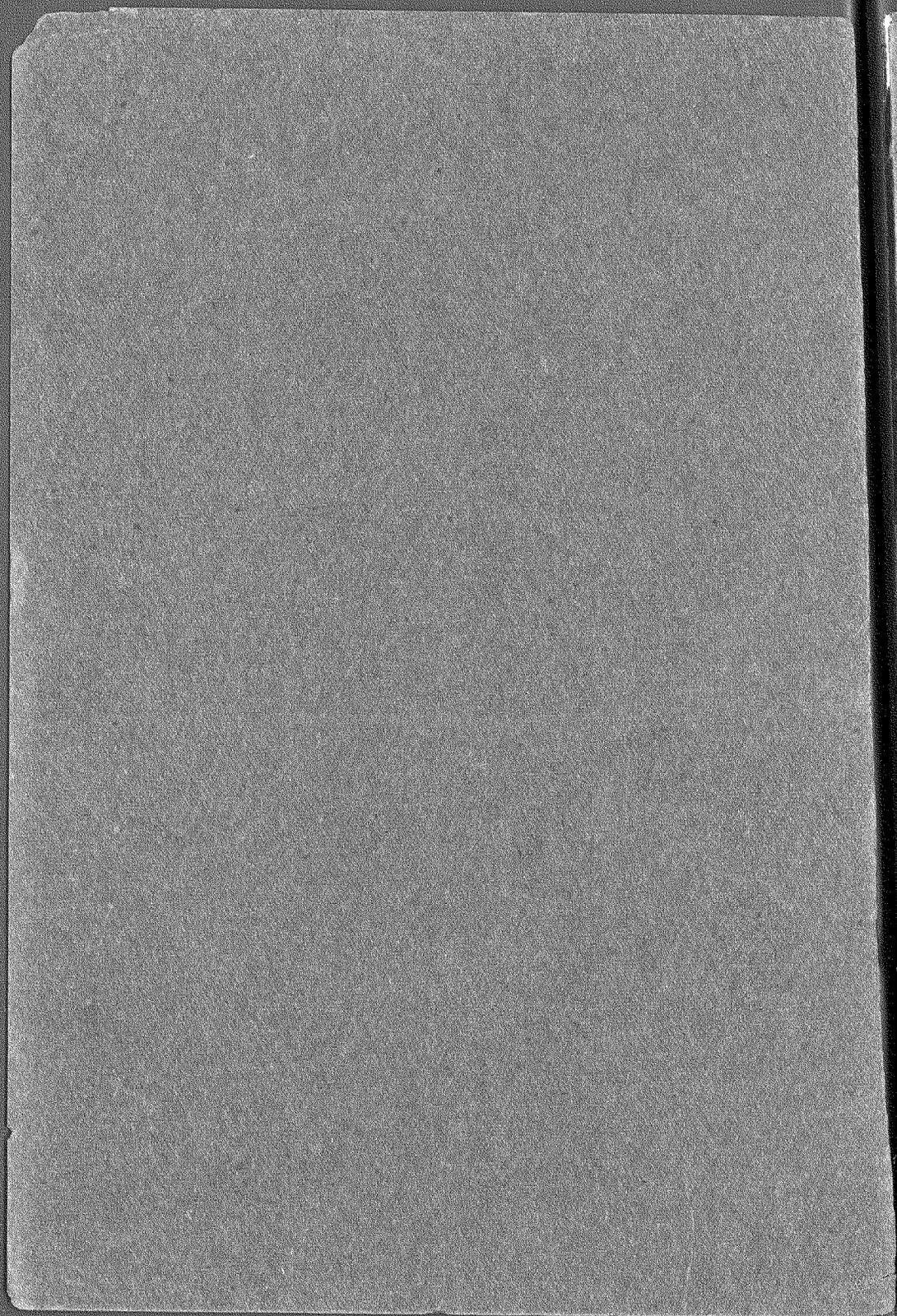
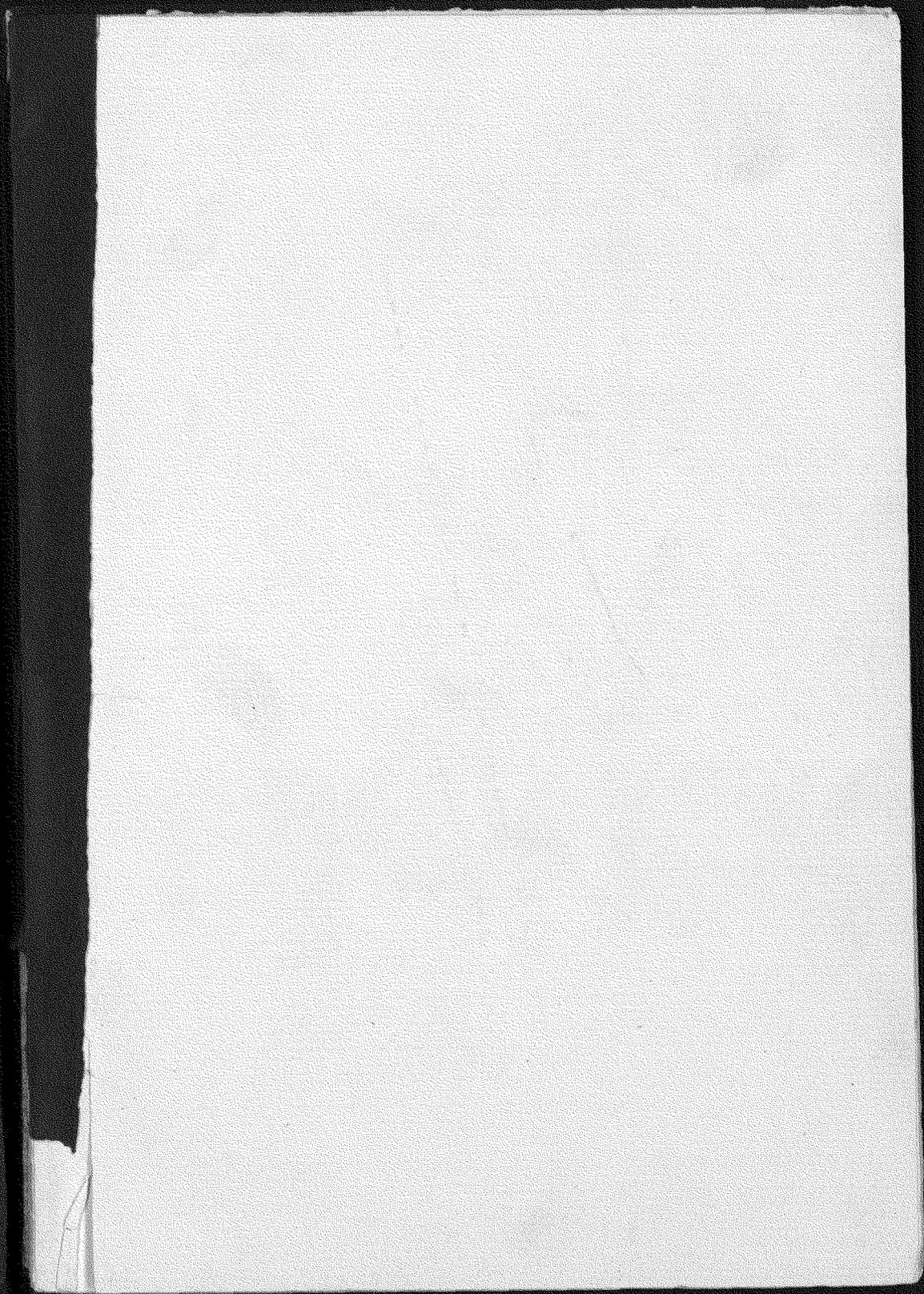
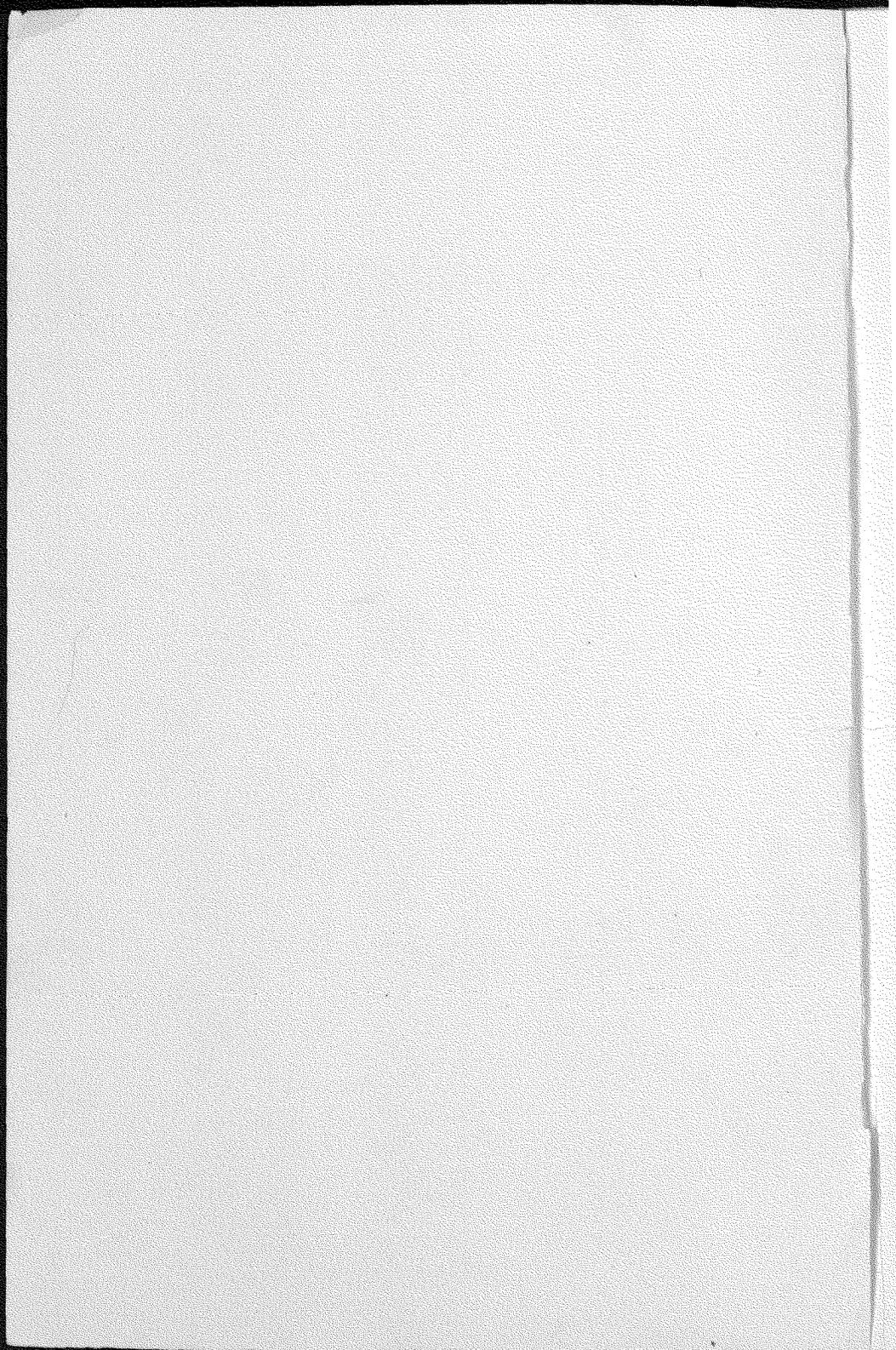
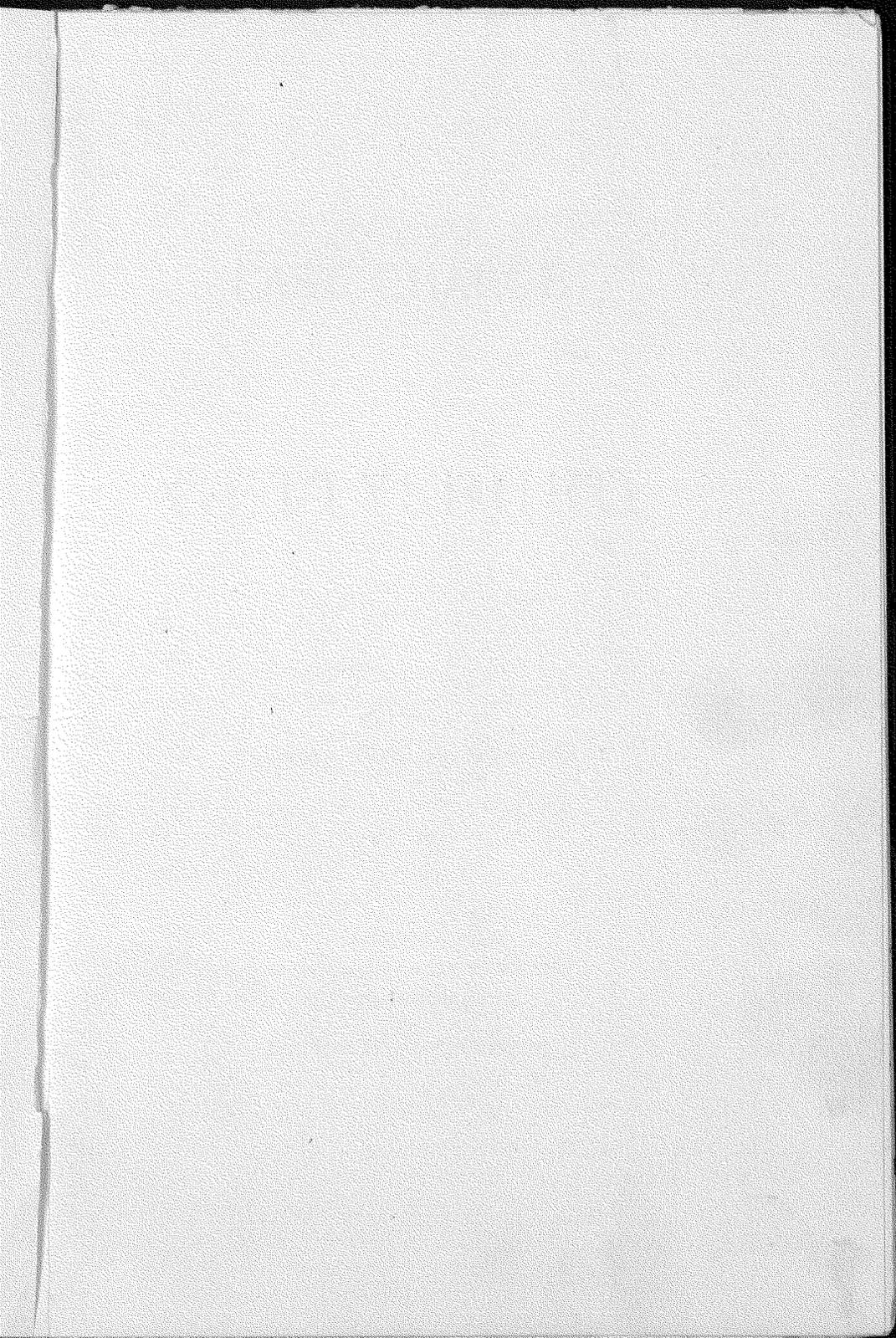


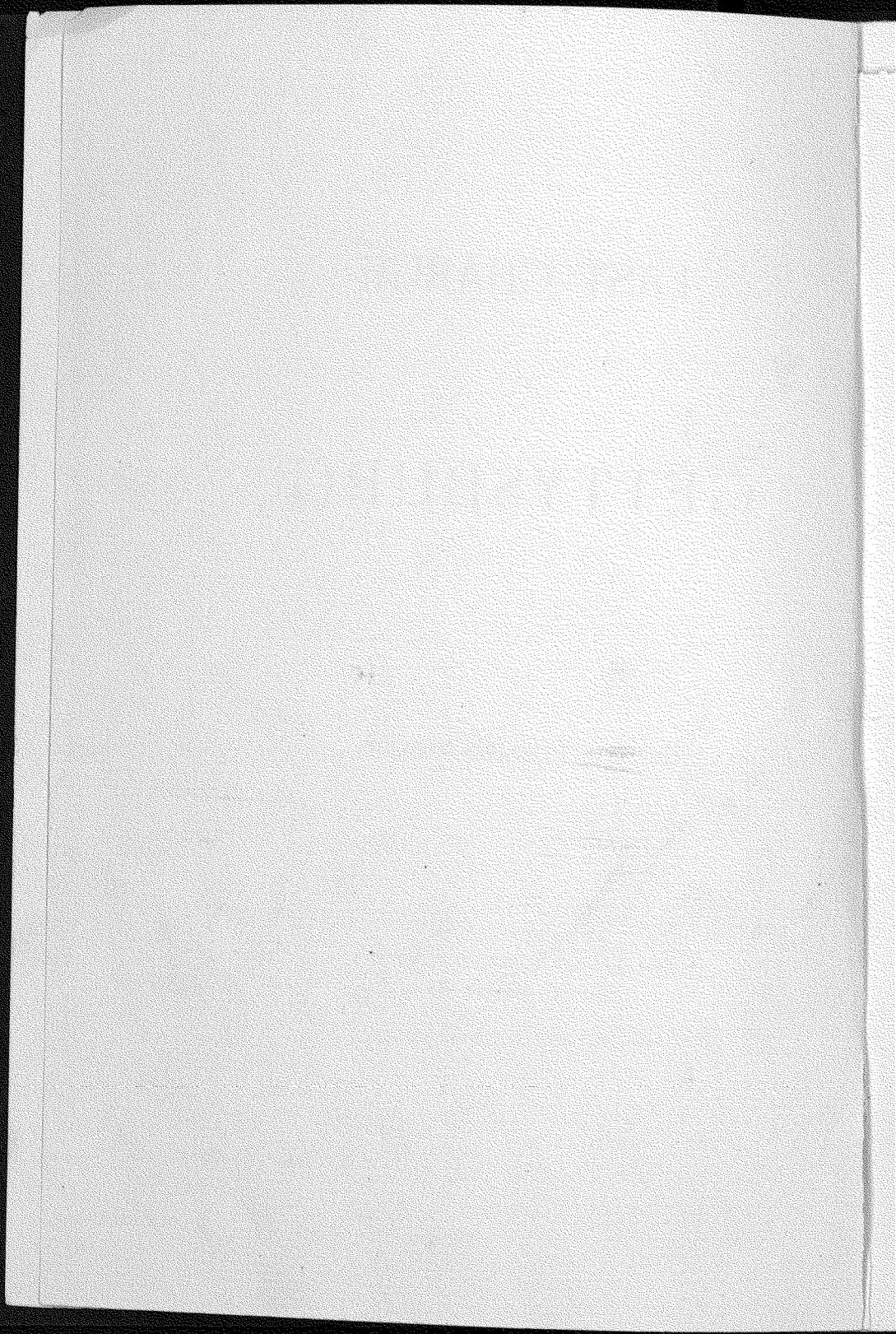
LAST CHARGE  
AT  
GETTYSBURG











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AT  
GETTYSBURG

BY  
GEORGE EDWARD VICKERS



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## Last Charge at Gettysburg.



PICKETT, Commander of the Second Division of Longstreet's Corps, composed of hardy Virginians, newly arrived at the scene of battle, and not having participated, is sought by Lee as the sole remaining hope and saviour of his enterprise. The Southern Chief having attacked the Northern Army on the Left and Right successively and been repulsed with great loss, conceives the idea of attacking the Centre.\* Pickett's fresh troops are selected for the undertaking, supported by two Divisions of the Corps of Hill. Prior to the movement Pickett addresses his troops with spirit and earnestness, appealing to their courage and dwelling on the glory that awaits them in the event of success. His soldiers show with great enthusiasm their readiness to make the trial. After a tremendous attack by all the heavy guns of the Southern artillery, which is responded to by the Northern batteries, creating an appalling uproar and confusion, Pickett's army begins its march across the plain to engage the enemy, which, having ceased its fire, led the Southmen to suppose its guns had been silenced. Pickett, when too far advanced to withdraw, learns the truth, and finds his troops partially hemmed in and assailed by a deadly fire. Two of his Generals, Garnett and Armistead, are killed, and the other, Kemper, is dangerously wounded. Garnett, before he falls, is the hope of the assaulting column, and displays in the face of defeat, prodigious bravery. Pickett's army is cut to pieces, few escaping, the main portion being killed or captured, and the last hope of Lee is thus destroyed.

\*See Appendix.

†See Appendix.

## LAST CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.



IN Pickett's host, for deeds of valor fam'd,  
There was a Chief for war-like might acclaim'd.  
Garnett his name, his stock Virginian, of sturdy line  
'Midst kindred breed where names illustrious shine.  
Brave as man e'er grew, ne'er had his spirit failed ;  
Before his arms had mighty foemen quailed.  
Tall like an oak, with voice like mountain storm,  
His prowess shone where'er rose war's alarm.

Then Pickett spoke, of Longstreet's noted host ;\*  
Leaders and led alike his worth did boast :  
" Of all the glory won on glorious field  
Ne'er yet was such as soon may be revealed.  
Two awful days the Southern axe has hewn ;  
Two days with brawn and blood the earth bestewn ;  
Our comrades all, a faithful, hardy crew,  
In eager task their strength well-nigh outdo.  
In fruitless toil their valiant might is spent ;  
With foemen's gore their gallant blood is blent.  
Such stubborn wall ne'er yet our arms essay'd ;  
Ne'er flesh and bone a stronger barrier made.

\*"The column of attack, composed of Wilcox's Brigade, Pickett's and Heth's Divisions and several other commands, detached for this duty has been variously estimated but probably numbered about thirteen thousand troops, the command of the whole line being given to General Pickett, a brave and fearless officer, and a fit leader of this forlorn hope, thrown forward to retrieve disaster or turn by fierce conflict the waning fortunes of a dying cause. Riding out in front Pickett made an animated address to his troops and closed by saying to his own Division : 'Charge the enemy and remember old Virginia.' Then came the command in a strong, clear voice : 'Forward ! Guide centre ! March ! and the column with a front of more than half a mile moved grandly up the slope.—Captain H. T. Owen, 18th Virginia Regiment. Philadelphia Weekly *Times*, March 26th, 1861.—Annals of the War.

Not firmer granite mass 'neath distant Hampshire skies  
 Than Northman stands and all our might defies.  
 Oft' have I seen in cool Virginian groves  
 The massive oak that ev'ry Southman loves ;  
 His mighty roots deep fixed in native earth,  
 His sturdy trunk that tells his nurture's worth,  
 Unharm'd he stands before the tempest's blast ;  
 The axman comes : he yields his might at last.  
 The careful Meade, implanted firm and sure,  
 Dismays our hosts and bars their way, secure.  
 No furious storm by Southman's valor sent  
 Doth move the tree or find its branches rent.  
 His sturdy prop, the valiant Reynolds fall'n,  
 What is the source of all his prowess, swoln ?  
 To know our task, nor slight, nor underrate  
 The ample need doth half the task abate.  
 This host alone of Southmen's cause the stay  
 For Southmen's cause shall win the glorious day.  
 Think of your homes ! The happy green-clad hills  
 Of dear Virginia courage fresh instills.  
 All o'er the land the merry bells and cheers  
 Shall hail your deeds and blend them with the years.  
 The ready plan we here shall quick unfold :  
 E'er 'gainst yon foe the storm has useless roll'd ;  
 Yet all untried this fresh and gallant band ;  
 Where others fail its arms in triumph stand.  
 Clear is the way : the shady ridge conceals  
 Our war-like mass nor faintest move reveals.  
 Prone here on earth ye brave may all repose  
 While 'gainst yon foe our batt'ries' volume flows ;  
 Whene'er shall cease the cannon fierce their roar  
 Straight 'gainst the North your eager ranks may pour.  
 Their strongest line I ween must quickly yield  
 Before the arms this gallant host shall wield.

" Thus for yourselves, ye warriors true and tried !  
 On glorious fields have comrades bled and died.

To you my voice is raised : to you mine eyes and ears  
 Are trebly strain'd to note your hopes and fears;  
 And I, your Chief, ill would your faith requite  
 If second e'er I placed your war-like might.  
 Of all Divisions form'd in massive Corps  
 Ne'er one more brave did strive in modern wars.  
 Three grand Brigades our martial prowess holds ;  
 Three Brigadiers, all cast, as seems, in valor's moulds—  
 Armistead, Kemper, Garnett—unmatched they stand,  
 Fearless as wise, fit Chiefs to wield command.  
 To sum up all we hold the honored place  
 In this great trial and lead the gallant race.  
 Close on our left, in line extensive drawn,  
 The arms of Heth, a great Division's brawn,  
 Shall do their part with Pettigrew to lead,  
 Since valiant Heth doth still disabled bleed ;  
 And Archer, Jones, Davis and Brockenborough true  
 Their daring Chiefs. Of these now all save Archer, view  
 In war-like place ; and in his stead heroic Frey  
 Doth ably lead while yet as foeman's prey  
 The captive Archer dwells. Of this, the forward line,  
 Mark well the plan as orders clear define :  
 From Heth's near right tho' sharply in advance  
 Extend we two Brigades, lin'd straight as marksman's glance,  
 Garnett's and Kemper's ; while parallel a second line is  
 thrown,  
 The troops of Armistead, and thus the host, as ' Pickett's '  
 The whole of Heth's, two-thirds of Pickett's mass [known.  
 The long front line compose ; thence to the second pass :  
 Our rear and last Brigade is Armistead, in thinner line  
 display'd,  
 As needs must be since as one to two his brave Brigade.  
 From left of Armistead to Heth's far-reaching end  
 The two Brigades of Scales and Lane the second line extend.  
 Of Pender's Division they, grim mate of Heth's fam'd host  
 In Hill's great Corps, and of it the pride and boast.

The two Brigades, by Trimble led of noted name,  
 The dread Division halves that sounds brave Pender's fame.  
 The other half, or two Brigades, Thomas and McGowen lead ;  
 Their post, left flank of Heth, as Longstreet's orders read ;  
 While on our right, in like position 'signed,  
 The host of Anderson, a fierce Division, find.  
 In three Brigades his might will heedful stand  
 And wield its arms where'er our needs command.  
 Anderson's, the last of great Divisions three  
 Of Hill's vast corps, while one of Longstreet's we ;  
 These last Brigades by Wright, Wilcox and Perry led  
 Shall guard our right and rear when flame and carnage  
 spread."

Thus Longstreet's fav'rite Chief who fam'd Division sway'd  
 In Longstreet's Corps, who ne'er had fear dismay'd.  
 Tho' gallant Hill did lend his dreaded Corps  
 To weight the charge Longstreet's word was o'er  
 Th' special host as senior and by Lee's decree  
 Th' assault to make ; yet was the Chief not free  
 To order otherwise than Forward what'er his surging mind  
 Did counsel and his eyes discerning find.  
 For all persuasion, speech and reason clear  
 'Gainst this last dice-throw Lee unconvinced did hear ;\*

\* "General Longstreet, who, it will be remembered, did not favor an attack on the Federal position, but counseled Lee to move around by the Left and get between the Federals and Washington, and thereby compel General Meade to march out and meet him in the plain, sought at an early hour in the morning to see the Commander and if possible have him adopt this plan. General Longstreet says of this interview : 'I did not see General Lee that night. On the next morning he came to see me, and fearing he was still in his disposition to attack, I tried to anticipate him by saying : 'General, I have had my scouts out all night, and I find you still have an excellent opportunity to move around to the Right of Meade's Army and manoeuvre him to attacking us.' He replied, pointing with his fist at Cemetery Hill : 'The enemy is there and I am going to strike him.' I felt it was my duty to express my convictions. I said : 'General, I have been a soldier all my life. I have been with soldiers engaged

And Longstreet, calm, as his wont, since first the flame  
 Of scorching Mexico his youthful valor schooled, became  
 As granite statue dumb, and with drooping head,  
 Not statue-like, by signs and nods expectant order said.  
 As one who dreams and feels his hand is rais'd  
 To strike those near and dear, by doting heart apprais'd,  
 And strives in horror's clutch the threaten'd blow to break,  
 So Longstreet, as his Chiefs due dispositions make.  
 With step elate, did Pickett's column move  
 To honored place as posts of peril prove.†  
 Nine full Brigades the double line involved ;  
 Five more on flanks, the mighty whole resolved  
 In four Divisions ; and from five massive States  
 Their strength derived, the strength that pond'rous host  
 creates.  
 Virginian, Tennessean and North Carolinian climes  
 The hardy troop in part produced, while honor limns  
 With equal touch the Alabamian's and the Mississippian's  
 praise,  
 E'en if no pæan to valor's worth did bronze and marble raise.

in fights by Couples, Squads, Companies, Regiments, Divisions and Armies and should know as well as any one what soldiers can do. It is my opinion that no fifteen thousand men ever arrayed for battle can take that position,' pointing to Cemetery Hill. General Lee, in reply, ordered me to prepare Pickett's Division for the attack. \* \* I said no more but turned away."—Hoke's History, "The Great Invasion," pp. 360-361.

†"After two hours the firing suddenly ceased and silence again rested for half an hour over the battle-field, during which time the Confederates were rapidly forming an attacking column just below the brow of Seminary Ridge. Long double lines of infantry came pouring out of the woods and bottoms, across ravines and little valleys, hurrying on to the positions assigned them in the column. Two separate lines of double ranks were formed a hundred yards apart, and in the centre of the column was placed the Division of Pickett, said to be 'the flower of Lee's Army.'—4,481 privates, 244 company officers, 32 field officers and four general officers, making 4,761 all told. In the front line were placed Kemper and Garnett's Brigades side by side, covered by Armistead's Brigade in the second line."—Captain Owen, Philadelphia Weekly *Times*.—Annals of the War. (See Appendix).

One-half score thousand and five thousand more  
 The Southmen's hope in this wild conflict bore.  
 In Pickett's mass five thousand nigh did make the sum  
 His prowess led when swell'd the inspiring drum  
 To sound the march. E'en now his faith did prize,  
 When ceas'd his speech, his host at treble size ;  
 For well its valor wore and high its spirit flow'd :  
 On ev'ry face a sturdy purpose glowed.

His order given the 'pointed place to seek  
 Express'd brave Pickett's eyes e'en more than voice did  
 With joy his plan the rugged warriors hear ;                    [speak.  
 Quick bounding hope does every bosom cheer.  
 To wonted ranks alert and glad they fly ;  
 A stealthy march then o'er the ridge they lie ;  
 Impatient valor burns in ev'ry breast ;  
 Leaps high the blood that flows in glory's quest.

While thus their care, within the Northmen's camp  
 Dull quiet reigns, unbroke by martial tramp.  
 The wearied hosts to slumber's spell give o'er ;  
 A peaceful scene if Peace may dwell with War.  
 The jaded beasts their foaming haunches cool  
 ' Neath spreading trees ; deep rest and silence rule.\*

\*"At one o'clock this awful stillness was suddenly broken and the men startled by the discharge of a couple of signal guns fired in quick succession, followed by a silence of half a minute, and then, while their echo was yet rolling along the distant defiles and mountain gorges, an uproar began as wonderful as had been the previous silence. General Lee's one hundred and twenty guns opened at once with a crash and thunder sound that shook the hills for miles from crest to base, and were instantly replied to by about eighty guns, ranged by General Meade along the front of Cemetery Ridge about one mile in front.

"No sound of roaring waters, nor wind, nor thunder, nor of these combined, ever equalled the tremendous uproar, and no command, no order, no sound of voice could be heard at all above the din of thousands of shrieking shot and shells, falling thick and fast on every side and bursting with terrific explosions,

Bless'd is the sleep the wearied soldier knows ;  
 Rude is the shock that breaks his sweet repose.  
 What dreams of joy, what dear illusions broke  
 When ears were rent with worse than earthquake's stroke !  
 In blissful sleep for one untroubled hour  
 The war-worn fighter dwelt in childhood's bower ;  
 Friends, kindred, all, again delighted fancy knew—  
 And then Earth shook : away the joyous vision flew !  
 The dark'ning air with awful clamor rang ;  
 To foot ! to horse ! the Northern hosts now sprang.  
 From ev'ry height where Southern gun was mass'd  
 Sped iron death fierce as Tartarean blast.  
 Thro' Northmen's ranks unchecked destruction spread ;  
 The earth did quickly groan with hundreds dead.  
 Dismay and dread now smite the Northern heart ;  
 At once the leaders act the val'rous part ;  
 The plunging steeds they check, their fright restrain,  
 And men and beasts now face the iron rain.  
 Quick order flies : on every Northern hill  
 Where cannon glare awakes the war-like thrill.  
 No mortal fray, no wild volcanic shock  
 E'er toss'd the sphere with such appalling rock. †

while others by thousands came bounding, skipping, racing and chasing each other over the hill and down the slope, hissing, scoffing, spitting and moaning like relentless demons, as they dashed through the detachments and went onward to crash among the Reserves far back in the rear. The hursting shell in mid-heaven or upon the earth scattered death wherever its fragments flew, and the shrill shot overhead or bounding madly across the field would both alike dip through a line of prostrate men and tear away with a wail to the rear, leaving a wide track of blood behind. The air was filled with clouds of dust, and volumes of sulphurous, suffocating smoke, rolled up white and bluish-gray like frightful storm clouds, and hung like a pall over the field, through the rifts and rents of which the sun with dim light looked down on the ghastly scene."—Capt. H. T. Owen, Phila. Weekly *Times*.—Annals of the War.

† "From eleven o'clock when the battle ceased upon the right until one P. M., silence prevailed. It was the solemn pause of preparation. At length at precisely seven minutes past one o'clock the awful silence was broken by a

'Gainst Southern guns does Northern fire shriek  
 With dreadful sound e'en as may planets speak.  
 'Long ev'ry ridge the angry flame doth roll ;  
 The awful roar more fearful makes the whole.  
 The lower plane and upper space as well  
 Combat with missiles—hurting shot and shell.  
 Black grows the sky : the fiery heights alone  
 Shed gleams of light e'en as the dark clouds moan.  
 Low falls the world : its vaulted roof descends,  
 E'en as it seems, and awful end portends.  
 No thunders wild by Nature's fury sent  
 E'er shook the earth as did these tempests blent.  
 Where'er is life is death and dying groans ;  
 E'en fill the air, sore mangled beasts with pit'ous moans,  
 Or louder scream heard o'er the cannon's wail  
 As plunging course they mark with gory trail.}

signal gun upon Seminary Ridge. This was immediately followed by the terrific roar of one hundred and twenty guns, the fire of which was concentrated on that part of the Federal line Commanded by General Hancock. This Command comprised the First, Second, Third and Eleventh Corps. Owing to the convex shape of the Federal line but eighty guns could be placed to answer the Confederate fire. These, however, belched forth defiance and death. The horrid din continued for nearly two hours and was not exceeded by anything like it that ever occurred on this Continent, and it may be on the entire globe. The very heavens seemed rent asunder by the crashing sounds as if the artillery of the skies were let loose on earth."—Hoke's History, "The Great Invasion," p. 363

†" In the shadow cast by the tiny farm-house, sixteen by twenty, which General Meade had made his headquarters, lay wearied staff-officers and tired correspondents. There was not wanting to the peacefulness of the scene, the singing of a bird which had its nest in a peach tree within the tiny yard of the whitewashed cottage. In the midst of its warbling a shell screamed over the house, instantly followed by another, and another, and in a moment the air was full of the most complete artillery prelude to an infantry battle that was ever exhibited. Every size and form of shell known to British and American gunnery shrieked, whirled, moaned, whistled and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around the headquarters, made a very hell-fire that amazed the oldest officer. They burst in the yard, burst next to the

Fierce thus the combat raged with mutual woe ;  
 On either side do war's grim horrors show ;  
 Then Northmen's Chief with wise, far-seeing mind  
 The daring plan of Southern Chief divined.  
 Ne'er such wild storm by hostile batt'ries sent  
 Without deep cause ; lurks nigh the real intent.  
 Did reason thus the leader's mind ; his order clear  
 To cease the fray do all the gunners hear.

Sagacious act ! the silenced guns deceive  
 The eager foe and lagging doubts relieve.†  
 Naught sees the South but Northmen's batt'ries still'd ;  
 A joyous sight that every bosom thrill'd.

fence on both sides, garnished as usual with the hitched horses of aides and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, then another—sixteen lay dead and mangled before the fire ceased, still fastened by their halters, which gave the expression of being wickedly tied up to die painfully. These brute victims of a cruel war touched all hearts. Through the midst of the storm of screaming and exploding shells, an ambulance, driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed, presented to all of us the marvelous spectacle of a horse going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock." \* \* \* \*

“During this fire the horses at twenty and thirty feet distant were receiving their death, and soldiers in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the road, and died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair. \* \* \* \*

“Not an orderly, not an ambulance, not a straggler was to be seen upon the field swept by this tempest of orchestral death thirty minutes after it commenced. Were not one hundred and twenty pieces of artillery trying to cut from the field every battery we had in position to resist their proposed infantry attack, and to sweep away the slight defenses, behind which our infantry were waiting?”—Mr. Wilkinson, *Correspondence New York Tribune*, July 4, 1863.

†“The Federal Commanders well understood what the object of this tremendous fire was and calmly prepared to meet it. After it had continued for about an hour and a half the artillerists were ordered to slacken their fire so as to give their guns time to cool for the final effort, as well as to induce the enemy to suppose that he had silenced them, and thus bring on the expected attack sooner. The ruse succeeded, and soon the enemy in three massive lines were seen to emerge from the wooded crest of Seminary Ridge.”—Hoke's *History*, “The Great Invasion,” p. 371.

The moment now of happy triumph come  
Likewise at once are Southmen's batt'ries dumb.

Then Pickett's host from o'er the wooded crest  
Swift rose in view, imposing, vast, of all Lee's fighters best,  
Like heaving masses, ocean-bred that thund'rous sweep the  
Main,

And spurn weak man and man's conceits as puny things  
and vain,

Transforming lands, engulfing towns with wild resistless  
So moves their might elate o'er destined course. [force,  
Doth Nature pause and breathless view the scene,  
And doth the sun full on the host lend brighter sheen  
To stock and steel that far in undulations roll  
O'er glory's rugged pathway to the goal?\*

\*The following graphic description of the famous charge was written by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, then one of the most celebrated of war correspondents, whose letters to the press from the field under the pseudonym "Agate," obtained a wide celebrity. Mr. Reid, who was too busy at the time doubtless to dream of the high honors the future held in reserve for him, including the ultimate proprietorship of the leading newspaper of America, the post of Ambassador to France and the nomination by the Republican party to the office of Vice-President of the United States, was an eye witness of the scenes so vividly portrayed by his pen. He wrote:

"The great desperate final charge came at four o'clock. The Confederates seemed to have gathered up all their strength and desperation for one fierce, convulsive effort that should sweep over and wash out our obstinate resistance. They swept up as before the flower of their army to the front, victory staked on the issue. In some places they literally lifted up and pushed back our lines. But that terrible 'position' of ours! Whenever they entered it enfilading fires from half a score of crests swept away their columns like chaff. Broken and hurled back they easily fell into our hands; and on the centre and left the last half hour brought more prisoners than all the rest.

So it was all along the line. But it was on the Second Corps that the flower of the Confederate army was concentrated; it was there that the heaviest shock beat and shook and even sometimes crumbled our line. We had some shallow rifle-pits with barricades of rails from the fences. The Confederate line stretching away for miles in magnificent array, but strongest here, Pickett's splendid Division of Longstreets' Corps in front, the best of A. P. Hill's veterans in support, came steadily and as it seemed resistlessly sweeping up.

If not impressive silence serves as well  
 And o'er wide expanse casts inspiring spell,  
 The breath of valor and the pledge of fame  
 Which, e'er on action great may fit attendance claim.  
 A silence such as shows the raging sea  
 In momentary calm, ere wakes the breeze that sets the tem-  
 pest free !  
 And onward 'sailant host 'till half the way was sped  
 When lo ! the earth did ope and copious fire shed.  
 Full on their front unchecked the Southmen bear  
 The awful shock and brave the blazing air.  
 E'en as they move more fierce the fire grows ;  
 Quick drop their dead on ev'ry side in rows.

Our skirmishers, retired slowly from the Emmittsburg Road, holding their ground tenaciously to the last. The Confederates reserved their fire till they reached the same Emmittsburg road, then opened with a terrific crash from a hundred iron throats. Meantime their artillery had been thundering on our barricades.

Hancock was wounded. Gibbon succeeded to the Command, approved soldier and ready for the crisis. As the tempest of fire approached its height he walked along the line and renewed his orders to the men to reserve their fire. The Confederates, three lines deep, came steadily up ; they were at point blank range. At last the order came. From thrice six thousand guns there came a sheet of smoky flame, a crash, a rush of leaden death. The line literally melted away. But there came the second, resistless still. It had been our supreme effort. On the instant we were not equal to another. Up to the rifle-pits, across them, over the barricades, the momentum of their charge, the mere machine strength of their combined action swept them on. Our thin line could fight, but it had not weight enough to oppose this momentum. It was pushed behind the guns. Right on came the enemy ; they were upon the guns—were bayoneting the gunners—were waving their flags above our pieces. But they had penetrated to the fatal point. A storm of grape and canister tore its way from man to man and marked its track with corpses straight down their line. They had exposed themselves to the enflading fire of the guns on the western slope of Cemetery Hill ; that exposure sealed their fate. The line reeled back—disjointed already—in an instant in fragments, our men were just behind the guns. They leaped forward upon the disordered mass, but there was little need of fighting now. A regiment threw down its arms and with its colors at its head rushed over and surrendered. All along the field smaller detachments did the same."

Dreadful the sound from front and right and left  
 Until of sense all hearing things e'en seem bereft.  
 Ne'er wavers once the mangled moving mass ;  
 O'er dead and dying comrades swift they pass ;  
 O'er dead and dying forms thro' spouting cannon's flame  
 They eager fly and shout the Southern name,  
 While high in air where rolls the deadly light  
 Their banners soar fierce shot and shell despite.  
 Thro' all their ranks the dreadful slaughter spreads ;  
 The ground doth stream with blood a legion sheds.\*  
 And now from front alone no more doth raging Death  
 Upspring to still unbated Southern breath ;  
 From sides and rear the murd'rous volleys pour :  
 Barred now the way ; fast closed is ev'ry door.  
 Yet onward e'er though ne'er doth Northmen's fury slack ;  
 Behind flies Death exultant o'er their recent track ;  
 Behind forbids its brandished arms all friendly aid ;  
 Before, 'gainst all their mass is Northern might array'd.  
 Around, to right and left, as circl'ing air  
 New dangers loom and ills unnumbered bear.  
 Yet e'er with act and voice of hopeful cheer  
 Doth Kemper lead, unsway'd by dread or fear.  
 Where rolls the smoke and swells the cannon's roar  
 There sweeps his host, there high his streamers soar.

\* " Meade's guns opened upon the column as it appeared above the crest of the ridge, but it neither paused nor faltered. Round shot, bounding along the plain, tore through their ranks and ricocheted around them, shells exploded incessantly in blinding, dazzling flashes before them, behind them, overhead and among them. Prightful gaps were made from centre to flank, yet on swept the column, and as it advanced the men steadily closed up the wide rents made along the line in a hundred places at every discharge of the murderous batteries in front. \* \* \* Men looking away far off toward the Left flank saw that the supporting columns there were crumbling and melting rapidly away. General Pickett sent his brother, Major Charles Pickett, galloping swiftly to rally, if possible, the wavering lines, saying to him : ' Unless they support us on the Left my Division will be cut to pieces.' Major Pickett and other officers rode among the breaking Battalions and attempted to restore

Around the Chief now fiercer fire glows ;  
 Ne'er falters he : his face doth meet his foes.  
 Alas ! in him looms clear a shining mark :  
 A blinding flash and then the world is dark.  
 As Kemper falls, falls gloom o'er all the plain  
 Where Southmen strive, red with their mangled slain.  
 Like palsy-stroke that sturdy vigor checks  
 And massive frame of many victim wrecks,  
 So seems the blow on Pickett's mass now fall'n  
 With tide of war in fiercest volume swoln.

Then sees the host a war-like form arise :  
 His clarion voice sharp rends the low'ring skies.  
 Swing high his arms and blaze his eyes with fire.  
 Hope of the South ! who dares withstand thy ire ?  
 Who dares thy course impede ? Falters who of all thy train ?  
 All, all do rush, cheer'd by thy voice's refrain ;  
 And all are thrill'd as if old music told  
 Of long past joys that rapt'rous mem'ries hold.  
 Alert new hope thro' Southern ranks rebounds ;  
 On ev'ry side the welcome cheer resounds.  
 With spirits glad despair afar doth fly  
 And sinking men spring up with joyous cry.  
 Glad mem'ry's flash the quickened sense elates ;  
 Past glory gleams and with the present mates.  
 Brave Garnett's form, the form familiar towers†  
 High o'er the host as in past thrilling hours ;

order, but hundreds and thousands of fugitives from the front could be seen fleeing from the fields, and went rushing pell-mell toward the rear like dry leaves before a gale. Order was not restored on the Left, and Pickett's support there was gone, excepting some brave Tennesseans and North Carolinians who never wavered in the storm, but closing up by the side of Pickett's Virginians went as far, fought as long, bled as freely and fell as thick as Pickett's men."—Capt. Owen, Phila. Weekly *Times*—Annals of the War.

† "Kemper was gone down, terribly mangled but Garnett still towered unhurt and rode up and down the front line, saying in a strong, calm voice : 'Faster, men ! faster ! close up and step out faster, but don't double-quick !'" —Capt. Owen, Phila. Weekly *Times*.—Annals of the War.

The face, the frame, the swelling voice of old  
 Inspire all and make them doubly bold.  
 O'er many fields that voice triumphant rose ;  
 O'er many fields it told of foemen's woes.  
 When dread and gloom the sinking heart oppress'd  
 That trumpet shout thrill'd joy thro' Southman's breast.  
 Thrice welcome e'er on old Virginia's hills,  
 Thrice doubly dear afar from native rills.  
 Knows Southman well the deeds those tones inspire ;  
 Knows Southman well the glance of val'rous fire.  
 Again the victor's part before his fancy flies ;  
 Again his glowing face doth meet approving eyes.  
 Thus hope and cheer the leader's voice instills  
 As was its wont on old Virginian hills.

From distant height now Lee with weary eyes  
 The combat views where hope remaining lies.  
 His brave, oppress'd, his longing gaze discerns  
 And notes their deeds where'er the conflict turns.  
 Now high, now low his hope ; now joy, now dread ;  
 Thro' all the ranks have sturdy warriors bled.  
 Yet e'er aloft the Southern emblem flies ;  
 Aloft tho' e'er successive bearer dies.  
 As awe-struck sire high on native hill  
 His stripling sons discerns in tumult ill,  
 Of awful rage and wond'rous might possess'd  
 And valor high conjoined with glory's quest,  
 And views their deeds amazed with rapturous gaze  
 So e'en observes the Chief in voiceless praise.  
 Now back, now forth his gallant warriors swing ;  
 Ne'er back save more advanced e'en yet to spring.  
 The conflict grows, the earth with awful slaughter reeks ;  
 From every side the deadly fire shrieks.  
 From every point that hems the redd'ning soil  
 Pours Northern foe where Southern heroes toil.

Notes all now Lee, his anxious soul aflame  
 With wild suspense o'er what his eyes proclaim.  
 O'er all his brave sees raging fire spread ;  
 Discerns them lie in heaps of mangled dead.  
 Against them e'er increasing numbers flow ;  
 Their might doth falter 'neath the weight of woe.

Then o'er the shock of battle, o'er the tide of war and death  
 High swells the voice of Garnett, full as the tempest's  
 breath ;

Tall looms his giant form and bright his brandished blade ;  
 E'en in the doleful hour the waning hope is stayed.  
 Like the king-wolf, the pack that leads, not knowing fear,  
 By foes o'erwhelmed on ev'ry side on upland drear  
 With hope annull'd and naught but sense of fury's right  
 Inspires thus the Chief his brave to fight.

Undaunted thus with trumpet shout and iron heart  
 To fading ranks his acts new hope impart.  
 Where'er he rides there fall grim warriors slain,  
 Nor sword nor fire ne'er may his rage restrain.  
 Close in his wake doth Southern valor press ;  
 High swells his voice, than bugle blast scarce less.  
 'Gainst all his might now 'whelming odds increase  
 And ne'er a flash doth murd'rous fire cease.

Where strength survives war's common rule despairs ;  
 Clubb'd arms with close-press'd foe the loss repairs.\*  
 'Midst clash of steel and din of awful strife  
 Notes Southern ear sharp lack of tuneful life.

\* "A hand-to-hand encounter now took place. They fired into each others faces at a distance of five and ten feet, and struck each other over the head with the butt of the musket. The struggle was soon ended and 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 on the ground, boys in blue with boys in gray, crawling over each other, all smeared with blood."—Col. W. H. Swallow, *Southern Bivouac*, Feb., 1866.

The leader's voice is still, the echo fails.  
 Where was its sound now murd'rous cannon wails.  
 As falls a void on yearning parent's ears,  
 When lov'd one dies and dies the voice that cheers,  
 And vacant days and nights seem Time's eternal round  
 So to the host the abyss of vanished sound.  
 As falls the shock that sense and sight annuls  
 And harrowing Fancy fearful image culls,  
 So to the South a vision dread appears,  
 Too real, alas ! as sturdy reason clears.  
 Prone on his steed his face transform'd with blood  
 The Chieftain clings while wells the dreadful flood  
 O'er mane and glossy neck where icy hands  
 Thrill e'en the creature dumb with mute commands.  
 A louder roar, a fiercer burst of flame,  
 'Twas surely thus that did such val'rous end proclaim.  
 A moment since and Hope's inspiring flow  
 O'er Southern host did eloquently show.  
 As light thro' gloom that heart and spirit cheers  
 The dauntless Chief awoke the Soul of years ;  
 The Soul wherein a proud and val'ant race  
 A cent'ry's deeds do hold in cherished place.  
 Then in the spell of glor'ous mem'ry 'roused  
 The Star that hath Sun's brightest ray espoused  
 Doth fade and fall as worlds unken'd have sped,  
 For Garnett down has gone among the dead ;  
 The clarion notes that raging storm o'er bore  
 On gallant fields ring o'er the hosts no more.\*

The Earth seems empty, that high-swelling voice now still'd ;  
 Empty e'en tho' with noise of belching cannon filled ;

\* "Garnett galloped along the line, saying : 'Faster, men ! faster !' and the front line broke into a double-quick when Garnett called : 'Steady, men ! steady ! Don't double-quick. Save your wind and your ammunition for the final charge !' and then went down among the dead and his clarion voice was no more heard above the roar of battle."—Capt. Owen, Phila. Weekly Times—Annals of the War.

And desolate the steed that wildly courses o'er  
 The redden'd field, the spoil and prize of war.  
 The spoil and prize for which brave Garnett strove,  
 To danger blind, the Southman's worth to prove.  
 The worth doth live e'en tho' the champion dies,  
 And Armistead the leader's part supplies.  
 Armistead, the brave, last of the Brigadiers !  
 The South doth call : his soul heroic hears.  
 His gallant mates who late in splendor shone  
 Lie pale and cold their utmost duty done.  
 A shining trio they when forth their valor flow'd ;  
 Each with stout Brigade that bright with spirit glow'd.  
 Fate glanc'd and frown'd : doom'd was the glor'ous twain ;  
 The main'd Division now doth see but one remain.  
 While o'er on Left where war with equal fury rolls  
 The band of Heth o'er equal ill condoles.

Trimble and Pettigrew in pride of prowess fall'n !  
 Sweeps fierce the tide 'round val'ant South now swoln.  
 Nigh leaderless the mass save Frey's courageous might ;  
 Leads he now the Left as Armistead the Right.\*  
 Speaks now the musket fierce with tongue of flame ;  
 Join pistol-shot and sabre-stroke wild war's acclaim.  
 Tho' hemm'd and pressed, by weight of numbers toss'd  
 Ne'er furious Southmen pause to 'praise the cost.  
 The Chieftain's shout anew their spirit stays ;  
 No barrier stout their headlong rush delays.  
 'Gainst batt'ries grim they sweep with savage cry ;  
 With gunners cope—to seize the guns they try.  
 Check'd now their force ; at bay are held as welling flood  
 That stops ere bank o'erleaps and landscape broad,  
 For Northmen all in wildest fury's spell  
 In death-like grip supremest tests compel.

A moment thus the wave its farthest sweep  
 Did seem to reach, when back with reflux leap.

\*See Appendix.

Then Armistead with flashing sabre sprang  
 Straight 'gainst the mass where Northern valor rang ;  
 With "On Virginians !" whirled his arm around,  
 And scarred and bleeding victims strew'd the ground.  
 Supreme again Virginian valor rose :  
 Close in his wake a bold battalion flows.  
 'Tis Webb they seek, hope of the Northern host,  
 Sharp-flung by fate to hold supremest post.  
 Clear looms his form and martial bearing proud ;  
 A bulwark strong by ev'ry sign avow'd ;  
 A bulwark strong soon high achievement proves ;  
 His spirit great a Nation's dest'ny moves.  
 A crisis huge before his vision swells :  
 The instant need his quick perception tells.  
 In frenzy's spell the foemen's might assails  
 The danger-point where Northern fury wails,  
 And then rebounds, chagrined, surprised, amazed,  
 For ne'er yet in Webb such fiery ardor blazed.

Unmoved the Chief the awful shock withstood ;  
 Unmoved he smites tho' bathed in mortal blood ;  
 Where'er he strikes a sturdy foeman falls ;  
 His mighty rage the desperate South appalls.  
 To hold the ground his war-like soul essays ;  
 He fights and plans and wond'rous might displays.  
 Defiance fierce doth ring with ev'ry stroke ;  
 Repairs the line where'er by foeman broke ;  
 Repels their squads where'er they fierce advance ;  
 Regains what loss inures to harsh mischance.  
 Yet ere secure the wall of valor reared  
 Bold Armistead with zeal anew appeared ;  
 With mighty shout, his hat on sabre raised,  
 Swift bounds the Chief 'gainst Northmen's mass, amaz'd.  
 On foemen's line elate he shrilly calls—  
 Then low in death in manly vigor falls.

Pierced thro' the heart the leaden missile bore  
 A prize to earth that e'er shone great in war.  
 Virginian clime his natal bower own'd ;  
 How that sad land has sturdy sons bemoan'd !  
 Steeped is her soil in blood of bravest dead.  
 Beneath her sod have friend and foe alike their bed ;  
 No wind that sweeps from inland mount to ocean wave  
 But constant sighs over valiant warrior's grave.\*

Virginia's sons, still yet thy blood shall flow !  
 Tho' leaders fall, yet still they lead and go  
 The dreary road o'er which in loyal flame  
 Of val'rous zeal ye follow, e'en the same  
 As erst in life ; and in the mystic realm  
 Ye troop before the great and o'erwhelm  
 Their souls with joy, as those who highest boon  
 Do grant to sense of duty, and glory's chimes attune.  
 And shall we believe thy Chiefs so high of soul  
 And brave of heart whose acts do val'ant foes extol,  
 Knew not thy fealty e'en when their lips were dumb  
 And hearts were still'd, ere didst ye alike succumb ?  
 There is a height attained in brave despair,  
 A lofty calm that soothes the soul, serenely fair ;  
 And bids the heart a steely hardness show  
 Tow'rd self alone howe'er much the glow  
 Of pity shines for others, and in the spell  
 Of self-renunciation there doth swell

\* " 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 and cried out : "Come on, Virginians !" He then drew his sword, and placing his hat on top of it, jumped over the wall. Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, with over a hundred men, followed their brave General. \* \* At this moment the Federal Brigades of Hall and Harrow rushed to the right 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 who followed were instantly shot down."—Colonel W. H. Swallow, *Southern Bivouac*, February, 1886.

A power within ourselves beyond our ken,  
 Which makes of Death transition as e'en when  
 We step from deck to pier and easy journey boast.  
 Thus mortal terror to the heart is lost  
 In war's grim horrors, and men no longer grieve,  
 When all is gone that 'badest dear Hope retrieve.

Tho' leaders fall and die their mystic tones are heard !  
 Thy yearning ears, ye brave ! do need no other word !  
 Anew, afresh with cheers they fierce advance ;  
 Ne'er yet did valor seek such desp'rate chance.  
 Fierce are their shouts and brave their battle-strokes ;  
 Resistance e'er their furious might provokes.  
 All o'er the ground are beasts and batt'ries strewn ;  
 To win or die the val'ant Southman's boon.  
 Well-nigh o'erborne the Northern line recedes  
 When springs brave Webb where Northern valor bleeds.  
 Of soldier-stock ne'er yet this Chieftain failed ;  
 'Neath war's worst shock his courage e'er prevailed.  
 His stout Brigade, " The Philadelphia " nam'd  
 For gallant deeds o'er many fields was fam'd.  
 In Hancock's Corps—" Superb," its Chief was known—  
 The host of Webb on ample roster shone. [display'd, †  
 Three great Divisions Hancock's might, in ten Brigades  
 Four form'd the First while other two equal allotment made.  
 The Second 'twas Webb's host illustrious claimed ;  
 Gibbon, its Chief, for skill and brav'ry fam'd ;—  
 Its Chief and stay till gallant Hancock fell  
 With frightful wound, and o'er the host did swell  
 Strife's fiercest rage ; then Gibbon's valor glow'd  
 In Hancock's place and deadly storm o'er-rode.  
 And Webb, the Bulwark, looms before his eyes,  
 Erect and brave and raging death defies.  
 Webb, the hope and stay of battered, storm-beat line,  
 Where wrath and rage of madden'd foemen shine,

† See Appendix.

Looms tall and grand in glorious, valiant mood  
 As lion stands proud o'er its lusty brood.\*  
 What wreck, what loss his war-like eyes behold !  
 'Long all his line low lie his warriors cold ;  
 Low lie the foe by scores in blood and death,  
 While hot still sweeps the unscathed cannon's breath.  
 Discerns his eye a gallant form alert :  
 'Tis Cushing brave, of batt'ry fame, by foemen nigh begirt ;  
 A youth in years, a vet'ran gray in war ;  
 This hour now his fame shall make or mar.  
 With eager hand the fearless Captain plies  
 His batt'ry fierce : the raging Southman dies.  
 Like rocky wall that fronts mad ocean's swell  
 And checks its force, erect, steadfast and well,  
 So Cushing stands before his Chieftain's gaze,  
 That Chieftain true whom ne'er did danger daze ;  
 Then quick, as news of ill that e'er too swiftly flies  
 The ears of Webb ring sharp with Cushing's cries.  
 With pallid face, his entrails warm with spouting blood  
 Beholds the Chief his Captain stay life's welling flood.  
 " Another blast before I die ! " to Webb he speaks,  
 As 'gainst the foe his grimy cannon shrieks.  
 By scores the Southmen fall, a dying man their doom ;  
 Then hoarsely speaks a voice from out the volley's gloom,  
 " Ne'er shall be thy use by foemen's hands profaned ! "  
 This said he spikes the gun, all by his life-blood stained,  
 And " Farewell ! " to Webb, the soul heroic speeds ;  
 Ne'er yet eclipsed by man in valiant deeds.†

\*General Alexander S. Webb commanded the Philadelphia Brigade, of the Second Division, Second Corp, led by General Winfield Scott Hancock, at the critical point, on the third day, on the occasion of this last and most desperate charge by the Southerners. He met the charge with the greatest bravery. His horse having been shot under him he rushed forward at the head of his troops, waving his sword and cheering them forward. His splendid valor had a magical effect on his soldiers, contributing largely to the success of the Northerners in repulsing the charge.—V.

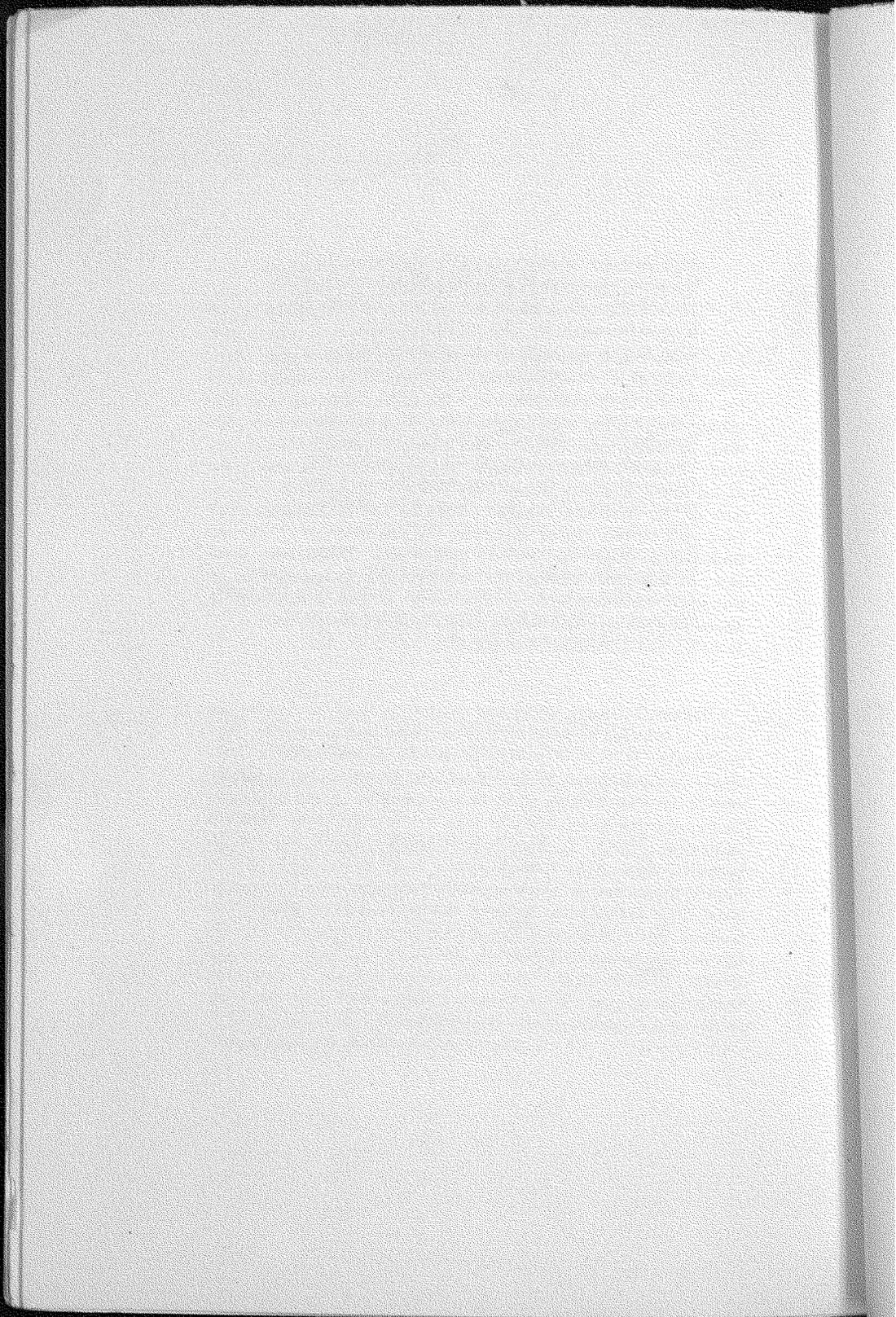
† " Although Webb's front was the focus of the concentrated artillery fire,

Rules yet fierce war with steel and savage fire ;  
 Unchecked by blood and death the Southman's ire.  
 Unchecked by sight of gallant comrades slain,  
 Headlong they rush and smite, a furious train.  
 Again doth bend the North beneath the blow ;  
 Again doth stagger 'fore impetuous foe ;  
 Rings then o'er tumult wild a war-like cry  
 And Webb doth loom in stalwart vigor nigh.  
 Fierce from his eyes the light of wrath doth spring :  
 Loud on the ground his spur-clad heel doth ring :  
 " Back ! back ! " he cries ; " he who dares retreat  
 His certain fate from nearer hands shall meet.  
 'Tis Northern soil and tho' blood may in rivers flow  
 And Death's grim horrors all the welt'ring mass may show,  
 These arms shall strike as long as strength endures ;  
 E'en in death obstructing clay some use insures.  
 The Nation's fate doth now in you repose  
 And shall ye fail at sight of war-born woes?  
 Red flows the ground with blood of comrades slain :  
 Shall foemen's triumph add a baser stain ? "

His ringing words the Northern line inspire :  
 Anew 'gainst South roll flames of wasting fire ;

and he had already lost fifty men and some valuable officers, his line remained firm and unshaken. It devolved on him now to meet the great charge which was to decide the fate of the day. It would have been difficult to find a man better fitted for the emergency. He was nerved to great deeds by the memory of his ancestors, who in former days had rendered distinguished service to the Republic. \* \* \* His men were equally resolute. Cushing's Battery B, Fourth United States Artillery, which had been posted on his left, and Brown's Rhode Island Battery on his right, were both practically destroyed by the cannonade. The horses were prostrated, every officer but one struck, and Cushing had but one serviceable gun left. As Pickett's advance came very close to the first line, young Cushing, mortally wounded, holding his intestines with one hand, ran his only gun down to the fence with the other and said : " Webb, I will give them one more shot ! " At the moment of the last discharge he called out, " good by ! " and fell dead at his post of duty." —General Abner Doubleday, Commander Third Division, First Corps.—History, "Chancellorsville to Gettysburg."

Back falls the foe from vantage point regain'd,  
While sweeps fierce Webb with object half attain'd ;  
Then down with frightful wound the Chieftain falls ;  
E'en as he bleeds his voice to vict'ry calls.  
With mighty force his brave battalions bear  
Swift on the foe and gaps and op'nings tear.  
As straws are toss'd that on the billows ride  
The assailant host no more does reason guide.  
Straight in the swell of surging foes they spring ;  
By squads are seized, by squads submission bring.  
Their hope has failed : o'erpowered on ev'ry side  
Brave Pickett's band doth gloating Death divide.  
Where was so late that mighty shining host,  
By far the red-dyed field has claimed the most.  
Back fall the unheld few in direful plight ;  
From streaming eyes does groaning Pickett close the sight,  
While thro' the Southern camp sad murmur rings  
Of Pickett's loss and all the woes it brings.



## APPENDIX

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\* "General Lee, having now attacked both flanks of the Federal Army and failed in both, had but two alternatives, either to attack the centre or withdraw his forces. He chose the former and after riding along his line with Longstreet, and reconnoitering and planning, at length committed to that General the execution of his plan. Pickett's Division, which was supposed to be the flower of his Army, had only reached the field the afternoon before and had not therefore been engaged. With his choice Division of well tried and veteran troops, supported by others, \* \* \* it was proposed to pierce the Federal Left centre. Preparatory, however, to this great charge, the artillery was to concentrate its fire upon Cemetery Hill with a view to dismount the guns, demoralize the men and thereby prepare the way for the assault."—Hoke's "Great Invasion," p. 361.

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† "Stuart's Cavalry, which had reached the field the evening previous, re-inforced by Jenkins' Brigade, were sent around the Federal Right \* \* \* \* to take possession of the Baltimore Pike and other roads in the Federal Rear, and, besides creating a diversion in favor of Pickett, to be in a position to \* \* capture or destroy the Northern Army in case the assault in the front was successful. \* \* \* The Federal cavalry, which, during the preceding days of the battle had done excellent service in protecting the flanks and in repelling and driving the enemy's cavalry, were again called upon to meet this movement of Stuart; and General David McMurtree Gregg's Division, with two Brigades of Cavalry, commanded by Colonels McIntosh and Irvin Gregg and Custer's Brigade of the Third Division were sent to repel this threatened danger. When these two forces came in collision one of the most desperate cavalry engagements took place that occurred during the war. \* \* \* The force under General Gregg in this

engagement numbered about five thousand men while Stuarts' force has been estimated by reliable Confederate authority as between six and seven thousand. \* \* \* It is needless to say that had not Stuart been defeated \* \* \* and driven back the result of the battle of Gettysburg would have been different from what it was. \* \* This brilliant affair behind the Federal Right was not the only occasion in which the Federal Cavalry did excellent service during the series of engagements on this historic field."—Hoke's "Great Invasion," pp. 405, 412.

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\* "Perhaps the most valuable, because the most reliable and interesting of all the works which have been published on the War of the Rebellion is that which owes its existence to the genius and foresight of Colonel Alexander K. McClure, Editor of the *Philadelphia Times*. Shortly after *The Times* began its career Colonel McClure conceived the idea of furnishing the public with a series of papers on the War, to be written by participants on both sides. The widest latitude was given the writers, the chief requisite being accuracy in the recounting of their experience and the results of their knowledge and observation. The papers were published in the weekly issue of *The Times*, appearing regularly every week for a period extending over several years. No papers ever published by a newspaper had a wider celebrity. The list of contributors included among others, General James Longstreet, General McLaws, Dr. Cullen, Medical Director, Longstreet's Corps; General Imboden, General A. L. Long, Colonel W. H. Taylor—Lee's Adjutant General—Colonel R. M. Powell and Captain H. T. Owen on the Southern side and General Pleasanton, Colonel Joseph G. Rosengarten, Colonel J. G. Biddle, and many other distinguished officers on the Northern side, their accounts being very complete and, written as they were by participants, exceptionally reliable.—V.

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\* "The Right of Pettigrew's Division—Archer's Tennessee Brigade and Garnett's Brigade of Pickett's Division—charged

right on amidst fire and flame to the enemy's works while Armistead and the Brigade of Scales and Lane, Commanded by General Trimble, followed closely after. Archer's Brigade and Garnett's Brigade struck the enemy at the same moment when Lieutenant Finley of the Thirty-eighth Virginia, sprang to the Left and grasping one of Archer's Captains by the hand exclaiming 'Virginia and Tennessee will stand together on these works to-day!'—Col. W. H. Swallow, *Southern Bivouac*, Feb., 1886.

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\* "The very heavens seemed to be rent asunder by a succession of crashing sounds as if the artillery of the skies were let loose upon earth. The air was filled with whizzing, screaming, bursting shells which sent many a mortal to his last account. A single shell which exploded in the Cemetery killed and wounded twenty-seven men in one regiment. Two Federal batteries were demolished and eleven caissons blown up. When the smoke from these explosions was seen by the Confederates their shouts and yells of exultation could at times be heard above the roar of the guns. Horses were blown to pieces, trees were riddled and cut down, rocks were splintered, sending their fragments in all directions, tombstones and iron railing in the Cemetery were shattered, the ground was scored and furrowed, and men were killed, but the Federal batteries were not silenced. The infantry sought shelter behind hedges and stone fences but the artillerists at the guns suffered most. The destruction on both sides was terrible but the Federals were damaged most because of the concentration of the enemy's fire and their superior number of guns."—Hoke's "Great Invasion," p. 364.

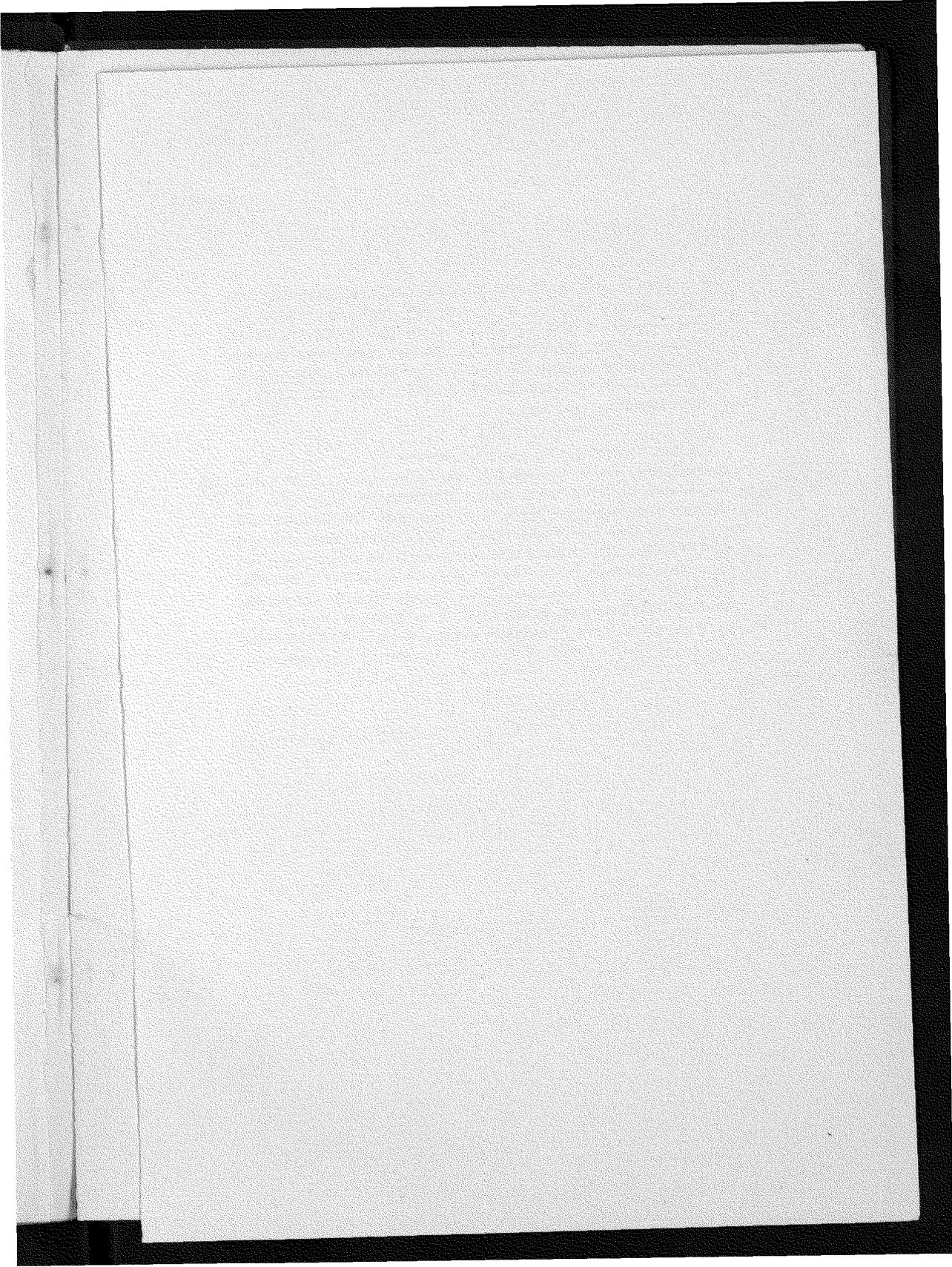
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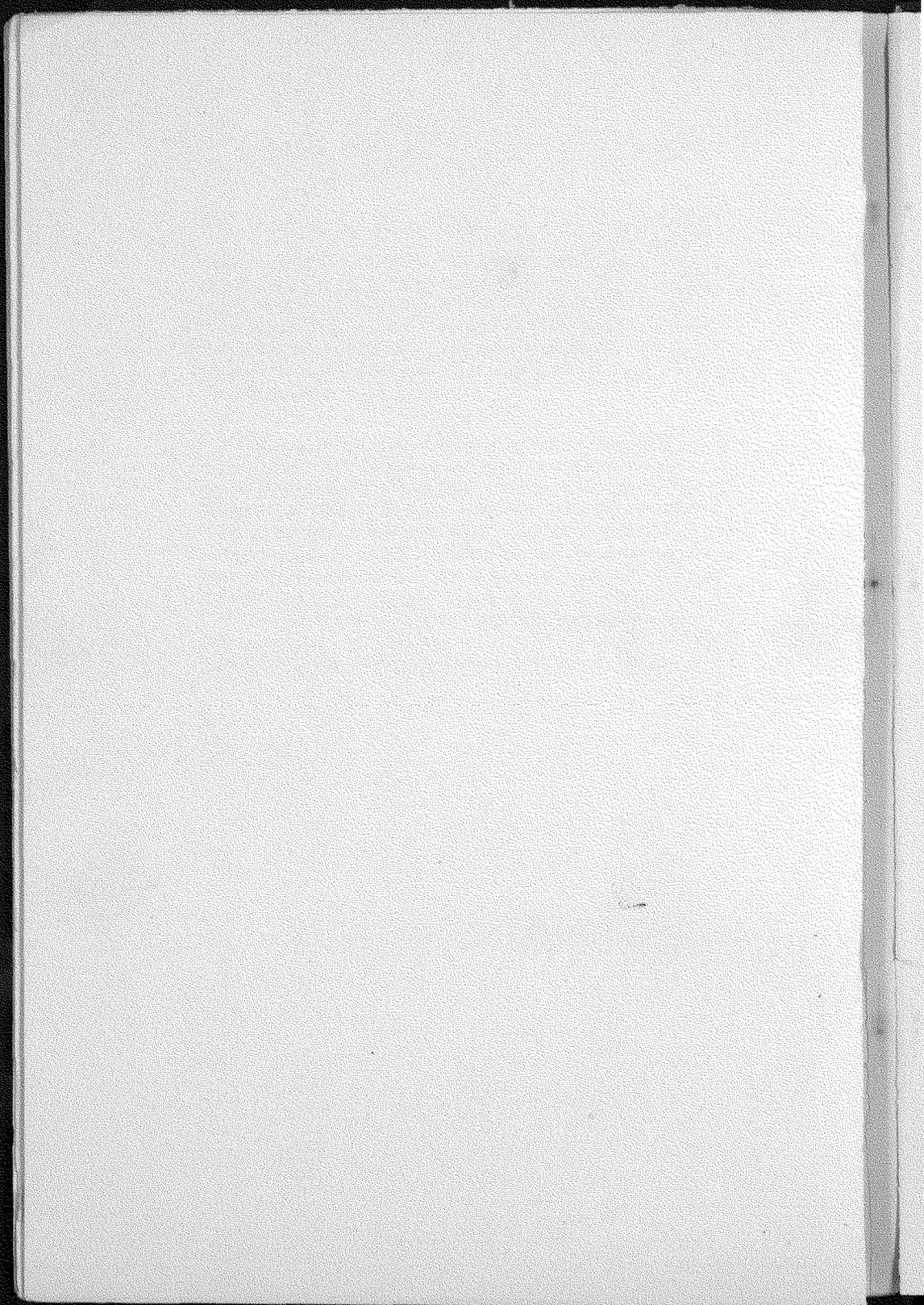
\* "When this attacking force, preceded by a line of skirmishers, came into view, cries of admiration were extorted from all who witnessed it. It was probably the most imposing battle column seen during the war. \* \* \* When this grand moving mass had crossed about one-third of the space between the two Armies—about three-quarters of a mile—the Federal batteries, which by a

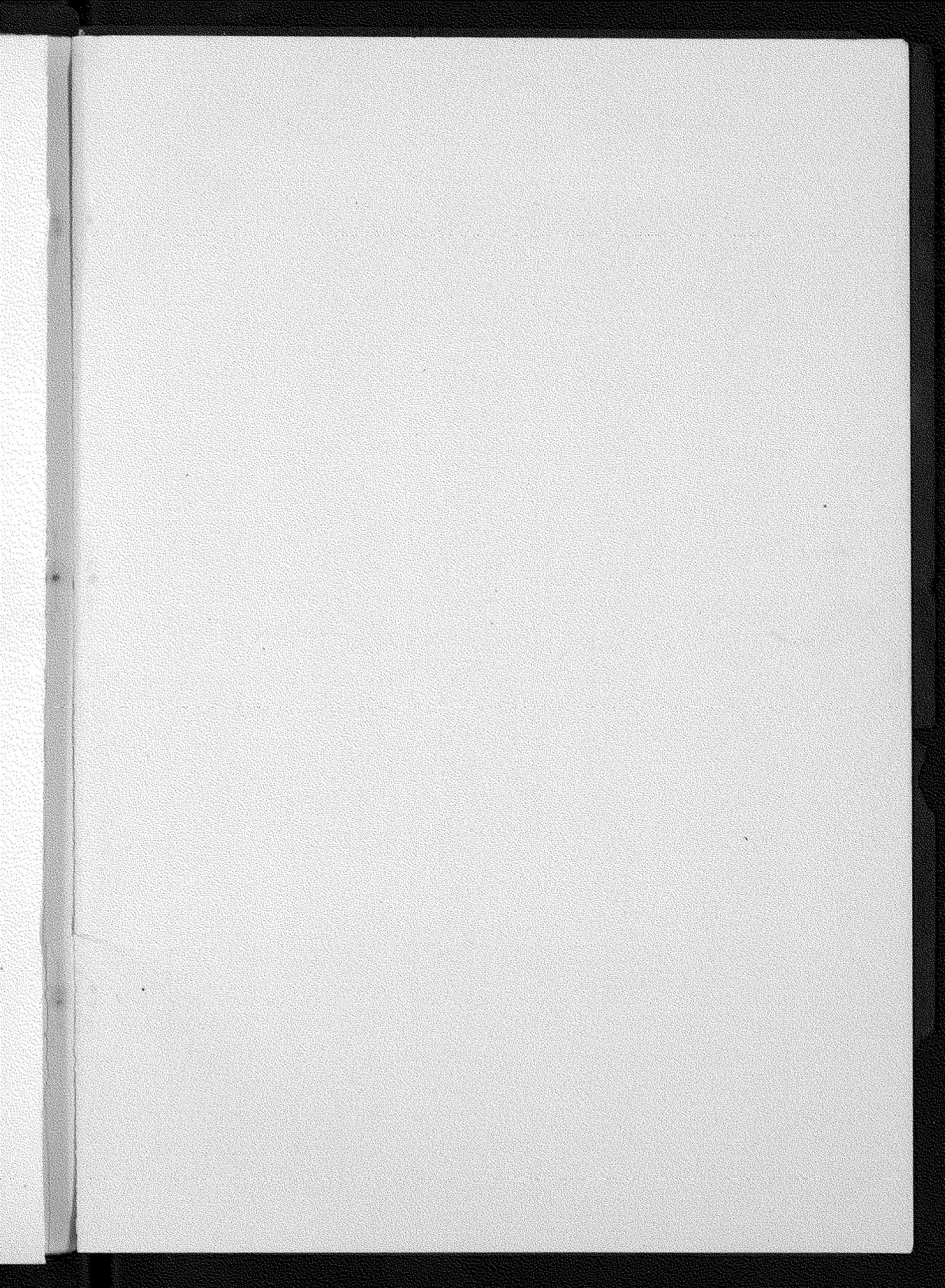
clever Yankee ruse the Confederates were led to suppose they had silenced, opened on them in terrible and destructive discharges. Howard's guns on Cemetery Hill and the powerful batteries on Little Round Top, opened with terrible fury, ploughing through their ranks from right to left and from left to right, tearing fearful lanes through them which were quickly closed again.—Hoke's "Great Invasion," p. 373.

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\* "Forty minutes, fifty minutes, counted watches that ran, O, so languidly! Shells through the two lower rooms. A shell into the chimney that did not explode. Shells in the yard. The air thicker and fuller and more deafening with the howling and whirring of these infernal missiles. The Chief of Staff struck—Seth Williams—loved and respected through the Army, separated from instant death by two inches of space vertically measured. An aid bored with a fragment of iron through the bone of the arm. And the time measured on the sluggish watches was one hour and forty minutes."—Mr. Wilkinson, Correspondence N. Y. *Tribune*, July 4, 1863.—Descriptive of scenes at Gen. Meade's headquarters.







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