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BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR

THE CENTURY WAR BOOK

PEOPLE'S PICTORIAL EDITION



PART XIII

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG CONTINUED

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BY GENERAL J. B. KERSHAW, C. S. A.

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(CHIEF OF ARTILLERY, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC)

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THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

THE UNION SIDE, BY GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, U. S. A.

(COMMANDER OF THE BESIEGING ARMIES)

(CONTINUED IN PART XIV)



NEW YORK: THE CENTURY CO.

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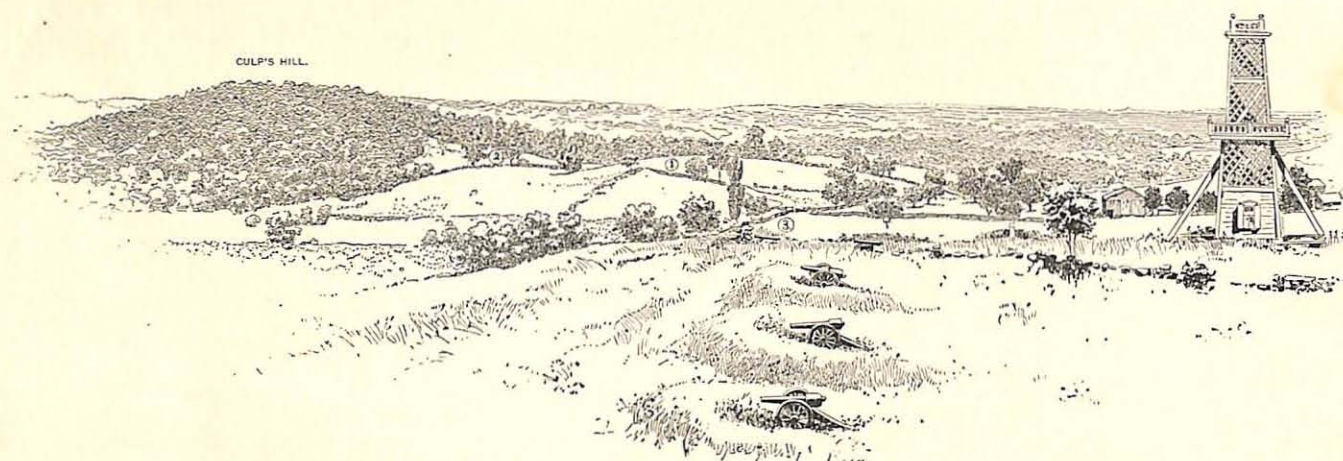
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VIEW OF CULP'S HILL FROM THE POSITION OF THE BATTERIES NEAR THE CEMETERY GATE.

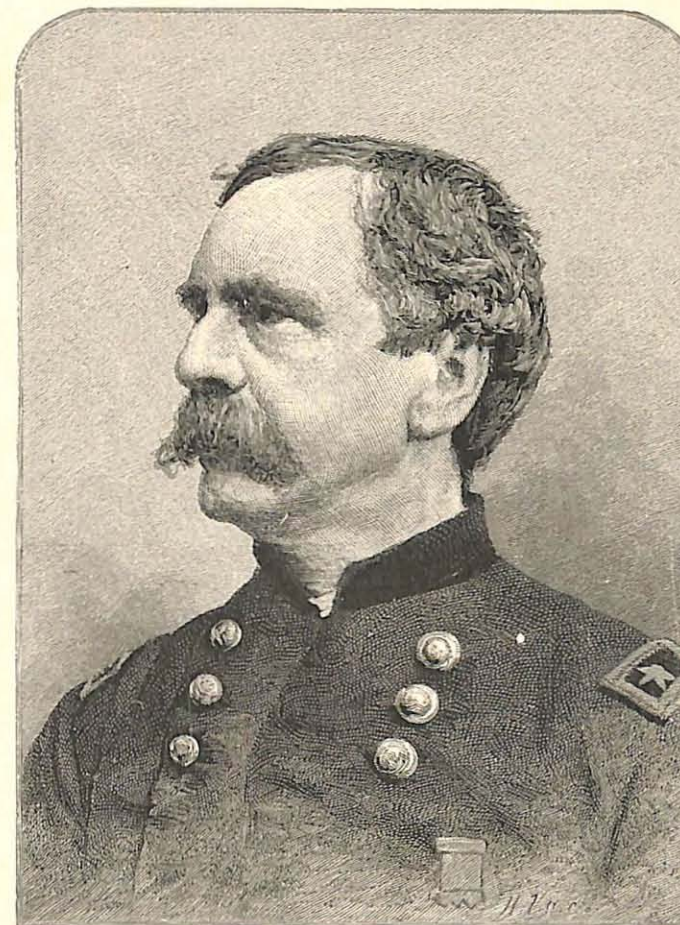
1. Position of Stevens's 5th Maine Battery which enfiladed Early's division in the charge upon East Cemetery Hill. 2. Left of the line of field-works on Culp's Hill. 3. Position of the 33d Massachusetts behind the fence of a lane where the left of the Confederate charge was repulsed.

and Barksdale's brigades, the division of Major-General Lafayette McLaws, and that, with the divisions of Pickett and Hood, formed the First Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, known as Longstreet's. . . . At 3 p. m. the head of my column emerged from the woods, and came into the open field in front of the stone wall which extends along by Flaherty's farm, and to the east past Snyder's. Here we were in full view of the Federal position. Their main line appeared to extend from Little Round Top, where their signal flags were flying, until it was lost to sight far away to the left. An advanced line occupied the Peach Orchard, heavily supported by artillery, and extended from that point toward our left along the Emmitsburg road. The intervening ground was occupied by open fields, interspersed and divided by stone walls. The position just here seemed almost impregnable. I immediately formed line of battle along the stone wall just mentioned, my left resting about Flaherty's house, and my right near Snyder's. This was done under cover of my skirmishers, who engaged those of the enemy near the Emmitsburg road. In the mean time I examined the position of the Federals with some care. I found them in superior force, strongly posted in the Peach Orchard, which bristled with artillery, with a main line of battle in their rear, apparently intrenched, and extending to, if not upon, Little Round Top, far beyond the point at which their left had been supposed to rest. To carry out my instructions would have been, if successful in driving the enemy from the Peach Orchard, to present my own right flank and rear to a large portion of the enemy's main line of battle. I therefore placed my command in position under the cover of the stone wall, and communicated the condition of matters to Major-General McLaws. The division was then formed on this line, Semmes's brigade two hundred yards in rear and supporting Kershaw's; Barksdale's on the left of Kershaw's, with Wofford's in Barksdale's rear supporting him. Cabell's battalion of artillery was placed along the wall to Kershaw's right, and the 15th South Carolina regiment, Colonel de Saussure, was thrown to their right to support them on that flank.

In the mean time General Hood's division was moving in our rear to the right, to gain the enemy's left flank, and I was directed to commence the attack as soon as General Hood became engaged, swinging around toward the Peach Orchard, and at the same time establishing connection with Hood on my right, and coöperating with him. It was understood that he was to sweep down the Federal lines in a direction perpendicular to our line of battle. I was informed that Barksdale would move with me and conform to my movement; that Semmes would follow me, and Wofford follow Barksdale. These instructions I received in sundry messages from General Longstreet and General McLaws, and in part by personal communication with him. In my center-front was a stone farm-house [supposed to be Rose's], with a barn also of stone. These buildings were about five hundred yards from our position, and on a line with the crest of the Peach Orchard hill.

The Federal infantry was posted along the front of the orchard, and also on the face looking toward Rose's. Six of their batteries were in position, three at the orchard near the crest of the hill, and the others about two hundred yards in rear, extending in the direction of Little Round Top. Behind Rose's was a morass, and, on the right of that, a stone wall running parallel with our line, some two hundred yards from Rose's. Beyond the morass was a stony hill, covered with heavy timber and thick undergrowth interspersed with boulders and large fragments of rock, extending some distance toward the Federal main line, and in the direction of Round Top, and to our left and in rear of the orchard and the batteries posted there. Beyond the stone wall last mentioned, and to the right of the stony hill, was a dense forest extending far to the right. From the morass a small stream ran into this wood and along the base of the mountain. Between the stony hill and the forest was an interval of about one hundred yards, only sparsely covered with a scrubby undergrowth, through which a narrow road led in the direction of the mountain. Looking down this road from Rose's a large wheat-field

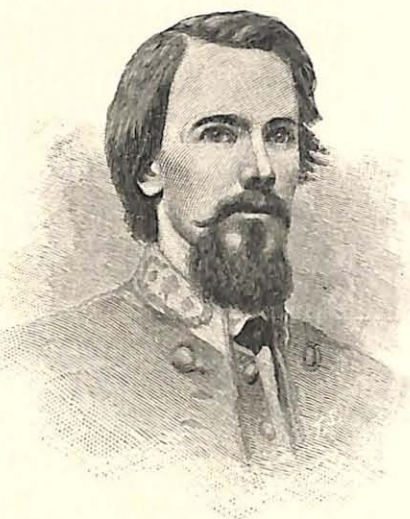
was seen. In rear of the wheat-field, and between that and the mountain, there was a heavy force of Federals, posted in line behind a stone wall. Under my instructions I determined to move upon the stony hill, so as to strike it with my center, and thus attack the orchard on its left rear. About 4 o'clock I received the order to move, at a signal from Cabell's artillery. They were to fire for some minutes, then pause, and then fire three guns in rapid succession. At this I was to move without further orders. I communicated these instructions to the commanders of each of the regiments in my command, directing them to convey them to the company officers. They were told, at the signal, to order the men to leap the wall without further orders, and to align the troops in front of it. Accordingly, at the signal, the men leaped over the wall and were promptly aligned; the word was given, and the brigade moved off at the word, with great steadiness and precision, followed by Semmes with equal promptness. General Longstreet accompanied me in this advance on foot, as far as the Emmitsburg road. All the field and staff officers were dismounted on account of the many obstacles in the way. When we were about the Emmitsburg road, I heard Barksdale's drums beat the assembly, and knew then that I should have no immediate support on my left, about to be squarely presented to the heavy force of infantry and artillery at, and in rear of, the Peach Orchard. The 2d and 8th South Carolina regiments and James's (Third) battalion constituted the left wing of the brigade, and were then moving majestically across the fields to the left of the lane leading to Rose's, with the steadiness of troops on parade. They were ordered to change direction to the left, and attack the batteries in rear of the Peach Orchard, and accordingly moved rapidly on that point. In order to aid this attack,



BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES, U. S. A.
Commanding the Third Army Corps at Gettysburg.

the direction of the 3d and 7th regiments was changed to the left, so as to occupy the stony hill and wood. After passing the buildings at Rose's, the charge of the left wing was no longer visible from my position; but the movement was reported to have been magnificently conducted until the cannoneers had left their guns and the caissons were moving off, when the order was given to "move by the right flank," by some unauthorized person, and was immediately obeyed by the men. The Federals returned to their guns and opened on these doomed regiments a raking fire of grape and canister, at short distance, which proved most disastrous, and for a time destroyed their usefulness. Hundreds of the bravest and best men of Carolina fell, victims of this fatal blunder. While this tragedy was being enacted, the 3d and 7th regiments were conducted rapidly to the stony hill. In consequence of the obstructions in the way, the 7th Regiment had lapped the 3d a few paces, and when they reached the cover of the stony hill I halted the line at the edge of the wood for a moment, and ordered the 7th to move by the right flank to uncover the 3d Regiment, which was promptly done. It was, no doubt, this movement, observed by some one from the left, that led to the terrible mistake which cost so dearly.

The moment the line was rectified the 7th and

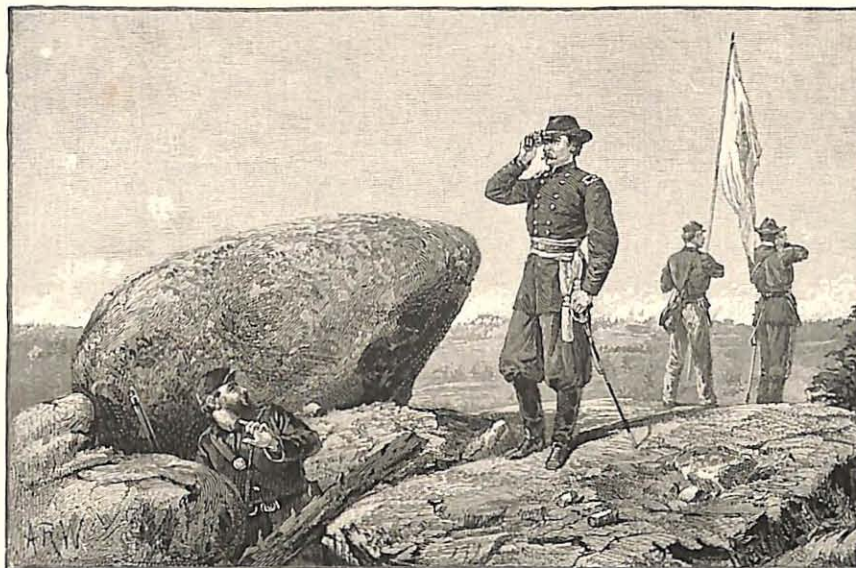


MAJOR-GENERAL E. M. LAW, C. S. A.

3d regiments advanced into the wood and occupied the stony hill, the left of the 3d Regiment swinging around and attacking the batteries to the left of that position, which, for the reasons already stated, had resumed their fire. Very soon a heavy column moved in two lines of battle across the wheat-field to attack my position in such a manner as to take the 7th Regiment in flank on the right. The right wing of this regiment was then thrown back to meet this attack, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Bland. I then hurried in person to General Semmes, then 150 yards in my right rear, to bring him up to meet the attack on my right, and also to bring forward my right regiment, the 15th, commanded by Colonel W. G. de Sausure, which, separated from the brigade by the artillery at the time of the advance, was cut off by Semmes's brigade. In the act of leading his regiment, this gallant and accomplished commander of the 15th had just fallen when I reached it. He fell some paces in front of the line, with sword drawn, leading the advance.

General Semmes promptly responded to my call, and put his brigade in motion toward the right, preparatory to moving to the front. While his troops were moving he fell, mortally wounded. Returning to the 7th Regiment, I reached it just as the advancing column of Federals had arrived at a point some two hundred yards off, whence they poured into us a volley from their whole line, and advanced to the charge. They were handsomely received and entertained by this veteran regiment, which long kept them at bay in its front. One regiment of Semmes's brigade came at a double-quick as far as the ravine in our rear, and checked the advance of the Federals in their front. There was still an interval of a hundred yards, or thereabout, between this regiment and the right of the 7th, and into this the enemy was forcing his way, causing my right to swing back more and more; still fighting, at a distance not exceeding thirty paces, until the two wings of the regiment were nearly doubled on each other.

About this time, the fire of the battery on my left having ceased, I sent for the 2d South Carolina regiment to come to the right. Before I could



GENERAL G. K. WARREN AT THE SIGNAL STATION ON LITTLE ROUND TOP.
From a sketch made at the time.

NOTE.—General Warren testified that he went to Little Round Top "by General Meade's direction." In a letter dated July 13th, 1872, General Warren says:

"Just before the action began in earnest, on July 2d, I was with General Meade, near General Sickles, whose troops seemed very badly disposed on that part of the field. At my suggestion, General Meade sent me to the left to examine the condition of affairs, and I continued on till I reached Little Round Top. There were no troops on it, and it was used as a signal station. I saw that this was the key to the whole position, and that our troops in the woods in front of it could not see the ground in front of them, so that the enemy would come upon them before they would be aware of it. The long line of woods on the west side of the Emmitsburg road (which road was along a ridge) furnished an excellent place for the enemy to form out of sight, so I requested the captain of a rifle-battery just in front of Little Round Top to fire a shot into these woods. He did so, and as the shot went whistling through the air the sound of it reached the enemy's troops and caused every one to look in the direction of it. This motion revealed to me the glistening of gun-barrels and bayonets of the enemy's line of battle, already formed and far outflanking the position of any of our troops; so that the line of his advance from his right to Little Round Top was unopposed. I have been particular in telling this, as the discovery was intensely thrilling to my feelings, and almost appalling. I immediately sent a hastily written despatch to General Meade to send a division at least to me, and General Meade directed the Fifth Army

hear anything of them the enemy had swung around and lapped my whole line at close quarters, and the fighting was general and desperate all along the line, and so continued for some time. These men were brave veterans who had fought from Bull Run to Gettysburg, and knew the strength of their position, and so held it as long as it was tenable. The 7th Regiment finally gave way, and I directed Colonel Aiken to re-form it at the stone wall about Rose's. I passed to the 3d Regiment, then hotly engaged on the crest of the hill, and gradually swung back its right as the enemy made progress around that flank. Semmes's advanced regiment had given way. One of his regiments had mingled with the 3d, and amid rocks and trees, within a few feet of each other, these brave men, Confederates and Federals, maintained

Corps to take position there. The battle was already beginning to rage at the Peach Orchard, and before a single man reached Round Top the whole line of the enemy moved on us in splendid array, shouting in the most confident tones. While I was still all alone with the signal officer, the musket-balls began to fly around us, and he was about to fold up his flags and withdraw, but remained, at my request, and kept waving them in defiance. Seeing troops going out on the Peach Orchard road, I rode down the hill, and fortunately met my old brigade. General Weed, commanding it, had already passed the point, and I took the responsibility to detach Colonel O'Rourke, the head of whose regiment I struck, who, on hearing my few words of explanation about the position, moved at once to the hill-top. About this time First Lieutenant Charles E. Hazlett of the Fifth Artillery, with his battery of rifled cannon, arrived. He comprehended the situation instantly, and planted a gun on the summit of the hill. He spoke to the effect that though he could do little execution on the enemy with his guns, he could aid in giving confidence to the infantry, and that his battery was of no consequence whatever compared with holding the position. He stayed there till he was killed. I was wounded with a musket-ball while talking with Lieutenant Hazlett on the hill, but not seriously; and, seeing the position saved while the whole line to the right and front of us was yielding and melting away under the enemy's fire and advance, I left the hill to rejoin General Meade near the center of the field, where a new crisis was at hand."

a desperate conflict. The enemy could make no progress in front, but slowly extended around my right. Separated from view of my left, of which I could hear nothing, all my staff being with that wing, the position of the 15th Regiment being wholly unknown, the 7th having retreated, and nothing being heard of the other troops of the division, I feared the brave men around me would be surrounded by the large force of the enemy constantly increasing in numbers, and all the while gradually enveloping us. In order to avoid such a catastrophe, I ordered a retreat to the buildings at Rose's. On emerging from the wood as I followed the retreat, I saw Wofford riding at the head of his fine brigade, then coming in, his left being in the Peach Orchard, which was then clear of the enemy. His movement was such as to strike the stony hill

on the left, and thus turn the flank of the troops that had driven us from that position. On his approach the enemy retreated across the wheat-field, where, with the regiments of my left wing, Wofford attacked with great effect, driving the Federals upon and near to Little Round Top. I now ascertained that Barksdale had advanced upon the Peach Orchard after I had become engaged; that he had cleared that position with the assistance of my 8th South Carolina regiment, driving all before him, and, having advanced far beyond that point, until enveloped by superior forces, had fallen mortally wounded, and been left in the Federals' hands. He had passed too far to my left to afford me any relief except in silencing the batteries that had so cruelly punished my left. When Barksdale passed to the left, the regiments of my left wing moved up into the wood on the left of the stony hill, and maintained that position against heavy odds, until the advance of Wofford's brigade.

When the enemy fell back from the stony hill on General Wofford's advance, the 15th South Carolina and a portion of Semmes's brigade followed them and joined Wofford in his attack upon the retreating column. I rallied the remainder of my brigade and Semmes's at Rose's, with the assistance of Colonel Sorrel of Longstreet's staff, and advanced with them to the support of Wofford, taking position at the stone wall overlooking the forest to the right of Rose's house, some two hundred yards in front. Finding that Wofford's men were coming out, I retained them at that point to check any attempt of the enemy to follow. It was now



ABNER DOUBLEDAY,
BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A.

near nightfall, and the operations of the day were over. That night we occupied the ground over which we had fought, with my left at the Peach Orchard, on the hill, and gathered the dead and wounded—a long list of brave and efficient officers and men. Captain Cunningham's company of the 2d Regiment was reported to have gone into action with forty men, of whom but four remained unhurt to bury their fallen comrades. My losses exceeded 600 men killed and wounded—about one-half the force engaged. . . .

THE SECOND DAY— THE UNION SIDE.

BY HENRY J. HUNT,
BREVET MAJOR-GEN.,
U. S. A.,
Chief of Artillery, A. P.

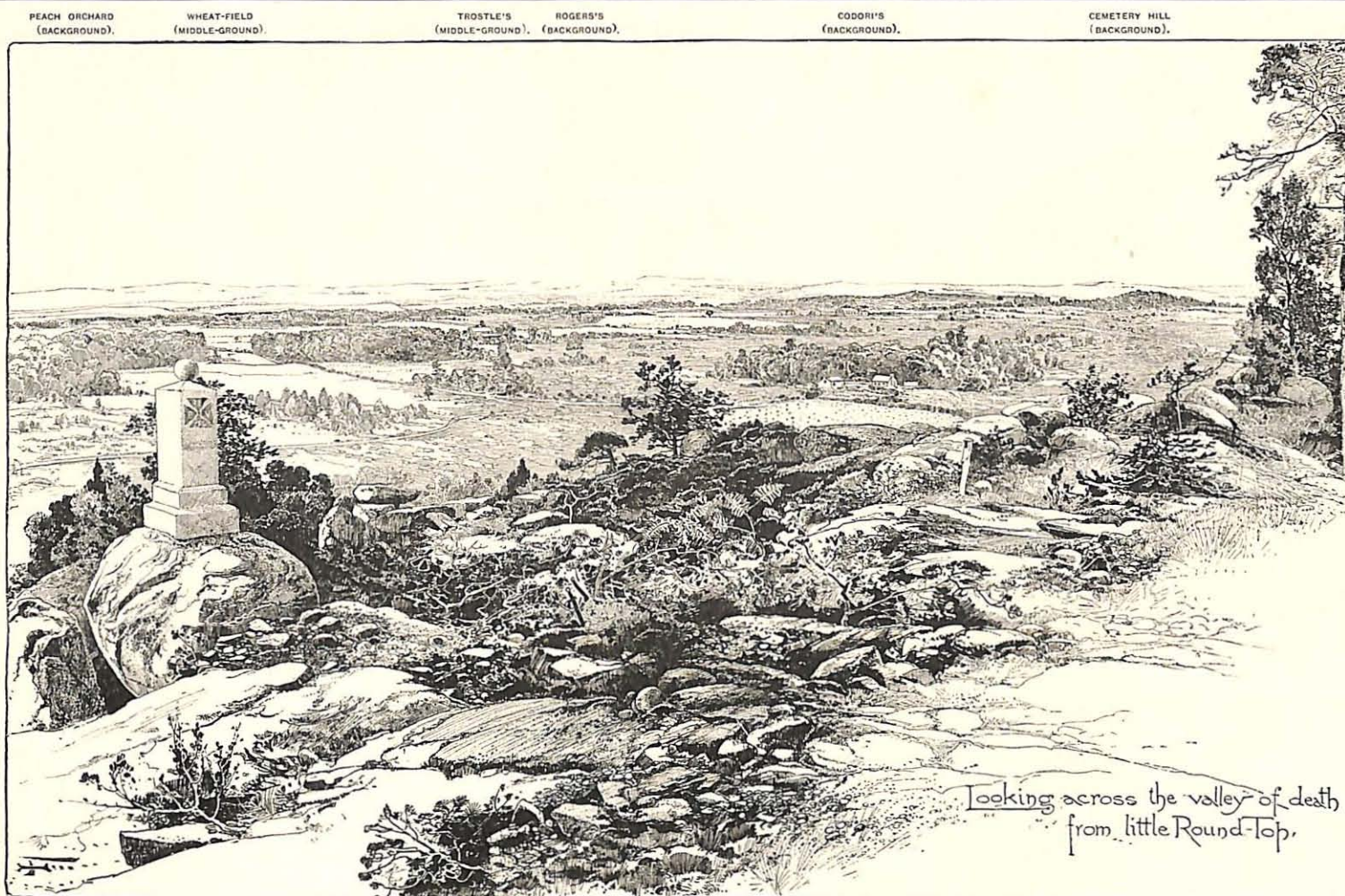
. . . As soon as Longstreet's attack commenced, General Warren was sent by General Meade to see to the condition of the extreme left. The duty could not have been intrusted to better hands. Passing along the lines he found Little Round Top, the key of the position, unoccupied except by a signal station. The enemy at the time lay concealed, awaiting the signal for assault, when a shot fired in their direction caused a sudden movement on their part which, by the gleam of reflected sunlight from their bayonets, revealed their long lines outflanking the position. Fully comprehending the imminent danger, Warren sent to General Meade for a division. The enemy was already advancing when, noticing the approach of the Fifth Corps, Warren rode to meet it, caused Weed's and Vincent's brigades and Hazlett's battery to be detached from the latter and hurried them to the summit. The passage of the six guns through the roadless woods and amongst the rocks was marvelous. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been considered an impossible feat, but the eagerness of the men to get into action with their comrades of the infantry, and the skilful driving, brought them without delay to the very summit, where they went immediately into battle. They were barely in time, for the enemy were also climbing the hill. A close and bloody hand-to-hand struggle ensued, which left both Round Tops in our possession. Weed and Hazlett were killed, and Vincent was mortally wounded—all young

men of great promise. Weed had served with much distinction as an artillerist in the Peninsular, Second Bull Run, and Antietam campaigns, had become chief of artillery of his army corps, and at Chancellorsville showed such special aptitude and fitness for large artillery commands that he was immediately promoted from captain to

brigadier-general and transferred to the infantry. Hazlett was killed whilst bending over his former chief to receive his last message. Lieutenant Rittenhouse efficiently commanded the battery during the remainder of the battle.

The enemy, however, clung to the woods and rocks at the base of Round Top, carried Devil's

Den and its woods, and captured three of Smith's guns, who, however, effectively deprived the enemy of their use by carrying off all the implements. The breaking in of the Peach Orchard angle exposed the flanks of the batteries on its crests, which retired firing, in order to cover the retreat of the infantry. Many guns of different batteries had to be abandoned because of the destruction of their horses and men; many were hauled off by hand; all the batteries lost heavily. Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts made a stand close by the Trostle house in the corner of the field through which he had retired fighting with prolonges fixed. Although already much cut up, he was directed by McGilvery to hold that point at all hazards until a line of artillery could be formed in front of the wood beyond Plum Run; that is, on what we have called the "Plum Run line." This line was formed by collecting the serviceable batteries and fragments of batteries that were brought off, with which, and Dow's Maine battery fresh from the reserve, the pursuit was checked. Finally some twenty-five guns formed a solid mass, which unsupported by infantry held this part of the line, aided General Humphrey's movements, and covered by its fire the abandoned guns until they could be brought off, as all were, except perhaps one. When, after accomplishing its purpose, all that was left of Bigelow's battery was withdrawn, it was closely pressed by Colonel Humphrey's 21st Mississippi, the only Confederate regiment which succeeded in crossing the run. His men had entered the battery and fought hand-to-hand with the cannoneers; one was killed while trying to spike a gun, and another knocked down with a hand-spike whilst endeavoring to drag off a prisoner. The battery went into action with 104 officers and men. Of the four battery officers one was killed, another mortally, and a third, Capt. Bigelow, severely wounded. Of 7 sergeants, 2 were killed and 4 wounded; or a total of 28 men, including 2 missing; and 65 out of 88 horses were killed or wounded. As the battery had sacrificed itself for the safety of the line, its work is specially noticed as typical of the service that artillery is not infrequently called upon to render, and did render in other instances at Gettysburg besides this one.



VIEW FROM THE POSITION OF HAZLETT'S BATTERY ON LITTLE ROUND TOP.

The Emmitsburg road passes the Peach Orchard, Roger's, and Codori's; the latter's buildings broke the center of Pickett's lines as they charged upon the ridge between Cemetery Hill and Little Round Top. (From photographs.)



DEVIL'S DEN, FACING LITTLE ROUND TOP.



MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, U. S. A.
Commanding the Second Army Corps at Gettysburg. (From a photograph taken during the war, or soon after.)

When Sickles was wounded General Meade directed Hancock to take command of the Third as well as his own corps, which he again turned over to Gibbon. About 7:15 p. m. the field was in a critical condition. Birney's division was now bro-

ken up; Humphreys's was slowly falling back, under cover of McGilvery's guns; Anderson's line was advancing. On its right Barksdale's brigade, except the 21st Mississippi, was held in check only by McGilvery's artillery, to whose support Han-

cock now brought up Willard's brigade of the Second Corps. Placing the 39th New York in reserve, Willard with his other three regiments charged Barksdale's brigade and drove it back nearly to the Emmitsburg road, when he was himself repulsed by a heavy artillery and infantry fire, and fell back to his former position near the sources of Plum Run. In this affair Willard was killed and Barksdale mortally wounded. Meanwhile the 21st Mississippi crossed the run from the neighborhood of the Trostle house, and drove out the men of Watson's battery ("I," 5th United States), on the extreme left of McGilvery's line, but was in turn driven off by the 39th New York, led by Lieutenant Peeples of the battery, musket in hand, who thus recovered his guns, Watson being severely wounded.

Birney's division once broken, it was difficult to stem the tide of defeat. Hood's and McLaws's division—excepting Barksdale's brigade—compassed the Devil's Den and its woods, and as the Federal reinforcements from other corps came piecemeal, they were beaten in detail until by successive accretions they greatly outnumbered their opponents, who had all the advantages of position, when the latter in turn retired, but were not pursued. This fighting was confined almost wholly to the woods and wheat-field between the Peach Orchard and Little Round Top, and the great number of brigade and regimental commanders, as well as of inferior officers and soldiers, killed and wounded on both sides, bears testimony to its close and desperate character. General Meade was on the ground active in bringing up and putting in reinforcements, and in doing so had his horse shot under him. At the close of the day the Confederates held the base of the Round Tops, Devil's Den, its woods, and the Emmitsburg road, with skirmishers thrown out as far as the Trostle house; the Federals had the two Round Tops, the Plum Run line, and Cemetery Ridge. During the night the Plum Run line, except the wood on its left front (occupied by McCandless's brigade, Crawford's division, his other brigade being on Big Round Top), was abandoned; the Third Corps was massed to the left and rear of Caldwell's division, which had reoccupied its short ridge, with McGilvery's artillery on its crest. The Fifth Corps remained on and about Round Top, and a division [Ruger's] which had been detached from the Twelfth Corps returned to Culp's Hill.

When Longstreet's guns were heard, Ewell opened a cannonade, which after an hour's firing was overpowered by the Federal artillery on Cemetery Hill. Johnson's division then advanced, and found only one brigade—Greene's—of the Twelfth Corps in position, the others having been sent to the aid of Sickles at the Peach Orchard. Greene fought with skill and determination for two or three hours, and reinforced by seven or eight hundred men of the First and Eleventh corps, succeeded in holding his own intrenchments, the enemy taking possession of the abandoned works of Geary and Ruger. This brought Johnson's troops near the Baltimore pike, but the darkness prevented their seeing or profiting by the advantage then within their reach. When Ruger's division returned from Round Top, and Geary's from Rock

Creek, they found Johnson in possession of their intrenchments, and immediately prepared to drive him out at daylight.

It had been ordered that when Johnson engaged Culp's Hill, Early and Rodes should assault Cemetery Hill. Early's attack was made with great spirit, by Hoke's and Avery's brigades, Gordon's being in reserve; the hill was ascended through the wide ravine between Cemetery and Culp's hills, a line of infantry on the slopes was broken, and Wiedrich's Eleventh Corps and Rickett's reserve batteries near the brow of the hill were overrun; but the excellent position of Stevens's 12-pounders at the head of the ravine, which enabled him to sweep it, the arrival of Carroll's brigade sent unasked by Hancock,—a happy inspiration, as this line had been weakened to send supports both to Greene and Sickles,—and the failure of Rodes to cooperate with Early, caused the attack to miscarry. The cannoniers of the two batteries, so summarily ousted, rallied and recovered their guns by a vigorous attack—with pistols by those who had them, by others with hand-spikes, rammers, stones, and even fence-rails—the "Dutchmen" showing that they were in no way inferior to their "Yankee" comrades, who had been taunting them ever since Chancellorsville. After an hour's desperate fighting the enemy was driven out with heavy loss, Avery being among the killed. At the close of this second day a consultation of corps commanders was held at Meade's headquarters. I was not present, although summoned, but was informed that the vote was unanimous to hold our lines and await an attack for at least one day before taking the offensive, and Meade so decided.

THE THIRD DAY AT GETTYSBURG— THE UNION SIDE.

BY HENRY J. HUNT, BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL,
U. S. A.

Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac.

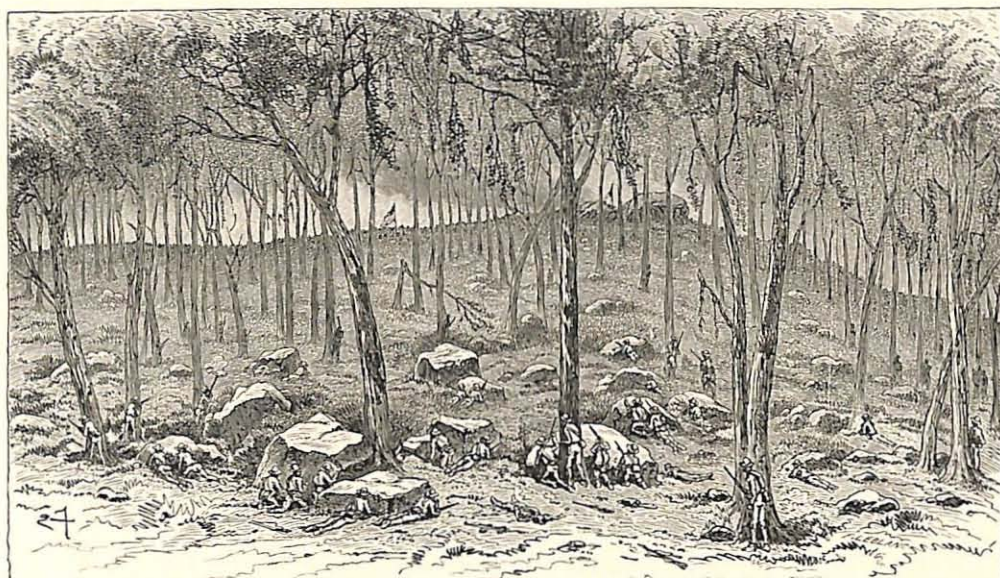
IN view of the successes gained on the second day, General Lee resolved to renew his efforts. These successes were:

1st. *On the right*, the lodgment at the bases of the Round Tops, the possession of Devil's Den and its woods, and the ridges on the Emmitsburg road, which gave him the coveted positions for his artillery.

2d. *On the left*, the occupation of part of the intrenchments of the Twelfth Corps, with an outlet to the Baltimore pike, by which all our lines could be taken in reverse.

3d. *At the center*, the partial success of three of Anderson's brigades in penetrating our lines, from which they were expelled only because they lacked proper support. It was thought that better concert of action might have made good a lodgment here also.

Both armies had indeed lost heavily, but the account in that respect seemed in favor of the Confederates, or at worst balanced. Pickett's and Edward Johnson's divisions were fresh, as were Posey's and Mahone's brigades of R. H. Anderson's, and William Smith's brigade of Early's division. These could be depended upon for an assault; the others could be used as supports, and to follow up a success.



CONFEDERATE SKIRMISHERS AT THE FOOT OF CULP'S HILL.

The artillery was almost intact. Stuart had arrived with his cavalry, excepting the brigades of Jones and Robertson, guarding the communications; and Imboden had also come up. General Lee, therefore, directed the renewal of operations both on the right and left. Ewell had been ordered to attack at daylight on July 3d, and during the night reinforced Johnson with Smith's, Daniel's, and O'Neal's brigades. Johnson had made his preparations, and was about moving, when at dawn Williams's artillery opened upon him, preparatory to an assault by Geary and Ruger for the recovery of their works. The suspension of this fire was followed by an immediate advance by both sides. A conflict ensued which lasted with varying success until near 11 o'clock, during which the Confederates were driven out of the Union intrenchments by Geary and Ruger, aided by Shaler's brigade of the Sixth Corps. They made one or two attempts to regain possession, but were unsuccessful, and a demonstration to turn Johnson's left caused him to withdraw his command to Rock Creek. At the close of the war the scene of this conflict was covered by a forest of dead trees, leaden bullets proving as fatal to them as to the soldiers whose bodies were thickly strewn beneath them.

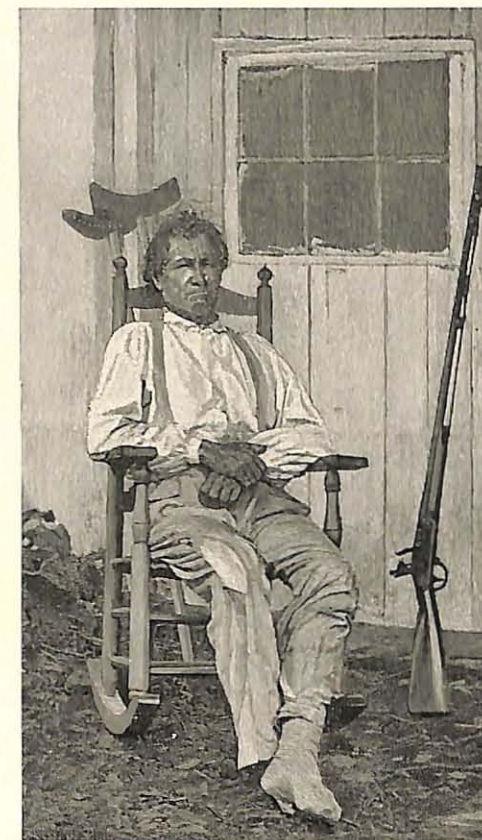
Longstreet's arrangements had been made to attack Round Top, and his orders issued with a view to turning it, when General Lee decided that the assault should be made on Cemetery Ridge by Pickett's and Pettigrew's divisions, with part of Trimble's. Longstreet formed these in two lines—Pickett on the right, supported by Wilcox; Pettigrew on the left, with Lane's and Scales's brigades under Trimble in the second line. Hill was ordered to hold his line with the remainder of his corps,—six brigades,—give Longstreet assistance if required, and avail himself of any success that might be gained. Finally a powerful artillery force, about one hundred and fifty guns, was ordered to prepare the way for the assault by cannonade. The necessary arrangements caused delay, and before notice of this could be received by Ewell, Johnson, as we

have seen, was attacked, so that the contest was over on the left before that at the center was begun. The hoped-for concert of action in the Confederate attacks was lost from the beginning.

On the Federal side Hancock's corps held Cemetery Ridge with Robinson's division, First Corps, on Hays's right in support, and Doubleday's at the angle between Gibbon and Caldwell. General Newton, having been assigned to the command of the first corps, *vice* Reynolds, was now in charge of the ridge held by Caldwell. Compactly arranged on its crest was McGilvery's artillery, forty-one guns, consisting of his own batteries, reinforced by others from the Artillery Reserve. Well to the right, in front of Hays and Gibbon, was the artillery of the Second Corps under its chief, Captain Hazard. Woodruff's battery was in front of Ziegler's Grove; on his left, in succession, Arnold's Rhode Island, Cushing's United States, Brown's Rhode Island, and Rorty's New York. In the fight of the preceding day the two last-named batteries had been to the front and suffered severely. Lieutenant T. Fred Brown was severely wounded, and his command devolved on Lieutenant Perrin. So great had been the loss in men and horses that they were now of four guns each, reducing the total number in the corps to twenty-six. Daniels's battery of horse artillery, four guns, was at the angle. Cowan's 1st New York battery, six rifles, was placed on the left of Rorty's soon after the cannonade commenced. In addition, some of the guns on Cemetery Hill, and Rittenhouse's on Little Round Top, could be brought to bear, but these were offset by batteries similarly placed on the flanks of the enemy, so that on the Second Corps line, within the space of a mile, were 77 guns to oppose nearly 150. They were on an open crest plainly visible from all parts of the opposite line. Between 10 and 11 A. M., everything looking favorable at Culp's Hill, I crossed over to Cemetery Ridge, to see what might be going on at other points. Here a magnificent display greeted my eyes. Our whole front for two miles was covered by batteries already

in line or going into position. They stretched—apparently in one unbroken mass—from opposite the town to the Peach Orchard, which bounded the view to the left, the ridges of which were planted thick with cannon. Never before had such a sight been witnessed on this continent, and rarely, if ever, abroad. What did it mean? It might possibly be to hold that line while its infantry was sent to aid Ewell, or to guard against a counter-stroke from us, but it most probably meant an assault on our center, to be preceded by a cannonade in order to crush our batteries and shake our infantry; at least to cause us to exhaust our ammunition in reply, so that the assaulting troops might pass in good condition over the half mile of open ground which was beyond our effective musketry fire. With such an object the cannonade would be long and followed immediately by the assault, their whole army being held in readiness to follow up a success. From the great extent of ground occupied by the enemy's batteries, it was evident that all the artillery on our west front, whether of the army corps or the reserve, must concur as a unit, . . . and beginning on the right, I instructed the chiefs of artillery and battery commanders to withhold their fire for fifteen or twenty minutes after the cannonade commenced, then to concentrate their fire with all possible accuracy on those batteries which were most destructive to us—but slowly, so that when the enemy's ammunition was exhausted, we should have sufficient left to meet the assault. I had just given these orders to the last battery on Little Round Top, when the signal-gun was fired, and the enemy opened with all his guns. From that point the scene was indescribably grand. All their batteries were soon covered with smoke, through which the flashes were incessant, whilst the air seemed filled with shells, whose sharp explosions, with the hurdling of their fragments, formed a running accompaniment to the deep roar of the guns. Thence I rode to the Artillery Reserve to order fresh batteries and ammunition to be sent up to the ridge as soon as the cannonade ceased; but both the reserve and the train had gone to a safer place. Messengers, however, had been left to receive and convey orders, which I sent by them; then I returned to the ridge. Turning into the Taneytown pike, I saw evidence of the necessity under which the reserve had "decamped," in the remains of a dozen exploded caissons, which had been placed under cover of a hill, but which the shells had managed to search out. In fact, the fire was more dangerous behind the ridge than on its crest. . . .

I now rode along the ridge to inspect the batteries. The infantry were lying down on its reverse slope, near the crest, in open ranks, waiting events. As I passed along, a bolt from a rifle-gun struck the ground just in front of a man of the front rank, penetrated the surface and passed under him, throwing him "over and over." He fell behind the rear rank, apparently dead, and a ridge of earth where he had been lying reminded me of the backwoods practice of "barking" squirrels. Our fire was deliberate, but on inspecting the chests I found that the ammunition was running low, and hastened to General Meade to advise its immediate cessation and preparation for the assault which would certainly follow. The headquarters building, immediately behind the ridge, had been aban-

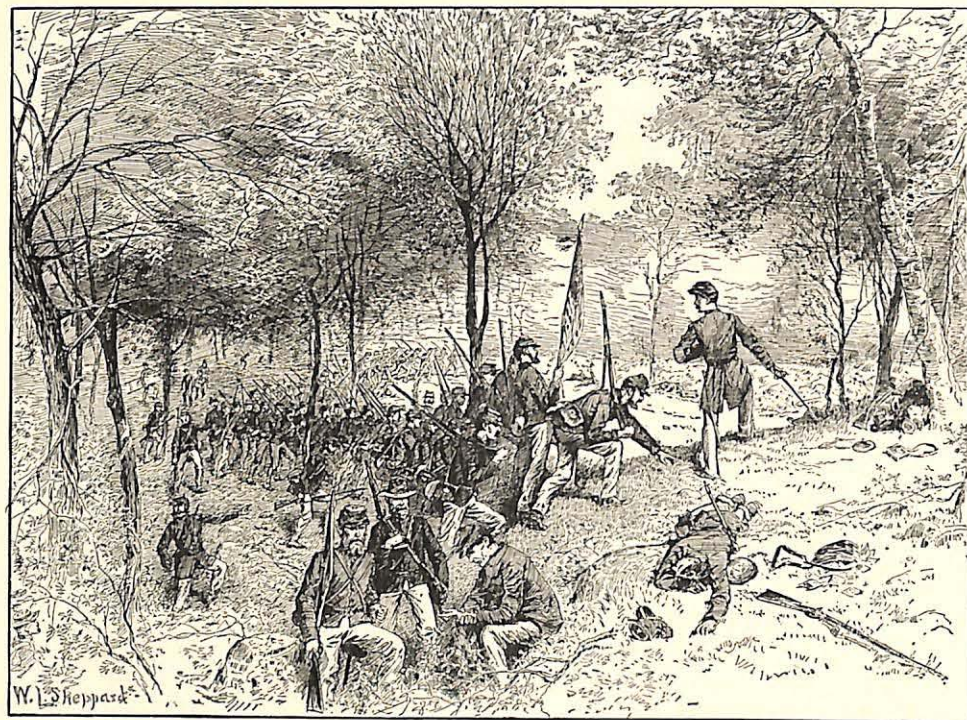


JOHN L. BURNS, "THE OLD HERO OF GETTYSBURG."

Sergeant George Eustice, of Company F, 7th Wisconsin Volunteers, in a letter from Gilroy, Santa Clara County, California, gives this account of John Burns's action in the ranks of that regiment:

"It must have been about noon when I saw a little old man coming up in the rear of Company F. In regard to the peculiarities of his dress, I remember he wore a swallow-tailed coat with smooth brass buttons. He had a rifle on his shoulder. We boys began to poke fun at him as soon as he came amongst us, as we thought no civilian in his senses would show himself in such a place. Finding that he had really come to fight I wanted to put a cartridge-box on him to make him look like a soldier, telling him he could not fight without one. Slapping his pantaloons-pocket, he replied, 'I can get my hands in here quicker than in a box. I'm not used to them new-fangled things.' In answer to the question what possessed him to come out there at such a time, he replied that the rebels had either driven away or milked his cows, and that he was going to be even with them. About this time the enemy began to advance. Bullets were flying thicker and faster, and we hugged the ground about as close as we could. Burns got behind a tree, and surprised us all by not taking a double-quick to the rear. He was as calm and collected as any veteran on the ground. We soon had orders to get up and move about a hundred yards to the right, when we were engaged in one of the most stubborn contests I ever experienced. Foot by foot we were driven back to a point near the seminary, where we made a stand, but were finally driven through the town to Cemetery Ridge. I never saw John Burns after our movement to the right, when we left him behind his tree, and only know that he was true blue and grit to the backbone, and fought until he was three times wounded."

The 7th Wisconsin served in the "Iron Brigade," First Corps. Burns's bravery is mentioned in General Doubleday's official report.



THE 29TH PENNSYLVANIA FORMING LINE OF BATTLE ON CULP'S HILL, MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY.

done, and many of the horses of the staff lay dead. Being told that the general had gone to the cemetery, I proceeded thither. He was not there, and on telling General Howard my object, he concurred in its propriety, and I rode back along the ridge, ordering the fire to cease. This was followed by a cessation of that of the enemy, under the mistaken impression that he had silenced our guns, and almost immediately his infantry came out of the woods and formed for the assault. On my way to the Taneytown road to meet the fresh batteries which I had ordered up, I met Major Bingham, of Hancock's staff, who informed me that General Meade's aides were seeking me with orders to "cease firing"; so I had only anticipated his wishes. The batteries were brought up, and Fitzhugh's, Weir's, Wheeler's, and Parson's were put in near the clump of trees. Brown's and Arnold's batteries had been so crippled that they were now withdrawn, and Brown's was replaced by Cowan's. Meantime the enemy advanced, and McGilvery opened a destructive oblique fire, reinforced by that of Rittenhouse's six rifle-guns from Round Top, which were served with remarkable accuracy, enfilading Pickett's lines. The Confederate approach was magnificent, and excited our admiration; but the story of that charge is so well known that I need not dwell upon it further than as it concerns my own command. The steady fire from McGilvery and Rittenhouse, on their right, caused Pickett's men to "drift" in the opposite direction, so that the weight of the assault fell upon the positions occupied by Hazard's batteries. I had counted on an artillery cross-fire that would stop it before it reached our lines, but, except a few shots here and there, Hazard's batteries were

silent until the enemy came within canister range. They had unfortunately exhausted their long-range projectiles during the cannonade, under the orders of their corps commander, and it was too late to replace them. . . .

The losses in the batteries of the Second Corps were very heavy. Of the five battery commanders and their successors on the field, Rorty, Cushing, and Woodruff were killed, and Milne was mortally, and Sheldon severely, wounded at their guns. So great was the destruction of men and horses, that Cushing's and Woodruff's United States, and Brown's and Arnold's Rhode Island batteries were consolidated to form two serviceable ones. . . .

Whilst the main battle was raging, sharp cavalry combats took place on both flanks of the army. On the left the principal incident was an attack made by order of General Kilpatrick on infantry and artillery in woods and behind stone fences, which resulted in considerable losses, and especially in the death of General Farnsworth, a gallant and promising officer who had but a few days before been appointed brigadier-general and had not yet received his commission. On the right an affair of some magnitude took place between Stuart's command of four and Gregg's of three brigades; but Jenkins's Confederate brigade was soon thrown out of action from lack of ammunition, and two only of Gregg's were engaged. Stuart had been ordered to cover Ewell's left, and was proceeding toward the Baltimore pike, where he hoped to create a diversion in aid of the Confederate infantry, and in case of Pickett's success to fall upon the retreating Federal troops. From near Cress's Ridge, two and a half miles east of Gettysburg, Stuart commanded a view of the roads in rear of the Federal



GENERAL GEORGE H. STEUART'S BRIGADE RENEWING THE CONFEDERATE ATTACK ON CULP'S HILL, MORNING OF THE THIRD DAY.

lines. On its northern wooded end he posted Jackson's battery, and took possession of the Rummel farm buildings, a few hundred yards distant. Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee were on his left, covered by the wood, Jenkins and Chambliss on the right, along the ridge. Half a mile east on a low parallel ridge, the southern part of which bending west toward Cress's Ridge furnished excellent positions for artillery, was the Federal cavalry brigade of McIntosh, who now sent a force toward Rummel's, from which a strong body of skirmishers was thrown to meet them, and the battery opened. McIntosh now demanded reinforcements, and Gregg, then near the Baltimore pike, brought him Custer's brigade and Pennington's and Randol's batteries. The artillery soon drove the Confederates out of Rummel's, and compelled Jackson's Virginia battery to leave the ridge. Both sides brought up reinforcements and the battle swayed from side to side of the interval. Finally the Federals were pressed back, and Lee and Hampton, emerging from the wood, charged, sword in hand, facing a destructive artillery fire—for the falling back of the cavalry had uncovered our batteries. The assailants were met by Custer's and such other mounted squadrons as could be thrown in; a *mêlée* ensued, in which Hampton was severely wounded and the charge repulsed. Breckinridge's and McGregor's Confederate batteries had replaced Jackson's, a sharp artillery duel took place, and at nightfall each side held substantially its original ground. Both sides claim to have held the Rummel house. The advantage was decidedly with the Federals, who had foiled Stuart's plans. Thus the battle of Gettysburg closed as it had opened, with a very creditable cavalry battle. . . .

PICKETT'S CHARGE AND ARTILLERY FIGHTING AT GETTYSBURG.

BY E. PORTER ALEXANDER, BRIGADIER-GENERAL, C. S. A.

Chief of artillery of Longstreet's corps during the Battle of Gettysburg.

THE Reserve Artillery of Longstreet's corps, in the Gettysburg campaign, consisted of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, then under Major Eshleman, nine guns, and my own battalion of twenty-six guns. Besides these, the artillery of the corps comprised Cabell's, Henry's, and Dearing's battalions of eighteen guns each. The latter battalions were usually attached, on the march, respectively to McLaws's, Hood's, and Pickett's divisions of infantry.

On the first of July, 1863, the Reserve Artillery was encamped near Greenwood, and we had no idea that the great battle of the campaign had already opened about eighteen miles away. Early in the night, however, rumors reached us that Hill's corps had been heavily engaged, and that Ewell's had come to his assistance; that the enemy had been driven some distance; that the enemy had made a stand in a very strong position. These rumors were soon followed by orders for the artillery to march at 1 o'clock for the front. There was little time for sleep before taking the road, and I think but few improved even that little. . . .

We marched quite steadily, with a good road and a bright moon, until about 7 A. M. on the 2d, when we halted in a grassy open grove about a mile west of Seminary Ridge, and fed and watered. Here, soon afterward, I was sent for by General Long-



HENRY J. HUNT,
BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, U. S. A., CHIEF OF
ARTILLERY, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

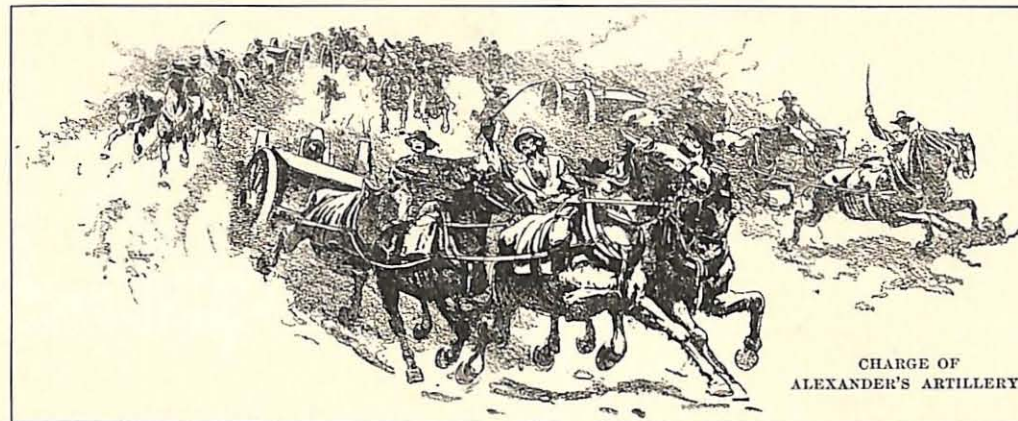
street, and, riding forward, found him with General Lee on Seminary Ridge. Opposite, about a mile away, on Cemetery Ridge, overlooking the town, lay the enemy, their batteries making considerable display, but their infantry, behind stone walls and ridges, scarcely visible. In between us were only gentle rolling slopes of pasture and wheat-fields, with a considerable body of woods to the right and front. The two Round Tops looked over everything, and a signal-flag was visible on the highest. Instinctively the idea arose, "If we could only take position here, and have them attack us through this open ground!" But I soon learned that we were in no such luck — the boot, in fact, being upon the other foot.

It was explained to me that our corps was to assault the enemy's left flank, and I was directed to reconnoiter it and then to take charge of all the artillery of the corps and direct it in the attack, leaving my own battalion to the command of Major Huger. I was particularly cautioned, in moving the artillery, to keep it out of sight of the signal station upon Round Top.

I immediately started on my reconnoissance, and in about three hours had a good idea of all the ground, and had Cabell's, Henry's, and my own battalions parked near where our infantry lines were to be formed and the attack begun. Dearing's battalion with Pickett's infantry was not yet up, and the Washington Artillery was left in reserve.

Through some blunder, part of our infantry had been marched on a road that brought them in sight of Round Top, and, instead of taking to the fields and hollows, they had been halted for an hour, and then had been countermarched and sent around by a circuitous road, via Black Horse Tavern, about five miles out of the way, thereby losing at least two hours.

We waited quite a time for the infantry, and I think it was about 4 o'clock when at last the word was given for Hood's division to move out and endeavor to turn the enemy's left, while McLaws



CHARGE OF
ALEXANDER'S ARTILLERY.

awaited the development of Hood's attack, ready to assault the Peach Orchard. Henry's battalion moved out with Hood and was speedily and heavily engaged; Cabell was ready to support him, and at once went into action near Snyder's house, about seven hundred yards from the Peach Orchard.

The Federal artillery was ready for us, and in their usual full force and good practice. The ground at Cabell's position gave little protection, and he suffered rapidly in both men and horses. To help him, I ran up Huger, with 18 guns of my own 26, to Warfield's house, within 500 yards of the Peach Orchard, and opened upon it. This made 54 guns in action, and I hoped they would crush that part of the enemy's line in a very short time, but the fight was longer and hotter than I expected. So accurate was the enemy's fire, that two of my guns were fairly dismounted, and the loss of men was so great that I had to ask General Barksdale, whose brigade was lying down close behind in the wood, for help to handle the heavy 24-pounder howitzers of Moody's battery. He gave me permission to call for volunteers, and in a minute I had eight good fellows, of whom, alas! we buried two that night, and sent to the hospital three others mortally or severely wounded. At last I sent for my other two batteries, but before they arrived McLaws's division charged past our guns, and the enemy deserted their line in confusion. Then I believed that Providence was indeed "taking the proper view," and that the war was very nearly over. Every battery was limbered to the front, and the two batteries from the rear coming up, all six charged in line across the plain and went into action again at the position the enemy had deserted. I can recall no more splendid sight, on a small scale, — and certainly no more inspiring moment during the war, — than that of the charge of these six batteries. An artillerist's heaven is to follow the routed enemy, after a tough resistance, and throw shells and canister into his disorganized and fleeing masses. Then the explosions of the guns sound louder and more powerful, and the very shouts of the gunners, ordering "Fire!" in rapid succession, thrill one's very soul. There is no excitement on earth like it. It is far prettier shooting than at a compact, narrow line of battle, or at another battery. Now we saw our heaven just in front, and were already breathing the very air of victory. Now we would have our revenge, and

make them sorry they had stayed so long. Everything was in a rush. The ground was generally good, and pieces and caissons went at a gallop, some cannoneers mounted, and some running by the sides — not in regular line, but a general race and scramble to get there first.

But we only had a moderately good time with Sickles's retreating corps after all. They fell back upon fresh troops in what seemed a strong position, extending along the ridge north of Round Top. Hood's troops under Law gained the slope of Little Round Top, but were driven back to its base. Our infantry lines had become disjointed in the advance, and the fighting became a number of isolated combats between brigades. The artillery took part wherever it could, firing at everything in sight, and a sort of pell-mell fighting lasted until darkness covered the field, and the fuses of the flying shells looked like little meteors in the air. But then both musketry and artillery slackened off, and by 9 o'clock the field was silent. It was evident that we had not finished the job, and would have to make a fresh effort in the morning. The firing had hardly ceased when my faithful little darky, Charley, came up hunting for me with a fresh horse, affectionate congratulations on my safety, and, what was equally acceptable, something to eat. Negro servants hunting for their masters were a feature of the landscape that night. I then found General Longstreet, learned what I could of the fortunes of the day on other parts of the field, and got orders for the morning. They were in brief that our present position was to be held, and the attack renewed as soon as Pickett arrived, and he was expected early. . . .

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



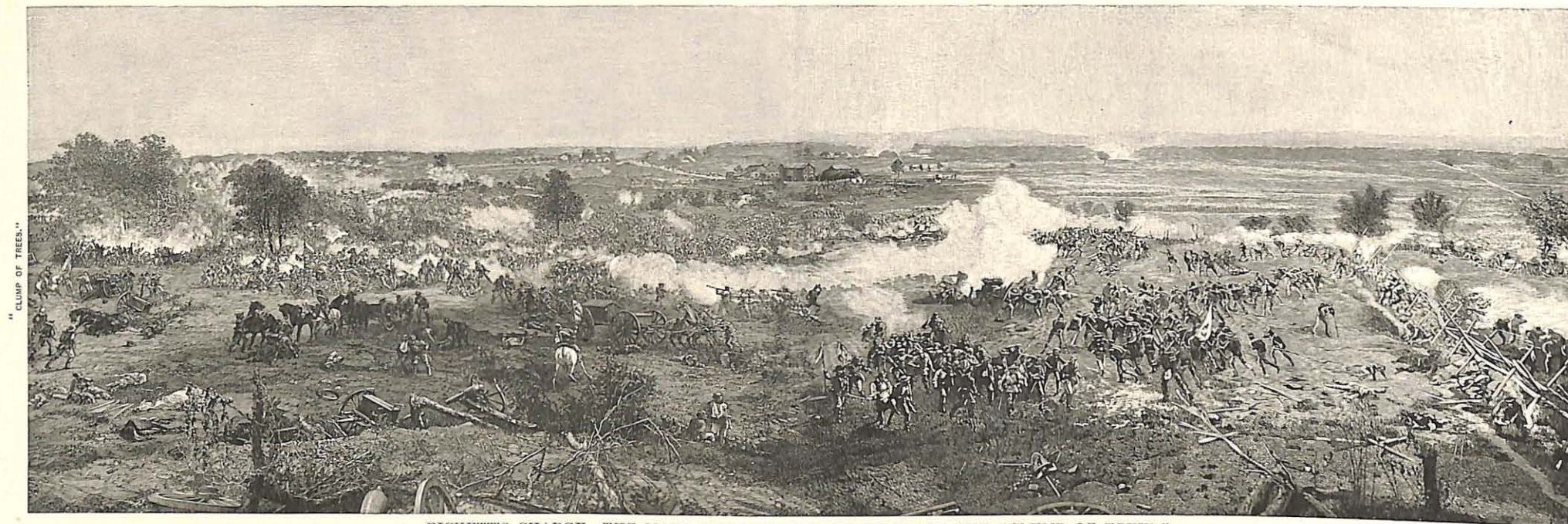
WILLIAM N. PENDLETON,
BRIGADIER-GENERAL, C. S. A., LEE'S CHIEF
OF ARTILLERY.

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 engaged, 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 about 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. 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 fire 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 care-



PICKETT'S CHARGE.—THE MAIN COLLISION TO THE RIGHT OF THE "CLUMP OF TREES."

In this hand-to-hand conflict General Armistead, of Pickett's division, was killed, and General Webb, of Gibbon's division (Union), was wounded. (From the Cyclorama of Gettysburg, by permission of the National Panorama Company.)

fully considered before opening our fire, for it will take all the artillery ammunition we have left to test this 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 upon 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.

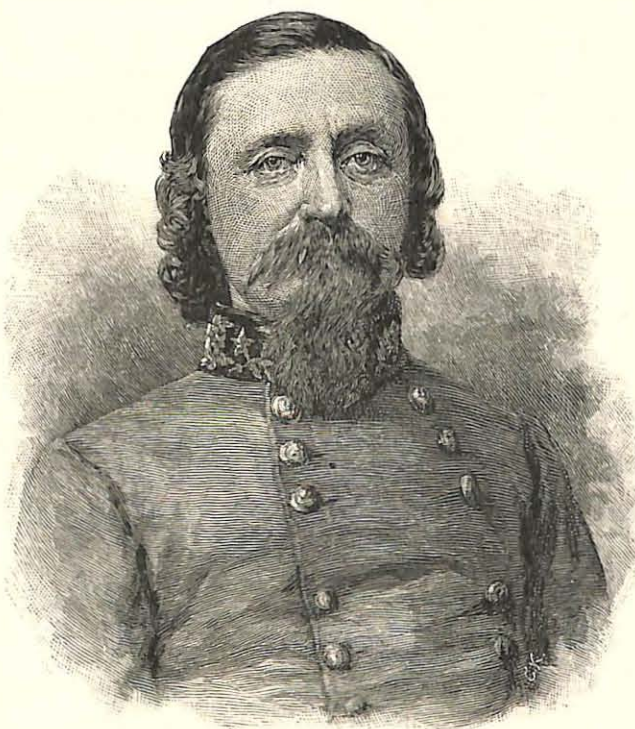
The artillery of Ewell's corps, however, took only a small part, I believe, in this, as they were too far away on the other side of the town. Some of them might have done good service from positions between Hill and Ewell, enfilading the batteries fighting us. The opportunity to do that was the single 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 ten 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 and swells of the ground, I could not bring myself to give the word. 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.



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT, C. S. A.

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



THE CHARGE OF PICKETT, PETTIGREW, AND TRIMBLE.
From a war-time sketch from the Union position.

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-by, 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

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,



CEMETERY HILL. CLUMP OF TREES. ROUND TOPS.
PROFILE OF CEMETERY RIDGE AS SEEN FROM PICKETT'S POSITION BEFORE THE CHARGE.

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 intention. 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 Fremantle of Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards, who was visiting our army. He afterward published an excellent account of the battle in "Blackwood," 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. Sharpshooters 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.

Of Pickett's three brigadiers, Garnett and Armistead were killed, and Kemper dangerously wounded. Fry, who commanded Pettigrew's brigade, which adjoined Garnett on the left, and in the charge was the brigade of direction for the whole force, was also left on the field desperately wounded. Of all Pickett's field-officers in the three brigades only one major came out unhurt. The men who made the attack were good enough: the only trouble was, there were not enough of them. . . .



PICKETT'S CHARGE.—LOOKING DOWN THE UNION LINES FROM THE "CLUMP OF TREES."
General Hancock and staff are seen in the left center of the picture.—This picture is from the Cyclorama of Gettysburg, by permission of the National Panorama Company.

LONGSTREET'S STORY OF THE GRAND CHARGE.

BY JAMES LONGSTREET, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL, C. S. A.

. . . About 1 o'clock everything was in readiness. The signal-guns broke the prevailing stillness, and immediately 150 Confederate cannon burst into a deafening roar, which was answered by a thunder almost as great from the Federal side. The great artillery combat proceeded. The destruction was, of course, not great; but the thunder on Seminary Ridge, and the echo from the Federal side, showed that both commanders were ready. The armies seemed like mighty wild beasts growling at each other and preparing for a death-struggle. For an hour or two the fire was continued, and met such steady response on the part of the Federals that it

seemed less effective than we had anticipated. I sent word to Alexander that unless he could do something more, I would not feel warranted in ordering the troops forward. After a little, some of the Federal batteries ceased firing, possibly to save ammunition, and Alexander thought the most suitable time for the advance had come. He sent word to Pickett, and Pickett rode to my headquarters. As he came up he asked if the time for his advance had come. I was convinced that he would be leading his troops to needless slaughter, and did not speak. He repeated the question, and without opening my lips I bowed in answer. In a determined voice Pickett said: "Sir, I shall lead my division forward." He then remounted his horse and rode back to his command. I mounted my horse, and rode to a point where I could observe the troops. . . . That day at Gettysburg was one of the saddest

of my life. I foresaw what my men would meet, and would gladly have given up my position rather than share in the responsibilities of that day. It was thus I felt when Pickett at the head of 4900 brave men marched over the crest of Seminary Ridge and began his descent of the slope. As he passed he rode gracefully, with his jaunty cap raked well over on his right ear, and his long auburn locks, nicely dressed, hanging almost to his shoulders. He seemed rather a holiday soldier than a general at the head of a column which was about to make one of the grandest, most desperate assaults recorded in the annals of wars. Armistead and Garnett, two of his brigadiers, were veterans of nearly a quarter of a century's service. Their minds seemed absorbed in the men behind, and in the bloody work before them. Kemper, the other brigadier, was younger, but had experienced many severe battles. He was leading my old brigade that I had drilled on Manassas plains before the first battle on that noted field. The troops advanced in well-closed ranks and with elastic step, their faces lighted with hope. Before them lay the ground over which they were to pass to the point of attack. Intervening were several fences, a field of corn, a little swale running through it and then a rise from that point to the Federal stronghold. As soon as Pickett passed the crest of the hill, the Federals had a clear view and opened their batteries, and as he descended the eastern slope of the ridge his troops received a fearful fire from the batteries in front and from Round Top. The troops marched steadily, taking the fire with great coolness. As soon as they passed my batteries I ordered my artillery to turn their fire against the batteries on our right then raking my lines. They did so, but did not force the Federals to change the direction of their fire and relieve our infantry. As the troops were about to cross the swale I noticed a considerable force of Federal infantry moving down as though to flank the left of our line. I sent an officer to caution the division commanders to guard against that move. . . . After crossing the swale, the troops kept the same steady step, but met a dreadful fire at the hands of the Federal sharpshooters; and as soon as the field was open the Federal infantry poured down a terrific fire which was kept up during the entire assault. The slaughter was terrible, the enfilade fire of the batteries on Round Top being very destructive. At times one shell would knock down five or six men. I dismounted to relieve my horse, and was sitting on a rail fence watching very closely the movements of the troops. As Pickett's division concentrated in making the final assault, Kemper fell severely wounded. As the division threw itself against the Federal line Garnett fell and expired. The Confederate flag was planted in the Federal line, and immediately Armistead fell mortally wounded at the feet of the Federal soldiers. The wavering divisions then seemed appalled, broke their ranks, and retired. Immediately the Federals swarmed around Pickett, attacking on all sides, enveloped and broke up his command, having killed and wounded more than two thousand men in about thirty minutes. They then drove the fragments back upon our lines. As they came back I fully expected to see Meade ride to the front and lead his forces to a tremendous counter-charge. Sending



CONFEDERATE ARTILLERYMEN AT DINNER.

my staff-officers to assist in collecting the fragments of my command, I rode to my line of batteries, knowing they were all I had in front of the impending attack, resolved to drive it back or sacrifice my last gun and man. The Federals were advancing a line of skirmishers which I thought was the advance of their charge. As soon as the line of skirmishers came within reach of our guns, the batteries opened again and their fire seemed to check at once the threatened advance. After keeping it up a few minutes the line of skirmishers disappeared, and my mind was relieved of the apprehension that Meade was going to follow us.

General Lee came up as our troops were falling back, and encouraged them as well as he could; begged them to reform their ranks and reorganize their forces, and assisted the staff-officers in bringing them all together again. It was then he used the expression that has been mentioned so often: "It was all my fault; get together, and let us do the best we can toward saving that which is left us." . . .

FARNSWORTH'S CHARGE AND DEATH.

BY H. C. PARSONS, CAPTAIN, 1ST VERMONT CAVALRY.

Commanding the First Battalion in Farnsworth's Charge.

ON the eve of the battle of Gettysburg Captain Elon J. Farnsworth, of the 8th Illinois Cavalry, an aide on General Pleasanton's staff, was promoted for gallantry to be brigadier-general and given command of a brigade in Kilpatrick's division, consisting of the 5th New York, 18th Pennsylvania, 1st Vermont, and 1st West Virginia regiments.

On the evening of the 2d of July we were on Meade's right wing, and by noon of the third day of the battle we went into position on his left wing, near the enemy's artillery line, on the south end of Seminary Ridge. . . . Kilpatrick's orders were to press the enemy, to threaten him at every point, and to strike at the first opportunity, with an emphatic intimation that the best battle news could be brought by the wind. His opportunity had now come. If he could bring on a battle, drive back the Texas regiment, and break the lines on the mountain, Meade's infantry on Round Top would surely drive them into the valley, and then the five thousand cavalry in reserve could strike the decisive blow.

The 1st West Virginia was selected to attack the Texas regiment. The Third Battalion of the 1st Vermont was thrown out as skirmishers; the First and Second battalions were held for the charge on the mountain. The 1st West Virginia charged at our left and front down the open valley, nearly in the direction, but toward the right, of the Bushman house upon the 1st Texas regiment, which was in line behind a rail fence that had been staked and bound with withes. A thin line shot forward and attempted to throw the rails, tugging at the stakes, cutting with their sabers, and falling in the vain effort. The regiment came on in magnificent style, received a deadly volley before which it recoiled, rallied, charged the second time, and fell back with great loss.

I was near Kilpatrick when he impetuously gave the order to Farnsworth to make the last charge. Farnsworth spoke with emotion: "General, do you mean it? Shall I throw my handful of men over rough ground, through timber, against a brigade of infantry? The 1st Vermont has already been fought



CONFEDERATES WAITING FOR THE END OF THE ARTILLERY DUEL.

half to pieces; these are too good men to kill." Kilpatrick said: "Do you refuse to obey my orders? If you are afraid to lead this charge, I will lead it." Farnsworth rose in his stirrups,—he looked magnificent in his passion,—and cried, "Take that back!" Kilpatrick returned his defiance, but, soon repenting, said, "I did not mean it; forget it." For a moment there was silence, when Farnsworth spoke calmly, "General, if you order the charge, I will lead it, but you must take the responsibility." I did not hear the low conversation that followed, but as Farnsworth turned away he said, "I will obey your order." Kilpatrick said earnestly, "I take the responsibility." . . . We rode out in columns of fours with drawn sabers. General Farnsworth, after giving the order to me, took his place at the head of the Second Battalion. In this action I commanded the First Battalion, and Major Wells commanded the Second. Captain Cushman and Lieutenant Watson rode with me; General Farnsworth and Adjutant-General Estes rode with Major Wells.

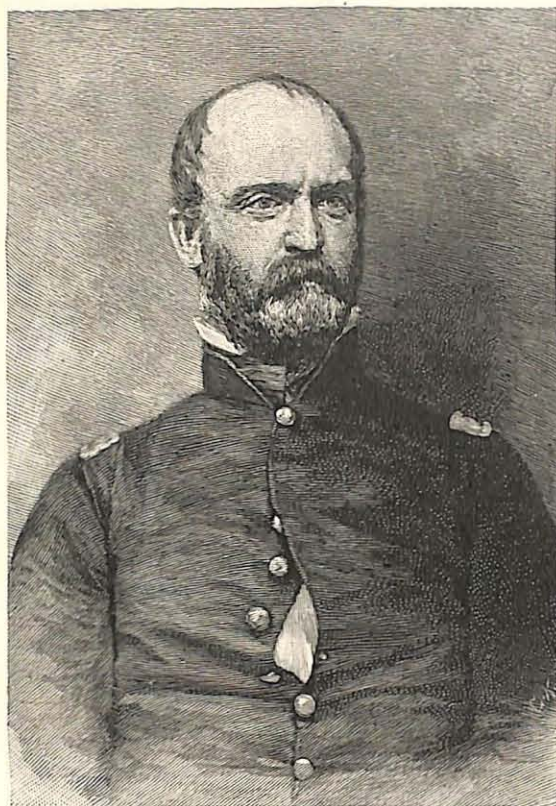
As the First Battalion rode through the line of our dismounted skirmishers, who were falling back, they cried to us to halt. As we passed out from the cover of the woods the 1st West Virginia was retiring in disorder on our left. A frantic horse with one leg torn off by a cannon-ball rushed toward us as if for protection. We rode through the enemy's skirmish line across the fields, over the low fences, past the Snyder house, and down the road. The sun was blinding; Captain Cushman shaded his eyes with his hand and cried, "An ambuscade!" We were immediately upon the enemy, within thirtypaces, and the deadly volley which is referred to in the Confederate reports was fired, but it passed over our heads; although they report that half our saddles were emp-

tied, not a man was shot, yet the fire was the close and concentrated volley of a regiment. . . .

[After describing the charge of the two battalions over boulders and stone fences into the heart of the enemy's camps, and the return charge through two lines of Confederates, Captain Parsons concludes as follows:]

The whole number who rode with Farnsworth was about three hundred. Their casualties were sixty-five. They brought in over one hundred prisoners; they rode within the Confederate lines nearly two miles; they received at short range the direct or enfilading fire of three regiments of infantry and of a battery of artillery; they drew two regiments out of line and held them permanently in new positions, breaking the Confederate front and exposing it to an infantry charge if one had been immediately ordered. Their assault was so bold that the Confederates received it as the advance of a grand attack, and finding themselves exposed to infantry in front and cavalry in the rear, they were uncertain of their position. Why no advantage was taken of this it is not for us to explain. Why the infantry, when they heard fighting in Law's rear, or when, afterward, we delivered to their skirmish line our prisoners, did not advance and drive his brigade into the valley where it would have been exposed to a general flank attack, has never been explained; but it was not "a charge of madmen with a mad leader." We believed, and yet believe, that Farnsworth's charge was wisely ordered, well timed, well executed, and effective.

The behavior of the horses in this action was admirable. Running low and swift, as in a race; in their terror surrendering to their masters, and guiding at the slightest touch on the neck; never refusing a fence or breaking from the column; crowding together and to the front, yet taking or



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LEWIS A. ARMISTEAD, C. S. A.
Killed in Pickett's Charge.

avoiding the obstacles with intelligence, they carried their riders over rocks and fallen timber and fences that the boldest hunter would hardly attempt to-day; and I doubt if there was a single fall of man or horse, except from the shot of the enemy. . . . There was no charging of cannon, no sabering of men. Farnsworth and his troopers understood that they were to draw the enemy's fire, to create a diversion, preparatory to the main movement. They were to ride as deep into the enemy's lines as possible, to disclose his plan and force his positions. The taking of the prisoners on the return was the accident, not the order, of the charge. There was no encouragement of on-looking armies, no cheer, no bravado; and each man felt, as he tightened his saber belt, that he was summoned to a ride to death.

Farnsworth fell in the enemy's lines with his saber raised, dead with five mortal wounds, and without fame. So fell this typical volunteer soldier of America—a man without military training or ambition, yet born with a genius for war which carried him to high command and to the threshold of a great career.

NARRATIVE NOTE.

Hancock rode along the line and made prompt dispositions to meet the coming storm. Gibbon's division, of the Second Corps, received and repelled the shock, while part of Doubleday's command, principally Stannard's Vermont brigade, struck the right flank of the main body and doubled it up in confusion so as greatly to impede its progress.

General Hancock was wounded by the side of Stannard.



CEMETERY RIDGE AFTER PICKETT'S CHARGE.
From a war-time sketch.

Wilcox's and Perry's brigades, which should have guarded Pickett's right flank, became separated from it, and attacked the First Corps, commanded since the night of the first day by General Newton. Stannard turned about and took this second column in flank, drove it back, and again captured a large number of prisoners.

The whole plain was soon covered with fugitives, but, as no pursuit was ordered, General Lee in person succeeded in rallying them, and in re-forming the line of battle.

REPELLING LEE'S LAST BLOW AT GETTYSBURG.

BY EDMUND RICE, BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, U. S. A.

THE brigades of Harrow, Webb, and Hall, of Gibbon's division, Hancock's corps, occupied the crest on Cemetery Ridge on July 3d. The right of Hall's and the left of Webb's brigades were in a

clump of trees, called by the enemy the salient of our position, and this grove was the focus of the most fearful cannonade that preceded Pickett's charge. One regiment, the 72d Pennsylvania, in Webb's command, was a little in rear of the left of its brigade; two regiments, the 19th Massachusetts and 42d New York, Colonel A. F. Devereux commanding, of Hall's brigade, were in rear of the right of their brigade.

From the opposite ridge, three-fourths of a mile away, a line of skirmishers sprang lightly forward out of the woods, and with intervals well kept moved rapidly down into the open fields, closely followed by a line of battle, then by another, and by yet a third. Both sides watched this never-to-be-forgotten scene,—the grandeur of attack of so many thousand men. Gibbon's division, which was to stand the brunt of the assault, looked with admiration on the different lines of Confederates, marching forward with easy, swinging step, and



FARNSWORTH'S CHARGE.



ELON J. FARNSWORTH,
BRIGADIER-GENERAL, U. S. V.
Killed in Farnsworth's Charge.

the men were heard to exclaim: "Here they come!" "Here they come!" "Here comes the infantry!" Soon little puffs of smoke issued from the skirmish line, as it came dashing forward, firing in reply to our own skirmishers in the plain below, and with this faint rattle of musketry the stillness was broken; never hesitating for an instant, but driving our men before it, or knocking them over by a biting fire as they rose up to run in, their skirmish line reached the fences of the Emmitsburg road. This was Pickett's advance, which carried a front of five hundred yards or more. I was just in rear of the right of the brigade, standing upon a large boulder, in front of my regiment, the 19th Massachusetts, where, from the configuration of the ground, I had an excellent view of the advancing lines, and could see the entire formation of the attacking column. Pickett's separate brigade lines lost their formation as they swept across the Emmitsburg road, carrying with them their chain of skirmishers. They pushed on toward the crest, and merged into one crowding, rushing line, many ranks deep. As they crossed the road, Webb's infantry, on the right of the trees, commenced an irregular, hesitating fire, gradually increasing to a rapid file firing, while the shrapnel and canister from the batteries tore gaps through those splendid Virginia battalions.

The men of our brigade, with their muskets at the ready, lay in waiting. One could plainly hear the orders of the officers as they commanded, "Steady, men, steady! Don't fire!" and not a shot was fired at the advancing hostile line, now getting closer every moment. The heavy file firing on the right in Webb's brigade continued.

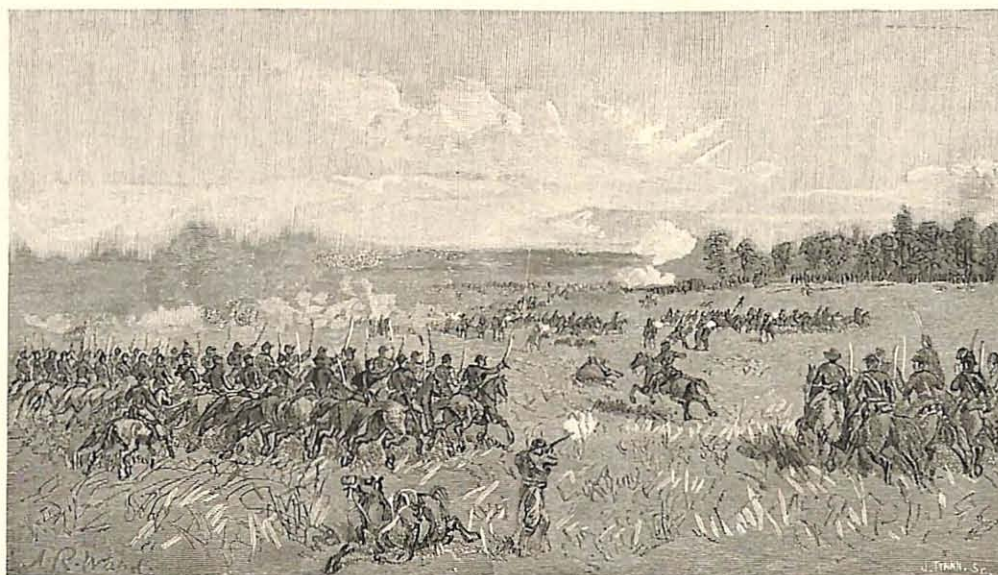
By an undulation of the surface of the ground to the left of the trees, the rapid advance of the dense line of Confederates was for a moment lost to view; an instant after they seemed to rise out of the earth, and so near that the expression on their faces was distinctly seen. Now our men knew that the time had come, and could wait no longer. Aiming low, they opened a deadly concentrated discharge upon the moving mass in their front. Staggered by the storm of lead, the charging line hesitated, answered

with some wild firing which soon increased to a crashing roll of musketry, running down the whole length of their front, and then all that portion of Pickett's division which came within the zone of this terrible close musketry fire appeared to melt and drift away in the powder-smoke of both sides. At this juncture some one behind me gave the quick, impatient order, "Forward, men! Forward! Now is your chance!"

I turned and saw that it was General Hancock, who was passing the left of the regiment. He checked his horse and pointed toward the clump of trees to our right and front. I construed this into an order for both regiments—the 19th Massachusetts and the 42d New York—to run for the trees, to prevent the enemy from breaking through. The men on the left of our regiment heard my command, and were up and on the run forward before the 42d New York, which did not hear Hancock's order until Colonel Devereux repeated it to Colonel Mallon, had a chance to rise. The line formation of the two regiments was partially broken, and the left of the 19th was brought forward, as though it had executed a right half-wheel. All the men who were now on their feet could see, to the right and front, Webb's wounded men with a few stragglers and several limbers leaving the line, as the battle-flags of Pickett's division were carried over it. With a cheer the two regiments left their position in rear of Hall's right, and made an impetuous dash, racing diagonally forward for the clump of trees. Many of Webb's men were still lying down in their places in ranks, and firing at those who followed Pickett's advance, which, in the mean time, had passed over them. This could be determined by the puffs of smoke issuing from their muskets, as the first few men in gray sprang past them toward the cannon, only a few yards away. But for a few moments only could such a fire continue, for Pickett's disorganized mass rolled over, beat down, and smothered it.

One battle-flag after another, supported by Pickett's infantry, appeared along the edge of the trees, until the whole copse seemed literally crammed with men. As the 19th and 42d passed along the brigade line, on our left, we could see the men prone in their places, unshaken, and firing steadily to their front, beating back the enemy. I saw one leader try several times to jump his horse over our line. He was shot by some of the men near me.

The two regiments, in a disorganized state, were now almost at right angles with the remainder of the brigade—the left of the 19th Massachusetts being but a few yards distant—and the officers and men were falling fast from the enfilading fire of the hostile line in front, and from the direct fire of those who were crowded in among the trees. The advance of the two regiments became so thinned that for a moment there was a pause. Captain Farrell, of the 1st Minnesota, with his company, came in on my left. As we greeted each other he received his death-wound, and fell in front of his men, who now began firing. As I looked back I could see our men, intermixed with those who were driven out of the clump of trees a few moments before, coming rapidly forward, firing, some trying to shoot through the intervals and past those who were in front.



BATTLE BETWEEN THE UNION CAVALRY UNDER GREGG AND THE CONFEDERATE CAVALRY UNDER STUART.

The gap in the line seemed to widen, for the enemy in front, being once more driven by a terrible musketry in their very faces, left to join those who had effected an entrance through Webb's line.

The men now suffered from the enfilading fire of the enemy who were in the copse. Seeing no longer an enemy in front, and annoyed by this galling fire from the flank, the 7th Michigan and 59th New York, followed by the 20th Massachusetts and the regiments of Harrow's brigade, left their line, faced to the right, and in groups, without regimental or other organization, joined in the rush with those

already at the edge of the clump of trees, all cheering and yelling, "Hurrah! for the white trefoil!" "Clubs are trumps!" "Forward the white trefoil!" [The badge of Gibbon's division—the Second, of the Second Corps—was a white trefoil.]

This was one of those periods in action which are measurable by seconds. The men near seemed to fire very slowly. Those in rear, though coming up at a run, seemed to drag their feet. Many were firing through the intervals of those in front, in their eagerness to injure the enemy. This manner



CONFEDERATE PRISONERS ON THE BALTIMORE PIKE.

of firing, although efficacious, sometimes tells on friend instead of foe. A sergeant at my side received a ball in the back of his neck by this fire. All the time the crush toward the enemy in the copse was becoming greater. The men in gray were doing all that was possible to keep off the mixed bodies of men who were moving upon them swiftly and without hesitation, keeping up so close and continuous a fire that at last its effects became terrible. I could feel the touch of the men to my right and left, as we neared the edge of the copse. The grove was fairly jammed with Pickett's men, in all positions, lying and kneeling. Back from the edge were many standing and firing over those in front. By the side of several who were firing, lying down or kneeling, were others with their hands up, in token of surrender. In particular I noticed two men, not a musket-length away, one aiming so that I could look into his musket-barrel; the other, lying on his back, coolly ramming home a cartridge. A little farther on was one on his knees waving something white in both hands. Every foot of ground was occupied by men engaged in mortal combat, who were in every possible position which can be taken while under arms, or lying wounded or dead.

A Confederate battery, near the Peach Orchard, commenced firing, probably at the sight of Harrow's men leaving their line and closing to the right upon Pickett's column. A cannon-shot tore a horrible passage through the dense crowd of men in blue, who were gathering outside the trees; instantly another shot followed, and fairly cut a road through the mass. My thoughts were now to bring the men forward; it was but a few steps to the front, where they could at once extinguish that destructive musketry and be out of the line of the deadly artillery fire. Voices were lost in the uproar; so I turned partly toward them, raised my sword to attract their attention, and motioned to advance. They surged forward, and just then, as I was stepping backward with my face to the men, urging them on, I felt a sharp blow as a shot struck me, then another; I whirled round, my sword torn from my hand by a bullet or shell splinter. My visor saved my face, but the shock stunned me. As I went down our men rushed forward past me, capturing battle-flags and making prisoners.

Pickett's division lost nearly six-sevenths of its officers and men. Gibbon's division, with its leader wounded, and with a loss of half its strength, still held the crest.

GENERAL LEE AFTER THE BATTLE.

BY JOHN D. IMBODEN, BRIGADIER-GENERAL,
C. S. A.

Commanding a cavalry brigade at Gettysburg.

... When night closed the struggle, Lee's army was repulsed. We all knew that the day had gone against us, but the full extent of the disaster was only known in high quarters. The carnage of the day was generally understood to have been frightful, yet our army was not in retreat, and it was surmised in camp that with to-morrow's dawn would come a renewal of the struggle. All felt and appreciated the momentous consequences to the



THE RETREAT FROM GETTYSBURG.

cause of Southern independence of final defeat or victory on that great field.

It was a warm summer's night; there were few camp-fires, and the weary soldiers were lying in groups on the luxuriant grass of the beautiful meadows, discussing the events of the day, speculating on the morrow, or watching that our horses did not straggle off while browsing. About 11 o'clock a horseman came to summon me to General Lee. I promptly mounted and, accompanied by Lieutenant George W. McPhail, an aide



"CARRY ME BACK TO OLE VIRGINNY."

on my staff, and guided by the courier who brought the message, rode about two miles toward Gettysburg to where half a dozen small tents were pointed out, a little way from the roadside to our left, as General Lee's headquarters for the night. On inquiry I found that he was not there, but had gone to the headquarters of General A. P. Hill, about half a mile nearer to Gettysburg. When we reached the place indicated, a single flickering candle, visible from the road through the open front of a com-

mon wall-tent, exposed to view Generals Lee and Hill seated on camp-stools with a map spread upon their knees. Dismounting, I approached on foot. After exchanging the ordinary salutations General Lee directed me to go back to his headquarters and wait for him. I did so, but he did not make his appearance until about 1 o'clock, when he came riding alone, at a slow walk, and evidently wrapped in profound thought.

When he arrived there was not even a sentinel on duty at his tent, and no one of his staff was awake. The moon was high in the clear sky, and the silent scene was unusually vivid. As he approached and saw us lying on the grass under a tree, he spoke, reined in his jaded horse, and essayed to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I hurriedly rose, and stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached his side he had succeeded in alighting, and threw his arm across the saddle to rest, and, fixing his eyes upon the ground, leaned in silence and almost motionless upon his equally weary horse,—the two forming a striking and never-to-be-forgotten group. The moon shone full upon his massive features, and revealed an expression of sadness that I had never before seen upon his face. Awed by his appearance, I waited for him to speak until the silence became embarrassing, when, to break it and change the silent current of his thoughts, I ventured to remark, in a sympathetic tone, and in allusion to his great fatigue:

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

He looked up, and replied mournfully:

"Yes, it has been a sad, sad day to us," and immediately lapsed into his thoughtful mood and attitude. Being unwilling again to intrude upon

his reflections, I said no more. After perhaps a minute or two, he suddenly straightened up to his full height, and turning to me with more animation and excitement of manner than I had ever seen in him before, for he was a man of wonderful equanimity, he said in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett's division of Virginians did to-day in that 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, were not,—we would have held the position and the day would have been ours." After a moment's pause he added in a loud voice, in a tone almost of agony, "Too bad! Too bad! Oh! TOO BAD!"

I shall never forget his language, his manner, and his appearance of mental suffering. In a few moments all emotion was suppressed, and he spoke feelingly of several of his fallen and trusted officers; among others of Brigadier-Generals Armistead, Garnett, and Kemper, of Pickett's division. He invited me into his tent, and as soon as we were seated he remarked:

"We must now return to Virginia. As many of our poor wounded as possible must be taken home. I have sent for you because your men and horses are fresh and in good condition, to guard and conduct our train back to Virginia. The duty will be arduous, responsible, and dangerous, for I am afraid you will be harassed by the enemy's cavalry. How many men have you?"

"About 2100 effective present, and all well mounted, including McClanahan's six-gun battery of horse-artillery."

"I can spare you as much artillery as you require," he said, "but no other troops, as I shall need all I have to return safely by a different and shorter route than yours. The batteries are generally short of ammunition, but you will probably meet a supply I have ordered from Winchester to Williamsport. Nearly all the transportation and the care of all 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, and without a halt till you reach the river. Rest there long enough to

feed your animals; then ford the river, and do not halt again till you reach Winchester, where I will again communicate with you." . . .

NARRATIVE NOTES.

THE RETREAT.

The next day, July 4th, General Lee drew back his flanks and at evening began his retreat by two routes—the main body on the direct road to Williamsport through the mountains, the other via Chambersburg, the latter including the immense train of the wounded.

THE UNION CAVALRY IN PURSUIT.

Gregg's division (except Huey's brigade) was sent in pursuit by way of Chambersburg, but the enemy had too much the start to render the chase effective.

Kilpatrick, however, got in front of the main body on the direct route and, after a midnight battle at Monterey, fought during a terrific thunder-storm, succeeded in making sad havoc of Ewell's trains.

Buford's division of cavalry, aided by that of Kilpatrick, came near capturing Williamsport, defended by Imboden, with all of the Confederate trains, and the fresh ammunition so much needed by Lee, which had been galloping from Winchester almost without an escort, to meet him.

The opportune arrival of Stuart's cavalry, backed by infantry, forced Buford and Kilpatrick to fall back.

LEE REACHES WILLIAMSPORT.

Lee concentrated his army in the vicinity of Williamsport, but as French had destroyed his pontoon bridge, and as the Potomac had risen, he was unable to cross. He therefore fortified his position.

Meade did not follow Lee directly, but went around by way of Frederick. After considerable delay the Union army again confronted that of Lee, and were about—under orders from President Lincoln—to make an attack, when Lee slipped away on the night of July 14th to the Virginia side of the Potomac.

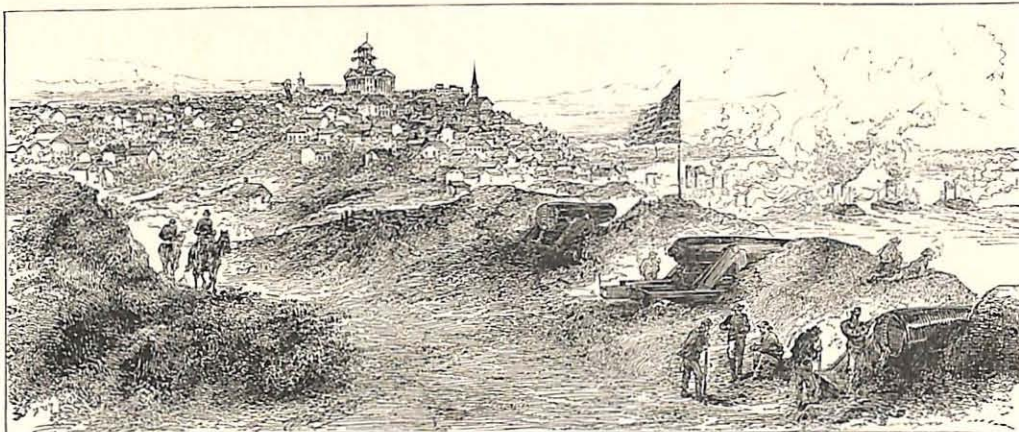
This ended the campaign of Gettysburg.

The Union loss was 3072 killed, 14,497 wounded, 5434 missing = Total, 23,003.

The Confederate loss was 2592 killed, 12,709 wounded, 5150 missing = Total, 20,451.



GOOD-BYE!



VICKSBURG FROM THE NORTH.
From a sketch made after the surrender.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

NARRATIVE OF EVENTS.

Immediately after the fall of New Orleans in the spring of 1862 Farragut's fleet sailed up the Mississippi to Baton Rouge, a movement which threatened Natchez and Vicksburg, farther up the river. On May 18th the advance of the fleet, carrying a force of land troops 1400 strong, led by General Thomas Williams, anchored below Vicksburg and demanded the surrender of the town. After an extended reconnaissance the expedition retired to Baton Rouge May 25. In June and July further attempts were made by both the army and navy, but were unsuccessful. An expedition led by General John C. Breckinridge left Vicksburg in July, and attacked Baton Rouge August 5. Williams was killed, but the assault was repulsed. Breckinridge seized Port Hudson, near Baton Rouge, and fortified it. Baton Rouge was evacuated by the Union troops on the 20th.

The next attempt to reduce Vicksburg by land attack was made in November and December, 1862. Grant marched from Corinth southward late in November, and reached Oxford December 20. Meanwhile, Sherman started from Memphis with a river expedition, landed above Vicksburg, and assaulted the batteries and fortifications on Chickasaw Bluffs, on the 29th. He was repulsed, and the expedition withdrew to Milliken's Bend above the mouth of the Yazoo. About that time General John A. McClernand reached Sherman's camp as commander of the river expedition. He moved the army up the Arkansas River and captured Arkansas Post (Fort Hindman), with 5000 prisoners, January 11, 1863. (Other operations in Arkansas in 1862, subsequent to the decisive battle of Pea Ridge, March 8, were the organization of a Confederate army of 20,000 men at Little Rock; the occupation of Helena on the Mississippi by the Union army of General Curtis, and the campaign in northern Arkansas between Hindman's corps of Arkansans and the Union Army of the Frontier, under General James G. Blunt, ending in a severe battle at Prairie Grove, Ark., December 7.)

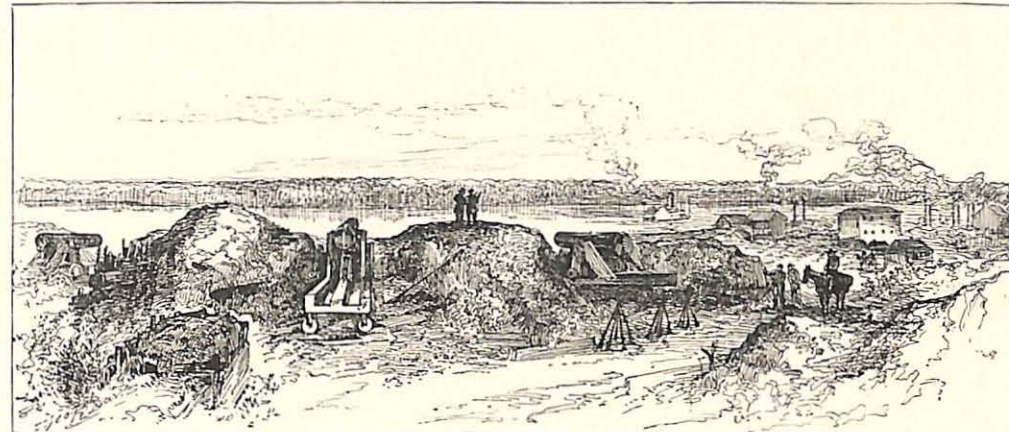
Grant's overland campaign against Vicksburg was interrupted by Confederate cavalry raids against his line of communications. Early in December General N. B. Forrest's mounted column was despatched from Bragg's army in central Tennessee into western Tennessee to cut the Mobile and Ohio Railway, and Earl Van Dorn, who had been appointed commander of a cavalry corps in Northern Mississippi, made a circuitous march from Grenada to Holly Springs, on the Mississippi Central, and destroyed Grant's main depot of supplies. The campaign was virtually abandoned after those raids, and Grant transferred his army to Young's Point, on the west bank of the Mississippi above Vicksburg, where it was united with McClernand's. Grant reached Young's Point in person early in February, and assumed chief

command. Two months were passed in ineffectual efforts to reach high ground north of Vicksburg, and to cut ship-canals through which to pass the fleet and flank the stronghold.

THE UNION SIDE.

BY ULYSSES S. GRANT, GENERAL, U. S. A.
Commander of the besieging armies.

NOTE.—Pemberton's army of defense, over 50,000 strong, was intrenched on the high ground along the east bank of the Mississippi, extending from Haynes's Bluff, 11 miles north of Vicksburg, to Grand Gulf, 50



CONFEDERATE RIVER-BATTERY ON THE RIDGE SOUTH OF VICKSBURG.
From a sketch made after the surrender.

miles south. A small force was stationed at Jackson, 50 miles east of Vicksburg.

In April Grant marched with McClernand's column down the west bank of the river to a point opposite Grand Gulf. Sherman, meanwhile, threatened Haynes's Bluff. McClernand was ferried over to the east bank, at Bruinsburg, and on May 1 defeated the enemy at Port Gibson, turning Grand Gulf. Sherman then reached the front, and the united columns marched northeastward toward Jackson. McClernand again defeated the enemy at Raymond, near Jackson, May 12.

Meanwhile, General Joseph E. Johnston, who had been appointed to the command of the Confederate armies in the West, in November, 1862, was marching from Chattanooga to the relief of Pemberton. Sherman captured Jackson May 14, before Johnston reached there, and the latter moved around northward to form a junction with Pemberton, whom he ordered to abandon Vicksburg. Grant's advance intercepted Pemberton at Champion's

Hill, midway between Jackson and Vicksburg. Defeated there, May 16, Pemberton retired westward across the Big Black. The next day he was again defeated at the crossings of the Big Black, and retreated to the defenses of Vicksburg. On the 19th, Grant's lines extended from Haynes's Bluff southward, inclosing the position on the east. An assault that day failed to carry the works, but advanced positions were secured where the troops were fully sheltered from the enemy's fire.

On the 22d another assault commenced at 10 o'clock, covered by a furious cannonade. The assailants reached the parapets of the enemy and planted their battle-flags upon them, but were unable to enter the works, and were withdrawn at dark.

... I now determined upon a regular siege,—to "out-camp the enemy," as it were, and to incur no more losses. The experience of the 22d convinced officers and men that this was best, and they went to work on the defenses and approaches with a will. With the navy holding the river the investment of Vicksburg was complete. As long as we could hold our position, the enemy was limited in supplies of food, men, and munitions of war, to what they had on hand. These could not last always.

The crossing of troops at Bruinsburg commenced April 30th. On the 18th of May the army was in rear of Vicksburg. On the 19th, just twenty days after the crossing, the city was completely invested and an assault had been made; five distinct battles—besides continuous skirmishing—had been fought and won by the Union forces; the capital of the State had fallen, and its arsenals, military manufactories, and everything useful for military purposes had been destroyed; an average of about 180 miles had been marched by the troops engaged; but 5 days' rations had been issued, and no forage; over 6000 prisoners had been captured, and as many more of the enemy had been killed or wounded; 27 heavy cannon and 61 field-pieces had fallen into our hands; 250 miles of the river, from Vicksburg to Port Hudson had become ours. The Union force that had crossed the Mississippi River up to this time was less than 43,000 men. One division of these—Blair's—only arrived in time to take part in the battle of Champion's Hill, but was not engaged there; and one brigade—Ransom's—of McPherson's corps reached the field after the battle. The enemy had at Vicksburg, Grand Gulf, Jackson, and on the roads between these places, over



GENERAL BLAIR'S DIVISION CROSSING BIG BLACK RIVER ON THE WAY TO VICKSBURG.



POSITION OF LOGAN'S DIVISION OF McPHERSON'S CORPS.

In the middle-ground is seen the main line of works, which on the right ascends the hill to the White House at the end of the curtain of trees. On the ridge to the left of the White House is the Union sap leading to the exploding mine under

the Confederate fort near the Jackson road. Between the Union and Confederate lines, a little to the left of the center, are the trees that mark the conference between Grant and Pemberton, as seen in the picture on page 218.

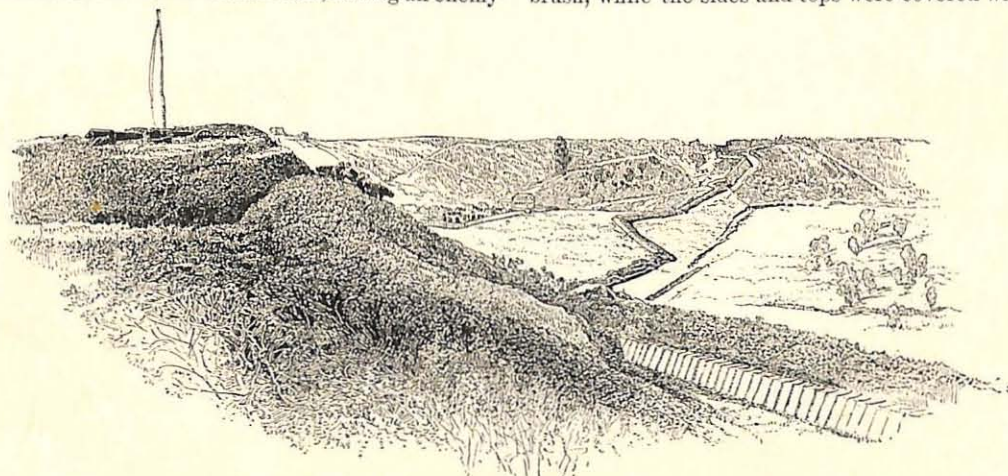
sixty thousand men. They were in their own country, where no rear-guards were necessary. The country is admirable for defense, but difficult to conduct an offensive campaign in. All their troops had to be met. We were fortunate, to say the least, in meeting them in detail: at Port Gibson, 7000 or 8000; at Raymond, 5000; at Jackson, from 8000 to 11,000; at Champion's Hill, 25,000; at the Big Black, 4000. A part of those met at Jackson were all that were left of those encountered at Raymond. They were beaten in detail by a force smaller than their own, upon their own ground. . . .

After the unsuccessful assault on the 22d, the work of the regular siege began. Sherman occupied the right, starting from the river above Vicksburg; McPherson the center (McArthur's division now with him); and McClernand the left, holding the road south to Warrenton. Lauman's division arrived at this time and was placed on the extreme left of the line.

In the interval between the assaults of the 19th and 22d, roads had been completed from the Yazoo River and Chickasaw Bayou, around the rear of the army, to enable us to bring up supplies of food and ammunition; ground had been selected and cleared, on which the troops were to be encamped, and tents and cooking utensils were brought up. The troops had been without these from the time of crossing the Mississippi up to this time. All was now ready for the pick and spade. With the two brigades brought up by McArthur, which reached us in rear of Vicksburg, and Lauman's division brought from Memphis, and which had just arrived, we had now about forty thousand men for the siege. Prentiss and Hurlbut were

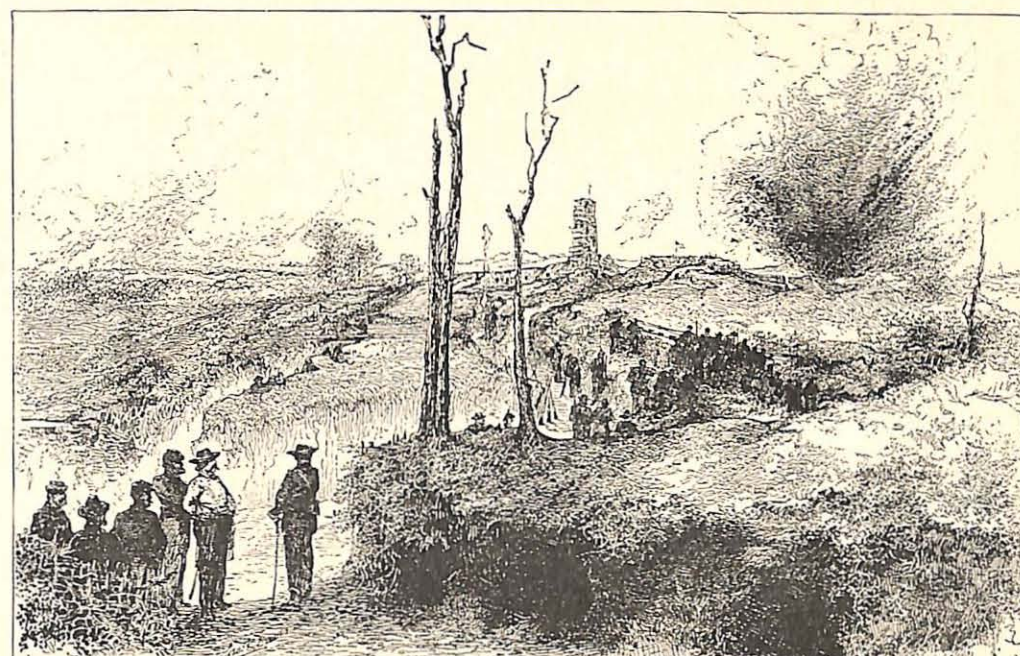
ordered to send forward every man that could be spared. Cavalry especially was wanted to watch the fords along the Big Black, and to observe Johnston. I knew that Johnston was receiving reinforcements from Bragg, who was confronting Rosecrans in Tennessee. Vicksburg was so important to the enemy that I believed he would make the most strenuous efforts to raise the siege, even at the risk of losing ground elsewhere.

My line was more than fifteen miles long, extending from Haynes's Bluff to Vicksburg, thence south to Warrenton. The line of the enemy was about seven. In addition to this, having an enemy



CONFEDERATE LINES IN THE REAR OF VICKSBURG.

From a war-time photograph.



EXPLOSION OF THE MINE UNDER THE CONFEDERATE FORT ON THE JACKSON ROAD.

From a sketch made at the time.

The foreground shows the Union sap near the White House, where stand Generals McPherson, Logan, and Leggett, with three other officers. In the distance is seen "Coonskin's"

Tower, a lookout and perch for sharpshooters, adjoining Battery Hickenlooper, near which were massed the troops that charged into the crater.

at Canton and Jackson, in our rear, who was being constantly reinforced, we required a second line of defense facing the other way. I had not troops enough under my command to man these. But General Halleck appreciated the situation, and, without being asked, forwarded reinforcements with all possible despatch.

The ground about Vicksburg is admirable for defense. On the north it is about two hundred feet above the Mississippi River at the highest point, and very much cut up by the washing rains; the ravines were grown up with cane and underbrush, while the sides and tops were covered with

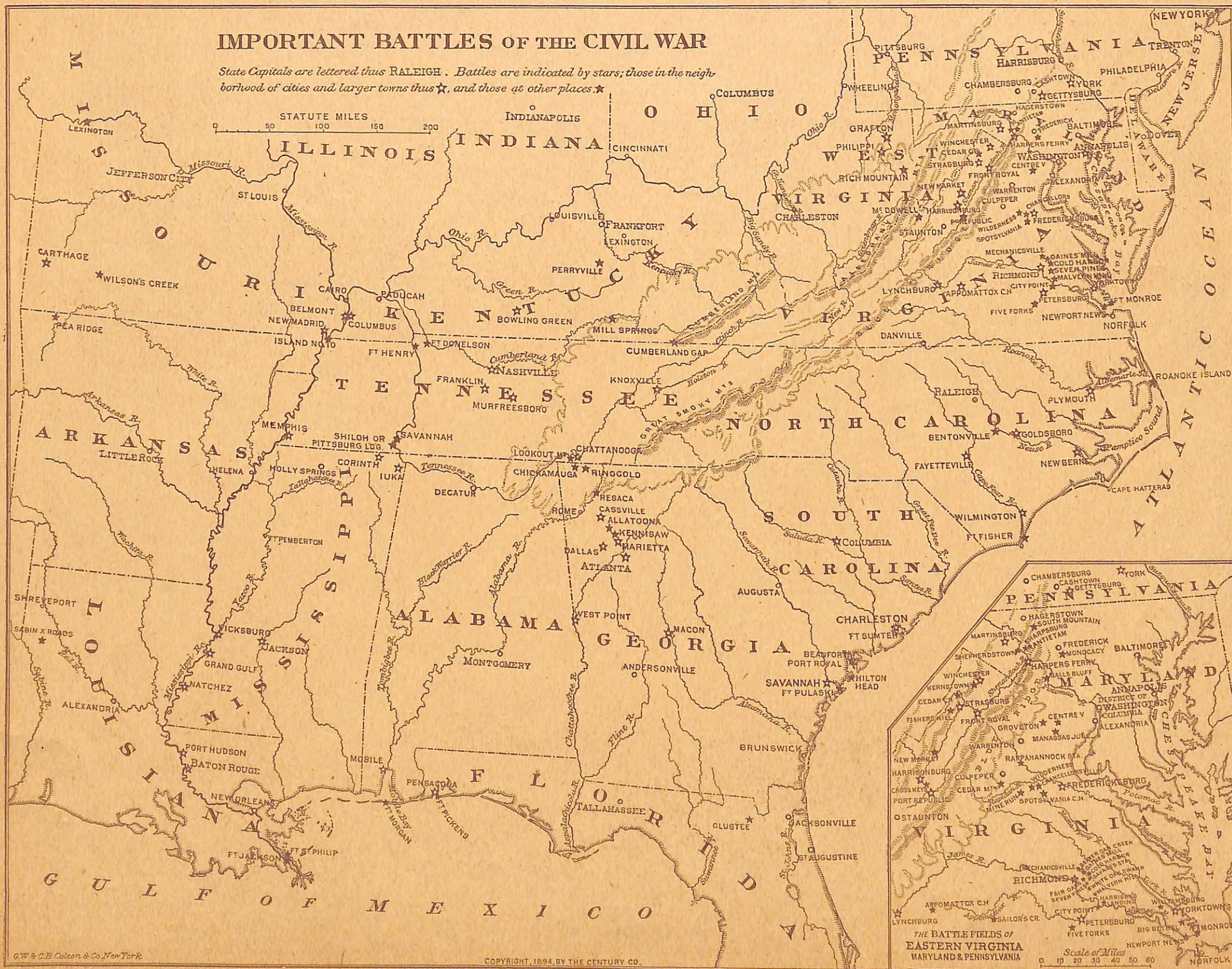
a dense forest. Farther south the ground flattens out somewhat, and was in cultivation. But here, too, it was cut by ravines and small streams. The enemy's line of defense followed the crest of a ridge, from the river north of the city, eastward, then southerly around to the Jackson road, full three miles back of the city; thence in a south-westerly direction to the river. Deep ravines of the description given lay in front of these defenses.

As there is a succession of gullies, cut out by rains, along the side of the ridge, the line was necessarily very irregular. To follow each of these spurs with intrenchments, so as to command the slopes on either side, would have lengthened their line very much. Generally, therefore, or in many places, their line would run from near the head of one gully nearly straight to the head of another, and an outer work, triangular in shape, generally open in the rear, was thrown up on the point; with a few men in this outer work they commanded the approaches to the main line completely.

The work to be done to make our position as strong against the enemy as his was against us was very great. The problem was also complicated by our wanting our line as near that of the enemy as possible. We had but four engineer officers with us. Captain F. E. Prime, of the Engineer Corps, was the chief, and the work at the beginning was mainly directed by him. His health soon gave out, when he was succeeded by Captain Cyrus B. Comstock, also of the Engineer Corps. To provide assistants on such a long line, I directed that all officers who had been graduated at West Point, where they had necessarily to study mili-

IMPORTANT BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR

State Capitals are lettered thus RALEIGH. Battles are indicated by stars; those in the neighborhood of cities and larger towns thus ★, and those at other places ★

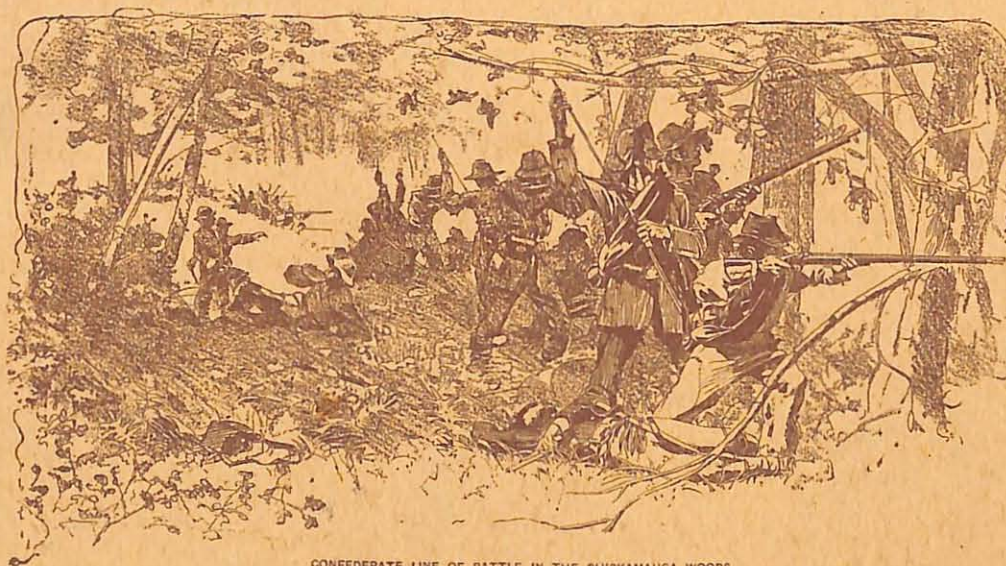


PART FOURTEEN WILL CONTAIN

The Continuation of

General Grant's Story of
THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG

With an account of the Confederate Side by the Chief of Engineer the Vicksburg Defenses



CONFEDERATE LINE OF BATTLE IN THE CHICKAMAUGA WOODS.

Chickamauga, the Great Battle of the West

Described by Well-known Participants on both sides

AND

“CHATTANOOGA,” BY GENERAL GRANT

A most picturesque account of the Battle of Lookout Mountain

To be continued in Part XV

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