# GETTYSBURG.

## Anecdotes of the Three Days' Sanguinary Fight.

## DARING, DESPERATE DEEDS.

### Stories of the Battle Told Twenty-Five Years After.

**Hand to Hand Contests on Oak Ridge, Cemetery Hill, at the Peach Orchard, Devil's Den and the Round Tops—Combats on Foot and on Horse, 'Mid Artillery's Roar—Individual Valor Saves the Day.**

The morning sun is rising,
O'er the hills of golden grain,
The weary troops are waking
To rejoin the martial train;
When the booming of a cannon
Echoes from the hills afar,
And proclaims a nother battle
In the mighty camps of war.
* * * * *
The cavalry, with saber bright,
Ride reckless o'er the plain,
And man and horse together fall
Beneath the leaden rain.
Monster cannon shots of iron
Fly bursting through the air,
And a ceaseless battle clamor
Now invades the valley fair.

Although Gettysburg was a field of accidents and mistakes, it was the scene of many heroic contests, where the fighting powers of

GEN. HANCOCK AND STAFF.

individuals was put to supreme test, and American valor come forth from the shock of battle crowned anew for its splendid achievements. Whatever may be said of the generalship that placed soldiers in the desperate situation, where life must be freely sacrificed in order to win a slight advantage, the devotion of the soldiers themselves to the wishes of their leaders was such that the world hears with wonder and admiration the story of their deeds. When Reynolds pushed his single corps out on the Chambersburg road, as a breakwater to restrain the waves of Confederate invasion, he trusted the men who followed his banners to be as bold and brave as himself; and when Sickles advanced his column to the debatable position on the Emmitsburg road—a position of which both armies stood in need and one the Confederates were hastening to seize—isolated and exposed as he was, and enveloped by superior numbers, he asked great things of his men when he called upon them to stand to their colors through such a crisis. And so it was over all that field and in every contest, men fought as they had never fought before and for the simple reason that such desperate work had never before been required of them. Gen. John C. Rob[illegible], a division leader in the First corps (R[illegible]olds'), says that the fighting of his men during the short time they were engaged at close quarters—a couple of hours—was the severest that he ever witnessed. He spoke, too, from an experience of three years in the Army of the Potomac, from the First Bull Run to the Wilderness.

RALLYING ON THE FLAG.

The Iron brigade, under Meredith, with Cutler's brigade of the same division, opened the infantry battle on the Union side. Meredith led his men in to the support of Cutler, and while passing their commander, Gen. Doubleday, who was second in command to Reynolds, he told them to hold their ground—a grove on the bank of Willoughby Run—at all hazards. The response to this call was: "If we can't do it, where will you find the men who can?" As they entered the grove from one edge the Confederates of Heth's division came filing in from the opposite side, having forced their way over the stream on the flank of Cutler's line. One volley from the Iron brigade staggered the men in gray, for they had been told that they would meet only raw militia on the road to Gettysburg. But when the smoke cleared away from Meredith's line they saw a familiar sight and exclaimed:

"'Taint the militia, neither! It's the Army of the Potomac. There's the black hatted fellows again."

Col. Morrow, of the Twenty-fourth Michigan, in his official report, tells a story as strange as any romance. After reforming his lines twice and making a desperate resistance, he was compelled to fall back to a third line, and here the third color bearer of the regiment was killed. There were not above one-fourth of his men in the line now, and one of the color guard was ordered to "plant the colors." It was done, and the brave fellow fell beside the upright staff. Morrow now seized the standard and waved it to rally his remnant, and Private Kelly, of Company B, rushed to him, and said: "The colonel of the Twenty-fourth shall never carry the flag while I am alive." He grasped the staff and fell instantly under a sharpshooter's bullet. Private Spaulding next took the flag, and Morrow signaled his men to rally around it, but was soon wounded himself and borne from the scene. At last there were only lifeless hands to hold the staff, and so the colors of the Twenty-fourth were found at the barricade, where the last stand of the line was made preparatory to the retreat from Oak Ridge to Cemetery Hill. A dying soldier had clung to them and dragged himself back until he could go no further, and there he delivered them to his own comrade, Capt. Edwards. On this field the deeds of heroism were numberless, and no one regiment or brigade can be singled out for an example. The record of the Iron brigade, as inscribed on the monument of the Nineteenth Indiana erected on this field, shows a loss of 1,212 men out of 1,883 that entered the fight.

Cutler's brigade lost 975 men. One of the regiments here was the Fourteenth Brooklyn—Eighty-fourth New York volunteers. When the Confederates began to advance down Oak Ridge on the flank of the line formed along the run in McPherson's woods, this regiment charged a sweep of over a quarter of a mile, and afterward swung in at one end of the railroad cut, heading off Davis' Mississippi brigade and capturing nearly the whole command. The story of all these regiments is not told by the losses, heavy though they were. The glory lies in the work they did bravely contesting the ground inch by inch, and keeping at it after every second man in the ranks had fallen. Finally they retreated, when ordered to do so, with their faces to the enemy, and they fought for the roadway back to the heights.

FIGHTING IN RETREAT.

When the retreat was determined upon, Capt. Hall's Second Maine battery was instructed to hold a knoll on Seminary Ridge fifteen minutes. He had to face infantry and artillery fire to do so, and so impetuous were the enemy that they came on with bare bayonets. But yet Hall did not yield. With grape and canister he raked their lines until the dead bodies of the fallen became ram parts behind which the living found shelter. Finally, there was not time to load; the Confederates came on with clubbed muskets and the Maine men beat them back with stones and gun rammers, even with their fists. Four out of the six guns were saved and dragged off from the very clutches of the enemy back to Cemetery Hill. At this moment scenes equally stirring were being enacted on the right of the line along the Carlisle road north of the town. There a new danger was to be met when Ewell's corps, coming in from toward York and Harrisburg, struck the flank of the line on the western ridges. Barlow's and Schimmelpfennig's divisions of Howard's Eleventh corps had moved out across a wide plain, in full view of the hills held by the enemy, and a glance told the weak points in the position before the men could form for battle. The Confederate brigades of Hoke, Hays and Gordon, crossing Rock creek, were taking Howard's right division, under Gen. Francis C. Barlow, in the flank. Barlow fell at the front and became a prisoner to Gordon. On Barlow's extreme right was planted Battery G, Fourth Regular artillery, under a young lieutenant—Bayard Wilkeson, a boy of 19. Wilkeson had left school in Europe to come and serve his country, and he enlisted as a private, but won a commision at Fredericksburg a few months before this campaign. The knoll where Wilkeson stood was the only height sweeping the plain, and the banks of Rock creek skirting it, and the enemy must pass him in order to get in rear of the First corps, which was just now making the last desperate stand on Seminary Ridge as described above. Oak Ridge was now covered with Confederate cannon and Oak Hill was occupied by a heavy battery. Gen. Lee had come up from Chambersburg, and from the seminary cupola he could see the situation at a glance. The knoll on Rock creek must be gained and he ordered the batteries of Oak Ridge, no less than thirty-six guns, turned upon Howard's line and particularly upon the battery at the knoll. Wilkeson, to inspire his men, kept in the saddle and soon had a leg severed by a shell. Twisting a tourniquet by means of his belt, he stopped the flow of blood, and with his own hand and a common knife he completed the amputation of the leg. Water was brought to him to drink, but one of the men at the guns ran to the spot and begged for a swallow, and Wilkeson handed him the canteen, saying: "I can wait!" In his terrible situation he thought more of having his guns served than of saving himself. Finally, the knoll had to be yielded and Wilkeson crawled back a mile to the almshouse, and there, alone, he died during the night, as brave a victim as the annals of our wars put upon record.

Retreat along the whole Union line now

THE HUMMISTON CHILDREN.

became the order of the day. Gen. Howard ordered the cavalry leader, Buford, to advance out on the plain and hold on to the last to cover the retreat. Rising in his stirrups, with the usual army oath, Buford cried: "What is there to hang on for?" The troops were rushing back to the town, followed by the enemy on two sides. The cavalry rode out into the throng, the line surged past them and they faced the men in gray, who formed squares to receive them, according to the manual. Such a scene was a novel one, except on paper, but the squares won the day. Bullets, shells and solid shot broke the force of a handful of horsemen before they could reach their enemy, and nothing could save the field so bravely contested. What scenes followed!

BATTLEFIELD EXPERIENCES.

Soldiers who had been hit at the front were again made targets for relentless balls. Some few took refuge in the houses and others had outside. Gen. Schimmelpfennig himself escaped capture by hiding in a wood pile, and joined his division after three days of battle. Among the sad stories of this terrible hour is that of Sergt. Hummiston, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fourth New York regiment, Coster's brigade, of the Eleventh corps. This brigade was detached from Steinwehr's division that remained on the heights to hold them while the battle raged beyond, and when the front line began to retreat Coster was sent into the town to cover the movement. He had to fight for right of way, and one victim of the melee in the streets was Hummiston. He was found dead, clasping the picture of three children. There was no mark of identity on his person, but the picture was photographed, and thousands of copies were circulated in the army, and the children were traced by them to their home in Cattaraugus county, N. Y. Such is the price of a nation's glory—death claiming the noblest of her sons, and households filled with lamentations.

As might be supposed, there were other sides to the picture, for war, with all its terrors, is not wholly tragic.

When order and confidence were fully restored on the heights of Cemetery Ridge, where the discomfited soldiers of Reynolds and Howard found themselves at nightfall, there was another army anxious, not to say desperate, on this same question of rations. It had been an all day march and fight, and not a man had tasted a warm meal. Fires were kindled and the kettles were soon sending out savory odors. On the northwestern slope of Cemetery Hill a party of First corps officers stood chatting near the fire where their mess cook was hustling round to set out their supper. The stew was ready, the pack horse stood patiently while the cook drew out the service and spread it on the ground. A Confederate shell from the ridge near the seminary came searching a target along the line of the Baltimore pike, and taking a short cut landed under the soup kettle, hoisting that and all its contents in the air and blowing the pack horse and his luggage into a litter that it taxed the cook some hours to separate and identify.

The crest of Cemetery Hill commanded a view of the entire field, and the sights as they presented themselves at nightfall are told by an officer on the field. He says: "The scene from the crest of this hill on that eventful eve as the sun went down in his summer splendor will never be forgotten. The number and disposition of the enemy's troops betokened the renewal of the battle with increasing fury on the morrow. Burning buildings met the eye in every direction: flying, panic stricken families were hastening along the roads leading out of Gettys-

SUMMIT OF ROUND TOP.

burg, and the poor cattle of the fields seemed to share in the terror of their owners as they roamed in strange pastures, driven by the moving lines of battle from farm to farm."

FORLORN HOPE STRUGGLES.

When the battle was resumed on the second day it was with phalanx against phalanx, the stout ranks of Longstreet rushing upon Sickles' men between Devil's Den and the Peach Orchard on the Union left flank. The attack was made at 4 o'clock. Rows of Confederate cannon opened with deadly effect, and the infantry moved up to deliver that form of assault most dreaded by the best of soldiers, a flanking movement. The force of it was against Sickles' left center, his weakest point, occupied by a thin line of infantry and the Ninth Massachusetts battery, under Capt. John Bigelow. The Ninth belonged to the artillery reserve and was posted here by the chief of the brigade, Maj. Freeman McGilvery, with the order to "hold the ground until I get two batteries on the ridge. Give them grape and canister." A Confederate battery advanced and unlimbered close to Bigelow, and the infantry rushed upon his guns so close as to be blown to fragments. Some climbed upon the limbers and shot down the horses. When McGilvery had placed the rear batteries in position Bigelow retired two of his pieces by the aid of ropes and the force of the recoil at each discharge. More than half of his men and officers were down, and on arriving at the Trostle house, where there was a commanding knoll, he made another stand until he was completely surrounded, and then ordered his men to save themselves. Now began a fight for life and freedom, and the battery spikes and sponge staffs were used in defense. Private Ligal brained a Confederate with the heavy head of his rammer. Bigelow's fight was a forlorn hope and lasted three hours, and in it he expended over three tons of ammunition. Eighty out of his eighty-eight horses fell, two officers were killed, and Bigelow was severely wounded; and of the men seven were killed and sixteen wounded, while but two surrendered.

Among the infantry reenforcements that came to Sickles' aid in the heat of the struggle were the brigades of Brooke, Cross, Zook and Kelly, of Caldwell's division, Hancock's Second corps. As Kelly's men (the Irish brigade) came up to the line of fire the commander ordered halt, and each soldier knelt while a priest pronounced absolution on all who might fall. Mingled with his solemn "Amen!" sounded the word "Forward!" and the remnant of the five battalions of Corcoran and Meagher, now reduced to six companies all told, moved on under their banners of the green and the blue. Zook went forward not less gloriously. A staff officer was riding across the field to find Caldwell and ask for aid at a threatened point, and he chanced to meet Zook before Caldwell appeared. To save time he asked Zook to go with him. "My orders are to follow the column," said Zook. But a glance to the lines told him that this was no time for ceremony, and he added: "If you will give me the order of Gen. Sickles I will obey it."

"Then his order is that you file your brigade to the right and move into action here."

Zook wheeled his men out of column and started across the Wheat Field, but exhausted and disorganized masses of men, driven back from the front, obstructed his march. Zook now cried out:

"Men, if you cannot get out of the way, lie down and let me march over you."

So the column went on and Zook fell at the head of it, living just long enough to hear the shouts of victory when the field was won. Zook's successor, Col. R. P. Roberts, of the One Hundred and Fortieth Pennsylvania, was also killed here, and three other regimental commanders were wounded. The One Hundred and Fortieth lost 241 men, over half its strength, and the spirit that moved the men was exhibited by a stripling in the ranks who was warned to shelter himself from the sharpshooters' terrible aim. Drawing himself to his full height he swung his arms out defiantly, and answered: "I am on the soil of Pennsylvania now, and if they get me down they'll have to shoot me down!"

When Sickles' angle had been broken there was a new rush from the Confederate line, extending up the Emmitsburg road to Hancock's front. As this latter officer came riding down the field he saw a group of Southern battle flags advancing toward Thomas' regular battery, and there was no infantry at hand excepting eight companies of the First

EAST VIEW OF DEVIL'S DEN.

Minnesota, 232 officers and men, under Col. William Colvill.

"Great heaven," said Hancock, "is this all the men we have here?"

Gen. A. S. Williams' division of the Twelfth corps was hurrying over from Culp's Hill, and if the charging enemy could be stayed for an instant a break in the line could be prevented. Without a word of parley Hancock ordered Colvill to "advance and take those colors!" A participant says that the little line arose as one man and moved down the slope as though marching in review. Cannon opened on them, rifles blazed at them. One after another five color bearers fell, but the standard did not go down nor did the line waver, only as shells tore it apart. All that survived went on until they were within ride length of the enemy. The charge was a success, for by its boldness it dismayed the enemy. Over 200 were killed or wounded, among them every field officer, 16 out of 21 line officers, and not a man surrendered. The colors were brought off and 41 men out of 232 rallied around them that night.

DESPERATE WORK AT DEVIL'S DEN.

From Sickles' western front the battle rolled around his southern front to Devil's Den, near Little Round Top. Into this vale of death the division of Gen. S. W. Crawford, of the Pennsylvania reserves (Fifth corps) was led in the "nick o' time" to save the mountain key of the whole field. Crawford's official report says: "Our troops (Sickles') fell back, and the plain to our right was covered with fugitives from all divisions, who rushed through my lines to the rear. Fragments of regiments came back without their arms, and for a moment all seemed lost. The enemy's skirmishers had reached the foot of the rocky ridge (Devil's Den); his columns were following rapidly. My command was formed in two lines, the second massed on the first. * * * Steadily, remorselessly, volley after volley was plumped into the very bosoms of the advancing Confederates, who found themselves shut out from their anticipated prize as by a wall of flame. The charge of the Bucktails (First rifles) sent them away in a race for the shelter of their own lines. Young Taylor, the leader, goes down before the galling fire of some sharpshooters behind the rocks and trees. * * *"

With Taylor the standard bearer of the Bucktails was wounded in the hand, and Crawford called to him, reaching for the

ROUND TOP FROM DEVIL'S DEN.

colors, "Give them to me!" Riding at the head of his column the general waved the flag of the Bucktails in view of all, and most defiantly toward the hostile riflemen on the hills. The color bearer wrapped a handkerchief over his wound and ran beside the leader's horse, looking wistfully at the colors, until Crawford handed them back, to be carried in his left hand.

The woods all around this field under the shadow of the Round Tops were filled with Confederate marksmen, who selected the brightest targets for their aim. Gens. S. H. Weed and Strong Vincent, Col. Patrick H. O. Rorke and Capt. C. E. Hazlett, all of the Fifth corps, who went from the valley where Crawford fought to the crest of Little Round Top, were there picked off within a few minutes by the unerring rifles at Devil's Den. But hundreds of men as brave as these fallen leaders had followed them up the mountain steep and Round Top was saved.

BRAVE ARTILLERYMEN.

While the fierce struggle was taking place around Devil's Den, as night came on, the Confederates under Ewell rushed forward to their long delayed assault on East Cemetery Hill, on the southern edge of the town. Two

DEVIL'S DEN.

batteries were stationed here behind stone walls and earth pits, Wiedrick's Battery I, First New York, and Ricketts' Battery F, First Pennsylvania. The brigades of Hoke and Hays of Early's division, filed along the ravines until the base of the slope was reached, and bounding up the hill silenced Wiedrick's guns at the first blow. Before the Confederates reached his guns Ricketts' poured 500 pounds of canister into their faces. His orders were not to limber up under any circumstances, but fight the battery to the last. All the infantry behind him had gone over to the left to aid Sickles, and Ricketts stood alone facing the Louisiana Tigers, Hays' fearless fighters. The Tigers leaped the stone wall, spiked the left piece and bayoneted the men who served it. The remaining guns poured in the canister until the supply was used up and then fired case shot (small shot in a case) as solid slugs. The drivers left their teams and replaced the fallen cannoneers. The guidon bearer shot down a Confederate lieutenant who reached for his colors, and was in turn riddled with bullets, but not until he had rammed the guidon staff into the ground. Upon this marker, now, the other batterymen rallied, and with their gun rammers beat off the impetuous Tigers. These batterymen were Pennsylvanians, and the cry was:

"Death on our own soil rather than lose the guns!"

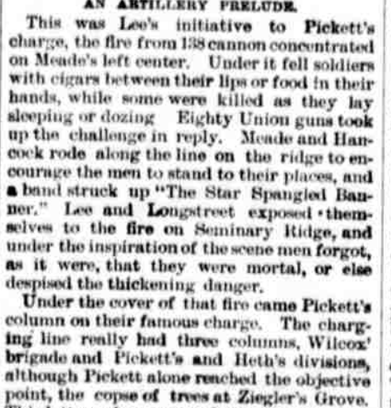
So Ricketts held on until the sound of his battle brought to the spot some infantry from the adjoining lines, and under their galling fire the Tigers retired. The loss of the Louisianians was nearly 200 killed and wounded, and only 12 men of the brigade actually reached the Union guns.

GEN. SICKLES.

The scenes on Cemetery Hill at the close of this second day were vastly more exciting than on the first. Columns of men were marching and counter marching, under alarming calls from the right, left and center for more men, for fresh cannon, for soldiers with bullets in their pouches. The army trains were moving, and the saddest of all was the procession of ambulances coming from the field on the left. Surgeon Thomas Tate, of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, got leave to ride into Gettysburg, from the bivouac three miles east on the Hanover road, where Gregg's column was defending the Union rear. Dr. Tate's wife and babe and his father and mother were in Gettysburg, and when he found the streets barred by Confederate infantry he turned aside into the field hospital grounds on the Baltimore pike. The first sight to attract him was Gen. Sickles, on a stretcher, surrounded by surgeons preparing to amputate the leg shattered by a bullet near the Wheat Field about two hours before. When the chief surgeon brought out the chloroform cup Sickles raised himself up and said, with great emphasis:

"No, you don't; you can't chloroform me."

He stood the operation heroically, and when it was over the surgeon explained some provision he had made to give the general all comfort the camp afforded for the night, adding that early in the morning he should be "sent on to Philadelphia."



SOUTHERN ENTRANCE TO DEVIL'S DEN.

"What!" shrieked the impetuous veteran, "to-morrow morning—to Philadelphia! I'll start within fifteen minutes!"

There was a bustling and a buzzing, the surgeons, assistants and ambulance masters all joining in, and finally the surgeon said he should start by midnight.

"No!" said the general, calmer now, but as decided as ever, "perhaps, I was too hasty; I'll give you one hour to start me on the road to Philadelphia."

The general then called for a cigar, and before darkness came on the blue streaks of smoke were curling above his litter as he moved on maimed, but haughty and defiant, home on a stretcher by a company of men to Winchester.

AN ARTILLERY PRELUDE.

This was Lee's initiative to Pickett's charge, the fire from 138 cannon concentrated on Meade's left center. Under it fell soldiers with cigars between their lips or food in their hands, while some were killed as they lay sleeping or dozing. Eighty Union guns took up the challenge in reply. Meade and Hancock rode along the line on the ridge to encourage the men to stand to their places, and a band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner." Lee and Longstreet exposed themselves to the fire on Seminary Ridge, and under the inspiration of the scene men forgot, as it were, that they were mortal, or else despised the thickening danger.

Under the cover of that fire came Pickett's column on their famous charge. The charging line really had three columns, Wilcox' brigade and Pickett's and Heth's divisions, although Pickett alone reached the objective point, the copse of trees at Ziegler's Grove. This latter column moved one mile, the last third of it under a sweeping canister fire. The ground was so much exposed that the Union officers, when they saw the purpose of the enemy, were astounded. There was desperate work done, though, and the men who saved the line richly earned their glory.

The closing scene of this fight is told in the official report of Capt. Andrew Cowan, First New York Independent battery:

"* * * I received orders to move to the crest with Gen. Webb's brigade, as the enemy was advancing. I moved up at a gallop and came into position, several other batteries on my right and left. The Confederate skirmishers had just commenced firing, and their second line was advancing from the woods. * * * I commenced firing canister at 200 yards, and the effect was greater than I anticipated. My last charge (a double header) literally swept the enemy from my front, being fired at less than twenty yards. * * * My battery was the only one remaining on this part of the hill, the cannoneers being driven from ten pieces on my right and the batteries on my left having retired."

THE CAVALRY COMBATS.

Instances of individual heroism in the Union lines during this cannonade and charge would include nearly every regiment and battery engaged. The bravery of the officers was conspicuous. Cushing, mortally wounded, nerved himself for a parting shot; Gibbon and Hancock were wounded while directing an attack on the flank of Pickett's column, and Webb, severely hurt, and seeing the desperate situation of his brigade, receiving the full force of the assault, staggered back to a battery and asked for a couple of cannon to come to his aid.

During the movements preliminary to the great assault, Gen. Kilpatrick, with the cavalry brigades of Merritt and Farnsworth, crossed over to the west of Plum Run, below the mountainous ridge where Longstreet's columns were resting after their fierce battle of the second day, and attempted to seize Emmitsburg road. Longstreet's successes in pushing Sickles back had opened this road to the Confederates, who used it at this point for bringing up supplies. The ground here was rough, cut up by lanes and ridges, and crossed by stone fences, which the infantry

DEATH OF CUSHING.

turned to good account for breastworks. Kilpatrick determined to have the horsemen charge here, and when the order was given to Farnsworth's brigade, the leader protested that it was no field for cavalry exploits. The commander then said that he would lead Farnsworth's brigade himself, but the latter responded: "If my brigade is to go in I shall go at the head of it," and the word was given. The horses leaped the fences, but the

GEN. FARNSWORTH.

muskets of the well posted infantry soon emptied the saddles by the score. Cannon opened on the plucky squadrons, but the bold riders spurred on their steeds, aiming straight for the batteries. Farnsworth was killed, the squadrons were broken and the effort ended in a moral disaster. But the effect was such as to alarm the lines on Longstreet's right, and a whole division was thus drawn off from the column sent with Pickett to charge Cemetery Ridge.

Equally brave and more brilliant in its consequences was Gen. D. McA. Gregg's saber fight in open field three miles east of Gettysburg. To harass the rear of Meade's army during the operations of assaulting the ridge with Longstreet's infantry, Lee dispatched Gen. Stuart, with four brigades, to strike from the York pike across the Hanover road to the Baltimore pike, and cut off the retreat that was expected to follow Pickett's assault. The commands were led by Gen. Fitz. Lee and Wade Hampton, and Cols. Coambliss and Ferguson. To meet them Gregg had the brigades of Custer, Irvin Gregg and McIntosh. After some skirmishing a stubborn battle was begun by the desperate advance of Gregg to carry a ridge crowned with Stuart's batteries. All the scattered troopers are soon drawn in. The field in front of the batteries—on Rummel's farm—is perfectly free for horsemen. Fences have been removed, the surface is smooth, and horses may gallop at will. The first mounted charge was made by the First Virginia, and Custer led the Seventh Michigan against them, crossing the whole cleared field to a fence left standing, and meeting them at saber's length. This was principally a carbine fight, and the Michigan boys were soon flanked and thrown back. But the work was becoming exciting and both sides stood ready to dash in at the most advantageous point. Capt. William E. Miller, of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, McIntosh's brigade, describes what now took place. About half a mile from the fence where the First Virginia stood "there appeared moving toward us a large mass of cavalry, which proved to be portions of Fitz Lee's and Hampton's brigades. They were formed in close column of squadrons and directed their course toward the Spangler house (on the Union right flank). A grander spectacle than their advance has rarely been beheld. They marched with well aligned fronts and steady reins. The polished saber blades glittered in the piercing rays of the bright summer's sun. Erect in their saddles, determined in purpose, onward the Confederates come. All eyes are turned upon them, and it seems like folly to resist. Undaunted, however, our troops rose to the situation. The batteries of Chester on the right, Kinney in the center and Pennington on the left (Union guns) opened with well directed aim. Shell and shrapnel met the advancing Confederates and tore through their ranks. Closing up the gaps, on they marched, and as they drew nearer, canister was substituted by our artillerymen for shell, and horse after horse staggered and fell. Still they come on. Our mounted skirmishers rallied and fell into line; the dismounted men fell back, and a few of them reached their horses. The First Michigan, drawn up in close columns of squadrons near Pennington's battery, was ordered by Gregg to charge. Custer, who was near, placed himself at its head and off they dashed. As the two columns approached each other the paces were quickened, when suddenly a crash betokened the crisis. So sudden and violent was the collision that horses turned end over end and crushed their riders beneath them. The clashing of sabers, the firing of pistols, the demands for surrender and the cries of wounded combatants now filled the air."

FIGHTING MAN FOR MAN.

This was the supreme moment, and McIntosh gathered up some fragments, and with them, and his headquarter guard and staff, charged in beside Custer's men. Simultaneously two battalions of the Third Pennsylvania and one of the First New Jersey were hurled down the flanks of the Confederates, and all fell upon their nearest opponents single handed, and gradually the assailants were forced back to their old position, the ridge behind Rummel's farm house.

The shock of this battle was such that every participant, and all within sound, were startled by the strange and terrific clamor. The owner of the farm, Rummel, was in his house, and with an army and its horses and cannon invading his yard and garden, was fully prepared for startling experiences, but when the charging columns met he was so astonished that he rushed out to see what new thing under the sun had happened.

An incident of the severe fighting is given in Capt. Miller's narrative. "In the midst of the engagement, and immediately in front of Rummel's house, E. G. Eyster, of Company H, Third Pennsylvania, captured a dismounted Confederate and covered him with his carbine. Eyster's attention becoming drawn off by the firing around him, the Confererate drew his revolver and shot Eyster's horse, and now he held Eyster prisoner. Then Sergt. Gregg, of Company A, came up and with his saber cut the Confederate to the ground. Before Gregg could turn around another Confederate came up and with a fierce right cut sliced off the top of his scalp." Subsequently both Eyster and Gregg were taken prisoners.

GEN. CUSTER.

In this melee Wade Hampton was wounded at close quarters and twenty-three years afterward, at a reunion held on the field, he declared that he knew the man who struck the blow, so well did he mark his countenance on that bloody ground. After the battle Rummel helped to clear up the debris and bury the bodies of men and horses, and he found on every hand evidences of the most terrible encounters. Horses with their necks broken, lay where they had met in the charge. Men who had fought, as in a duel, where found side by side, and the Union saber and Southern pistol had done their terrible execution with the combatants at arm's length.

During these exciting times the citizens of Gettysburg and vicinity were not indifferent to the fate of the Union arms. Many of the active residents were already in service, among them Gen. Crawford, Surgeon Tate, of the Third cavalry, and other officers. The reserves had one company whose members fought on the 2d and 3d within sight of their houses. When the Confederates first crossed the border the students of the two seminaries in the town formed an emergency company and were ordered away to Harrisburg by the governor, and a local company of cavalry was formed, which did good service as scouts and guides.

The fighting ended on the 3d, but the Confederates lingered in their camps two days. On the 4th, as Gen. Lee was riding over the field in front of the ridge, a wounded Union soldier raised himself from the ground, and waving his hand toward the men in gray, shouted as loud as he could: "Hurrah for the Union!" A member of Lee's staff states that the general dismounted and went up to the soldier, took him by the hand, and regarding him with a kind expression, said:

"My son, I hope you will soon be well of your wound and return to your friends."

Probably the saddest scenes on that field were when the body of Reynolds was borne away in the midst of the fighting and the hurrying movements of reserves coming on at the sound of the guns. A short distance below the town Hancock met the little cortege and learned of Reynolds' death and of the state of affairs at the front at the same instant, for the first dispatches sent back to headquarters had not revealed the truth, but simply said that he was wounded. Next the cortege reached Meade's headquarters at Taneytown, and there the lifeless form confirmed the worst to Meade and his chiefs, Warren, Hunt and others.

Such was Gettysburg for three days, and poets need not look to other lands or other races for themes to inspire their pens with eloquence.

GEORGE L. KILMER.