes and breaking into Fitzgerald's and Shannon's stores on the Diamond, taking what they wanted and wantonly destroying a good deal. This was the boldest and most impudent highway robbery I ever saw. Such acts I should have thought impossible in America after our boast of superior civilization and Christianity in this nineteenth century. Judge Carson asked one of these guerillas whether they took free negroes, to which the ruffian replied: Yes, and we will take you, too, if you do not shut up! How long shall this lawless tyranny last? But God rules, and rules justly. To-day I saw three Richmond papers, the last of June 24th, half sheets, shabby and mean, full of information from Northern papers of the Rebel invasion of Maryland and Pa., and full of hatred and bitterness for the North, urging their Southern army on to unmitigated plunder and merciless retaliation. Dr. Seibert walked from Chambersburg. So did Mr. Stine. They say that terrible outrages are committed by the soldiers on private citizens. One was shot to get his money, another was stripped naked and then allowed to run. Hats are stolen off the head in the street and replaced by Rebel hats. Dr. [Benjamin] Schneck, walking to his lots, just out of Chambersburg, was asked for the time by a soldier. He pulled out his old gold watch, inherited from father and grandfather. The Rebel instantly pointed his bayonet at the Dr.'s breast and said, Your watch is mine. Another soldier, apparently coming to his relief, touched his pocket, pointing his bayonet from behind, and forced him to give up his pocket-book with $57, all he had. This

comes from Dr. S. himself, through Dr. Seibert. A similar case occured here this afternoon. I am told that one of these lawless guerillas seeing a watch-chain on one of Dr. Kimball's boarders, who stood on the pavement, rode up to him and tore the watch from his vest pocket. In the evening and during the night this party drove all the remaining cows away from the neighborhood towards the Potomac. This reminds one of the worst times of the Dark Ages (the *Faustrecht*), where might was right, and right had no might….

Louis Moreau Gottschalk, *Notes of a Pianist* (Philadelphia, 1881)

June 15, 1863…. The town is all in commotion. A despatch has been received announcing the invasion of the State by three columns of Rebels, marching on the capital. The despatch is placarded on all the street corners. …5 P.M. Another despatch from the Governor of Pennsylvania calling all able-bodied citizens to arms. The Confederates, says the despatch, have seized Martinsburg, and are making forced marches on Hagerstown. …I go out into the streets. The crowds multiply and increase every moment. …A volunteer military band (the only one in Williamsport) draws up in battle array on the principal square; is it necessary for me to say that it is composed of Germans (all the musicians in the United States are Germans)? There are five of them: A cornet á piston with a broken-down constitution (I speak of the instrument), a cavernous trombone, an ophicleide too low, a clarionet too high, a sour-looking fifer — all of an independent and irascible temper, but united for the moment through their hatred of time and their desire vigorously to cast off its yoke. I must confess that they succeeded to that extent that I am doubtful whether they played in a major or minor key.

Fresh despatches received excite the greatest consternation. The Confederates are marching on Harrisburg. The crowd is stirred up; patriotic meetings are organized. An old gentleman in black clothes, with a large officer's scarf around his waist, harangues from the porch of the hotel many of his friends. The band strikes up, and marches through the streets, which fills the people with military ardour, thanks to the strains, more noisy than harmonious, of this performing cohort. With all this, the chances for the concert this evening are rather dubious. The receipts, which promised famously this morning, are suddenly paralyzed.

11 P.M. I played this evening, after all, before a very respectable audience, which listened with marked interest and a more sustained attention than I always meet with in the audiences of small towns. My little piece entitled the 'Union,' was much applauded; it suited the moment.

Williamsport, June 16, 4 o'clock in the morning. A Fresh telegram from the Governor orders all the National Guards to hurry to the defence of the State capital.

…Decidedly, Hagerstown is in possession of the Confederates. The Governor enjoins the people to place before their doors all the empty barrels which they may have to dispose of; they will use them on the fortifications which are to be thrown up at Harrisburg. All along the road we see the agriculturists in arms, in battle array and performing military evolutions. They all seem disposed to obey the command of the Governor, who orders all able-bodied men to the field to meet the enemy, and to take the Susquehanna as the line for battle. A traveller whom we took up at the last station assures us that the Confederate Army is not more than thirty miles from Harrisburg. Everybody is frightened. … 1 P.M. A mile this side of Harrisburg the road is completely obstructed by freight trains, wagons of all sorts, and in fine by all the immense mass of merchandise, etc., which for the last twelve hours has been concentrated near the town to avoid capture or burning by the rebels. The train stops at the middle of the bridge over the Susquehanna—why?

…The city expects to be attacked every moment. Three thousand persons are at work throwing up entrenchments. The clergy (many hundred persons), in a meeting which took place on this subject, have placed themselves at the disposition of the Governor, to be employed for the defence of the city. Priests, pastors, rectors, ministers of all denominations, are at this moment engaged in wheeling barrows full of earth and in digging pits for the sharpshooters. …2 P.M. A battery of artillery passes at full gallop. We are crushed in the midst of the crowd. Jones's Hotel is a quarter of a mile off. Numerous groups stand before the telegraph office. The rebels, the despatches announce, are eighteen miles off. All the shops are closed, and most of the houses from the garret to the cellar.

…A long convoy comes in with ten locomotives in front. It brings cannons, caissons, and many steam-engines in course of construction, which have been sent to Harrisburg to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. The confusion is at its height. Cattle bellowing, frightened mules, prancing horses, the noisy

crowd, the whistling locomotives…. The station is full of locomotives. I have counted thirty at a time. They look frightened like those around them. Puffing, out of breath, rushing forward, striking and bellowing at each other—I seemed to see a horrible troop of ante-diluvian animals flying before a geological flood. The train leaves in a few moments; it consists of eight or nine cars, in which are piled at least two thousand persons. We are like herrings in a barrel. The women are sitting on each other, the men all standing, and the children are everywhere: not one inch of room which is not occupied. We are dying from thirst; the heat is intolerable.

…The panic increases. It is no longer a flight, it is a flood,—a general *sauve qui peut.* It would seem, seeing the precipitation with which the inhabitants abandon their city, that the rebels were already in sight. Trunks, boxes, bundles of clothes, furniture, mattresses, kitchen utensils, and even pianos, are piled pell-mell on the road. Carriages, carts, chariots, indeed all the vehicles in the city have been put in requisition. The poor are moving in wheelbarrows. A trader has attached to his omnibus, already full, a long file of spring carts, trucks, buggies, whose owners had probably no horses, and drags them along to the great displeasure of his team, which sweat, froth, and fall, under the increased weight of the load.

"The Union Cavalry Service" (July 15, 1863), in *The Rebellion Record: A Diary of American Events, with Documents*, ed. Frank Moore (New York, 1864), volume 7

Stuart and Early, the marauding chiefs of the rebel army… had demanded tribute in almost every town visited by them, and threatened to destroy the towns unless their demands were promptly met. In some towns the citizens nobly refused to comply, but prepared rather to sacrifice their property than to yield to the invader. In many places, I regret to say, the reverse of all this was acted upon. At York, a town of twelve thousand inhabitants, the chief burgomaster, a man named Small, rode seven miles to surrender the town, and before any demand had been made for its surrender. General Early condescended to say, that if in the course of his peregrinations York was visited, he would consider the surrender as an ameliorating circumstance. Visiting the place, he demanded a ransom of one hundred thousand dollars and a supply of provisions and clothing for his whole command. A committee of citizens was actually formed, and forty-five thousand dollars in greenbacks and the required provisions were turned over to the Early aforesaid, who magnanimously offered to spare the town then, provided the balance of the money demanded was paid upon his return, which he said would be within a few days. Fortunately, General Kilpatrick's troops frightened this pink of generals away, and the, citizens of York and vicinity were saved the opportunity of further humiliating themselves.

…On the Saturday previous to arriving in Hanover, one hundred and fifty of Stuart's cavalry entered that place, and did pretty much as they pleased, not one of the three thousand inhabitants daring to remonstrate or raise a finger in self-defence. In fact, it appears they met more friends than enemies—for they found those who gave them information as to the movements of our troops, and were thereby enabled to make the sudden attack they did upon the rear of General Farnsworth's brigade the following Tuesday. Indeed, I have had in my possession a letter written by Fitz-Hugh Lee, and addressed to General Stuart on the very morning of the attack, giving a correct account of General Kilpatrick's movements, "obtained," he says, "from a citizen, and is reliable." There was no "reliable citizen" in all Pennsylvania to inform General Kilpatrick of the approach of General Stuart upon the rear of General Farnsworth's brigade; and our commanders throughout the campaign in that State, labored under almost as many disadvantages as if campaigning in an enemy's country. Indeed, not until we arrived near Gettysburgh, could any valuable information as to the enemy's movements be obtained. In conversation with the editor of a paper in Hanover, whom I accidentally met, after showing him the letter of Fitz-Hugh Lee, I made the remark that the rebels appeared to have a great many sympathizers in that vicinity. He replied: "I don't know as to that, but you see this is a very strong Democratic county, and the Democrats were opposed to the removal of McClellan!" Leading and active Union men were pointed out by the traitors, who seek to mask their treason under the garb of Democracy in this town, that they might be plundered by the marauders. One man, a jeweller, was thus pointed out, and his stock in trade, though concealed, was unearthed, and divided among the rebel soldiers, in Hanover, and at other points, particularly in York County, the enemy found warm friends ready to welcome them, and actually received some recruits for their army. Women at the Washington Hotel in York degraded themselves by waving their handkerchiefs in token of welcome to the rebel troops, and there were a number of citizens who spread tables for the officers, and invited them to their houses. At Mechanicsville, one "Democrat" was so buoyant, that he mounted a sword, and guided the rebel column to the railroad junction, where they destroyed a large amount

of property. There seemed to be a perfect understanding between the enemy and men whose loyalty had been questioned before. One of this class recovered nine horses from Stuart…. The keeper of a hotel in Abbotstown, who, I regret to say, was once a leading "Wide Awake" also manifested his pleasure at receiving a visit from the rebels. Fortunately, even the Democrats of York County have seen all they wish of rebels—a column of whom can be smelled as far as a slave-ship. A majority of the women in Hanover and elsewhere are truly loyal. They cared for the wounded—even taking them from the streets while bullets were flying around promiscuously. They furnished provisions to the soldiers, and in most instances, positively refusing to receive any pay. In one instance, a citizen voluntarily exchanged horses with a scout to enable the latter to escape.

Charles Augustus Stevens, *Berdan's United States Sharpshooters in the Army of the Potomac, 1861-1865* (1892; Dayton, 1984)

The two regiments were now assigned to Ward's 2d brigade of Birney's 1st division of the 3d corps; the 3d division having been consolidated with the 1st and 2d. Moving northward, for miles could their lines be traced by the clouds of dust that enveloped them, many to meet a soldier's death—face to the front. On the 12th, after marching 25 miles, they bivouacked for a day, Company A being detailed for outpost duty, watching the enemy who appeared in force on the left bank of the Rappahannock. Thence pressing hurriedly on via Catlett's Station, they reached the dry and parched plains of Manassas on or about the 15th, suffering greatly from the effects of the sun's heat, causing at times sunstroke and debilitation. It was reported that more than 200 members of the 3d corps were sunstruck. Water being scarce, also added to their troubles; for while on a hot march it could be drank too freely to their injury, yet was it a great and necessary relief, when used in moderation. By the time they halted near Fairfax and Centreville, the troops were in need of rest after their hurried and exhaustive march. About this time, June 17th, [Alfred] Pleasanton's cavalry had another brush with the enemy, at Aldie…. The appointment of Gen. Meade was a surprise both to himself and to the army. For the soldiers at that time would hardly have chosen him in preference to Slocum, Hancock, Sickles or Reynolds.

Isaac Trimble, "The Battle And Campaign Of Gettysburg," *Southern Historical Society Papers* 26 (January-December 1898)

…There is no doubt that the first aim of General Lee in his movement from Fredericksburg to the valley of Virginia and thence across the Potomac, was to thwart the plan of the Union commander against Richmond, and to draw the Federal army from Virginia. For General Lee states this expressly in his report. But it is certain that the Confederate commander never for a moment supposed that he could take a large army into Pennsylvania and continue there many weeks without fighting a great battle somewhere. This, General Lee hoped to do on ground of his own choice; with deliberate plan, and under circumstances entirely favorable to success.

…I met him in Hagerstown and suggested sending at once a brigade to Baltimore to take that city, rouse Maryland, and thus embarrass the enemy. …I met General Lee again at his tent pitched near the road, for a night halt. He called me to where he was seated, and unfolding a map of Pennsylvania, asked me about the topography of the country east of the South Mountain in Adams county and around Gettysburg. He said with a smile, "as a civil engineer you may know more about it than any of us." After my description of the country and saying that "almost every square mile contained good positions for battle or skillful manoeuvering," he remarked (and I think I repeat his words nearly verbatim) "Our army is in good spirits, not over fatigued, and can be concentrated on any one point in twenty-four hours or less. I have not yet heard that the enemy have crossed the Potomac, and am waiting to hear from General Stuart. When they hear where we are they will make forced marches to interpose their forces between us and Baltimore and Philadelphia. They will come up, probably through Frederick; broken down with hunger and hard marching, strung out on a long line and much demoralized, when they come into Pennsylvania. I shall throw an overwhelming force on their advance, crush it, follow up the success, drive one corps back on another, and by successive repulses and surprises before they can concentrate; create a panic and virtually destroy the army."

When asked my opinion, I said the plan ought to be successful, as I never knew our men to be in finer spirits in any campaign. He said: "That is, I hear, the general impression."

At the conclusion of our interview, he laid his hand on the map, over Gettysburg, and said hereabout we shall probably meet the enemy and fight a great battle, and if God gives us the victory, the war will be over and we shall achieve the recognition of our independence. He concluded by saying General Ewell's forces are by this time in Harrisburg; if not, go and join him, and help to take the place.

June 28th, Sunday.--Reached Carlisle. General Early had been sent to York, but no force against Harrisburg. Told General Ewell it could easily be taken, and I thought General Lee expected it. I volunteered to capture the place with one brigade, and it was arranged we should start before day Tuesday morning. That night, Tuesday, General Ewell received by courier from General Lee a despatch that the enemy had crossed the Potomac--26th and 27th--with an order to cross at once the South Mountain, "and march to Cashtown or Gettysburg, according to circumstances."

"Pipe Creek Circular" (July 1, 1863), in *O.R.*, series one, volume 27 (pt 1)

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, Taneytown, July 1, 1863.

From information received, the commanding general is satisfied that the object of the movement of the army in this direction has been accomplished, viz, the relief of Harrisburg, and the prevention of the enemy's intended invasion of Philadelphia, &c, beyond the Susquehanna. It is no longer his intention to assume the offensive until the enemy's movements or position should render such an operation certain of success.

If the enemy assume the offensive, and attack, it is his intention, after holding them in check sufficiently long, to withdraw the trains and other impedimenta; to withdraw the army from its present position, and form line of battle with the left resting in the neighborhood of Middleburg, and the right at Manchester, the general direction being that of Pipe Creek. For this purpose, General Reynolds, in command of the left, will withdraw the force at present at Gettysburg, two corps by the road to Taneytown and Westminster, and, after crossing Pipe Creek, deploy toward Middleburg. The corps at Emmitsburg will be withdrawn, via Mechanicsville, to Middleburg, or, if a more direct route can be found leaving Taneytown to their left, to withdraw direct to Middleburg.

General Slocum will assume command of the two corps at Hanover and Two Taverns, and withdraw them, *via* Union Mills, deploying one to the right and one to the left, after crossing Pipe Creek, connecting on the left with General Reynolds, and communicating his right to General Sedgwick at Manchester, who will connect with him and form the right.

The time for falling back can only be developed by circumstances. Whenever such circumstances arise as would seem to indicate the necessitv for falling back and assuming this general line indicated, notice of such movement will be at once communicated to these headquarters and to all adjoining corps commanders.

The Second Corps now at Taneytown will be held in reserve in the vicinity of Uniontown and Frizellburg, to be thrown to the point of strongest attack, should the enemy make it. In the event of these movements being necessary, the trains and impedimenta will all be sent to the rear of Westminster. Corps commanders, with their officers commanding artillery and the divisions, should make themselves thoroughly familiar with the country indicated, all the roads and positions, so that no possible confusion can ensue, and that the movement, if made, be done with good order, precision, and care, without loss or any detriment to the morale of the troops.

The commanders of corps are requested to communicate at once the nature of their present positions, and their ability to hold them in case of any sudden attack at any point by the enemy.

This order is communicated, that a general plan, perfectly understood by all, may be had for receiving attack, if made in strong force, upon any portion of our present position.

Developments may cause the commanding general to assume the offensive from his present positions.

The Artillery Reserve will, in the event of the general movement indicated, move to the rear of Frizellburg, and be placed in position, or sent to corps, as circumstances may require, under the general supervision of the chief of artillery.

The chief quartermaster will, in case of the general movement indicated, give directions for the orderly and proper position of the trains in rear of Westminster.

All the trains will keep well to the right of the road in moving, and, in case of any accident requiring a halt, the team must be hauled out of the line, and not delay the movements.

The trains ordered to Union Bridge in these events will be sent to Westminster.

General headquarters will be, in case of this movement, at Frizellburg; General Slocum as near Union Mills as the line will render best for him; General Reynolds at or near the road from Taneytown to Frizellburg.

The chief of artillery will examine the line, and select positions for artillery.

The cavalry will be held on the right and left flanks after the movement is completed. Previous to its completion, it will, as now directed, cover the front and exterior lines, well out.

The commands must be prepared for a movement, and, in the event of the enemy attacking us on the ground indicated herein, to follow up any repulse.

The chief signal officer will examine the line thoroughly, and at once, upon the commencement of this movement, extend telegraphic communication from each of the following points to general headquarters near Frizellburg, viz, Manchester, Union Mills, Middleburg, and the Taneytown road.

All true Union people should be advised to harass and annoy the enemy in every way, to send in information, and taught how to do it; giving regiments by number of colors, number of guns, generals' names, &c. All their supplies brought to us will be paid for, and not fall into the enemy's hands.

Roads and ways to move to the right or left of the general line should be studied and thoroughly understood. All movements of troops should be concealed, and our dispositions kept from the enemy. Their knowledge of these dispositions would be fatal to our success, and the greatest care must be taken to prevent such an occurrence.

By command of Major-General Meade:

S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General

George G. Meade to Henry Wager Halleck (July 1, 1863, noon), in O.R., series one, volume 27 (pt. 1)

Ewell is massing at Heidlersburg. A.P. Hill is massed behind the mountains at Cashtown. Longstreet somewhere between Chambersburg and the mountains.

The news proves my advance has answered its purpose. I shall not advance any, but prepare to receive an attack in case Lee makes one. A battle-field is being selected to the rear, on which the army can be rapidly concentrated, on Pipe Creek, between Middleburg and Manchester, covering my depot at Westminster.

If I am not attacked, and I can from reliable intelligence have reason to believe I can attack with reasonable degree of success, I will do so; but at present, having relieved the pressure on the Susquehanna, I am now looking to the protection of Washington, and fighting my army to the best advantage.

1 P.M. The enemy are advancing in force on Gettysburg, and I expect the battle will begin today.

GEO. G. MEADE.

The First Day

Alanson Henery Nelson [57th PA], *The Battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg* (Minneapolis, 1899)

The fall of Gen. Reynolds…was a great loss to the army, the country and its cause. He was a West Point graduate, had seen service in the Mexican war and on the frontier and W ar of Rebellion from the first, a Pennsylvanian, a gallant officer, none more patriotic. He said to Gen. Doubleday: "We must fight the enemy as soon as we can find them, or they will ruin the state of Pennsylvania." He had no idea of fighting and falling back. If he had lived he would have made haste to order up Sickles' third corps and requested Gen. Slocum of the twelfth corps to come to his support, who was not more than five miles from Gettysburg. …when Gen. Hooker placed Gen. Reynolds in command of the left wing of the army, Reynolds turned over the command of the corps to Doubleday, and on the morning of July 1st, Gen. Reynolds was encamped with the first corps at Marsh creek, and when Gen. Buford's cavalry command fired the three successive cannon shots, the signal that had been agreed upon as a notice that the enemy had attacked the cavalry, and that Gen. Reynolds was to move the infantry forward to their support…

Rev. M. Colver, "Reminiscences of the Battle of Gettysburg," 1902 *Spectrum* [Gettysburg College Yearbook, Special Collections]

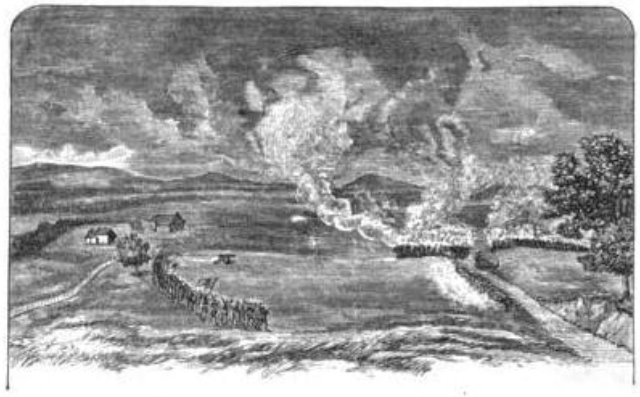
I entered the Sophomore class in 1860 and was a senior when the famous and decisive battle of the rebellion was fought. As it may well be supposed Gettysburg was in a state of agitation during almost the whole of my college and seminary life—the prescribed theological course being then but two years. …We all had a knowledge of a few troops in and around the town, brought there, perhaps, because of the rebel invasion of the week previous, but we were entirely ignorant of the near approach of the main body of either army. A company of students—about sixty in number—had enlisted in the three months service, and the few of us who remained went to prayers and recitations as usual on the morning of July 1, 1863. Preparing for the second recitation—11 o'clock— I walked from my room on the second to the first floor—book in hand—and passing out of the building toward Linnaean Hall I was called to by a student (Watkins) from his room on the third floor and asked whether I heard "shooting." I replied "no"—but instantly heard the ominous sounds. I proposed to him that we go to the cupola of the Seminary as a point of observation. He suggested we get permission from the faculty. My crude reply was "let the faculty go to grass and you come on." Whither the faculty went I did not learn, but he came down and we went to the place named.

…We saw, not far distant from us, pickets of both armies exchanging bullets—saw the first batteries planted on our side—saw the first charge made on our dismounted cavalry and heard a shell from the first rebel battery pass in close proximity to our ears. This was all we desired just then to see and hear. The half dozen of us in the cupola left our lofty perch rather unceremoniously passed rapidly out of the building and down the walk at the head of the 1st army corps which had arrived and was in line ready to march to the scene of action. My former companion and I became separated but Miller of Harper's Ferry and myself went to "Cemetery Ridge" to get a position for observance at longer range. On arriving there we were at once accosted by a chaplain who said, "if you young men will remain with me you may be the means of saving some valuable lives." Only a few more words were exchanged when some uniformed men, mounted on horseback, approached us. I inquired of the chaplain what that meant. He said it was his "brother's staff coming to prepare to plant a battery here." These words were scarcely more than spoken when a shell from the rebel ranks scattered chaplain, Miller and myself.

After this I wandered alone, being driven from place to place by the sound of cannon balls which did not pass comfortably high enough in air.

Capt. William H. Harries, "The Iron Brigade in the First Day's Battle at Gettysburg" (Oct 8, 1895), in *Glimpses of the Nation's Struggle: Papers Read Before the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, 1892-1897*, ed. Edward D. Neill (St. Paul, 1898)

General Archer, whose brigade was in our front, evidently refused to be borne to the rear with his troops and was taken prisoner together with about two hundred and fifty of his men. I can recall now, something of General Archer's personal appearance .is he appeared to me that day. He wore a splendid gray uniform and while I was looking him over, the lieutenant of my company stepped up to him and said, "I'll relieve you of that sword"; it was a beautiful steel-scabbard sword that he handed over to Lieutenant D.B. Daily. General Archer was sent to the rear with his men and as he was being taken back, General Doubleday rode up and said: "Good-morning, Archer, how are you? I am glad to see you." General Archer replied, "Well, I am not glad to see you by a sight." General Doubleday shrugged his shoulders, straightened up in his saddle and said: "Take him to the rear; take him to the rear." They had been class-mates at West Point and the meeting was far less pleasant to Archer than to Doubleday. When General Archer's Brigade broke to the rear, some of his men would occasionally dodge behind trees and fire and while this was going on General Reynolds rode up to the edge of the grove with his aides, Riddle and Wadsworth, and was killed by one of these retreating Confederates.



THE CHARGE ON THE RAILROAD CUTTING.

Rufus Dawes, *Service with the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers* (Marietta, OH, 1890)

…Excepting the sixth Wisconsin, the whole of Wadsworth's division was hotly engaged in battle with the enemy. Lieutenant Meredith Jones came with orders from General Doubleday. He said, "General Doubleday directs that you move your regiment at once to the right." I immediately gave the order to move in that direction at a double quick. Captain J.D. Wood came and rode beside me, repeating the order from General [Solomon] Meredith and saying the rebels were "driving [Lysander] Cutler's men." The guns of [James A.] Hall's battery could be seen driving to the rear, and Cutler's men were manifestly in full retreat.

…The regiment halted at the fence along the Cashtown Turnpike, and I gave the order to fire. In the field, beyond the turnpike, a long line of yelling Confederates could be seen running forward and firing, and our troops of Cutler's brigade were running back in disorder. The fire of our carefully aimed muskets, resting on the fence rails, striking their flank, soon checked the rebels in their headlong pursuit. The rebel line swayed and bent, and suddenly stopped firing and the men ran into the railroad cut, parallel to the Cashtown Turnpike. I ordered my men to climb over the turnpike fences and advance. , I was not aware of the existence of the railroad cut, and at first mistook the manuever of the enemy for retreat, but was undeceived by the heavy fire which they began at once to pour upon us from their cover in the cut. Captain John Ticknor, always a dashing leader, fell dead while climbing the second fence, and many were struck on the fences, but the line pushed on. When over the fences and in the field, and subjected to an infernal fire, I first saw the ninety-fifth New York regiment coming gallantly into line upon our left. I did not then know or care where they came from, but was rejoiced to see them. Farther to the left was the fourteenth Brooklyn regiment, but I was then ignorant of the fact. Major Edward Pye appeared to be in command of the ninety-fifth New York. Running to the major, I said, "We must charge." The gallant major replied, "Charge it is." "Forward, charge!" was the order I gave, and Major Pye gave the same command. We were receiving a fearfully destructive fire from the hidden enemy. Men who had been shot were leaving the ranks in crowds. With the colors at the advance point, the regiment firmly and hurriedly moved forward, while the whole field behind streamed with men who had been shot, and who were struggling to the rear or sinking in death upon the ground. The only commands I gave, as we advanced, were, "Align on the colors! Close up on the colors! Close up on the colors!" The regiment was being so broken up that this order

alone could hold the body together. Meanwhile the colors fell upon the ground several times but were raised again by the heroes of the color guard. Four hundred and twenty men started in the regiment from the turnpike fence, of whom about two hundred and forty reached the railroad cut. Years afterward I found the distance passed over to be one hundred and seventy-five paces. Every officer proved brave, true, and heroic in encouraging the men to breast the deadly storm, but the real impetus was the eager and determined valor of our men who carried muskets in the ranks. I noticed the motions of our "Tall Sycamore," Captain J. H. Marston, who commanded company E. His long arms were stretched out as if to gather his men together and push them forward. At a crisis he rose to his full height, and he was the tallest man in the regiment, excepting Levi Steadman of company I, who was killed on this charge. How the rebels happened to miss Captain Marston I cannot comprehend. Second Lieutenant O.B. Chapman, commanding company C, fell dead while on the charge. The commission of Lieutenant Thomas Kerr as captain of Company D, bears the proud date of July first, 1863—in recognition of his conduct. The rebel color was seen waving defiantly above , the edge of the railroad cut. A heroic ambition to capture it took possession of several of our men. Corporal Eggleston, of company H, sprang forward to seize it, and was shot and mortally wounded. Private Anderson, of his company, furious at the killing of his brave young comrade, recked little for the rebel color, but he swung aloft his musket and with a terrific blow split the skull of the rebel who had shot young Eggleston. This soldier was well known in the regiment as "Rocky Mountain Anderson." Lieutenant William N. Remington was shot and severely wounded in the shoulder, while rushing for the color. Into this deadly melee came Corporal Francis A. Waller, who seized and held the rebel battle flag. His name will forever remain upon the historic record, as he received from Congress a medal for this deed.

My notice that we were upon the enemy, was a general cry from our men of: "Throw down your muskets! Down with your muskets!" Running forward through our line of men, I found myself face to face with hundreds of rebels, whom I looked down upon in the railroad cut, which was, where I stood, four feet deep. Adjutant Brooks, equal to the emergency, quickly placed about twenty men across the cut in position to fire through it. I have always congratulated myself upon getting the first word. I shouted: "Where is the colonel of this regiment?" An officer in gray, with stars on his collar, who stood among the men in the cut, said: "Who are you?" I said: "I command this regiment. Surrender, or I will fire." The officer replied not a word, but promptly handed me his sword, and his men, who still held them, threw down their muskets. The coolness, self-possession, and discipline which held back our men from pouring in a general volley saved a hundred lives of the enemy, and as my mind goes back to the fearful excitement of the moment, I marvel at it. The fighting around the rebel colors had not ceased when this surrender took place. I took the sword. It would have been the handsome thing to say, "Keep your sword, sir," but I was new to such occasions, and when six other officers came up and handed me their swords, I took them also. I held this awkward bundle in my arms until relieved by Adjutant Brooks. I directed the officer in command, Major John A. Blair, of the second Mississippi regiment, to have his men fall in without arms. He gave the command, and his men, (seven officers and two hundred and twenty-five enlisted men) obeyed.

Orson Blair Curtis, *History of the Twenty-Fourth Michigan of the Iron Brigade* (Detroit, 1891)

Leaving Emmitsburg behind on Tuesday, June 30, the Iron Brigade, with the Sixth Wisconsin in advance, crossed the Pennsylvania line, being in the van of the Potomac Army. It moved on five miles, nearly to Greenmount, Adams County, Pennsylvania, 160 miles from the starting point on the Rappahannock, and bivouacked about noon near Marsh Creek, where the men where mustered for pay…. At an early hour on Wednesday morning, July 1, the men partook of their frugal meal of hardtack, pork and coffee, as usual. The Pennsylvania line had been reached and the forces of the enemy must be met very soon, though none suspected that the foe was within a few hours' march. Before resuming the daily journey it was deemed proper to assemble the regiment for prayer. During Chaplain [William] Way's invocation, cartridges and hardtack were distributed among the men. Time was precious and not to be lost….

Hastening across the fields the Iron Brigade's right wing halted on the crest of a ridge looking down into a wooded ravine, from which blazed a shower of bullets from Archer's Tennessee Brigade. Its left wing, consisting of the Twenty-fourth Michigan, swung clear around into the forest in the rear of this Tennessee Brigade. …The Twenty-fourth Michigan was on the extreme left of the Iron Brigade during the charge, and swept over the hill, down across Willoughby Run, swinging clear around the ravine in which was Archer's forces, most of whom

were thus captured with General Archer himself. It was a victory indeed, but at the cost of precious lives, including its valiant color-bearer, Sergeant Abel G. Peck. The regiment then about-faced and drove the uncaptured foe over the crest and a hundred yards beyond, but soon after withdrew to the eastern side of the stream and hastily formed, during which Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Flanigan lost a leg….

General Meredith of the Iron Brigade was soon wounded and left the field. Some historians have assigned Colonel Morrow to the command of the Iron Brigade for the rest of the fight, but in a private letter from Colonel Henry A. Morrow to the author, in 1890, he disclaimed any command on that day of the Iron Brigade, saying that Colonel Robinson of the Seventh Wisconsin took Meredith's place after the latter was wounded…. Soon after, [John Mercer] Brockenbrough and Pettigrew's brigades attacked the Twenty-fourth Michigan and Nineteenth Indiana, in front and left flank, as if to crush them. Other troops came down upon the Seventh and Second Wisconsin as if to drive them in. …The Nineteenth Indiana fought valiantly, but overpowered by flanking numbers, with a disadvantage of position, they were forced back after severe loss and formed on a new line. This exposed the Twenty-fourth Michigan to a terrible cross fire, the men falling like grass before the scythe. …The enemy had now approached a little within the first line of battle of the Twenty-fourth Michigan, where they were held for some time, the work of death going on without ceasing. They were the Twenty-sixth North Carolina….their old antagonists who now were heard by our own wounded to exclaim: "Here are those black-hat fellows again! This is no militia."

…The Second Line of Battle of the Twenty-fourth Michigan was speedily formed. Meanwhile, a desperate resistance was made against Scales' Confederate Brigade on our right, which the rest of the Iron Brigade, chiefly the Seventh and Second Wisconsin, aided by Battery B, Fourth U. S. Artillery from another section of the field, almost annihilated. …Overwhelmed again, it was forced to take another new position beyond a small ravine. On this Third Line of Battle its third color-bearer was killed, and Major Edwin B. Wight (acting as Lieutenant-Colonel) lost an eye. …Scarcely a fourth of the regiment taken into action could now be rallied. …The Twenty-fourth regiment had now retired from the woods into the open field towards the Seminary. A Fourth Line of Battle was next attempted. The last of the color-guard planted the flag around which to rally the men.

…Colonel Morrow took the flag to rally the remnant of his devoted band of Wayne County boys and men, when a private took the colors from his hands and was instantly killed by the Colonel's side…. A Fifth Line of Battle was attempted where he planted the colors. On this new line, while waiving his sword over his head to rally the men, Captain O'Donnell was instantly killed, and Lieutenant Grace received two wounds, both of which were mortal. Gradually contesting every foot of ground, step by step, frequently almost surrounded, through and out of the woods and over the open field, what was now left of the Twenty-fourth had been forced back to the friendly rail fence barricade just west of the Seminary. Its Sixth Line of Battle was attempted to be formed at this place. It fought for a time, during which Colonel Morrow, holding aloft the bullet-riddled flag, received a wound in his head and was forced to leave the field, first turning the command of the regiment over to Captain A.M. Edwards…. This was the last stand made by the Union troops on that part of the field. …Captain Edwards, still carrying the flag, led the way through the town to the Cemetery, followed by only twenty-six of the Twenty-fourth Michigan, in comparative good order. …Of the Twenty-fourth Michigan only ninety-nine men and three officers could be rallied to the flag, out of 496 who followed it into action that morning.

…The noble and stalwart Color-Sergeant, Abel G. Peck, in whose keeping the colors were placed, on the Campus Martius, yielded up his life in their defense, early in the morning fight, being the first man of the

regiment killed in this battle. Before they touched the ground, as Peck fell, Color-Corporal Charles Bellore of E sprang forward and seizing the colors, bore them aloft as the troops advanced to the capture of Archer's Brigade. Bellore, too, was killed in McPherson's woods near the second line of battle. Private August Earnest of K now took the colors…. When Earnest dropped dead, the flag fell with him at the feet of First Sergeant Everard B. Welton of H, who reached forward and picked it up, holding it till Colonel Morrow ran to him and took the thrice prostrated flag from his hands. He gave it to Color-Corporal Andrew Wagner of F, who boldly waved it in the face of the advancing foe…. Wagner in turn, the last of the Color Guard, was shot and fell with the colors. Colonel Morrow took them from under Wagner, and, assuring him that his wound was not mortal, himself bore them until Private William Kelly of E came up and took them, saying: "The Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Michigan shall not carry the colors while I am alive." In an instant after his lifeless body lay at the feet of the Colonel! After the death of the brave Kelly, the flag was carried for a time by Private Lilburn A. Spaulding of K, when Colonel Morrow again took it…. What became of the colors or who took them after Colonel Morrow was wounded, will ever remain a mystery known only to the God of heaven and the brave spirit of him in whose possession they were found. Soon after assuming command, Captain A.M. Edwards saw the flag lying on the ground in the hand of a dead or dying soldier boy, who was reclining on his right side, his gun being near him. Captain Edwards took the flag from the young soldier's hands…and …bore it through the town to the Cemetery, where he planted it near a battery, and sat down on a grave stone…. Seven of the Companies had not a single officer left, and the other three companies but one officer each. B had but ten men left, C had but three, D had eleven, I had only eight, and so on.

Charles Carleton Coffin, "Memories of Gettysburg," in *Stories of Our Soldiers: War Reminiscences by "Carleton," and by Soldiers of New England* (Boston, 1893)

On the 30th we were at Marsh Run, two miles north of Emmittsburg and within five miles of Gettysburg:. It was here that Charles F. Weakley, a brave boy living with his father in the mountains in the vicinity (his mother being dead) joined us. …He came to Sergeant Anson B. Barton of Company A, Twelfth Massachusetts, while the Sergeant was filling his canteen from a stream. He was brimful of patriotism and wanted to join us and "fight the rebels." …Barton brought the little fellow into camp, where Capt. Clark…was convinced that he meant business, and took him to Col. Bates. …So he was taken into the company and supplied with such odds and ends in the way of equipments as we could collect. He went into battle with us next day, behaved like a veteran, and was wounded in two places.

…Weakley was treated in Mulberry Street Hospital, Harrisburg, Pa., from July 24 to Oct. 80,1863, when…"he was discharged from the hospital and sent home, never having been enlisted or mustered into the service." I ascertained also that young Weakley enlisted after his Gettysburg exploit…. Charles F. Weakley enlisted Dec. 18,1863, in Company G, Thirteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and served until Nov. 23, 1864, when he was found drowned near camp, his drowning being due to epileptic seizure. Evidence submitted to the Pension Office shows that he was born in Carroll county, Md., Sept. 2,1841.

Abner Ralph Small, *The Sixteenth Maine Regiment in the War of the Rebellion, 1861-1865* (Portland, 1886)

Lieutenant Thompson of Company G, noticed a stranger to the regiment, standing about fifteen paces in rear of line, loading and firing independently. Thinking the man might do mischief to his comrades, Thompson went to him, said something in his low, peculiar tone, and, receiving a reply, immediately knocked him down, and then raising him from the ground by the collar, kicked him rapidly to the rear, much to the merriment and satisfaction of the men, who didn't care to be shot in the back. Lieutenant G. A. Deering, of Company G, sheathed his sword, and seizing a musket from a fallen man, went into the ranks. He was evidently excited, and every once in a while would forget to return his rammer after loading, hence would send it over to the enemy. The peculiar swishing noise made by the rammer, as it hurried through the wood was laughable to the boys, and must have been a holy terror to the rebels.

"Letter from Major-General Henry Heth, of A.P. Hill's Corps, A.N.V.," *Southern Historical Society Papers* 4 (September 1877)

The failure to crush the Federal army in Pennsylvania in 1863, in the opinion of almost all the officers of the Army of Northern Virginia, can be expressed in five words—the absence of our cavalry.

Train a giant for an encounter and he can be whipped by a pigmy—if you put out his eyes. The eyes of an army are its cavalry. Before Ewell crossed the Potomac General Lee wrote to General Stuart, commanding the cavalry, in substance, as follows: "Ewell will cross the Potomac on a certain day, at a certain point. Hill will follow Ewell, crossing on a given day at a given point; Longstreet will hold the gaps in the mountains and protect the crossing of these two corps; after Hill has crossed Longstreet will vacate the gaps, and follow Hill; on Longstreet vacating the gaps in the mountains, you will seize them and protect Longstreet's crossing; then follow Longstreet, throw yourself on the right flank 0f the army, watch the enemy, give me all the information you can gather of his movements, and collect supplies." General Stuart, probably thinking he could carry out General Lee's orders, and at the same time make a brilliant dash toward and threatening Washington, worked by his right flank, separating himself from Longstreet, crossing the Potomac between the enemy and Washington city—making a swoop toward Washington, then turning west to join the Army of Northern Virginia, when he found the enemy had crossed the Potomac and were between him and that army. This necessitated his riding entirely around the Federal army, and brought him, whether from necessity or not, I cannot say, to Carlisle, Pa. From this point he struck south and joined the Army of Northern Virginia, being late in the evening of July second. It is thus evident that so far as deriving any assistance from his cavalry from the — of June to the evening of July 2, it might as well have had no existence. Every officer who conversed with General Lee for several days previous to the battle of Gettysburg, well remembers having heard such expressions as these: "Can you tell me where General Stuart is?" "Where on earth is my cavalry?" "Have you any news of the enemy's movements?" "What is the enemy going to do?" "If the enemy does not find us, we must try and find him, in the absence of our cavalry, as best we can!" The eyes of the giant were out; he knew not where to strike; a movement in any direction might prove a disastrous blunder.

I have stated above that General Lee's purpose in invading Pennsylvania was to break up the enemy's combinations, to draw him from our own territory, and to subsist his army on that of the enemy's. While this is true, his intention was to strike his enemy the very first available opportunity that offered—believing he could, when such an opportunity offered, crush him. …This determination to strike his enemy was not, from the position he found himself, consequent upon invasion, but from a leading characteristic of the man. General Lee, not excepting Jackson, was the most aggressive man in his army. This cannot and will not be contradicted, I am satisfied. General Lee, had he seen fit, could have assumed a defensive position, and popular opinion in the Northern States would have forced the commander of the Federal army to attack.

And further, to corroborate the fact that General Lee was not compelled to attack Meade " where Meade chose to wait for him," I will show, I am confident, that the "Battle of Gettysburg" was the result purely of an accident, for which I am probably, more than anyone else, accountable. Napoleon is said to have remarked that "a dog fight might determine the result of a great battle." Almost as trivial a circumstance determined the battle of Gettysburg being fought at Gettysburg. It is well known that General Meade had chosen another point as his battlefield. On the 29th of June, 1863, General Lee's army was disposed as follows: Longstreet's corps, at or near Chambersburg; Ewell's corps, which had been pushed east as far as York, had received orders to countermarch and concentrate on Hill's corps, which lay on and at the base of South Mountain; the leading division (Heth's) occupying Cashtown, at the base of the mountain ; the cavalry not heard from, probably at or near Carlisle. Hearing that a supply of shoes was to be obtained in Gettysburg, eight miles distant from Cashtown, and greatly needing shoes for my men, I directed General [James Johnston] Pettigrew to go to Gettysburg and get these supplies.

On the 30th of June General Pettigrew, with his brigade, went near Gettysburg, but did not enter the town, returning the same evening to Cashtown, reporting that he had not carried out my orders, as Gettysburg was occupied by the enemy's cavalry, and that some of his officers reported hearing drums beating on the farther side of the town ; that under these circumstances he did not deem it advisable to enter Gettysburg. About this time General Hill rode up, and this information was given him. He remarked, "the only force at Gettysburg is cavalry, probably a detachment of observation. I am just from General Lee, and the information he has from his scouts corroborates that I have received from mine, that is, the enemy are still at Middleburg, and have not yet struck their tents." I then said, if there is no objection, I will take my division to-morrow and go to Gettysburg and get those shoes! Hill replied, "None in the world."

On July 1st I moved my division from Cashtown in the direction of Gettysburg, reaching the heights, a mile (more or less) from the town, about 9 o'clock A.M. No opposition had been made and no enemy discovered. While the division was coming up I placed several batteries in position and shelled the woods to the right and left of the town. No reply was made. Two brigades were then deployed to the right and left of the railroad leading into Gettysburg, and, with the railroad as a point of direction, were ordered to advance and occupy

Gettysburg. These brigades, on moving forward, soon struck the enemy, which proved to be Reynolds' corps of the Federal army, and were driven back with some loss. This was the first intimation that General Lee had that the enemy had moved from the point he supposed him to occupy, possibly thirty miles distant.

My division was then formed in a wooded ravine to the right of the railroad, the ground rising in front and in rear. The enemy was evidently in force in my front. General Rodes, commanding 'a division of Ewell's corps *en route* to Cashtown, was following a road running north of Gettysburg. Rodes hearing the firing at Gettysburg, faced by the left flank and approached the town. He soon became heavily engaged, and seeing this, I sought for and found General Lee. Saying to the General: "Rodes is very heavily engaged, had I not better attack?" General Lee replied: "No; I am not prepared to bring on a general engagement to-day—Longstreet is not up." Returning to my division, I soon discovered that the enemy were moving troops from my front and pushing them against Rodes. I reported this fact to General Lee and again requested to be permitted to attack. Permission was given. My division numbered some seven thousand muskets. I found in my front a heavy skirmish line and two lines of battle. My division swept over these without halting. My loss was severe. In twenty-five minutes I lost twenty-seven hundred men, killed and wounded. The last I saw or remember of this day's fight was seeing the enemy in my front completely and utterly routed, and my division in hot pursuit. I was then shot and rendered insensible for some hours….

The fight at Gettysburg on July 1 was without order or system, the several divisions attacking the enemy in their front as they arrived on the field—nor do I see how there could have been a systematic plan of battle formed, as I have, I think, clearly shown that we accidentally stumbled into this fight.

Isaac Trimble, "The Battle And Campaign Of Gettysburg," *Southern Historical Society Papers* 26 (January-December 1898)

The battle was over and we had won it handsomely. General Ewell moved about uneasily, a good deal excited, and seemed to me to be undecided what to do next. I approached him and said: "Well, General, we have had a grand success; are you not going to follow it up and push our advantage?"

He replied that "General Lee had instructed him not to bring on a general engagement without orders, and that he would wait for them."

I said, that hardly applies to the present state of things, as we have fought a hard battle already, and should secure the advantage gained. He made no rejoinder, but was far from composure. I was deeply impressed with the conviction that it was a critical moment for us and made a remark to that effect.

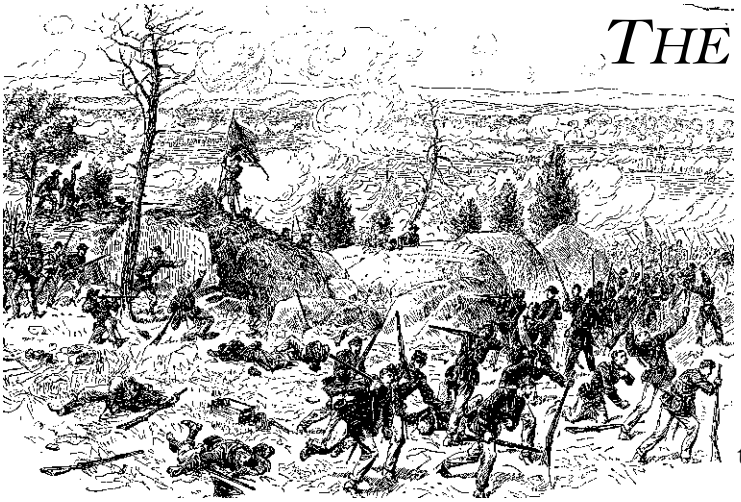
As no movement seemed immediate, I rode off to our left, north of the town, to reconnoitre, and noticed conspicuously the wooded hill northeast of Gettysburg (Culp's), and a half mile distant, and of an elevation to command the country for miles each way, and overlooking Cemetery Hill above the town. Returning to see General Ewell, who was still under much embarrassment, I said: "General, there," pointing to Culp's Hill, "is an eminence of commanding position, and not now occupied, as it ought to be by us or the enemy soon. I advise you to send a brigade and hold it if we are to remain here." He said: "Are you sure it commands the town?" "Certainly it does, as you can see, and it ought to be held by us at once." General Ewell made some impatient reply, and the conversation dropped.

By night (it was then about 3:30), that hill—Culp's--the key of the position around Gettysburg was occupied by part of the 12th Corps, Slocum's, and reinforced the next day.

On the 2nd and 3rd determined efforts were made by us to gain this hill, but without success, and fearful loss.

On our extreme right, west of Round-top Hill, General Longstreet had reached a point three or four miles from Gettysburg, with but slight opposition.

That night from daylight to late at night, General Lee was anxiously reconnoitering the ground and frequently expressed a wish to attack the enemy that night or early in the morning. Why his wish was not carried out I don't feel at liberty to explain. Nothing however was done, nor a gun fired, until next day late in the afternoon.



THE SECOND DAY

William Swallow, "The Second Day at Gettysburg," *Southern Bivouac* 4 (January 1886)

THE night of July 1st slowly passed away and the morning of the 2d dawned amid fears and much anxiety.

The events that had happened on our left the previous evening and the failure to attack Cemetery Hill while unoccupied were not calculated to heighten the over-confidential zeal of the Confederates, while the hitter and severe defeat the enemy had sustained the day before had produced the customary apprehensions for the gallant army in their front.

The sun shone forth through a smoky atmosphere, veiled by thin clouds, and nothing foreshadowed the awful circumstances soon to follow. The conflict of the second day at Gettysburg may properly be divided into two separate engagements. Now the reader, to gain a lively view of the course of events of the second day, will keep his eye steadily fixed on these two points.

The first of these engagements was not begun until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon, and continued about two hours. It was fought on the extreme right of the Confederate line of battle by the divisions of Hood and McLaws, of Longstreet's corps.

This action closed about 7 o'clock in the evening, and while it was going on no other portion of either the Federal or Confederate army was under fire.

But no sooner had the battle closed for the day on the Confederate right, than it broke out with redoubled fury on the Confederate left, held by General Ewell with the second corps, who, at sundown, attacked Cemetery Hill, Culp's Hill, and continued the conflict until 9:30 o'clock at night.

Before going into a description of these two separate engagements of the second day's conflict, the writer desires to notice and explain the events and their causes that delayed the attack on the part of the Confederates until the day had been far spent, producing in its results the most disastrous consequences. The contentions commenced on Wednesday night and never stopped until the gallant Army of Northern Virginia had been repulsed along the whole Federal line. It has been seen in a previous paper that General Lee had instructed the division commander, General Early, through Swell, on the evening of the first day's battle, not to pursue the enemy beyond the town if he should succeed in capturing it. We have also seen that when General Hays wanted Early to permit him to occupy Culp's Hill, that commander used the prohibition of General Lee as an objection to the movement.

General Lee, in his report, says: "The attack and pursuit were not followed up that night, the enemy's force being unknown."

It is certain however, that on the night of the first day's engagement, General Lee had learned enough of the enemy to justify him in deciding to attack the Federal army early on the morning of Thursday, July 2d.

Colonel Walter Taylor, of General Lee's staff… says:

"The prevailing idea with General Lee was to press forward without delay; to follow up promptly and vigorously the advantage already gained. Having failed to reap the full fruits of the victory of the first day's work before night, his mind was incessantly occupied with the idea of renewing the attack on the enemy's right with the dawn of day on the second.

He believed that, with Ewell's corps intact and united, the enemy's position could be assailed with every prospect of success. But after a conference with Ewell and the division commanders of his corps he changed his mind and resolved to open the battle on his right, indulging the hope that Longstreet would be in position at an early hour to begin the attack.

He instructed General Ewell to hold himself ready to co-operate with Longstreet in the attack."

Now right here the question presents itself, Why did not General Lee attack the Federal army sooner in the day; why wait until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon? All the troops engaged in the second day's conflict were within a few miles of the point of contact at daylight. Ewell's corps, for instance, on the Confederate left, were actually in position and ready for the attack at early dawn.

While the division of Hood and McLaws, on the Confederate right, were at Marsh Creek, only a few miles from Round Top.

At General Lee's headquarters on Wednesday night, July 1st, General Longstreet opposed the commanding General in his determination to attack the enemy on the following morning. Longstreet contended that such a step was in violation of the terms agreed

upon between General Lee and his corps and division commanders before the Army of Northern Virginia had left Fredericksburg for Pennsylvania; that, at a council of war held in Virginia, it was expressly stipulated that the campaign in Pennsylvania should be offensive in strategy and defensive in tactics;" that is to say, along the line of invasion the Army of Northern Virginia should watch vigilantly and select a strong position and compel the Federal army to attack it. But that in no case would the Confederate army attack the Federal forces in any strong position they might select.

At daylight on the morning of the second day, General Longstreet went to General Lee's headquarters and submitted his plan to the commanding General. It was "That General Ewell should withdraw his corps from Cemetery Hill and swing around to our extreme right and then unite with my (Longstreet's) corps flanked by A.P. Hill's." We would have placed the whole Confederate army between Washington City and the enemy. Now if [Lo]ngstreet's advice had been taken it is certain, beyond a doubt, that the whole Union army would have been completely maneuvered out of its position. Had this been done the Army of Northern Virginia, with Round Top and Little Round Top in its possession, could, by moving on its flank, have compelled the Federal army to abandon its line of defense without difficulty. Or Lee might have fallen back gradually on Washington and placed his army in an attitude of defending the Capital, with the Federal Army as an enemy in his front. Lee refused to accede to this proposition and Longstreet reluctantly yielded to the determination of the commanding General. Immediately after the interview between Lee and Longstreet, which took place at the headquarters of the commanding in the morning, the latter officer sent Colonel [Charles] Venable, of his stall, to Ewell, and followed himself soon after in order to make preparations for an immediate attack upon the enemy. Early, Johnson, and Rhodes were summoned. General Hays, who was present, told the writer that the General (meaning Lee) was full of fight. He appeared to be deeply impressed with the importance of an immediate attack. He frequently repeated the expression, "The attack must be made at once, at once." He wanted Ewell to lead an attack on the spot. Ewell and all his division commanders dissented from General Lee in making the attack first on his left. They pointed out to the commanding General the almost impregnable position, both of Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, and submitted to General Lee a plan of making the opening attack on the Confederate extreme right, held by General Longstreet, where the Federal line was much weaker and more easily broken.

It was represented to General Lee, as the united opinion of all present, that a bold and spirited attack on our right by Longstreet would undoubtedly turn the left flank of the enemy and greatly endanger the rear of Meade's army. That the events consequent upon Longstreet's attack would compel Meade to detach many troops from Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill and send them to his left and rear. This being done, Ewell's corps might then, by a bold and daring onset, assail the whole line on Cemetery and Culp's hills and drive the enemy from these strongholds. To this reasoning General Lee assented, with the modification that just as soon as Longstreet opened on the right Ewell should lose no time and immediately attack Cemetery and Culp's hills. This was the exact understanding, and General Lee, as he mounted his horse, remarked, "I will return to headquarters at once and issue the necessary orders, so that the right and left will be under fire by 10 o'clock." General Lee then rode back to his headquarters, which, as before stated, were situated on the Chambersburg pike, on Seminary Ridge.

Longstreet, in his contributions to the *Annals of the War*, page 422, notices General Lee's return to headquarters in connection with the point before us, and says, "General Lee did not return to his headquarters from his interview with Ewell until 9 o'clock, and it was fully 11 o'clock when he had so far matured his plans as to issue his orders for their execution."

At that hour he ordered General Longstreet to move with the two divisions of his command that were up, Hood's and McLaws', around the Emmittsburg road on the Federal left. This move would place those two divisions directly opposite Sedgwick's and Sickles' corps, with the right of Hood's division opposite Round Top. Lee's plan was for Longstreet to open the battle by attacking Sickles, and, if possible, seize and hold Round Top. Simultaneously with this attack Ewell was to attack the Federals' right on Cemetery Hill. The whole plan of battle depended upon the two divisions of Longstreet's corps, and General Lee had a right to expect that they were near at hand and the battle promptly begun, for they had encamped over night at Marsh Creek, only three miles from the field. But for some cause, which General Longstreet has never explained, these two divisions of his corps, upon which so much depended, did not reach the position assigned them until 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

It would seem that, even Supposing he had not received Lee's orders until 11 o'clock, he might have placed these divisions in the line assigned them by 1 o'clock. Had he done so, he might have changed the whole character of the conflict, as will be seen hereafter. The writer refrains from making any further comments on the errors of the day to pass on to consider the positions of the various divisions. Federal and Confederate, at the time the battle opened at 4 o'clock in

the afternoon. For at that time the whole Federal army was up and in position, except the fifth corps under Sykes, which did not take its position in line until 5 o'clock. The Confederate infantry was all up except Pickett's division, which did not arrive from Chambersburg until dark.

The extreme right wing of the Union army rested on Culp's Hill, looking to the eastward, and was occupied and defended by the Twelfth corps of the Federal army, under General Slocum, supplemented by Wardsworth's division, of Reynolds' corps.

The Baltimore turnpike was directly in the rear of this defensive column. A division of this corps was thrown across Rock Creek and placed in position on Wolf's Hill. This small stream runs through a narrow ravine that separates Culp's Hill from Wolf's Hill. The ravine was defended at Spangler's Spring by the brigade of General [Alphaeus] Williams. The little creek, in its direction to the southward, crosses the Baltimore turnpike about a quarter of a mile from Spangler's Spring. At the point where it crosses the pike the Federal right flank was protected by the cavalry of General Buford.

Cemetery Hill proper, which joins and continues Culp's Hill, stretches in a half circle around the south front of the town of Gettysburg, across the Baltimore pike to the Emmittsburg road.

It was occupied and defended by the Eleventh corps under Howard and by the two divisions of [John Cleveland] Robinson and Doubleday, of Reynolds' First corps. Properly speaking, the Federal line drawn around Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill constituted the right wing of the Union army, which was defended by the First, Eleventh, and Twelfth corps, and was, by all odds, the strongest part of the enemy's position. The Federal line then extended from Cemetery Hill, west of the town, along Cemetery Ridge to Round Top, a distance of nearly two miles.

To General Hancock was assigned the perilous duty of defending the center and left center of this line. He joined the right division of his Second corps with the left of Robinson at Cemetery Hill, and extended his corps along the ridge in the direction of Little Round Top for a distance of one half mile.

General Sickles, with the Third corps, formed to the left of Hancock and stretched his line along toward Round Top, near the Emmittsburg road, as far as [Joseph] Sherfy's peach-orchard, when his advance rested. The Sixth corps, under Sedgwick, arrived on the field after dinner and was placed somewhat to the rear of Hancock's left and Sickles' right, as a support.

The Fifth corps, under Sykes, was held in reserve, while General Kilpatrick with his cavalry flanked the Federal right wing. This was the actual position of the enemy at 4 o'clock on July 2d.

The writer and several others had an excellent view of the enemy's line from the top of Pennsylvania College, near Lee's headquarters, at sunrise, at which time Hancock's corps had not yet arrived, neither had Sedgwick's, and Sickles' line was not to be seen. All that strip of country extending along Cemetery Ridge from the hill to Little Round Top, a distance of nearly two miles, was unoccupied.

Hancock's corps was not in position until 8 o'clock, although he arrived on the field a little before 7 o'clock A.M. Sedgwick did not arrive until after 2 o'clock. Now, the reason why General Lee was anxious for an early attack was because he had learned during the night that Meade's army was not all up; but that he was concentrating his forces as rapidly as possible. As has been stated before, the Confederate army was on a line completely enveloping the whole Federal army from Round Top to Culp's Hill, at a distance of from four hundred to twelve hundred yards from the enemy.

Beginning on the right of the Confederate line General Longstreet, with the divisions of Hood and McLaws, held Lee's right wing opposite Sickles and in front of Little Round Top.

Then came [R.H.] Anderson's division, [Dorsey] Pender's, and Heth's, forming the corps of General A.P. Hill, all in a curve, and extending the Confederate line in a circle as far as the Seminary on the edge of the town. At this point Rhodes' division, of Ewell's corps, continued our line into the town. Then Early's division held the ground in front of Cemetery Hill proper, from the east of town around to Culp's Hill. Then General Edward Johnson's division extended the Confederate left all around Culp's Hill to the ravine that separates the latter hill from Wolf's Hill. The brigade of General [George] Stuart, of Edward Johnson's division, held the extreme left at Spangler's Spring. It will be seen that the Federal cavalry was all up and in position on the flanks of the Union army.

But so far as the writer knows, no part of the Confederate cavalry was on the field of Gettysburg on Thursday afternoon, July 2d, when the battle opened, except White's battalion, which had led the advance of Early's division, and had been with the division at York and returned with it to Gettysburg. General Imboden, with his cavalry command, had left Chambersburg on the 2d, and cleared the road from that place to the mountain for Pickett's division to pass forward to Gettysburg. At midnight, on the 2d of July, General Imboden reached the top of the mountain, and at that hour the brigades of Jones, Robertson, and Jenkins passed him on their way to the field, and reached it at 1 o'clock on the 3d of July, while Generals Lee and Longstreet were reviewing the divisions of Heth and Pickett. Just before the cannonade began, General Stuart, with Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee's com-

mands, arrived on the field on the evening of the 2d, as Hood and McLaws were closing the second day's fight on our right. Stuart attacked at Hunterstown a portion of the enemy who attempted to capture a part of our wagon-train.

The writer, just here, would like to speak of the prominent land-mark directly in front of Longstreet's corps. On looking to the southward, about half a mile from the Emmittsburg road, there looms up into view a rugged mountain, nearly bare, along whose sides are seen deep ledges of rocks and many stones of great size.

It has for over a hundred years been known by the name of Round Top.

Due east of it, and connected with it, there rises a smaller projecting spur called Little Round Top. The latter seems to sleep on the bosom of the former. History has made their names immortal, and will transmit them to the remotest ages of time. Around the northern front of these mountains a small creek runs to the eastward. At their base a valley filled with rocks and cliffs, skirted with underbrush, separates the main landscape from the mountain.

Seen in the stillness of the night it presents a most desolate appearance, an impression which long clings to the memory. The writer well remembers, while a boy of eleven years of age, attending school at Mount St. Mary's, near Emmittsburg, Maryland, passing over the road from the latter place to Gettysburg in the fall of the year 1839. It was growing late when the stage reached the front of Round Top, and he still remembers the fear that seized him while the stage was passing their front, and the relief experienced when these objects of his terror had been passed and left behind. He often wondered, when a boy, why the Creator had placed those rugged mountains upon the open landscape, little dreaming, at the time, of the many thousand heroic spirits in the distant future, and in his presence, who would dispute with their lives and seal with their blood the right to possess their stony slopes, of the mighty cannonade that shook the earth beneath the feet of the contending armies, and burst like the waves of the raging sea against their everlasting summits. Thursday afternoon, July the 2d, was far spent. The silence was at length broken. At half-past 4 o'clock an awful cannonade opened and extended all around the Confederate line of battle, in a curve, from Longstreet, on our extreme right, to the Harrisburg road. The enemy replied to it from Culp's Hill, Cemetery Hill, and Cemetery Ridge.

Over three hundred shots of artillery were fired every minute, and the reports were distinctly heard for over forty miles. Shortly after the artillery opened could be seen heavy columns of Confederates emerging from a wood on Longstreet's extreme right, and moving rapidly toward the Emmittsburg road in the direction of Round Top. This was Hood's division. A little to the left of Hood, and concealed partly by a skirt of woods, could be seen several columns of infantry, resting at ease, in line of battle. This was McLaws' division. On the extreme right of McLaws' division might be seen nn officer mounted on horseback riding along the line of McLaws, cheering on the men. This was the gallant General [William] Barksdale, of Mississippi.

Hood's division advanced rapidly to the Emmittsburg road. The enemy presented a strange and irregular front, as seen by the advancing line of Hood's men. Their force at this point, which proved to be Sickles' corps, formed the left wing of the Federal army, and was posted along an elevated ridge of ground for some distance to a peach-orchard. At this point his front changed and faced to the southward, in the direction of Round Top, resting his extreme left a few hundred yards from Round Top. Sickles' line, as seen by Hood's soldiers, looked like two sides of a square. Now, just as soon as Hood's division struck the road, they jumped over the fence, and rushing forward attacked that part of Sickles' line which extended from the peach-orchard on the Emmittsburg road toward Round Top. As Hood's force, that made this attack, was more extended than the enemy's line, which here was his left, it happened that one of his brigades passed up the open space between the points where Sickles' left terminated and Round Top, thus outflanking the left wing of the Union army. The rest of Hood's division, with part of McLaws', moved up the Emmittsburg road and attacked the other part of Sickles' corps that was posted along the ridge in front of the road. Shortly after the conflict opened here Hood's whole division was engaged, some on Sickles' front, some on his flank. When Hood passed his brigade between Sickles' left and Round Top the brave Confederates had gained an advantage, which, if it had been promptly followed up, would have enabled General Hood to hold within his grasp the fate of the Union army.

He would have been the complete master of the situation.

But for some cause, never explained, Hood's right advance did not gain the summit of this stronghold, although it was not occupied by the enemy at the time. Doubtless the Confederates thought, and reasonably so, that as they were engaging and driving an enemy under the shadow of Round Top, and as no assistance was given them from that quarter, that stronghold was unoccupied and could be used when wanted. But this was a fatal mistake, for a division of the Union army, seeing Sickles' desperate situation, went to his relief, and while advancing a portion of them from the southward rushed up the rugged sides of the mountain,

dragging their heavy artillery after them. Hood's men, seeing this, determined to dislodge the enemy, and pushing forward through a defile, climbing up precipices and ledges of rocks, boldly attacked the Federal troops under great disadvantage.

The fight that here took place was one of the prominent exploits of the conflict. Hood had reached the enemy by passing up through the defile between the two Round Tops. It was almost a hand-to-hand encounter with the bayonet. The gallant Texans rushed on the enemy's line of steel; all along the slopes of the mountain hand-to-hand encounters with the musket took place between squads of Hood's men and detachments of the enemy. One of these detachments, numbering several hundred, had been recruited in the neighborhood, and were serving with the Army of the Potomac. They were now fighting in sight of their homes, with the eyes of their fathers, mothers, and wives looking upon them, and the truth is that these men conducted themselves as brave men have always done under similar circumstances in every quarter of the earth. Many of our men, posted on crags and ledges of rocks, were shot, and fell down the slopes to the ravine below. The enemy lost heavily, and the two general officers who commanded them laid down their lives among the slain. The remainder of Hood's force at this point of his line retired to the base of the mountains and left Round Top in possession of the men who so bravely defended it. It was soon heavily reinforced, and so strongly fortified by the enemy that it was never afterward attacked by our forces.

At the same time that the right of Hood's division was engaged in assailing the enemy on his left, and in conflict with Sickles' supporting column at Little Round Top, the remainder of Hood's command, supported by McLaws' division that held the left of Longstreet's corps, moved up the Emmittsburg road toward Gettysburg. Along an elevated ridge of ground in an open field, a heavy column of the enemy appeared in force. It was [David Bell] Birney's division of Sickles' corps. This officer extended his line along the ridge to a peach-orchard in front of the road. McLaws, seeing troops coming over from the enemy's right to support this line of battle, and at the same time also noticing a large force coming up from the rear to support Birney, rushed forward with his division and attacked Birney and his supports with great intrepidity.

The enemy, here protected to some extent by a peach-orchard which covered part of his command, returned the fire for some time, when McLaws, seeing a favorable opportunity, placed several batteries of artillery in position, and brought them to bear upon Sickles' flank with such telling effect that his line began to waver and give way. Our troops now made a bold jump for Sickles' men, and as we were to a great extent protected by the firing of our artillery, we delivered round after round of musketry into the Union lines with such rapidity that their whole front broke and gave way before the fiery onset of the Confederates. In this attack the peach - orchard was carried by McLaws' division, the center of Sickles' corps rent asunder, and his division under Birney and his supporting brigades driven back from the ridge across an open field in great terror and confusion.

The Confederates lost no time, but immediately followed up this advantage, and, running after the enemy across an open space, halted at a skirt of woods. Between this skirt of woods and Little Round Top, while Sickles' routed force was resting he was strengthened by a new division, sent to his aid from the Second corps by General Hancock. Thus reinforced, the Union troops formed a new line of battle; but before they were fully in position the Confederates burst in force from behind the skirt of woods and attacked them. The conflict here was more severe than any attack that preceded it. Our loss in this attack was heavy, while that of the Federal troops was certainly much greater. The division of General [John Curtis] Caldwell, sent by Hancock, was fearfully cut up in this part of the conflict, having lost, according to Hancock's report, in killed and wounded over one half of the division. It will be seen that McLaws' division had driven back from the Emmittsburg road Sickles' center under Birney, with the divisions of Burns, Caldwell, and other supports sent to their aid—all had gone down and were beaten back by the valiant rebels to the crest of Cemetery Ridge, Hood's men having beaten back the enemy's left with his supports so disastrously that a division of regular troops from Sykes' Fifth corps, under [Romeyn]Ayers, was quickly thrown forward to check the advancing line of the bold Texans.

The whole space between the Emmittsburg road to Cemetery Ridge was now in possession of Hood and McLaws. The writer would here observe that Cemetery Ridge was the original Federal line of battle, and extended from Cemetery Hill to Little Round Top, a distance of two miles. Sickles, it seems, committed the mistake of throwing his corps too far to the front, and too far from their main line. Longstreet, seeing this, attacked his force before the error could be rectified. The right division of Sickles' corps still stood alone, hugging the Emmittsburg road, with his left drawn back, forming a right angle. General Hancock, seeing this exposed condition of [Andrew Atkinson] Humphrey's line, sent several brigades to his aid. The only thing that General Humphreys could do was to fall back as speedily as possible to Cemetery Ridge. But the Confederates were on the alert, and having carried all before them, and ranging about in the open space, seeing men moving to the aid of Humphreys, they

moved forward with two of their brigades, and attacked General Humphreys with such violence and intrepidity that he was hurled back; and, following up the attack, the Federal division was so tilted from one point to another that it seemed doubtful whether they could hold their ground much longer. While the division was being beaten back, some of their supports moving to the right of the retreating column fired several volleys into our line. One of our regiments, breaking line, sprang forward, and raising the rebel yell of "Yi, yi," poured such a deadly fire into their ranks that these supports broke and fled, leaving the division to its doom.

No order was now observed or thought of, and the shattered remnants of Humphreys' division and his supporting brigades were hurled back by the victorious Confederates to Cemetery Ridge. Behind those bulwarks, carved in solid rock and defended by artillery, these veteran troops found shelter and protection. Humphreys' division with his supports were most shockingly cut up. All along the line of attack, from the Emmittsburg road to Cemetery Ridge, the ground was strewn with the dead and wounded. This is no exaggeration. General Hancock, in speaking of the events under consideration in his official report of the battle, says, "When General Humphreys' division and his support fell behind our original line of battle on Cemetery Ridge, there was the debris of many regiments. He could scarcely muster a single battalion which was not garbed in many colors. In reviewing the fight on the Confederate right it is but just to say, that on Longstreet's front it was fought by the two divisions of Hood and McLaws, numbering, according to Longstreet, about fifteen thousand men. Pickett's division of his corps was not present; having left Chambersburg during the day it did not arrive until long after the battle ended. Hill's corps was not engaged in the fight on the left, but made demonstrations on Hancock's front. This was done by Anderson's division, and was not converted into a general attack. Longstreet, in his report, says his loss in this part of the conflict, in killed and wounded, was four thousand five hundred men."

Among the slain was the brave General Barksdale. The Federal force that engaged the two divisions of Hood and McLaws was composed of the Fifth corps under Sykes, the Third under Sickles, and Caldwell's division, of Hancock's corps, with other support sent to the aid of Sickles from their right.

The loss of the enemy here must have been doubly as great as that of the Confederates. The struggle on the right lasted for about two hours, from half-past 4 to half-past 6 o'clock. But the victory would have been complete if Longstreet had moved a few hours sooner. Hood would then have captured and held both the Round Tops without a struggle, as there was no enemy defending them.

No sooner had the conflict closed before the Round Tops than it broke out on the Confederate left, held by Ewell, in front of Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill. Let us turn and examine the course of events on our left.

The two divisions of Ewell's corps, commanded by General Early and General Edward Johnson, were in position on our left and ready to advance, the former on Cemetery Hill and the latter on Culp's Hill. The division of General Rhodes, which belonged to Ewell's corps, was on the west end of the town, near the Seminary. Pender's division, commanded by General Lane, of Hill's corps, lay alongside of Rhodes' command. Now, at 7 P.M., before Early and Johnston attacked Cemetery and Culp's hills, it was arranged that Rhodes and Lane should support the attack. No allowance, however, was made for time, and Rhodes being obliged to get his troops through the town by moving up different streets, which were blocked up by ambulances and wounded soldiers in every part of the place, much time was lost. Early was under fire, while Rhodes was pushing through to the support of his companions, and had not reached them until Early's division had been beaten back. About 7 o'clock Early's division began to move along the outskirts of the southeast part of the town, filing to the left of the Baltimore pike until it came directly in front of [Adolph von] Steinwese's division, of the Eleventh corps, which lay along the northeastern knob of Cemetery Hill. This division of Steinwese was the same force left behind to hold Cemetery Hill the day before, by Howard. The enemy were resting behind an old stone wall, which extended southward from an old brickyard in front of our line. Early's division moved forward to the attack of the Eleventh corps, on Cemetery Hill, in the following order: General John B. Gordon commanded the right and assaulted the northeastern part of the hill near the Baltimore pike, on the edge of the town.

General [Harry] Hays, of Louisiana, held the center of the line, and General Smith the left. As soon as the division arrived within range of the enemy's artillery, at a distance of about six hundred yards, several batteries directly in our front discharged grape and canister into our lines with terrible effect. The center and left of the division, unprotected by artillery and unable to reach the enemy by a musketry fire, began to waver and fall back. The command of General Gordon, on the right, protected from the artillery of the enemy by the brow of the hill and the houses on the outskirts of the town on his flank, moved gallantly forward, driving in the skirmish line until the command came near enough to charge a battery, which was stormed and captured by the Confederates, who, still pushing onward, under heavy fire attacked and silenced another of

the enemy's batteries, and the fight that followed was severe. The Confederates rushed up with the bayonet and were met on a line of steel by the enemy. Some of Steinwese's regiments now firing and falling back to the pike, Gordon's command attacked them with such dash and spirit that they began to break and give ground. Hancock, seeing the increasing danger to which his right flank was exposed and observing Rhodes' division crowding to the eastern end of the town, threw several fresh brigades in front of Gordon to check his advance. Hays and Smith, with the left and center did much execution under great hardship and danger, but as the division was not supported in time it gradually fell back to the edge of the town. Rhodes, coming up soon after, deemed it inexpedient to renew the attack for the night. General Edward Johnson's division, passing further up, rested almost in front of the southern end of Culp's Hill, the brigade of General Stewart holding his extreme left.

This division attacked the enemy after his line had been greatly weakened by reinforcements sent from this point to the Federal left to repel the fiery onset of Longstreet. Johnson was successful in this part of our line of battle. He fought the enemy most desperately, and carried every assault he made. About 9 o'clock Johnson's division had made such progress that he actually passed one of his brigades through the valley that separates Wolf's Hill from Culp's Hill, and, crossing Rock Creek near Spangler's Spring, drove the enemy before him and advanced his line to the Baltimore pike. Johnson's left was now within the Federal breastworks. His whole division might have been there in an hour; Rhodes' division might have joined him before daylight; thus strengthened and united, the Federal forces on Cemetery and Culp's hills could have been taken in rear by the Confederates. In that contingency the famous bulwarks of Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, as a means of defense, could have afforded the Federal right no more protection than two hills of straw of the same size. If any man can answer truly and give the reason why the position gained by Ewell's corps under General Johnson, on Thursday night was not followed up and reinforced, he will give one of the strongest reasons "Why Lee lost Gettysburg."

The conflict closed on our left about 9:30 o'clock, and all things considered, the work on our left was decidedly more of a success than a disaster. It was evidently so considered by the most intelligent Confederates and by General Lee himself. The conflict had now lasted two days, and the Federal loss exceeded over twenty thousand. Meade's official report and the report of the Congressional committee on the conduct of the war makes it exceed that number. The loss of the Confederates on the second day of the conflict was about six thousand five hundred, while on the first day's conflict it did not much exceed five thousand. In the two days' conflict Lee lost about eleven thousand five hundred, and Meade about twenty-one thousand. It must also be taken into consideration that the army of General Lee nearly always was successful. The failure of Hood to seize Round Top in time and the partial repulse of Early's division at Cemetery Hill were, candidly speaking, the only actual advantages the Federal army gained in the two days' conflict. These are facts unquestionable. About 10 o'clock at night both banks of Rock Creek were lined with wounded Confederates washing and tying up their wounds. About that hour of the night, while conversing with General Rhodes, the writer received a note from Rev. Dr. Pryor (a chaplain in Ewell's corps and father of General Roger A. Pryor), informing him that he was wanted at army headquarters. These were situated near the Chambersburg pike. In riding through the town it was filled with Confederates, who, soldier like, were busy in preparing their meals all along the streets. They appeared to be in the highest spirits. On reaching army headquarters it was crowded with staff officers from all quarters of the field. All seemed gratified with the results of the day; certainly nobody looked gloomy or desponding. Pickett's division had arrived from Chambersburg and were posted in line, About 11 P.M. all faces were made cheerful and all hearts made glad by the arrival at headquarters of General J.E.B. Stuart and General Fitzhugh Lee. General A.P. Hill came in, shaking hands with his friends, and as soon as the commanding General heard the voice of General Hill he moved through the crowd and, shaking Hill by the hand, said, "It is all well, General, everything is all well;" and taking Hill aside spoke to him privately for nearly a quarter of an hour.

The commanding General looked well, he was all himself, and never appeared to better advantage. This was the first time the writer had seen General Lee since the night of the battle at Beverley's Ford, June 9th. It was 1 o'clock before Colonel Marshall announced my name, when General Lee arose and said, "I am expecting General Imboden in the morning, and I am desirous to send to Virginia at once as many of our wounded as possible. Doctor Pryor has told me that you and Captain Brockenbrough were acquainted with the fords of the upper Potomac, and I want you both to report to General Imboden at 10 o'clock to-morrow. Colonel Taylor will issue the necessary orders." I informed the commanding General that Doctor Pryor was mistaken, that neither I nor Brockenbrough knew anything of these fords, except the ones at Shepherdstown and Williamsport; that we were both well acquainted with the fords of the Rappahannock but not of the Potomac, that Mr. Logan, of Winchester, who was in Rhodes' command, was well informed on the subject.

Turning quickly around, the commanding General said, "Hunt up Mr. Logan and send him to me at once." He was full of business, and his strong mind and intellectual energies were taxed to their utmost. The fences all around the headquarters were lined with soldiers who had participated in the struggle of the day, relating their experiences. The writer remained with these until the morning sun appeared on Friday, July 3d, when he returned to his command.

"Seventeenth Maine Regiment," in Charles Hamlin et al, eds., *Maine At Gettysburg: Report of Maine Commissioners* (Portland: Lakeside Press, 1898)

…before daybreak of July 2d Colonel [Philippe Regis] de Trobriand received orders to come up to Gettysburg. …As it passed northerly along the road beyond the Peach Orchard it received a fire from the Confederate skirmishers, screened by the woods in which they were posted, west of the road. The regiment filed off the road to the east and, passing through grass fields and across lots, halted near a growth, where the hungry boys made a hasty luncheon of hard tack and coffee. In the line, which Sickles was forming, de Trobriand first occupied the ridgy, wooded ground between the Peach Orchard and the Wheatfield. The Wheatfield was of triangular shape, about 400 yards each side; the highest portion was bounded by a cross road running along by the Peach Orchard and easterly across the north slope of Little Round Top. The Wheatfield sloped down southerly from this road, and along its westerly side by a wood, to quite low ground, making a corner near a branch of Plum Run, with a thick alder growth on the west; the third or southerly side was bounded by an open growth of sizable trees, a stone-wall intervening, and this wood separated the Wheatfield from Devil's Den.

…The Seventeenth was at first placed south of the Peach Orchard, supporting the skirmish line of the 3d Mich. De Trobriand had two regiments at the front, to the left of the latter,—the 5th Mich., whose skirmishers connected to the 3d, near the [John] Rose barn, also the 110th Penn., a small regiment. The largest regiment in the brigade, the 40th N.Y., was in the wood, in reserve, behind these. The ball opened by a shot from a battery at the Peach Orchard, soon taken up by Smith's battery at Devil's Den, the latter drawing fire from the enemy's batteries near the Emmitsburg road farther south. Ward's brigade extended from Devil's Den, through the wood, nearly to the Wheatfield. …There was a gap between Ward and de Trobriand at the south corner of the Wheatfield. To occupy this gap the Seventeenth Maine was hastened upon the double-quick by the left, taking up its position at the stone-wall, the right of the regiment extending beyond the wall to the alders. Sometime after, the 40th N.Y. was also taken from de Trobriand and sent to [John Henry Hobart] Ward's left rear, in the Plum Run valley. Shortly after 4 p.m. the Seventeenth planted its colors at the stone-wall on the southern edge of the historic Wheatfield….

…the Seventeenth…was swung back to a slight rail fence which, starting from the stonewall at nearly a right angle, formed the boundary of the real wheat field. Thus two fronts were presented by the regiment, forming a salient angle at the stone-wall. …The tables were turned. As the veterans of Georgia moved directly forward upon the 5th Mich, and 110th Penn., who received them face to face, this new line of the right wing of the Seventeenth took them in flank. They changed front to match the flank line of the Seventeenth and again advanced, and thus exposed their left to the reliable men of the 5th Mich. Meanwhile the enemy, that was not affected by this flanking fire, pressed forward, even up to the stone-wall, and a desperate struggle at close quarters ensued for this coveted position. At the salient angle was company B, with H, K and C at the right; at the left of B was G the color company, and on its left, along the stone-wall, were D, I, F, A and E. All received a raking fire, particularly G, B and H, but all remained steadfast, and routed the enemy, some of whom were taken prisoners, their color-bearer, who had advanced nearly to our line, narrowly escaping capture.

…Longstreet now brought in [Joseph] Kershaw's South Carolina brigade of [Lafayette] McLaws' division… to assault the Orchard from the south, as it advanced, and at the same time secure a foothold at the Wheatfield, thus taking de Trobriand in the right flank and rear. …as they advanced, Anderson's brigade also made another attack. …Again the Seventeenth at the stone-wall held the enemy at bay; at its angle it repelled the attempts of Anderson after a long and persistent struggle; but Kershaw forced back the Fifth corps forces at the "loop" and struck the flank of de Trobriand's brigade in the woods. Pushing ahead for a junction with Anderson, a portion of the assailants made for the west corner of the Wheatfield through the thick alder growth, happily there, which both impeded their rush and broke the solidity of their ranks; they emerged

through the alders within fifty paces of the flanking right wing of the Seventeenth, which awaited them at the rail fence. Here were a hundred muskets, in the hands of steady veterans, to receive them: "Aim low, boys! make every shot tell!" With the most frantic efforts to re-form his lines for a charge, the enemy was unsuccessful; the men dropped as they emerged from the alders; in a few minutes they gave it up and retreated out of sight. The Seventeenth breathed easier.

…But the attack of Kershaw, forcing [James] Barnes away, in turn compelled the 5th Mich, and 110th Penn. to move rearward. Kershaw thus gained lodgment in the woods west of the Wheatfield, considerably in rear of the position of the Seventeenth. [George] Winslow's battery, posted at the north side of the field, withdrew from its position. The Seventeenth was thus left alone, far in advance of its brother regiments and well outflanked upon its right by Kershaw. It was ordered back across the field in line of battle to the cross road before spoken of. Another attack followed before a new general line could be arranged. The enemy seeing the retrograde movement across the Wheatfield, at once moved up to the abandoned stone-wall and over it, and also to the edge of the woods west of the Wheatfield. General [David Bell] Birney rode up, saw the desperate situation, and also saw the Seventeenth Maine near him, which had just squatted down in the cross road and had sent for ammunition. …Birney called upon the Seventeenth for a charge. He placed himself at the head of the regiment, and with a cheer and a rush it moved down into the Wheatfield. The enemy disappeared over the stone-wall and into the woods.

It was past 6 o'clock. General Sickles had just been wounded. Birney was notified and took command of the corps. Leaving the Seventeenth, he went to another part of the field, but he was not unmindful of the situation he left; the gallant 5th Mich. was brought up and extended the line of the Seventeenth to the right; the two small brigades of Barnes, who had retired from the front woods, were now resting in the woods one hundred yards in rear of the Wheatfield, but not engaged; General Birney had sent to Hancock for Second corps troops. At last, at just about 6:40 o'clock, deliverance came. [John Curtis] Caldwell's division of the Second corps readily assumed the battle on that portion of the line. Cross' brigade went in where Ward's right had rested; after this, [Patrick] Kelly's [Irish] brigade advanced, in line of battle, through and beyond the small remnant of the Seventeenth Maine and 5th Mich., into the edge of the wood, with a rush upon Kershaw's troops, with whom the Maine and Michigan veterans had been contending. The Seventeenth, thus relieved, collected and took along its wounded who were disabled on the field, and then, in good order, finally left the Wheatfield….

It may not be amiss to state briefly the events of that evening, on this part of the field, after the Seventeenth was relieved. [Edward] Cross' brigade advanced upon the enemy posted behind the west end of the Wheatfield stone-fence…. A hot contest ensued for thirty or forty minutes, the enemy holding his ground, when the regulars of [Romeyn] Ayres' division, Fifth corps, came in up to the east side of the Wheatfield and relieved Cross' brigade. Kelly's brigade, with that of [Samuel K.] Zook upon its right, fought fiercely with Kershaw in the woods where we left him, finally driving the latter out. About this time [John R.] Brooke, with his brigade of Caldwell's division, charged across the Wheatfield, almost unresisted by the used-up and disconnected troops of [George "Tige"] Anderson, Kershaw and [Paul] Semmes. …This was about 7 p.m., when, [William] Barksdale having pushed back our regiments and batteries just north of the Peach Orchard, Longstreet brought up [William Tatum] Wofford's fresh brigade…. There was nothing to resist him; [William] Tilton's brigade of Barnes' division had been resting in [Abraham] Trostle's grove, in an excellent position to defend from Wofford, but had retired. Kershaw joined to Wofford, and …easily whirled out the three brigades of the Second corps, Sweitzer's brigade of the Fifth corps which was then in the Wheatfield….

Joshua L. Chamberlain, "Through Blood and Fire at Gettysburg," *Hearst's Magazine* 23 (June 1913)

Warren, chief engineer of our army, sent by Meade to see how things were going on the left, drawn to Little Round Top by its evident importance, found to his astonishment that it was unoccupied except by a little group of signal-men, earnestly observing the movements over in the region of the Emmitsburg Road beyond the Devil's Den.

…As we neared the summit of the mountain, the shot so raked the crest that we had to keep our men below it to save their heads, although this did not wholly avert the visits of tree-tops and splinters of rock and iron, while the boulders and clefts and pitfalls in our path made it seem like the replica of the evil "den" across the sweetly named Plum Run.

Reaching the southern face of Little Round Top, I found [Strong] Vincent there, with intense poise and look. He said with a voice of awe, as if translating the tables of the eternal law, "I place you here! This is the left of the Union line. You understand. You are to hold this ground at all costs!" I did understand—full well; but had more to learn about costs.

The regiment coming up "right in front" was put in position by a quite uncommon order, "on the right by file into line;" both that we should thus be facing the enemy when we came to a front, and also be ready to commence firing as fast as each man arrived. This is a rather slow style of formation, but this time it was needful. Knowing that we had no supports on the left, I despatched a stalwart company under the level-headed Captain Morrill in that direction, with orders to move along up the valley to our front and left, between us and the eastern base of the Great Round Top, to keep within supporting distance of us, and to act as the exigencies of the battle should require.

…I released the pioneers and provost guard altogether, and sent them to their companies. All but the drummer boys and hospital attendants went into the ranks. Even the cooks and servants not liable to such service, asked to go in. Others whom I knew to be sick or footsore, and had given a pass to "fall out" on the forced marches of the day and night before, came up, now that the battle was on, dragging themselves along on lame and bleeding feet….

Our line looked towards the Great Round Top, frowning above us not a gunshot away, and raising grave thoughts of what might happen if the enemy should gain foothold there, even if impracticable for artillery. …The other regiments of the brigade were forming on our right; the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, the Forty-fourth New York, and the Sixteenth Michigan….

Ten minutes had not passed. Suddenly the thunder of artillery and crash of iron that had all the while been roaring over the Round Top crests stopped short.

…In a minute more came the roll of musketry. It struck the exposed right center of our brigade. Promptly answered, repulsed, and renewed again and again, it soon reached us, still extending. Two brigades of Hood's Division had attacked—Texas and Alabama. The Fourth Alabama reached our right, the Forty-seventh Alabama joined and crowded in, but gradually, owing to their echelon advance. Soon seven companies of this regiment were in our front. We had all we could stand….

When Warren saw us started for Little Round Top, looking still intently down, he saw Hood's two brigades breaking past the Third Corps' left and sweeping straight for Little Round Top. Then he flew down to bring reinforcement for this vital place and moment. He came upon the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, of [Stephen H.] Weed's Brigade of our Second Division, just going in to Sickles' relief, and dispatched it headlong for Round Top. Weed was to follow, and Ayres' whole division—but not yet. Warren also laid hold of [Charles] Hazlett, with his battery, D of the Fifth Regulars, and sent him to scale those heights—if in the power of man so to master nature. Meantime the tremendous blow of the Fourth and Fifth Texas struck the right of our brigade, and our Sixteenth Michigan reeled and staggered back under the shock. Confusion followed. Vincent felt that all was lost unless the very gods should intervene. Sword aloft and face aflame, he rushed in among the broken companies in desperate effort to rally them, man by man. By sheer force of his superb personality he restored a portion of his line, and was urging up the rest. "Don't yield an inch now, men, or all is lost!" he cried, when an answering volley scorched the very faces of the men, and Vincent's soul went up in a chariot of fire. In that agonizing moment, came tearing up the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, gallant [Patrick] O'Rorke at the head. Not waiting to load a musket or form a line, they sprang forward into that turmoil. Met by a withering volley that killed its fine young colonel and laid low many of his intrepid officers and a hundred of his men, this splendid regiment, as by a providence we may well call divine, saved us all in that moment of threatened doom.

…In the very deepest of the struggle while our shattered line had pressed the enemy well below their first point of contact, and the struggle to regain it was fierce, I saw through a sudden rift in the thick smoke our colors standing alone. I first thought some optical illusion imposed upon me. But as forms emerged through the drifting smoke, the truth came to view. The cross-fire had cut keenly; the center had been almost shot away; only two of the color-guard had been left, and they fighting to fill the whole space; and in the center, wreathed in battle smoke, stood the Color-Sergeant, Andrew Tozier. His color-staff planted in the ground at his side, the upper part clasped in his elbow, so holding the flag upright, with musket and cartridges seized from the fallen comrade at his side he was defending his sacred trust in the manner of the songs of chivalry. It was a stirring picture—its import still more stirring. That color must be saved, and that center too. I sent first to the regiment on our right for a dozen men to help us here, but they could not spare a man. I then called my young brother, Tom, the adjutant, and sent him forward to close that gap somehow; if no men could be drawn from neighboring companies, to draw back the salient angle and contract our center. The fire down there at this moment was so hot I thought it impossible for him to get there alive; and I

dispatched immediately after him Sergeant Thomas whom I had made a special orderly, with the same instructions. It needed them both; and both came back with personal proofs of the perilous undertaking. It was strange that the enemy did not seize that moment and point of weakness.

…Now came a longer lull. But this meant, not rest, but thought and action. First, it was to gather our wounded, and bear them to the sheltered lawn for saving life, or peace in dying; the dead, too, that not even our feet should do them dishonor in the coming encounter. Then—such is heavenly human pity—the wounded of our Country's foes; brothers in blood for us now, so far from other caring; borne to like refuge and succor by the drummer-boys who had become angels of the field.

In this lull I took a turn over the dismal field to see what could be done for the living, in ranks or recumbent; and came upon a manly form and face I well remembered. He was a sergeant earlier in the field of Antietam and of Fredericksburg; and for refusing to perform some menial personal service for a bullying quartermaster in winter camp, was reduced to the ranks by a commander who had not carefully investigated the case. It was a degradation, and the injustice of it rankled in his high-born spirit. But his well-bred pride would not allow him to ask for justice as a favor. I had kept this in mind, for early action. Now he was lying there, stretched on an open front where a brave stand had been made, face to the sky, a great bullet-hole in the middle of his breast, from which he had loosened the clothing, to ease his breathing, and the rich blood was pouring in a stream. I bent down over him. His face lightened; his lips moved. But I spoke first, "My dear boy, it has gone hard with you. You shall be cared for!" He whispered, "Tell my mother I did not die a coward!" It was the prayer of home-bred manhood poured out with his life-blood. I knew and answered him, "You die a sergeant. I promote you for faithful service and noble courage on the field of Gettysburg!" This was all he wanted. No word more. I had him borne from the field, but his high spirit had passed to its place. It is needless to add that as soon as a piece of parchment could be found after that battle, a warrant was made out promoting George Washington Buck to sergeant in the terms told him; and this evidence placed the sad, proud mother's name on the rolls of the Country's benefactors….

The silence and the doubt of the momentary lull were quickly dispelled. The formidable Fifteenth Alabama, repulsed and as we hoped dispersed, now in solid and orderly array—still more than twice our numbers—came rolling through the fringe of chaparral on our left. No dash; no yells; no demonstrations for effect; but settled purpose and determination! We opened on them as best we could. The fire was returned, cutting us to the quick.

The Forty-Seventh Alabama had rallied on our right. We were enveloped in fire, and sure to be overwhelmed in fact when the great surge struck us. Whatever might be otherwhere, what was here before us was evident; these far-outnumbering, confident eyes, yet watching for a sign of weakness. Already I could see the bold flankers on their right darting out and creeping catlike under the smoke to gain our left, thrown back as it was. It was for us, then, once for all. Our thin line was broken, and the enemy were in rear of the whole Round Top defense—infantry, artillery, humanity itself—with the Round Top and the day theirs.

Now, too, our fire was slackening; our last rounds of shot had been fired; what I had sent for could not get to us. I saw the faces of my men one after another, when they had fired their last cartridge, turn anxiously towards mine for a moment; then square to the front again. To the front for them lay death; to the rear what they would die to save. My thought was running deep. I was combining the elements of a "forlorn hope," and had just communicated this to Captain Spear of the wheeling flank, on which the initiative was to fall. Just then—so will a little incident fleck a brooding cloud of doom with a tint of human tenderness—brave, warm-hearted Lieutenant Melcher, of the Color Company, whose Captain and nearly half his men were down, came up and asked if he might take his company and go forward and pick up one or two of his men left wounded on the field, and bring them in before the enemy got too near. This would be a most hazardous move in itself, and in this desperate moment, we could not break our line. I admired him. With a glance, he understood, I answered, "Yes, sir, in a moment! I am about to order a charge!"

Not a moment was to be lost! Five minutes more of such a defensive, and the last roll-call would sound for us! Desperate as the chances were, there was nothing for it, but to take the offensive. I stepped to the colors. The men turned towards me. One word was enough,—"*BAYONET*!" It caught like lire, and swept along the ranks. The men took it up with a shout, -one could not say, tried to make a stand amidst the trees and boulders, but the frenzied bayonets pressing through every space forced a constant settling to the rear. Morrill with his detached company and the remnants of our valorous sharpshooters who had held the enemy so long in check on the slopes of the Great Round Top, now fell upon the flank of the retiring crowd, and it turned to full retreat—some up amidst the crags of Great Round Top, but most down the smooth vale towards their own main line on Plum Run. This tended to mass them before our center. Here their stand was

more stubborn. At the first dash the commanding officer I happened to confront, coming on fiercely, sword in one hand and big navy revolver in the other, fires one barrel almost in my face; but seeing the quick saber-point at his throat, reverses arms, gives sword and pistol into my hands and yields himself prisoner.

"Nineteenth Maine Regiment," in *Maine at Gettysburg* (Portland, ME, 1898)

About 6:30 P.M. the Second division line of the Third corps, along the Emmitsburg road, was attacked on that front. A part of [Andrew Atkinson] Humphreys' men, who held that part of the line along the road, after the division began to change front to rear, made their line of retreat so as to bring some of the Excelsior brigade towards the advanced position of the Nineteenth. The Confederates, impelled by the ardor imparted by success and superior numbers, came pressing upon their flank and rear, threatening to make the retreat a disastrous rout. Fearing this, General Humphreys, commanding the Second division of the Third corps, after changing his front to the rear, rode back to the Nineteenth, which was lying down, and ordered it to arise and stop with the bayonet the soldiers of his command, who had by that time drifted back to within one hundred and fifty paces. Colonel [Francis] Heath refused to obey the order, fearing that his men, once caught in the disorder caused by broken troops, would be swept to the rear. Then General Humphreys rode down the line of the Nineteenth giving the order himself. Colonel Heath followed countermanding it, and was obeyed by his men. As Humphreys' men passed to the rear some of them shouted to the Nineteenth, "Hang on, boys! we will form in your rear." Some of them did try to do this, for they were brave men.

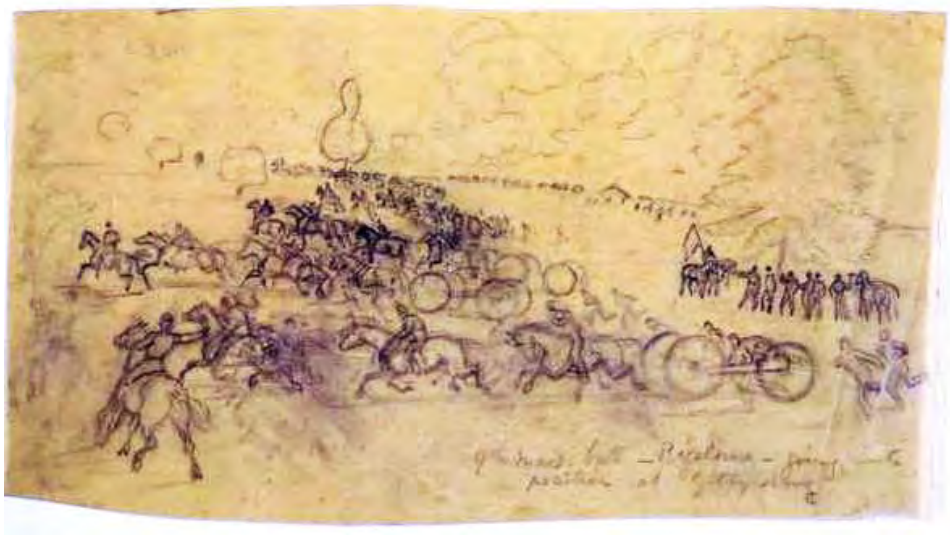
…Captain George L. Whitmore, of Bowdoinham, who heard the conversation between General Humphreys and Colonel Heath, says (in 1889) that when General Humphreys had tried to order the Nineteenth up in vain, he turned to Colonel Heath and ordered him to the rear. To this Captain Whitmore says Colonel Heath returned the reply, "I was placed here by an officer of higher rank for a purpose, and I do not intend to go to the rear. Let your troops form in the rear and we will take care of the enemy in front." General Hancock was the officer who had stationed the Nineteenth. Excelsior brigade succeeded for a moment in establishing a line, but soon drifted away in the smoke and confusion.

…The Confederate battle line was now right upon the four hundred men from Maine, who arose unwaveringly to receive it. As the gray line emerged from the smoke, about fifty yards in front a tall color-bearer was first seen, running at doublequick and tossing his colors several yards in front of their line. In quick response to the order, given by the Colonel, "Drop that color bearer," a private of the Nineteenth drew up his musket and fired. The Confederate colors went down, and at this instant the Nineteenth poured in its first volley. This fire evidently stopped the Confederates, as they returned it at once. For a short time, no one can tell how long, the two lines exchanged volleys. During this fire Captain Starbird of the left company reported that a Confederate regiment was deploying on his flank. The Colonel went to that part of the line at once, and found the enemy in double column in the act of deploying. They were not over twenty-five yards from the left of the Nineteenth. The Colonel at once threw back the left files of Captain Starbird's company so as to pour an enfilading fire upon the Confederate regiment, at the same time telling Captain Starbird to "give it to them." The left company mustered that day forty men, and its volley, poured in at short range upon a body of men in column, had a terrible effect. The Confederate regiment melted away in the smoke and was seen no more.

Lt. William Lochren, "The First Minnesota at Gettysburg" (Jan 14, 1890), in *Glimpses of the Nation's Struggle: Papers Read Before the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, 1889-1892*, ed. Edward D. Neill (St. Paul, 1893)

Just then Hancock, with a single aide, rode up at full speed, and…vainly endeavored to rally Sickles's retreating forces. …Quickly leaving the fugitives, Hancock spurred to where we stood, calling out as he reached us, "What regiment is this?" "First Minnesota," replied [William] Colvill. "Charge those lines!" commanded Hancock. Every man realized in an instant what that order meant ….and in a moment, responding to Colvill's rapid orders, the regiment, in perfect line, with arms at "right shoulder, shift," was sweeping down the slope directly upon the enemy's centre. No hesitation, no stopping to fire, though the men fell fast at every stride before the concentrated fire of the whole Confederate force…as soon as the movement was observed. Silently…"double-quick" had changed to utmost speed…. "Charge!" shouted Colvill as we neared the first line, and with levelled bayonets, at full speed, we rushed upon it, fortunately, as it was slightly

disordered in crossing a dry brook. The men were never made who will stand against levelled bayonets coming with such momentum and evident desperation. The first line broke in our front as we reached it, and rushed back through the second line, stopping the whole advance. We then poured in our first fire, and availing ourselves of such shelter as the low bank of the dry brook afforded, held the entire force at bay for a considerable time…

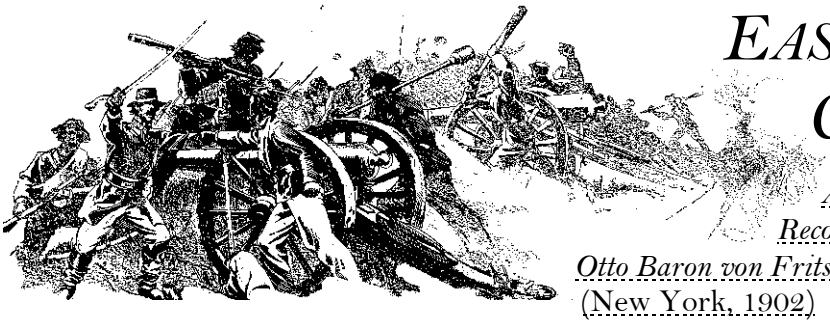


To 'Dear Mother and Sister'(July 6, 1863), in *"A Grand Terrible Dramma": From Gettysburg to Petersburg - The Civil War Letters of Charles Wellington Reed*, ed. Eric A. Campbell (New York, 2000)

…there were five Batterys of us in a line ours on the left besides other artillery in different positions the roar of which was deafening[.] many of our men had fallen but we were so intent upon our work that we noticed not when the other batterys left and the infantry had deserted us and we were left in a most critical position[.] we had expended all our most servisible shot such as canister, and a spherical case and had only a few solid shot which was almost useless in our position as the Rebs as soon as they saw up limber up threw up a number of sharpshooters who fired on with with deadly effect[.] we fired retireing slowly as we were ordered to hold the position at all hazards until we were relieved and nobly did our Captain [John Bigelow] strive to do so but before we reached the bottom of that hill they were on the top of it and Captain was wounded a ball passing through his waist. …Captain fell from his horse when he was struck, and was placed on another…. we brought off only two pieces one of them with only two horses…..

W.H. Bullard [Co. C, 1st Regt Sickles Brigade] to Sickles, September 13, 1897, in Daniel E. Sickles Papers, New-York Historical Society

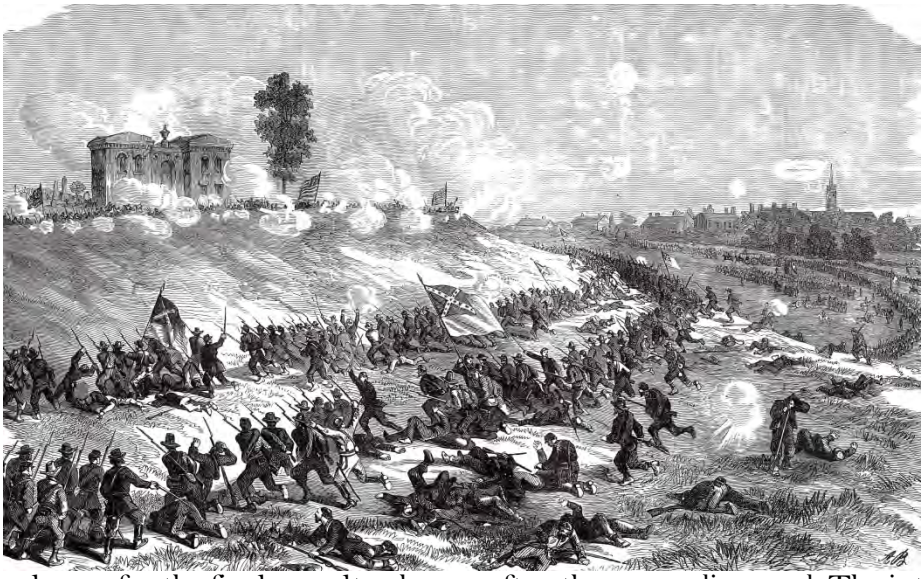
I noticed a commotion near Gen. Sickles and saw him taken from his horse I has-tened to him thinking I could be of service in some way, the aids on his staff gave way for me…. I immediately found the wound to be a compound fracture of the leg and put on a Turnkey, stopped the flow of blood. I shall never forget how white the Gen. was I gave him something from my Canteen which seemed to revive him. I then placed him on the stretcher and was about to start for the Ambulances which were placed behind large rocks, when they Gen. says before you start Major won't you be kind enough to light a cigar for me. I took one from his Cigar Case which I found in his Inside pocket. I remember them, they were small ones. I bit the end off put it in my mouth lighted it then placed it in the Gen. mouth. He says Ah thank You I also remember the look of astonishment on the faces of the Officers Gen Sickles noticed it I think for he said it is all right I did not stop to think of the difference in rank, my only thought was to help him, and to get him to the Surgeons as soon as possible. I started with him along the line we had to go quite a distance to get to the ambulance…. as we were hastening along the lines the mean and officers noticed we had Gen Sickles and the word passed along the line that he was mortally wounded Gen Sickles heard them and he raised himself up and said No No not so bad as that I am allright and will be with you in a short time… You must hold your position and win this battle



East Cemetery Hill & Culp's Hill

A Gallant Captain of the Civil War: Being the Record of the Extraordinary Adventures of Frederick Otto Baron von Fritsch [Capt, 68th NY], ed. Joseph Tyler Butts (New York, 1902)

Of course we watched the right closely, and about four o'clock I announced that the Confederates were preparing to fire…. half past six, then it seemed that the Confederate batteries were silenced, but we saw large columns approaching us. In splendid order they came marching through the cornfield, and impetuously they charged Colonel von Gilsa's Brigade, screaming: "We are the Louisiana Tigers!" Our men fired in good time, and their bullets told, but on came the enemy—more and more of them, climbing the wall and forcing the Brigade up the hill behind the batteries. Now our batteries began to fire grape and canister, but some brave fellows came up to one of the batteries and demanded surrender; the battery men, assisted by General [Adelbert] Ames, two officers and myself, cut them down. With hand-spikes and rammers the cannoniers struck at their heads, and my good sword behaved well again. All who had reached the battery were killed, then the guns were reloaded and rapidly fired, and we stood surrounded by dense smoke. General [Carl] Schurz had sent a Brigade to reinforce us, and hearing them advance, I joined and charged with them down the hill. They drove the Confederates back over the wall and then we lay down as our cannons were firing very close over our heads.



William R. Kiefer, *History of the One Hundred and Fifty-third Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers* (Easton, 1909)

The position occupied by us that morning was…at the right, or east, of the cemetery, facing the town. Immediately in our front was Battery I of the First New York Artillery, while in our rear was Battery B, of the First Pennsylvania, and a battery of the First Regular Artillery. …About 6 o'clock heavy firing on our left informed us that the contest had commenced, half an hour later our whole line was engaged. …Time and again did they attempt to mass their columns for the final assault, when as often they were dispersed. The intentions of the enemy to outflank us becoming momentarily more apparent, a change of front became necessary, and was accomplished with but trifling losses on our side. Nor was the movement made a minute too soon, for hardly had we occupied our new position than the enemy was seen advancing upon it in solid phalanx. …It was no longer a battle. It was a hand-to-hand conflict, carried on with the valor and vindictive-ness of desperation. The arms of ordinary warfare were no longer used. Clubs, knives, stones, fists,—anything calculated to inflict pain or death was now resorted to. Now advancing, then retreating, this sort of conflict continued for fully three-quarters of an hour. At one time defeat seemed inevitable. Closely pressed by the enemy we were compelled to retire on our first line of defense, but even here the enemy followed us, while the more daring were already within our lines, and were now resolutely advancing towards our pieces. The foremost had already reached a piece, when throwing himself over the muzzle of the cannon, he called out to the by-standing gunners, 'I take command of this gun!' '*Du sollst sie haben*,' was the curt reply of the sturdy German, who, at that very moment, was in the act of firing.

WOW

"General George H. Steuart's Brigade at the Battle of Gettysburg," *Southern Historical Society Papers* 2 (July 1876)

General Edward Johnson's division (composed of a Louisiana, [John Marshall] Jones', George H. Steuart's and the Stonewall brigades), arrived and formed line of battle the night of July 1st, 1863, on the left of the army. The Stonewall was the extreme left, next ours (Steuart's), and the two other brigades on our right. About 6 P.M. of July 2d, we received orders to advance. We soon met the enemy's skirmishers, pressed them rapidly back, crossed Rock creek, in some places waist deep, pushed up the eastern part of Culp's Hill under a heavy fire of musketry, and were ordered to lie down scarcely thirty yards from the enemy's breastworks. An angle in the enemy's works, not 100 yards to our right, exposed us to a severe flank fire. While lying down, we could distinctly see the Federals rise and fire at us from the works in front. Indeed, they fought so stubbornly, that orders passed up the line that we were firing into our own men, and we began to think that it was Longstreet coming up from the other side. After lying in this position probably fifteen minutes, we were ordered to charge, and as we climbed over the breastworks we distinctly remember seeing dead or wounded Yankees within the works. Our battalion (Second Maryland) had its Lieutenant-Colonel and Adjutant badly wounded, and also lost a number of men.

…(Five soldiers who participated in this part of the battle, recently visited Gettysburg and carefully examined the ground. We found the works we captured were on the east and several hundred yards from the summit of Culp's Hill.)

We reformed behind the works, almost at right angles to our original line of advance. "During the night," General O.O. Howard says, "[Alphaeus] Williams' division, strengthened by [Henry H.] Lockwood's brigade and two brigades of Geary's division, attempted to return to their breastworks on the extreme right of our line, but found them occupied by Johnson's Confederates." (This was Steuart's brigade, as the Stonewall Brigade was detached to watch our flank, in the absence of our cavalry, and the two brigades on our immediate right were not as successful as we.) "Williams made arrangements to attack the enemy at daylight, and regain the position formerly occupied by the Twelfth Corps. I was not awakened till five (5) A.M., when I heard quick and sharp musketry firing, with an occasional sound of artillery. It began like the pattering of rain on a flat roof, only louder, and was at first intermitted. Then it would increase in volume of sound, till it attained a continuous roar. Of course I sent at once to the right and to headquarters to ascertain what the firing meant. The reply came shortly: 'The Twelfth Corps is regaining its lines.' By seven o'clock the battle was fully joined. The Confederates were determined to hold on, and disputed the ground with great obstinacy; but after a lively contest of five hours, Ewell was driven beyond Rock creek, and the breastworks were occupied and held."

July 3d [George] Steuart's brigade (composed of the First and Third North Carolina, Second Maryland, Tenth, Twenty-third and Thirty-seventh Virginia regiments), separated from our line of battle on our right, with rear and flank exposed, with no artillery support, fought for five hours a largely superior force—(General O.O. Howard says the Twelfth Corps.) The enemy's artillery played on us from front, rear and flank—(vide Whitelaw Reid in [Samuel P.] Bates' *Battle of Gettysburg*.) Only one other brigade came to our assistance, but took no part in the assault. Our brigade was then moved to the left, and our line was reformed. A writer, speaking of the men at this moment, says: "The compressed lip, the stern brow, the glittering eye, told that those before me would fight to the last." When the final order to charge was received, the General remarked, "it is a slaughter pen." A gallant captain replied, "it can't be helped, it is ordered," placed himself at the head of his company, and was killed instantly, less than fifty yards from the foe. The task was impossible for the little brigade, but it obeyed orders. The loss was fearful, our company losing sixty-two (62) out of ninety-odd in the two days' fighting. The men were rallied behind some large boulders of rock (the position they had just charged from), and were forced to retire, from the losses incurred in their charge against, and not before any charge of the enemy, to Rock Creek,- several hundred yards to the rear, where, posted as a heavy skirmish line, they continued the contest till night.

William Swallow, "The Third Day at Gettysburg," *Southern Bivouac* 1 (February 1886)

JULY 3, 1863, was a memorable day in the history of the civil war between the States. As the sun rose on that morning the star of the Confederacy was still in the ascendant. The conflict had reached its high-water mark; before night it received a cruel wound from which it never recovered until the final scene at Appomattox.

On the night of the 2d, the Third brigade of General Edward Johnson's division, under General George H. Stewart, of Maryland, after a most desperate conflict with the enemy on the extreme left of Swell's corps, had gained for the latter commander a position which, if it had been followed up, would have resulted in the most disastrous consequences to Meade's army. Stewart's command, composed of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina troops, had on the night of the 2d driven the enemy from his entrenchments, which were in rear of his front on Culp's Hill, and at right angles to the latter stronghold. Stewart's command occupied the entrenchments, about half-past nine o'clock at night, near the Baltimore pike.

…In his *History of the War*, Vol. 3, page 691, [Benton J.] Lossing says: "Johnson's division moved under cover of the woods and deepening twilight, and expected an easy conquest by which a way would be opened for Ewell's corps to pass to the Federal rear, but found a formidable antagonist in [George Sears] Green's brigade, assisted by part of [James S.] Wardsworth's division, who fought the enemy fiercely, strewing the wooded slopes with their dead. Finally, part of the enemy penetrated the works, near Spangler's Spring, from which the troops had been temporarily withdrawn." There is no doubt that the works taken by the right of Johnson, under General Stewart, were occupied by Federal troops, and that they kept up a continuous fire on our lines. After this amusement had proceeded for several hours, the Federal troops were withdrawn, but the orders to do so came from General Stewart's men, and were delivered at the point of the bayonet.

General Lee, in his official report, notices this exploit, and says: "The troops of Johnson's division moved steadily up the steep and rugged ascent, under a heavy fire, driving the enemy into his entrenchments, part of which were carried by General Stewart's brigade, and a number of prisoners taken."

The position thus won was of great importance. Its capture was an open breach in the enemy's line of defense, through which troops might have been passed in force, and the enemy's stronghold on Cemetery Hill rendered untenable.

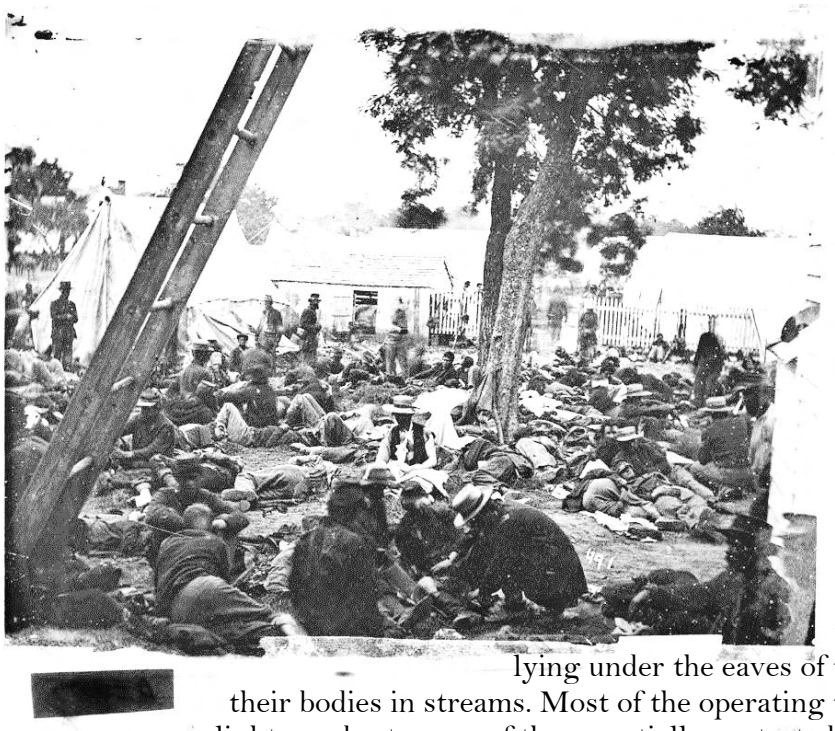
The Federal General Howard, in speaking of this oversight of the Confederates, says: "Their generals evidently did not realize, until in the morning, the great advantage they had gained." This is certainly true. General Ewell did not know the vital importance of the position gained during the night, or that energetic commander would undoubtedly have passed Rhodes' division through the gap that Stewart had opened for him. General Meade was, however, fully aware of the danger that menaced his army, and during the entire night the Confederates could hear the rumbling of the enemy's guns, and the moving of great masses of infantry, which were concentrating in front of [Edward] Johnson's division. The first dawn of day revealed to Ewell his fatal mistake. But it was in perfect keeping with nearly all the haphazard blunders of the campaign.

The enemy's artillery opened on Stewart's advance at the first streak of daylight, to which he had no means of replying, as his guns could not be carried up the steep and rugged ascent. At sunrise a whole column of the enemy's infantry attacked Stewart's advance, in order to route him from his line before Ewell could reenforce him. They drove in Stewart's skirmishers on his main line, but could not dislodge his gallant troops from the entrenchments they had taken. During the whole morning, against desperate odds, Stewart held the works until 9 o'clock, when his animation failed, which was supplied by his soldiers, who went to the rear and carried ammunition for small arms to the front in blankets. At half past nine General Ewell issued an order for Johnson's division to assume the offensive and assail the top of Culp's Hill, on the right of Stewart's line, and supported Johnson's by Davis's brigade.

The works to be stormed were in front of a great part of the Confederate line of battle, except the position held by the left advance under Stewart, and the latter command had to change front, forming a right angle with the position last held.

The division of Johnson advanced, and for an hour there followed one of the severest battles of the conflict. It was a perfect slaughter-pen. Every attempt made to carry the crest of Culp's Hill was repulsed. The brigade of General Stewart charged the enemy at the point of the bayonet and drove him to the Baltimore pike. At length the division fell back to the foot of the hill, leaving the ground covered with the dead and wounded. Our loss in this assault was very great for the number engaged. Among those who fell was the beloved and admired Captain W. H. Murrey, of the Second Maryland. Stewart's brigade, which mustered over two thousand men, lost nearly half of his command. The conflict was so severe before Culp's Hill that it induced General [John White] Gearry, who commanded a division in front of Johnson, to think that the principal part of the battle of Gettysburg was fought here.

For several hours on this part of the line the most infernal engines of destruction known to modern warfare had been wielded with a power seldom if ever equaled. The terrible effect of the cannonade was still discernible in this part of the conflict after the lapse of years. The thickly wooded ground in the rear, as well as the heavy trees in the neighborhood of Wolf's Hill, experienced the effects of the heavy artillery-fire of the Federal guns. The writer visited the battle-field in July, 1886, for the first time after the engagement; even then the trees showed how they had been torn with rifled artillery and shells, the limbs fearfully splintered, and the entire forest where the battle raged most furiously seemed to be leafless. Those solid oaks, stately and mute occupants, having yielded up their lives with those whom they had overshadowed in the conflict.



Carl Schurz, "The Battle of Gettysburg," *McClure's Magazine* 29 (July 1907)

…To look after the wounded of my command, I visited the places where the surgeons were at work. At Bull Run, I had seen only on a very small scale what I was now to behold. At Gettysburg the wounded — many thousands of them — were carried to the farmsteads behind our lines. The houses, the barns, the sheds, and the open barnyards were crowded with moaning and wailing human beings, and still an unceasing procession of stretchers and ambulances was coming in. A heavy rain set in during the day — the usual rain after a battle — and large numbers had to remain unprotected in the open, there being no room left under roof. I saw long rows of men lying under the eaves of the buildings, the water pouring down upon their bodies in streams. Most of the operating tables were placed in the open, where the light was best, some of them partially protected against the rain by tarpaulins or blankets stretched upon poles. There stood the surgeons, their sleeves rolled up to the elbows, their bare arms as well as their linen aprons smeared with blood, their knives not seldom held between their teeth while they were helping a patient on or off the table, or had their hands otherwise occupied; around them pools of blood and amputated arms or legs in heaps, sometimes more than man-high. Antiseptic methods were still unknown at that time. As a wounded man was lifted on the table, often shrieking with pain as the attendants handled him, the surgeon quickly examined the wound and resolved upon cutting off the injured limb. Some ether was administered, and the body put in position in a moment. The surgeon snatched his knife from between his teeth, where it had been while his hands were busy, wiped it rapidly once or twice across his blood-stained apron, and the cutting began. The operation accomplished, the surgeon would look around with a deep sigh, and then — "next!"

And so it went on, hour after hour, while the number of expectant patients seemed hardly to diminish. Now and then one of the wounded, men would call attention to the fact that his neighbor lying on the ground had given up the ghost while waiting for his turn, and the dead body was then quietly removed. Or a surgeon, having been long at work, would put down his knife, exclaiming that his hand had grown unsteady, and that this was too much for human endurance, hysterical tears not seldom streaming down his face. Many of the wounded men suffered with silent fortitude, fierce determination in the knitting of their brows and the steady gaze of their bloodshot eyes. Some would even force themselves to a grim jest about their situation or about the "skedaddling" of the rebels. But there were, too, heart-rending groans and shrill cries of pain piercing the air, and despairing exclamations, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" or "Let me die!" or softer murmurings in which the words "mother" or "father," or "home" were often heard. I saw many of my command among the sufferers, whose faces I well remembered, and who greeted me with a look or even a painful smile of recognition, and

usually with the question what I thought of their chances of life, or whether I could do anything for them, or sometimes, also, whether I thought the enemy were well beaten. I was sadly conscious that many of the words of cheer and encouragement I gave them were mere hollow sound, but they might be at least some solace for the moment.

"Minutes of council, July 2, 1863," in O.R., series one, volume 27 (pt 1)

QUESTIONS ASKED.

1. Under existing circumstances, is it advisable for this army to remain in its present position, or to retire to another nearer its base of supplies?
2. It being determined to remain in present position, shall the army attack or wait the attack of the enemy?
3. If we wait attack, how long?

REPLIES.

GIBBON:

1. Correct position of the army, but would not retreat.
2. In no condition to attack, in his opinion.
3. Until he moves; until enemy moves.

WILLIAMS:

1. Stay.
2. Wait attack.
3. One day.

BIRNEY:

Same as General Williams.

SYKES:

Same as General Williams.

NEWTON:

1. Correct position of the army, but would not retreat.
2. By all means not attack.
3. If we wait, it will give them a chance to cut our line.

HOWARD:

1. Remain.
2. Wait attack until 4 p.m. to-morrow.
3. If don't attack, attack them.

HANCOCK:

1. Rectify position without moving so as to give up field.
2. Not attack unless our communications are cut.
3. Can't wait long; can't be idle.

SEDGWICK: Remain, and wait attack at least one day.

SLOCUM: Stay and fight it out.

NEWTON: Thinks it is a bad position.

HANCOCK: Puzzled about practicability of retiring; thinks by holding on) to mass forces and attack.

HOWARD: Favor of not retiring.

BIRNEY: Don't know; Third Corps used up, and not in good condition to fight.

SEDGWICK: Doubtful

Effective strength about 9,000, 12,500, 9,000, 6,000, 8,500, 6,000, 7,000; total, 58,000.

Minutes of council, held Thursday p.m., July 2.

D[aniel] B[utterfield],M.G., C. of S.

The Third Day

Edward Porter Alexander, "The Great Charge and Artillery Fighting at Gettysburg," *Battles & Leaders of the Civil War*, eds. R.U. Johnson & C.C. Buel

Early in the morning General Lee came around, and I was then told that we were to assault Cemetery Hill, which lay rather to our left. This necessitated a good many changes of our positions, which the enemy did not altogether approve of, and they took occasional shots at us, though we shifted about, as inoffensively as possible, and carefully avoided getting into bunches. But we stood it all meekly, and by 10 o'clock, Dearing having come up, we had seventy-five guns in what was virtually one battery, so disposed as to fire on Cemetery Hill and the batteries south of it, which would have a fire on our advancing infantry. Pickett's division had arrived, and his men were resting and eating. Along Seminary Ridge, a short distance to our left, were sixty-three guns of A.P. Hill's corps, under Colonel R.L. Walker. As their distance was a little too great for effective howitzer fire, General Pendleton offered me the use of nine howitzers belonging to that corps. I accepted them, intending to take them into the charge with Pickett; so I put them in a hollow behind a bit of wood, with no orders but to wait there until I sent for them. About 11, some of Hill's skirmishers and the enemy's began fighting over a barn between the lines, and gradually his artillery and the enemy's took part, until over a hundred guns were en-gaged, and a tremendous roar was kept up for quite a time. But it gradually died out, and the whole field became as silent as a churchyard until 1 o'clock. The enemy, aware of the strength of his position, simply sat still and waited for us. It had been arranged that when the infantry column was ready, General Longstreet should order two guns fired by the Washington Artillery.[1] On that signal all our guns were to open on Cemetery Hill and the ridge extending toward Round Top, which was covered with batteries. I was to observe the fire and give Pickett the order to charge. I accordingly took position, about 12, at the most favorable point, just on the left of the line of guns and with one of Pickett's couriers with me. Soon after I received the following note from Longstreet:

Colonel: If the artillery fire does not have the effect to drive off the enemy or greatly demoralize him, so as to make our efforts pretty certain, I would prefer that you should not advise General Pickett to make the charge. I shall rely a great deal on your good judgment to determine the matter, and shall expect you to let General Pickett know when the moment offers.

This note rather startled me. If that assault was to be made on General Lee's judgment it was all right, but I did not want it made on mine. I wrote back to General Longstreet to the following effect:

General: I will only be able to judge of the effect of our Are on the enemy by his return fire, for his infantry is but little exposed to view and the smoke will obscure the whole field. If, as I infer from your note, there is any alternative to this attack, it should be carefully considered before opening our fire, for it will take all the artillery ammunition we have left to test this rocky hill. Most respectfully, J. Longstreet, Lieutenant General Commanding.

The order to fire the signal-gun was immediately communicated to Major [Benjamin] Eshleman, commanding the Washington Artillery, and the report of the first gun rang out upon the still summer air. There was a moment's delay with the second gun, a friction-primer having failed to explode. It was but a little space of time, but a hundred thousand men were listening. Finally a puff of smoke was seen at the Peach Orchard, then came a roar and a flash, and 138 pieces of Confederate artillery opened upon the enemy's position, and the deadly work began with the noise of the heaviest thunder."

[1] In the *United Service Magazine* for August, 1885, Lieutenant-Colonel William Miller Owen, of the Washington Artillery, says:

"Returning to the position of the Washington Artillery, we all quietly awaited the order to open the ball. At 1: 30 p. M. a courier dashed up in great haste, holding a little slip of paper, torn evidently from a memorandum-book, on which, written in pencil and addressed to Colonel Walton, was the following: *Headquarters, July 3d, 1863. Colonel: Let the batteries open. Order great care and precision in firing- If the batteries at the Peach Orchard cannot be used against the point we intend attacking, let them open on the enemy on the*

one thoroughly, and, if the result is unfavorable, we will have none left for another effort. And even if this is entirely successful, it can only be so at a very bloody cost.

To this presently came the following reply:

Colonel: The intention is to advance the infantry if the artillery has the desired effect of driving the enemy's off, or having other effect such as to warrant us in making the attack. When the moment arrives advise General Pickett, and of course advance such artillery as you can use in aiding the attack.

I hardly knew whether this left me discretion or not, but at any rate it seemed decided that the artillery must open. I felt that if we went that far we could not draw back, but the infantry must go too. General A.R. Wright, of Hill's corps, was with me looking at the position when these notes were received, and we discussed them together. Wright said, "It is not so hard to go there as it looks; I was nearly there with my brigade yesterday. The trouble is to stay there. The whole Yankee army is there in a bunch."

I was influenced by this, and somewhat by a sort of camp rumor which I had heard that morning, that General Lee had said that he was going to send every man he had up-on that hill. At any rate, I assumed that the question of supports had been well considered, and that whatever was possible would be done. But before replying I rode to see Pickett, who was with his division a short distance in the rear. I did not tell him my object, but only tried to guess how he felt about the charge. He seemed very sanguine, and thought himself in luck to have the chance. Then I felt that I could not make any delay or let the attack suffer by any indecision on my part. And, that General Longstreet might know my intention, I wrote him only this: "General: When our artillery fire is at its best, I shall order Pickett to charge."

Then, getting a little more anxious, I decided to send for the nine howitzers and take them ahead of Pickett up nearly to musket range, instead of following close behind him as at first intended; so I sent a courier to bring them up in front of the infantry, but under cover of the wood. The courier could not find them. He was sent again, and only returned after our fire was opened, saying they were gone. I afterward learned that General Pendleton had sent for a part of them, and the others had moved to a neighboring hollow to get out of the line of the enemy's fire at one of Hill's batteries during the artillery duel they had had an hour before.

At exactly 1 o'clock by my watch the two signal-guns were heard in quick succession. In another minute every gun was at work. The enemy were not slow in coming back at us, and the grand roar of nearly the whole artillery of both armies burst in on the silence, almost as suddenly as the full notes of an organ would fill a church.

The artillery of Ewell's corps, however, took only a small part, I believe, in this, as they were too far away on the other side of the town. Some of them might have done good service from positions between Hill and Ewell, enfilading the batteries fighting us. The opportunity to do that was the single advantage in our having the exterior line, to compensate for all its disadvantages. But our line was so extended that all of it was not well studied, and the officers of the different corps had no opportunity to examine each other's ground for chances to cooperate.

The enemy's position seemed to have broken out with guns everywhere, and from Round Top to Cemetery Hill was blazing like a volcano. The air seemed full of missiles from every direction. The severity of the fire may be illustrated by the casualties in my own battalion under Major Huger.

Under my predecessor, General S.D. Lee, the battalion had made a reputation at the Second Manassas and also at Sharpsburg. At the latter battle it had a peculiarly hard time fighting infantry and superior metal nearly all day, and losing about eighty-five men and sixty horses. Sharpsburg they called "artillery hell." At Gettysburg the losses in the same command, including the infantry that volunteered to help serve the guns, were 144 men and 116 horses, nearly all by artillery fire. Some parts of the Federal artillery suffered in the same proportion under our fire. I heard of one battery losing 27 out of 36 horses in 10 minutes.

Before the cannonade opened I had made up my mind to give Pickett the order to advance within fifteen or twenty minutes after it began. But when I looked at the full development of the enemy's batteries, and knew that his infantry was generally protected from our fire by stone walls…it seemed madness to launch infantry into that fire, with nearly three-quarters of a mile to go at midday under a July sun. I let the 15 minutes pass, and 20, and 25, hoping vainly for something to turn up. Then I wrote to Pickett: "If you are coming at all you must come at once, or I cannot give you proper support; but the enemy's fire has not slackened at all; at least eighteen guns are still firing from the cemetery itself." Five minutes after sending that message, the enemy's fire suddenly began to slacken, and the guns in the cemetery limbered up and vacated the position.

We Confederates often did such things as that to save our ammunition for use against infantry, but I had never before seen the Federals withdraw their guns simply to save them up for the infantry fight. So I said, "If he does not run fresh batteries in there in five minutes, this is our fight." I looked anxiously with my glass, and the five minutes passed without a sign of life on the deserted position, still swept by our fire, and littered with

dead men and horses and fragments of disabled carriages. Then I wrote Pickett, urgently: "For God's sake, come quick. The eighteen guns are gone; come quick, or my ammunition won't let me support you properly."

I afterward heard from others what took place with my first note to Pickett.

Pickett took it to Longstreet, Longstreet read it, and said nothing. Pickett said, "General, shall I advance?" Longstreet, knowing it had to be, but unwilling to give the word, turned his face away. Pickett saluted and said, "I am going to move forward, sir," galloped off to his division and immediately put it in motion.

Longstreet, leaving his staff, came out alone to where I was. It was then about 1:40 P.M. I explained the situation, feeling then more hopeful, but afraid our artillery ammunition might not hold out for all we would want. Longstreet said, "Stop Pickett immediately and replenish your ammunition." I explained that it would take too long, and the enemy would recover from the effect our fire was then having, and we had, moreover, very little to replenish with. Longstreet said, "I don't want to make this attack. I would stop it now but that General Lee ordered it and expects it to go on. I don't see how it can succeed."

I listened, but did not dare offer a word. The battle was lost if we stopped. Ammunition was far too low to try anything else, for we had been fighting three days. There was a chance, and it was not my part to interfere. While Longstreet was still speaking, Pickett's division swept out of the wood and showed the full length of its gray ranks and shining bayonets, as grand a sight as ever a man looked on. Joining it on the left, Pettigrew stretched farther than I could see. General Dick Garnett, just out of the sick ambulance, and buttoned up in an old blue overcoat, riding at the head of his brigade passed us and saluted Longstreet. Garnett was a warm personal friend, and we had not met before for months. We had served on the plains together before the war. I rode with him a short distance, and then we wished each other luck and a good-bye, which was our last.

Then I rode down the line of guns, selecting such as had enough ammunition to follow Pickett's advance, and starting them after him as fast as possible. I got, I think, fifteen or eighteen in all, in a little while, and went with them. Meanwhile, the infantry had no sooner debouched on the plain than all the enemy's line, which had been nearly silent, broke out again with all its batteries. The eighteen guns were back in the cemetery, and a storm of shell began bursting over and among our infantry. All of our guns — silent as the infantry passed between them — reopened over their heads when the lines had got a couple of hundred yards away, but the enemy's artillery let us alone and fired only at the infantry. No one could have looked at that advance without feeling proud of it.

But, as our supporting guns advanced, we passed many poor, mangled victims left in its trampled wake. A terrific infantry fire was now opened upon Pickett, and a considerable force of the enemy moved out to attack the right flank of his line. We halted, unlimbered, and opened fire upon it. Pickett's men never halted, but opened fire at close range, swarmed over the fences and among the enemy's gnus — were swallowed up in smoke, and that was the last of them. The conflict hardly seemed to last five minutes before they were melted away, and only disorganized stragglers pursued by a moderate fire were coming back. Just then, [Cadmus M.] Wilcox's brigade passed by us, moving to Pickett's support. There was no longer anything to support, and with the keenest pity at the useless waste of life, I saw them advance. The men, as they passed us, looked bewildered, as if they wondered what they were expected to do, or why they were there. However, they were soon halted and moved back. They suffered some losses, and we had a few casualties from canister sent at them at rather long range.

From the position of our guns the sight of this conflict was grand and thrilling, and we watched it as men with a life-and-death interest in the result. If it should be favorable to us, the war was nearly over; if against us, we each had the risks of many battles yet to go through. And the event culminated with fearful rapidity. Listening to the rolling crashes of musketry, it was hard to realize that they were made up of single reports, and that each musket-shot represented nearly a minute of a man's life in that storm of lead and iron. It seemed as if 100,000 men were engaged, and that human life was being poured out like water. As soon as it appeared that the assault had failed, we ceased firing in order to save ammunition in case the enemy should advance. But we held our ground as boldly as possible, though we were entirely without support, and very low in ammunition. The enemy gave us an occasional shot for a while and then, to our great relief, let us rest. About that time General Lee, entirely alone, rode up and remained with me for a long time. He then probably first appreciated the full extent of the disaster as the disorganized stragglers made their way back past us. The Comte de Paris, in his excellent account of this battle, remarks that Lee, as a soldier, must at this moment have foreseen Appomattox—that he must have realized that he could never again muster so powerful an army, and that for the future he could only delay, but not avert, the failure of his cause. However this may be, it was certainly a momentous thing to him to see that superb attack end in such a bloody repulse. But, whatever his emotions, there was no trace of them in his calm and self-possessed bearing. I thought at the time his coming there very imprudent, and the absence of all his staff-officers and couriers strange. It could only have happened by his express in-

tention. I have since thought it possible that he came, thinking the enemy might follow in pursuit of Pickett, personally to rally stragglers about our guns and make a desperate defense. He had the instincts of a soldier within him as strongly as any man. Looking at Burnside's dense columns swarming through the fire of our guns toward Marye's Hill at Fredericksburg, he had said: "It is well war is so terrible or we would grow too fond of it." No soldier could have looked on at Pickett's charge and not burned to be in it. To have a personal part in a close and desperate fight at that moment would, I believe, have been at heart a great pleasure to General Lee, and possibly he was looking for one. We were here joined by Colonel [Arthur] Fremantle of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, who was visiting our army. He afterward published an excellent account of the battle in Blackwood [*Blackwood's Magazine*], and described many little incidents that took place here, such as General Lee's encouraging the retreating stragglers to rally as soon as they got back to cover, and saying that the failure was his fault, not theirs. Colonel Fremantle especially noticed that General Lee reproved an officer for spurring a foolish horse, and advised him to use only gentle measures. The officer was Lieutenant F.M. Colston of my staff, whom General Lee had requested to ride off to the right and try to discover the cause of a great cheering we heard in the enemy's lines. We thought it might mean an advance upon us, but it proved to be only a greeting to some general officer riding along the line.

That was the end of the battle. Little by little we got some guns to the rear to replenish and refit, and get in condition to fight again, and some we held boldly in advanced positions all along the line. Sharp-shooters came out and worried some of the men, and single guns would fire on these, sometimes very rapidly, and manage to keep them back; some parts of the line had not even a picket in front. But the enemy's artillery generally let us alone, and I certainly saw no reason to disturb the entente cordiale. Night came very slowly, but came at last; and about 10 the last gun was withdrawn to Willoughby Run, whence we had moved to the attack the afternoon before.

William Swallow, "The Third Day at Gettysburg," *Southern Bivouac* 1 (February 1886)

While the conflict was raging on the morning of the 3d, before the enemy's lines on Culp's Hill, events were developing themselves at army headquarters which produced the most disastrous consequences. General Longstreet having on the previous day failed to turn the enemy's left at Round Top, the commanding General now determined to attack his center and, if possible, cut the Federal line of battle in two. The writer, who was at army headquarters on the night of the second day's conflict and remained there until daylight, noticed that General Longstreet was not present. Longstreet, in his contributions to the *Annals of the War*, explains his absence on the occasion referred to, and says: "After the conflict ceased on my right I was unable to see General Lee that night, but early in the morning he came to see me at my headquarters on our right; and, fearing that he was still disposed to attack, I tried to anticipate him by saying, 'General, I have had my scouts out all night, and 1 find you still have an excellent opportunity to move around to the right of Meade's army and maneuver him to attack us.' General Lee replied by pointing his fist at Cemetery Hill, saying, 'The enemy is there, and I am going to strike him.' I remonstrated with him on the hopelessness of the proposed assault, and stated, as my opinion, that no twenty thousand men ever arrayed for battle had the slightest chance to take the position held by the enemy on Cemetery Hill. General Lee's only reply was, 'Prepare Pickett's division and report to me at once.' I said no more but turned away."

Now, it is due to General Longstreet to state that on the evening of the first day's conflict, and on the morning of the second, he opposed the wishes of General Lee to attack the enemy in his strong position; and it is settled by General Lee himself that Longstreet opposed the contemplated assault on the afternoon of the 3d.

Longstreet's Assault

The commanding General had intrusted to Longstreet the responsible duty of preparing the column of attack, and the troops selected to participate in the movement were ordered to report to that officer.

General E.P. Alexander, chief of artillery, was the man selected by Longstreet to conduct the cannonade, and to designate the exact time for the assaulting column to advance. General Alexander had massed many batteries close together on an elevated position near the peach orchard (south of the Emmittshurg road) which had been stormed and captured by the Confederates the day before. All along the north side of the Emmittshurg road, extending toward Gettysburg, as far as Coderie's house, many batteries were placed in position. It was on this point of the line that the celebrated

Washington Artillery, under Eshleman, was posted, while [James] Deering's artillery was still further to the left of the line, toward the town. All along the top of Seminary Ridge, partly concealed by a skirt of woods, innumerable batteries were ready to hurl their missiles of destruction at the enemy. Still further on in

a circle, all around the ridge to the Harrisburg road, the Confederate batteries were posted. General Alexander's official report shows that the number of pieces in position was nearly two hundred, of which about one hundred and forty pieces were in and around the Confederate center, while the remaining sixty pieces were on the right and left of our line. The number of pieces in the enemy's line, which was concentric to that of ours, was over two hundred. Let us now carefully consider the nature of the ground upon which the assaulting column was formed. Seminary Ridge runs nearly parallel with Cemetery Ridge. The distance from Seminary Ridge, where Heth's division crossed the plain, to the Federal works on Cemetery Hill, where a part of Archer's Tennessee brigade burst into them, is exactly one thousand two hundred and seventy-three yards. In the months of July and August, 1880, the writer measured the relative distances passed over by the column of attack n number of times with due regard to the speed of Heth's division, from which he reached the conclusion that the division must have passed from the top of Seminary Ridge to the Emmittshurg road in about eight minutes. It was on the western slope of Seminary Ridge and between it and Willoughby's Run that the assaulting column was formed. Pickett's division, composed of the three brigades of Garnett, Kemper and Armistead, held the right of the column in the following order: On the right of the division was [James L.] Kemper's brigade, next [Richard] Garnett's, and to the rear, and in support of the other two, was placed the brigade of [Lewis A.] Armistead. Heth's division, commanded by General Pettigrew, formed the left of the assaulting column and was placed in the following order: Archer's Tennessee brigade, commanded by the brave Colonel [Birkett] Fry, held the right of Heth's division and hooked on to Garnett's brigade, who formed the left of Pickett's. Next to Archer's brigade came Pettigrew's North Carolina brigade; then [Joseph R.] Davis' Mississippi brigade; and then Brockenbrough's Virginia brigade, that held the left of Heth's division, which in the attack that followed was commanded by General Pettigrew. [Alfred] Scales' and [James H.] Lane's North Carolina brigades of Pender's division, commanded by General Trimble, of Maryland, were placed in the rear of Heth's division, and with Armistead, formed the second line of the assaulting column. The two remaining brigades of Pender's division, under McGowan and [Edward] Thomas, were placed on the left flank of the assaulting column, covering the advance of Pettigrew's division.

Wilcox's Alabama and Perry's Florida brigades of Anderson's division were placed on the right flank of Pickett's line, while Wright's Georgia brigade of the same division was suitably posted in reserve. It will be seen from the above statement that all of A.P. Hill's corps was more or less concerned in the movement, partly in the direct column of attack, and partly on its flanks. It should seem from this disposition of the force that the movement ought more properly be called the "Assault of A.P. Hill's corps" than by any other name. But as General Lee thought fit to place the entire movement under the direction and management of General Longstreet, it is properly called "Longstreet's Assault." It would be a misnomer to call this assault, as many writers have done, "The charge of Pickett's division," for that would be to strip the entire movement of much of its greatest significance.

Equally erroneous is the generally accepted statement that the charge was made by Pickett, supported by Heth's division, commanded by Pettigrew, and that the disaster which followed was solely attributable to the failure of the supporting division. The truth is that neither of those divisions was specially assigned to support the other. That peculiar curve in the ridge which rendered it necessary to place Armistead in the rear of Kemper and Garnett, also compelled Longstreet to place Scales and Lane under [Isaac] Trimble, in the rear of Heth's division.

Hence the entire column of attack moved in different directions with one end in view, over different portions of the earth's surface to a common center.

That the most conspicuous exploit of the war should be involved in the least doubt or uncertainty has often caused deep regret in the minds of many that those who participated in or witnessed the movement should not feel a commendable pride in giving the exact facts to the public in regard to which many of the participants received a melancholy celebrity, and the fame of whose achievements will go down to the remotest time.

These men who composed the assaulting column-…contained about 12,000 men.

There were nine brigades engaged in the direct column of attack.

Immediately after the column was formed Generals Lee, Longstreet, and Pickett rode along the lines several times, reviewing the troops and inspecting the different assignments. They then rode aside and had an earnest and animated conversation together. After which all three again rode along the column and retired together. Their whole conduct showed in a manner not to be mistaken, how extremely dangerous and full of doubt these officers regarded the proposed assault. General Trimble, who commanded Pender's division, and lost his leg in the assault, lay wounded with the writer at Gettysburg for several weeks after the battle, related the fact to the writer, that when General Lee was closing the inspection of the column in the front of Scales' brigade, which had been fearfully cut up in the first day's conflict, having lost very heavily, in-

cluding all its regimental officers with its gallant commander, and noticing many of Scales' men with their heads and hands bandaged, he said to General Trimble: "Many of these poor boys should go to the rear, they are not able for duty." Passing his eyes searchingly along the weakened ranks of Scales' brigade, he turned to General Trimble and touchingly added, "I miss in this brigade the faces of many dear friends."

As he rode away he looked mournfully at the column and muttered more to himself than to General Trimble, "The attack must succeed." During the time the column stood in line the suspense and anxiety of the troops was intensely great. At precisely seven minutes past 1 o'clock the awful silence was broken, when two signal guns from Eshleman's Washington Artillery announced the opening of the cannonade. In a few moments all the Confederate batteries, extending from our extreme right at the peach-orchard on the Emmittsburg road, in a circle around the ridge to the Harrisburg road, belched forth one inextinguishable flame of fire, to which the enemy responded from Cemetery Hill and all around Cemetery Ridge to Round Top. As soon as the cannonade opened, Pickett's division, under cover of the artillery, with its right flank protected by the brigades of Wilcox and Perry, was shifted forward a little to the right and placed in position in the rear of the artillery, at a distance of nine hundred yards from Cemetery Hill, where it lay during the cannonade, while the divisions of Pettigrew and Trimble remained very nearly on the ground where they formed.

The writer and many staff officers and officers of the corps of engineers were, during the whole cannonade, in an elevated position from which an unobstructed view could be had of Seminary Ridge, from the town to Longstreet's right.

During the cannonade the solid earth seemed to be shaken to its foundations. The continuous and deepening roar of the artillery lent an appalling grandeur and sublimity to the scene, while the clouds of fiery and darkened smoke that rushed from the cannon's mouth and obscured the sun, produced a blackened magnificence that no language can heighten.

There was a continuous succession of crashing sounds, as if heaven and earth were rent asunder. The air was filled with screaming, whizzing, and bursting shells, causing the earth almost to tremble, and soldiers who had witnessed "grim-visaged war" for years in Virginia now, for the first time, began to look into each other's faces with awe and terror.

The object of this cannonade on the part of General Lee undoubtedly was, that by subjecting the enemy's artillery to a rapid and continuous circle of cross fires, he would damage and dismount their guns and demoralize their troops. This being done the assaulting column could advance and burst through the enemy's left center and pass on to Culp's Hill, driving the force that held it on the front of Johnson's division.

But as a matter of fact neither army was doing the other any serious damage by the cannonade. Toward half-past two o'clock the Federal artillery began to slacken up, and the Confederate batteries now put forth all their strength, believing that they wore surely accomplishing their purposes. But the real cause of this discontinuance of the cannonade on part of the Federal commander was not known by the Confederates at the time, and is not generally known now. During the whole of the 3d General Warren, chief-engineer of Meade's army, who was holding an elevated position on Round Top with some of the signal corps, constructed a temporary telegraph from the heights of the mountains to Meade's headquarters. A little after 2 o'clock Warren notified Meade that he was doing the enemy little if any injury, except to fill the valley between the two ridges with smoke, under cover of which an assault would be made. Warren advised Meade to stop the firing at once, and get ready for the assault, which would undoubtedly be made. General Hunt, the Federal chief of artillery, arrested the firing of his guns along his whole line. General Alexander, believing that his artillery had done the work assigned to him, now informed Longstreet that the time had come. Longstreet assented, and ordered the assaulting column to advance.

Pickett's division, holding a somewhat advanced line, moved forward; the right of the division under General Kemper, after passing through the Washington Artillery, crossed the Emmittsburg road, and, had Kemper moved onward in a straight line, he would have struck [George] Stannard's [Vermont] brigade, who was posted in a grove a little in front and on the left of Hancock's corps. But no sooner had General Kemper crossed the road than he moved on the left flank, having changed front, his brigade after passing south of Cordovie's house and out-buildings, marched eastward to Gettysburg. In this movement of Kemper's brigade his command passed between the Emmittsburg road and Cemetery Ridge in the march to the center of attack. As Kemper's right was passing Stannard's brigade on Hancock's left, and at a distance of several hundred yards, the latter officer ordered his command to move also by the left flank, and closing to the left until Kemper's right assumed the direct assault in his front, when by order of Hancock (who was on this part of the ground watching the movement), Stannard's command changed front, forward on the first battalion, and delivered several volleys of musketry into the flank and rear of Kemper's brigade, but the latter officer, under orders from Pickett, moved onward to the center of attack, not stopping to return the fire.

General Garnett, with his brigade, held the left of the division and started with Kemper to the enemy's works at the same time. Garnett moved on Cemetery Hill by marching eastward to Gettysburg, north of Cordovie's house and out-buildings. The fences of the Emmittsburg road, near Cordovie's house, had been nearly destroyed the day before in the battle on our right.

No sooner had Garnett and Kemper started with the right and left of Pickett's division than General Armistead, whose brigade was in the rear of both, followed closely after them. Armistead, however, started from a different position and passed over a different portion of the earth's surface to the same point of attack. Almost simultaneously with the advance of Garnett and Kemper, and while the writer was intently watching their onward march, his attention was directed to a dense column whose front seemed to cover twice the front of Pickett's division. This part of the column of attack had just burst through a fringe of timber along Seminary Ridge, where our artillery had been firing.

When the writer first saw it this force was moving in a direct line for Cemetery Hill, and both the assaulting column at this point and the enemy were now in full view of each other. It proved to be Heth's division under General Pettigrew, with the brigades of Scales and Lane, of Pender's division, commanded by General Trimble. All our little group thought, from its appearance, that it was A.P. Hill's whole corps, and shouted out, Here they come! Here they are! Hurrah!!! This part of the attacking column was moving in a straight line over a different portion of the earth's surface from that of Pickett's division, but to the same center of attack. The writer would here remark that the lay of the ground around the ridge, which obliged Longstreet to place Armistead to the rear of Garnett and Kemper, also compelled him to form Heth a little behind the ridge and place Trimble's command in the second line of the assaulting column. The column of attack, now under way, moved steadily and firmly to the enemy's works, distant one thousand two hundred and seventy-three yards. The works of the enemy, in front of the assaulting column, lay at an average distance of about one hundred and fifty yards south of the Emmittsburg road, and formed the defense of Hancock's corps on Meade's left center. These works consisted of an irregularly formed old stone fence, but not of the same height. At intervals there were breaks in the fence, and these were filled up by temporary breastworks, composed of rails and old logs, behind which earth was thrown to the depth of several feet.

That part of the enemy's works that stretched to the right of the attacking column, was longer and stood forward, advanced about one hundred and twenty feet, while that part of the works on the left of the column of attack bent inwardly, forming an angle, giving to the enemy's line of defense an echelon formation, or horseshoe appearance.

Nothing occurred to the divisions of Pettigrew and Trimble in their march from the crest of. Seminary Ridge to Cemetery Hill, until the column of attack was halfway over the plain, when all of a sudden the enemy's artillery opened upon our advancing lines a most terrific fire from Cemetery Hill.

On the right of our column Round Top and Little Round Top were in a perfect blaze, and sent forth one continuous and inextinguishable flame of fire, hurling their missiles of destruction into our advancing lines.

Seminary Ridge to the rear of the column, with the Confederate batteries to the right and left of it, sent forth their commingling smoke of fire and thunder, laden with their messengers of death, into the enemy's left center.

The first fire of the Federal artillery on the advancing lines of Pettigrew and Trimble seemed to smite the column of attack as if it had been struck by some unseen power, some great physical body, causing the column to waver, reel, and for a moment halt. It was only for a moment; in a few seconds the smoke lifted, when deep gaps which extended through our lines to the rear of the column could be seen. The brave Confederates closing up those gaps, over the dead and bleeding bodies of their companions, moved forward unflinchingly to the Emmittsburg road. Solid shot now plowed through their ranks, grape and canister were doing their fatal work in the game of death, and sweeping away hundreds from our advancing lines. Undismayed by the blood and terror of the conflict, the assaulting column pushed on.

Some mighty unseen power, over which they had no control and whose influence they could not resist, impelled them forward. As the column neared the road it was within reach of the enemy's musketry, which poured volley after volley into the column of attack, greatly thinning its ranks.

General Garnett, with the left of Pickett's division, reached the road about the same time with Pettigrew, while Armistead and Trimble were following closely after. On the extreme right General Kemper's brigade was south of the road and near the works. Archer's Tennessee brigade, holding the right of Pettigrew's division…made a break to get over the first fence on the Emmittsburg road.

Scores of the survivors often related their anxious suspense and the length of time it seemed to climb up to the top of the fence. As soon as the top of the fence was lined with troops the whole line tumbled over, falling flat into the bed of the road, while the enemy's bullets buried themselves into the bodies of the falling

victims. Just here at this point the brave General Garnett, of Virginia, rode along his line covered with blood, with his head bowed almost to his horse's neck. In a moment the General and his horse fell to the ground riddled with bullets in all parts of their bodies. The assaulting column only remained in the road a few seconds, it could scarcely be called a halt, when it rose and pushed over the second fence, leaving many of their comrades dead and wounded behind them. Just as the column crossed the second fence, it received a most withering fire of musketry, a perfect shower of lead; it staggered for a few seconds, halted, returned the fire, and with one wild shout rushed forward to the works.

From the road to the works the column of attack was, for a few moments, lost to view being completely enveloped by the enemy's fire.

The right of Pettigrew's division—Archer's Tennessee brigade and Garnett's brigade of Pickett's division—charged right on amid fire and flame to the enemy's works, while Armistead and the brigades of Scales and Lane, commanded by General Trimble, followed closely after. Archer's Tennessee brigade and Garnett's Virginia brigade struck the enemy's fortifycations at the same moment, when Lieutenant Finly, of the Thirty-eighth Virginia, sprang to the left and grasping one of Archer's Captains by the hand, exclaimed, "Virginia and Tennessee will stand together on these works to-day!"

The left of the column, under Davis and Brockenbrough, passed the advanced line of the wall where it formed an angle, and moving forward in that direction threatened to assault the right flank of [John] Gibbons' division, which held the advanced line of the enemy's defense supported by the Federal division of General [Alexander] Hays, one of the strongest and best divisions in the Federal army.

The First Tennessee and the greater part of the Seventh with the Thirty-eighth Virginia and other portions of Garnett's brigade rushed over the enemy's breastworks, driving the enemy before them on his reserves. While he was beaten back the enemy contested the ground most stubbornly, and the scenes that followed during those few moments baffle description. A hand-to-hand encounter now took place, they fired into each other's faces at the distance of five and ten feet, and struck each other over the head with the butt of the musket. Men fell as leaves fall. There were cool, deliberate movements on the part of some, while others manifested the most fiery determination. Amid yells and curses men whirled about—falling on their hands and knees—some spinning around like tops while falling, others throwing out their arms and gulping up blood while falling, armless, legless, and headless.

The struggle was soon ended, a deadly fire from the right of Hays' division compelled the shattered remnants of Garnett's and Archer's brigades to fall back to the point where they had entered the enemy's fortifications. As they did so they saw hundreds of their companions dead and wounded upon the ground—Boys in Blue with Boys in Gray, crawling over each other, all smeared with blood. Many of the poor fellows were dying with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair.

As part of Archer's brigade and Garnett's entered the works the rest of Archer's men on the left of his line also crowded to the right, but received a heavy fire from the two brigades of the enemy posted on the left of the column and commanded by General [Eliakim] Sherrill and the brave General [Thomas] Smyth, of Delaware, whose name afterward obtained a melancholy celebrity.

Pettigrew's brigade, commanded by Colonel Jones, now united with Archer's regiment that had not entered the fortifications and attacked the enemy with the most desperate determination.

While the writer lay wounded with General Smyth at Gettysburg, that officer told him that Pettigrew's brigade, all along his front, were within thirty or forty feet of his line and fought with a fiery determination that he had never seen equaled. Some of Scales' brave fellows took part in this assault. Three weeks after the battle General Smyth showed the writer the exact spot where the First Delaware volunteers rushed to the front and broke the left of Pettigrew's line.

If any find fault with the falling off—or, rather, break—that took place on the left of Pettigrew's brigade, the answer is, that there were scarcely any left to stand. One company of North Carolina troops in Pettigrew's brigade lost every man (eighty-four strong) in killed and wounded.

As another act of simultaneous occurrence, while Archer and Garnett were in the works and Pettigrew and others attacking them from the outside, General Hays noticed Davis and Brockenbrough trying to get their work in on Gibbon's right flank. He instantly detached three regiments from his division with a number of batteries and attacked our left, already weakening and beginning to break before the assault of Sherrill and Smyth.

The assaulting column on the left and center was now completely broken, and in the confusion and terror that followed, thousands fell upon the ground between the works and the road and threw up their arms in token of surrender, while the iron and leaden hail rushing from the mouths of a hundred cannon was blazing over them like the lightning's fiery scourge.

On the right of the assaulting column General Kemper's brigade was cut to pieces and its commander seriously wounded, nearly all his command were killed, wounded, and captured.

General Armistead, who was before the works with his brigade toward the closing scenes of the assault, rushed up to a part of the wall which had been abandoned by [Alexander] Webb's right, which was at the time falling back before Archer and Garnett, and seeing that his men were using the works as a line of defense, as some of the first line to the right and left were doing, cried out, "Come forward, Virginians!" He then drew his sword and, placing his hat on the top of it, raised it high up into the air and, jumping over the wall, again cried out, "Come on, boys, we must give them the cold steel; who will follow me?"

Lieutenant-Colonel [Rawley W.] Martin [53rd Virginia], with over a hundred men, responded to the call and followed their brave General. Many brave men, however, weakened, and looked into each other's faces with awe and astonishment. At this moment the Federal brigades of Hall and Harrow rushed to the right (Kemper having been repulsed in their front) and attacked Armistead in flank, and at the same time Webb's second line advanced and fired.

General Armistead fell dead, and Colonel Martin and all that followed were instantly shot down. Of those that entered the fortification, fifty lay dead on the ground and the remainder were terribly wounded. Not a soul escaped to tell the tale to their companions.

The Emmittsburg road was literally choked up with the dead and wounded, while the space between the enemy's fortifications and the road was covered with the dead and dying victims of the struggle, to which might be added thousands who lay upon the ground extending their arms in token of surrender.

The cries of the wounded for water, mingled with their shrieks of agony from pain, greatly intensified the horror of the scene. Three-fourths of the assaulting column were killed, wounded, or captured in less than half an hour.

The left of Pettigrew's old brigade, commanded by Colonel [John Thomas] Jones, began to fall off almost simultaneously with the right of the column under Kemper. The center of the column, composed of part of Archer's Tennessee brigade, commanded by the brave Colonel Frey, and part of Garnett's Virginia brigade were the only men in the column of attack that carried their standards into the enemy's fortification on Cemetery Hill. It is idle to ask such foolish questions as who gave way first? which imply a want of devotion and duty. Any intelligent soldier, accustomed to the hardships of battle, who shall even at this day visit Gettysburg and make himself acquainted with the ground and insurmountable obstacles that lay in the front of the assaulting column, will not be very much surprised that the attack failed; but his surprise will he greater still that any, even the bravest soldiers, could have reached the point they did and live. In the Federal lines Generals Hancock, Webb, Stannard, Sherrill, and Smyth lay wounded on the ground. Of the Confederates, Generals Armistead and Garnett were killed, while Generals Kemper, Trimble, and Pettigrew were wounded, with thousands of others. General Alexander, after the repulse, ordered up Wright's Georgia brigade to attack as a relief to Pickett, but Longstreet stopped him, observing "that the attack had failed." Longstreet then ordered Wright to rally and collect the scattered troops behind Anderson's division. About twenty minutes after the repulse of the assaulting column, General Wilcox with his brigade and Perry's Florida brigade, who were on Pickett's right, had, by some mistake that has never been explained, received orders to advance, but as he reached the middle ridge in front of Cemetery Ridge, he could see nothing of Pickett's division, whose right Wilcox and Perry were covering, and concluding that Pickett had actually passed over Cemetery Ridge, he also commenced to follow after, hut he was met with a deadly fire of artillery in his front, while General Stannard's brigade wheeled about and attacked Wilcox and Perry in flank, by which the Confederate line was broken and great numbers of our men killed and wounded. Wilcox and Perry then fell back and, forming with Wright's Georgia brigade, completed Anderson's division.

This division of Anderson, of A.P. Hill's corps, now presented a line of defense on Seminary Ridge, behind which the squads and detachments who survived in the column of attack and reached the ridge, found shelter and rest. Orders were instantly issued to Longstreet's divisions on the right, Hood's and McLaw's, to be ready to more to the ridge at a given signal. The same was done to the division of Rhodes, to fall back on Anderson immediately if the enemy attempted to follow up the disaster.

It was no easy matter to reach the ridge, but many little squads from each separate brigade resolutely crossed the road and reached the rear of our artillery. Among the bold spirits who had penetrated the enemy's works and escaped with their lives were the brave Colonel [Samuel G.] Shepherd and Captain J.H. Moore of the Seventh Tennessee. The gallant conduct of these two officers was very conspicuously displayed in the bloody hand-to-hand conflict in the enemy's fortifications. They carried the struggle to the points of the enemy's bayonets. Of the forty-seven men who composed Captain Moore's company, forty-one lay dead and wounded on the ground at their feet. Colonel Shepherd and Captain Moore reached the Emmittsburg road with a few survivors of their gallant little hand. It seemed almost certain death to remain. It was about as cheap to go one way as another; cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them, volleyed and thundered. "Perhaps, after all, we may regain our artil-

lery," said Colonel Shepherd. "Maybe we can," said Moore; so on they went with their little squad. It was fully as dangerous to retreat to the ridge as it had been half an hour before to advance from it. They reached the rear of the artillery where General Lee was incessantly occupied, and cheering all the survivors of the column as they came back. He had a kind word to say to every one. As Colonel Shepherd and Captain Moore came in General Lee rode up and, addressing them, said, "The fault is mine; I am to blame for it all. Rally the men behind the artillery, everything will come out right." At the same moment General Pettigrew, who commanded Heth's division, rode in with his arm shattered by a grape-shot. Lee rode to him quickly and said, "I am sorry to see you wounded, General. Go to the rear."

Longstreet .and A.P. Hill were indefatigable in strengthening the arm of the commanding General. Their conduct on this trying occasion was deserving of the highest praise, leaving a memorable example of the conduct that should govern men in circumstances of great danger. Generals Lee and Longstreet evidently looked for the Federal army to advance, and remained near the center of the original line of battle, anxiously watching with a glass the enemy's line, and exposed to their artillery-fire. Lee then rode to his right and, meeting Longstreet, they both rode to an eminence in front of Anderson's division, and for over an hour remained there alone watching the enemy.

If Meade had followed up the repulse of our column he would have received the same reception that he had given the column of attack.

[William] Swinton, the historian, in his account of the assault of Longstreet's column, says: "Heth's division, while coming over the plain from Seminary Ridge to the Emmittsburg road, by the time the command had got half way over the distance the division broke and one half fell back." Swinton's statement is contradicted by the facts. General Longstreet, who organized and managed the column of attack, in speaking of the very point now under consideration, in his contribution to the Virginia Society papers, Volume 5, page 265, says: "The troops that fought with me the day before (the divisions of Hood and McLaws) were not in a condition to co-operate with Pickett. Besides, too, they were confronted by a force that required their utmost attention. The men of Generals Pickett, Pettigrew, and Trimble's commands received and executed their orders with cool and desperate courage. When the utmost sacrifice of human life which humanity and honor required had taken place, the assaulting column fell back and the contest was ended."

General Longstreet certainly does not intimate that there was any defect of duty on the part of any command in the assaulting column. The great commander of the First corps compliments the entire column of attack for their "cool and desperate courage," and if such an event had taken place in the assaulting column on its way from the ridge to the road, as related by Swinton, General Longstreet would have known it, and he also was the man to expose any defect of duty. In the course of his investigations, some ten years ago, the writer saw the original order of the commanding General in regard to the movement of the column from the ridge to the road. From this paper, in Lee's handwriting, with General Longstreet's indorsement, it seems that the column of attack, when they reached the road, was directed to "dress on the center" and "close to the left," but in consequence of the heavy cannonade which penetrated and greatly tore their ranks with grape and canister, and to some extent broke up the alignment…this part of the order could not be executed by the officers. It was a physical impossibility…..

Almira Hancock, *Reminscences of Winfield Scott Hancock* (New York, 1887)

A never-to-be-forgotten evening was the one spent at our home by the officers who were to start upon their overland trip to the South…. Before leaving, the General [A.S. Johnston] said to his wife, "Come, sing me one or two of the old songs you used to sing, 'Mary of Argyle,' and 'Kathleen Mavourneen.'" She complied reluctantly in the presence of such an audience, saying, with deep emotion, that she felt as though her music days were over. …The most crushed of the party was Major Armistead, who, with tears, which were contagious, streaming down his face, and hands upon Mr. Hancock's shoulders, while looking him steadily in the eye, said, "Hancock, good-by; you can never know what this has cost me, and I hope God will strike me dead if I am ever induced to leave my native soil, should worse come to worst." Turning to me, he placed a small satchel in my hand, requesting that it should not be opened except in the event of his death, in which case the souvenirs it contained, with the exception of a little prayer-book, intended for me, and which I still possess, should be sent to his family. On the fly-leaf of this book is the following: "Lewis A. Armistead. Trust in God and fear nothing." …I, as well as my husband, believed that he courted the death that

finally came to him at Gettysburg… Three out of the six from whom we parted on that evening in Los Angeles were killed in front of General Hancock's troops, and others wounded.

Charles D. Page, *History of the Fourteenth Regiment, Connecticut Vol. Infantry* (Meriden: Horton Printing, 1906)

Major Hincks gives the experience of the regiment:—"At about one o'clock there burst upon us most unexpectedly the heaviest cannonade I had ever witnessed. …We advanced with one impulse for a few paces and lay down just behind the First Delaware men, who had taken our places at the wall. By the good providence of God, the enemy's guns were pointed so that the shot mainly cleared us and went over the crest of the hill into the valley beyond… The wall, being built on a ledge of rock, took those shot that fell short and bounded off instead of burying themselves in the ground beneath us and then exploding, tearing in pieces those lying above, as I knew them to do in the grove further to our right. I mention these things to account for the singularly little damage we sustained from its terrific fire. …The smoke was…so very thick was it that the sun seemed blotted out. One of the guns was directly behind me and at every discharge, the concussion would throw gravel over me and I could not only see and smell the thick cloud of burning powder, but could taste it also…."

Carlton McCarthy, *Detailed Minutiae of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia, 1861-1865* (Richmond, 1882)

At Gettysburg, when the artillery fire was at its height, a brawny fellow, who seemed happy at the prospect for a hot time, broke out singing:—

"Backward, roll backward, O Time in thy flight:
Make me a child again, just for this *fight*!"

Another fellow near him replied, "Yes; and a *gal* child at that."

John D.S. Cook [80th New York], "Personal Reminiscences of Gettysburg" (December 12, 1903), in *War Talks in Kansas: A Series of Papers Read Before the Kansas Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States* (Kansas City, MO, 1906)

General Lee had determined to break our army in two by an attack upon the left center, and massed nearly all his artillery in front of our position to clear the ground for this attack. Between twelve and one o'clock nearly or quite two hundred guns opened their fire upon us and from that time until about four a continuous storm of missiles of every kind poured in upon and over our heads, and the "shriek of shot, the scream of shell," and the sounds of exploding missiles seemed incessant. We hugged the ground behind the-low pile of rails which partly concealed us, and awaited our destiny with such composure as we could muster. Again and again a shot struck one of these rails and knocked it around to kill or cripple men lying behind it. Again and again pieces of exploded shells would hit someone in the line with disabling or fatal effect. There was no getting away. To retreat would have been disgrace, and even had we wished it, a retreat would have to be made under the guns of the enemy and almost as dangerous as to remain where we were. Our artillery replied for a while, it seemed to us ineffectually, and the reply fire gradually slackened and nearly ceased.

I recall two incidents of that bombardment. A short distance behind and to my left lay a soldier with head towards the front. The peculiar swish of a solid round shot passed. The ball struck the ground almost at his head and rebounded, carrying with it his cap twenty feet into the air. As it rebounded he gave a curiously awkward "flop" and whirled almost end for end. It was so queer and so awkward that the men near him laughed heartily at what seemed a ridiculous attempt to dodge a shot after it had struck. But he lay perfectly still and some of us went up to investigate. He was found apparently uninjured, but quite dead. I have often heard it said that a man can be killed by the wind of a cannon-ball, but never witnessed it but this once, and even in this case the man may have been killed by the violence with which he was flung around.

The other incident was less tragic. While the storm was at its height General [John] Gibbons, of the Second Corps, in full uniform, with folded arms and in cool dignity walked up and down in front of the line, apparently indifferent to the rain of shot and shell that hurtled around him. …He wished by an example of indifference to the danger to relieve the mental tension of the soldiers, a tension that might easily degenerate into a panic. I thought as I saw him that the force of his example might be lost and it even prove disheartening if, as seemed probable, he should be streak down while teaching us to despise the danger. Fortunately for him and perhaps for the men, nothing of the kind happened and he paraded slowly back and forth along the line several times, uninjured and admired.

About four o'clock this fire slackened and almost ceased. Then its purpose was disclosed. In front of our position appeared a long line of infantry covered in

front by a lighter line of skirmishers advancing in admirable order directly toward us. Of course we began to fire upon them and their skirmishers returned the fire. No one who saw them could help admiring the steadiness with which they came on, like the shadow of a cloud seen from a distance as it sweeps across a sunny field.

As it approached the line slightly changed direction by what is known in ancient tactics as "advancing the right shoulder." This brought its course a little to the right of where we stood. Colonel [Theodore] Gates gave an order to march by the right flank, and the two regiments moved along the front of the Second Corps towards the point of danger, firing as they went.

One reckless fellow rested the muzzle of his gun on my left shoulder and banged away. The report, not six inches from my ear, made me jump, and as I turned to blow up the offender I was overwhelmed by the laughter of the men at the start it had given me. It was more funny for them than for myself.

As our troops rose up to meet them their artillery again opened fire to cover their advance, and the rain of cannon-shot, the fire of the advancing line, the rush of the enemy to break through, and the eager efforts of our men to stop them made a scene of indescribable excitement. Suddenly I felt a blow on the outside of my leg, a little below the hip. For the moment I thought the leg was broken. I stopped, stepped aside, and let down my trousers to see how I was hit. It was a glancing shot, which gave a severe bruise, but had not broken the skin, and I turned and followed the command. By this time the enemy, or what was left of them, had reached our men, and the struggle was hand-to-hand.

A curious thing about this fighting was, that although all the men were armed with bayonets, no one seemed to be using them. Those nearest clubbed their muskets and beat each other over the head, while those not so close kept loading and firing as fast as they could.

A few minutes ended the fray. The charge had failed and the foe turned to retreat. But as the ground over which they had come was swept by our fire, most of those near our line sank to the ground and gave up the attempt to get away.

Our men shouted to them to come in and promised not to hurt them, and at the word hundreds rose up and came into our lines, dropping their arms and crouching to avoid the fire of their own artillery, which was pouring upon our position. I recall one instance. A short distance in front was a clump of bushes among which appeared a white cloth. At first I thought it a rag caught in the brush, but it soon appeared that someone was waving it as a signal. Our boys shouted, "Come in, Johnnie; come in, we won't hurt you," and from behind the bush nearly or quite a dozen men arose and came hurrying and dodging into our line. A line of skirmishers was thrown out to the front, and most of those who had not got away were thus enclosed and captured.

The fire upon us soon died away and we had leisure to look about us. The ground near and in front of us was almost literally covered with killed and wounded.

Just in front of us and not twenty yards away lay a group of Confederate officers, four or five in number, all dead but one, and he stretched across the body of another, gasping his last breath. As soon as he was dead some of our men went to see who they were. The one across whose body the other had died wore the uniform of a colonel, and one of the men found upon him a map of Virginia with a diary of the marches his command had made, and gave it to our colonel. His sword and scabbard were shot to pieces, but one of our sergeants detached his belt and gave it to me, and I occasionally wore it during my service and still have it. It has a curiously ornamented buckle, showing clasped the arms of Old Virginia, with the motto "Sic semper tyrannis," afterwards made so fatally notorious by [John] Wilkes Booth.[2]

Soon afterward we detected a Confederate officer trying to get away. He was wounded and could hardly get along. Our men called to him to halt, and he looked back and saw several muskets pointed at him. The view was not encouraging and he surrendered. He was shot in the hip, and our colonel directed me take him to a hospital, and at the same time see if my own injury needed attention. I found a field hospital about a quarter of a mile to the rear, where I turned over the prisoner with injunctions to the attendants to see that he did not get away. The doctor examined my leg, which was badly swollen and discolored, but as I could get about on it, and he had nothing there suitable to relieve a contusion, I did not think it worthwhile to bother with it and returned to the regiment.

My return led me past the house where General Meade had established headquarters. He rode up with his staff as I came along. I heard him inquiring about the report that General Longstreet had been killed, and told him I had just come from the front with a cap-

[2] Since writing these "Reminiscences" I visited Washington on October 1, 1903, for the first time since the war. I there met Hon. John W. Daniel, of Virginia, and in conversation with him about the battle mentioned the fact that I had this belt, which had belonged to Colonel James Gregory Hodges, 14th Virginia Volunteers, and would be glad to give it to some surviving member of his family. Senator Daniel took great interest in the matter, and upon inquiry ascertained that the widow of Colonel Hodges still survived, and put me in communication with her. I have had the satisfaction of being able to send her this relic of her husband and of receiving a greatly prized letter from her in acknowledgment of its return.

tured officer of Pickett's division and that the report was current that General Longstreet had been killed under one of our guns at the head of the charge. He doubted whether the report could be true, and remarked that, "Any army must be in a desperate condition when a corps commander led a charge like that." His instinct was right. The charge was led by a general officer, who fell at our guns and died in a few minutes. Before he died he gave his name as General [Lewis] Armistead. Some of the men near him thought he said "Longstreet" and the report quickly spread that the famous corps commander had fallen. It was this mistaken report which I had heard and repeated to General Meade, who readily showed its improbability.

Franklin Sawyer, *A Military History of the 8th Regiment Ohio Volunteer Infantry, Its Battles, Marches and Army Movements* (Cleveland, 1881)

Nothing more terrific than this storm of artillery can be imagined. The missiles of both armies passed over our heads. The roar of the guns was deafening, the air was soon clouded with smoke, and the shriek and startling crack of exploding shell above, around, and in our midst; the blowing up of our caissons in our rear; the driving through the air of fence-rails, posts, and limbs of trees; the groans of dying men, the neighing of frantic and wounded horses, created a scene of absolute horror. Our line of skirmishers was kept out to watch any advance; but the rest of the men kept well down in the cut of the road. Here for nearly two hours we sat stock still, and not a word was uttered. Only two of the men were killed during the cannonade, and they were literally cut in two. Capt. [J.E.] Gregg, who was then serving on Col. [Samuel] Carroll's Staff as Inspector, had come down just before the fire opened to see how we were getting along, and not being able to return, sat down on a rail with the writer, facing towards the enemy. Presently a solid shot tore through a pile of rails in our front, passed under our seat between us, and bounded away to our rear. The ricochet of round shot in our vicinity was quite frequent as well as the fragments of shells that exploded in the air.

Finally the artillery ceased firing, and all knew that an assault was the next movement. Soon we saw the long line of rebel infantry emerge from the woods along the rebel front, that had hitherto concealed them.

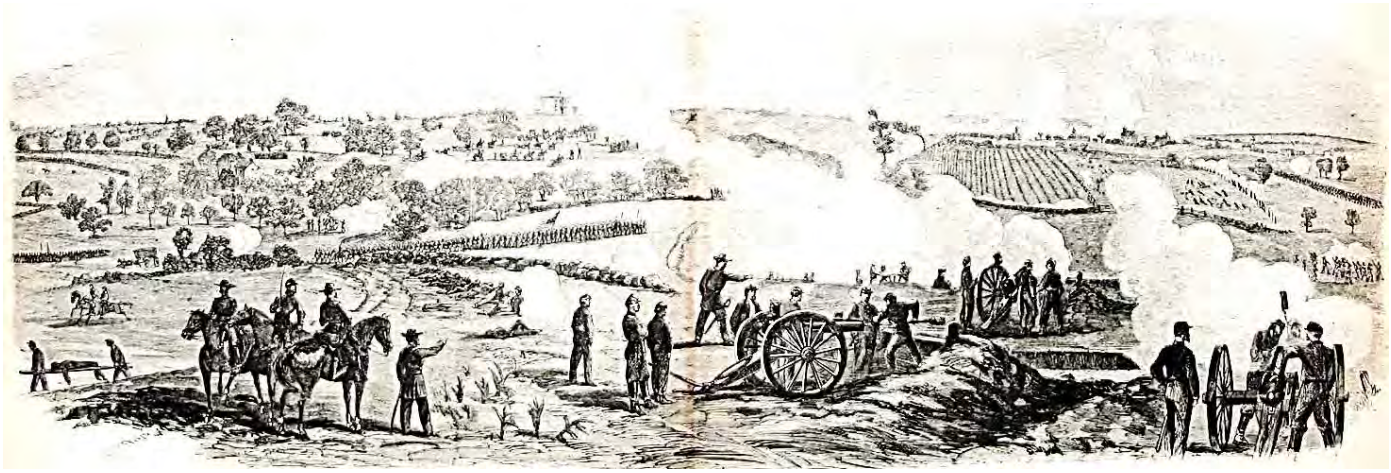
These troops were the division of Picket, followed by that of Petigrew. They moved up splendidly, deploying into column as they crossed the long, sloping interval between the Second Corps and their base. At first it looked as if their line of march would sweep our position, but as they advanced their direction lay considerably to our left, but soon a strong line, with flags, directed its march immediately upon us.

I formed…a single line, and as the rebels came within short range of our skirmish line, charged them. Some fell, some run back, most of them, however, threw down their arms and were made prisoners. In this maneuver among the killed was Lieut. Hayden, Co. H. We changed our front, and taking position by a fence, facing the left flank of the advancing column of rebels, the men were ordered to fire into their flank at will. Hardly a musket had been fired at this time. The front of the column was nearly up the slope, and within a few yards of the line of the Second Corps' front and its batteries, when suddenly a terrific fire from every available

gun, from the Cemetery to Round Top Mountain, burst upon them. The distinct, graceful lines of the rebels underwent an instantaneous transformation. They were at once enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke and dust. Arms, heads, blankets, guns and knapsacks were thrown and tossed into the clear air. Their track, as they advanced, was strewn with dead and wounded. A moan went up from the field, distinctly to be heard amid the storm of battle, but on they went, too much enveloped in smoke and dust now to permit us to distinguish their lines or movements, for the mass appeared more like a cloud of moving smoke and dust than a column of troops. Still it advanced amid the now deafening roar of artillery and storm of battle.

Suddenly the column gave way, the sloping landscape appeared covered, all at once, with the scattered and retreating foe. A withering sheet of missiles swept after them, and they were torn and tossed and prostrated as they ran. It seemed as if not one would escape. Of the mounted officers who rode so grandly in the advance not one was to be seen on the field, all had gone down. The Eighth advanced and cut off three regiments, or remnants of regiments, as they passed us, taking their colors, and capturing many prisoners. The colors captured were those of the Thirty-fourth North Carolina, Thirty-eighth Virginia, and one that was taken from the captor, Sergt. Miller, Co. G, by a staff officer, the number of the regiment not being remembered.

The battle was now over. The field was covered with the slain and wounded, and everywhere were to be seen white handkerchiefs held up asking for quarter. The rebel loss had been terrible, the victory to the Union army complete.



Joseph Ripley Chandler Ward, *History of the One Hundred and Sixth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers* (Philadelphia, 1906)

Meanwhile the enemy had advanced to the fence occupied by the Sixty-Ninth and left of the Seventy-first, and, passing to the right of the latter, had taken it in flank and captured or forced back the right of the Sixty-Ninth and two connecting companies of the Seventy-First. General Armistead, with hat on sword, leaps the fence followed by six color bearers with their flags and about one hundred and fifty to two hundred men. At this juncture General [Alexander] Webb calls on his reserve (the Seventy-Second and the detachment of the One Hundred and Sixth) and leads them forward in person to close the gap in the line through which Armistead and his followers are pouring. Glorious leader! His handsome, manly form towered for a moment a central figure between the two lines, as with sword in one hand and hat in the other his order of "forward to the wall!" rang out cheerily and strong above the noise of battle. If he should fall, Gettysburg is lost. Wounded, he still keeps his feet. His indomitable spirit is communicated to and inspires the men of the Seventy-Second and One Hundred and Sixth. They sweep forward to the fence over Armistead's prostrate body—treading underfoot the rebel standards, whose bearers have fallen beside their leader—the thousands who have reached the fence throw down their arms, and Gettysburg is won!

The Retreat

Carl Schurz, "The Battle of Gettysburg," *McClure's Magazine* 29 (July 1907)

The general feeling in our ranks was that we had won a victory and that we had now to reap its fruits. The instinct of the soldiers demanded a prompt aggressive movement upon the enemy, and I think the instinct of the soldiers was right. The strongest of our army corps, the Fifth, kept in reserve, was substantially intact. Hardly any of the other corps had suffered so much as to be incapable of vigorous action. Their spirits were elated to genuine enthusiasm by the great event of the day. An order for a general advance seemed to be the natural outcome of the moment, and many men in the ranks fairly cried for it. But it did not come. Our skirmishers followed the retreating enemies for a certain distance and then returned with their prisoners without having touched the positions from which the attacking force had emerged. Then two or three batteries of rebel artillery galloped forth from the belt of timber which screened the enemy's scattered forces. They advanced a short distance, unlimbered, fired a few discharges, limbered up again, and galloped back—probably to make us believe that the enemy, although repulsed, was still on the ground in fighting trim. (I do not remember having seen this fact stated in any of the histories of the battle of Gettysburg, but I observed it with my own eyes, and the impression is still vivid in my memory.)

Soon darkness and deep silence fell upon the battlefield. Officers and men, utterly exhausted by the fatigues and excitements of the past three days, dropped asleep in the ranks. In a moment we of the Eleventh Corps were soundly asleep among the shattered gravestones. About two o'clock in the morning I was suddenly aroused by a sharp but short rattle of musketry, the sound coming clearly from the plain on the north side of the town. It lasted only a few seconds — then complete stillness again. What could it mean? Only that the enemy was withdrawing his pickets and that some of our outposts had sent a volley after them. This was my own opinion and that of my officers. The next minute we were fast asleep.

…Of all the losses we had suffered in the first day's bloody battle, that of my old friend Schim-melfennig went nearest to my heart. He had not only been an officer of exceptional ability, but my military instructor in the old German days, and a dear personal friend. We did not know what had become of him — whether he lay dead on the field, or had been wounded or made a pri-soner by the enemy. Some of his officers had last seen him in the thickest of the fight and had observed that when the order to retreat was given, he had left the field in the rear of his command. Further their accounts did not go. Now, when on the early morning after the three days' struggle I entered the town of Gettysburg — what should I see? In the door of one of the houses on the main street, General Schimmelfennig, alive and waving his hat to me. "Hallo!" he shouted. "I knew you would come. I have been preparing for you. You must be hungry. I found some eggs in this house and saved them for you. We shall have them fried in a few minutes. Get off your horse and let us take breakfast together." It was a jolly repast, during which he told us his story. When, during that furious fight of the first day, the order to retreat reached him, he did his best to take his command out of the fire line in as orderly a shape as possible — a very difficult operation under any circumstances — and therefore left the field in the rear of his troops. But when he reached the town, he found the streets crowded with a confused mass of artillery and vehicles of all sorts, and disorganized men. Somehow he was crowded into a blind lane and suddenly ran against a high fence barring his progress, while some rebel infantrymen in hot pursuit were yelling close behind him. To clear the tall fence on horseback was impossible. He therefore dismounted and climbed over it. While he was on the top rail, his pursuers came up to him, and one of them knocked him on the head with the butt of his gun. The blow did not hurt him much, but he let himself drop on the other side of the fence as if he were dead, or at least stunned. Fortunately he wore an ordinary cavalry overcoat over his general's uniform, so that no sign of his rank was visible. The rebel soldiers, thus taking him for a mere private, then passed by him.

After a little while he cautiously raised his head and discovered that he was alone in a little kitchen-garden, and that within a few yards of him there was a small stable or shed that might serve him as a temporary shelter. He crawled into it and found a litter of straw on the ground, as well as some bread crumbs and other

offal which seemed to have been intended for pigs. Soon he heard voices all around him, and from the talk he could catch, he concluded that the rebels had taken possession of the town and were making preparations for its defense.

There he lay then in his pig-sty, alone and helpless, surrounded on all sides by enemies who might have discovered him at any moment, but fortunately did not, and unknown to the inhabitants of the house to which the kitchen-garden belonged. He had nothing to eat except the nauseous scraps he found on the ground, and nothing to drink except the few drops that were left in his field flask. And in this condition he lay from the afternoon of the 1st of July until the early morning of the 4th. But worse than hunger and thirst during those two and a half days and three nights was his feverish anxiety concerning the course of the battle. There was an ill-omened silence during the first night and the early forenoon of the second day. Had our army withdrawn? From the noises he heard he could only conclude that the enemy held the town of Gettysburg in force. But the roar of cannon and the rattle of the musketry during the afternoon assured him that our army was present in force, too. Only he could not tell which side had the advantage, or whether there was any advantage achieved by either side. And so it was on the third day, when the battle seemed to rage furiously at different times and at different points, apparently neither advancing nor receding, until late in the afternoon the artillery became silent and a mighty Union cheer filled the air. Then his hope rose that something favorable to us had happened. Still he was disquieted again by the continued presence of the rebel infantry around him, until late in the night he heard something like the passing around of an order among them in a low voice, whereupon they seemed quietly to slink away. Then perfect stillness. At break of day he ventured his head out of the pig-sty, and finding the kitchen-garden completely deserted, he went into the house, the inhabitants of which greeted him first with some apprehension, but then, upon better knowledge of the situation, with great glee. A happy moment it was to me when I could telegraph Mrs. Schimmelfennig, who was with my family at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, that her husband, who had been reported missing after the first day's battle, had been found, sound and safe!

William Swallow, "The Third Day at Gettysburg," *Southern Bivouac* 1 (February 1886)

At 5 o'clock in the evening General Stuart passed his cavalry to the enemy's rear and attacked the Federal cavalry under General Buford; and while this was going on, Ewell's corps was withdrawn from our left and placed behind Seminary Ridge. As Early's division was withdrawing partly through the town, the enemy was advancing down the Baltimore pike from Cemetery Hill to occupy Gettysburg.

The scenes that followed were indescribable. The house-tops and church steeples were filled with the sharpshooters of both armies, watching for an opportunity to get their work in, and the skilled marksmen succeeded in picking off many officers of Early's division.

General Early, with his usual courage and resolution, managed to withdraw his division successfully through and around the town to Seminary Ridge. His command, however, was greatly exposed to the front of the southeastern knob of Cemetery Hill, held by Steinwehr.

It was while Early's division was passing to the York pike that the writer of this paper was shot through the body and captured by the advance of Steinwehr's division.

It was impossible for our command, in the excitement of the evacuation, to take with them to the ridge all of our wounded. Many were, therefore, left behind on the outskirts of the town. At 8 or 9 o'clock, P.M, the Army of Northern Virginia was safely posted on the crest and western slope of Seminary Ridge. In this position General Lee remained all the following day, Saturday, July 4th, in a position rather to invite than to decline a battle. Each army had punished the other with terrible severity, and on Sunday, July 5th, General Lee, becoming satisfied that Meade would not attack his line, began to withdraw his army from Gettysburg. The division of General Heth, still under the command of Pettigrew, was instructed by the commanding General to guard the rear of his retreating army. When Heth's division left Gettysburg it mustered about eighteen hundred men. When it opened the battle of Gettysburg, at noon on July 1st, it was composed of seven thousand. No division in the army suffered more terribly or fought more gloriously. General [John D.] Imboden, with his cavalry, was placed in charge of the wagon-trains (which contained thousands of the wounded) and was over twenty miles in length.

General Imboden crossed South Mountain, and at Greenwood he left the pike and took the old Walnut Bottom road through New Franklin, Greencastle, and Hagerstown to Williamsport, where he recrossed the Potomac. General Lee followed him on Sunday, but marched down the base of the mountain by the Fairfield road and crossing the mountain at Monterey pass, moved through Hagerstown to the Potomac, where he arrived and crossed the river on Monday night, the 13th of July, just eight days after ho had left Gettysburg.

The distance from Gettysburg to the river, where Lee's army crossed, did not exceed forty-two miles, and it would seem that he did not average five miles per day — therefore, if, as some historians assure us, General Meade pursued him, the pursuit of the Federal army was quite a slow affair! As a matter of fact, General Meade could easily have overtaken Lee if that had been his object. But the Federal commander had other ends in view. He did indeed move forward to the Potomac, but every move he made was with an eye on Washington. The incidents on the line of the retreat are so numerous and thrilling as to place their relation beyond the limits of this paper. As Heth's division, guarding the line of the retreat of the main army, reached Falling Waters, near the Potomac, while lying on the ground with arms stacked in a state of presumed security, they were attacked by the enemy under the following circumstances:

Generals Heth and Pettigrow, Captain Jas. H. Moore, and other officers, from an eminence were reviewing the route over which they had just traveled, when all of a sudden a small force of cavalry burst forth from a skirt of woods about two hundred yards distant. The little group took the cavalry for Confederates. The cavalry then displayed a United States flag and galloping up to Pettigrew, with swords drawn, shouted out, "Surrender!" They rushed over the little group, firing their pistols and mortally wounding General Pettigrew. These brave fellows then attacked the command of Heth. Heth's men very soon realized the situation of things, and seizing their muskets, opened on this party with effect, and very soon dispatched the force, tumbling them out of their saddles in every direction. They were all killed and wounded in a very few moments. This was the last battle fought north of the Potomac in the Gettysburg campaign. While Lee's army was passing on to the Potomac the scenes at Gettysburg were scenes of suffering and agony, mingled with great national rejoicings. When it was known throughout the North and East that the Union army had fought and won one of the greatest victories of the war, there was one universal shout. In the great centers of population the enthusiasm was unbounded. The railroads leading to Gettysburg were choked up with people anxious to see the scene of the great conflict. Every road, by-way, and path, leading over the country to the town, was thronged with people.

Twenty thousand dead and wounded were scattered about in the hospitals, temporarily constructed for their accommodation.

The writer found himself in the court-house, from which all the seats had been thrown out the windows. It was lined with wounded. In the center was a row of tables, upon which miserable victims were lying, writhing under the surgeons' knives.

Boys in Gray and Boys in Blue were all huddled together. In a few weeks some of us were removed from the town to a grove near the wall that Longstreet had assaulted. As the ambulances passed the fences on the Emmittsburg road, the slabs were so completely perforated with bullet-holes that you could scarcely place a half inch between them.

One inch-and-a-quarter board was indeed a curiosity. It was sixteen feet long, fourteen inches broad, and was perforated with eight hundred and thirty-six musket-balls. I learned afterward that the board was taken possession of by an agent of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. This board was on that part of the fence where Scales' brave little brigade crossed it. Various estimates have been given of the relative strength of the two armies.

On the 31st of May, while the army was getting ready to leave Fredericksburg, General Lee estimated his army at 68,352, and on July 1, 1863, he estimated his infantry at 62,000. But from the writer's knowledge of the Confederate establishment, he cannot help thinking that General Lee included the infantry brigades of [Montgomery] Corse and [Micah] Jenkins, who were left behind in Virginia. If so, the actual strength of General Lee's infantry at Gettysburg was about 48,000, his cavalry probably near 14,000.

As for the strength of General Meade's army, his testimony before the Congressional Committee is decisive. The committee on the conduct of the war, page 337 of their report, give the statement of the Federal commander under oath. General Meade says, "My strength was a little under one hundred thousand, probably ninety-five thousand." This fixes it. It will stand in history recorded forever, that General Lee, on the field of Gettysburg, fought the enemy for three successive days two to one; then for forty-eight hours placed his army in a position rather to invite than to decline a battle! These are facts unquestionable.

The loss of General Lee's army in the conflict was certainly very great, including the entire invasion. But in killed, wounded, and captured during the three days' conflict the number did not exceed nineteen thousand. The loss of Meade's army was estimated at twenty-three thousand. The Union army had regiments in the conflict from eighteen States, including regular troops. They had thirty-one regiments of cavalry, although many of their cavalry regiments were reduced to three hundred men. Meade's army was composed of two hundred and forty-three regiments of infantry. Of course their ranks were greatly reduced.

John D. Imboden, "Lee at Gettysburg," *The Galaxy* 11 (April 1871)

When night closed upon the grand scene our army was repulsed. Silence and gloom pervaded our camps. We knew that the day had gone against us, but the extent of the disaster was not known except in high quarters. The carnage of the day was reported to have been frightful, but our army was not in retreat, and we all surmised that with to-morrow's dawn would come a renewal of the struggle; and we knew that if such was the case those who had not been in the fight would have their full share in the honors and the dangers of the next day. All felt and appreciated the momentous consequences of final defeat or victory on that great field. These considerations made that, to us, one of those solemn and awful nights that everyone who fought through our long war sometimes experienced before a great battle.

Few camp fires enlivened the scene. It was a warm summer's night, and the weary soldiers were lying in groups on the luxuriant grass of the meadows we occupied, discussing the events of the day or watching that their horses did not straggle off in browsing around. About eleven o'clock a horseman approached and delivered a message from General Lee, that he wished to see me immediately. I mounted at once, and, accompanied by Lieutenant McPhail of my staff, and guided by the courier, rode about two miles toward Gettysburg, where half a dozen small tents on the roadside were pointed out as General Lee's headquarters for the night. He was not there, but I was informed that I would find him with General A.P. Hill half a mile further on. On reaching the place indicated, a flickering, solitary candle, visible through the open front of a common tent, showed where Generals Lee and Hill were seated on camp stools, with a county map spread upon their knees, and engaged in a low and earnest conversation. They ceased speaking as I approached, and after the ordinary salutations General Lee directed me to go to his headquarters and wait for him. He did not return until about one o'clock, when he came riding alone at a slow walk and evidently wrapped in profound thought.

There was not even a sentinel on duty, and no one of his staff was about. The moon was high in the heavens, shedding a flood of soft silvery light, almost as bright as day, upon the scene. When he approached and saw us, he spoke, reined up his horse, and essayed to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached him he had alighted. He threw his arm across his saddle to rest himself, and fixing his eyes upon the ground leaned in silence upon his equally weary horse; the two forming a striking group, as motionless as a statue. The moon shone full upon his massive features, and revealed an expression of sadness I had never seen upon that fine countenance before, in any of the vicissitudes of the war through which he had passed. I waited for him to speak until the silence became painful and embarrassing, when to break it, and change the current of his thoughts, I remarked in a sympathetic tone, and in allusion to his great fatigue:

"General, this has been a hard day on you."

This attracted his attention. He looked up and replied mournfully: "Yes, it has been a sad, sad day to us," and immediately relapsed into his thoughtful mood and attitude. Being unwilling again to intrude upon his reflections, I said no more. After a minute or two he suddenly straightened up to his full height, and turning to me with more animation, energy, and excitement of manner than I had ever seen in him before, he addressed me in a voice tremulous with emotion, and said:

"General, I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett's division of Virginians did to-day in their grand charge upon the enemy. And if they had been supported, as they were to have been—but, for some reason not yet fully explained to me, they were not—we would have held the position they so gloriously won at such a fearful loss of noble lives, and the day would have been ours."

After a moment he added in a tone almost of agony: "Too bad! Too bad!! Oh! Too Bad!!!"

I never shall forget, as long as I live, his language, and his manner, and his appearance and expression of mental suffering. Altogether it was a scene that a historical painter might well immortalize had one been fortunately present to witness it.

In a little while he called up a servant from his sleep to take his horse; spoke mournfully, by name, of several of his friends who had fallen during the day; and when a candle had been lighted invited me alone into his tent, where, as soon as we were seated, he remarked:

"We must return to Virginia. As many of our poor wounded as possible must be taken home. I have sent for you because your men are fresh, to guard the trains back to Virginia. The duty will be arduous, responsible, and dangerous, for I am afraid you will be harassed by the enemy's cavalry. I can spare you as much artillery as you require, but no other troops, as I shall need all I have to return to the Potomac by a different route from yours. All the transportation and all the care of the wounded will be intrusted to you. You will recross the mountain by the Chambersburg road, and then proceed to Williamsport by any route you deem best, without

halting. There rest and feed your animals, then ford the river, and make no halt till you reach Winchester, where I will again communicate with you."

After a good deal of conversation he sent for his chiefs of staff and ordered them to have everything in readiness for me to take command the next morning, remarking to me that the general instructions he had given would be sent to me next day in writing. As I was about leaving to return to my camp, he came out of his tent and said to me in a low tone: "I will place in your hands tomorrow a sealed package for President Davis, which you will retain in your own possession till you are across the Potomac, when you will detail a trusty commissioned officer to take it to Richmond with all possible despatch, and deliver it immediately to the President. I impress it upon you that whatever happens this package must not fall into the hands of the enemy. If you should unfortunately be captured, destroy it."

On the morning of the 4th my written instructions and the package for Mr. Davis were delivered to me. It was soon apparent that the wagons and ambulances and the wounded could not be ready to move till late in the afternoon. The General sent me four four-gun field batteries, which with my own gave me twenty-two guns to defend the trains.

Shortly after noon the very windows of heaven seemed to have been opened. Rain fell in dashing torrents, and in a little while the whole face of the earth was covered with water. The meadows became small lakes; raging streams ran across the road in every depression of the ground; wagons, ambulances, and artillery carriages filled the roads and fields in all directions. The storm increased in fury every moment. Canvas was no protection against it, and the poor wounded, lying upon the hard, naked boards of the wagon-bodies, were drenched by the cold rain. Horses and mules were blinded and maddened by the storm, and became almost unmanageable. The roar of the winds and waters made it almost impossible to communicate orders. Night was rapidly approaching, and there was danger that in the darkness the "confusion" would become "worse confounded." About four P.M. the head of the column was put in motion and began the ascent of the mountain. After dark I set out to gain the advance. The train was seventeen miles long when drawn out on the road. It was moving rapidly, and from every wagon issued wails of agony. For four hours I galloped along, passing to the front, and heard more—it was too dark to see—of the horrors of war than I had witnessed from the battle of Bull Run up to that day. In the wagons were men wounded and mutilated in every conceivable way. Some had their legs shattered by a shell or Minie ball; some were shot through their bodies; others had arms torn to shreds; some had received a ball in the face, or a jagged piece of shell had lacerated their heads. Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid. Many had been without food for thirty-six hours. Their ragged, bloody, and dirty clothes, all clotted and hardened with blood, were rasping the tender, inflamed lips of their gaping wounds Very few of the wagons had even straw in them, and all were without springs The road was rough and rocky. The jolting was enough to have killed sound, strong men. From nearly every wagon, as the horses trotted on, such cries and shrieks as these greeted the ear:

"O God! why can't I die?"

"My God! will no one have mercy and kill me and end my misery?"

"Oh! stop one minute and take me out and leave me to die on the roadside."

"I am dying! I am dying! My poor wife, my dear children! what will become of you?"

Some were praying; others were uttering the most fearful oaths and execrations that despair could wring from them in their agony. Occasionally a wagon would be passed from which only low, deep moans and sobs could be heard. No help could be rendered to any of the sufferers. On, on; we must move on. The storm continued and the darkness was fearful. There was no time even to fill a canteen with water for a dying man; for, except the drivers and the guards disposed in compact bodies every half mile, all were wounded and helpless in that vast train of misery. The night was awful, and yet in it was our safety, for no enemy would dare attack us when he could not distinguish friend from foe. We knew that when day broke upon us we would be harassed by bands of cavalry hanging on our flanks. Therefore our aim was to go as far as possible under cover of the night, and so we kept on. It was my sad lot to pass the whole distance from the rear to the head of the column, and no language can convey an idea of the horrors of that most horrible of all nights of our long and bloody war.

Daybreak on the morning of the 5th found the head of our column at Greencastle, twelve or fifteen miles from the Potomac at Williamsport, our point of crossing. Here our apprehended troubles from the Union cavalry began. From the fields and cross-roads they attacked us in small bodies, striking the column where there were few or no guards, and creating great confusion.

To add still further to our perplexities, a report was brought that the Federals in large force held Williamsport. This fortunately proved untrue. After a great deal of harassing and desultory fighting along the road, nearly the whole immense train reached Williamsport a little after the middle of the day. The town was taken possession of; all the churches, schoolhouses, etc., were converted into hospitals, and proving

insufficient, many of the private houses were occupied. Straw was obtained on the neighboring farms; the wounded were removed from the wagons and houses; the citizens were all put to cooking and the army surgeons to dressing wounds. The dead were selected from the train —for many had perished on the way— and were decently buried. All this had to be done because the tremendous rains had raised the river more than ten feet above the fording stage, and we could not possibly cross.

Our situation was frightful. We had over 10,000 animals and all the wagons of General Lee's army under our charge, and all the wounded that could be brought from Gettysburg. Our supply of provisions consisted of a few wagon loads of flour and a small lot of cattle. My effective force was only about 2,100 men and twenty-odd field pieces. We did not know where our army was; the river could not be crossed; and small parties of cavalry were still hovering around. The means of ferriage consisted of two small boats and a small wire rope stretched across the river, which owing to the force of the swollen current broke several times during the day. To reduce the space to be defended as much as possible, all the wagons and animals were parked close together on the river bank.

Believing that an attack would soon be made upon us, I ordered the wagoners to be mustered, and, taking three out of every four, organized them into companies, and armed them with the weapons of the wounded men found in the train. By this means I added to my effective force about five hundred men. Slightly wounded officers promptly volunteered their services to command these improvised soldiers; and many of our quartermasters and commissaries did the same thing. We were not seriously molested on the 5th; but next morning about nine o'clock information reached me that a large body of cavalry from Frederick, Maryland, was rapidly advancing to attack us. As we could not retreat further, it was at once frankly made known to the troops that unless we could repel the threatened attack we should all become prisoners, and that the loss of his whole transportation would probably ruin General Lee; for it could not be replaced for many months, if at all, in the then exhausted condition of the Confederate States. So far from repressing the ardor of the troops, this frank announcement of our peril inspired all with the utmost enthusiasm. Men and officers alike, forgetting the sufferings of the past few days, proclaimed their determination to drive back the attacking force or perish in the attempt. All told, we were less than 3,000 men. The advancing force we knew to be more than double ours, consisting, as we had ascertained, of five regular and eight volunteer regiments of cavalry, with eighteen guns, all under the command of Generals Buford and Kilpatrick. We had no works of any kind; the country was open and almost level, and there was no advantage of position we could occupy. It must necessarily be a square stand-up fight, face to face. We had twenty-two field guns of various calibre, and one Whitworth. These were disposed in batteries, in semicircle, about one mile out of the village, on the summit of a very slight rising ground that lies back of the town. Except the artillery, our troops were held out of view of the assailants, and ready to be moved promptly to any menaced point along the whole line of nearly two miles in extent. Knowing that nothing could save us but a bold "bluff" game, orders had been given to the artillery as soon as the advancing forces came within range to open fire along the whole line, and keep it up with the utmost rapidity. A little after one o'clock they appeared on two roads in our front, and our batteries opened. They soon had their guns in position, and a very lively artillery fight began. We fired with great rapidity, and in less than an hour two of our batteries reported that their ammunition was exhausted. This would have been fatal to us but for the opportune arrival at the critical moment of an ammunition train from Winchester. The wagons were ferried across to our side as soon as possible, and driven on the field in a gallop to supply the silent guns. Not having men to occupy half our line, they were moved up in order of battle, first to one battery, then withdrawn and double-quicked to another, but out of view of our assailants till they could be shown at some other point on our line. By this manoeuvring we made the impression that we had a strong supporting force in rear of all our guns along the entire front. To test this, Generals Buford and Kilpatrick dismounted five regiments and advanced them on foot on our right. We concentrated there all the men we had, wagoners and all, and thus, with the aid of the united fire of all our guns directed at the advancing line, we drove it back, and rushed forward two of our batteries four or five hundred yards further to the front. This boldness prevented another charge, and the fight was continued till near sunset with the artillery. About that time General Fitzhugh Lee sent a message from toward Greencastle, that if we could hold out an hour he would reinforce us with 3,000 men. This intelligence elicited a loud and long-continued cheer along our whole line, which was heard and understood by our adversaries, as we learned from prisoners taken. A few minutes later General J.E.B. Stuart, advancing from Hagerstown, fell unexpectedly upon the rear of their right wing, and in ten minutes they were in rapid retreat by their left flank in the direction of Boonsborough. Night coming on enabled them to escape.

By extraordinary good fortune we had thus saved all of General Lee's trains. A bold charge at any time before sunset would have broken our feeble lines, and

we should all have fallen an easy prey to the Federals. This came to be known as "the wagoners' fight" in our army, from the fact that so many of them were armed and did such gallant service in repelling the attack made on our right by the dismounted regiments.

Our defeat that day would have been an irreparable blow to General Lee, in the loss of all his transportation. Every man engaged knew this, and probably in no fight of the war was there a more determined spirit shown than by this handful of cooped-up troops. The next day our army from Gettysburg arrived, and the country is familiar with the manner in which it escaped across the Potomac on the night of the 9th.

It may be interesting to repeat one or two facts to show the peril in which we were until the river could be bridged. About 4,000 prisoners taken at Gettysburg were ferried across the river by the morning of the 9th, and I was ordered to guard them to Staunton. Before we had proceeded two miles I received a note from General Lee to report to him in person immediately. I rode to the river, was ferried over, and galloped out toward Hagerstown. As I proceeded I became satisfied that a serious demonstration was making along our front, from the heavy artillery fire extending for a long distance along the line. I overtook General Lee riding to the front near Hagerstown. He immediately reined up, and remarked that he believed I was familiar with all the fords of the Potomac above Williamsport, and the roads approaching them. I replied that I knew them perfectly. He then called up some one of his staff to write down my answers to his questions, and required me to name all fords as high up as Cumberland, and describe minutely their character, and the roads and surrounding country on both sides of the river, and directed me to send my brother, Colonel Imboden, to him to act as a guide with his regiment, if he should be compelled to retreat higher up the river to cross it. His situation was then very precarious. When about parting from him to recross the river and move on with the prisoners, he told me they would probably be rescued before I reached Winchester, my guard was so small, and he expected a force of cavalry would cross at Harper's Ferry to cut us off; and he could not spare to me any additional troops, as he might be hard pressed before he got over the river, which was still very much swollen by the rains. Referring to the high water, he laughingly inquired, "Does it ever quit raining about here? If so, I should like to see a clear day."

These incidents go to show how near Gettysburg came to ending the war in 1863. If we had been successful in that battle, the probabilities are that Baltimore and Washington would at once have fallen into our hands; and at that time there was so large a "peace party" in the North, that the Federal Government would have found it difficult, if not impossible, to carry on the war. General Lee's opinion was that we lost the battle because Pickett was not supported, "as he was to have been." On the other hand, if Generals [John] Buford and Kilpatrick had captured the ten thousand animals and all the transportation of Lee's army at Williamsport, it would have been an irreparable loss, and would probably have led to the fall of Richmond in the autumn of 1863. On such small circumstances do the affairs of nations sometimes turn.

James Francis Crocker, *Gettysburg – Pickett's Charge and Other War Addresses* (Portsmouth, VA, 1915)

In the charge of Pickett's Division at the battle of Gettysburg I was wounded and taken prisoner. With some others I was taken to the Twelfth Corps Hospital, situated in the rear of the left battle line of the Federals. I was here treated with much kindness and consideration. Among other officers who showed me kindness was Col. Dwight, of New York. Professor [Martin] Stoever, of Pennsylvania College, at which I graduated in 1850, on a visit to the Hospital met me, accidentally, and we had a talk of the old college days.

I wore in the battle a suit of gray pants and jacket. They were a little shabby. After I had been at the hospital a few days it occurred to me that I ought to make an effort to get a new outfit so as to make a more decent appearance. The ways and means were at command. I wrote to an old friend and former client, then living in Baltimore, for a loan. A few days afterwards two Sisters of Charity came into the hospital and inquired for me. They met me with gracious sympathy and kindness. One of them took me aside, and, unobserved, placed in my hand a package of money, saying it was from a friend, and requested no name be mentioned. They declined to give me any information. I never knew who they were. There was a mystery about them. They could not have come for my sake alone. But this I know, they were angels of mercy.

I made known to the authorities my wish to go to Gettysburg, and while there to avail myself of the opportunity of getting a new suit. The authorities of the hospital, through Col. Dwight, conferred on me a great honor—the honor of personal confidence — absolute confidence. They gave me a free pass to Gettysburg, with the sole condition that I present it at the Provost office there and have it countersigned. I went alone, unattended. The fields and woods were open to me. They somehow knew — I know not how — that I could be trusted; that my honor was more to me than my life.

On my way to town I called by the Eleventh Corps Hospital, to which General Armistead had been taken, to see him. I found that he had died. They showed me his freshly made grave. To my inquiries they gave me full information. They told me that his wound was in the leg; that it ought not to have proved mortal; that his proud spirit chafed under his imprisonment and his restlessness aggravated his wound. Brave Armistead! The bravest of all that field of brave heroes! If there be in human hearts a lyre, in human minds a flame divine, that awakens and kindles at the heroic deeds of man, then his name will be borne in song and story to distant times.

I had my pass countersigned at the Provost office. It gave me the freedom of the city. There were many Federal officers and soldiers in the city. It was a queer, incongruous sight to see a rebel lieutenant in gray mingling in the crowd, and apparently at home. They could see, however, many of the principal citizens of the town cordially accosting, and warmly shaking by the hand, that rebel. I met so many old friends that I soon felt at home. As I was walking along the main street, a prominent physician, Dr. Horner, stopped me and renewed the old acquaintanceship. He pointed to a lady standing in a door not far away, and asked me who it was. I gave the name of Miss Kate Arnold, a leading belle of the college days. He said, "She is my wife and she wants to see you." There was a mutually cordial meeting. While standing in a group of old friends I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder from behind. It was my dear old professor of mathematics, [Michael] Jacobs. He whispered to me in the kindest, gentlest way not to talk about the war. I deeply appreciated his kindness and solicitude. But I had not been talking about the war. The war was forgotten as I talked of the olden days.

On another street a gentleman approached me and made himself known. It was Rev. David Swope, a native of Gettysburg, who was of the next class below mine. He manifested genuine pleasure in meeting me. He told me he was living in Kentucky when the war broke out. He recalled a little incident of the college days. He asked me if I remembered in passing a certain house I said to a little red-headed girl with abundant red curls, standing in front of her house, "I'll give you a levy for one of those curls." I told him that I remembered it as if it were yesterday. He said that little girl was now his wife; and that she would be delighted to see me. He took me to a temporary hospital where there were a large number of our wounded. He had taken charge of the hospital, and manifested great interest in them and showed them every tender care and kindness. I fancied that those Kentucky days had added something to the sympathy of his kind, generous nature towards our wounded; and when I took leave of him, I am sure the warm grasp of my hand told him, better than words, of the grateful feelings in my heart.

I must ask indulgence to mention another incident. I met on the college campus a son of Prof. [Henry L.] Baugher, who was then president of the college, and who was president when I graduated. The son gave me such a cordial invitation to dine with him and his father that I accepted it. They were all very courteous; but I fancied I detected a reserved dignity in old Dr. Baugher. It was very natural for him to be so, and I appreciated it. The old Doctor, while kindhearted, was of a very positive and radical character, which he evinced on all subjects. He was thoroughly conscientious, and was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. He was thoroughly orthodox in his Lutheran faith; and in politics, without ever hearing a word from him, I venture to say he was in sympathy with, I will not say, Thaddeus Stevens, but with Garrison and Phillips. My knowledge of him left me no need to be told that his views and feelings involved in the war were intense. And there he was, breaking bread with a red handed rebel in his gray uniform, giving aid and comfort to the enemy. Was he not put to it to keep mastery of himself?

Happy for man that he is double-sighted; that there is within him a quality allied to conscience, — call it charity — that enables him to choose on which side to look. The venerable Doctor saw before him only his old student, recalled only the old days, and their dear memories. If there was anything between his heart and his country's laws, there was nothing between his heart and his Saviour's sweet charity.

And here I must relate an incident of those old days not wholly irrelevant and inopportune. I graduated in 1850. I had the honor to be the valedictorian of my class. In preparing my address I took notice of the great

excitement then prevailing on account of the discussion in Congress of the bill to admit California as a State into the Union. Great sectional feeling was aroused through this long protracted discussion in the Senate. One senator dared use the word "disunion" with a threat. The very word sent a thrill of horror over the land. I recall my own feeling of horror. In my address to my classmates I alluded to this sectional feeling, deprecating it, and exclaimed, "Who knows, unless patriotism should triumph over sectional feeling but what we, classmates, might in some future day meet in hostile battle array."

Dr. Baugher, as president of the college, had revision of our graduating speeches, and he struck this part out of my address. But alas! it was a prophetic conjecture; and members of our class met in after years, not only in battle array, but on the fields over which, in teaching botany, Prof. Jacobs had led us in our study of the wild flowers that adorned those fields.

Henry Nichols Blake [11th MA], *Three Years in the Army of the Potomac* (Boston, 1866)

All knew at noon that Lee had retreated; because the bands, clerks, and other non-combatants, arrived from the rear; and strains of music, intermingled with cheers, resounded along the lines from Wolf Hill to Roundtop. The citizens, who deserted their houses when Lee approached, returned, with their large families of small children, in haycarts and similar vehicles, which were followed by the horses, cattle, and swine which they had wisely taken away with them…. Although a few of the inhabitants manifested a strong sympathy, and said, "Destroy our property, but drive away the rebels, and we are satisfied," Gen. Hayes…asserted in my hearing, that "the people who live on the border, in the vicinity of Gettysburg, are as base traitors as can be found in Virginia." Another officer from the same State remarked to me, "These Dutch farmers care for nothing except their cabbages; and, if they can make money out of Lee's army, they don't care how long they stay here." These tight-fisted miscreants, taking advantage of the necessities of the wounded, obtained a dollar for a loaf of bread or quart of milk; named a price for water and bandages; and, in the absence of most of the ambulances, conveyed them in their miserable wagons from the hospitals to the railroad depot, and demanded the most exorbitant amounts for their services….

During the gigantic struggle, Gen. Meade neither attacked the rebels, nor pursued them when they were completely shattered and had fled in confusion, but acted solely upon the defensive; and his able subordinates and their brave soldiers sowed, while he reaped, the harvest of martial glory which was produced by their successful labors upon the plains of Gettysburg.

… The correspondents of the press misrepresent the facts nine times in ten when they assert that veterans are anxious to fight; but upon this day the soldiers who bore muskets wished to hear the commands, "Take arms," and "Charge," because they knew then…that it would have captured all the cannon, materiel, and men from the enemy, and finished the Rebellion…. The national soldiers, thoroughly equipped and furnished with sufficient ammunition; animated by the glorious triumphs of Gettysburg, the surrender of Vicksburg, the repulse at Helena, and the success which crowned the cause in every section of the country; knowing the perilous circumstances of the disorganized mass in their front, and that a battle fought at this point would prevent an almost endless tramp, besides numberless conflicts in the disagreeable wildernesses of Virginia, — wished with a united voice to be led to the work of carnage.

…Deep gloom pervaded the army as soon as it was ascertained that Lee had been allowed to escape destruction... Six months after this shameful failure, I heard the shouts of some men, "Who voted against the attack at Williamsport?" "The drunkard ---------!" "The traitor----------!" and noticed one of these obnoxious corps commanders, who was reeling to and fro upon his horse….

The correspondents of the newspapers eagerly questioned the staff-officers to ascertain the details of the battle which they had not witnessed; and by this means I obtained a knowledge of the origin of many untruthful items, —that Gen. This saved the day at one point, and Gen. That at another time turned defeat into victory. A large number of skulkers concealed themselves in the forests, or bivouacked near the hospitals, and feigned wounds by binding up their heads and arms in blood-stained bandages, or limped, with the assistance of a crutch, in apparent pain; and details of the provost-guard frequently patrolled the ground to seize these base wretches, and escort them to the front. The army thieves, who lurked in the rear and waited for the cessation of the conflict before they plundered the slain, grasped with their remorseless hands the valuables, clothing, and rations of the unwary, wounded soldiers….

"Address by Maj. Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, U.S.A." (September 19, 1903), in *In Memoriam: Henry Warner Slocum, 1826-1894* (Albany, 1904)

Slocum used to say to his intimate friends, " I have in my possession a small scrap of paper three or four inches long " (which he described by holding up two fingers), "about that size," he said, "that would throw a flood of light on the battle of Gettysburg; but it will be time enough bye-and-bye to turn on the light," intimating that the "scrap of paper " would appear after his death.

"The Battle of Gettysburg—Important Communication from an Eye Witness," *New York Herald* (March 12, 1864)

THE battle of Gettysburgh is the decisive battle of this war. It not only saved the North from invasion, but turned the tide of victory in our favor. The opinion of Europe on the failure of the rebellion dates from this great conflict How essential, then, that its real history should be known! Up to this moment no clear narrative has appeared. The sketches of the press, the reports of Generals Halleck and Meade, and the oration of Mr. [Edward] Everett give only phases of this terrible struggle, and that not very correctly. To supply this hiatus, I send you a connected and, I hope, lucid review of its main features. I have not ventured to touch on the thrilling incidents and affecting details of such a strife, but have confined myself to a succinct relation of its principal events and the actors therein. My only motive is to vindicate history—do honor to the fallen and justice to the survivors when unfairly impeached.

General Meade took command of the army of the Potomac on Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June, at Frederick, Maryland. On Monday, as he states, the army was put in motion, and by Tuesday night the right flank had reached Manchester and the left occupied Emmettsburgh. General Buford's cavalry had advanced as far as Gettysburgh, and reported that the confederate army was debouching from the mountains on the Cashtown road. Upon this intelligence General Reynolds was ordered to advance on Gettysburgh with the First and Eleventh corps, which he reached early on the first of July, and found Buford's cavalry already engaged with the enemy—the corps of General Hill. Rapidly making his dispositions, General Reynolds joined in the conflict, and soon fell mortally wounded. The command of the field then devolved on General Howard, of the Eleventh corps, who maintained his position till about two o'clock p.m., when the enemy was heavily reenforced by the arrival of Ewell's corps. The battle now raged fearfully between Hill's and Ewell's corps on one side, and the First and Eleventh corps on the other, till about four p.m., when General Howard was compelled to yield to the superior numbers of the enemy and fall back, losing many prisoners— nearly four thousand — to the south side of Gettysburg!). His position was eminently critical, when, to the great relief of both the General and our valiant troops, a division of the Third corps, under the immediate command of General Sickles, arrived, and the fighting for that day was at an end. It should be mentioned that the Third corps was stationed at Emmettsburgh, by order of General Meade, with a view to protect that important point; but information continuing to reach General Sickles that the First and Eleventh corps were in great danger, he decided to assume the grave responsibility of moving to their relief without orders. Leaving two brigades at Emmettsburgh, he made a forced march of ten miles, in spite of the heat and dust, in three hours, and had the satisfaction to be hailed by General Howard on his reaching the field with the flattering phrase, "Here you are, General—always reliable, always first!"—a generous tribute from one soldier to another. General Slocum, of the Twelfth corps, had arrived a short time before; but his corps was then some four miles distant. In the early part of the evening (Wednesday) a conference of the leading generals took place, when some insisted on falling back toward Taneytown, while others urged the expediency of maintaining their present position as offering rare advantages for the inevitable and decisive contest that must occur on the following day. It appears that General Meade had issued a circular (of which I saw several copies) on the morning of Wednesday, July first, to all his corps commanders, stating that his advance had accomplished all the objects contemplated—namely, the relief of Harrisburgh and Philadelphia—and that he would now desist altogether from the offensive. He proposed to post the whole army in line of battle on Pipe Creek, the right flank resting on Manchester and the left on Middleburgh, involving an entire change of front, and there await the movements of the enemy. The position which General Meade had selected for the final struggle between the two armies was some fifteen miles distant from Gettysburgh, where fate willed that it should occur. Whether this important circular ordering him to fall back reached the lamented Reynolds before he became engaged at Gettysburgh it is difficult to say. It could not have failed to reach General Sickles; but he happily determined to push on to the rescue of the First and Eleventh corps, already engaged. It is strange that General Meade should make no mention in his report of this singular and most important fact: that he issued a

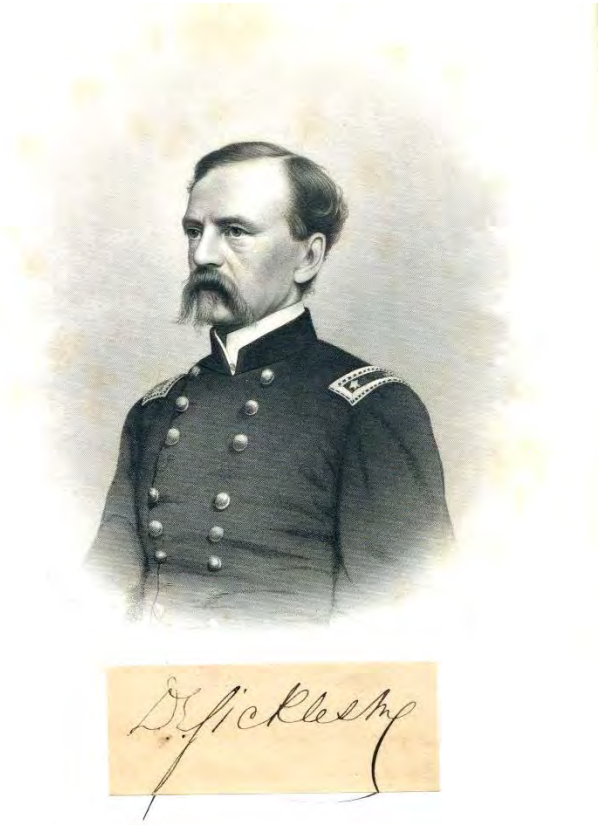
plan of campaign on Wednesday, July first, directing his whole army to retire and take up the defensive on Pipe Creek almost at the moment that his left flank was fiercely struggling with the right wing of the enemy. This proves how often the plans of a general are frustrated by unlooked-for contingencies.

General Meade broke up his quarters at Taneytown, as he states, at eleven p.m. on Wednesday, and reached Gettysburgh at one a.m. Thursday, July second. Early in the morning he set to work examining the position of the various army corps. It is hardly true to say that he imitated the example of all prudent commanders on the eve of a battle, and made a complete survey of the ground he occupied.

It was on these occasions that the genius of the First Napoleon revealed itself; for at a glance he saw the advantages of his own position and the assailable point of the enemy. It seems that General Lee was somewhat more astute than Meade in this; for in his report he states what he deemed "the most favorable point" for his attack. "In front of General Longstreet," (opposite our left wing,) Lee remarks, "the enemy held a position from which, if he could be driven, it was thought our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer, then, was directed to carry this position." It is plain enough that Lee regarded the point where our left was posted as the key to our position, and if that could be taken from us our defeat was inevitable. It is not to be supposed that General Meade refused to see this; but as he makes no mention of it in his report, I propose, for the sake of the future historian of the battle, to tell what I know about it

Near this important ground was posted the valiant Third corps, and its commander, General Sickles, saw at once how necessary it was to occupy the elevated ground in his front toward the Emmettsburgh road, and to extend his lines to the commanding eminence known as the Roundtop, or Sugarloaf Hill. Unless this were done, the left and rear of our army would be in the greatest danger. Sickles concluded that no time was to be lost, as he observed the enemy missing large bodies of troops on their right, (our left.) Receiving no orders, and filled with anxiety, he reported in person to General Meade and urged the advance he deemed so essential. "Oh!" said Meade, "generals are all apt to look for the attack to be made where they are." Whether this was a jest or a sneer Sickles did not stop to consider, but begged Meade to go over the ground with him instantly; but the Commander-in-Chief declined this on account of other duties. Yielding, however, to the prolonged solicitations of Sickles, General Meade desired General [Henry] Hunt, Chief of Artillery, to accompany Sickles and report the result of their reconnoissance. Hunt concurred with Sickles as to the line to be occupied—the advance line from the left of the Second corps to the Roundtop Hill—but he declined to give any orders until he had reported to General Meade, remarking, however, that he (General Sickles) would doubtless receive orders immediately.

Two p.m. came, and yet no orders. Why was this? Other orders than those expected by General Sickles were, it appears, in preparation at headquarters. It has since been stated, upon unquestionable authority, that General Meade had decided upon a retreat, and that an order to withdraw from the position held by our army was penned by his Chief of Staff, General Butterfield, though happily its promulgation never took place. This order is probably on record in the Adjutant-General's office.



Meanwhile the enemy's columns were moving rapidly around to our left and rear. These facts were again reported to headquarters, but brought no response. Buford's cavalry had been massed on the left, covering that flank with outposts, and videttes were thrown forward on the Emmetsburgh Road. While awaiting the expected orders. Sickles made good use of his time in levelling all the fences and stone walls, so as to facilitate the movements of his troops and to favor the operations of the cavalry. What, then, was the surprise of Sickles to see of a sudden all the cavalry withdrawn, leaving his flank entirely exposed! He sent an earnest remonstrance to General Meade, whose reply was that he did not intend to withdraw the cavalry,

and that a part of this division (Buford's) should be sent back. It never returned. Under these circumstances, Sickles threw forward three regiments of light troops as skirmishers and for outpost duty. The critical moment had now arrived. The enemy's movements indicated their purpose to seize the Roundtop Hill; and this in their possession, General Longstreet would have had easy work in cutting up our left wing. To prevent this disaster, Sickles waited no longer for orders from General Meade, but directed General Hobart Ward's brigade and Smith's battery (Fourth New-York) to secure that vital position, and at the same time advancing his line of battle about three hundred yards, so as to hold the crest in his front, he extended his left to support Ward and cover the threatened rear of the army.

These dispositions were made in the very face of the enemy, who were advancing in columns of attack, and Sickles dreaded lest the conflict should open before his dispositions were completed. At this juncture he was summoned to report in person at headquarters to attend a council of corps commanders. His preparations were of such moment and the attack so near that General Sickles delayed attending the council, while giving all his attention to the carrying out of his orders. A second peremptory summons came from General Meade, and, leaving his unfinished task to the active supervision of General Birney and General Humphreys, Sickles rode off to the rear to headquarters. Before he had reached there, the sound of cannon announced that the battle had begun. Hastening rapidly on, he was met by General Meade at the door of his quarters, who said: "General, I will not ask you to dismount; the enemy are engaging your front; the council is over." It was an unfortunate moment, as it proved, for a council of war. Sickles, putting spurs to his horse, flew back to his commad, and, finding that [Charles K.] Graham's brigade was not advanced as far as he desired, he was pushing that brigade and a battery forward about a hundred yards, when General Meade at length arrived on the field. The following colloquy ensued, which I gathered from several officers present: "Are you not too much extended. General?" said Meade. "Can you hold this front?" "Yes," replied Sickles, "until more troops are brought up; the enemy are attacking in force, and I shall need support." General Meade then let drop some remark, showing that his mind was still wavering as to the extent of ground covered by the Third corps. Sickles replied: "General, I have received no orders. I have made these dispositions to the best of my judgment. Of course I shall be happy to modify them according to your views." "No," said Meade, "I will send you the Fifth corps, and you may send for support from the Second corps." "I shall need more artillery," added Sickles. "Send for all you want," replied Meade, "to the artillery reserve. I will direct General Hunt to send you all you ask for." The conference was then abruptly terminated by a heavy shower of shells, probably directed at the group, and General Meade rode off. Sickles received no further orders that day. There is no doubt, I may venture to add, that Sickles's line was too much extended for the number of troops under his command; but his great aim was to prevent the enemy getting between his flank and the Roundtop alluded to. This was worth the risk, in his opinion, of momentarily weakening his lines. The contest now going on was of the most fierce and sanguinary description. The entire right wing of the enemy was concentrated on the devoted Third corps; for the object of Lee, as he states, was "to carry" the ground which Sickles occupied, and which both generals evidently regarded as of the highest importance. While this terrific combat was raging on our left, Lee ordered Ewell "to attack" our right wing, and Hill "to threaten" our centre, both with the object, as he says in his report, to divert reinforcements from reaching our left, which, as we have seen, Longstreet was "directed to carry." Well may General Meade, in his report, say, "The Third corps sustained the shock most heroically;" for they fought like lions, against tremendous odds, for nearly an hour before the Fifth corps came up under Sykes, who was immediately put in position by General Sickles to the left of the Third corps, and General Sykes was desired to relieve Ward's brigade and Smith's battery on the Roundtop, and hold the line from thence to Birney's left, (First division, Third corps.) Strange to say, this movement was not promptly carried out, and there was imminent danger of losing the Roundtop, for Longstreet was making desperate exertions to "carry it." Fearing this result, Sickles sent orders to General Crawford, of the Fifth corps, to reenforce Ward's brigade, but he declined to move without orders from his own corps commander, Sykes; but Captain [Alexander] Moore, of Sickles's staff, at length overcame his scruples, and he reached the disputed point just in time to prevent its falling into the enemy's hands. Considering our force unequal to the exigency, Sickles called on the heroic troops of the Second corps for support, and they gave it with a will. The struggle now became deadly. The columns of Longstreet charged with reckless fury upon our troops; but they were met with a valor and stern fortitude that defied their utmost efforts. An alarming incident, however, occurred. Barnes's division, of the Fifth corps, suddenly gave way; and Sickles, seeing this, put a battery in position to check the enemy if he broke through this gap on our front, and General Birney was sent to order Barnes back into line. "No," he said; "impossible. It is too hot. My men cannot stand it." Remonstrance was unavailing, and Sickles despatched his aids to bring up any troops they met to fill this blank. Major

[Henry] Tremaine, of his staff, fell in with General Zook, at the head of his brigade, (Second corps,) and this gallant officer instantly volunteered to take Barnes's place. When they reached the ground, Barnes's disordered troops impeded the advance of the brigade. "If you can't get out of the way," cried Zook, "lie down and I will march over you." Barnes ordered his men to lie down, and the chivalric Zook and his splendid brigade, under the personal direction of General Birney, did march over them right into the breach. Alas! poor Zook soon fell, mortally wounded, and half of his brigade perished with him. It was about this time — near seven p.m.—that Sickles was struck by a cannon-ball that tore off his right leg, and he was borne from the field.

It was now pretty clear that General Meade had awakened to the fact which he treated with such indifference when pressed on him by Sickles in the morning—that our left was the assailable point, if not the key to our position; for he began to pour in reinforcements whose presence in the beginning of the action would have saved thousands of lives. "Perceiving great exertions on the part of the enemy," says Meade's report, "the Sixth corps (Sedgwick's) and part of the First corps, (Newton's,) Lockwood's Maryland brigade, together with detachments from the Second corps, were all brought up at different periods, and succeeded, together with the gallant resistance of the Fifth corps, in checking and finally repulsing the assault of the enemy, who retired in confusion and disorder about sunset, and ceased any further efforts." If this remarkable concentration of troops was necessary, at last, to save the left of our army, it is almost incredible that the single corps of General Sickles was able to withstand the impetuous onset of Longstreet's legions for nearly an hour before any succor reached it

On Friday, July third, the enemy renewed their efforts to carry out the original design of Lee by overthrowing our left wing, and Longstreet was reenforced by Pickett's three brigades, and further supported by one division and two brigades from Hill's corps.

In addition to this heavy mass of infantry, the entire artillery of the rebel army was concentrated against our left. After his oversight of the day before, it may be supposed that General Meade was better prepared to defend his left, and had made adequate preparations. About one p.m. the enemy opened a furious cannonade upon our left and left centre, which continued some two hours, with occasional responses from us. At about three p.m., the enemy moved forward in column, and once more essayed to carry our position on the left. It was during this conflict that General Hancock, commander of the Second corps, a gallant soldier and accomplished officer, was wounded by a musket-ball and obliged to retire. He contributed greatly by his energy and valor to the success of the day. Meanwhile our artillery opened with vigor and inflicted great damage. After a severe and prolonged struggle, the enemy at length fell back and abandoned the contest "Owing to the strength of the enemy's position," says Lee's report, "and the reduction of our ammunition, a renewal of the engagement could not be hazarded." Hence it is plain that our good fortune in preserving our position on the left gave us the victory at Gettysburgh; and yet General Meade, not having sufficiently examined the ground before the battle, disregarded the repeated warnings of that sagacious officer, General Sickles, as well as the report of his own Chief of Artillery, General Hunt, who concurred in all the suggestions of the commander of the Third corps. Without meaning to do injustice to General Meade, it must be admitted that his report of this great battle is at such variance with all the statements which have appeared in the press, that it is duo not only to history, but to the indomitable prowess of our heroic army, that every fact sustained by concurrent testimony should be given in order to fully establish the truth. I reserve for any suitable occasion abundant documentary evidence to support the facts furnished. On Saturday, July fourth, both armies continued to face each other during the entire day; without either manifesting a disposition to attack. "The enemy," says Meade, "drew back his left flank, but maintained his position in front of our left," as if always conscious that our vulnerable point was there, and they were loth to retire from it. On the night of the fourth, Lee, finding his ammunition exhausted, and his subsistence imperilled, decided to withdraw, and he began his retreat toward Williamsport, with four thousand of our prisoners, and all his immense trains. On the morning of the fifth, this event became known, and General Meade despatched the Sixth corps in pursuit, together with some squadrons of cavalry. "The fifth and sixth of July were employed," says Meade's report, "in succoring the wounded and burying the dead." The enemy made good use of all this precious time in pushing on toward Williamsport as rapidly as possible; and it was fortunate for them that detachments were not detailed for these solemn and affecting duties, and that our whole army was not launched in prompt and eager pursuit. They were burdened by heavy trains filled with plunder, without ammunition, and woefully demoralized. Had the half of our army, flushed with success, fallen on them in flank or rear, or anywhere, or anyhow, General Lee might have got across the Potomac, but his army never. "The trains, with the wounded and prisoners," says Lee's report, "were compelled to await at Williamsport (about the eighth of July) the subsiding of the river and the construction of boats… The enemy had not yet made his appearance." The rebel army must have trembled

with anxiety lest the dreaded Yankees should heave in sight before they could escape over the swollen Potomac, which Providence seemed to have destined as the place of their surrender. It was not till the twelfth of July, that our army, too long delayed, came up; but, unfortunately, the enemy had nearly finished their preparations for flight. "An attack," says Lee, "was awaited during that and the succeeding day. This did not take place, though the two armies were in close proximity." Why it did not take place, the country has never yet understood. General Meade, in his report, gives no explanation. The press of the day stated that General Meade again held councils of war at this supreme moment, and that several of his generals opposed falling on the crippled enemy. All we know is that Lee, having completed his preparations, slipped quietly over the river on the morning of the fourteenth. "The crossing was not completed until one p.m.," says Lee, "when the bridge was removed. The enemy offered no serious interruption, and the movement was attended with no loss of materiel except a few disabled wagons and two pieces of artillery, which the horses were unable to drag through the deep mud"" It seems that General Meade and the recalcitrant members of the council of war finally made up their minds to attack. "But on advancing on the morning of the fourteenth," reports General Meade, "it was ascertained he (the enemy) had retired the night previous by the bridge at Falling Waters and the ford at Williamsport."

In striking confirmation of the sketch now given of this important battle, it may be interesting to quote a few brief extracts from the diary of a British officer [Fremantle], who was a guest of General Lee during the campaign in Pennsylvania, and which was published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, in September last. The writer was an eye-witness of the battle of Gettysburgh, and the hearty praise he lavishes upon the confederate troops and their generals, shows that all his sympathies were with the South, and he takes no pains to conceal his prejudices against the North. Speaking of the moment when the columns of Longstreet had been finally repulsed by our left, on Friday afternoon, July third, he says: "It is difficult to exaggerate the critical state of affairs, as they appeared about this time. If the enemy or his general had shown any enterprise, there is no saying what might have happened. General Longstreet talked to me," he narrates, "for a long time about the battle. The General said, the mistake Lee had made was in not concentrating the army more and making the attack with thirty thousand men instead of fifteen thousand. It is impossible to avoid seeing," adds the English officer, "that the cause of this check to the confederates lies in their utter contempt for the enemy." He continues: "Wagons, horses, mules, and cattle, captured in Pennsylvania—the solid advantages of this campaign—have been passing slowly along this road (Fairfield) all day, (July fourth.) So interminable was this train, that it soon became evident that we should not be able to start. As soon as it became dark, we all lay around a big fire, and I heard reports coming in from the different generals that the enemy was retiring, and had been doing so all day long. But this, of course, could make no difference to General Lee's plans. Ammunition he must have, as he had failed to capture it from the enemy, according to precedent. Our progress," he continues, "was naturally very slow, indeed, and we took eight hours to go as many miles."

I will close these extracts with the following graphic sketch of a "stampede" which occurred on Monday, July sixth, about seven p.m., and demonstrates most unequivocally the utter demoralization of the confederate army: "About seven p.m.," the writer states, "we rode through Hagerstown, in the streets of which were several dead horses and a few dead men. After proceeding about a mile beyond the town, we halted, and General Longstreet sent four cavalrymen up a lane, with directions to report everything they saw. We then dismounted and lay down. About ten minutes later (being nearly dark) we heard a sudden rush—a panic—and then a regular stampede commenced, in the midst of which I descried our four cavalry heroes crossing a field as fast as they could gallop. All was now complete confusion—officers mounting their horses and pursuing those which had got loose, and soldiers climbing over fences for protection against the supposed advancing Yankees. In the midst of the din I heard an artillery officer shouting to his cannoneers to stand by him and plant the guns in a proper position for enfilading the lane. I also distinguished Longstreet walking about, hustled by the excited crowd, and remarking, in angry tones, which could scarcely be heard, and to which no attention was paid, 'Now, you don't know what it is —you don't know what it is!' While the row and confusion were at their height, the object of all this alarm, at length, emerged from the dark lane in the shape of a domestic four-wheeled carriage, with a harmless load of females. The stampede had, however, spread, increased in the rear, and caused much harm and delay."

It is to be hoped that the above narrative will be regarded as dispassionate, as it is meant to be impartial. Some slight errors may have crept in; but this may possibly stimulate others to come forward with a rectification. Had General Meade been more copious in his report, and less reserved as to his own important acts, the necessity for this communication would not have existed.

HISTORICUS

THE ADDRESS

Lincoln, "Response to a Serenade" (July 7, 1863), in *Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, ed. R.P. Basler (New Brunswick, NJ, 1953), volume six

Fellow-citizens: I am very glad indeed to see you to-night, and yet I will not say I thank you for this call, but I do most sincerely thank Almighty God for the occasion on which you have called. [Cheers.] How long ago is it? eighty odd years—since on the Fourth of July for the first time in the history of the world a nation by its representatives, assembled and declared as a self-evident truth that "all men are created equal." [Cheers.] That was the birthday of the United States of America. Since then the Fourth of July has had several peculiar recognitions. The two most distinguished men in the framing and support of the Declaration were Thomas Jefferson and John Adams—the one having penned it and the other sustained it the most forcibly in debate—the only two of the fifty-five who sustained [signed] it being elected President of the United States. Precisely fifty years after they put their hands to the paper it pleased Almighty God to take both from the stage of action. This was indeed an extra-ordinary and remarkable event in our history. Another President, five years after, was called from this stage of existence on the same day and month of the year; and now, on this last Fourth of July just passed, when we have a gigantic Rebellion, at the bottom of which is an effort to overthrow the principle that all men were [are?]created equal, we have the surrender of a most powerful position and army on that very day, [cheers] and not only so, but in a succession of battles in Pennsylvania, near to us, through three days, so rapidly fought that they might be called one great battle on the 1st, 2d and 3d of the month of July; and on the 4th the cohorts of those who opposed the declaration that all men are created equal, "turned tail" and run. [Long and continued cheers.] Gentlemen, this is a glorious theme, and the occasion for a speech, but I am not prepared to make one worthy of the occasion. I would like to speak in terms of praise due to the many brave officers and soldiers who have fought in the cause of the Union and liberties of the country from the beginning of the war. There are trying occasions, not only in success, but for the want of success. I dislike to mention the name of one single officer lest I might do wrong to those I might forget. Recent events bring up glorious names, and particularly prominent ones, but these I will not mention. Having said this much, I will now take the music.

Galusha A. Grow (July 4, 1861), in *Congressional Globe* (37th Congress)

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the United States of America: Words of thanks for the honor conferred by the vote just announced [for Speaker of the House] would but feebly express the heart's gratitude. While appreciating this distinguished mark of your confidence, I am not unmindful of the trying duties incident to the position to which you have assigned me. Surrounded at all times by grave responsibility, it is doubly so in this hour of national disaster, when every consideration of gratitude to the past and obligation to the future tendrils around the present.

Fourscore years ago fifty-six bold merchants, farmers, lawyers, and mechanics, the representatives of a few feeble colonists, scattered along the Atlantic sea-board, met in convention to found a new empire, based on the inalienable rights of man. Seven years of bloody conflict ensued, and the 4th of July, 1776, is canonized in the hearts of the great and the good as the jubilee of oppressed nationalities; and in the calendar of heroic deeds it marks a new era in the history of the race. Three quarters of a century have passed away, and those few feeble colonists, hemmed in by the ocean in front, the wilderness and the savage in the rear, have spanned a whole continent, with great empires of free States, rearing throughout its vast wilderness temples of science and of civilization upon the ruins of savage life. Happiness seldom if ever equaled has surrounded the domestic fireside, and prosperity unsurpassed has crowned the national energies; the liberties of the people have been

secured at home and abroad, while the national ensign floats honored and respected in every commercial mart of the world.

On the return of this glorious anniversary, after a period but little exceeding that of the allotted lifetime of man, the people's Representatives are convened in the Council Chambers of the Republic, to deliberate upon the means for preserving the Government under whose benign influence these grand results have been achieved.

A rebellion—the most causeless in the history of the race—has developed a conspiracy of longstanding to destroy the Constitution formed by the wisdom of our fathers, and the Union cemented by their blood. This conspiracy, nurtured for long years in secret councils, first develops itself openly in acts of spoliation and plunder of public properly, with the connivance or under the protection of treason enthroned in all the high places of the Government, and at last in armed rebellion for the overthrow of the best Government ever devised by man. Without an effort in the mode prescribed by the organic law for a redress of all grievances, the malcontents appeal only to the arbitrament of the sword, insult the nation's honor, trample upon its flog, and inaugurate a revolution which, if successful, would end in establishing petty jarring confederacies, or despotism and anarchy, upon the ruins of the republic, and the destruction of its liberties.

The 19th of April, canonized in the first struggle for American nationality, has been reconsecrated in martyr blood. [Joseph] Warren has his counterpart in [Elmer] Ellsworth, and the heroic deeds and patriotic sacrifices of the struggle for the establishment of the republic are being reproduced upon the battlefields for its maintenance. Every race and tongue almost is represented in the grand legion of the Union: their standards proclaim in language more impressive than words, that here indeed is the home of the emigrant and the asylum of the exile. No matter where was his birth-place, or in what clime his infancy was cradled, he devotes his life to the defense of his adopted land, the vindication of its honor, and the protection of its flag, with the same zeal with which he would guard his hearthstone or his fireside. All parties, sects, and conditions of men not corrupted by the institutions of human bondage, forgetting bygone rancors or prejudices, blend in one united phalanx for the integrity of the Union and the perpetuity of the republic.

Long years of peace, in the pursuit of sordid gain, instead of blunting the patriotic devotion of loyal citizens, seem but to have intensified its development when the existence of the Government is threatened and its honor assailed.

The merchant, the banker, and the tradesman, with an alacrity unparalleled, proffer their all at the altar of their country, while from the counter, the workshop, and the plow, brave hearts and stout arms, leaving their tasks unfinished, rush to the tented field. The air vibrates with martial strains, and the earth shakes with the tread of armed men. .

In view of this grandest demonstration for self-preservation in the history of nationalities, desponding patriotism may be assured that the foundations of our national greatness still stand strong, and that the sentiment which to-day beats responsive in every loyal heart will for the future be realized. No flag alien to the sources of the Mississippi river will ever float permanently over its mouths till its waters are crimsoned in human gore; and not one foot of American soil can ever be wrenched from the jurisdiction of the Constitution of the United States until it is baptized in fire and blood. [Vociferous applause upon the floor and in the galleries, which lasted for many minutes.]

Gentlemen, as your presiding officer, it becomes my duty to apprise you that any demonstrations of approval or disapproval of anything done or said during your sessions is a violation of parliamentary decorum; and the Chair would also inform the persons in the galleries that applause by them is a breach of the privileges granted by the House. The Chair hopes, therefore, that any demonstrations of applause will not be repeated.

In God is our trust;
And the star-spangled banner forever shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave. [Suppressed applause.]

Those who regard it as mere cloth bunting fail to comprehend its symbolical power. Wherever civilization dwells, or the name of Washington is known, it bears in its fold the concentrated power of armies and of navies, and surrounds its votaries with a defense more impregnable than battlement, wall, or tower. Wherever on the earth's surface an American citizen may wander, called by pleasure, business, or caprice, it is a shield secure against outrage and wrong—save on the soil of the land of his birth.

As the guardians of the rights and liberties of the people, it becomes your paramount duty to make it honored at home as it is respected abroad. A government that cannot command the loyalty of its own citizens is unworthy the respect of the world, and a government that will not protect its loyal citizens deserves the contempt of the world. [Applause.]

He who would tear down this grandest temple of constitutional liberty, thus blasting forever the hopes of crushed humanity, because its freemen, in the mode prescribed by the Constitution, select a Chief Magistrate not acceptable to him, is a parricide to his race and should be regarded as a common enemy of mankind.

This Union once destroyed is a shattered vase that no human power can reconstruct in its original symmetry. "Coarse stones when they are broken may be cemented again—precious ones never."

If the republic is to be dismembered and the sun of its liberty must go out in endless night, let it set amid the roar of cannon and the din of battle, when there is no longer an arm to strike or a heart to bleed in its cause; so that coming generations may not reproach the present with being too imbecile to preserve the priceless legacy bequeathed by our fathers, so as to transmit it unimpaired to future times.

Again, gentlemen, thanking you for your confiding kindness, and invoking for our guidance wisdom from that Divine Power that led our fathers through the red sea of the revolution, I enter upon the discharge of the duties to which you have assigned me, relying upon your forbearance and cooperation, and trusting that your labors will contribute not a little to the greatness and glory of the republic.

Lincoln, "Address delivered at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg," in *Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln*, ed. R.P. Basler (New Brunswick, NJ, 1953), volume seven

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate--we cannot consecrate--we cannot hallow--this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us--that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion--that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain--that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom--and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

November 19. 1863. *ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

"Remarks of Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, LL.D., Governor of the Commonwealth, Dedication of the Statue of John Burns of Gettysburg" (July 1, 1903), in *Pennsylvania at Gettysburg: Ceremonies at the Dedication of the Monuments*, ed. J.P. Nicholson (Harrisburg, 1904)

As Washington recognized the extraordinary valor of the heroine of Monmouth, so did Lincoln show honor to the hero of Gettysburg. When on the occasion of the dedication of the National Cemetery, Nov. 19, 1863, he visited this field and delivered that immortal address, Burns, along with thousands of others, was introduced to him at night-fall just before he started to an assemblage in the Presbyterian church. The day had been one of splendid pageantry, tho' to the President, moving over the scenes of a sickening carnage, it must have been a day of unspeakable sorrow, but he seems to have forgotten every other consideration in his resolve to do honor to the aged civilian, who defying every peril, had thrown

himself upon the altar of his country.

Surrounded and followed by cheering crowds the great-hearted and noble President linked arms with the plain and fearless citizen, and together they walked around Center Square and up Baltimore street, a picturesque contrast, the President towering head and shoulders above the crowd, Burns a fleshy little body vainly attempting to keep step with him, the former having on that morning delivered a speech that will survive until liberty dies, the latter just recovering from wounds, received in a patriotic feat, which has scarcely a parallel—the Chief Magistrate of the Republic and an obscure representative of the common people. And so our national Congress honored him, placing his name by a special act upon the pension roll of the country—that, too, at the very time when the State of Pennsylvania bore him on a similar roll for his services in the war of 1812. And now this grand old Commonwealth, proud of her son, adds to her own laurels by the erection of this monument in commemoration of his superlative heroism.

And we do well, fellow citizens, in rendering here, on the anniversary of his daring feat, this final tribute to the memory of our townsman, who so surprisingly and so justly became one of the most famous characters of the war for the Union. Who can estimate the debt which our nation owes to such a spirit of self-sacrifice and unmeasured devotion, what strength it derives from this species of moral fiber, what independence and security, what majesty and glory accrue to the Republic from a citizenship which in any crisis and at any cost springs to its defense?

Such men, high-minded, self-sacrificing men, "men who know their rights and knowing dare maintain," constitute the life-blood of the State The poet sings

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Wealth is accumulating among us at an appalling rate. Let us see to it that men do not decay—for the increase of wealth has seldom failed to result in moral and national decadence. Let us see to it by the spirit of eternal vigilance that America continue to produce a race of men like John Burns, and our rank in the forefront of the great world powers will continue as long as the granite and bronze of this monument, here dedicated to personal heroism and valor.

John Trowbridge, *The South: A Tour of Its Battlefields and Ruined Cities, a Journey Through the Desolated States* (Hartford, CT, 1866)

In the month of August, 1865, I set out to visit some of the scenes of the great conflict through which the country had lately passed. …From Harrisburg I went, by the way of York and Hanover, to Gettysburg. Having hastily secured a room at a hotel in the Square, (the citizens call it the "Di'mond,") I inquired the way to the battle-ground.

"You are on it now," said the landlord, with proud satisfaction, — for it is not every man that lives, much less keeps a tavern, on the field of a world-famous fight. "I tell you the truth," said he; and, in proof of his words, (as if the fact were too wonderful to be believed without proof,) he showed me a Rebel shell imbedded in the brick wall of a house close by. (N.B. The battle-field was put into the bill.)

Gettysburg is the capital of Adams County: a town of about three thousand souls,— or fifteen hundred, according to John Burns, who assured me that half the population were Copperheads, and that they had no souls. It is pleasantly situated on the swells of a fine undulating country, drained by the headwaters of the Monocacy. It has no especial natural advantages; owing its existence, probably, to the mere fact that several important roads found it convenient to meet at this point, to which accident also is due its historical renown. The circumstance which made it a burg made it likewise a battle-field.

About the town itself there is nothing very interesting. It consists chiefly of two-story houses of wood and brick, in dull rows, with thresholds but little elevated above the street. Rarely a front yard or blooming garden-plot relieves the dreary monotony. Occasionally there is a three-story house, comfortable, no doubt, and sufficiently expensive, about which the one thing remarkable is the total absence of taste in its construction. In this respect Gettysburg is but a fair sample of a large class of American towns, the builders of which seem never once to have been conscious that there exists such a thing as beauty.

John Burns, known as the "hero of Gettysburg," was almost the first person whose acquaintance I made. He was sitting under the thick shade of an English elm in front of the tavern. The landlord introduced him as "the old man who took his gun and went into the first day's fight." He rose to his feet and received me with sturdy politeness; his evident delight in the celebrity he enjoys twinkling through the veil of a naturally modest demeanor. "John will go with you and show you the different parts of the battle-ground," said the landlord, "Will you, John?"

"Oh, yes, I'll go," said John, quite readily; and we set out.

…A mile south of the town is Cemetery Hill, the head and front of an important ridge, running two miles farther south to Round Top,— the ridge held by General Meade's army during the great battles. …It was a soft and peaceful summer day. There was scarce a sound to break the stillness, save the shrill note of the locust, and the perpetual click-click of the stone-cutters at work upon the granite headstones of the soldiers' cemetery. There was nothing to indicate to a stranger that so tranquil a spot had ever been a scene of strife. We were walking in the time-hallowed place of the dead, by whose side the martyr-soldiers who fought so bravely and so well on those terrible first days of July, slept as sweetly and securely as they.

"It don't look here as it did after the battle," said John Burns. "Sad work was made with the tomb-stones. The ground was all covered with dead horses, and broken wagons, and pieces of shells, and battered muskets, and everything of that kind, not to speak of the heaps of dead." But now the tombstones have been replaced, the neat iron fences have been mostly repaired, and scarcely a vestige of the fight remains. Only the burial-places of the slain are there. Thirty-five hundred and sixty slaughtered Union soldiers lie on the field of Gettysburg. This number does not include those whose bodies have been claimed by friends and removed.

The new cemetery, devoted to the patriot slain, and dedicated with fitting ceremonies on the 19th of November, 1863, adjoins the old one. In the centre is the spot reserved for the monument, the corner-stone of which was laid on the 4th of July, 1865. The cemetery is semicircular, in the form of an amphitheatre, except that the slope is reversed, the monument occupying the highest place. The granite headstones resemble rows of semicircular seats. Side by side, with two feet of ground allotted to each, and with their heads towards the monument, rest the three thousand five hundred and sixty. The name of each, when it could be ascertained, together with the number of the company and regiment in which he served, is lettered on the granite at his head. But the barbarous practice of stripping such of our dead as fell into their hands, in which the Rebels indulged here as elsewhere, rendered it impossible to identify large numbers. The headstones of these are lettered "Unknown." At the time when I visited the cemetery, the sections containing most of the unknown had not yet received their headstones, and their resting-places were indicated by a forest of stakes. I have seen few sadder sights.

…I looked into one of the trenches, in which workmen were laying foundations for the headstones, and saw the ends of the coffins protruding. It was silent and dark down there. Side by side the soldiers slept, as side by side they fought. …Eighteen loyal States are represented by the tenants of these graves. New York has the greatest number, — upwards of eight hundred; Pennsylvania comes next in order, having upwards of five hundred. …Sons of Massachusetts fought for Massachusetts on Pennsylvania soil. If they had not fought, or if our armies had been annihilated here, the whole North would have been at the mercy of Lee's victorious legions. As Cemetery Hill was the pivot on which turned the fortunes of the battle…Cemetery Hill should be first visited by the tourist of the battle-ground. Here a view of the entire field, and a clear understanding of the military operations of the three days, are best obtained. …You are in the focus of a half-circle, from all points of which was poured in upon this now silent hill such an artillery fire as has seldom been concentrated upon one point of an open field in any of the great battles upon this planet. From this spot extend your observations as you please.

Guided by the sturdy old man, I proceeded first to Culp's Hill, following a line of breastworks into the woods. Here are seen some of the soldiers' devices, hastily adopted for defence. A rude embankment of stakes and logs and stones, covered with earth, forms the principal work; aside from which you meet with little private breastworks, as it were, consisting of rocks heaped up by the trunk of a tree, or beside a larger rock, or across a cleft in the rocks, where some sharpshooter stood and exercised his skill at his ease.

The woods are of oak chiefly, but with a liberal sprinkling of chestnut, black-walnut, hickory, and other common forest trees. …Yet here remain more astonishing evidences of fierce fighting than anywhere else about Gettysburg. The trees in certain localities are all scarred, disfigured, and literally dying or dead from their wounds. The marks of balls in some of the trunks are countless. Here are limbs, and yonder are whole tree-tops, cut off by shells. Many of these trees have been hacked for lead, and chips containing bullets have been carried away for relics.

…Plenty of Rebel knapsacks and haversacks lie rotting upon the ground; and there are Rebel graves nearby in the woods. By these I was inclined to pause longer than John Bums thought it worth the while. I felt a pity for these unhappy men, which he could not understand. To him they were dead Rebels, and nothing more; and he spoke with great disgust of an effort which had been made by certain "Copperheads" of the town to have all the buried Rebels now scattered about in the woods and fields gathered together in a cemetery near that dedicated to our own dead.

…The next morning, according to agreement, I went to call on the old hero. I found him living in the upper part of a little whitewashed two-story house, on the corner of two streets west of the town. A flight of wooden steps outside took me to his door. He was there to welcome me. John Burns is a stoutish, slightly bent, hale old man, with a light-blue eye, a long, aggressive nose, a firm-set mouth expressive of determination of character, and a choleric temperament. His hair, origin-

nally dark-brown, is considerably bleached with age; and his beard, once sandy, covers his face (shaved once or twice a week) with a fine crop of silver stubble. A short, massy kind of man; about five feet four or five inches in height, I should judge. …On the morning of the first day's fight he sent his wife away, telling her that he would take care of the house. The firing was nearby, over Seminary Ridge. Soon a wounded soldier came into the town and stopped at an old house on the opposite corner. Burns saw the poor fellow lay down his musket, and the inspiration to go into the battle seems then first to have seized him. He went over and demanded the gun.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked the soldier. "I'm going to shoot some of the damned Rebels!" replied John.

He is not a swearing man, and the strong adjective is to be taken in a strictly literal, not a profane, sense.

Having obtained the gun, he pushed out on the Chambersburg Pike, and was soon in the thick of the skirmish.

"I wore a high-crowned hat and a long-tailed blue; and I was seventy year old."

The sight of so old a man, in such costume, rushing fearlessly forward to get a shot in the very front of the battle, of course attracted attention. He fought with the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment; the Colonel of which ordered him back, and questioned him, and finally, seeing the old man's patriotic determination, gave him a good rifle in place of the musket he had brought with him.

…The next day I mounted a hard-trotting horse and rode to Round Top. On the way I stopped at the historical peach-orchard, known as Sherfy's, where Sickles's Corps was repulsed, after a terrific conflict, on Thursday, the second day of the battle. The peaches were green on the trees then; but they were ripe now, and the branches were breaking down with them. One of Mr. Sherfy's girls — the youngest she told me — was in the orchard. She had in her basket rare-ripes to sell. They were large and juicy and sweet, — all the redder, no doubt, for the blood of the brave that had drenched the sod. So calm and impassive is Nature, silently turning all things to use. The carcass of a mule, or the godlike shape of a warrior cut down in the hour of glory, — she knows no difference between them, but straightway proceeds to convert both alike into new forms of life and beauty.

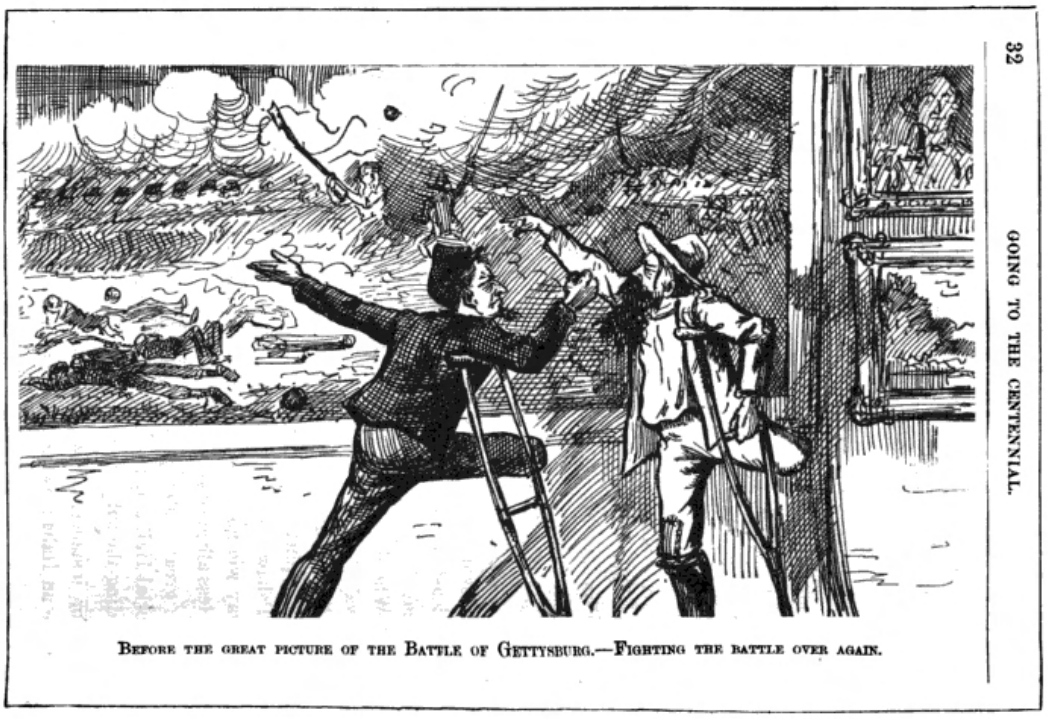
Between fields made memorable by hard fighting I rode eastward, and, entering a pleasant wood, ascended Little Round Top. The eastern slope of this rugged knob is covered with timber. The western side is steep, and wild with rocks and bushes. Nearby is the Devil's Den, a dark cavity in the rocks, interesting henceforth on account of the fight that took place here for the possession of these heights.

…A little farther on is Round Top itself, a craggy tusk of the rock-jawed earth pushed up there towards the azure. It is covered all over with broken ledges, boulders, and fields of stones. Among these the forest-trees have taken root,— thrifty Nature making the most of things even here. The serene leafy tops of ancient oaks tower aloft in the bluish-golden air. It is a natural fortress, which our boys strengthened still further by throwing up the loose stones into handy breastworks.

Returning, I rode the whole length of the ridge held by our troops, realizing more and more the importance of that extraordinary position. It is like a shoe, of which Round Top represents the heel, and Cemetery Hill the toe. …At a point well forward on the foot of this shoe, Meade had his headquarters. I tied my horse at the gate, and entered the little square box of a house which enjoys that historical celebrity. It is scarcely more than a hut, having but two little rooms on the ground-floor, and I know not what narrow, low-roofed chambers above. Two small girls, with brown German faces, were paring wormy apples under the porch; and a round-shouldered, bareheaded, and barefooted woman, also with a German face and a strong German accent, was drawing water at the well. I asked her for drink, which she kindly gave me, and invited me into the house.

The little box was whitewashed outside and in, except the floor and ceilings and inside doors, which were neatly secured. The woman sat down to some mending, and entered freely into conversation. She was a widow, and the mother of six children. The two girls cutting wormy apples at the door were the youngest, and the only ones left to her. A son in the army was expected home in a few days….

Of the magnitude of a battle fought so desperately during three days, by armies numbering not far from two hundred thousand men, no adequate conception can be formed. One or two facts may help to give a faint idea of it. Mr. Culp's meadow, below Cemetery Hill,—a lot of near twenty acres,— was so thickly strown with Rebel dead, that Mr. Culp declared he "could have walked across it without putting foot upon the ground." Upwards of three hundred Confederates were buried in that fair field in one hole. On Mr. Gwynn's farm, below Round Top, near five hundred sons of the South lie promiscuously heaped in one huge sepulchre. Of the quantities of iron, of the wagon-loads of arms, knapsacks, haversacks, and clothing, which strewed the country, no estimate can be made. Government set a guard over these, and for weeks officials were busy in gathering together all the more valuable spoils. The harvest of bullets was left for the citizens to glean. Many of the poorer people did a thriving business picking up these missiles of death, and selling them to dealers; two of whom alone sent to Baltimore fifty tons of lead collected in this way from the battlefield.



BEFORE THE GREAT PICTURE OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.—FIGHTING THE BATTLE OVER AGAIN.

"Dedication of Monument, 84th Regiment Infantry: Address of Captain Thomas E. Merchant" (September 11, 1889), in *Pennsylvania at Gettysburg: Ceremonies at the Dedication of the Monuments*, ed. J.P. Nicholson (Harrisburg, 1904)

It was the greatest of rebellions against the grandest of governments. If successful, to the world it would have been the greatest and grandest of revolutions. It was not a conflict forced merely for the perpetuation of slavery. It was the institution of the crown, and not preservation of the chattel, that most moved the men who moved the South from '89 to '61…. The once soldiers of the Confederacy are entitled, as individuals, to every manly consideration at our hands…but their organized bodies have no claim upon us for recognition. …They have been asking that the war be forgotten, and yet they would keep as daily reminded by the flaunting of the Confederate bars. No monument to treason should have been permitted a place on this or other field, and being here should be returned to the donors, not to be erected elsewhere. No government is strong enough to glorify treason against itself, nor to encourage it anywhere. There can be no true call for a union of the blue and the gray. Let all don the blue. In place of waiting for the chasm to be closed, flank it and locate upon our side.

"Address of Hon. Charles Devens" [September 17, 1877], in *Dedication of the Monument on Boston Common Erected to the Memory of the Men of Boston Who Died in the Civil War* (Boston, 1877)

Nor is this Monument, while it asserts our belief in the fidelity of these men, in any sense unkind or ungenerous towards those with whom they were engaged in deadly strife. …Whatever we may think of their cause, that as a people they believed in it cannot fairly be questioned. Men do not sacrifice life and property without stint or measure except in the faith that they are right…and have a right to have their bravery and sincerity admitted, even if more cannot be conceded. The great conflict…has established forever, if the force of arms can establish anything, that the Republic is one and indivisible, and amid the roar of battle and the clash of arms the institution of slavery, which divided us as a nation, which made of the States two classes diverse and discordant, has passed away. …As we consider all the woes which must have followed the dismemberment of the Union, as we contemplate the vast gain for peace, freedom, and equality by the emancipation of the subject race from slavery and the dominant race itself from the corrupting influence of this thraldom, who shall say that we have any right to deplore the past except with mitigated grief?

APPENDICES

Michael Zuckert,"De(a)dication: Lincoln,Gettysburg, and the Founders" University of Notre Dame (2006)

On September 11, 2002, the first anniversary of 9/11, memorial services were held all across the U.S. and, as is common at such times, the memorializers sought words with which to properly mark the occasion. It is striking how many, including the speaker in New York, fastened on the same text – Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg. Apparently what Lincoln said there was found by Americans 125 years later to be altogether fitting and proper for reuse in the new circumstance of terrorism.

Let me begin by reminding you of the occasion and of Lincoln's purpose in delivering his address. The date was November 19, 1863; the occasion was the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg, which in early July of that year had been the site of the largest battle of the Civil War. The union armies were 90,000 strong; the confederate army had 75,000 men. In that battle, Lee suffered causalities of over 25,000 men, with 4,000 killed. The union lost comparable numbers. But the union won the battle, one of the first union victories in the war, and one of the few important battles that took place on union territory. In retrospect, Gettysburg was the turning point of the war.

Lincoln came to Gettysburg to dedicate the cemetery, in which lay the union soldiers who had fallen there. Nonetheless, he admitted that he -- and his audience – "can not dedicate--cannot consecrate--cannot hallow this ground." The dead themselves have consecrated it with their own dedication. The real task for Lincoln and the other mourners, then, is to dedicate themselves to the cause to which the dead were dedicated; "It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced." In the first instance, he means a dedication to continuing and winning the war.

But the war is itself dedicated to the cause of the nation and its special form of governance. Instead of or in addition to dedicating the cemetery, then, Lincoln calls for a dedication to the nation and to that for which it stands. As he indicates in the opening of his address, the nation was born, in turn, in dedication to a proposition, a proposition that was enunciated in the Declaration of Independence. The Gettysburg Address, in effect, evokes and calls for a rededication the proposition to which the Declaration of Independence originally dedicated the nation. The Gettysburg Address, then, is an ever-widening circle of dedication, culminating in the original dedication of "our fathers" in 1776.

Lincoln in his way prefigured the action of the memorializers of 9/11: just as they looked back to his speech at Gettysburg, he looked back to Jefferson's words in 1776. It is no accident that both statements -- the Declaration of Independence and the Gettysburg Address -- came in the midst of wars, when the nation had to tell itself what it stood for -- or rather what its sons would die for. These two statements remain the most eloquent statements of what America is about. My task, then, is to attempt to recapture and make explicit what Lincoln tells us we stand for *via* an interpretation of his address at Gettysburg, and to reflect a bit at the end on Lincoln's legacy as it came to light last fall.

My text is already a good deal longer than the entire Gettysburg Address -- the address is remarkably short -- perhaps the shortest public statement of significance ever made. It consists in fact of only three paragraphs, the first of which contains only one sentence; the second of which only four sentences; and the third a whopping five sentences. So the whole address is ten sentences long, organized into three paragraphs, and consuming only 272 words.

As has been noted by many previous readers, the three paragraphs embody a temporal ordering. The Address begins with perhaps the second most famous line in American literature: "four score and seven years ago." It refers to the past, to the moment of birth of the nation. The second paragraph very openly calls attention to its temporality, for it begins with the strongly contrasting "now," as opposed to the "years ago" of the first paragraph. It speaks of the present, not the past. The third paragraph, as might be expected, speaks of the future -- what we the living have as our task in the future. The Address in its three brief paragraphs moves from what "our fathers" did in the past, through what we are doing in the present to what we must do in the future. But this is a movement in time with a certain unity -- our task today and in the future is intimately connected to what "our fathers" did in the past.

I. The Gettysburg Address: The Past

The most commonly made observation about the Address is also the most worthwhile observation to start out with: Lincoln counts off "four score and seven years" back to the birth of the nation. That takes him to 1776, the year of the Declaration of Independence, the very text he quotes in his opening sentence. 1776 and the Declaration mark the beginning, not, as some would have it, 1788, the year of the Constitution, or

1620, the year of the Pilgrims and their Mayflower Compact, or any other year that might be identified as particularly definitive. 1776 is the beginning of the nation, for the nation is defined, its very existence determined by its dedication to a proposition: "that all men are created equal." That proposition was the basis for the break with Britain in 1776, but not, let us say, of the politics established by the Puritans or the Pilgrims or the Quakers, or the Virginia adventurers, or any other of the putative founders of American communities. According to Lincoln, a nation is defined by *dedication* to something: these other foundings were marked by a dedication to other aims than that captured by the proposition that "all men are created equal." The Puritans, for example, were dedicated to creating a "city on a hill" built on principles of "Christian love," a noble goal, no doubt, but not the founding dedication of the nation of which Lincoln is speaking.

The claim that "all men are created equal" is a notoriously ambiguous, even controversial claim. We all know it can not literally be true in all respects. Even John Locke, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln, three men famous for asserting this equality, insisted that human beings were unequal in any number of ways. Some can throw forward passes far more accurately than others; some can write beautiful speeches and others can not write speeches of any sort; some can exercise political leadership in a consummate fashion, others are no sort of leaders at all. Finally, Locke even said that with regard to the ability to reason well, the difference between some men and other men was greater than the difference between those others and the beasts -- perhaps an overstatement, but Locke's general point should be clear. Human beings are far from equal, then, in physical, moral, or intellectual qualities. What, then, can these partisans of human equality mean?

Lincoln is unmistakably quoting the Declaration of Independence in his brief statement on equality. Perhaps that earlier document can clarify what he has in mind. The claim that all men are created equal is one of the six truths introduced by the phrase: "we hold these truths to be self-evident." The six truths turn out to be organized temporally, just as the Gettysburg Address is. They tell a story -- the story of the making of legitimate or just government. The story has three parts or moments -- a moment before government, a moment when government is made, and a moment when government has gone bad and is open to being remade. The Americans write the Declaration at that last moment -- that is their present -- when the government they are under has become oppressive and they resolve to throw it off and make new government.

But in order to show that they are justified in doing so they must tell of the making of government, in order to reveal the permissibility of unmaking it. If government is made, then there must be a situation *before* government, a pre-political situation. To create a government, according to the Declaration, is to vest it with "just powers." The situation before government, then, is one where there are no "just powers," i.e. no one has the right to command another. That seems to be the very situation the Declaration describes when it says "all men are created equal." They are created, or they exist originally, or by nature, in a situation of equality with respect to authority or the right to command. No one has the right to command another *except* by "just power," which derives from the *consent* of those who are commanded. "Created equal" in the Declaration means, then, that there is no political authority except what is consented to. It means, in other words, that originally human beings are conceived to be in a state of nature, as the philosophers called it.

Why do the Americans believe this, however? It seems so contrary to the normal and everyday experience of humanity. We are, all of us, or almost all of us, born not into a state of nature, but into a political society. It is not a sufficient answer to this observation to say the Declaration is speaking of some remote past and of our more or less remote ancestors, because the text says something surprising: "*All* men are created equal," i.e., all human beings share in this equality, whether they are born 10,000 years ago, or just yesterday.

The Declaration gives us some aid in understanding this odd affirmation of universal original equality. Before there was government, human beings not only were equal in the sense described, but they were "endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights," rights to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness. It is clear that they possess these rights before government is made, for the Declaration tells us government is made "to secure these rights," so even in a state of equality or state of nature, human beings have these rights. Indeed, the Declaration's point seems to be that we know human beings -- all human beings -- are to be conceived of as "created equal" because they are "endowed by their creator" with these rights. The equality is an inference from the fact that all human beings possess rights. What can this mean?

Let us look at the rights human beings are said to possess: life, liberty, pursuit of happiness. That human beings have rights means they have the right to act freely, to pursue happiness in their own way, so long as they do not infringe on the rights of others in so doing. Because human beings have these quite comprehensive rights to direct their own lives they must be conceived of -- every one of them -- as created equal, i.e., not subject to political authority except what has been con-

sented to, for if they are naturally subject to rule of by others, they are denied the right of over-all self government, of self-direction that their primary natural rights endow them with. If individuals have the right to free action in pursuit of happiness, then it must follow that nobody has a right to rule them by virtue of any kind of claim or inherent quality. Being wiser, stronger, more holy, more virtuous, more industrious, more reliable, more sensitive, more caring and sharing -- these may all be admirable qualities, but they are never claims to rule another human being without that other's consent. Thus Thomas Jefferson once said that even Isaac Newton, probably the greatest genius he knew of, had no right to rule the most illiterate and uneducated person, without that person's consent.

We can appeal to more direct evidence on what Lincoln meant when he appealed to equality at Gettysburg. In a pre-presidential speech attacking the Supreme Court's decision in the *Dred Scott* case he had addressed the Declaration's phrases: "I think the authors of that notable instrument intended to include all men, but they did not intend to declare all men equal in all respects. They defined with tolerable distinctness, in what respects they did consider all men created equal -- equal in certain inalienable rights -- This they said and this they meant."

"Our fathers" dedicated their new nation -- it w[illegible] both a "nation" and a "new nation" by virtue of that dedication. Lincoln seems to mean that the nation is new not only to this continent, but new to mankind. It is *the* new nation because it is the first nation dedicated to the proposition about equality, i.e. the proposition about natural rights. America has added a new chapter to human political history and that is one reason the Civil War is so important. It is *not* merely an event in the history of this people in this somewhat out of the way part of the civilized world, but it is an event in all human history, for it is a test of whether *any* government of this sort can "long endure." The fate of a whole new kind of human possibility depends on the successful prosecution of this war by the union.

If the war is not successful this new kind of government may "perish from the earth." Of course Lincoln is not the first to strike the "new Nation" theme. The American founders did so when they adopted as a motto for the nation *novus ordo seclorum*, a new order of the ages. One important Anti-Federalist writer in 1787 gave a particularly eloquent version of the same theme: "We are now arrived at a new aera in the affairs of men, when the true principles of government will be more fully unfolded than heretofore and a new world as it were grown up in America."

In his brief statement on the past Lincoln also refers to "liberty," often identified as the twin concept in the American political experiment along with equality. But his reference is odd. He does not tell us that the nation is dedicated to liberty as well as equality; he tells us instead that it is a nation "conceived in liberty." In one sense, Lincoln does not need to tell us the nation is dedicated to liberty, because, as we have seen, he understands equality to be an equality in the possession of rights, among which rights is liberty. He thus incorporates the dedication to liberty within the dedication to equality.

It is a nation "conceived in liberty." "Conceived" is itself an ambiguous term. It can be equivalent, roughly, with "thought of, or thought up" -- as when we speak of concepts and conceptions. No doubt Lincoln means to evoke this notion of "conceived:" the nation was dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal not out of inadvertence, but thoughtfully, meaningfully, intentionally. The equality proposition was not merely *conceived* or thought up, but it was "conceived in liberty," i.e., freely, without compulsion. The Americans were free to have done otherwise, but in their freedom they dedicated themselves to the equality of human beings in their rights -- their free dedication implies an act of conscious choice and testifies to their judgment of the goodness of their choice.

At the very least, Lincoln seems to be echoing in an indirect way something Alexander Hamilton said in the first Federalist Paper: "It has been frequently remarked that it seems to have been reserved to the people of this country, by their conduct and example, to decide the important question, whether societies of men are capable or not of establishing good government from reflection and choice, or whether they are forever destined to depend for their political constitutions on accident and force." The new nation, "conceived in liberty," is the nation chosen from "reflection and choice," and not one of the infinite numbers of examples of nations deriving not from freedom, but from "accident and force." Lincoln is, in effect, answering back to Hamilton's query of "three score and sixteen years earlier" (i.e., from 1787) that indeed America had thus far answered the question in the affirmative. But, as we have already seen, he says that the jury is still out: it is not enough to found the nation by reflection and choice; the nation must also endure. Can the nation conceived in liberty long endure -- that is the question *now* to be answered.

I have thus far ignored what is most startling in what Lincoln says about the nation "conceived in liberty." Although he undoubtedly means "conceived" in the sense I have discussed, yet he also means something "obstetric." This is not merely a nation conceived and dedicated, but it is a nation "brought forth upon this continent." "Brought forth" -- *given birth to.* It is

clear that "conceived" in this context also means "became pregnant with." Lincoln's metaphor is startling: our fathers became pregnant with, and then gave birth to the nation on this continent.

If our fathers became pregnant with the nation, was it through a sexual act? If so, who was their sexual partner? Was it liberty itself, as Lincoln's language almost, but not quite, suggests? And, of course, it is impossible not to notice that Lincoln, contrary to all known laws of biology (except, I think, seahorses), attributed the act of giving birth to the fathers.

The replacement of the mothers by fathers is easy enough to explain at the most obvious level: women, both at the time of the founding and in 1863, were shut out of public life. So far as the nation was "brought forth" it was men, males, who did so. That fact does not make the meaning of Lincoln's odd locution any easier to understand, however: why use the metaphor of pregnancy and birth at all, when in the same breath one attributes the deed to fathers? Lincoln's formulation presses in two directions at once and leaves the reader or listener with a distinctly unsettled feeling, with ideas at war with one another. Perhaps Lincoln means the reader to experience right at the outset of his address the ordeal of the now divided nation itself whose birth he recounts here.

In any case, Lincoln's statement both naturalizes the origin of the nation and denatures it at once. It is hard to say which sentiment predominates. His point in doing so may become visible if we think again of the quotation from the Declaration of Independence in the sentence. The proposition that all men are created equal means in itself that there is no natural political authority: neither God nor nature makes authority, or makes political communities. Lincoln carries this thought forward when he attributes the origin of the nation not to god or nature, but to "our fathers," i.e., to human beings like us. If, as the Declaration has it, there is no natural authority, if, that is, the conceptual beginning point is a state of nature, then political authority must be conceived to begin in consent, or in what the philosophers called a social contract.

If the nation as a political community originates in a contract it is an artifact, a humanly made thing, not a natural thing, such as comes to be *via* the natural process of birth. Lincoln's formulation then, says that the nation is both a natural and an artificial thing. This ambivalence matches and perhaps reveals the inner meaning of the biological anomaly of Lincoln's "fathers" getting pregnant and giving birth.

To say the nation comes to be *via* consent or contract is to say that human beings must be conceived to become part of it through a conscious opting in of some sort; political life, the sphere of coercion and obligation, is, paradoxically, a voluntary undertaking. That is the American "conception" to which "our fathers" were committed. They appealed to that conception at the moment of the birth of their nation, because that birth was coincident with their opting out of the structure of political authority in which they were at the moment of issuing the Declaration: they do not start out from a state of nature, but from a condition of allegiance to the King of Great Britain. The theoretical origin of political life in consent or contract implies for them not only that governments are made, but that they can be unmade, not only that individuals opt in, but that they may opt out. That is precisely what they are doing in exercising their so-called "right of revolution."

The situation of the American founding generation is importantly parallel to that of Lincoln's generation, for the South was claiming the right of opting out of the union into which they had opted in 1776 or 1787-88. The South appealed to the authority and example of "our fathers" in attempting to leave the union, while Lincoln, in resisting their effort to secede, would seem to be resisting the authority of the very fathers to whom he appeals. Many of Lincoln's pre-Gettysburg pronouncements had been devoted to challenging this attempt by the seceders to cloak themselves in the authority of "our fathers." The founding generation had claimed a right of revolution, not a right of secession. The former was an extra-legal right, the latter an allegedly legal or constitutional right. While Lincoln was always a defender of the right of revolution, he insisted that it be distinguished from the illegitimate and destructive right to secede that the Southerners were claiming. This is a theme to which he returns in the second paragraph and we will return to it along with him.

Although Lincoln denied the legitimacy of secession, he recognized the natural tendency of persons who believed political society to be voluntarily constructed to believe it could also be voluntarily deconstructed. The nation may begin as a voluntary compact, but what is thereby born is not a mere voluntary association from which one rightly resigns when membership becomes onerous or distasteful. The nation that is born on the basis of human equality (and social compact) creates bonds nearly as binding as divine right monarchy. This is not a mere association of convenience, where one may leave at will; it is more like an organic entity that may not be dismembered. The parts are no longer merely autonomous and whole as they were, arguably, before being members of the political community. They are genuinely *parts*. The theory of secession may be a temptation in the regime "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," but it is not a correct inference from equality.

Lincoln's odd and jarring "obstetric imagery" is meant to convey just this thought: although one can opt in, one cannot opt out of the social contract. The nation made by "our fathers" is a genuine whole and the elements are organs, not autonomous entities. For a state to claim a right to leave the union is like the heart or lungs trying to leave the body. The jarring denaturalization of the natural process of conception and birth that Lincoln effects reflects and embodies just this odd situation: the understanding of the state as an artifact produces the same degree of organic wholeness and integrity as a more strictly naturalistic understanding of the origin of the polity. Lincoln's denaturalized naturalism actually points to the naturalized artificiality of the state.

The opening paragraph of the Gettysburg Address restates concisely the political philosophy of the opening of the Declaration of Independence, but it does so in the context of the "great Civil War" in the midst of which the nation stands, a war provoked by the claim of a right to secede. Lincoln thus emphasizes the organic or quasi-natural character of the nation in order to counter the South's point of departure.

Lincoln is obviously reprising the Declaration of Independence, but he speaks in a different language. Jefferson had stated that the Americans were acting according to the mandate of "the laws of nature and of nature's God." He is eager to distinguish this God of nature -- known in and through nature -- from the biblical God, who created but transcends nature, and who is not best known in nature but rather in what supercedes nature -- in revelation, miracle, grace. Lincoln does not invoke God in his opening paragraph (except as implied by "created equal"), but he uses language which is far removed from the enlightenment rationalism of Jefferson's Declaration: Lincoln instead uses the biblical language of "four-score and seven years ago," and he invokes "our fathers." The nation is made by us (or "our fathers") but it is not a mere object of human contriving: it has the awe-filled obligatoriness, perhaps even sacredness, his audience will associate with the Bible, and the nation stands to the Americans as the Hebrew nation stood to the sons and daughters of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

One last point and we may be done with Lincoln's treatment of the past. A most ingenious reader of the Address, Glen Thurow, noticing the link between Lincoln's text and the Declaration, argues that Lincoln in point of fact massively transforms the meaning of the Declaration in the very act of quoting from it. According to Thurow, Lincoln Aseems merely to reiterate the principles of the Declaration of Independence, but in reality, Thurow thinks, Lincoln substituted a different and new understanding for defective views contained in the Declaration.

The strongest indication that Lincoln is changing, criticizing, and correcting the Jeffersonian Declaration is Lincoln's transformation of the status of the claim that "all men are created equal." According to Lincoln, this was a "proposition" to which the nation was dedicated. According to the Declaration, this was one of the "self-evident truths" held by the Americans. Thurow interprets this difference in language in the light of Lincoln's known fondness for Euclid's geometry:

> (i) self-evident truths are equivalent to Euclidean axioms, the rock-bottom foundation on which geometric truths and proofs rest, unprovable in themselves, because "self-evident." Recall a Euclidean example: "a whole is equal to the sum of its parts." There is no way to prove this other than merely to understand the terms of the claim.
>
> (ii) A proposition, however, is equivalent to a theorem in Euclid, to one of the mathematical relationships to be proved, using the axioms.

According to Thurow, then, Lincoln transforms the place of the equality claim -- it is not some sort of given truth from which the nation proceeds, but a truth to which the nation must move, a truth not given in theory, but a truth only to be established in practice. The Declaration's error was not understanding that this "self-evident truth" was not in fact self-evident in the sense of Aobvious to all,@ but that it needed to be made so in order to be effective. Thurow, in fact, has doubts, or attributes to Lincoln doubts, about the actual or theoretical truth of the Declaration's claim about equality and instead pronounces it to be a "counsel of prudence avoiding the difficult task of judging who is truly unequal, and is the only foundation for the popular dedication to justice." It can be such a foundation only as established in practice and not as a theoretical claim. Thus Lincoln corrects both the theory and the practice of the "fathers."

Thurow's account is very intelligent but I think quite misguided. He misreads both the Declaration and the Gettysburg Address. First, he would have Lincoln saying that American practice will prove whether that proposition about equality is true or not. But, Lincoln does not say that at all: it will prove whether a nation "so conceived and so dedicated can long endure." Lincoln, quite correctly, does not say anything about history proving the truth or falsity of the doctrine. If it is true, it is true; if it is nonetheless unable to serve as the foundation for an enduring nation, it still remains true, if now tragically so, in that it now would appear to be the case that political life is recalcitrant to being shaped or grounded in the truth.

Secondly, the Declaration does not in fact pronounce "all men are created equal" *to be* a "self-evident truth." It actually says that we (the Americans) hold it to be a *self-evident* truth. This is admittedly an odd formula, but notice how inept a way it is for affirming a truth as actually self-evident. Self-evidence has no room for "holding" -- it is just seen as such. I propose the best translation for this to be "we hold these truth to be as if self-evident," that is, as the beginning point of our political reasonings and actions. It is already in Jefferson's version a practical claim meant to guide American political life and not a claim about the epistemological status of the truth. For what it is worth, my view of what Jefferson is saying is this: the claim about human equality -- and the other truths in the first paragraph of the Declaration -- are truths but not actually self-evident in themselves. A political philosopher would or could provide reasonings to support them and therefore, to borrow Thurow's language, they are more like theorems than axioms in themselves. But political life is not a philosophy text or a math course. For the purposes of political life Americans do or are to take these truths as if they are self-evident, as the axioms from which they proceed, not as theorems to which they proceed.

Third, Thurow's reading is by no means compelled by Lincoln's use of the term "proposition." A proposition may mean "theorem-like statement," as Thurow suggests, but it may mean any assertion put forward, also. "The whole is equal to the sum of its parts" may also be called a proposition. Nothing in the language of Lincoln's Address leads us to take the term in a more restrictive or geometric sense. Yet there is something in the general direction of Thurow's interpretation, which, taken more moderately, does suggest a different emphasis in Lincoln's speech than in the original Declaration. Lincoln speaks of the nation as "dedicated" to the proposition that all men are created equal -- not merely founded on the truth of it, but dedicated to it. "Dedicated" is the key word that propels the Gettysburg Address forward, for it implies not only an ongoing but an active commitment; it captures the notion that the grounding in this truth in the past continues to set a task in the present and the future, and thus it sends us forward to the second and third paragraphs of the speech, in which Lincoln develops what this dedication means in his today and in his audience's future. The theme of dedication so dominates Lincoln's speech that it is one of only two non-common words to appear prominently in all three paragraphs: once in the first, twice in the second, three times in the third. Only the word "nation" (of words other than common ones like "a" and "this") carries through the whole speech as "dedication" does (once in each paragraph). The joint appearance of "dedication" and "nation" throughout the whole only confirms what we saw earlier: the nation is defined by its dedication. To say the one is to say the other. The ongoingness implied in Lincoln's "dedication" distinguishes Lincoln's text from the Declaration, but it is not clear that that difference reflects a difference of thought so much as of rhetorical circumstance and intention in invoking these fundamental political commitments.[3]

IV. The Gettysburg Address: The Present

As I have already pointed out, the second paragraph begins with an emphatic "now." Lincoln (and his audience) have left 1776 and stand immersed in the present moment; the second sentence of the second paragraph immerses him and his audience in the present place as well: "we are met on a great battle-field of that war." But the present time and place in which

[3] Gary Wills has put forward a variant on the Thurow position when he argues that Lincoln at Gettysburg "performed one of the most daring acts of open-air sleight of hand ever witnessed by the unsuspecting. Everyone in that vast throng of thousands was having his or her intellectual pocket picked." (38) Lincoln made "a clever assault on the constitutional past." (39) Wills is sadly less clear than Thurow in identifying the nature of Lincoln's transformation of the inherited tradition, but he seems, above all, to have two points in mind: Lincoln's theory of union -- America as a single people "defined by dedication to the equality principle of the Declaration." (121-147) Wills can look to the opening of Lincoln's Address for evidence of these two "revolutions." Lincoln admittedly presented a controversial theory of union, but it is hard to see what about it was novel. Wills himself brings out the fact that others, for example, Daniel Webster and Justice Joseph Story advocated that theory of union well before Lincoln. It is equally difficult to see the proposition about equality quoted from the Declaration of Independence as a form of intellectual pocket picking. The only difference between Lincoln and almost all political spokesmen at the time of the revolution is Lincoln's emphasis on the Declaration as the unique expression of a theory of legitimacy that was in fact exceedingly widespread in revolutionary America. Most active Whigs at the time of the revolution would have accepted the idea that the theory of government articulated in the Declaration gave the true foundation for the political life they were instituting "upon this continent." Under pressure of the slavery controversy, there was in the 1850s less consensus on the political philosophy of the Declaration than there was in 1776 or 1787, but Lincoln was not creating anything new with his continued insistence on the importance of the principles of the Declaration. Wills' claim has a certain dramatic gravity, but the evidence does not support it.

At bottom, Wills appears to accept as accurate description Willmoore Kendall's version of Lincoln's usurpative achievement (dating the birth of the nation to 1776, falsely making the Declaration a central, indeed founding, document for the American tradition, and enshrining equality as the central principle of political right). Wills differs from Kendall's pro-Southern interpretation of Lincoln and the Civil War in evaluating Lincoln's act of usurpation positively. He did indeed change the way Americans understood their own tradition, but it was a change for the better.

Lincoln and his listeners are immersed is not independent of the past he has invoked so insistently in the first paragraph: the present time and place are defined by their relation to the past. The present reality is the "great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure." The present is a direct inheritance of the founding moment and its dedication. The legacy of "our fathers" is at best a mixed one; what they have handed down to us is not a self-sustaining enterprise. It may not "endure," and surely cannot endure without the contribution of the present generation. Lincoln here points back to a theme he had explored early on in his political career: the problem of "perpetuation of our political institutions" -- or, as he puts it at Gettysburg, of "endurance." Endurance is an issue facing Lincoln's generation; perhaps it is an issue facing every generation. "Our fathers" have passed on a task and not a finished product.

Lincoln sees in the war not merely a conflict that has arisen within the nation, but a conflict arising from the very identity of the nation -- from its "conception" and "dedication." The Civil War is a test of the endurance power of a nation so conceived and so dedicated. But Lincoln does not here tell us precisely how this is so. The brevity of the Gettysburg Address prevents it from being self-contained. But the context -- both the broader historical context and the context of earlier Lincoln speeches and deeds -- would help his audience understand in what way he means the Civil War is a test of the nation's identity.

That context suggests at least three different ways in which the "great civil war" is a "test of whether any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure":

First, although Lincoln does not mention the word at Gettysburg, it cannot be far from the minds of any of his listeners that slavery is at the heart of the conflict underlying the war. For a nation "dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal" slavery is indeed a "test." That nation may have been "brought forth" in dedication to equality, but it did contain from the onset a most central challenge to that dedication, the institution of slavery. Lincoln refuses to accept the presence of that institution as evidence that he is wrong about the nation's dedication to equality. Slavery existed, yes, but it was an inheritance from the "pre-nation," so to speak, and the "fathers" understood it as incompatible with their dedication. It was no accident, Lincoln thought, that Jefferson's draft of the Declaration of Independence contained a strong denunciation of slavery as a violation of the rights being affirmed in the text.

The founders acted in the wake of the Revolution to abolish slavery in many parts of the union and, he insists, they looked forward to its fading away eventually everywhere. Perhaps Lincoln overstates the "father's" view on the subject for there surely were some for whom this was not true, but on the whole, he is correct -- most of the founders thought just as he said -- even those among them who were large slave-owners, like Washington, Jefferson and Madison.

Slavery is a test of the dedication to equality in a very obvious way, but Lincoln has in mind a less obvious way in which it constitutes a test. By 1863, many spoke out who held slavery to be a good, a natural, and a positive institution, and who openly endorsed the opposite of the equality proposition. Some went so far as to say that the claims raised in the Declaration were "self-evident lies." The existence of slavery was a cancer inside the community, which ate away at the consensus on "all men are created equal." It showed the fragility of that consensus. The consensus is so fragile because "self-interest" opposes it. Equality, Lincoln says, is "the father of all moral principle in us": to affirm equality means to affirm the rights of all others and to accept as morally obligatory the limitations on the pursuit of one's own interests that this recognition requires. We may not enslave others, even if it is to our benefit to do so. Yet "the old Adam" is strong in us: it is no surprise, self-loving and self-interested beings that we are, that some, even many, should be tempted to shuck off the demands of moral restraint contained in the proposition that all men are created equal for the more self-indulgent claim of a right to hold others as slaves -- as unequals, without rights.

The war is thus a test of whether this nation can long endure because the war is testimony to how easily the "dedication" that defined the nation at its start can be forgotten or even renounced. The nation that does not retain that dedication will not "long endure" -- not that it will necessarily fall to a foreign invader, or dissolve in war and disorder, but by losing that "dedication" it loses its identity. A nation may survive "upon this continent," but it will not be the same nation.

A second sense in which Lincoln sees the war as a test of whether this nation "can long endure" is the issue I have already mentioned in the context of my discussion of the first paragraph. The war was immediately provoked not by slavery but by secession: it is a war to preserve the union caused most immediately by the efforts of some of the states to leave the union.

Lincoln was particularly exercised about the alleged right to secede. He did all he could to commit the union to employ arms against the seceders rather than to follow the advice of many even among his fellow Republican Party members. The advice of Horace Greely, an important newspaper editor and a mover and shaker of the Republican Party, was: "Let our erring brothers go." Lincoln's predecessor as President, James Buchanan, had a similar idea to Greely's: secession, he thought, was illegal, but he had no power and would

exercise none to prevent it. This was not Lincoln's policy: He accepted or rather courted, war in order to prevent "the erring brothers" from departing the union.

Why did Lincoln do all in his power to ensure a fratricidal war rather than accept separation? That was a question Lincoln spoke to at some length in the two most important of his Presidential speeches prior to Gettysburg. Indeed, in a speech delivered on July 4, 1861 -- a speech to Congress in Special Session, convened by him on purpose to coincide with the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence -- Lincoln used language so clearly resembling that of the Gettysburg Address that one may be certain that in this earlier, and longer speech he is pursuing some of the same themes as he did at Gettysburg.

The action by the government to resist efforts at disunion, Lincoln said on July 4, 1861, "embraces more than the fate of the United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question, whether a constitutional republic or democracy -- a government of the people, by the same people -- can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question, whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control the administration ,according to organic law, in any case, can always, upon pretenses made in this case, or on any other pretenses, or arbitrarily, without any pretense, break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth."

In this speech, as in all his earlier statements, Lincoln maintained the distinction between secession and rebellion. He never denied the abstract existence of a right of revolution, but this was a right that, according to the Declaration, could only be rightly exercised "when government became destructive of the ends for which it had been instituted." But no such case could be made here. Unlike the British in the 1770s, the government at the time of secession had violated no constitutional or natural rights, had not declared the Southern states outside the protection of the laws, had not made war on them.

Of course, according to the theory of the Declaration, those who lay claim to the right of revolution must in the final analysis judge for themselves whether their rights are endangered or not. There is, finally, no common judge between the government and the aggrieved parties. The solution in such a case is, in Lockean terms, "an appeal to Heaven," that is, an appeal to arms. If the government is genuinely threatening to the rights of its people, then there may well be sufficient support to overthrow it. But not every whiff of discontent is legitimate ground for revolution, and the government rightly may continue to enforce its laws and resist any armed resistance. Lincoln could accept the Southern action as a (misguided and unjustified) exercise of their revolutionary right, but then his resistance to the act is also perfectly legitimate and justified.

But the Southerners were not claiming to be exercising a revolutionary right; they claimed instead a right to secede, that is, to leave the union peacefully, as they had entered it. The government of the union, according to the theory of secession, had no right to resist their decision to leave the union. So one thing at stake in the apparently abstract and even legalistic question of the nature of the Southern action was the legitimacy of Northern response to the Southern effort to withdraw. If the South were correct in their theory of secession, then Lincoln had no right to marshal armies against them.

Lincoln made clear there was another aspect to the Southern insistence on the constitutional right of secession. As he said in his July 4th Address: the Southern leaders "knew their people possessed as much devotion to law and order, and as much pride in and reverence for, the history and Government of their common country, as any other civilized and patriotic people. They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of those strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps, to the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is that any state of the union may, consistently with the national Constitution, and therefore lawfully and peacefully, withdraw from the union without the consent of the union or of any other state." This amounts to a "sugar-coating" of rebellion; it was the only form in which the leaders could get their peoples to accept disunion.

Lincoln has a whole panoply of arguments, against the Southern position. Let me mention only the most important. The principle of secession, Lincoln maintained, is death to popular government. It means, in effect, that a losing minority in any democratic vote reserves the right not to be bound by the majority decision. "Plainly," Lincoln said in his first Inaugural Address, "the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy." If the minority is not bound to acquiesce in the constitutional decision of the majority, and secedes instead, "they make a precedent which, in turn, will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority." For instance, he asks, "why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present union now claim to secede from it?"

The doctrine of secession suggests itself naturally to those who see the origin of government in compact, itself an inference from the proposition that all men are

created equal. Lincoln's analysis shows precisely why the civil war is a test of that nation's ability to endure, for the principle of secession as a principle of anarchy will destroy any free government if it is accepted, yet it is highly plausible in regimes dedicated to the equality proposition.

There is yet a third sense in which this great civil war is a test of whether this nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal, can long endure. Of the three this is the one with perhaps the most contemporary resonance in our post-9/11 world. In his July 4th, 1861 Address Lincoln states that the war "forces us to ask, 'is there in all republics, this inherent and fatal weakness? Must a government, of necessity, be too *strong* for the liberties of its own people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?'" Lincoln had good reason to raise this question for he had been criticized then and has been criticized since for taking actions violative of civil liberties and beyond the legitimate powers of his office. On his own authority, for example, he had suspended the writ of habeas corpus, spent money without congressional authorization, called up the militia without Congress, and declared a naval blockade of the Southern states. He did all these things, committing the union in effect to a forcible effort to prevent secession, on his own authority. From the firing on Fort Sumter to the assembling of Congress in special session almost three months elapsed. In that time he had taken steps which, if not quite irrevocable, went a long way to guaranteeing that the North would not just "let our erring brothers go."

Lincoln supplied elaborate defenses of his actions -- which we cannot follow out here now -- defenses that historians and constitutional scholars still heatedly debate. As I said earlier, these debates have special resonance today when the Bush Administration claims the right to take actions many rightly see as questionable under accepted Anglo-American standards of Rule of Law.

In raising the question he does, Lincoln once again returns to a theme of the Declaration of Independence. The Declaration presents both a theory of the legitimacy of political authority and a theory of the problem of political authority. On the one hand, rights are insecure in the condition of original equality. That is why the text asserts that government is instituted to "secure these rights." Government provides security of rights, yet the text also says that governments may themselves become destructive of the ends for which they have been instituted, i.e., they may become sources of insecurity not security of rights. The problem the Declaration points to, then, is this: public coercive power is necessary; pubic coercive power is dangerous. The solution to this quandary is the set of institutions we know of as rule of law and constitutionalism: public coercive authority must be well defined, safely located, channeled and trammeled. The mandate of the Declaration then is: limited, constitutional government. But as Lincoln learned and the authors of The Federalist had pointed out long ago -- sometimes the means established (a particular form of limited, constitutional government) may not be adequate to the end for which they exist (the existence of the government which is to secure rights.) What to do then is a genuine problem. Is government to be too weak -- that is a failure. Is government to be too strong -- that too is a failure. Civil war raises this problem in especially serious form, because in such cases we have a society divided against itself and everyone within as well as without disagrees on what ought or needs to be done. The war *definitely* raised the problem Lincoln poses in his July 4 Address: a positive answer can emerge only if the nation succeeds both in fighting the war, and in remaining a limited, constitutional, rule of law regime.

The second paragraph of the Gettysburg Address then immerses Lincoln and his audience in the present time and place, a time and place he insists cannot be understood apart from the task bequeathed them by the fathers, a task that requires as much of them as was required of the fathers. The last paragraph turns to the next question: "what is to be done?"

IV. The Gettysburg Address: The Future

The last part of the Address is by far the longest and the most complex in form. The complexity derives from the peculiar boldness and the peculiar delicacy with which Lincoln speaks of the future. He begins his third paragraph by almost contradicting the conclusions of the second paragraph. In the second paragraph he had said it was fitting and proper for us in the present to be present here at Gettysburg to dedicate "a portion of the field" of battle as a "final resting place" for the union dead. But the third paragraph opens with a "But" -- a clear announcement of a change in direction.

But -- what is thought to be "altogether fitting and proper" cannot really be done by us. The dead have already dedicated their final resting place more than Lincoln or his fellow assembled mourners and politicians can do. After all, what can they the living do or say that can match what the dead themselves gave in order to earn their "final resting place?" It is not asking much of the survivors to say a few words and to shovel a few spadefulls of earth over the dead. If all the survivors do is that, Lincoln is right when he says "the world will little note nor long remember what we say here."

But Lincoln did not stop there. Our task as the living survivors is not simply to memorialize the dead

as though dedication to what is already achieved is sufficient. The living have a task before them, not merely to memorialize what lies behind them: the living must preside over a "new birth of freedom." The living generation faces a task quite strictly parallel to the great task of "our fathers:" it too must give birth to freedom -- not merely restore or preserve the past, but extend it. It is tempting to read Lincoln's statement about the future in the light of Friedrich Nietzsche's essay on the role of history in the life of peoples. Nietzsche had identified three types of history -- each of which had its uses and its disadvantages. Monumental history is the story of great men and great deeds that found new things. As a form of history it can inspire men in the present to great deeds as well.

Antiquarian history -- the cherishing memory of the past -- can be preservative of that past. It keeps a nation moored in its past and thus provides for continuity of identity. It is the kind of history to which Lincoln appeals at the close of his First Inaugural when he evokes the "mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearth stone." As he makes clear, this kind of appeal has a conservative and a preservative character. The loving appeal to "the mystic chords of memory" has its preservative effect but it also can be stultifying -- there is such a thing as "the dead hand of the past." Thus Nietzsche identifies a third form of history, critical history, which turns a critical eye to the past, stealing from it its aura of sacredness and awe. This too can be useful in the life of a people, for it helps clear the ground for new action by allowing a people to win freedom from its own past.

To many observers, Lincoln appears to be an antiquarian in Nietzsche's sense: he invokes "the fathers" with the accoutrements of sacrality associated with biblical Christianity in 19th century America. Yet that is an insufficiently subtle understanding of Lincoln's position: it is almost the case that each of Lincoln's three paragraphs embodies one of Nietzsche's three types of history. As the first paragraph distinctly presses toward antiquarian history, so the second moves toward critical history: in its quiet way it points to the limitations of the achievements of "the fathers." The new nation which they "brought forth" may not be able to endure. It is convulsed in a great civil war, which war represents an internal and intrinsic crisis of the nation, not an extrinsic threat. At the least, Lincoln leads us to conclude, the founders did not complete the task they embarked upon. The third paragraph moves back into the sphere of monumental history -- heroic acts are to be done and it is *this* present generation which is to do them, not the departed race of "our fathers." We are not, Lincoln tells his audience, a mere race of epigones, ones who came after the great things are all accomplished and who have no task other than to cherish and preserve.

But Lincoln differs from Nietzsche, too: the task of "we the living" is not to make anew, entirely; not to indulge in critical history to the point of disregarding our ties to or reverence for "our fathers." Rather, we the living should do what they did: *bring forth* something free, something *dedicated* to the proposition that "all men are created equal." Our task is both the same and in profound continuity with "our fathers" and at the same time new and a break, a diremption with them. Our task, our new deed is an extension (though not a mere or easy extension) of their dedication and their deeds. The key to the Gettysburg Address is indeed the theme of *dedication*: the founders were dedicated to something -- the proposition that all men are created equal and the equality of natural rights that that entails. That dedication can never be completed or exhausted. To be true to "our fathers" means to preserve not every jot and title of what they did (though it means to preserve what is good of it), but above all, to preserve their "dedication" to their project. Building a political community on the basis of the dedication of "our fathers" is ongoing and, it seems, infinitely difficult.

Lincoln differs from Nietzsche in affirming that all three kinds of history can or perhaps must coexist. Nietzsche worried that devotion to the past can dwarf the human beings of the present, and thus he looked to the possibility of simply new beginnings. Lincoln sees the great deeds of the future -- if they are to be truly great and just deeds -- in the continued dedication of the dead fathers -- which implies within it new great tasks. In Lincoln, then, as opposed to Nietzsche, past, present and future can hold together, not seamlessly to be sure, but genuinely -- *if* there is a Lincoln to show how to do so. Thus the inability of the living to truly dedicate the cemetery at Gettysburg is not merely a negative result of their inability to bring anything weighty enough to that field, but more importantly that inability flows from the fact that their task of dedication is a different task than mere memorializing. The "mystic chords of memory" are a spring board into the future, which contains, of necessity, the need for a "new birth."

But what is the "new birth" to which Lincoln calls the nation at Gettysburg? The answer is fairly clear: recall that in the same year as Gettysburg Lincoln had issued the Final Emancipation Proclamation. To secure the freedom of the slaves and to properly provide for the freedmen -- that was the new birth of freedom. Given the magnitude of the task, and the burdens of history, this was perhaps as large a task -- or larger -- than the original birth of freedom on this continent.

Lincoln, of course, in his ten sentences here, does not sketch out what is needed in order to bring off this new birth of freedom successfully. There is much evidence that suggests that as of 1863 he was quite uncertain himself about what this "new birth" would entail.

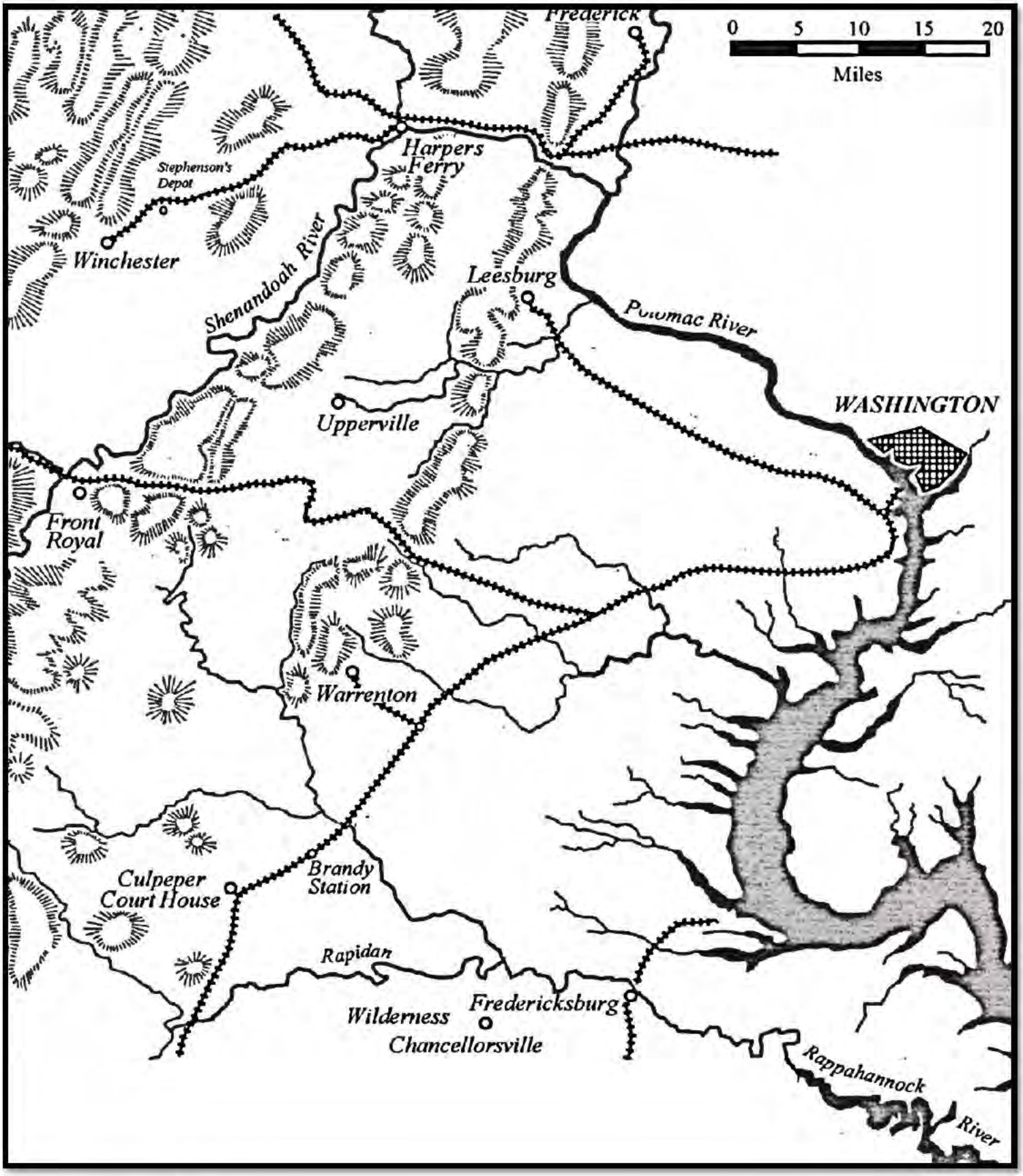
But Lincoln does make clear that this task is in principle a continuation of that of the founders even while it requires a renunciation and remaking of much of what they had made. As Lincoln and most other Americans before the Civil War always insisted, a chief principle of the founders' political order was the right of the states to order themselves internally as they wished (so long as they remained republican in form). Lincoln understood that right to include the right to have slavery. But that did not derogate from the fact that slavery was contrary to the founding "dedication:" the nation was truly divided against itself. The task of providing for the "new birth" was going to require, then, that some important pieces of the fathers' work would need redoing -- federalism would no longer allow such a degree of state autonomy as had been the ante-bellum rule.

The "new birth" would also include what Lincoln explicitly refers to: the successful completion of the war and the refutation in practice as well as in theory of the Southern thesis of a right to secession. The triumph of *that* principle, Lincoln had shown, meant the end of free, or democratic, government.

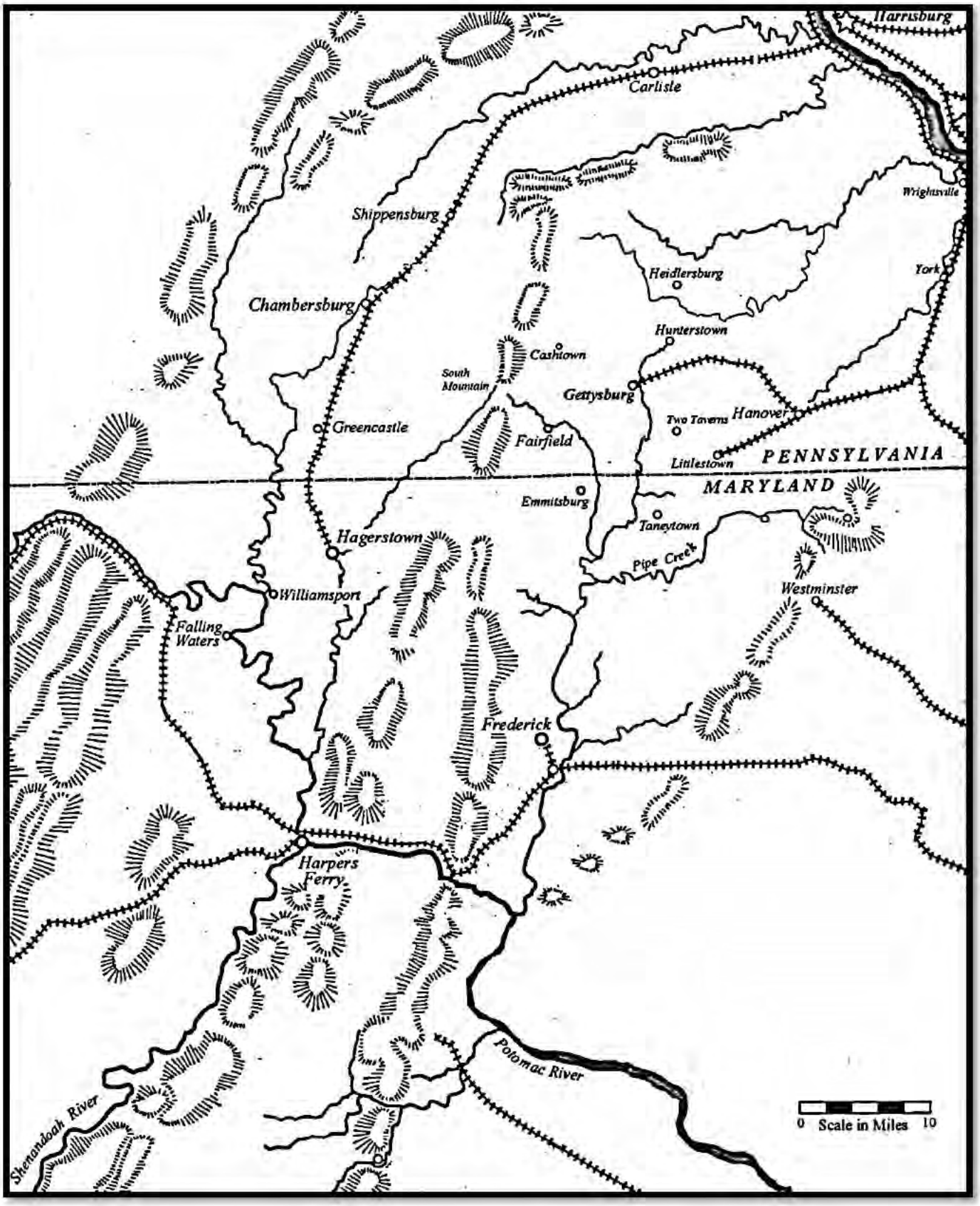
V. Conclusion

The memorializers of 9/11 were not wrong, then, -- or not entirely wrong -- to look back to the Gettysburg Address to find the words for their task. The Gettysburg Address was as eloquent an affirmation as could be made in ten -- or ten hundred -- sentences of the American resolve to endure, and of what about America makes Americans believe the nation is worthy of enduring. No doubt the part of Lincoln's speech that most recommended itself to the memorializers came near the end: "we here highly resolve that those dead shall not have died in vain." That said something of what the participants in 9/11 memorials were seeking. The dead will not have died in vain, Lincoln believes, if the nation can retain "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" (i.e. democracy), and if it can experience a "new birth of freedom." Both the democracy it must preserve and the freedom it must renew and extend are implications and consequences of the original proposition to which the nation was dedicated at its birth. The two together, freedom and democracy define the particular character of the American regime: liberal democracy. The dead will not have died in vain -- in 1863 , or in 2001 -- if American liberal democracy is renewed in response to their death. Since those who made war in 1863 were enemies to liberal democracy in one way, and those who brought destruction in 2001 were enemies of liberal democracy in another way, it was indeed "fitting and proper" that the memorializers connect these two moments of trial and tragedy.

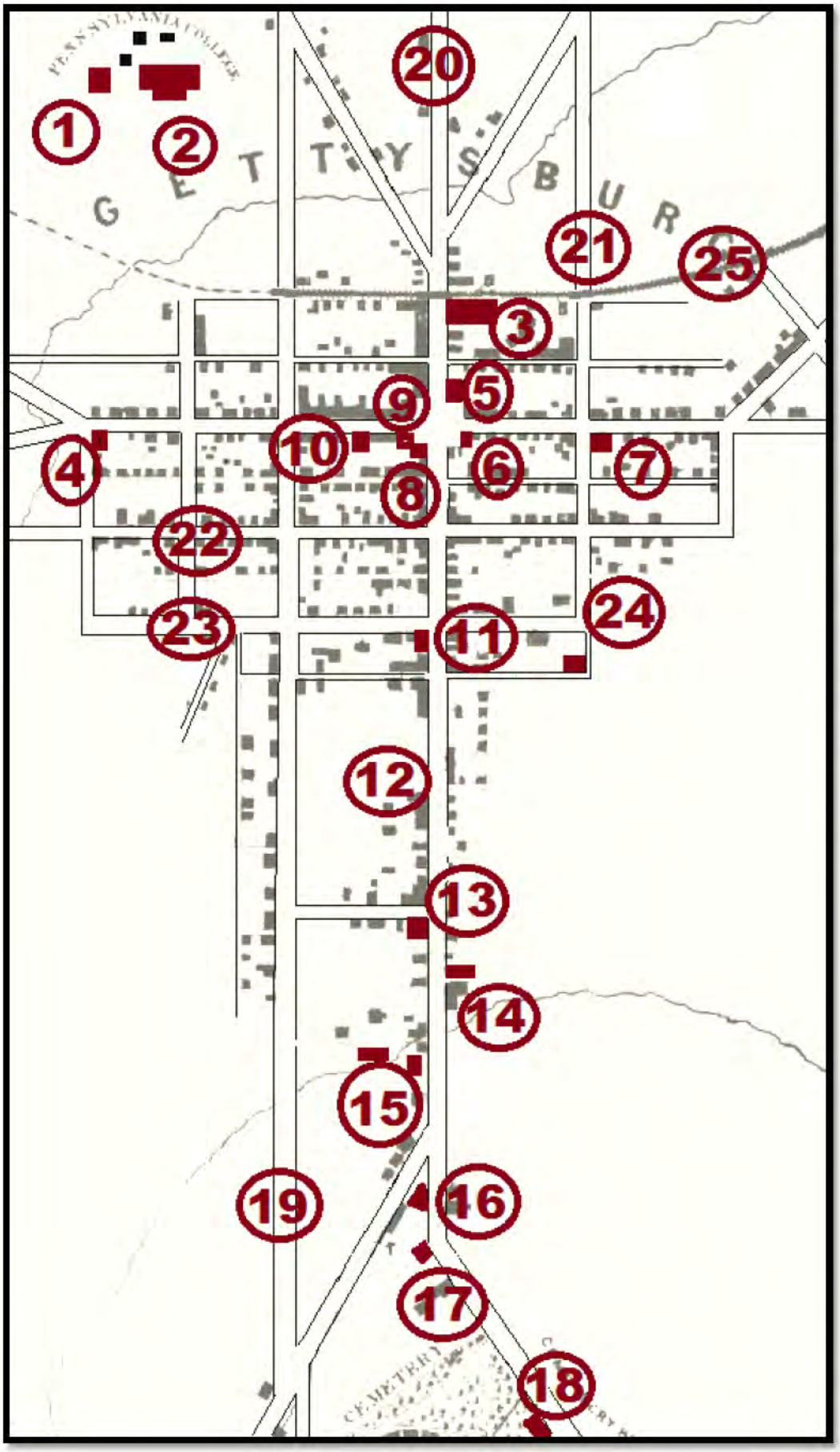
Yet in some ways using Lincoln as he was used in 2002 violates the spirit and message of his speech. It is to treat him as though dedication to the past were sufficient. It is to act the antiquarian historian. Dedication is both the theme and one of the dangers described in the Gettysburg Address. Dedication to the dead, be they "our fathers" or the battlefield dead of the war, or victims of terrorist acts cannot suffice, for dedication looks forward even as it looks backward. When it loses its forward look it becomes dead and thereby loses its enlivening and defining power. Thus, to repeat an earlier point, it is not merely, perhaps not mainly, that the survivors cannot dedicate the ground for the dead beyond what the dead have done for themselves, but that in the final analysis that is the wrong task. To inter dedication with and on behalf of the dead is not even to properly honor them, for it misses the way their dedicated action was for the future. Of course, this is not wholly wrong: to be dedicated to the past -- to recall our past and our "dedication" is a crucial part of what Lincoln calls us to do. But better than merely reading the Gettysburg Address would have been for someone -- our Lincoln -- after reading the Gettysburg Address and the Declaration of Independence -- to interpret the meaning of 9/11 for us in light of Jefferson's words and in light of Lincoln's words. It would have been better for our Lincoln to tell us what we the living have to dedicate ourselves to, and how that new task relates to "our fathers," including Father Abraham Lincoln and the others who partook in the new birth of freedom of the 1860s. It is not enough to say what so many of our leaders have said -- that we need to do everything we can to provide security for ourselves both at home and abroad. B-2 bombers and a Department of Homeland Security are not enough to guarantee our resolve that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth.



Campaign Map

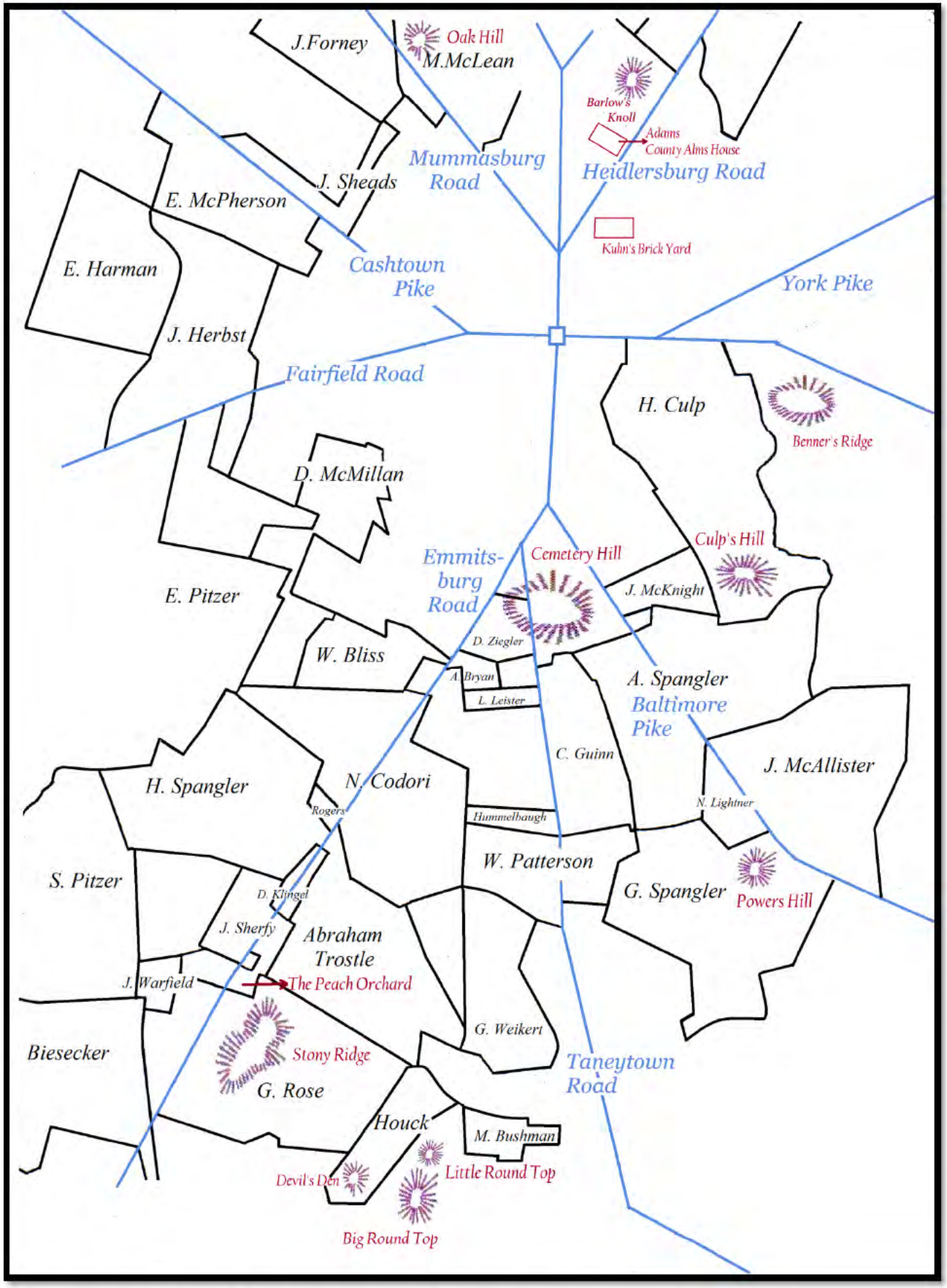

Harrisburg
Carlisle
Wrightsville
Shippensburg
Heidlersburg
York
Chambersburg
Hunterstown
Cashtown
South Mountain
Gettysburg
Two Taverns
Hanover
Greencastle
Fairfield
Littlestown
PENNSYLVANIA
MARYLAND
Emmitsburg
Taneytown
Hagerstown
Pipe Creek
Westminster
Williamsport
Falling Waters
Frederick
Harpers Ferry
Potomac River
Shenandoah River
0 Scale in Miles 10

Region Map



Town Map

1. Henry L. Baugher
2. Main Edifice
3. Train Station
4. John Burns
5. McClellan's Tavern
6. David Wills
7. St. James Lutheran
8. John Schick Store
9. George Arnold Store
10. Christ Lutheran
11. Albertus McCreary
12. Anna Garlach (Schimmelpfennig)
13. Catharine Sweney
14. Winebrenner
15. Rupp Tannery
16. Wagon Hotel
17. Capt. John Myers
18. Evergreen Cemetery gatehouse
19. Washington Street
20. Carlisle Street
21. Stratton Street
22. Middle Street
23. High Street
24. German Reformed Ch
25. Gettysburg RR



Farms, Roads & Geographical Points

ARMY *of the* POTOMAC

Maj. Gen. **GEORGE GORDON MEADE**

1st CORPS: MAJ. GEN. **JOHN F. REYNOLDS**
- ❶Brig. Gen. **JAMES SAMUEL WADSWORTH -** Meredith ("Iron Brigade"), Cutler
- ❷Brig. Gen. **JOHN CLEVELAND ROBINSON -** Paul , Baxter
- ❸Maj. Gen. **ABNER DOUBLEDAY –** Rowley, Stone, Stannard

Artillery Brigade: *Col. Charles Shiels Wainwright*

2d CORPS: Maj. Gen. **WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK**
- ❶Brig. Gen**. JOHN CURTIS CALDWELL –** Cross, Kelly ("Irish Brigade"), Zook, Brooke
- ❷Brig. Gen. **JOHN GIBBON –** Harrow, Webb, Hall
- ❸Brig. Gen. **ALEXANDER HAYS –** Carroll, Smyth, Willard

Artillery Brigade – *Capt. John Gardner Hazard*

3d CORPS: Maj. Gen. **DANIEL EDGAR SICKLES**
- ❶Maj. Gen. **DAVID BELL BIRNEY** – Graham, Ward, de Trobriand
- ❷Brig. Gen. **ANDREW ATKINSON HUMPHREYS -** Carr, Brewster, Burling

Artillery Brigade: *Capt. George E. Randolph*

5th CORPS: Maj. Gen. **GEORGE SYKES**
- ❶Brig. Gen. **JAMES BARNES –** Tilton, Sweitzer, Vincent
- ❷Brig. Gen. **ROMEYN BECK AYRES** – Day, Burbank, Weed

"Pa. Reserve Division" Brig. Gen. **SAMUEL WYLIE CRAWFORD** – McCandless, Fisher

Artillery Brigade: *Capt. Augustus P. Martin*

6th CORPS: Maj. Gen. **JOHN SEDGWICK**
- ❶Brig. Gen. **HORATIO G. WRIGHT** – Torbert, Bartlett, Russell
- ❷Brig. Gen. **ALBION PARRIS HOWE** – Grant, Neill
- ❸Brig. Gen. **JOHN NEWTON** – Shaler, Eustis, Wheaton

Artillery Brigade: Col. Charles Henry Tompkins

11th CORPS: Maj. Gen. **OLIVER OTIS HOWARD**
- ❶Brig. Gen. **FRANCIS CHANNING BARLOW -** von Gilsa, Ames
- ❷Brig. Gen. **ADOLF VON STEINWEHR** – Coster, Smith
- ❸Maj. Gen. **CARL SCHURZ** – Schimmelfennig, Krzyzanowski

Artillery Brigade: Maj. *Thomas W. Osborn*

12th CORPS: Maj. Gen. **HENRY WARNER SLOCUM**
- ❶Brig. Gen. **ALPHEUS STARKEY WILLIAMS** – McDougall, Lockwood, Ruger
- ❷"White Star": Brig. Gen. **JOHN WHITE GEARY** – Candy, Kane, Greene

Artillery Brigade: 1st Lt. *Edward Duchman Muhlenberg*

CAVALRY CORPS: Maj. Gen. **ALFRED PLEASONTON**
- ❶Brig. Gen. **JOHN BUFORD** – Gamble, Devin, Merritt
- ❷Brig. Gen. **DAVID MCMURTRIE GREGG –** McIntosh, Gregg
- ❸Brig. Gen. **HUGH JUDSON KILPATRICK** – Farnsworth, Custer

Horse Artillery: Capt. *James Madison Robertson, John Caldwell Tidball*

Reserve Art: Brig. Gen. **ROBERT OGDEN TYLER**

1st Regular Art B: Capt. Dunbar Richard Ransom
1st Volunteer Art B: Lt. Col. Freeman McGilvery
2d Volunteer Art B: Capt. Elijah D. Taft
3d Volunteer Art B: Capt. James F. Huntington
4th Volunteer Art B: Capt. Robert H. Fitzhugh

ARMY *of* NORTHERN VIRGINIA

GEN. **ROBERT EDWARD LEE**

BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM NELSON PENDLETON - Escort: 39th VA Cav Batn. (cos. A & C):

Longstreet's CORPS: LT. GEN. **JAMES LONGSTREET**

- ❶ MAJ. GEN. **LAFAYETTE MCLAWS** – Kershaw, Semmes, Barksdale, Wofford
  Artillery: Col. Henry Coalter Cabell
- ❷ MAJ. GEN. **GEORGE E. PICKETT** - Garnett, Armistead, Kemper
  Artillery: *Maj. James Dearing*
- ❸ MAJ. GEN. **JOHN BELL HOOD** - G.T.Anderson, Law, Robertson, Benning
  Artillery: Maj. Mathias Winston Henry, Maj. John C. Haskell

Reserve Artillery: COL. JAMES BURDEE WALTON

Ewell's CORPS: LT. GEN. **RICHARD STODDERT EWELL**

- ❶ MAJ. GEN. **JUBAL ANDERSON EARLY** – Hays ("Louisiana Tigers"), Smith, Avery, Gordon
  Artillery: Lt. Col. Hilary Pollard Jones
- ❷ MAJ. GEN. **EDWARD 'ALLEGHENY ED' JOHNSON** – Steuart, Walker ("Stonewall Brigade"), John Marshall Jones, Williams
  Artillery: Johnson's D: Lt. Col. R. Snowden Andrews (*w.*, June 15), Maj. Joseph White Latimer
- ❸ MAJ. GEN. **ROBERT EMMETT RODES** - Daniel, Doles, Iverson, Ramseur, O'Neal
  A Artillery. Rodes's D: LT. COL. THOMAS HENRY CARTER

Reserve Artillery: COL. JOHN THOMPSON BROWN

Hill's CORPS: LT. GEN. AMBROSE POWELL HILL

- ❶ MAJ. GEN. **RICHARD HERON ANDERSON** – Wilcox, Mahone, Wright , Posey, Lang,
  Artillery. Lt. Col. A. S. Cotts
- ❷ MAJ. GEN. **HENRY HETH** -- Pettigrew, Archer, Davis, Brockenbrough
  Artillery.: Lt. Col. John Jameson Garnett
- ❸ MAJ. GEN. **WILLIAM DORSEY PENDER** – Lane, Thomas, Scales, Perrin
  Artillery. MAJ. WILLIAM THOMAS POAGUE

Reserve Artillery: COL. REUBEN LINDSAY WALKER,

Stuart's Cavalry Division: MAJ. GEN. **JAMES EWELL BROWN STUART**

- ❶ Cav. Brigade: BRIG. GEN. WADE HAMPTON III
- ❷ Cav. Brigade: BRIG. GEN. BEVERLY HOLCOMBE ROBERTSON
- ❸ Cav. Brigade: BRIG. GEN. FITZHUGH LEE
- ❹ Cav. Brigade: BRIG. GEN. ALBERT GALLATIN JENKINS
- ❺ Cav. Brigade: COL. JOHN RANDOLPH CHAMBLISS
- ❻ Cav. Brigade: BRIG. GEN. WILLIAM EDMONDSON JONES
- ❼ Imboden's Command: Brig. Gen. John Daniel Imboden
  Horse Art: Cav. D: MAJ. ROBERT FRANKLIN BECKHAM