



"To care for him who has borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans."

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## BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG

### A Hard March Followed by a Bloody Night.

### LITTLE ROUND TOP.

### The Eleventh Corps Avenges Chancellorsville.

### A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

### The Defeated Confederates Recross the Potomac.

[By Rev. Theodore Gerrish.]

On the 28th of June, General Hooker, at his own request, was relieved of his command, and it was given to General Meade. The latter had been in command of our corps. We knew him to be a brave and gallant officer, but feared a mistake had been made in changing commanders just as a battle was to be fought. Many rumors came back to us from the front, and from these we learned that Lee's troops numbered at least one hundred thousand, that he was concentrating his forces near Gettysburg, and that a desperate battle would probably be fought near that place. We knew that the army of the Potomac did not number over eighty thousand men, that the authorities of the States of Pennsylvania and New York were moving so slowly in raising troops that but little aid would be received from them, and that unaided we must cope with our old foe.

**A MOONLIGHT MARCH.**  
On the first day of July we crossed the State line of Pennsylvania, and noted the event by loud cheering and much enthusiasm. And here, on the border of the State, we learned that our cavalry under General Buford, and our old First Corps, under General Reynolds, had on that day encountered the rebels at Gettysburg, and that on the morning the great battle would be fought. Night came on, but we halted not. We know that our comrades on the distant battle-field needed our aid, and we hastened on. It was a beautiful evening. The moon shone from a cloudless sky, and flooded our way with its glorious light. The people rushed from their homes and stood by the roadside to welcome us, men, women, and children all gazing on the strange spectacle. Bands played, the soldiers and the people cheered, banners waved, and white handkerchiefs fluttered from doors and windows, as the blue, dusty column surged on. That moonlight march will always be remembered by its survivors. A staff officer sat on his horse by the roadside. In a low voice he spoke to our colonel as he passed. "What did he say?" anxiously inquired the men. "McClellan is to command us on the morrow,"—McClellan, our first commander, who had been removed, criticised, and we thought he was forgotten; but our old love for him broke out afresh. He had never seemed one-half so dear to us before. Men waved their hats and cheered until they were hoarse and wild with excitement. It is strange what a hold little Mac had on the hearts of his soldiers. At midnight we halted, having marched more than thirty miles on that eventful day. The men threw themselves upon the ground to get a little rest and sleep. Sleep on, brave fellows, for the morrow's struggle will call for both strength and courage! While they are sleeping, we will step across the country for a few miles and view Gettysburg in the moonlight, that we may better understand the battle-ground of to-morrow. It has been a bloody day around this little country village. Early in the morning the cavalry under General Buford had met the enemy advancing in great force, and bravely contested the ground with him. General Reynolds, hearing the heavy firing, had pushed the First Corps forward to Buford's support, and formed his line of battle upon an eminence west of Seminary Ridge. The conflict soon became general. The gallant Reynolds was killed at the first volley, as he was riding to the front to ascertain the position of the enemy. General Doubleday assumed command of the corps. It was a fearful struggle. Hill's corps of the rebel army on the one side, and the First Corps, much the inferior in numbers, upon the other.

**HOWARD AT CEMETERY HILL.**  
General Howard arrives with the Eleventh Corps. The rebels also receive reinforcements. Back and forth the contending lines press each other until late in the afternoon, when the Union troops are overpowered, and are hurled, bleeding and mangled, through the streets of Gettysburg, and up the slopes of Cemetery Ridge. General Hancock arrives at this moment from the headquarters of General Meade, and assumes the command, and in concert with the General Howard, selected the line of battle. The village is filled with the highly-clad rebels, who loudly boast that they can easily whip the Yankees on the morrow.

Things look a little desperate on Cemetery Hill. Reynolds and thousands of his gallant men have fallen, but their courage saved the position for the Union army, and on that hill our line of battle is being formed under the supervision of our brave general,—Howard the one armed hero. Hancock the brilliant leader, Dan Sickles the irascible commander of the Third Corps, and brave Slocum of the Twelfth. Sykes and Sedgwick with their respective corps will put in an appearance on the morrow. At midnight General Meade arrives and assumes command of the entire line. It is evident at a glance that the old army of the Potomac is "on deck," and that if General Lee expects to win Gettysburg by fighting a few brigades of raw militia, he is very much mistaken. The ridge on which our line of battle is being formed somewhat resembles a horseshoe in shape. Cemetery Hill, facing the northwest, is the point nearest Gettysburg and Lee's headquarters, and that point we will call the toe of the horseshoe. To the left and rear is Round Top, which represents one heel-calk, while Wolf's Hill to the right and rear represents the other. Howard, with the Eleventh Corps, is stationed at Cemetery Hill. The First and Twelfth Corps,

under Generals Slocum and Wadsworth, formed our right, reaching from Howard on our extreme right at Wolf's Hill. At the left of Howard is Hancock and the Second Corps, and at his left Sickles and the Third. In a somewhat advanced position, reaching into our extreme left, near Little Round Top. It has been decided that General Sykes and Sedgwick shall be held in reserve to re-enforce any part of our line upon which Lee may mass his troops. And thus through the hours of that night our preparations for the battle were being made.

**A NIGHT OF ANXIETY.**  
If General Lee had pushed on his forces, and followed up his advantage gained in the afternoon, he would have been master of the situation, but this delay was fatal to him. The Union line is formed, and the artillery is in position. The rebels outnumber us both in men and guns, but we have the ridge, and are on the defensive. The tired men sink upon the ground to catch a few moments' sleep before the battle opens. All is still in Gettysburg save the groans of the wounded and dying. It is an anxious night throughout the great loyal North. Telegrams have been flashing all over the country, bearing the sad tidings of the death of Reynolds and the repulse of his troops. Every one knows that this battle is to decide, to a large extent, the fortunes of war. There is no sleep for the people. Strong men are pale with excitement and anxiety, as through the hours of night they talk of the coming conflict; Christians gather in their sanctuaries to pray that success may be ours on the morrow; mothers, wives and sisters, with pale upturned faces, pray to God to protect their loved ones in the dangers of the battle. It is the most anxious night through which America ever passed. God grant that we shall never pass through another like it!

At daylight, on the morning of July 2d, we resumed our march, and in a few hours halted within supporting distance of the left flank of our army, about a mile to the right of Little Round Top. The long forenoon passed away, and to our surprise the enemy made no attack. This was very fortunate for our army, as it enabled our men to strengthen our lines of fortifications, and also to obtain a little rest, of which they were in great need. The rebels were also engaged in throwing up rude lines of defences, hurrying up reinforcements, and in discussing the line of action they should pursue, for to use General Lee's own words in his report of the battle, they "unexpectedly found themselves confronted by the Federal army."

**A TERRIBLE ASSAULT.**  
The hour of noon passed, and the sun had measured nearly one-half the distance across the western sky, before the assault was made. Then, as suddenly as a bolt of fire flies from the storm cloud, a hundred pieces of rebel artillery open upon our left flank, and under the thick canopy of screaming, hissing, bursting shells, Longstreet's corps was hurled upon the troops of General Sickles. Instantly our commanders discerned the intention of General Lee. It was to turn and crush our left flank, as he had crushed our right at Chancellorsville. It was a terrible onslaught. The brave sons of the South never displayed more gallant courage than on that fatal afternoon of July 2d. But have Dan Sickles and the old Third Corps were equal to the emergency, and stood as immovably against the surging tides as blocks of granite. But a new and appalling danger suddenly threatened the Union army. Little Round Top was the key to the entire position. Rebel batteries planted on that rocky bluff could shell any portion of our line at their pleasure. For some reason Sickles had not placed any infantry upon this important position. A few batteries were scattered along its rugged side, but they had no infantry support. Lee saw at a glance that Little Round Top was the prize for which the two armies were contending, and with skillful audacity he determined to wrest it from his opponent. While the terrible charge was being made upon the line of General Sickles, Longstreet threw out a whole division, by extending his line to his right, for the purpose of seizing the coveted prize. The danger was at once seen by our officers, and our brigade was ordered forward, to hold the hill against the assault of the enemy. In a moment all was excitement. Every soldier seemed to understand the situation, and to be inspired by his danger. "Fall in! Fall in! By the right flank! Double-quick! March!" and away we went, under the terrible artillery fire. It was a moment of thrilling interest. Shells were exploding on every side. Sickles's corps was enveloped in sheets of flame, and looked like a vast window of fire. But so intense was the excitement that we hardly noticed these surroundings. Up the steep hill-side we ran, and reached the crest. "On the right by file into line," was the command, and our regiment had assumed the position to which it had been assigned. We were on the left of our brigade, and consequently on the extreme left of all our corps of battle. The ground sloped to our front and left, and was sparsely covered with a growth of oak trees, which were too small to afford us any protection. Shells were crashing through the air above our heads making such noise that we could hardly hear the commands of our officers; the air was filled with fragments of exploding shells and splinters torn from mangled trees; but our men appeared to be as cool and deliberate in their movements as if they had been forming a line upon the parade ground in camp. Our regiment mustered about three hundred and fifty men. Company B, from Piscataway county, commanded by the gallant Captain Morrill, was ordered to deploy in our front as skirmishers. They boldly advanced down the slope and disappeared from our view. Ten minutes have passed since we formed the line; the skirmishers must have advanced some thirty or forty rods through the rocks and trees, but we have seen no indications of the enemy. "But look! Look!" "Look!" exclaimed half a hundred men in our regiment at the same moment; and no wonder, for right in our front, between us and our skirmishers, whom they have probably captured, we see the lines of the enemy. They have paid no attention to the rest of the brigade stationed on our right, but they are rushing on, determined to turn and crush the left of our line. Colonel Chamberlain, with rare sagacity, understood the movement they were making, and bent back the left flank of our regiment until the line formed almost a right angle with the colors at that point, all these movements requiring a much less space of time than it requires for me to write of them.

**LITTLE ROUND TOP.**  
How can I describe the scenes that followed? Imagine, if you can, nine small companies of infantry, numbering perhaps three hundred men, in the form of a right angle, on the ex-

trême flank of an army of eighty thousand men, put there to hold the key of the entire position against a force at least ten times their number, and who are desperately determined to succeed in the mission upon which they came. Stand firm, ye boys from Maine, for not once in a century are men permitted to bear such responsibilities for freedom and justice, for God and humanity, as are now placed upon you.

The conflict opens. I know not who gave the first fire, or which line received the first lead. I only know that the carnage began. Our regiment was mangled in fire and smoke. I wish that I could picture with my pen the awful details of that hour,—how rapidly the cartridges were torn from the boxes and stuffed in the smoking muzzles of the guns; how the steel rammers clashed and changed in the heated barrels; how the men's hands and faces grew grim and black with burning powder; how our little line, baptized with fire, reeled to and fro as it advanced or was pressed back; how our officers bravely encouraged the men to hold on and recklessly exposed themselves to the enemy's fire,—a terrible medley of cries, shouts, cheers, groans, prayers, curses, bursting shells, whizzing rifle-bullets, and clanging steel. And if that was all, my heart would not be so sad and heavy as I write. But the enemy was pouring a terrible fire upon us, his superior forces giving him a great advantage. Ten to one are fearful odds where men are contending for so great a prize. The air seemed to be alive with lead. The lines at times were so near each other that the hostile gun-barrels almost touched. As the contest continued, the rebels grew desperate that so insignificant a force should so long hold them in check. At one time there was a brief lull in the carnage, and our shattered line was closed up, but soon the contest raged again with renewed fierceness. The rebels had been re-enforced, and were now determined to sweep our regiment from the crest of Little Round Top.

**A FIELD OF THE DEAD.**  
Many of our companies have suffered fearfully. Look at Company H for a moment. Charley, my old tent-mate, with a fatal wound in his breast, staggered up to brave Captain Land. "My God, Sergeant Steele!" ejaculated the agonized captain, as he saw the fate of his beloved sergeant. "I am going, Captain," cried the noble fellow, and fell dead, wetting in his blood. Sergeant Lathrop, with his brave heart and gigantic form, fell dying with a frightful wound. Sergeant Buck, reduced to the ranks at Stoneman's Switch, lay down to die, and was promoted as his life blood ebbed away. Adams, Ireland, and Lamson, all heroes, are lying dead at the feet of their comrades. Libby, French, Clifford, Hill, Ham, Chesley, Morrison, West, and Walker, are all severely wounded, and nearly all disabled. But there is no relief, and the carnage goes on. Our line is pressed back so far that our dead are within the lines of the enemy. The pressure made by the superior weight of the enemy's line is severely felt. Our ammunition is nearly all gone, and we are using the cartridges from the boxes of our wounded comrades. A critical moment has arrived, and we can remain as we are no longer; we must advance or retreat. It must not be the latter, but how can it be the former? Colonel Chamberlain understands how it can be done. The order is given "Fix bayonets!" and the steel shanks of the "fix bayonets" and the steel shanks of the "fix bayonets, charge!" Every man understood in a moment that the movement was our only salvation, but there is a limit to human endurance, and I do not dishonor those brave men when I write that for a brief moment the order was not obeyed, and the little line seemed to quail under the fearful fire that was being poured upon it. O for some man reckless of life, and all else save his country's honor and safety, who would rush far out to the front, lead the way, and inspire the hearts of his exhausted comrades! In that moment of supreme need was supplied. Lieutenant H. S. Meicher, an officer who had worked his way up from the ranks, and was then in command of Company F, at that time the color company, saw the situation, and did not hesitate, and for his gallant act deserves as much as any other man the honor of the victory on Round Top. With a cheer, and a flash of his sword, that sent an inspiration along the line, full ten paces to the front he sprang—ten paces—more than half the distance between the hostile lines. "Come on! Come on! Come on, boys!" he shouts. The color-sergeant and the brave color-guard follow, and with one wild yell of anguish wrung from its tortured heart, the regiment charged.

The rebels were confounded at the movement. We struck them with a fearful shock. They recoil, stagger, break and run, and, like avenging demons, our men pursue. The rebels rush toward a stone wall, but to our mutual surprise, two scores of rifle barrels gleam over the rocks, and a murderous volley was poured in upon them at close quarters. A band of men leapt over the wall and captured at least a hundred prisoners. Eusebius has been heard from, and as usual it was a good report. This unlooked-for re-enforcement was Company B, whom we supposed were all captured.

Our Colonel's commands were simply to hold the hill, and we did not follow the retreating rebels but a short distance. After dark an order came to advance and capture a hill in our front. Through the trees, among the rocks, up the steep hillside, we made our way, captured the position, and also a number of prisoners.

On the morning of July 3d we were relieved by the Pennsylvania reserves, and went back to the rear. Of our three hundred and fifty men, one hundred and thirty-five had been killed and wounded. We captured over three hundred prisoners, and a detachment sent out to bury the dead found fifty dead rebels upon the ground where we had fought. Our regiment had won imperishable honor, and our gallant Colonel was to be known in history as the hero of "Little Round Top." We cared for our wounded as well as we could, although there was but little we could do for them. Our dead were buried, and their graves were marked by the loving hands of their comrades. I suppose that their remains have since been removed to the National cemetery at Gettysburg, but somehow I wish they had been left where they fell, on the rugged brow of Round Top, amid the battle-scarred rocks which they baptized with their blood as they died.

**EWELE'S ATTACK ON HOWARD.**  
While the desperate encounter was taking place on Little Round Top, the fearful conflict continued to rage in front of Sickles's command, and when Longstreet's bleeding brigades fell back in defeat, it was not because they had not fought bravely, but because it was impossible to push back our line of battle. It was a

fearful blow to the fortunes of the confederacy when Longstreet was repulsed on that eventful afternoon. But important events were about to transpire on our right. General Ewell had been massing his troops through the afternoon, and swore with a fearful oath that he would take and hold the positions occupied by Howard and Slocum, or he would die in the attempt. Just as the sun was sinking from view, the storm burst upon our lines. General Howard, with an empty sleeve pinned to his shoulder, stood calm and erect amid the bursting shells. That Christian gentleman, while smiling to exhibit the profane and reckless deportment of some of his brother officers, was nevertheless as heroic an officer as ever served in the Army of the Potomac. An eye witness on this occasion testifies that, while the shells were falling and bursting on every side of him, he stood leaning against a tombstone, surveying the movements of the enemy with his field-glass, and that his countenance was as unmoved as the marble upon which he leaned for support. His men (the Eleventh Corps) remembered the surprise at Chancellorsville, and were anxious to meet the enemy, to regain the prestige that they felt they had lost. Under the terrible fire of artillery and musketry, the Southern infantry charged in a simultaneous attack upon the central position of Howard, and the long line of defenses held by the soldiers of the First and Twelfth Corps. Howard's artillery opened to receive them, and fired with such rapidity that the men were obliged to wait for the guns to cool. The infantry poured volley after volley upon the Southern columns; but in defiance of all this opposition, the gallant Southerners swept across those fields covered with the dead, and like a ranged ocean wave broken and lashed by the fury of the gale, reached the breastworks of General Howard. General Barlow's division, commanded by General Ames (formerly colonel of the Twentieth Maine regiment), nobly breasted the avalanche that poured upon them, but they were pressed back, two batteries having been already captured by the rebels. But at this critical moment the guns of Stevens's Fifth Maine battery were brought to bear upon the assaulting column with double-shotted caissons. Re-enforcements arrive. General Ames rallies his shattered line, and gallantly leads them upon the foe. The Louisiana Tigers swarmed upon the muzzles of his guns. It was now a hand-to-hand conflict—clubbed rifles, bayonet thrusts, sabre strokes, clubs, staves, and whatever came to hand. The struggle was brief, bloody and desperate. Many rebels were captured, and the remainder, but a feeble remnant of that gallant corps, went rushing wildly back over that field of carnage and defeat. A wild cheer went up from the victors. Chancellorsville has been redeemed, and the gallant German troops once more have a record of which they may well be proud.

The attack made upon the Twelfth Corps had met with a slight success. Only one brigade had been left to guard a long line of rifle-pits, the remainder of the troops having been sent to re-enforce the centre. The charging columns of Ewell swept over this feeble line, and as darkness came on he held a portion of the Union rifle-pits, which perhaps would be the key to a rebel victory on the morrow.

**A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED.**  
That was a memorable night at Gettysburg. Mangled soldiers, and joy-filled hearts of the Union soldiers,—sadness on account of the loss of so many of our noble comrades, joy that it had been a day of decided success to the Union army. The people around Gettysburg endeavored in vain to learn from the confederates what the result of the day's conflict had been, but, although the rebels were not disposed to talk, they could easily detect disappointment and defeat written upon their faces. It was a gloomy night in the rebel camp. The confederate leaders were now fully convinced that the old Army of the Potomac had overtaken them, and that their chances for success were nearly hopeless. In their council of war some even proposed that they should retreat that night. But there was too much at stake for that. A retreat from Gettysburg would discourage the South, and destroy all hopes of intervention on the part of European nations. In fact, retreat would be almost as bad as death. And then Ewell, on the rebel left, had gained a slight advantage; and if he was heavily re-enforced, by a desperate advance in the early morning, they might regain all they had lost, and drive the Union army from its position. Accordingly General Rhoads's division was pushed up to re-enforce Ewell, and other troops were concentrated near that point in the line to assist in the contemplated assault.

The rank and file of the rebel army were evidently discouraged and much demoralized, but their officers assured them of an easy victory on the morrow. They were told that the Union line was made up of raw brigades, which were already terrified by the slaughter, and that they could easily be crushed before the main portion of the army of the Potomac could arrive.

Troops were also being moved within the lines of General Meade. The Twelfth Corps was moved back to our right, and was also re-enforced by two brigades from the Sixth. At daylight these troops advanced upon Ewell and Rhoads, to regain their lost rifle-pits. The conflict was sharp and bloody. The artillery crashed and raved. Inch by inch our men advanced and pressed the rebels back at the point of the bayonet, and before eleven o'clock the rebels were dislodged and driven back in defeat. A cheer loud and joyous rolled along the Union line when it became apparent that the enemy had lost the only advantage gained in yesterday's battle. From eleven until half past one all is quiet. Scarcely a shot is fired. Nothing is heard save the groans of the men wounded and the low conversation of the men. We wondered at the meaning of that silence. Had Lee given up and was to confess his defeat by a hasty flight? Or was it the momentary calm that usually precedes the bursting forth of the storm?

**A DESPERATE CHARGE.**  
General Lee climbed to the cupola of the college building and there surveyed the field of death. He evidently became convinced that it would be useless for him to endeavor to gain any advantage on his left, where Ewell and Rhoads had just been thrown back with such fearful slaughter. He resolved to make one more desperate attempt to break the Union lines, and that the charge should be made upon Meade's left centre—upon the troops of Hancock and Howard. It was a most desperate undertaking, and it speaks volumes for Southern chivalry and courage that they had officers and men to plan so brilliant a charge and to carry it into effect. At half-past one o'clock one hundred and fifty pieces of rebel artillery opened on the Union lines. It was the most terrific cannonade that ever shook the continent. Bursting

shells fell everywhere. They dropped down by scores around the little farmhouse where General Meade had his headquarters. Wounded men far in rear of the line of battle, lying weak and bleeding upon the ground, were torn in atoms by the bursting shells. It was a scene that cannot be pictured and will never be forgotten by those who saw it. One writer in speaking of it uses the following language: "The air was alive with all mysterious sounds, and death in every one of them. There were muffled howls that seemed in rage because their missiles missed you, the angry buzz of the familiar mine, the spit of the common musket ball, hisses, and the great whirring rushes of shells, and then came others which made the air instinct with warning or quickened it with vivid alarm—long wails that fatefully bemoaned the death they wrought, fluttering screams that filled the whole space with their horror, and encompassed one about as a garment, cries that ran the diapason of terror and despair."

Our generals understood the importance of that terrible storm. Every cannon on Cemetery Ridge, from the centre to right and left, was pointed into the valley through which the charging columns must come. Not one of them replied to the rebel shots, but each one was crammed to the muzzle with fire and death. Woe to the brave men who provoke their fire! Yelling like incarnate demons the rebels charge—six gigantic brigades—the flower of the confederacy—the old imperial guard of Lee's army. Their courage was worthy a nobler cause and deserved a better fate. They rushed down Seminary Ridge, and were coming across the plain that intervenes between the two ridges. The rebel artillery—one hundred and fifty guns—were pouring their terrible fire above the charging columns, and pounding our line of battle with terrible vengeance, but not a Union gun replied. The enemy evidently concluded that our guns had been silenced by their terrific cannonade, and with renewed courage rushed on to dislodge the supposed Yankee militia from their rifle-pits. It was a grand spectacle, that long line of gray-clad soldiers in a semi-circular form, charging under the crashing shells of their own comrades, upon a line of breastworks that appeared to be only tenanted by the dead. They are so near that you can almost toss a biscuit within their lines. The signal is given to fire.

**A GRAND REPULSE.**  
Instantly zigzag flames leap along our lines, and a horrible roar and frightful yells for a moment drown all other sounds. The rebels had advanced so near to our lines, and were coming with such force, that in many places they were not checked until they reached our breastworks, and when our infantry arose to receive them, they, to their surprise, saw instead of raw militia, bronzed faces and old familiar badges. "The Army of the Potomac!" they exclaimed, as they went down in defeat and death. Such a conflict could not be prolonged. In a brief time the rebels were defeated. It was not a retreat of six brigades rushing back to be reorganized. They had vanished—gone like leaves of autumn before the tempest. A few officers went dashing wildly back on fleet horses, while here and there a broken and shattered battalion of brave soldiers returned to tell the awful story of death,—one color-sergeant manfully bearing his colors, the only flag that went back from that charging column to the rebel army? Do you ask where these men have gone? If so, look at the four thousand prisoners within the Union lines, and the great windrows of dead piled upon the bloody plain.

The battle of Gettysburg has been fought and won for the Union cause. General Lee's army of one hundred thousand men with which he entered Pennsylvania, has been reduced by death, wounds, and prisoners, to sixty thousand. Leaving his dead to be buried and many of his wounded to be cared for by his enemy, he gathers up his bleeding and defeated forces and retreats rapidly toward Virginia.

The confederacy had received its death blow. New armies could be raised, munitions of war purchased, campaigns planned, and scores of bloody battles fought, but all this was to be but the heroism of despair. The prestige lost in the Pennsylvania campaign could not be regained. The fate of the confederacy was but a question of time. The Union army must have lost, in all, twenty-five thousand men. General Meade was therefore at the head of an army of fifty thousand, who were footsore with long, weary marches, and completely exhausted with the hardships of the terrible campaign. Had General Lee been vigorously pursued, he could never have reached his native Virginia. Whether the army of General Meade was in a condition to make that pursuit or not is a disputed question, and one which perhaps a private has no right to discuss. Lee made good his escape, recrossed the Potomac, and entrenched himself in the wilderness along the Rappahannock River.

The North rejoiced over the defeat of the rebels, and resolved anew that the rebellion must be crushed and the country saved. Thousands of loyal hands have assisted in the task of constructing the National monument and cemetery at Gettysburg, and henceforth it is to be the Mecca of those who love to stand amid the ashes of the gallant dead, and draw inspiration from deeds of manly daring.

**Errata.**  
In the last chapter of the Siege of Knoxville, for "Twenty-ninth Pa." read "Twenty-ninth Mass."

**A Sword Returned After Many Years.**  
(From the Troy Times.)  
Elgar M. Wing, a son of the Hon. Halsey Wing, of Glen Falls, enlisted in the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, in 1862, and was fatally wounded at Drury's Bluff, in 1864. He was a lieutenant at the time, and was captured by the rebels. Through the kindness of Captain Hendrick, a confederate officer, who found him upon the battle-field, he was placed on a stretcher and carried to a hospital. Young Wing told the story of his home and family to Captain Hendrick, and intrusted his sword and watch to his keeping, bidding him send the keepsake North as soon as it could be safely done. A friend of Captain Hendrick, by writing to the postmaster at Glen Falls, ascertained the address of Wing's relatives recently, and notified them that the dead lieutenant's watch was lost, but that his sword and sash had been preserved. They were soon after forwarded to the thankful family.

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, and "liver complaint."

## STONEMAN'S RAID.

### The Cavalry Expedition to the Rear of Atlanta.

### ADVANCE ON MACON.

### The Column Attempts to Retreat and is Attacked.

### BATTLE NEAR HILLSBORO.

### Surrender of Stoneman and Escape of Part of His Forces.

[By Horace Capron.]

During the month of July, 1864, while the army under General Sherman was pressing the siege of Atlanta, a large portion of our cavalry force was engaged for some time in scouting far down the Chattahoochee river, on the extreme left of the rebel army, and in frequent demonstrations upon its outposts. The object of General Sherman no doubt, was to draw off the heavy cavalry force of the enemy from their right, in order to facilitate a contemplated movement in that direction. Suddenly the large portion of our cavalry was withdrawn from our extreme right and ordered to concentrate at Decatur on our extreme left. We reached the place of rendezvous on the evening of the 25th of July, and on the 26th I received orders from General Stoneman to prepare my command, with six days' rations and in light marching order, to be ready to move out at five o'clock on the morning of the 27th.

General Stoneman's cavalry division consisted of the following regiments: Colonel Biddle's brigade, the Fifth and Sixth Indiana and Sixteenth Illinois cavalry; Colonel Carson's brigade, the Fourteenth Illinois, Fifth Michigan, and McLaughlin's squadron of cavalry; Lieutenant-Colonel Adams's brigade, the First, Eleventh, and Twelfth Kentucky cavalry. The object of the proposed movement, although not promulgated at the time, was for the release of our suffering comrades at Macon and Andersonville, Georgia, and also to destroy all public property that came in our way and break up railroad communications in the rear of the confederate army. A further object has transpired, which was to induce the enemy to come out from his entrenched position, or force him to make other movements which should weaken his hold upon Atlanta.

This movement was to be made with too heavy bodies of cavalry, one under command of Major-General George Stoneman, to consist of five thousand mounted men, the other of four thousand, under Brigadier-General E. M. McCook. It was contemplated that while General McCook, moving to the right, should make a heavy demonstration upon the Macon and Atlanta Railroad in the direction of West Point, General Stoneman would be able to press forward on the left in the direction of Macon and Andersonville unmolested, relieving our prisoners and burning and destroying railroads and all public property we could find.

As a further protection to General Stoneman's rear, a column under General K. Geary, moving at the same time, crossing the Genesee River in rear of Atlanta, should pass down on the western side of that river to some point below, where he was to open communication with General Stoneman. I think, also, it was contemplated that General McCook should direct his course to the place designated, with a view to continued action in rear of the confederate army.

**THE COLUMN MOVING OUT.**  
At the appointed hour on the morning of the 27th the column moved forward on parallel lines with Stoneman on the left, passing through Decatur, brushing aside a force of the rebels as they passed out. This was the last intelligence we had of either of the two commands that moved out upon our right until our return from the expedition.

Various reasons have been assigned for the failure of these columns to unite as contemplated by General Sherman. As far as General Stoneman is concerned, I can only say that he made every possible effort to open communications with one or both of the commands. Scouts were sent out, and the march of the column delayed many hours at different points, and, in this way, he lost much valuable time. These delays alone contributed much to the cause of General Stoneman's failure to release the prisoners at Macon, the news of our approach having reached that place in advance, and the prisoners removed before our arrival.

General Stoneman's line of march followed the Georgia Railroad, passing through Covington, and crossing the Chattahoochee River at nine a. m., thence through Statesville to within three miles of Monticello. At this point I detached my adjutant-general, Captain Wells, by order of General Stoneman, with McLaughlin's squadron of eighty men to feel for General Meade's and Garard's command, halting until his return. Captain Wells was also ordered to destroy public property and burn certain bridges and mills upon the Chattahoochee. The Captain reported back at four p. m. on the 29th, without being able to learn anything definite of these commands, but succeeded in destroying a vast amount of public property.

Our column, passing thence through Hillsborough, was halted at twelve m. within four miles of Clinton. Here, by order of General Stoneman, I detached from my command Major Davidson, with 125 picked men of the Fourteenth Illinois cavalry, with instructions to diverge from our line of march, and striking the Georgia Railroad at its junction with the Edenton branch, burn and destroy at discretion all public property that came in his way, thoroughly breaking up the railroad.

We then moved forward, passing through Clinton in the direction of Macon. A short rest was here taken, and at early dawn on the 30th we continued our march towards our destination.

**APPROACHING MACON, GEORGIA.**  
Colonel Biddle's command being in advance this day, came upon the enemy's pickets for