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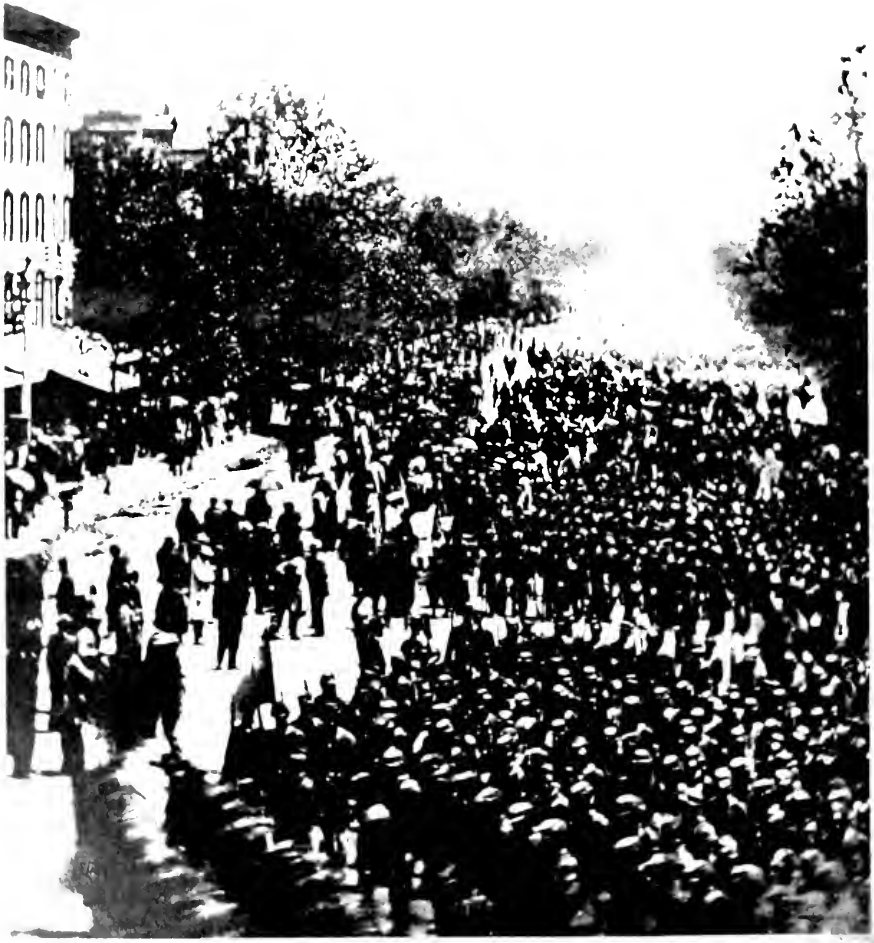
GETTYSBURG

A JOURNEY TO AMERICA'S GREATEST BATTLEGROUND IN PHOTOGRAPHS



OLDIERS WHO FOUGHT AT GETTYSBURG MARCHING THROUGH THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AT WASHINGTON ON THEIR WAY HOME FROM THE WAR PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY IN 1865

GETTYSBURG

A Journey to America's Greatest Battleground in Photographs taken by the World's First War Photographers while the Battle was being Fought

OFFICIAL PRESENTATION
SEMI-CENTENNIAL EDITION

TEXT BY

FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

(LITT.D., LL.D.)

Editor-in-Chief of "The Photographic History of the Civil War," Editor-in-Chief of The Search-Light Library

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM "THE PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR"

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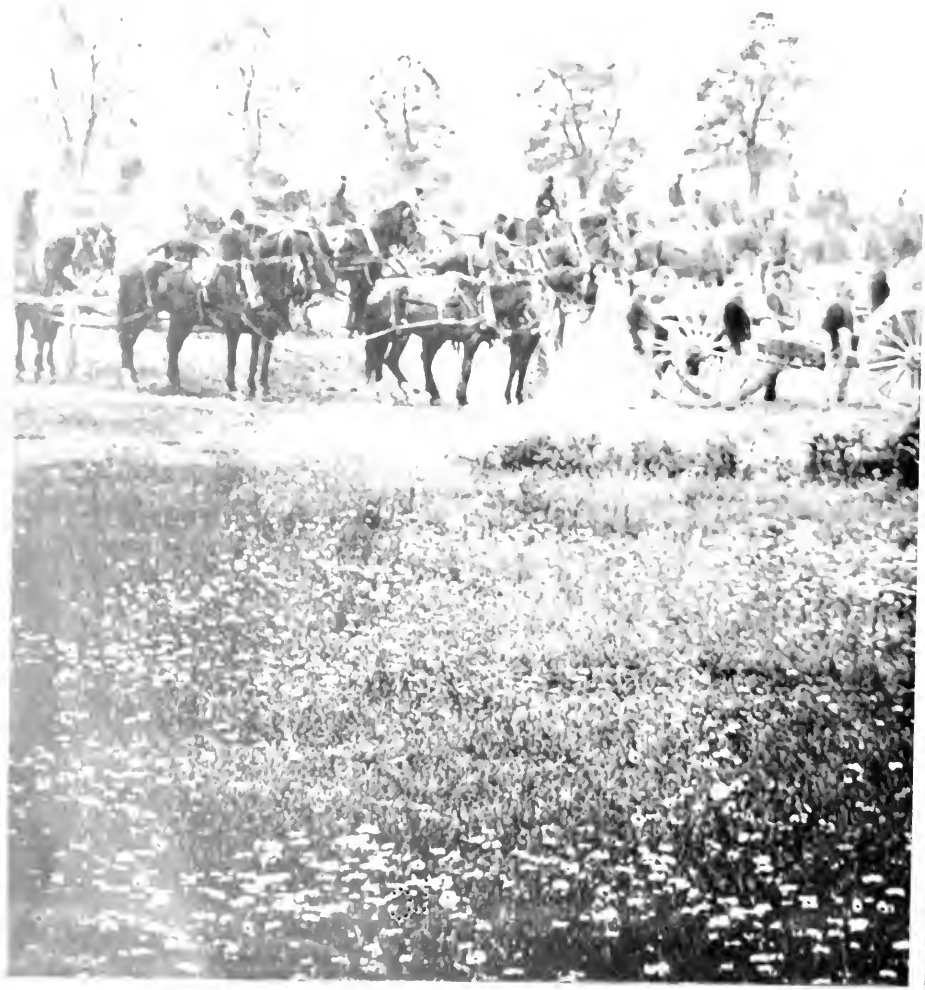


THE LITTLE OF DAISIE - ON THE BATTLEGROUND AT GETTYSBURG

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY BRADY DURING THE BATTLE IN 186

BRADY AND HIS ASSISTANTS, THE FIRST WAR PHOTOGRAPHERS ON THE BATTLEGROUND AT GETTYSBURG IN 1863

The True Story of Gettysburg

Revealed in Photographs Taken During the Battle

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG AT A GLANCE that is the purpose of these pages. Eminent historians and military authorities have frequently described this great battle in detail, but it is the privilege of this little book to place before the American people the actual photographic witnesses of the terrific internecine struggle that entered into the molding of our civilization.

No work of modern times has created such world-wide interest as the recent preservation of the historic Brady-Gardner Collection of Photographs, taken on the battlefields of the American Civil War, under the protection of the Secret Service and with the official sanction of the government.

The wonderful story of Mathew Brady, the world's first war photographer; how he carried the new invention of modern photography onto the battlegrounds; how he perpetuated the scenes in the trenches, behind the fortifications, and on the firing-lines, so that Americans for thousands of years to come may look back upon that "tragic fratricidal strife of the twentieth century"—all these form a dramatic story in the annals of science and war that will become folk-lore for the future generations.

A magnificent memorial to this great achievement has recently been consummated by several American historians who have organized the famous Brady Collection, together with the collections of more than twenty other pioneer war photographers, into a monumental work in ten volumes known as "The Photographic History of the Civil War." In further commemoration of this notable achievement, the historic photographs that relate directly to the Battle of Gettysburg have been organized into this little supplementary volume as a semi-centennial tribute to American valor.

This book, therefore, is in the nature of a selection of about 100 prints from the 4,000 photographs that are permanently recorded in the standard ten-volume library. They are presented in historical sequence so that they tell the whole story of Gettysburg, from the beginning of the campaign to the firing of the last gun, more impressively and heroically than the pen of the historian has ever been able to describe. Around these photographic witnesses is interwoven in text the essential historical facts regarding the battle, thus formulating a valuable little volume that may very properly be called A HANDBOOK ON GETTYSBURG.

THE PUBLISHERS.

BUFFET MAP OF THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG, LOOKING SOUTH.

[illegible] Wheatfield, scene of the battle of the second day. 2. M. Pherson's farm and woods. [illegible] Ridge. [illegible] Cemetery Hill. 6. Culp's Hill. 7. Harrisburg Road and Rock Creek. 8. Hanover Road. 9. Wolf Hill. [illegible] Hill. 11. Seminary Ridge. 12. Cemetery Hill. 13. Zeigler's Grove. 14. Meade's headquarters on

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF A RELIEF MAP BY AMBROSE E. LEHMAN, C. E.

the Taneytown Road. 15. Sheeum's headquarters on Power's Hill. 16. Codori's. 17. Cemetery Ridge. 18. Little Round Top. 19. Round Top. 20. Devil's Den. 21. Wheat-field. 22. Frostle's farm. 23. Peach Orchard. 24. Seminary Ridge. 19 to 25. About extreme right of Longstreet's line.

WHERE A BRAVE GENERAL FELL. REYNOLDS AT GETTYSBURG

It was here [illegible] tree at the edge of the road, that Major General John F. Reynolds met his death while riding [illegible] to McPherson's Woods to the Cornfield to reconnoiter. During the first day's battle this peaceful countryside was trampled under foot by the surging Confederate lines. It was here that occurred one of the [illegible] of the Battle of Gettysburg.

On the Road to Gettysburg

America's Greatest Battleground

ALL ROADS LEAD TO GETTYSBURG—Every American feels at some time in his life that he would like to make the journey to Gettysburg. It is to the American what Waterloo is to the European. It is more than that—it is the battleground not alone of great military strategy, but of a people's valor and a people's ideals—the crux of American character.

To the Northerner it means that here his patriot fathers met a worthy foe; that here they withstood a great army that was heroically struggling to sweep into the North and eventually to march victoriously into the nation's capital; that here they struck a decisive blow that gave them the hope and courage which was soon to "save the Union."

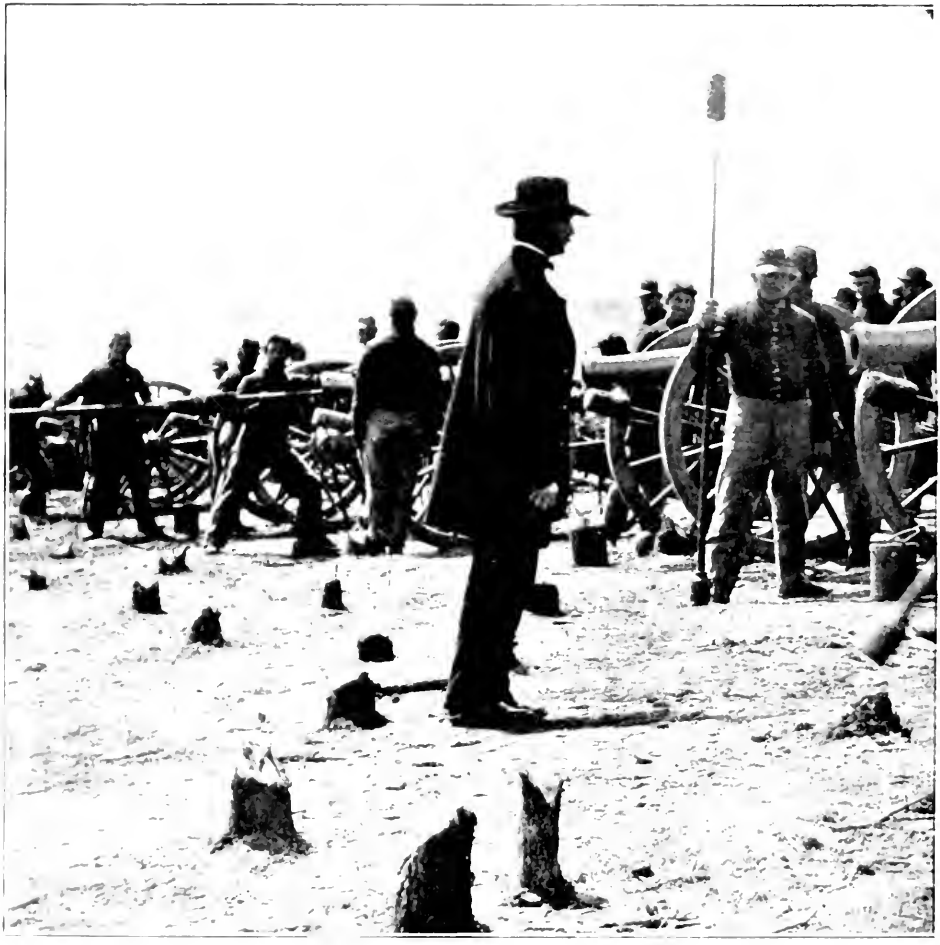
To the Southerner it means that here his kin fought more gallantly than the Scots on the Field of Flodden; that here they reached the highest point in the days of the Old Confederacy; that here they bled and died under the inspiring command of the great Lee.

To the American it means that here the two noblest armies in the annals of mankind fought for principles which each believed to be just—only soon to meet on the same battleground as a re-united people and clasp hands in loving brotherhood.

To the world it means that under the flag of a republic—in a non-military nation—the two mightiest armies of citizen-soldiery in the world's history answered the call of duty in defense of that which was dearest to them and then dispersed in peace to return to the pursuits of industry and thrift on the moment the issue was decided.

Every American should go to Gettysburg; every foreign-born traveler should go to Gettysburg; it makes one proud that he lives in a world where men and women are willing to lay down their lives for the sake of a principle. But far more—it makes them feel that the medium of decision—the resort to arms as the arbiter—is too cruel, too costly, too inhuman to long exist; that it belongs to a passing civilization, and that the human race will some time find that justice is not borne on the point of the sword; that life, and the willingness of men to sacrifice it for their country, is more precious than the victory.

Pass leisurely over the battleground of Gettysburg in these pages—look upon the blood-stained fields of valor, and then decide for yourself whether in this world of human events the time is not to come when reason shall rule and "might shall no longer make right"—when there shall be no more need for Gettysburgs.



FIGHTING THEIR WAY TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

This remarkable photograph of the troops battling their way toward Gettysburg is typical of the priceless records left by the world's first war photographers. The camera was then a new invention; it was a pioneer science, requiring absolute knowledge, training and experience. Only experts like the men that Brady trained could do such work as this. There was no lightning shutters, no automatic or universal focus. In positions of danger and at times when speed and accuracy were required, there was the delicacy of the old fashioned wet plate to consider, with all its drawbacks. No wonder people were surprised that pictures such as this exist. They had grown used to the old woodcut and the often mutilated attempts of pen and pencil to portray such scenes of action.

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MEN WHO WERE SOON TO BE ENGAGED IN THE GREAT BATTLE

There are many who never knew that photography was possible in the Civil War. Yet look at this Union battery, taken by the shore of the Rappahannock, just before the Battle of Chancellorsville. Action, movement, portraiture are shown. We can hear the officer standing in front giving his orders. His figure, leaning slightly forward, is tense with spoken words of command. The cannoneers, resting, or ramming home the charges, are magnificent types of the men who made the Army of the Potomac—the army doomed to suffer, a few days after this picture was taken, its crushing repulse by the famous flanking charge of "Stonewall" Jackson. Within sixty days after the Chancellorsville defeat the troops engaged won a signal triumph over the self-same opponents at Gettysburg.

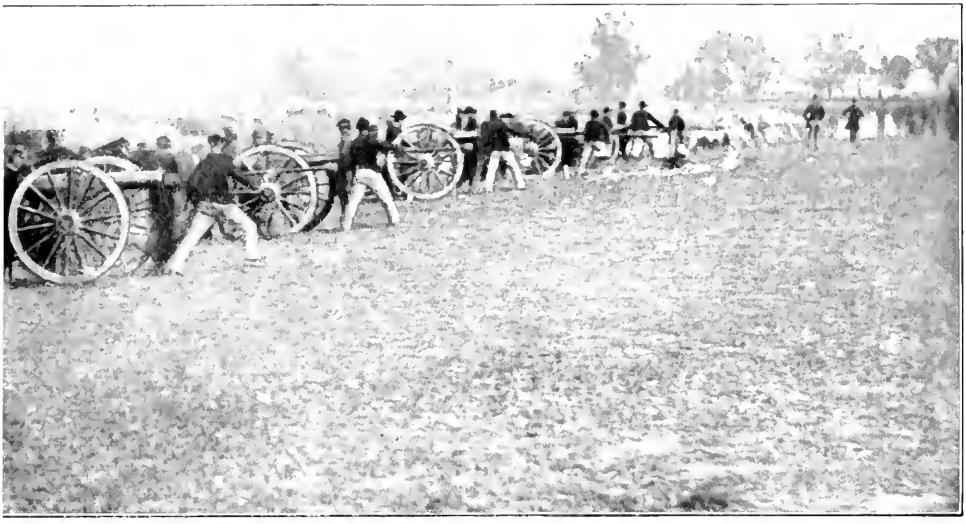
On the Road to Gettysburg

FLANKING GUNS THAT REACHED GETTYSBURG

[illegible] reported photograph of Battery D, Second U. S. Artillery, [illegible] according to the photographer's account, [illegible] was leading [illegible] with the Confederate [illegible] engineered [illegible] pontoon [illegible] on [illegible] road [illegible] Fredericksburg [illegible] Potomac [illegible] to begin the [illegible] of the war. Unless he wished to gain a place for his name in the list of casualties [illegible] The month before Gettysburg, the Sixth Corps had [illegible] its fatal successful crossing of the Rappahannock, as the [illegible] of Hooker's movement against Lee. Battery D [illegible] took position with other artillery

ARTILLERY THAT FOUGHT AT GETTYSBURG

This [illegible] Battery B, [illegible] Regular Army, [illegible] Gettysburg. Lee [illegible] Potomac [illegible] Buell, the [illegible] pieces of Cooper's B[illegible] The first [illegible] pressed the rear of the Confederates who opposed that the cavalry, forward of the infantry, was with [illegible] intent. The Confederate guns frightened Brady's [illegible] who turned off with his wagon and [illegible] assistant upsetting and destroying his chemicals. In the picture to the left, Captain James H. Cooper himself is



CANNONEERS AT THEIR POST ON FIRING-LINE

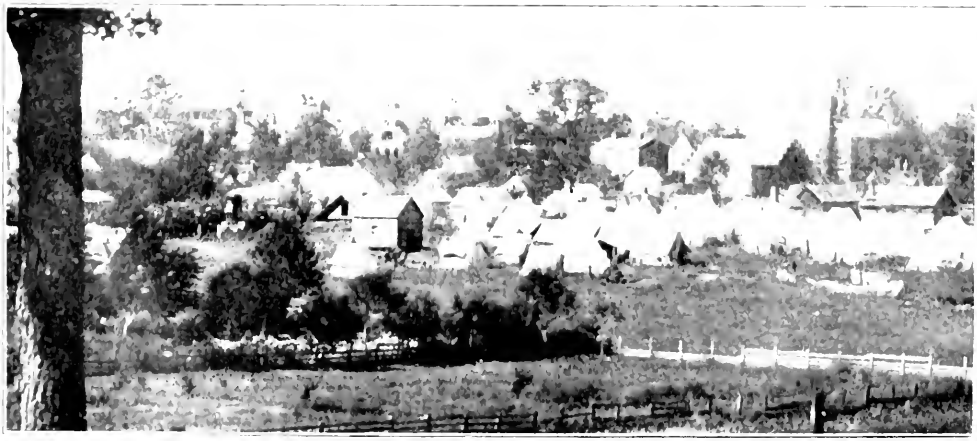
out in the fields near the ruins of the Mansfield house. In the rear of the battery the veteran Vermont brigade was acting as support. To their rear was the bank of the river skirted by trees. The grove of white poplars to the right surrounded the Mansfield house. With characteristic coolness, some of the troops had already pitched their dog tents. Better protection was soon afforded by the strong line of earthworks which was thrown up and occupied by the Sixth Corps. Battery D was present at the first battle of Bull Run. They fought at Gettysburg two years later.

READY TO OPEN FIRE IN THE TRENCHES

seen leaning on a sword at the extreme right. Lieutenant Miller is the second figure from the left. Lieutenant Alcorn is next to the left from Captain Cooper. Lieutenant James V. Gardner, just behind the prominent figure with the haversack in the right section of the picture, identified these members almost 47 years after the picture was taken. This Pennsylvania Battery suffered greater loss than any other volunteer Union battery, its record of casualties includes 24 killed and died of wounds, and 52 wounded, convincing testimony of the fact that throughout the war its men stood bravely to their guns.

On the Road to Gettysburg

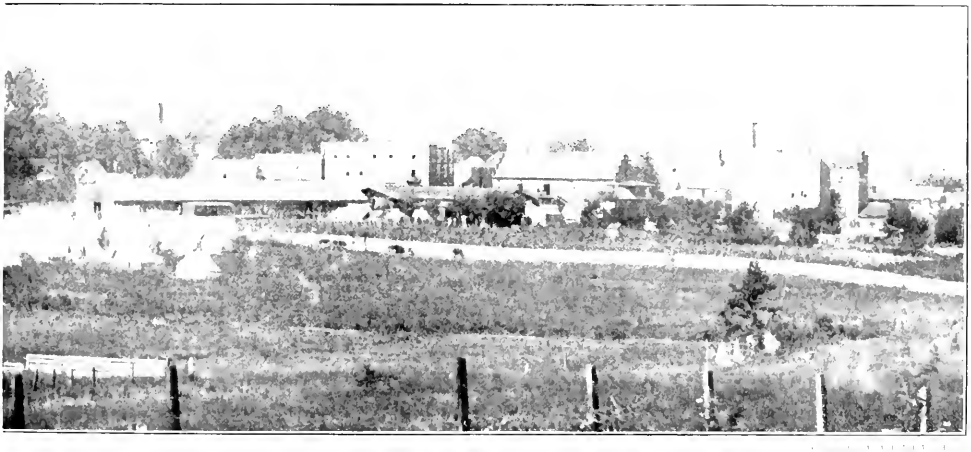
FLEEING FOR LEE'S ARMY



THE NORTH AGAIN THREATENED

SPARRING BEFORE GETTYSBURG

victory at Chancellorsville had elated the Confederacy with hopes of early recognition by Europe. Exaggerated reports of disaffection at the North led the Government at Richmond to urge an immediate advance. Lee promptly complied. His strongest hope was that he might draw Hooker into a position where the Federals could be advantageously attacked and a blow struck that would end the war. So cleverly was Lee's movement masked by the resistance of Hill's Corps to Howe's division of the Sixth Corps on June 5th that Sedgwick was deceived into reporting that the greater portion of Lee's force still held their old positions.

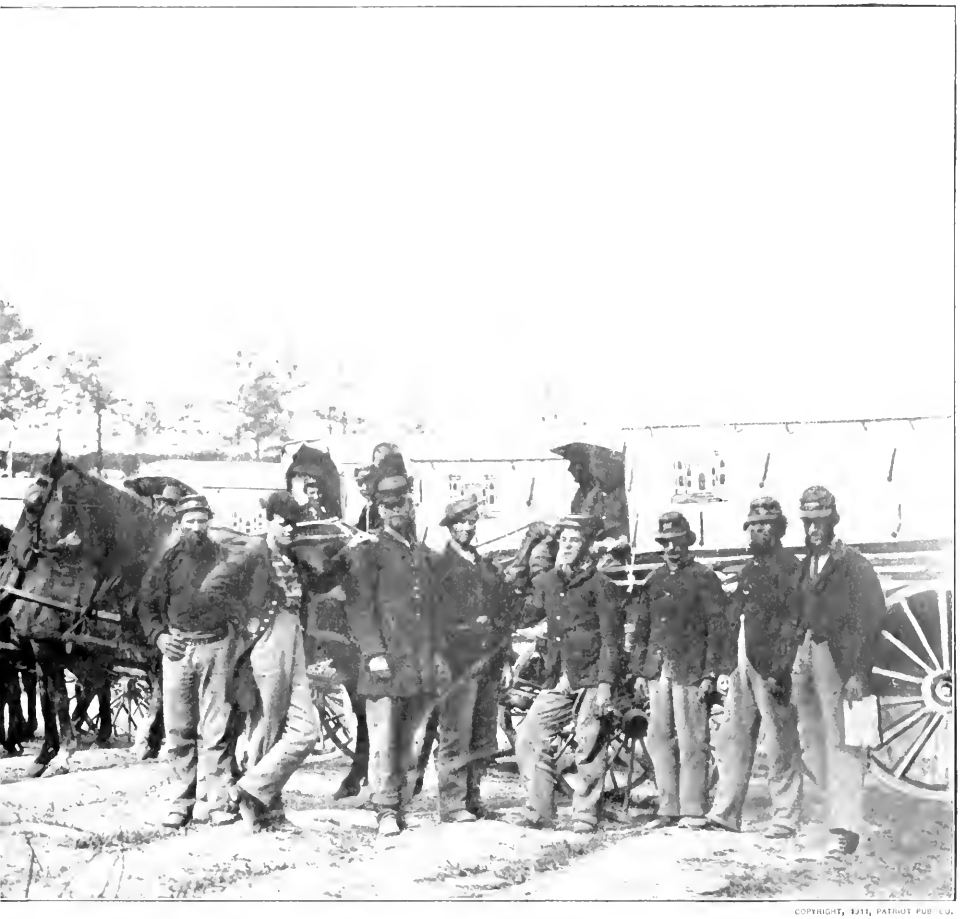


CULPEPER COURT HOUSE

Federals. The encounter left no doubt in Hooker's mind that Lee was preparing for an aggressive movement either against Washington or into Maryland. On June 15th it was clear that Lee was massing his forces in the direction of Culpeper. Hooker at once began throwing his lines out toward Culpeper, with the purpose of keeping abreast of Lee by advancing south of the Blue Ridge, and the race for the Potomac was on. This picture was taken in November, 1863, when Culpeper was occupied by the Federals.

AMBULANCE TRAIN
OF THE ENGINEER CORPS
AT FALMOUTH, VIRGINIA
1863

Ambulances on Way to the Battle



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This photograph shows to what a state of perfection, in drill and equipment, the ambulance service of the Union armies had been brought by July, 1863. The castle on the ambulance curtains indicates the Engineer Corps. The little vignette below the larger photograph shows the train unharnessed and at rest. Starting with a medical department scarcely adequate for eleven thousand men in time of peace, the ambulance service was ultimately increased, developed, and organized into a vast administrative medico-military machine, working smoothly in all its ramifications and meeting efficiently the needs of a force aggregating, at one time, nearly a million men, exposed to the fire of an able opponent, and very often compelled to operate under unfavorable conditions and amid unhealthful surroundings. The department brought order out of chaos, health from disease, and surcease from suffering, in a manner and to a degree previously unparalleled. Its achievements must challenge the admiration of medical men for all time.

THE CRISIS BRINGS FORTH THE MAN

Major-General George Gordon Meade and Staff. Not men, but a man is what counts in war, said Napoleon; and Lee had proved it true in many a bitter lesson administered to the Army of the Potomac. At the end of June, 1863, for the third time in ten months, that army had a new commander. Promptness and caution were equally imperative in that hour. Meade's fitness for the post was as yet undemonstrated, he had been advanced from the command of the Fifth Corps three days before the army was to engage in its greatest battle. Lee must be turned back from Harrisburg and Philadelphia and kept from striking at Baltimore and Washington, and the somewhat scattered Army of the Potomac must be concentrated. In the very first flush of his advancement, Meade exemplified the qualities of sound generalship that placed his name high on the list of Federal commanders.

On the Battleground at Gettysburg

A Pilgrimage to the Shrine of American Valor

MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND pilgrims visit the battleground of Gettysburg every year. The peaceful little village, which was founded four years after the Declaration of American independence, lies cradled in the gentle slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains in southern Pennsylvania. Away to the south—a beautiful ride of seven miles in the cool of the morning when the meadowlark dips gracefully over the lilies in the marshland and the brown-thrush warbles in the glen—the mountain roads lead to the borderline of Maryland. Orchards and broad fields testify to the thrift of the country folk; sheep graze on the hillsides, and the cattle bend over the clear, cool water in creeks that once ran crimson with the blood of men.

As we enter the little village, over the roads along which mighty armies marched, we see the industrious townsfolk about their daily toil. The fertile valleys do not seem to speak of war—they murmur only of peace and thrift. Then, for a moment, we turn back the years in our imagination. We seem to hear a distant rumbling, like the gathering of the thunderclouds. Nearer and nearer it comes; the sounds of muffled drums and fifes, growing clearer and clearer. It is a storm, but not of the winds. There is the call of the bugle. See! Far down the road there is a flutter of color in the breeze; there is a flash of steel in the light. It is coming this way—men—regiments of men—armies of men. They are almost here, sweeping everything from their paths—a mighty stream of human life; faces set, hearts determined, flags floating at the head of their columns.

They seem to come from every road, from every hill and every dell—a great swaying mass of humanity, flooding into the valley of peace until the little village is choked with men. Before your eyes a great city of tents is rising as if by magic—a city peopled by grim-visaged warriors; and, as we stand bewildered at the transformation of life, we hear the clear notes of "Taps" and the steady tread of the pickets. The campfires flicker along the hills.

Suddenly the forests burst into flames; the roar of artillery rolls through the valley; there is a crash of musketry, the boom of cannon, the clash of sabers. Above the din you can hear the groans of wounded and the prayers of the dying; the dead lie at your feet.

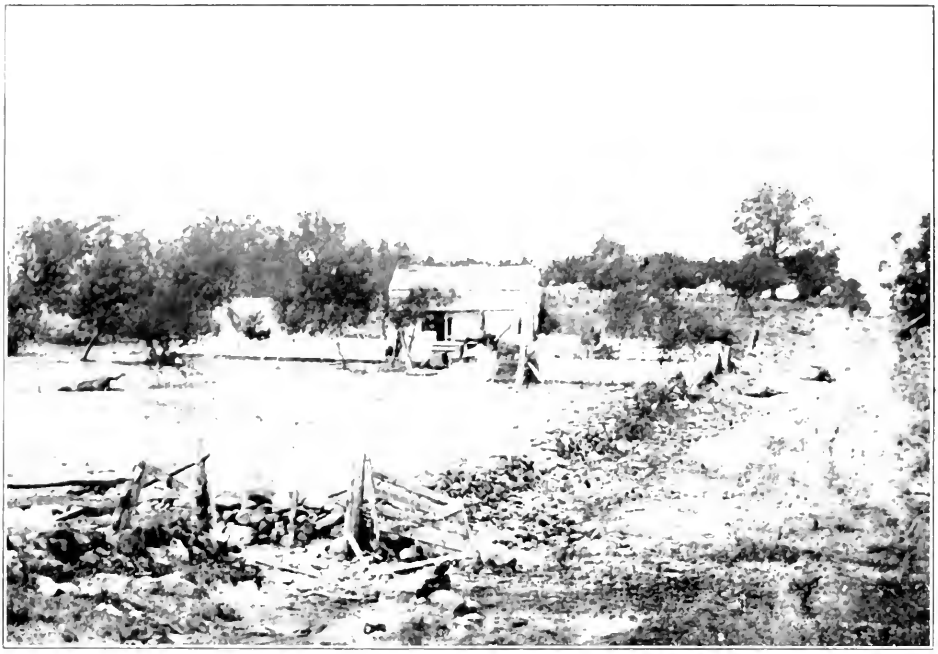
The scene blinds the vision. Gently the clouds are lifted, their swaying, black lines disappearing down the valley. There lies the little village before

THE HIGH WATER MARK OF THE CONFEDERACY

Just a mile or so at here, the Confederates first saw Gettysburg. Down these roads and past these houses they marched to the high water mark of their invasion of the North. It was quite by accident that the little town became the theater of the crucial contest of the Civil War. On the morning of June 30th Heth's division of General D. H. Hill's Corps was marching upon the town from the west. It came on confidently, expecting no resistance, meaning only to seize a supply of shoes much needed by the footsore Army of Northern Virginia which had marched triumphantly from Culpeper to the heart of Pennsylvania. Between Heth's men and their goal lay two brigades of Federal cavalry under Buford. Riding into the town from the opposite direction came Major Kress, sent by General Wadsworth to get these same shoes for his division of the Federals. Before the tavern Kress found Buford and explained his errand. "You

THE LITTLE TOWN OF GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

had better return immediately to your command," said Buford. "Why, what is the matter, General?" asked Kress. At that instant a single gun boomed in the distance, and Buford, mounting, replied as he spurred his horse to the gallop, "That's the matter." The world had never seen a finer body of fighting men than Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, then massing rapidly toward Gettysburg. More than seventy-three thousand five hundred strong they came, every man a veteran, contemptuous of adversaries whose superior numbers had never yet been made to count completely against them. In the center of the panorama rises Cemetery Ridge, where the defeated First and Eleventh Federal Corps slept on their arms on the night of July 1st, after having been driven back through the town by the superior forces of Hill and Ewell. The lower eminence to the right of it is Culp's Hill. At the extreme right of the picture stands Round Top



PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY BRADY AT MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS NEAR CEMETERY HILL DURING BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY TIPTON, THE BATTLEFIELD PHOTOGRAPHER, AT LEE'S HEADQUARTERS

you; its fields stained with blood; its green hills strewn with the forms of men, bleeding, wounded and dead.

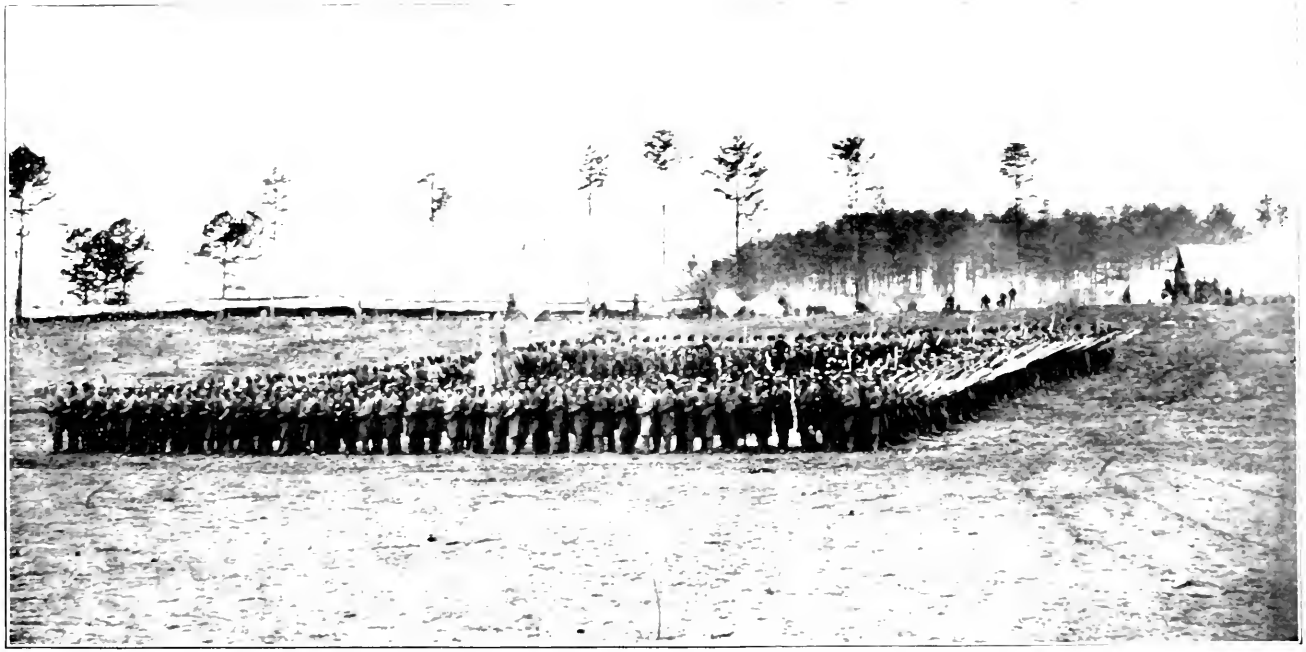
Look again! It is no longer a battleground. A great city of white stone is reared before you; shafts of marble and huge pillars of granite; great arches standing like gateways to triumph. Thousands of little flags flutter over the mossy mounds. The peace of love rests upon them.

This is the battleground of Gettysburg. It is here that we look again into the strong face of Lee as he stands at the head of the gallant army of Northern Virginia in crucial combat with the courageous Army of the Potomac under Meade. It is here that 153,000 Americans—an army greater than that of Napoleon at Waterloo—stood before the flaming mouths of 550 cannon; nearly 50,000 to fall from the ranks in dead, wounded and missing.

Let Americans linger here, passing through the village streets in revery. Look just ahead of you. To the west is Seminary Ridge, its gentle rise guarded by guns. Beyond, lies another line of wooded hills, at the foot of which is the little creek known as Willoughby Run, where the battle began. Turn to the south of the village; there is Cemetery Ridge, with its long line of monuments, stretching from the low, smooth rise of Cemetery Hill with its earthworks yet intact. Silhouetted against the horizon more than two miles away are the rocky peaks of Little Round Top, surmounted by a bronze statue of General Warren, its defender. There is Big Round Top, with an observatory on its summit from which can be seen the lines of battle.

What memories cluster about them: what tragedies gather around them! There, to the westward, lies a fertile plain. Culp's Hill raises its heavily wooded crown with its bullet-scarred trees. Before us lie the Peach Orchard and the Wheatfield, once trampled by armies; the Devil's Den, the Whirlpool of Death, and the Bloody Angle—each telling its own tragic story. It is a vision of hill hills everywhere as if Nature knew that this was to be one of the world's greatest battlegrounds, and so, like a master strategist, erected its bulwarks surrounding the town.

The pilgrim lingers first at the "silent city of the dead," where nearly 4,000 warriors lie sleeping in the bosom of the hill which is now consecrated as a National Cemetery. At the entrance is reared a beautiful gate, with its two square pillars surmounted by eagles with outspread wings. Within this sacred "God's Acre," he sees the level greensward divided into sections by avenues, each plot dotted with granite markers which memorialize the last resting place of a soldier who fell during those historic July days in 1863. In front of each section stand shafts of granite bearing the name of the state from which the martyred soldiers came.



THE HOLLOW SQUARE IN THE CIVIL WAR A FORMATION USED AT GETTYSBURG

Many authorities doubted that the formation portrayed in this picture was used at the battle of Gettysburg. Not until the meeting of the survivors of the First Corps at Gettysburg in May, 1885, were these doubts finally dispelled. Late in the afternoon of July 1st General Buford had received orders from General Howard to go to General Doubleday's support. Buford's cavalry lay at that time a little west of the cemetery. Though vastly outnumbered by the advancing Confederate infantry, Buford formed his men for the charge. The Confederates immediately set to forming squares in echelon. This consumed time, however, and the respite materially aided in the escape of the First Corps, if it did not save the remnant from capture. Cavalry in the Civil War was not wont to charge unbroken infantry, the latter being better able to withstand a cavalry charge than cavalry itself. In such a charge the cavalry ranks become somewhat blended, and arrive in clusters on the opposing lines. The horses avoid trampling on the fallen and wounded, and jump over them if possible. Buford's threatened charge was a successful ruse.

On the Battleground at Gettysburg—Continued

In the center of the semicircle of graves towers the sixty-five foot National Monument, whose cornerstone was laid two years after the great battle when General Meade, the leader of the Federal forces in the terrific struggle, delivered the dedicatory address. On the top of the memorial, stands a colossal figure of Liberty resting lightly upon three-quarters of a globe; in her right hand is the victor's laurel, while her left hand gathers the folds of the National Flag. The giant base of the figure is twenty-five feet square, and at each corner are the allegorical figures of War, History, Peace and Plenty.

The greatest interest, however, is probably in the National Park, an immense reservation covering 24,460 acres, which, when completed, will be seamed with more than one hundred miles of macadamized roads and "battle avenues." Here and there are huge observation towers from which the sightseer may gaze upon the battlefield as it looked to the warriors on the hill crests a half-century ago.

Gettysburg is the most completely marked battleground in the world. More than 500 memorial shafts, statues and tablets, in addition to more than 1,000 markers, record the movements of regiments and divisions as they reached the field and mark their shifts to vantage points in the three days' battle which is unfolded before the tourist.

Look where we may—there are still visible marks of the great battle. Houses bear the scars of bullets and Minie balls. One old homestead proudly retains a big solid cannon shot imbedded in its brickwork just where it landed from a Confederate gun. Trees "with scarred and shattered trunks, gnarled limbs and twisted boughs bear silent evidence to the awful rain of shot and shell." Wherever we may go—whether in the Old World or the New World—there can be no hours more memorable in the lives of Americans than to spend at least one day at Gettysburg.

"For every wreath the victor wears
The vanquished half may claim;
And every monument declares
A common pride and fame.

"We raise no altar stones to Hate,
Who never bowed to fear;
No province crouches at your gate,
To shame our triumph here."

REYNOLDS FELL, WITH SOUL UNQUAKING

MCPHERSON'S WOODS AT GETTYSBURG — ILLUSTRATION FOR "THE PATRIOT'S ODE"

M[illegible] B[illegible], who preceded so many war scenes, is here gazing across the field toward the woods where Reynolds fell. A[illegible] [illegible] the morning July 1st, the brigade of the Confederate General Archer and the Federal "Iron Brigade," directed by [illegible], were both trying to secure control of this strip. Reynolds was on horseback in the edge of the woods, impatient for [illegible] so that he could make the advance. As he turned once to see how close they were, a Confederate sharpshooter [illegible] Archer fired a ball into the back of the head. He fell dead without a word. General Hunt says of him: "He had [illegible] and three days of hard fighting to close with a victory." To him may be applied in a wider sense Norton's happy eulogium on Roland: "No man died on that field with more glory than he, yet many died, and the[illegible] His [illegible] name is inseparably linked with the history of his country at a turning-point in its course.

The Battle of Gettysburg

Hour by Hour in Photographs and Text

THE ACTUAL SCENES of the Battle of Gettysburg now lie before us. Let us linger a moment and look at the campfires of the armies along the road leading to the battleground—the night before the battle. It is the last night in the month of roses—June, 1863. The two armies have fought their way through storm and sunshine, through forests and mountains, across rivers and ravines—until now they are bivouacked near the peaceful little village that was to become the shrine of American valor.

The three army corps of the Confederacy are sleeping on their arms, waiting for the order to march on to Gettysburg in the morning. Stationed twenty-five miles away to the northwest, at Chambersburg, is the First Corps under Longstreet. The Second Corps, under Ewell, is divided with Early's Division ten miles to the northeast, near Heidlersburg; Rodes' Division is bivouacked at the village of Heidlersburg ten miles distant, and Johnson's Division is resting in the vicinity of Fayetteville, twenty-one miles to the northwest. The Third Corps, under General A. P. Hill, is also divided; Anderson's Division is lying at Fayetteville, eighteen miles away; Pender's Division is near Cashtown, ten miles northwest; Heth's Division waits at Cashtown, ten miles northwest; and Pettigrew's brigade is on guard at Marsh Creek, a little more than three miles from Gettysburg; while twenty-one miles to the northwest, near Dover, the horses of Stuart's Cavalry are pawing the ground.

Now let us look at the Federal Army. It is stationed for the most part on the south of Gettysburg. The First Corps, under Doubleday, is waiting at Marsh Creek, 5½ miles south of the town. The Second Corps, under Hancock, is at Uniontown, twenty miles to the south. The Third Corps, under Sickles, is bivouacked at Bridgeport, twelve miles south. The Fifth Corps, under Sykes, is resting at Union Mills, sixteen miles to the southeast. The Sixth Corps, under Sedgwick, is at Manchester, thirty-four miles to the southeast. The Eleventh Corps, under Howard, is lying at Emmitsburg, ten miles to the south. The Twelfth Corps, under Slocum, is at Littlestown, ten miles to the southeast. Two brigades of the Cavalry Corps, under Buford (Gamble's and Devin's brigades) are on duty at Gettysburg, while the third brigade, under Merritt, is on guard at Mechanicstown, eighteen miles to the south. Fourteen miles to the east, at Hanover, stands Kilpatrick's Cavalry.

This is the spectacle that lies before our eyes as we wait for the dawn of the first day of July in 1863.

"O Soldier of our common land,
'Tis thine to bear that blade
Loose in the sheath, or firm in hand,
But ever unafraid.

"When foreign foes assail our right,
One nation trusts to thee
To wield it well in worthy fight—
The sword of Meade and Lee!"

Wounded at Gettysburg

HANCOCK — THE SUPERB

[illegible] ded at Gett[illegible]burg — Scott's [illegible] Winfield Scott Hancock — the [illegible] corps commander, Francis C. Barlow, who [illegible] ...ed the three — The other two are General John Gibbon and General Dr. D. B. Birney. About [illegible] ...ge [illegible] ...ion the bold charge that shook up Cemetery Hill to army, General Hancock. He had galloped [illegible] ...Army ...est of the ...ler Reynolds, his trusted lieutenant. Meade knew that only a man of vigor and [illegible] ...He ...ed for Hancock was one of the best all-round soldiers that the Army of the Poto- [illegible] ...He ...ained the shattered corps and chose the position to be held for the decisive struggle

First Day's Battle at Gettysburg

THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE at Gettysburg began in the early morning hours on Wednesday, the first day of July, in 1863. Mists overhung the valleys which were soon to become the battlefield. The sultry night gave forebodings of rain, but as the day approached the clouds passed away and the beautiful arena, sweet in the scent of flowers and fields, stretched before the two great armies. We will now follow these armies, hour by hour, through the three historic days that were to decide the destiny of a nation. The rapid movements of the fighting lines and the tenseness of these moments were such that the participants in the actions vary in their testimony. It is not strange that they disagree on the hours when we consider that their duties were of far greater purport than keeping an accurate account of time. It is probable that these pages present the first endeavor to record the Battle of Gettysburg in chronological form. This chronology has been prepared from the official reports of commanders in both armies. It is confined to the most critical movements, some of which it is necessary to approximate, as there are few official records of the time of the engagements of many of the regiments and divisions.

4:31 A.M.—Sunrise over the armies surrounding Gettysburg.

5:00 A.M.—First movement began toward the battleground at Gettysburg. Drums sounded in the camps of the armies. Heth's Division of Hill's Third Corps of the Confederacy, bivouacked at Cashtown, ten miles northwest from Gettysburg, fell into line and moved out on the Chambersburg pike. The steady tramp of the infantry could be heard along the roads to Gettysburg.

5:30 A.M.—First approach of vanguard of the Confederate Army sighted by Federal pickets who were stationed at Willoughby Run. All roads leading to Gettysburg from north and west were being guarded by outriders from Buford's Federal Cavalry, which held a commanding position over the low fields in the vicinity of the Chambersburg pike.

5:40 A.M.—First shots fired on the picket line at Gettysburg. A Federal vidette crossed Willoughby Run to discover the character of the approaching men. The advancing Confederates fired. The Federal picket retired across the Run, returning several shots from behind the abutments of the bridge.

6:00 A.M.—Warning of approach of the first Confederate column passed rapidly along the Federal lines at Gettysburg. Messengers from the picket posts brought the news into the camps. Buford's skirmish line tightened its position which covered practically every point of the enemy's approach.

6:30 A.M.—First skirmish lines are engaged in maneuvers.

8:00 A.M.—First soldier killed on the First Day of the Battle of Gettysburg. Cavalrymen of the 9th New York regiment (Federal) passed out along the Mummasburg road about 7:00 A.M. to the skirmish line on Oak Ridge and took position in rear of residence of J. Forney. The Confederates, greatly increased in numbers, were posted near the residence of N. Hoffman. In the skirmish Cyrus W. James, Co. G. of the 9th New York, fell as the first victim of the first day's battle. About this same time Perry Nichols, of Co. F, 9th New York, captured a Confederate, said to have been the first prisoner taken on the battleground of Gettysburg.

9:00 A.M.—Major-General John F. Reynolds (Federal) reached Gettysburg in advance of the First Corps. Buford and his troops were hard pressed. Reynolds sent urgent orders for Wadsworth's Division to hurry under cover of Seminary Ridge from the Emmitsburg road to the front.

9:30 A.M.—General Abner Doubleday, commander of the (Federal) Third Division of Reynolds' Corps, arrived in advance of his troops on the battlefield. He was ordered by Reynolds to guard the Fairfield road.

10:00 A.M.—Wadsworth's Division (Federal) dashed into the firing-line at about this hour and became immediately engaged in desperate battle to hold back the ever increasing host of Confederates.

10:30 A.M. First general killed at Gettysburg. About this time the battle was raging at McPherson's Woods. Archer's Confederate brigade of Heth's Division was driving back Gamble's cavalrymen of Buford's command. General Reynolds, entering the woods, was killed instantly. Meredith's "Iron Brigade" (Federal) charged the woods, capturing General Archer (Confederate) and more than a thousand of his troops.

11:00 A.M.—Divisions under Generals Robinson and Rowley, of the First Corps (Federal), took up positions on the battlefield. Thirteen brigades of A. P. Hill's Confederates troops now confronted the Federal battle-line.

11:30 A.M.—Major-General Oliver O. Howard arrived at Gettysburg, assuming command of the Federal troops on the field. Orders were hurried to the Eleventh Corps, now on its way to the front, to hasten their march. Slocum's Twelfth and Sickles' Third Corps were ordered on to the battleground.

NOON—Confederate troops were arriving constantly.

12:45 P.M.—Federal Eleventh Corps reached the battleground. Barlow's and Schimmelfennig's Divisions extended the battle-line. Steinwehr's Division took its post on Cemetery Hill as a rallying point.

1:00 P.M.—Buford's Cavalry (Federal) reported that Ewell's Second Corps (Confederate) was approaching rapidly by the Heidlersburg road. At this time General Hancock (Federal) stationed at Taneytown, received orders to hasten to the front and take command.

2:30 P.M.—General Rodes (Confederate) ordered a vicious attack upon the Federal troops then advancing to take post behind the stone walls in the field. The battle was now raging fiercely.

3:00 P.M.—General Winfield S. Hancock arrived at Gettysburg.

3:30 P.M.—Early's Confederate Division of Ewell's Corps joined the Confederate attack by Rodes.

THE FIRST DAY'S TOLL

[illegible]

McPHERSON'S WOODS

[illegible]

FEDERAL DEAD AT GETTYSBURG, JULY 1, 1863

All the way from McPherson's Woods back to Cemetery Hill lay the Federal soldiers, who had contested every foot of that retreat until nightfall. The Confederates were massing so rapidly from the west and north that there was scant time to bring off the wounded and none for attention to the dead. There on the field lay the shoes so much needed by the Confederates; and the grim task of gathering them began. The dead were stripped of arms, ammunition, caps and accoutrements as well—in fact, of everything that would be of the slightest use in enabling Lee's poorly equipped army to continue the internecine strife. It was one of war's awful expedients.

Chronology of First Day's Battle—Continued

4:00 P.M. General Hancock ascended Cemetery Hill at about this hour, where he soon was to see the retreat of the Federal Army.

4:40 P.M. General Howard, finding he could hold out no longer, sent orders to the First and Eleventh Federal Corps to fall back, gradually, disputing every inch of the way.

4:30 P.M. The Federal Corps fell back before the closely following Confederates. Passing through and around the town of Gettysburg, they took up their position on Cemetery Hill, about a half mile south of the town. The pursuing Confederates were here driven back by Wiedrich's Federal battery.

5:00 P.M. General Robert E. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces, stood with General Longstreet on Seminary Ridge watching the Federal troops gathering on Cemetery Hill.

5:30 P.M. The Federal troops were strongly situated for defense upon Culp's Hill, Ziegler's Grove, and Cemetery Hill.

7:00 P.M. Sickles' Third and Slocum's Twelfth Corps Federals were arriving on the battlefield. Slocum, being the senior in rank, took command of the battlefield. Hancock had returned to General Meade's headquarters at Taneytown to report the conditions at Gettysburg. At this hour nearly all the Confederate corps had arrived on the field, or were within the vicinity.

7:35 P.M. Sunset. The armies rested from their first day's battle at Gettysburg. Comparative silence reigned over the battleground, punctuated by infrequent skirmish fire. Throughout the night the flicker of the campfires could be seen in the hills.

THE PRICE OF VICTORY

THE MEN WHO "CAME TO STAY"

WHERE A SHELL DROPPED

you see those colors? Take them!" And the First Minnesota, in five minutes, captured the colors and stemmed the advance. Of the 262 officers and men who obeyed that order, half a hundred lay dead on the field and 174 others were wounded. The regiment's total mortality from that charge was 75, more than 82 per cent. of the number engaged—the highest known sheet of an Indian massacre. The Federals lost at Gettysburg 3,063 killed, 14,492 wounded, and 5,435 missing—Fox's figures.—The Confederate loss was 3,903 killed, 18,735 wounded, and 5,425 missing—Livermore's figures.—Total loss on both sides, 51,053.

NEAR THE BLOODY ANGLE

A Hero at Gettysburg

"WITH HIS LONG BROWN RIFLE" — JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG

A Landmark at Gettysburg

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"JOHN BURNS STOOD AT HIS COTTAGE DOOR"

These photographs present at his home the man of whom Harte wrote the half-humorous poem. According to common report, Burns was seventy years old when the battle was fought. In the war of 1812, though still a youth, he had been among the first to volunteer, and he took part in the battles of Plattsburg, Queenstown, and Lundy's Lane. In 1846 he again volunteered for service in the American armies, and served through the Mexican War. At the beginning of the Civil War he tried to enlist once more, but the officer told him that a man of sixty-seven was not acceptable for active service. He did, however, secure employment for a time as a teamster but was finally sent home to Gettysburg. To keep him contented his townsmen elected him constable of the then obscure village. He took his duties very seriously. When General Lee's troops entered the place in June, 1863, Burns asserted his authority in opposition to that of the Confederate provost-guard and was accordingly locked up. But no sooner had the troops left the town than he began to arrest the stragglers of the army. On July 1st, the first day of the battle of Gettysburg, the old man borrowed a rifle and ammunition from a Federal soldier who had been wounded, went west of the town to the point of heaviest fighting, and asked to be given a place in the line. The colonel of the Seventh Wisconsin handed him a long-range rifle and allowed him to join the other troops. There he fought like a veteran. When the Union forces were driven back by superior numbers, Burns fell into the hands of the Confederates and came very near being executed as an ununiformed combatant. Though wounded in three places, he recovered and lived here until his death in 1872.

WITH HIS WIFE AFTER THE BATTLE

"Slaughter Pen" at Gettysburg

LITTLE ROUND TOP—THE KEY TO GETTYSBURG

A "slaughter pen" at Gettysburg. On this rocky slope of Little Round Top, Longstreet's men fought [illegible] the bloody [illegible] second day's conflict, July 2, 1863. From boulder to boulder they wormed their [illegible] to find [illegible] soldier writhing for the hand to hand struggle which meant the death of one or [illegible] Across [illegible] little each rock and tree overspread a victim. The whole tangled and terrible field presented [illegible] more appalling appearance than does the picture, which was taken after the wounded were removed. Little Round Top had been left unprotected by the advance of General Sickles' Third Corps. The break in the Federal line was discovered by General Warren just in time. Hastily procuring a flag, with but two or three other officers to help him he planted it on the hill, which led the Confederates to believe the position heavily occupied and delayed Longstreet's advance long enough for troops to be rushed forward to meet it. The picture tells all too plainly at what sacrifice the height was finally held.

Second Day's Battle at Gettysburg

THE night preceding the Second Day's Battle at Gettysburg—Thursday, July 2, 1863—is one of the most momentous in the annals of the world's wars. The two mighty armies of citizen-soldiery stood face to face waiting for the dawn of day to renew the grim fight. Under the cover of darkness, both leaders shifted their corps until in the morning of the second day they stood in strategic array. The Federal right rested on and near Culp's Hill, the battle-line extending across Cemetery Hill and Ziegler's Grove to near Little Round Top, the left of the line. A single corps (the Third) stood along Emmitsburg road on an eminence. Another corps (the Fifth) was in reserve, while the Sixth, the only corps still absent, was marching swiftly to the front. The Confederate Army fronted the Federal right, its troops extending through the streets of Gettysburg to Seminary Ridge, along the ridge southward, and up to the base of Round Top.

12:30 A.M.—During the midnight hour the commanders of the two great armies were planning the movements of the second day. The Confederates had decided to force the fight at daybreak, while the Federals remained on the defensive.

1:00 A.M. Major-General George Gordon Meade, commander of the Army of the Potomac, arrived on the battleground and established his headquarters behind Cemetery Hill, on the west side of Taneytown road.

3:00 A.M. Just before the dawn, Sykes' Fifth Corps (Federal) was reported only four miles away on Hanover road, swiftly marching to the battleground where it would take position on Culp's Hill.

4:31 A.M. Sunrise on the battlefield at Gettysburg.

6:30 A.M. The movement of troops was now well under way. Geary's Division of the Federal Twelfth Corps marched from Little Round Top to Culp's Hill, taking position beside Wadsworth Division of the First Corps already posted there.

7:00 A.M. The battle-lines were forming silently. Hancock's Federal Second Corps arrived simultaneously with two divisions of Sykes' Fifth Corps.

9:00 A.M. Up to this hour not a single shot had been fired in the grim preparations for the Second Day's struggle. At this time the Confederate Reserve Artillery reached the battleground. Two Federal brigades, De Trobriand's and Burling's, of the Third Corps, also arrived on their march from Emmitsburg.

10:00 A.M. The Federal Artillery Reserve with its huge ammunition train arrived from Taneytown. The Federal troops on Culp's Hill had finished throwing up log breastworks. The entire Federal forces which were to engage in the Second Day's Battle, with the exception of Sedgwick's Corps, were on the battlefield, or in the vicinity.

11:00 A.M. The skirmishes of the Second Day's Battle began. General Lee ordered his right wing, under Longstreet, to attack the Federal left. The Confederates almost immediately took position near the Emmitsburg road.

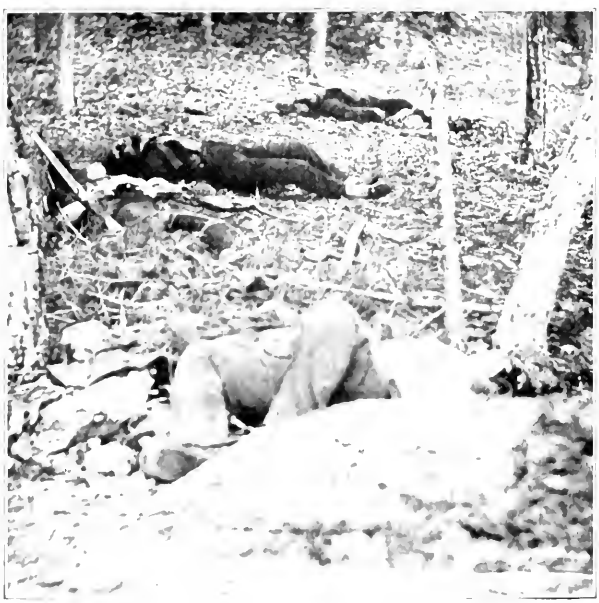
NOON. The skirmish lines of the armies were in conflict, but the great armies were still engaged in preparation for the mighty struggle.

2:00 P.M. General Lee gave instructions to his corps commanders as to the manner of attack. Longstreet was to turn the Federal left; Hill to strike the center of the line, and Ewell to assault the Federal right at Culp's Hill.

3:00 P.M. Ready for the impending attack, Kershaw's Confederate brigade, of Longstreet's First Corps, took position behind a stone wall along the Flaherty farm. Federal troops were stationed in the Peach Orchard, their battle-line extended to Little Round Top.

THE SCENE TO-DAY—EIGHT

THE BATTLE FIELD AMID THE TREES



THE WOODED SLOPE OF LITTLE ROUND TOP

...designated as ... to the crest, where Generals Weed and Hazlett soon fell together. Colonel Rice, of the Fortieth New York, now in command in place of Vincent, had repulsed the assaults on his right and center. There was a lull, during which the Confederates stole around from the woods and fell with fury on the left of the line. Here Chamberlain's regiment, the Twentieth Maine, rapidly swinging around the crest of the mountain to meet the attack, was forced over the crest. Rallying, they drove back the Confederates in their turn. Twice more the struggling men fought back and forth over the summit, strewing the slopes with the fallen. Then a brigade of the Pennsylvania reserves and one from the Fifth Corps dashed over the hill. Chamberlain's brave men who were left greeted the reinforcements with a shout, dashed forward in a final charge, and drove the Confederates through the valley between the Round Tops. The Twentieth Maine had lost a third of its men and spent its last round of ammunition.

Chronology of Second Day's Battle Continued

3:30 P.M.—The Second Day's Battle now raged in grim fury. Longstreet sent Hood's Division to [illegible] line of skirmishers, from South Seminary Ridge against Birney's Federal Division of Sickles' Third Corps. The [illegible] struggles at Devil's Den and in Plum Run Gorge were now being enacted. The bloody fights were also going on in the Wheat-field and the Peach Orchard. Carnage reigned along the Emmitsburg road, on Cemetery Ridge, and on the slopes of Little Round Top. Birney's Division and Humphrey's Division with full brigades of the Federal Army were sent to save the Army of the Potomac.

4:00 P.M.—Sedgwick's Sixth Corps, the largest of the Federal Army, reached the battleground, during Longstreet's attack, after a rapid night and day march from Manchester, thirty-four miles away.

4:30 P.M.—Major-General Warren was sent by Meade to inspect the works on Little Round Top. He found the post for flanking the Federal line unoccupied. The Confederates were advancing upon it. Warren sent for troops and the Fifth Corps arrived at the same moment with the Confederates. A fierce conflict ensued and lasted until dark.

5:00 P.M.—The battle raged. Longstreet and Hill's Confederates were attacking Round Top. Ewell's Confederates were bombarding Cemetery Hill. All along the line the assaults were sharp and determined.

6:00 P.M.—General Meade found his left wing threatened with defeat. The Twelfth Corps (Federal) was ordered to march from Culp's Hill to reenforce the line. Green's Third brigade of the Second Division of the Twelfth Corps (Federal) was left behind to hold the line on Culp's Hill in conjunction with Wadsworth's Division of the First Corps.

7:00 P.M.—A fierce attack was made against the weakened Federal line on Culp's Hill by Johnson's Confederate Division of Ewell's Corps, and continued three hours.

7:34 P.M.—Sunset—The battle continued into the night. At about the time Johnson's Confederates were attacking Culp's Hill, General Early sent his Confederate troops crashing against East Cemetery Hill.

9:30 P.M.—The guns boomed along the firing-line. A portion of the Confederate troops now occupied the log breastworks thrown up by the absent Twelfth Corps.

10:00 P.M.—The first regiments of the Federal Twelfth Corps were arriving at Culp's Hill to prepare to attack Johnson's troops in the morning.

11:30 P.M.—The entire Federal Twelfth Corps had arrived at Culp's Hill and were in battle-line awaiting the dawn of d[illegible]

SEMINARY RIDGE, BEYOND GETTYSBURG

Along this road the Federals retreated toward Cemetery Hill in the late afternoon of July 1st. The success of McPherson's Woods was but temporary, for the Confederates under Hill were coming up in overpowering numbers, and now Ewell's forces appeared from the north. The First Corps, under Doubleday, "broken and defeated but not dismayed," fell back, pausing now and again to fire a volley at

the pursuing Confederates. [illegible] the Eleventh Corps, which had been defeated [illegible] Cemetery Hill. Here a stand was made by the Federals, and additional Confederates [illegible] Ewell to follow them up, but Ewell [illegible] and lost time [illegible] decided upon a position. [illegible] fell with the Union [illegible] reinforced by the Twelfth Corps and part of the Fifth, to [illegible] near the whole of Lee's army.

THE CARNAGE OF BLOODY ANGLE

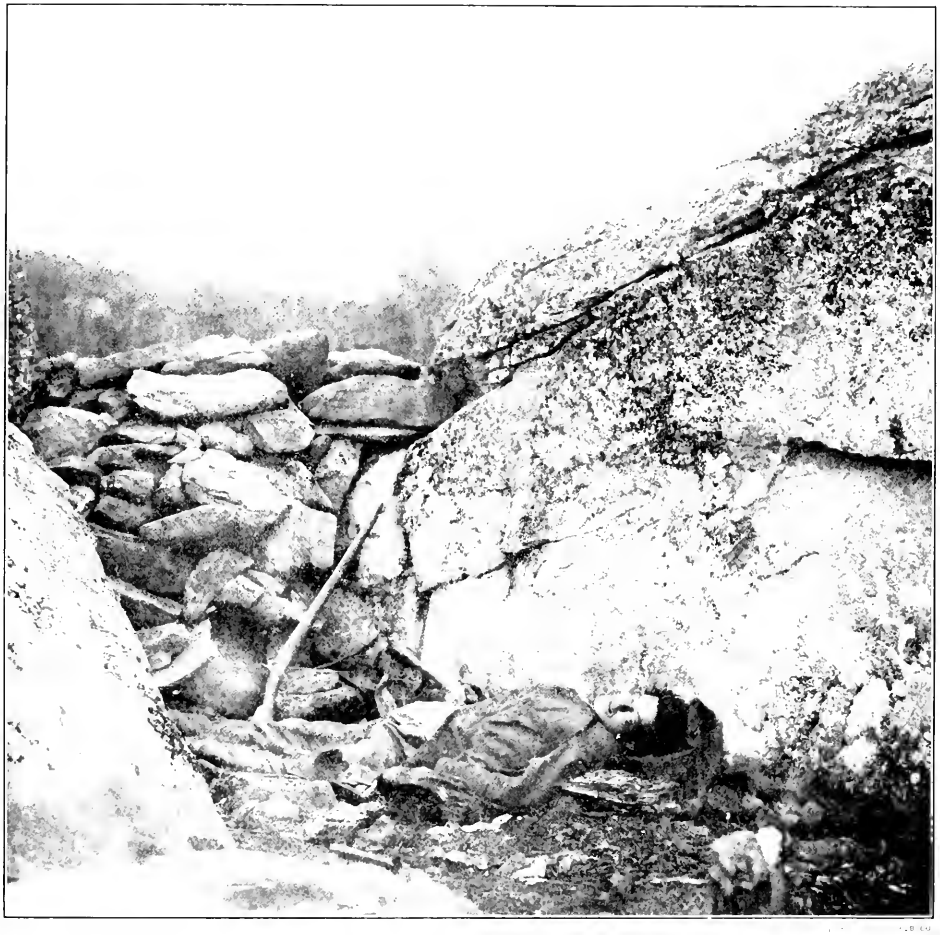
Trostle's House, Sickles' headquarters at the beginning of the second day. The house stood some distance back from the Emmitsburg road, overlooking the Peach Orchard, from which the Confederates finally drove the sturdy men of the Third Corps. Whether or not it was a tactical error for Sickles to post his command along the road so far in advance of the line is a subject of discussion. The result cost many lives, and nearly lost to the Federals the key to their position. Back from the Peach Orchard Sickles' men were driven, past Trostle's House, where Bigelow's Ninth Massachusetts battery made its glorious stand, and near which Sickles himself lost his leg. All the way back to Round Top the ground was strewn with dead.

A SAD SIGHT FOR THE CAVALRYMAN

This pitiful scene after the battle of Gettysburg illustrates the losses of mounts after each engagement, which told heaviest on the Southern cavalry. Up to the next winter, 1863-4, it was well organized and had proved its efficiency on many fields. But from that period its weakness increased rapidly. The sources of supplies of both men and horses had been exhausted simultaneously; many of the best and bravest of men and officers had fallen in battle. From then onward it was a struggle for bare existence, until at Appomattox the large-hearted Lee pointed out to Grant that the only mounts left to the Confederacy were those that his men were actually riding. Be it recorded to the Northern general's credit that he gave immediate instructions that every Confederate who owned his horse should be allowed to take it home for plowing and putting in his crop. This photograph shows staff officers' horses killed at Gettysburg.

IN THE DEVIL'S DEN

[illegible] stone hill, about five hundred yards due west of Little Round Top and one hundred feet lower [illegible] named by the country folk "the Devil's Den." When the position fell into the hands of the Confederates at the end of the second day's fighting, it became the stronghold of their sharpshooters, and well did it fulfill its name. It was a most dangerous post to occupy, since the Federal batteries on the Round Top were constantly shelling it in an effort to dislodge the hardy riflemen, many of whom met their fate at the crevices pictured. Their deadly work continued, however, and many a gallant officer of the Federals was picked off during the fighting on the afternoon of the second day. General Vincent was shot at the first [illegible] General Weed fell likewise, and as Lieutenant Hazlett bent over him to catch his last words, a bullet [illegible] lifeless on the body of his chief.



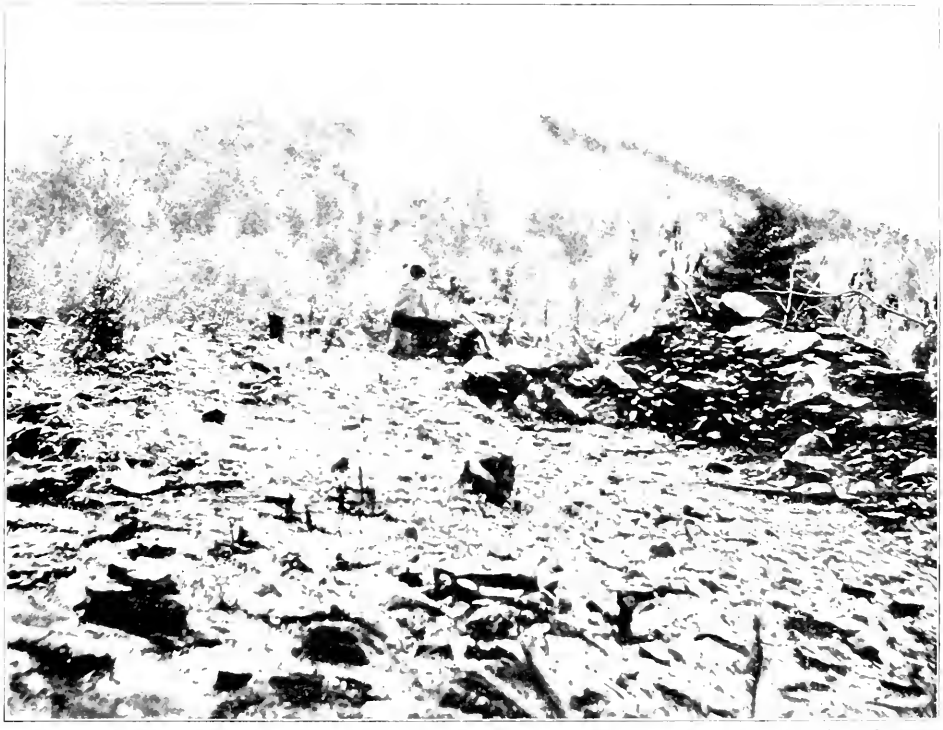
"BUT WHILE LIFE LASTS, TO FIGHT"

Such was the fate of many of the 5,000 and more Confederates of whom no returns were made after the fighting at Gettysburg. This young soldier was one of the sharpshooters posted in the "Devil's Den," the only position captured and held by the Confederates in the fighting at the Round Tops. In their lonely fastness these boys in gray sent many a swift messenger of death into the Federal lines that were fighting on the near-by crest. Then at last a Federal shell, bursting over this lad, wounded him in the head, but was not merciful enough to kill him outright. He was evidently able to spread his blanket and must have lain there alone for hours in his death agony. The photographer who took this picture, just after the battle in July, attended the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, in November, and again penetrated to this rocky spot. The musket, rusted by many storms, still leaned against the rock; the remains of the boy soldier lay undisturbed within the mouldering uniform. No burial party had found him. The only news that his loved ones got was the single word, "Missing." A tale like this is true for 5,000 more.

The Battle-Scarred Woods at Gettysburg

THE VERY TREES WERE STRIPPED AND BARE

The picture of Culp's Hill and the woods on Cemetery Ridge, over the scene of the fighting on the second day at Gettysburg. Culp's Hill was the scene of a contest on the second day, Ewell's attack on the right and left flanks of the Union army at the same time. Longstreet's attack on the left at Little Round Top, apparently a victory. Ewell's attack on the right at Culp's Hill, which was not made later in the afternoon, came near complete success. His commanding, the effects of which appear in the picture, were soon silenced, but the infantry forces that assaulted the positions on the extreme left were materially defenseless because the troops had been sent to reenforce the left. About sunset General Edward Johnson led this attack, which was repulsed by the thin but well fortified line under command of General George S. Greene. About nine o'clock Johnson walked into the undefended works of the extreme right. The next morning, he was soon driven out, but the Union peril had been great.



AFTER THE BATTLE—ROUND TOP, SOUTHERN END OF THE FEDERAL LINE

From these rocks of Round Top, as seen from Little Round Top, echoed the cannonading at Gettysburg, the heaviest ever heard on this continent, and seldom equaled anywhere. For two miles the Confederate line was planted thick with cannon. General Hancock's official account gives a clear notion of this part of the battle: "From 11 A.M. until 1 P.M. there was an ominous stillness. About 1 o'clock, apparently by a given signal, the enemy opened upon our front with the heaviest artillery fire I have ever known. Their guns were in position at an average distance of about 1,000 yards from my line, and ran in a semi-circle from the town of Gettysburg to a point opposite Round Top Mountain. Their number is variously estimated at from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and fifty-five. The air was filled with projectiles, there being scarcely a foot of ground but of several layers could rest at once. Nevertheless, our ground afforded much protection, and the plain in rear of the line of battle was soon swept of everything movable. The infantry troops maintained their position with great steadiness, covering themselves as best they might by the temporary but trifling defenses they had erected, and the accidents of the ground. Scarcely a struggle was seen, but all waited the cessation of the fierce cannonade. Unseen, it fell what it foreshadowed. The artillery of the corps, imperfectly supplied with ammunition, replied to the enemy most gallantly, maintaining the unequal contest as minute that reflected the highest honor on this arm."

ABNER DOUBLEDAY

DEFENDER OF CEMETERY RIDGE, THE SOUTHERN END OF MEADE'S LINE

Defenses at Gettysburg

"NOBLE MEN IN NUMBER RAIMENT FELL"

A CONFEDERATE SHARPSHOOTER KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

The [illegible] Gettysburg was no match for the 7,058 soldiers who fought the deadliest of American battles. The point of [illegible] Devil's Den, a rocky height rising sharply on the east and sloping gradually to the plain on the west. Its northern point was composed of huge rocks and boulders with numberless crevices and holes such as the one that yawns at the left of the picture. The whole region was covered with similar boulders, which afforded retreats for sharpshooters on both sides. Two hundred yards east and a hundred feet higher than Devil's Den was Little Round Top, the key to the entire Federal position, long Cemetery Ridge. Lee's [illegible] on the second day were to drive back the Federal forces on the plain near Devil's Den and secure Little Round Top and the whole [illegible] position. His troops formed in the woods, for cover, and in the open the troops on the plain. They were almost at Little Round Top before Gouverneur K. Warren discovered that a single signal man was there to defend the height. Only by tremendous exertions were reinforcements rushed to meet the attack. Longstreet's men however gained possession of Devil's Den. A multitude of sharpshooters [illegible] places in rocks, the boulders which no cannon could not be dislodged by artillery fire or by sharpshooting. [illegible] were [illegible] picking off the commanders on Little Round Top. At one time three were shot down in quick succession and [illegible] Confederates concealed in Devil's Den. When night fell soldiers in the scene the Confederates still held the "Den" and [illegible] at the foot of Little Round Top but many of the defenders were dead or dying. And yet another day of carnage was to come.

MEN WHO HELD LITTLE ROUND TOP

When General Warren discovered the defenseless condition of Little Round Top, he spied the division of Brigadier-General James Barnes marching to the relief of their comrades fighting along the Emmitsburg road. Warren, on his own responsibility, rode over to General Barnes and detached Vincent's brigade, hurrying it back to guard Little Round Top. It was not long before the men of the Forty-fourth New York were engaged in a fierce hand-to-hand combat with the determined Confederates of Hood, worming their way from tree to tree and boulder to boulder, in a running fight up the slope. The men of the Forty-fourth New York were among the finest in the service; they were enlisted from every county in their native State, and were selected in accordance with strict requirements as to fitness. The average age of the regiment was twenty-two; its heaviest battle loss (one hundred and eleven) occurred in the defense of Little Round Top at Gettysburg. The ground seemed impregnable, but the Southerners, rushing on from their victory at "the bloody angle," climbed the slopes in such a desperate onslaught that the Federals, not having time to load, advanced to repel the attack with the bayonet. The hillside after the battle was literally strewn with the dead and wounded. To the prompt and brave work of Vincent's brigade, in which fought the Forty-fourth New York, was due, in part, the fact that Little Round Top was not taken in that first assault. The repulse of the Confederates gave the Federals time to bring up a battery and strengthen the position against the repeated charges of the afternoon.

WHERE THE SECOND DAY'S ATTACK ENDED

THE UNGUARDED LINK

Little Round Top, the Key to the Federal left at Gettysburg, which they all but lost on the second day — was the scene of hand to hand fighting rarely equaled since long range weapons were invented. Twice the Confederate — in fierce conflict fought their way near to this summit, but were repulsed. Had they gained it, they could have planted artillery which would have enfiladed the left of Meade's line, and Gettysburg might have been turned into an overwhelming defeat. Beginning at the right, the Federal line — hooked in the form of a fish hook, with the barb resting on Culp's Hill, the center at the bend in the hook on Cemetery Hill, and the left — consisting of General Sickles' Third Corps forming the shank to the southward — at the Round Top. On his own responsibility Sickles had advanced a portion of his line, — even Little Round Top unprotected. Upon this advanced line of Sickles, at the Peach Orchard on the Emmitsburg road, the Confederates fell in an effort to turn what they supposed to be Meade's left flank. Only the promptness of General Warren, who discovered the gap and remedied it in time, saved the key.

Third Day's Battle at Gettysburg

THE future of the republic was swaying in the scales of war during the night hours approaching the Third Day's Battle at Gettysburg—Friday, July 3, 1863. Intense excitement prevailed throughout the nation. The two armies stood like gladiators. Throughout the long hours of bloody conflict neither had gained any great advantage. The armies held virtually the same positions during the second night that they had on the previous morning. The Federal line stretched like a gigantic fishhook from Round Top to Culp's Hill to the south of the town of Gettysburg. The Confederate lines were almost parallel, extending from Seminary Ridge through the village of Gettysburg to the road at the base of Round Top. The scales of war might swing at any hour either to the North or to the South. The crisis had been reached. What was the morning to bring forth?

3:30 A.M.—Before daybreak, Johnson was forming his Confederate troops at Culp's Hill to complete what he confidently believed was to be his victory.

4:00 A.M.—In the early dawn the batteries of the Federal Twelfth Corps opened a furious fire upon the Confederates on Culp's Hill.

4:32 A.M. Sunrise—Both armies, impatient to strike a decisive blow, were in battle-line. The guns boomed along the hills.

6.00 A.M. The Federal Twelfth Corps was fighting desperately to regain its old entrenchments on Culp's Hill which were being tenaciously held by Johnson's Confederates.

8:00 A.M. The death grapple on Culp's Hill was proving one of the most heroic in the annals of warfare.

9:00 A.M. The ground on Culp's Hill was covered with dead and wounded. The roll of the musketry was the most severe in the battle. The troops were engaged in hand-to-hand conflict.

10.00 A.M. Longstreet was instructed to form his Pickett's Division for its famous charge.

10:25 A.M. Johnson formed his Confederate troops for the last assault on the Twelfth Corps. The terrible Federal fire repulsed his gallant soldiery and drove them across Rock Creek, losing 500 men as prisoners and three stands of colors.

11.00 A.M. The Federal Twelfth Corps occupied the breastworks on Culp's Hill, which were evacuated by Johnson's Confederate troops.

NOON. The crisis seemed to have been reached. Both armies were preparing for a terrific bombardment. The battle was swinging to the Federals, but the Confederates were making an heroic fight.

1:00 P.M. One hundred and thirty-eight Confederate cannon opened fire, beginning the most terrific artillery duel ever witnessed.

1:15 P.M. The Federal cannon (58 guns) suddenly broke forth with a deafening roar. The cannonade of both sides continued for nearly two hours. Battery after battery joined in the uproar until the full artillery of nearly 200 Federal guns were in action.

2:00 P.M. Cavalry battle between Gregg's Federals and Stuart's Confederates. The horsemen met in heroic conflict about three miles east of Gettysburg.

2:30 P.M. The Federal artillery bombardment gradually slackened, to allow the heated cannon to cool.

2:45 P.M. The fire of the Confederate artillery slackened.

3:00 P.M. Pickett's famous charge to save the Confederacy. The moment of decision had come. From the woods in front of the Federal lines appeared the magnificent columns of Pickett's and Pettigrew's Divisions of Confederate warriors on their historic charge upon the Federal center. With measured tread the men in gray moved toward the angle in the stone wall, which today bears the significant name of "Bloody Angle."

THE FATEFUL FIELD

No picture has ever been painted to equal this panorama of the very center of the ground over which surged the struggling troops 'mid shot and shell during the thickest of the fighting at Gettysburg. The camera was planted on Little Round Top, and through its eye we look northward over the valley toward and beyond the little town of Gettysburg. Across the plain in the middle distance, over the Federal breastworks near the crest, and up to the very muzzles of the guns on Cemetery Ridge which were belching forth grape and canister, swept the men in gray under General Pickett in the last brave but unsuccessful assault that left Meade in possession of the field on Independence Day, 1863. The daring gallantry, utter coolness, and grim determination with which that charge was made have rarely been paralleled in history. The spirit of complete devotion to the conviction which prompted Pickett and his men is one of the most precious heritages of a united nation.

Chronology of Third Day's Battle—Continued

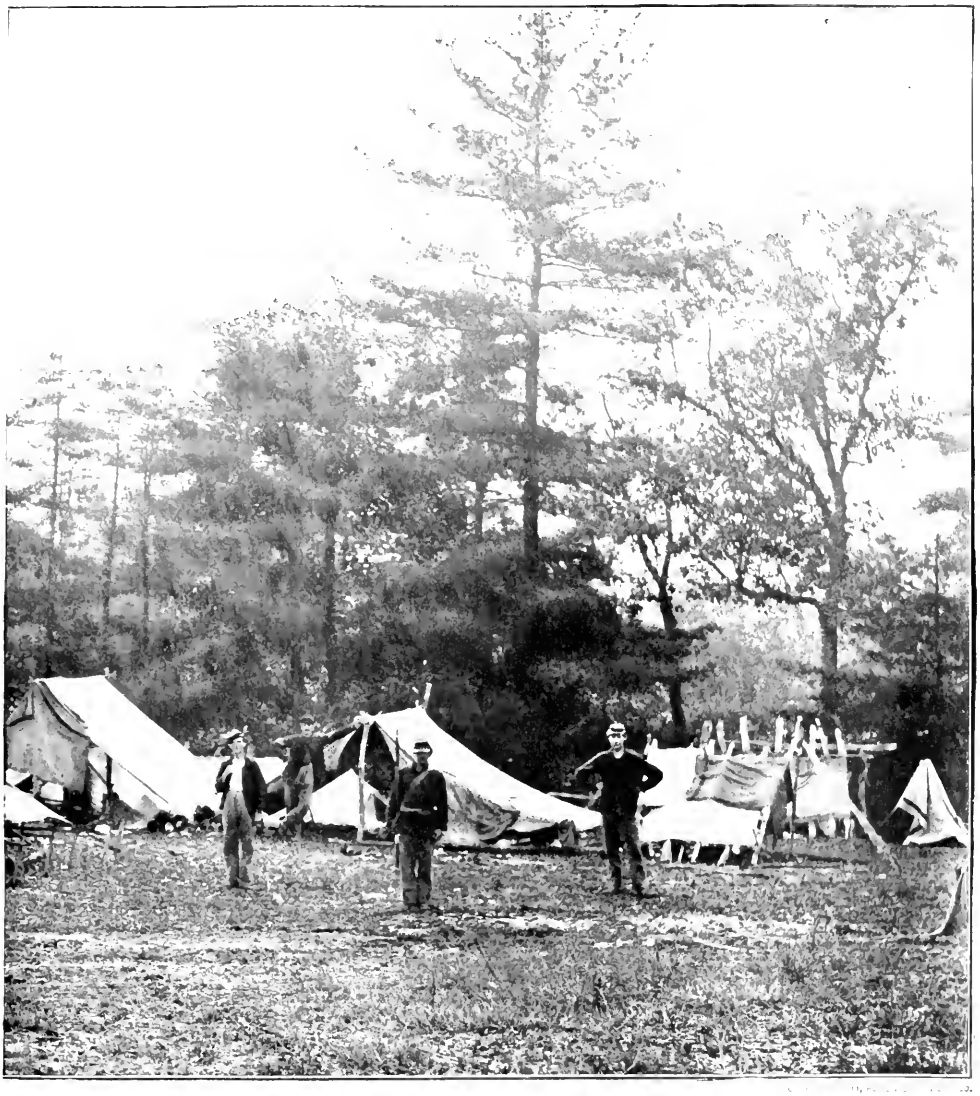
3.15 P.M. Seventy-one Federal cannon belched forth their shot and shell, tearing Pickett's columns into shreds. Quickly the lines filled up their gaps and marched on until they stood within 150 yards of the Federal line. A gallant charge carried Pickett's men over the Federal rifle pits only to meet a devastating blast from the rifle and cannon. The grim survivors were swept back by the furious fire. Out of 4,800 men not more than a thousand returned. Out of nineteen officers only Pickett and a lieutenant-colonel remained unharmed.

4.00 P.M. The end of the struggle had come. The Federal Army held the field. Along the roads lay the dead and the wounded. Cavalry horses were strewn over the field. Here and there the scattered lines met in fitful struggle.

7.34 P.M. Sunset. The two armies lay upon their arms. The battle was over. On the following morning the Confederate Army under General Lee began its historic retreat back to Virginia.

TIDBALL'S ARTILLERY THAT FOUGHT AT GETTYSBURG

A FEW OF THE WOUNDED AT GETTYSBURG



SECOND CORPS HOSPITAL, UNION CENTER, NEAR MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS

fact from personal investigation. During the Civil War, the number of battle casualties steadily increased, until in the year 1864 there were no less than 2,000 battles, actions, and skirmishes officially reported, and during the second quarter of that year more than 80,000 wounded were received in the Washington hospitals alone, while the total number of such admitted to all the hospitals during the same period exceeded 80,000. For the war period, May 1, 1861, to June 30, 1865, the cases admitted to hospitals for all surgical causes amounted to 408,072, with 37,531 deaths. Of this great number 235,585 were gunshot wounds, with 33,055 deaths. This gives a case-mortality among the wounded able to secure surgeon's care of 14.2 per cent—a terrible toll of the nation's young men.

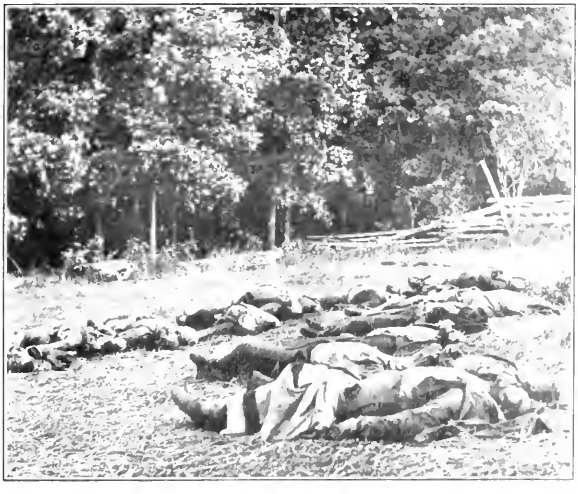
An Appeal for Peace at Gettysburg

THE ONES WHO NEVER CAME BACK

These are some of the men for whom waiting women wept — the ones who never came back. They belonged to Ewell's Corps, who attacked the Federal lines so gallantly on May 18th. There may be some who will turn from this picture with a shudder of horror, but it is no morbid curiosity that will cause them to study it closely. If pictures such as this were familiar everywhere there would soon be an end of war. We can realize money by seeing it expressed in figures, we can realize distances by miles, but some things in their true meaning can only be grasped and impressions formed with the seeing eye. Visualizing only this small item of the awful cost — the cost beside which money cuts no figure — an idea can be gained of what war is. Here is a sermon in the cause of universal peace. The handsome lad lying with outstretched arms and clinched fingers is a mute plea. Death has not disfigured him: he lies in an attitude of relaxation and composure. Perhaps in some Southern home this same face is pictured in the old family album, bright and full of life and hope, and here is the end. Does there not come to the mind the insistent question, Why?" The Federal soldiers standing in the picture are not thinking of all this, it may be true, but had they much feeling — the way that some may, as they gaze at this record of death, it would be worth their while. One of the men is apparently holding a sprig of blossoms in his hand. It is a strange note here.

MUTE PLEADERS IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE

There was little time that could be employed by either side in caring for those who fell upon the fields of the almost uninterrupted fighting at Gettysburg. On the morning of the 4th, when Lee began to abandon his position on Seminary Ridge, opposite the Federal right, both sides sent forth ambulance and burial details to remove the wounded and bury the dead in the torrential rain then falling. Under cover of the hazy atmosphere, Lee was get-



MEN OF THE IRON BRIGADE

ting his whole army in readiness for retreat. Meade, in unfinished shallow graves like the one above, had to be left by the Confederates. In this low country some rested the Union fourth Michigan infantry are lying dead on the field at right. This regiment, one of the units of the Iron Brigade, lost more than two-thirds of its men killed or wounded in the battle. [illegible]

THE MAN WHO HELD THE CENTER

Headquarters of Brigadier-General Alexander S. Webb. It devolved upon the man pictured here—booted and in full uniform, before his headquarters tent to the left of the picture—to meet the shock of Pickett's great charge. In command of three Pennsylvania regiments—the Seventy-First, Seventy-Second, and One Hundred and Sixth—of Hancock's Second Corps, Webb was equal to the emergency. Stirred to great deeds by the example of a patriotic ancestry, he felt that upon his holding his position depended the outcome of the day. His front had been the focus of the Confederate artillery fire. Batteries to right and left of his line were practically silenced. Young Lieutenant Cushing, mortally wounded, fired the last serviceable gun and fell dead as Pickett's men came on. Wheeler's First New York Battery dashed up to take Cushing's place and was captured by the men of Armistead. Webb at the head of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania fought back the on rush, posting a line of slightly wounded in his rear. Webb himself fell wounded but his command checked the assault till Hall's brilliant charge turned the tide at this point.

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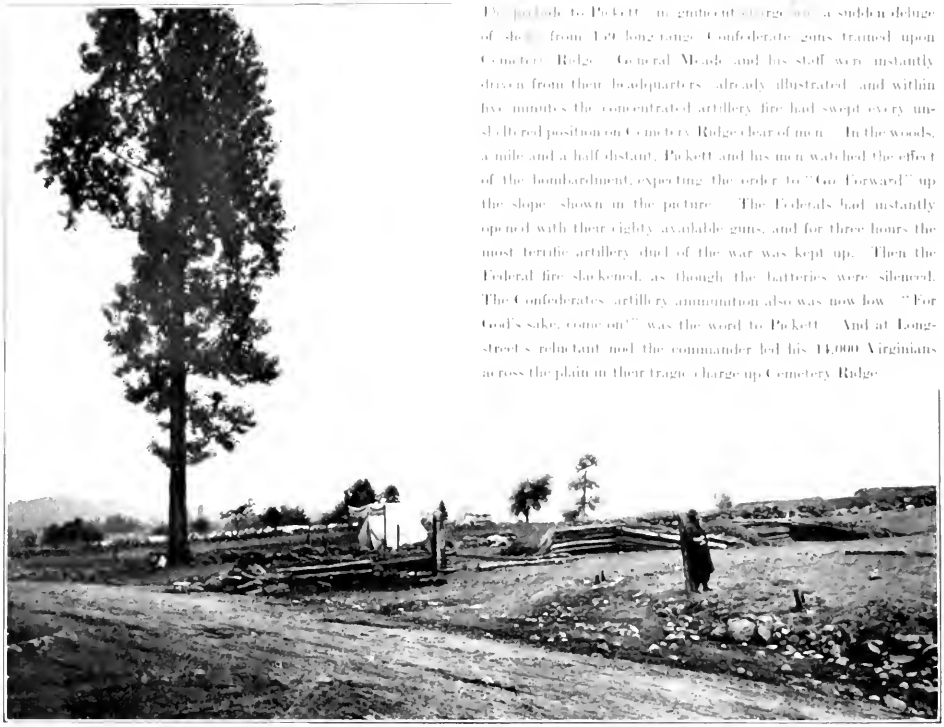
HORSES KILLED IN BATTLE—A SERIOUS LOSS

The number of horses killed in battle was, after all, but a small fraction of those destroyed by exhaustion, starvation, and disease during the Civil War. When Lee's army marched into Pennsylvania he had issued stringent orders against plundering. The orders were almost implicitly obeyed except when it came to the question of horses. The quartermasters, especially of artillery battalions, could seldom report their commands completely equipped. The Confederacy had no great cavalry depots like Gieshoro, or those at St. Louis or Greenville in Louisiana. When a mount was exhausted he had to be replaced. Some of the farmers actually concealed their horses in their own houses, but a horseless trooper was a veritable sleuth in running down a horse, whether concealed in the parlor or in the attic. The Confederates offered to pay for the horses, but in Confederate currency. The owners occasionally accepted it on the principle that it was "better than nothing." The animals thus impressed in Pennsylvania were for the most part great, clumsy, flabby Percherons and Conestogas, which required more than twice the feed of the compact, hard-muscled little Virginia horses. It was pitiable to see these great brutes suffer when they were compelled to dash off at full gallop with a field-piece after pasturing on dry broom-sedge and eating a quarter of a feed of weevil-infested corn.

A CAVALRY HORSE PICKETED
AT THE EVENING BIVOUAC

A Shrine of Valor at Gettysburg

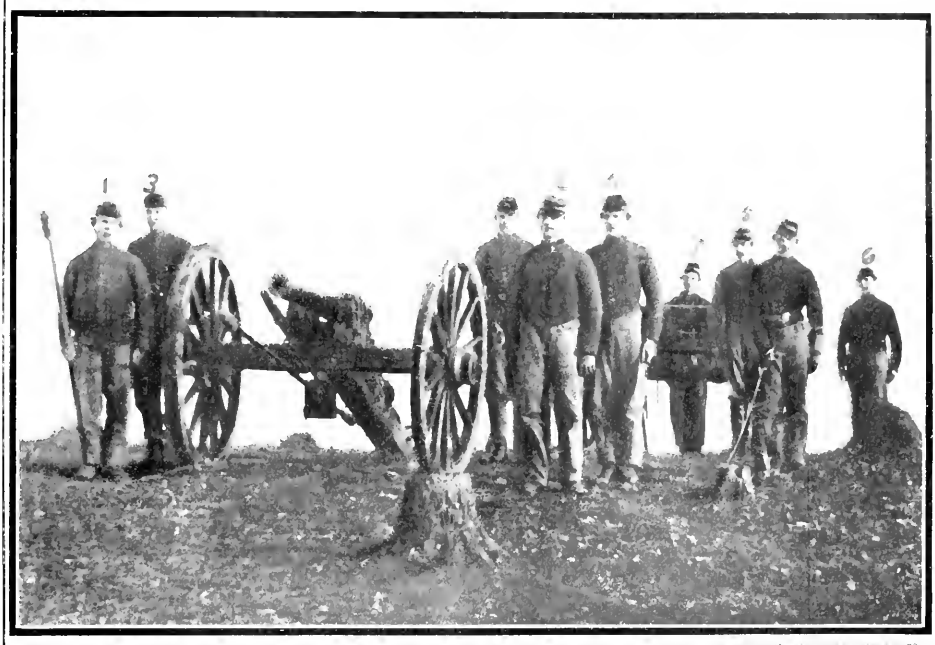


WHERE PICKETT CHARGED

Preparatory to Pickett's magnificent charge came a sudden deluge of shells from 150 long-range Confederate guns trained upon Cemetery Ridge. General Meade and his staff were instantly driven from their headquarters (already illustrated) and within two minutes the concentrated artillery fire had swept every unsheltered position on Cemetery Ridge clear of men. In the woods, a mile and a half distant, Pickett and his men watched the effect of the bombardment, expecting the order to "Go Forward" up the slope shown in the picture. The Federals had instantly opened with their eighty available guns, and for three hours the most terrific artillery duel of the war was kept up. Then the Federal fire slackened, as though the batteries were silenced. The Confederates' artillery ammunition also was now low. "For God's sake, come on!" was the word to Pickett. And at Longstreet's reluctant nod the commander led his 14,000 Virginians across the plain in their tragic charge up Cemetery Ridge.

In the historic charge was Armistead, who achieved a momentary victory and met glorious death. On across the Emmitsburg road came Pickett's dauntless brigades, coolly closing up the fearful chasms torn in their ranks by the canister. Up to the fence held by Hays' brigade dashed the first gray line, only to be swept into confusion by a crossfire of withering fire. Then the brigades of Armistead and Garnett moved forward and drove Hays' brigade back through the batteries on the crest. Despite the death-dealing bolts on all sides Pickett determined to capture the guns, and at the order Armistead, leaping the fence and waving his cap on his sword-point, rushed forward, followed by about a hundred of his men. Up to the very muzzles they fought the Federals back, and Armistead, shouting, "Give them the cold steel, boys!" mounted one of the guns. For a moment the Confederate flag waved triumphantly over the Federal battery. For a brief interval the fight raged fiercely around the guns. Armistead was shot down beside the gun he had taken, and his men were driven back. Pickett, as he looked around the top of the ridge he had gained, could see his men falling all about with clubbed muskets and even flagstaffs against the troops that were rushing in upon them from all sides. Flesh and blood could not stand the fearful odds, and with a heart full of anguish Pickett ordered a retreat. The despairing Longstreet, watching from Seminary Ridge, saw through the smoke the shattered remnants drift sullenly down the slope and knew that Pickett's glorious but costly charge was ended.

GENERAL L. A. ARMISTEAD, C.S.A.

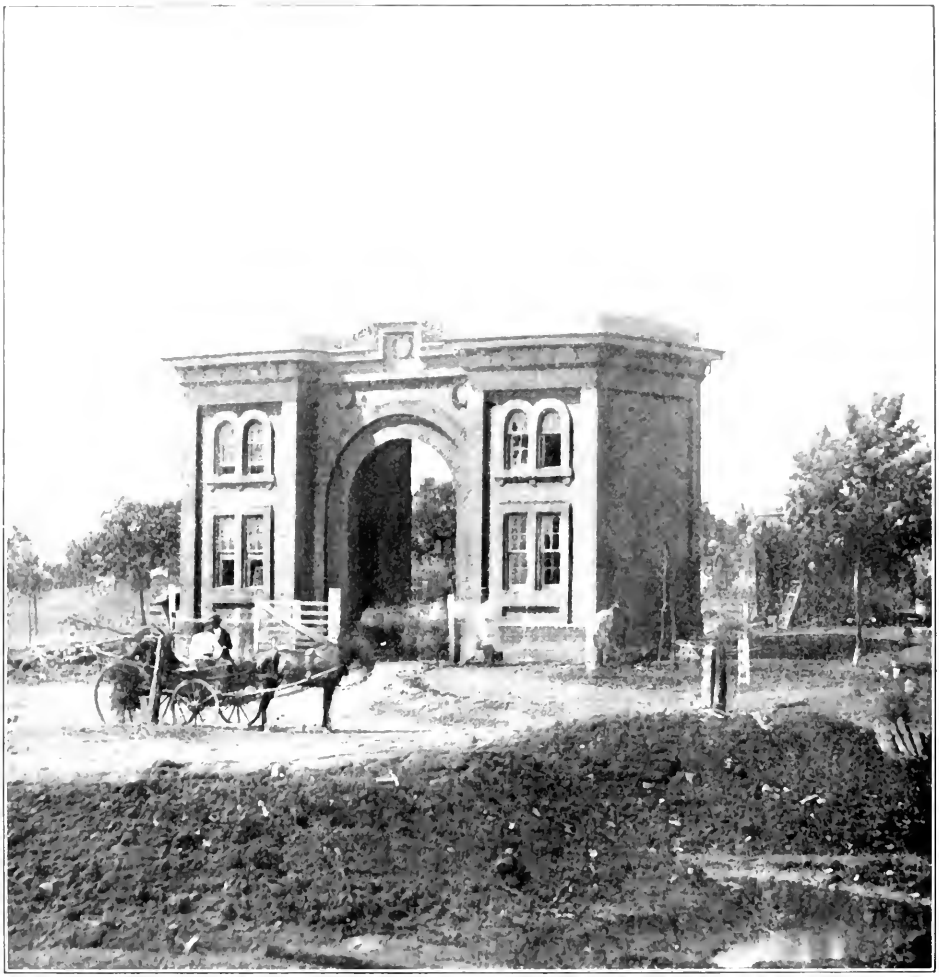


A GUN AND GUNNERS THAT REPULSED PICKETT'S CHARGE

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TREASURED NEARLY HALF A CENTURY BY THE CAPTAIN OF THIS BATTERY

This photograph of a gun and cannoneers that helped to check Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was preserved for nearly fifty years by Andrew Cowan, captain of the battery containing this gun. From that bloody angle on Cemetery Ridge his life was spared, although the commanders of the batteries to right and left of him, Lieutenant Alonzo H. Cushing and Captain James Rorty, both were killed. At the very height of the action, General Henry J. Hunt, chief of artillery of the army, rode into the battery and fired his revolver at the oncoming gray line, exclaiming: "See 'em! See 'em! See 'em!" A moment later, Cowan ordered his guns to cease firing, for fear of injuring the men of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania at the wall in their front. The Sixty-ninth suddenly swung to the right, leaving the guns uncovered. The Confederates came rushing on from behind a slight elevation, covered with bushes and rocks, where they had crouched. A Confederate officer shouted, "Take the guns!" They were double-loaded, with canister. Some of the brave assailants were within 10 yards of the muzzles when Captain Cowan shouted, "Fire!" Two hundred and twenty chunks of lead burst from the muzzles of each of the five guns. Before the deadly storm, the line in gray withered and was no more. "We buried that officer with honor," wrote Captain Cowan, to whom readers are indebted for both the photograph and this account. "I returned his sword to survivors of Pickett's division on the same ground, twenty-five years afterward." At Cedar Creek, six months after this photograph, Sergeant William E. Uhlster (A) was crippled and Corporal Henry J. Tucker (B) was killed.

Last Stand at the Battle of Gettysburg



THE HEIGHT OF THE BATTLE HERE

Near the entrance to the local cemetery of Gettysburg there stood during the battle this sign: "All persons found using firearms in these grounds [illegible] will be punished with the utmost rigor of the Law." Many a soldier must have smiled grimly at these words, for this gateway became the focus of the Federal line, the very center of the cruelest use of firearms yet seen on this continent. On the first day Reynolds [illegible] the [illegible] Cemetery Hill in case of retreat. Howard posted his reserves there, and Hancock greatly strengthened the position. One hundred and fifty Confederate guns were turned against it that last afternoon. In five minutes every man of the Federals had been [illegible]. For an hour and a half the shells fell fast, dealing death and laying waste the summer verdure of the little grove. [illegible] the very guns of the Federals on Cemetery Hill, Pickett led his devoted troops. At night of the 3d [illegible] the battle was lost. On this cemetery, where thousands were buried, was dedicated the soldiers' National Cemetery.

TELEGRAPHERS AFTER GETTYSBURG

The efficient-looking man leaning against the tent-pole in the rear is A. H. Caldwell, chief cipher operator for McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, and Grant. To him, just at the time this photograph was made, Lincoln addressed the famous despatch sent to Simon Cameron at Gettysburg. After being deciphered by Caldwell and delivered, the message ran: "I would give much to be relieved of the impression that Meade, Couch, Smith, and all, since the battle of Gettysburg, have striven only to get the enemy over the river without another fight. Please tell me if you know who was the one corps commander who was for fighting, in the council of war on Sunday night." It was customary for cipher messages to be addressed to and signed by the cipher operators. All of the group are mere boys, yet they coolly kept open their telegraph lines, sending important orders, while under fire and amid the utmost confusion

A War Horse in the Battle of Gettysburg

MEADE'S BATTLE SCARRED MOUNT THREE MONTHS AFTER GETTYSBURG

"Baldy" was the horse that carried General George G. Meade from September, 1861, to the end of the war, except when "absent on sick leave." His war record is remarkable for the number of wounds from which he recovered, reporting for duty each time he was convalescent. He was wounded twice at the first battle of Bull Run, before he came into General Meade's possession. Left on the field for dead at Antietam, he was later discovered quietly grazing, with a deep wound in his neck. Again, at Gettysburg, a bullet lodged between his ribs and rendered him unable to carry his owner again until after Appomattox. "Baldy" was a bright bay horse, with white face and feet. This bullet scarred veteran followed General Meade's hearse to his last resting place in 1872, and survived him by a decade. The photograph was taken in October, 1863.

Cost of the Battle of Gettysburg

THE TRAGEDY of the Battle of Gettysburg is almost beyond human comprehension. In these pages not only the pomp and glamour of war is faithfully pictured, but the veil is lifted and the visage of war is revealed in all its hideous truth. The ashen faces of the dead on the blood-stained field tell their own story—and yet it is but a glimpse of the real tragedy. When the last roll was called on the battleground of Gettysburg nearly 50,000 brave men failed to answer. Dead, wounded and missing—their silence revealed the actuality of war. The dead bodies of nearly 8,000 soldiers had crimsoned the sod. The blood from nearly 25,000 wounded had drenched the field. More than 17,000 soldiers had fallen prisoners of war. The lifeless forms of 5,000 horses lay on the deserted battleground. Nearly 28,000 muskets were picked up in the wake of the armies.

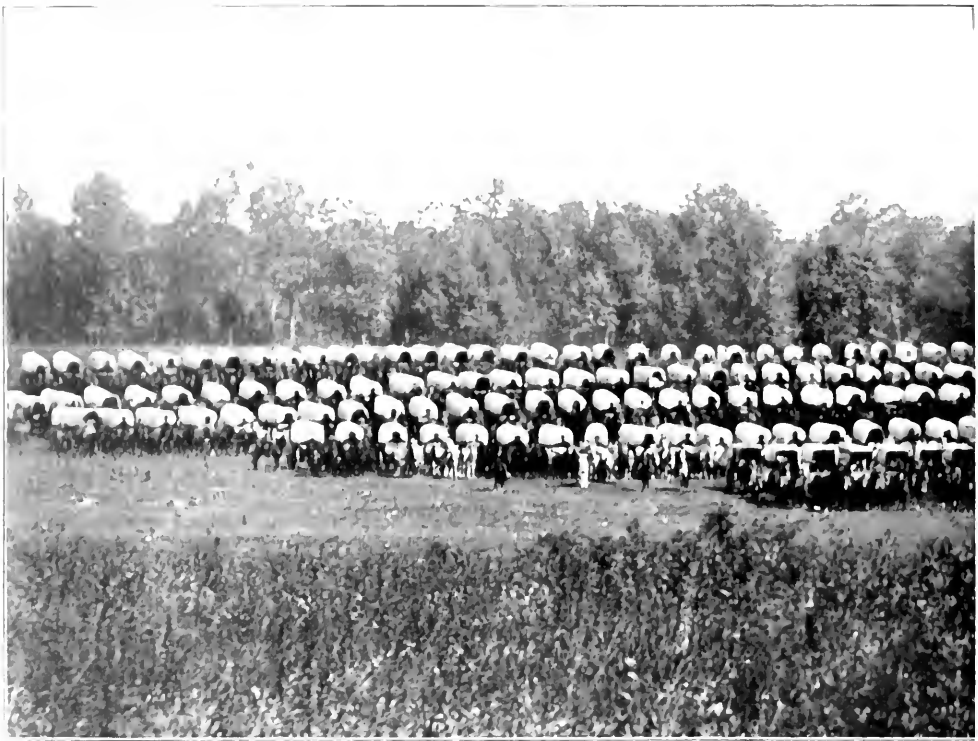
Gettysburg had become a house of death. Through the village streets could be heard the groans of the suffering. Every church and schoolhouse and public building was turned into a hospital. In many regiments of Longstreet's and Hill's corps every regimental officer and nearly every company officer was killed or wounded. The famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava lives in song and story, but its losses of 36.7 per cent of its soldiers were the common experience of many regiments on the field of Gettysburg. In the First Minnesota regiment at Gettysburg 82 per cent of its men fell in the battle; the 141st Pennsylvania Regiment lost 75.7 per cent. The 26th North Carolina went into Gettysburg with nearly 800 men; it returned with less than 100 uninjured. In one company every officer and man was struck and even the orderly that made out the list did it with a bullet in his leg. The "Iron Brigade" of Reynolds' Corps entered the battle with 1,883 men and lost 1,212. Stone's "Bucktail" brigade went into battle with less than 1,200 and lost 852.

The official documents briefly record these figures: Federal officers killed, 246; wounded, 1,145; captured or missing, 183. Enlisted men killed, 2,909; wounded, 13,384; captured or missing, 5 182; total losses, 23,049.

The Confederate records are incomplete but their most authoritative sources give these estimates: killed, 2,592; wounded, 12,706; captured or missing, 5,150; total losses, 20,448. These figures are materially increased by other statisticians.

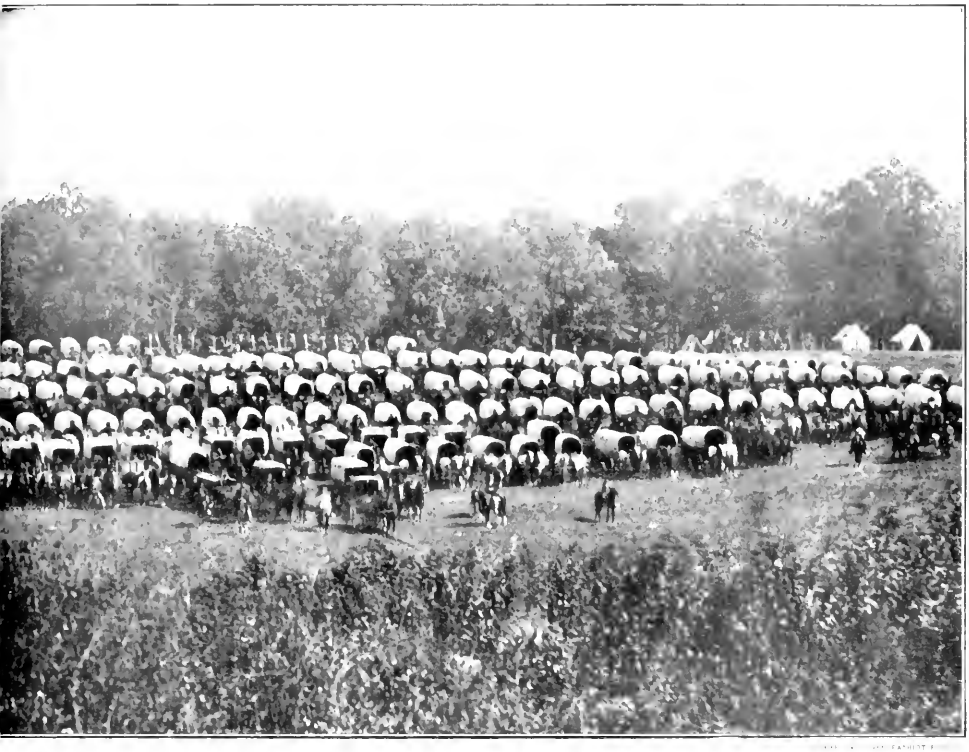
The Federal losses by states at Gettysburg show New York heading the list with 6,746; Pennsylvania second with 5,891; then follow Massachusetts with 1,537; U. S. Regulars with 1,374; Ohio with 1,271; Michigan, 1,141; Maine, 1,027; Wisconsin, 806; New Jersey, 634; Indiana, 552; Vermont, 415; New Hampshire, 368; Connecticut, 340; Minnesota, 224; Delaware, 161; Illinois, 139; Maryland, 140; Rhode Island, 97; U. S. Volunteers, 92; West Virginia, 67; Staff, 56; Ambulance Corps, 1; total, 23,049.

The cost of Gettysburg is computed at much larger figures by several historians, but the general decision seems to be that the losses of the two armies were about equal and that they reach the appalling figure of 50,000 men. As an appropriate closing to this chapter a few photographs are here shown that were taken along the lines of Lee's retreat.



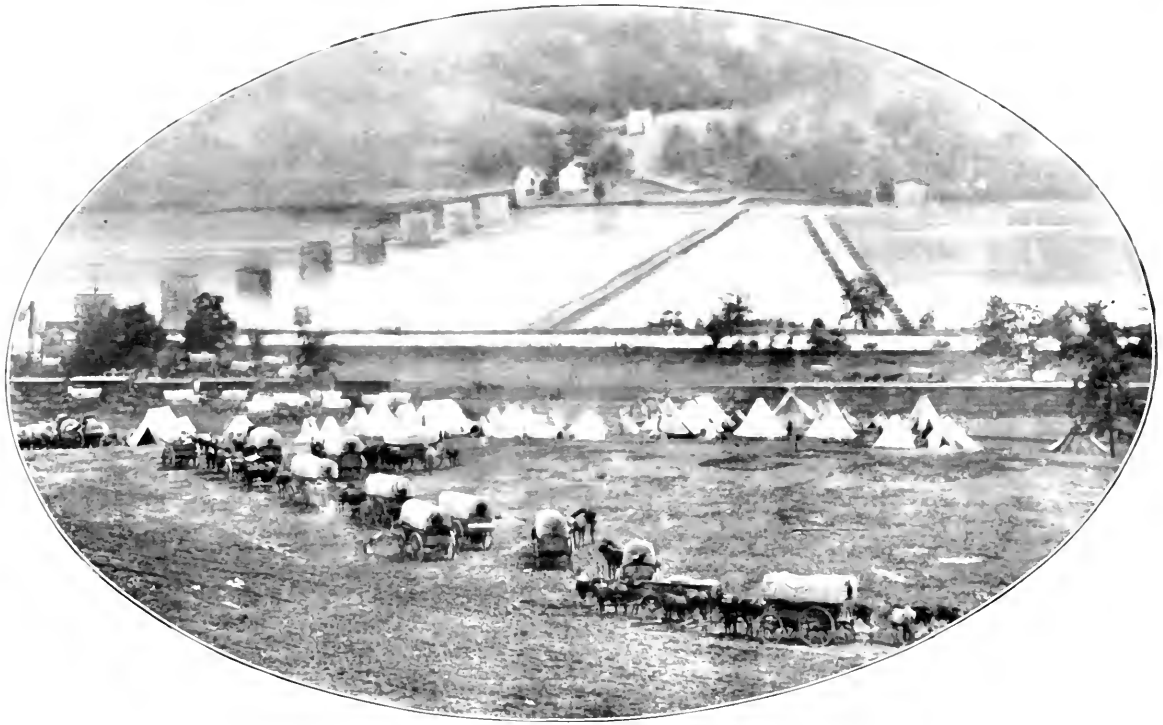
THE PRIZE THAT IMPERILLED STUART ON HIS DARING RAID INTO THE FEDERAL LINES

In this striking photograph of 1863 appears the prize at which General J. E. B. Stuart gazed long and ardently during his reconnaissance to Warrenton Station on the 10th of October, 1863, after Lee's Bristoe campaign. His half-starved cavalrymen urgently needed just such a wagon train as that. But, as they peered from their ambush, the hopeful expressions faded away. Beyond the park of wagons Stuart's practiced eye had discerned a moving cloud of dust. That night he was confined to a little ridge, with the Union columns moving to the right and left of his isolated force. By dawn the rear of the passing columns were cooking their breakfasts at the foot of the ridge. By the bold device of firing into them and



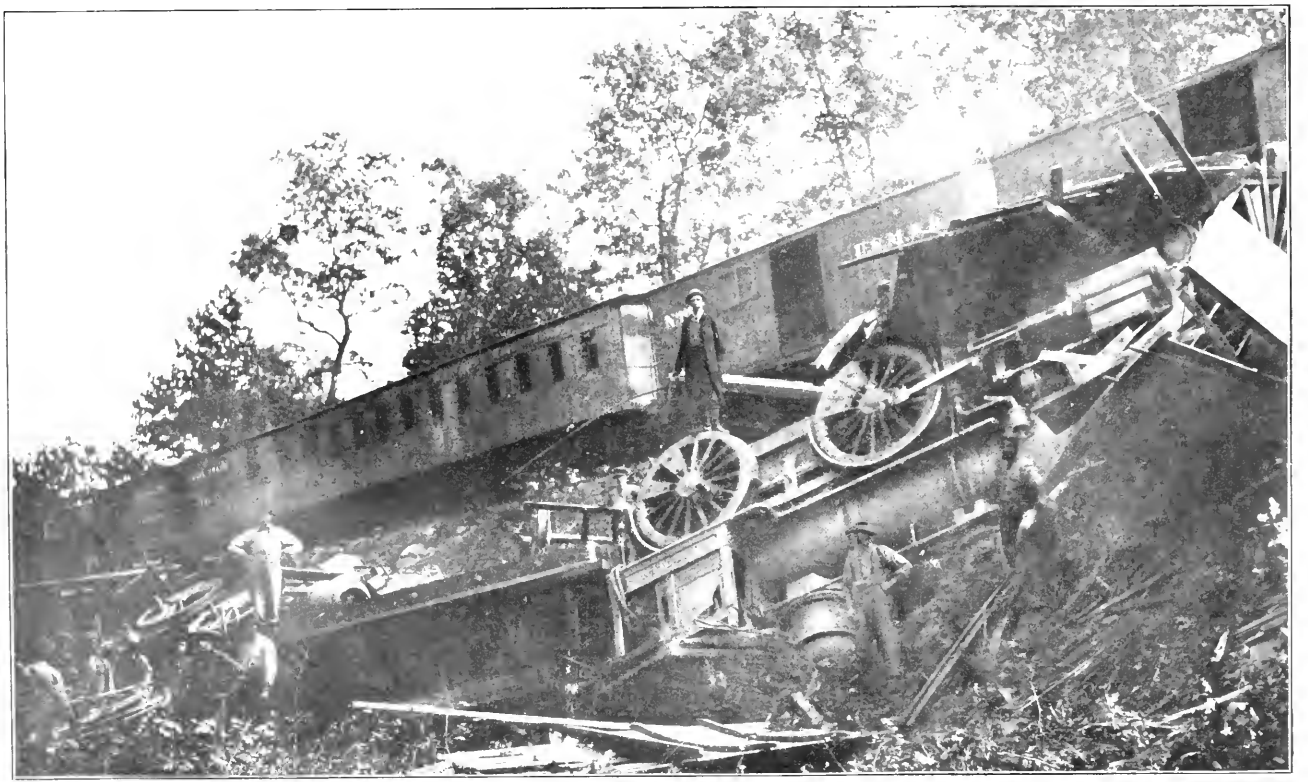
PART OF THE "VAST PARK OF WAGONS" ON WHICH THE CONFEDERATES GAZED FROM AMBUSH, OCTOBER 10, 1863

repelling their first attack, Stuart disconcerted the pursuit and made good his escape. This view of the wagons "in park," or gathered in one large body in an open field, represents a train of the Sixth Corps, Army of the Potomac, near Brandy Station, during the autumn days of 1863, after the Gettysburg campaign. The wagons in the foreground are ambulances, while immediately in their rear stand the large army wagons used for subsistence and quartermaster's stores. The horses are harnessed to the vehicles preparatory to the forward movement. It took this train across the Rappahannock River toward Culpeper and the Rapidan, where history indicates that they formed part of those upon which Stuart gazed so covetously.



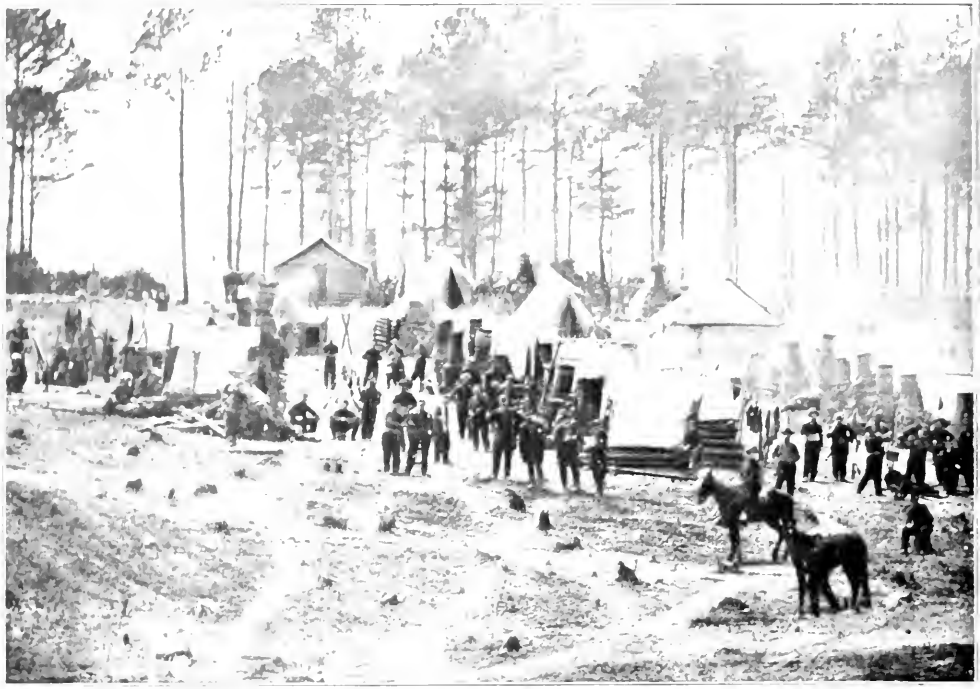
THE LEISURELY PURSUIT

Meade's army crossing the Potomac at Berlin, eighteen days after the battle of Gettysburg. Lincoln never ceased to regret that he had not gone in person to Gettysburg to push the pursuit of Lee. Not till July 5th did Meade put his army in motion to follow the Confederates, who had marched all afternoon and all night in the pouring rain, impeded with heavy trains of ammunition which might easily have been captured. Lee found the pontoon bridges which he had left at Falling Waters destroyed by a Federal raiding party sent by General French from Frederick, and drew up his army for the battle that he anticipated must be fought before recrossing the Potomac. Not till the night of July 13th did Meade determine upon an attack. Meanwhile Lee had gained the time necessary to repair his bridges and retreat into Virginia. Meade could not follow directly. Only after a fierce march through the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry did he get his army across. Before he could strike the Confederates again, Lee was strongly posted along the line of the Rapidan.



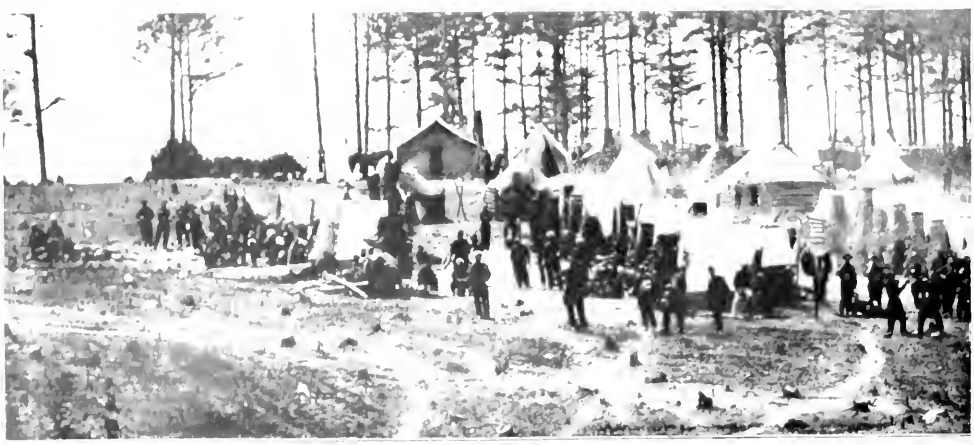
A MILITARY TRAIN UPSET BY CONFEDERATES

The result of General Pope's too rapid advance to head off Lee's army south of the Rappahannock River. Although overtaking the advance of the Confederates at Cedar Mountain, Pope had arrived too late to close the river passes against them. Meanwhile he had left the Orange & Alexandria Railroad uncovered, and Jackson pushed a large force under General Ewell forward across the Bull Run Mountains. On the night of August 26, 1862, Ewell's forces captured Manassas Junction, while four miles above the Confederate cavalry fell upon an empty railroad train returning from the transfer of Federal troops. The train was destroyed. Here we see how well the work was done.



VETERANS IN CAMP: THE 148TH PENNSYLVANIA AT BRANDY STATION, WINTER OF 1863

A vivid picture of the daily routine of the Army of the Potomac in the winter of 1863–64 is supplied by these two photographs of the same scene, taken a short while apart. On the left [illegible] and purge the men are playing cards, loafing, strolling about, and two of them [illegible]. On the right [illegible] in the foreground is dragging a man seated on a barrel over the snow on a sled, [illegible] and the others are reading newspapers. In the lower photograph the card-playing,



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BELOW, THE SAME AS IT HAD SHIFTED A FEW MOMENTS LATER

lounging, and boxing continue, the horses have been ridden, led, and driven out of the picture, and the man with the bucket has turned away. During the war Pennsylvania furnished to the service twenty-eight regiments, three battalions and twenty-two companies of cavalry, five regiments, two battalions, and three companies of heavy artillery, one battalion and twenty-nine batteries of light artillery, a company of engineers, one of sharpshooters, and 258 regiments, five battalions, and twenty-five companies of infantry.

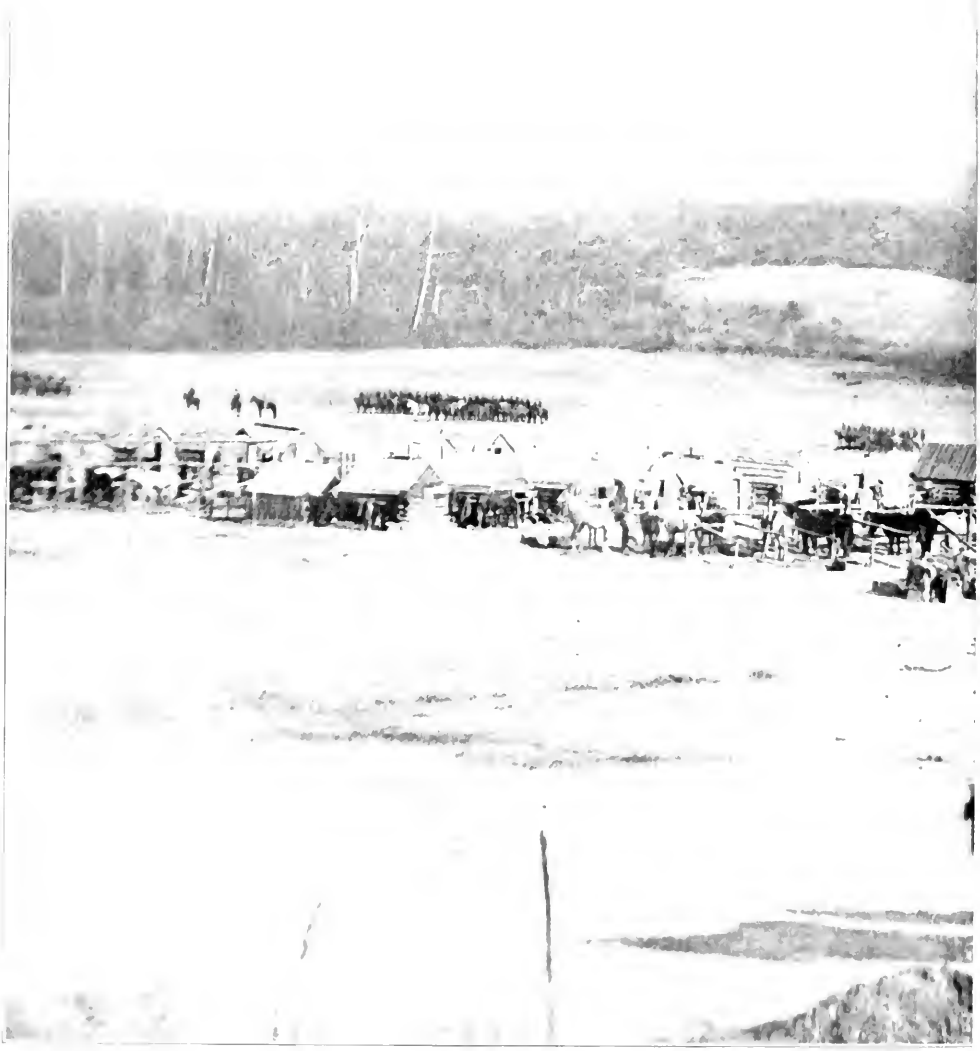
WITH THE FARRIERS

OF THE

FEDERAL CAVALRY

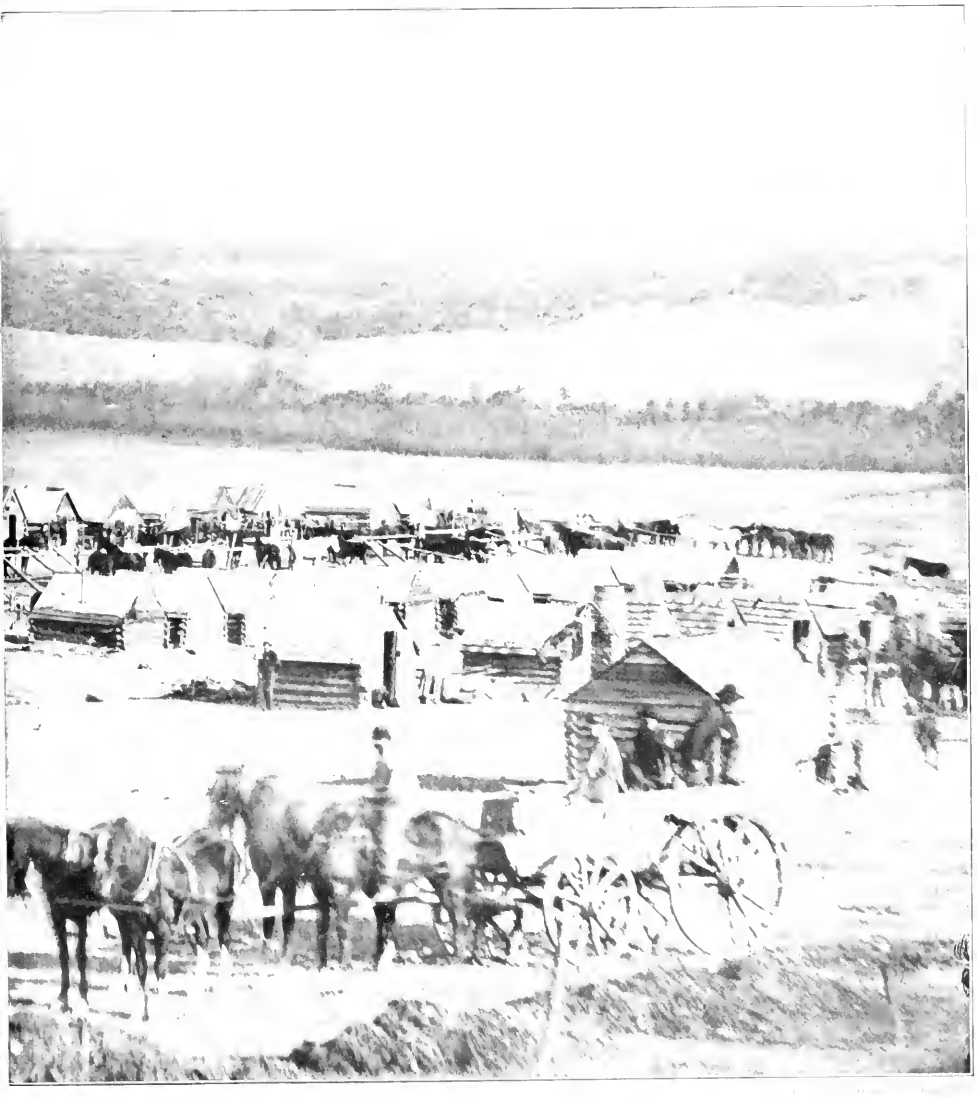
After the Battle of Gettysburg

These photographs were made at the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac in August, 1863, the month following the battle of Gettysburg, where the cavalry had fully demonstrated its value as an essential and efficient branch of the service. Every company of cavalry had its own farrier, enlisted as such. These men not only had to know all about the shoeing of horses, but also had to be skilled veterinary surgeons, such as each regiment has at the present day, coming next in pay to a second lieutenant. Plainly visible are the small portable anvil on an overturned bucket and the business-like leather aprons of the men. An army "marches upon its stomach," but cavalry marches upon its horses' feet, which must be cared for. In the larger photograph the men have evidently just become aware that their pictures are being taken. In the smaller exposure in the corner, the man holding the horse on the right has faced about to show off his horse to the best advantage; the horse holder on the left is facing the camera, arms akimbo, and a cavalryman in the rear has led up his white-faced mount to insure his inclusion in the picture.



EVER BUSY TROOPERS AT DRILL

The nimbly moving Confederate troopers, under dashing leaders like Stuart and Wheeler, allowed the heads of the Union cavalry not a moment of peace. When infantry went into winter quarters they could live in comparative comfort and freedom from actual campaigning until the roads became passable again for their heavy wagon trains in the spring. But Confederate raiders knew neither times nor seasons, and there were many points where the damage they might do would be incalculable. So the Federal cavalry's winter task



UNION CAVALRY IN WINTER QUARTERS

was to discover, if possible, the Confederates' next move, and to forestall it. This photograph shows three troops drilling on the plain beside their winter quarters. The stark trees and absence of grass indicate clearly the time of the year, and the long shadows show as truly as a watch that the time of day was late afternoon. A swift night-march may be in store for the troopers on the plain, or they may return to the shelter of their wooden huts. It is probable, however, that they cannot enjoy their comfort for more than a week or two.

Cavalry that Fought at Gettysburg

THE FIRST UNITED STATES REGULAR CAVALRY

The [illegible] reliance of those [illegible] standing at ease though without a trace of slouchiness, stamps them as the direct successors of Marion, the "Swamp Fox," and of "Light Horse Harry" Lee of the War for Independence. The regiment has been in continuous service from 1833 to the present day. Organized as the First Dragoons and sent to the southwest to watch the Pawnees and Comanches at the time of the Mexican war, the regiment had its name changed to the First United States Regular Cavalry on July 27, 1861, when McClellan assumed command of the Eastern army. This photograph was taken at Brandy Station in February, 1864. The regiment at that time was attached to the Reserve Brigade under General Wesley Merritt. The troopers took part in the first battle of Bull Run, retreat, the siege of Yorktown, fought at Gaines' Mill and Beverly Ford, served under Merritt on the right at Gettysburg, and did their duty at Yellow Tavern, Trevilian Station, and in the Shenandoah Valley under Sheridan, and they were present at Appomattox.

Regiments That Fought at Gettysburg

THE STRENGTH OF THE TWO GREAT ARMIES in the Battle of Gettysburg will always be subject to controversy, but it is generally agreed that their combined forces reached 153,000 soldiers. The most unbiased approximate is probably that of the Comte de Paris in which he gives these estimates:

Army of the Potomac—85,500 Infantry; 10,500 Cavalry; 7,000 Artillery—2,750 men who took no part in the battle—total, 105,750 men with 352 pieces of artillery, but deducting the Heavy Artillery in reserve at Westminster, the guards on supply trains, and on other duties, the effective force of Meade is reduced to from 82,000 to 84,000 men, with 327 guns.

Army of Northern Virginia—59,420 Infantry; 10,292 Cavalry; 4,756 Artillery; 14,286 men not under arms—total, 88,754. Deducting all the losses by various means, the brigades and regiments absent, and the men engaged on other duty, it is estimated that Lee brought into actual combat during the three days at Gettysburg from 68,000 to 69,000 men and 250 guns—or about 19,000 less than Meade

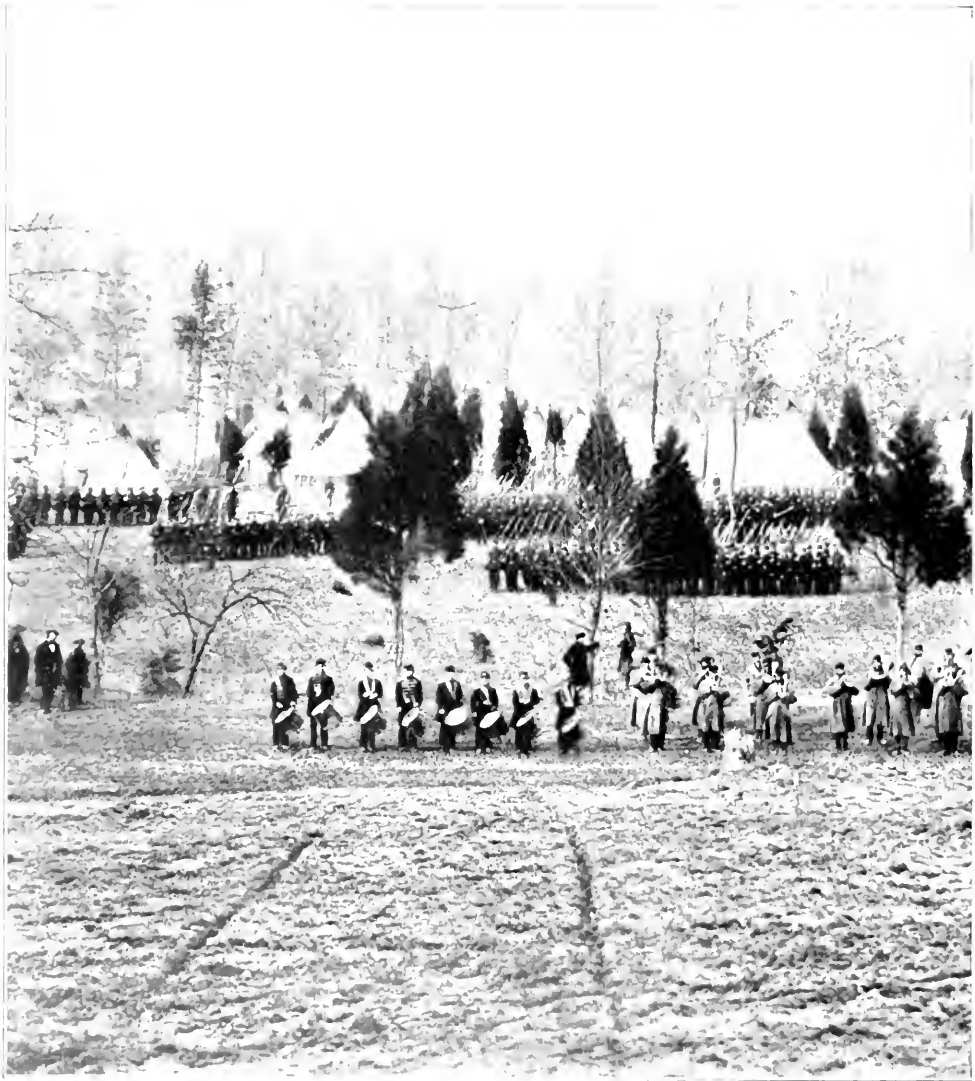
The composition of the Federal Army at Gettysburg represented eighteen states with 236 infantry organizations of various strengths; 34 regiments or parts of regiments of cavalry; 47 batteries of artillery. This was augmented by 26 batteries from the United States Army, 13 regiments of regular infantry; and four of cavalry—making a total of 360 organizations. The Middle States led with 198 of these organizations; New England was second with 67; the Western States third with 52; and the United States regulars contributed the remaining 43. New York stood first at Gettysburg with 91 organizations; Pennsylvania second with 84. Each of these states contributed more than one-fourth of the Federal Army at Gettysburg.

The composition of the Confederate Army at Gettysburg represented twelve states with a total of 283 organizations. Virginia led with 110; North Carolina was second with 46; Georgia third with 45; Alabama fourth with 19; South Carolina fifth with 18; Louisiana sixth with 17; Mississippi seventh with 12; then came Maryland with 6; Tennessee with 3; Florida, 3; Texas, 3; and one from Arkansas. Old Virginia supplied one-fourth of the infantry, two-thirds of the cavalry, and nearly two-thirds of the artillery. The three states of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia furnished nearly three-fourths of the Confederate Army.

There was a total of 29 states represented by troops in the two armies in the Battle of Gettysburg. Maryland sent commands into the battle in both armies.

The great Brady Collection of Civil War photographs contains actual prints of many of these regiments, several of which are shown in these pages as indicative of the complete revelation in the standard ten-volume library.

Troops that Fought at Gettysburg

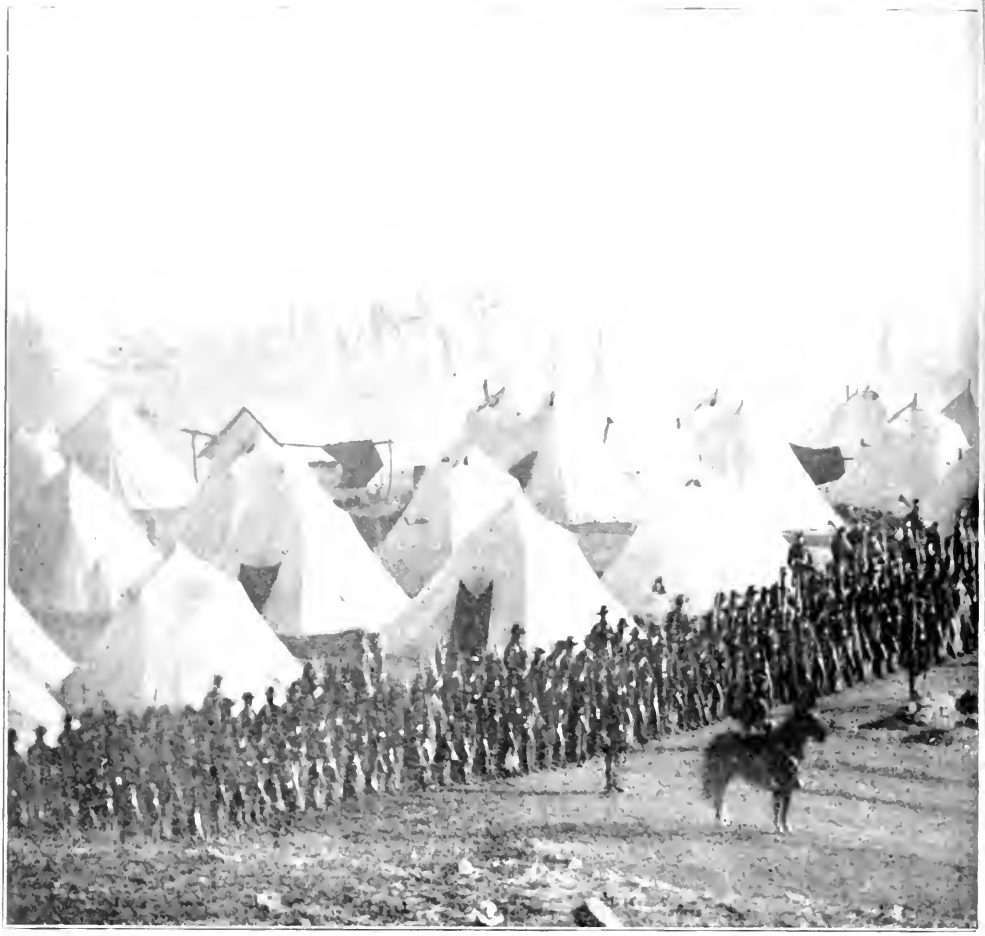


SOLDIERS THAT STOOD ON THE BATTLE LINE AT GETTYSBURG

This photograph gives a glimpse into actual life in the camps of the armies in the American Civil War. It reveals the pomp and panoply of war in contrast to the tragic photographs that tell the story of the battlefield

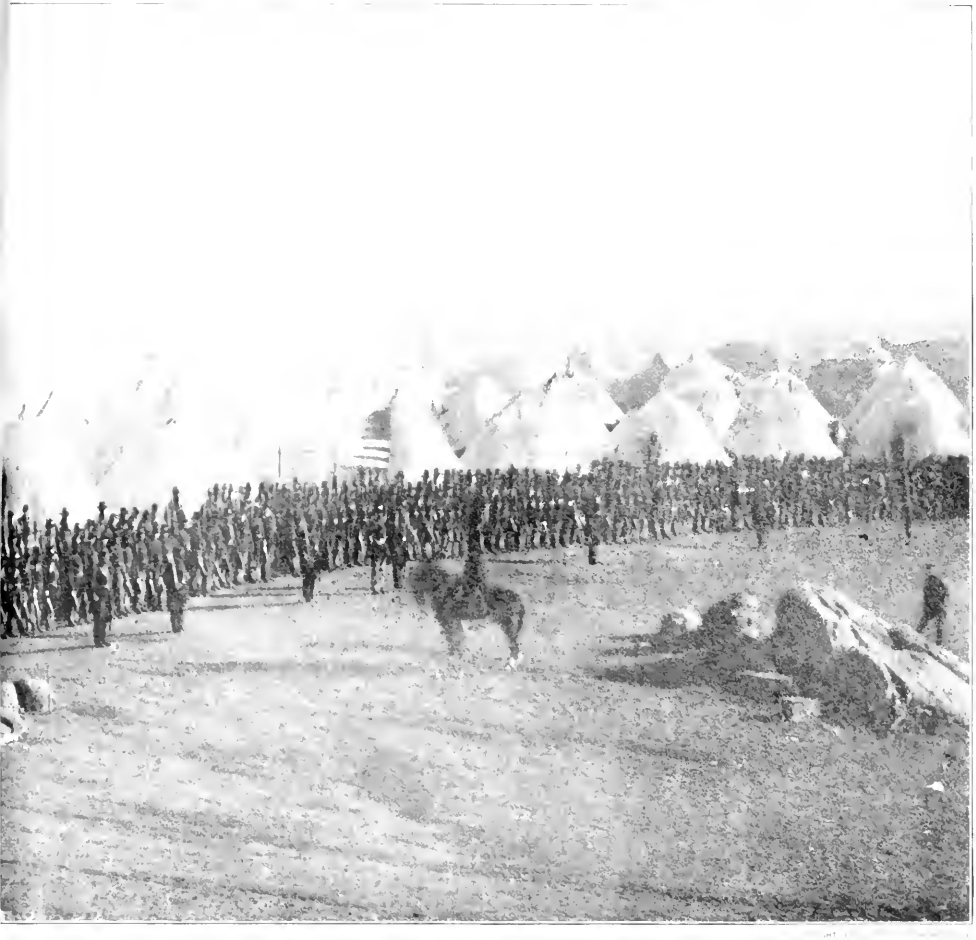
CAMP LIFE IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

These troops show the 74th New York Infantry – a regiment that stood on the battle-line at Gettysburg. Throughout the war it made an heroic record and appeared at Gettysburg with ranks thinned by two years of continuous and courageous fighting.



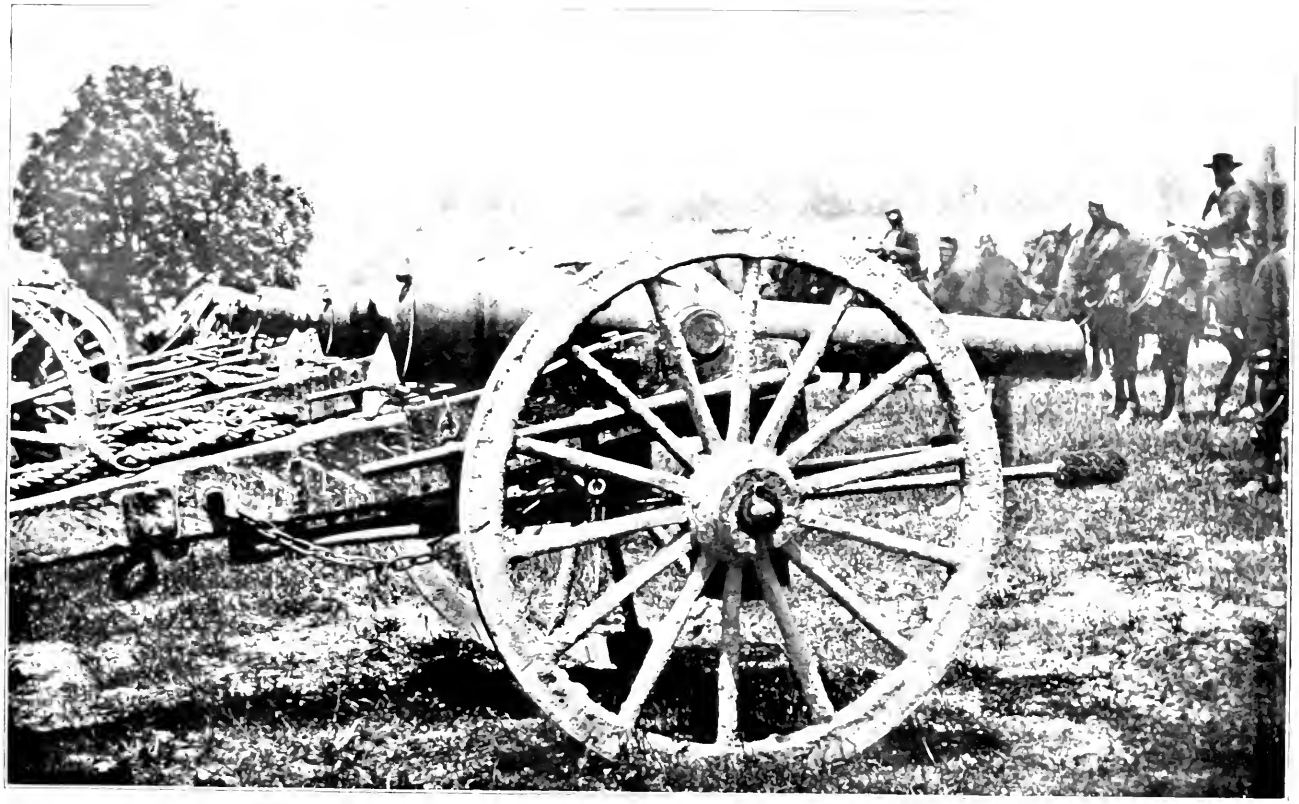
THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC—"A HUNDRED CIRCLING CAMPS"

The [illegible] photograph and the actors connect directly with Julia Ward Howe's inspiration for her "Battle Hymn." The author, in the late fall of 1861, had made her first visit to Washington in company with her pastor, James Freeman Clarke, Governor Andrew of Massachusetts and her husband, Dr. Howe, who, already past the age of military service, rendered valuable aid as an officer of the Sanitary Commission. Of [illegible] she writes in her "Reminiscences": "On the return from the review of troops near the city, to [illegible] we [illegible] from time to time snatches of the army songs so popular at that time, concluding, I think, with John Brown's soul [illegible] [illegible] answered back, 'Good for you!' Mr. Clarke said, 'Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?' I replied that I had often wished to do this, but had not as yet found in my mind any leading toward it. I went to bed that night as usual, and slept according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight, and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long line of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write those verses down, lest I fall asleep and forget them.' So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, felt in the dimness an old stump of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of versification had visited me in the night, and I dreaded to leave my couch for a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept near me. I was always obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night should intervene, as it was only legible while the matter was fresh in my mind. At this



THE FIFTH VERMONT IN 1861. WITH THEIR COLONEL, L. A. GRANT

time, having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, 'I like this better than most things that I have written.'" In 1861 the Fifth Vermont lay near Camp Griffin. It was on the outskirts of the encampments in Virginia, near Washington, and consequently subject to attacks by the Confederates. Its career throughout the war is proof that the spirit of the "Battle Hymn" animated these boys in blue. Its Lieutenant-Colonel, L. A. Grant, who sits on his charger to the right, became famous later as the general commanding the "Vermont Brigade." To the left is Major Redfield Proctor. Leaving Camp Griffin on March 10, 1862, the regiment moved to the Peninsula. Its name became known at Yorktown and Savage's Station, at Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg. In the Wilderness campaign, in the battle of May 5th, it assisted in checking the advance of the Confederates along the plank road in time for the Second Corps to take a strong position. It was in the heavy fighting of the succeeding day, and at the "Bloody Angle" at Spotsylvania was engaged for eight hours in the desperate and determined contest. The brigade commander reported: "It was emphatically a hand-to-hand fight. Scores were shot down within a few feet of the death-dealing muskets." After battling all the way down to Petersburg, the Fifth Vermont was suddenly rushed to Washington to repel Early's attack. It then engaged in the thrilling victories of Sheridan in the Valley. In December, it returned to Petersburg and ended its active service only with the surrender at Appomattox. During these four years of service, the regiment lost eleven officers and 202 enlisted men killed and mortally wounded, and one officer and 121 enlisted men by disease. Its total loss was therefore 338, worthy of the famous "Vermont Brigade."



THE GUNS THAT GOT TO GETTYSBURG ALL THE WAY FROM THE PENINSULA

Mud, according to Napoleon, is the fifth important element in war. Here we see the guns of Pettit's Battery, Company B, First New York Artillery, which had just competed in a contest with mud. The guns went to Gettysburg. This photograph was taken a year before the swollen Chickahominy had swept away most of the recently constructed bridges. Some of the Federal artillery had managed to get across, but the soil was so water-soaked that it was almost impossible to move the guns. Block-and-tackle were needed for the battle of the following days. During the night Pettit's command dragged their guns through the mud up from the river to Richardson's division on the right of the Federal line near the [illegible]. Caisson and gun carriage had sunk to the very hubs, as their condition shows. A year later they reached Gettysburg.

Generals Who Led Troops at Gettysburg

THE TWO GREAT COMMANDERS at Gettysburg have taken immortal positions in the hearts of the American people. In command of the Federal Army of the Potomac was General George Gordon Meade, while General Robert E. Lee commanded the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. The lives of these men are familiar to every American and their heroic deeds at Gettysburg will be recited by the generations.

The roll-call of the Corp Commanders brings to the memory many gallant names. In the Federal Army there were Reynolds, Doubleday and Newton in command of the 1st Corps; Hancock, Gibbon, Caldwell and William Hays in command of the 2nd Corps; Sickles and Birney of the 3rd Corps; Sykes of the 5th Corps; Sedgwick of the 6th Corps; Howard and Schurz of the 11th Corps; Slocum and Williams of the 12th Corps; Pleasonton of the Cavalry Corps; Hunt of the Artillery Reserve; Norton as Chief Signal Officer, and Warren as Chief Engineer.

The roll-call of the Confederate Corps Commanders brings these familiar names: Longstreet of the 1st Corps; Ewell of the 2nd Corps; Hill of the 3rd Corps; Stuart in charge of the Cavalry Corps; Pendleton in command of the Artillery Corps; Smith as Chief Engineer, and Walton, Brown and Walker with the Artillery Reserves. The list is too long to allow us to name the division and brigade commanders in the two great armies.

The honor roll of the officers who fell killed or wounded in the Battle of Gettysburg must be recorded in these pages. The Federal officers killed were Reynolds, Cross, Zook, Willard, Sherrill, Weed, Vincent, Roberts, Merwin, G. H. Ward, O'Kane, Revere, Ellis, Francine, Jeffords, O'Rorke, C. Fred. Taylor, Fowler, Mudge, Cushing, Hazlett, Wilkeson, Rorty, Woodruff, Cummings, Grover, Sofield, Huston, Messick, Tschudy, Thoman, Steele, Ellgood, Wheeler, Kearney, W. O. Stevens, Farnsworth.

Federal officers wounded at Gettysburg were: Hancock, Sickles, Meredith, Stone, Paul, Stannard, Gibbon, Webb, Smyth, Graham, Barlow, Butterfield, Leonard, Root, Dwight, Chamberlain, Dudley, Fairchild, G. H. Stevens, Mansfield, Flanigan, Wright, G. H. Biddle, Miller, Warren, Hunt, Coulter, C. D. McDougall, Randolph, Brooke, Harl, Watson, Thompson, McCoy, McThompson, McFarland, Wister, Huidekoper, Widdis, Bentley, Maroney, Freudenberg, Morris, Hammel, J. W. Reynolds, H. L. Brown, Colville, Duffy, Neeper, H. L. Abbott, Fred Brown, Walker, Witcombe, Pierce, Pulford, Jones, Tomlinson, McAllister, Sewell, Westbrook, Healey, Ramsey, Bailey, Niles, Sayles, Bigelow, Seeley, Bucklyn, Ransom, Eakin, Prescott, Stephenson, Freedley, Lee, I. C. Abbott, Lockman, Brady, Maloney, Harris, Morgan, Hartung, Mahler, J. S. Robinson, Carman, J. C. Lane, W. F. Stevens, Barnum, Starr, Morrow.

The Confederate officers killed at Gettysburg were: Semmes, Barksdale, Avery, Armistead, Garnett, Magruder, Latimer, Allen, Hodges, Wade, Ellis, W. D. Stuart, Edmunds, Patton, L. B. Williams, Pettigrew, died from wound, July 17, 1863. Pender died from wound July 18, 1863.

Confederate officers wounded at Gettysburg were: A. P. Hill, Heth, Hood, Trimble, Kemper, G. T. Anderson, J. M. Jones, Marshall, Posey, Pegram, Scales, Fry, Wade Hampton, Hunton, Herbert, Kyd Douglass, E. W. Jones, Jenkins. The above is but a partial list of the Confederates killed and wounded for no complete record is in existence.

Thousands of portraits of the officers in both the Federal and Confederate armies are portrayed in the ten-volume library, a few of which are now shown in these pages.

Warrior Who Led Federal Army at Gettysburg

GENERALS WHO FOUGHT AT GETTYSBURG: MEADE AND SEDGWICK

In the center is General Meade, and at his left stands Major-General John Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Army Corps. Sedgwick wears his familiar round hat and is smiling. This photograph was taken the year after Gettysburg in winter camp before Spotsylvania Court House. McMahon of his staff had begged Sedgwick to avoid passing some artillery exposed to the Confederate fire, to which Sedgwick had playfully replied, "McMahon, I would like to know who commands this corps, you or I?" Then he ordered some infantry before him to shift toward the right. Their movement drew the fire of the Confederates. The lines were close together; the situation tense. A sharpshooter's bullet whistled. Sedgwick fell. He was taken to Meade's headquarters. The Army of the Potomac had lost another corps commander, and the Union a brilliant and courageous soldier.

ROBERT E. LEE IN 1863

It was with the gravest misgivings that Lee began his invasion of the North in 1863. He was too wise a general not to realize that a crushing defeat was possible. Yet, with Vicksburg already doomed, the effort to win a decisive victory in the East was imperative in its importance. Magnificent was the courage and fortitude of Lee's maneuvering during that long march which was to end in failure. Hitherto he had made every one of his veterans count for two of their antagonists, but at Gettysburg the odds had fallen heavily against him. Jackson, his resourceful ally, was no more. Longstreet advised strongly against giving battle, but Lee unwaveringly made the tragic effort which sacrificed more than a third of his splendid army.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN BUFORD

[illegible] one of the foremost of the leaders of the North. He was noted [illegible] with having chosen [illegible] of Gettysburg as a field to be fought. He was born in 1826 in Woodford County, Kentucky, [illegible] West Point in 1848 [illegible] against the Indians. In November, 1864 he attained to the rank of [illegible] 1862 he was made brigadier general of volunteers. While in command of a cavalry brigade [illegible] fought [illegible] in the second battle of Bull Run. In McClellan's Maryland campaign, at [illegible] engagements at Brandy Station he played his part nobly. In [illegible] remarkable action and opened the battle of Gettysburg before the arrival of Reynolds' [illegible] Cooke, Pleasonton's "History of the Civil War in America." "It was Buford [illegible] who threw the two armies were about to measure their strength." After taking part in the [illegible] operations in central Virginia he withdrew on sick leave in November, 1863, [illegible] Washington December 16th, having received his commission as major general only on the day of his death.

MAJOR-GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT

General Merritt [illegible] of cavalry on the Federal [illegible] took his rank and rose. Merritt [illegible] War. He was born in New York City in [illegible] Dragoons. In April, 1862, he was [illegible] in April and May, 1863, he was in [illegible] Division in the Shenandoah Valley [illegible] Richmond campaign [illegible] ing the forces in the Philippines, [illegible]

TWO LEADERS OF THE FEDERAL CAVALRY AT GETTYSBURG

This martial photograph portrays two of the men who prevented the success of the Confederate General Stuart's charge on the third day at Gettysburg, when the tide of battle between the long lines of infantry had been wavering to and fro, and Pickett was advancing on Cemetery Ridge. Had the brilliant Stuart with his veteran cavalry gained the rear of the Federal line, the natural panic following might have been more than sufficient to win the day for the Confederate cause. About noon on July 3d, General Gregg was informed that a large body of Confederate cavalry was moving against the right of the line. General

PLEASONTON AND CUSTER, THREE MONTHS BEFORE THE BATTLE

Gregg held Custer's brigade, which had been ordered back to the left of the line, in order to help meet the attack. The Seventh Michigan Cavalry met the charge of a regiment of W. H. F. Lee's brigade, and this was followed by a charge of the First Michigan, driving back the Confederate line. Then followed countercharges by the Confederates until a large part of both commands were fighting desperately. In this terrible cavalry combat every possible weapon was utilized. This photograph of Pleasonton on the right, who commanded all the cavalry at Gettysburg, and of the dashing Custer, was taken three months before.

Cavalrymen at the Battle of Gettysburg

A CAVALRY LEADER AT GETTYSBURG—GENERAL DAVID McM. GREGG AND STAFF

The Federal army at Gettysburg owed much to the cavalry. As Gettysburg was the turning-point in the fortunes of the Union army, it also marked an epoch in the development of the cavalry, trained in methods which were evolved from no foreign text books, but from stern experience on the battlefields of America. The Second Cavalry Division under Gregg patrolled the right flank of the Federal army, with occasional skirmishing, until Stuart's arrival July 3d with the Confederate horse. Gregg's division and Custer's brigade were then on the right of the line. The ensuing cavalry battle was one of the fiercest of the war. W. H. F. Lee's brigade made the first charge for Stuart, as did the First Michigan Cavalry for Gregg. Countercharge followed upon charge. In a dash for a Confederate battleflag, Captain Newhall was received by its bearer upon the point of the spear head and hurled to the ground. Finally the Confederate brigades withdrew behind their artillery, and the danger that Stuart would strike the rear of the Union army simultaneously with Pickett's charge was passed. This photograph shows Gregg with the officers of his staff.

The Most Famous Photograph of General Lee

"I CAN ONLY SAY HE IS A CONFEDERATE GRAY"—LEE ON "TRAVELLER"

This famous photograph of Lee on "Traveller" was taken by Miley, of Lexington, in September, 1866. In July of that year Brady, Gardner, and Miley had tried to get a photograph of the general on his horse, but the weather was so hot and the flies accordingly so annoying that the pictures were very poor. But the September picture has become probably the most popular photograph in the South. In the Army of Northern Virginia the horse was almost as well known as his master. It was foaled near the White Sulphur Springs in West Virginia, and attracted the notice of General Lee in 1861. Lee's affection for it was very deep and strong. On it he rode from Richmond to Lexington, to assume his duties as president of Washington College. During the remainder of his life "Traveller" was his constant companion. His son records that the general enjoyed nothing more than a long ride, which gave him renewed energy for his work. In one of his letters while away from home he said: "How is Traveller? Tell him I miss him dreadfully, and have repented of our separation but once — and that is the whole time since we parted."

Artillery Commander at the Battle of Gettysburg

BRIGADIER GENERAL E. P. ALEXANDER, WHO COMMANDED LONGSTREET'S ARTILLERY AT GETTYSBURG

E. P. Alexander was the Confederate officer who commanded Longstreet's eighty guns in the great artillery battle which preceded Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. He entered the Engineer Corps of the Confederate army April 2, 1861, and served on the staff of General G. T. Beauregard as engineer and chief of signal service till August of that year. As chief of ordnance of the Army of Northern Virginia, he distinguished himself on the bloody field of Antietam. He directed the eighty pieces on Longstreet's front at Gettysburg, which prepared the way for Pickett's charge until they had shot away practically all their ammunition. He was acting chief of artillery in Longstreet's corps from September 25, 1863, till February 26, 1864, and was appointed chief of artillery of the corps with which he remained till Appomattox, serving in the Wilderness, at Spotsylvania, and the siege of Petersburg. On February 26, 1864, he had been appointed brigadier-general of Artillery. Within two weeks after Lee's surrender he was at the Brandreth House in New York city attempting to arrange for a commission in the Brazilian army. Later, he became general manager and president of various Southern railroads, Government director of the Union Pacific Railroad Company from 1885 to 1887, and in 1901 engineer arbitrator in charge of the mooted boundary survey between Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

Pickett who Made the Final Charge at Gettysburg

PICKETT—THE HERO OF GETTYSBURG

Pickett's charge at the close of the Battle of Gettysburg is one of the greatest spectacles in the world's history. "General Lee's conduct after the charge," writes an English colonel, "was perfectly sublime. He was engaged in rallying and in encouraging the broken troops, and was riding about a little in front of the wood, quite alone, the whole of his staff being engaged in a similar manner further to the rear. His face, which is always placid and cheerful, did not show signs of the slightest disappointment, care or annoyance, and he was addressing to every soldier he met a few words of encouragement, such as 'All this will come right in the end—we'll talk it over afterward, but, in the meantime, all good men must rally—we want all good and true men just now,' etc. He spoke to all the wounded men that passed him, and the slightly wounded he exhorted 'to bind up their hurts and take a musket' in this emergency. Very few failed to answer his appeal, and I saw many badly wounded men take off their hats and cheer him. He said to me, 'This has been a very sad day for us, Colonel, a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories.'"

LINCOLN

THE LAST SITTING: ON THE DAY OF LEE'S SURRENDER

On April 9, 1865, the very day of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, Lincoln, for the last time, went to the photographer's gallery. As he sits in simple fashion sharpening his pencil, the man of sorrows cannot forget the sense of weariness and pain that for four years has been unbroken. No elation of triumph lights the features. One task is ended: the Nation is saved. But another, scarcely less exacting, confronts him. The States which lay "out of their proper practical relation to the Union," in his own phrase, must be brought back into a proper practical relation. But this task was not for him. Only five days later the sad eyes reflected upon this page closed forever upon scenes of earthly turmoil. Bereft of Lincoln's heart and head, leaders attacked problems of reconstruction in ways that proved unwise. As the mists of passion and prejudice cleared away, both North and South came to feel that this patient, wise, and sympathetic ruler was one of the few really great men in history, and that he would live forever in the hearts of men made better by his presence during those four years of storm.

Gettysburg as the Great National Shrine

Dedicated to the Heroism of the American Soldier

GETTYSBURG—as the years pass by—will become more and more the Mecca for the people from all parts of the earth. They will learn that it has been on such battleground as this that progress has forged its way; that liberty has been unshackled; that civilization has moved—at least until the day when man discovered more humane processes for his evolutionary course.

Gettysburg always will be hallowed ground, for it was here that the greatest speech in American history was delivered when that man of primitive power, Abraham Lincoln, spoke the immortal words on that 19th day of November, in 1863, when the battleground was dedicated as a National Cemetery. It is here that many great orations have been delivered; it is here that magnificent monuments have been reared in memory of the dead; it is here that the patriarchs of both armies returned, on the July days exactly fifty years after the battle, to meet as friends—not foes—and again to pledge their loyalty to their beloved country on the semi-centennial of the Battle of Gettysburg.

The Blue and the Gray

By Francis Miles Finch

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

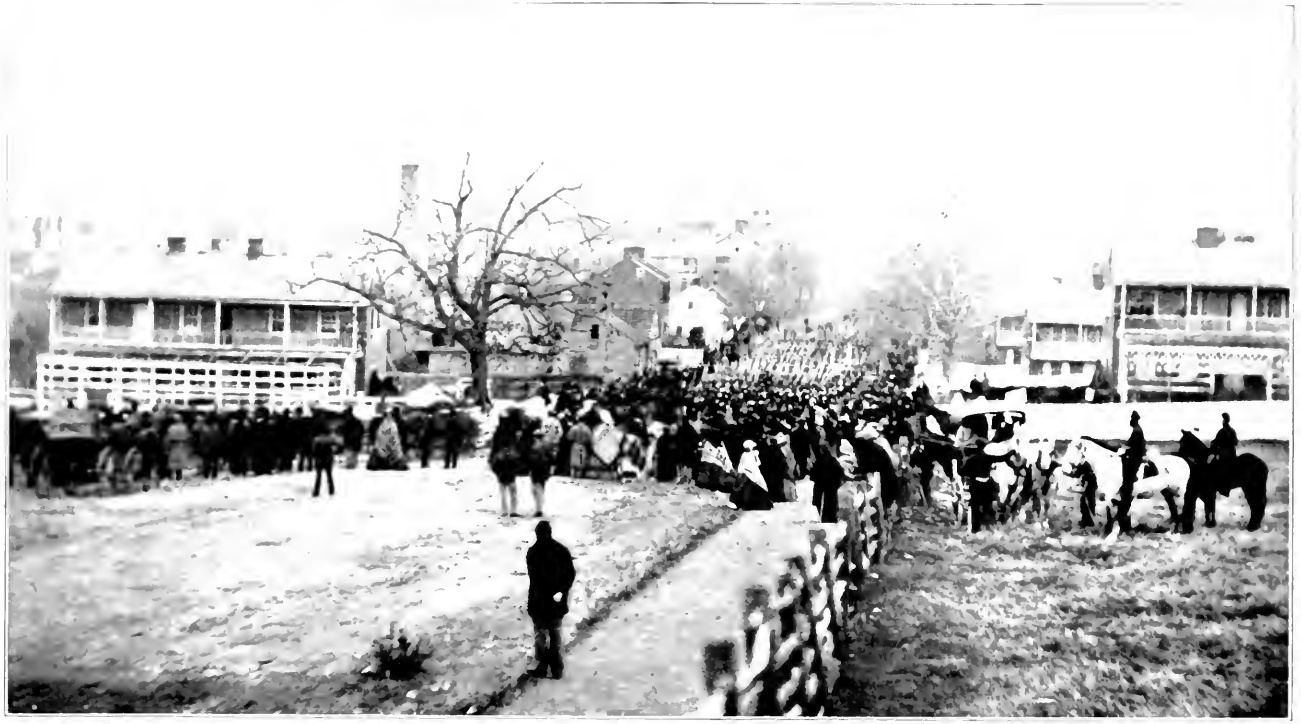
From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On the forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the way-ery sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.



GETTYSBURG, WHERE STIRRING DEEDS BROUGHT FORTH IMMORTAL WORDS

This is Gettysburg, the sleepy little Pennsylvania town that leaped into the focus of the world's eye on those scorching death-ridden days of July, 1863, and down the street comes swaying in cadenced steps a marching regiment. We are looking at them just as the inhabitants, gathered here in their quaint old costumes, saw them. Here are the defenders returned again to the place whose name spells victory and glorious memories on their tattered battle-flags. It is the 19th of November, 1863. Lincoln is here to speak those glowing words that every schoolboy knows, and dedicate the National Cemetery, where lie the Blue and Gray, and where their children's children make yearly pilgrimages.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

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

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

But in a larger sense we can not dedicate— we can not consecrate— we can not hallow this ground. The brave men living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they have, thus far, so nobly carried on. It is rather

CROWDS AT GETTYSBURG WHILE LINCOLN WAS DEDICATING THE BATTLEGROUND, NOVEMBER 19, 1863. FOUR MONTHS AFTER THE BATTLE

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for us to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

COMPLETE COLLECTION OF 3,800 WAR PHOTOGRAPHS IN GREAT STANDARD LIBRARY OF TEN VOLUMES

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE READERS OF THIS GETTYSBURG BOOK—Arrangements have been made whereby every owner of this introductory volume can come into **immediate possession** of the Complete Brady Collection of **3,800 photographs** taken on all the Battlegrounds of the Civil War (including rare prints from all the other known collections). These photographs, which are **valued at more than $150,000,** have been permanently recorded in TEN LARGE Sumptuous Volumes, beautifully bound and containing nearly **4,000 pages.** They form the most magnificent photographic library in existence. This gigantic undertaking, for the purpose of bringing these wonderful photographs within the reach of **every home in America,** represents a **cost exceeding $600,000.** It is one of the most notable historical achievements of modern times. A few years ago only a millionaire could have owned them. Now, through the science of modern book-making, **every American can own the whole collection** for what it cost Brady to take one picture. These ten volumes reveal for the first time in actual photographs the successive steps in the Civil War, from the firing on Fort Sumter to the surrender at Appomattox. They form the first and only **great standard photographic history of the American War.** This gigantic work contains **more than a million words** of narrative and descriptive text of armies and battles. It is the achievement of more than **fifty of America's historians.** It has the semi-official sanction of the Government. It is endorsed alike by the Grand Army of the Republic and the United Confederate Veterans as the one **great unbiased record of that epoch-making struggle.** During the last few months this Monumental Library, known as "**The Photographic History of the Civil War,**" has been placed in more than 50,000 American homes and in the great American libraries, where it is held as a **priceless treasure for the generations to come.** The historical importance of these volumes is such that they **increase in value every year.** Readers who would like to own this wonderful library should communicate with the publishers to-day by addressing the War Book Department, Review of Reviews Company, 30 Irving Place, New York.