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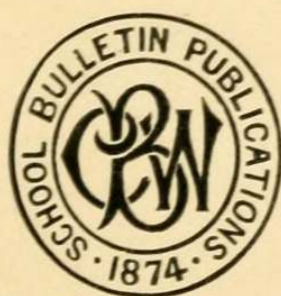


# GETTYSBURG

BY

MABEL CRONISE JONES

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SYRACUSE, N. Y.

C. W. BARDEEN, PUBLISHER

1902

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Dedicated to the children of our public schools,  
where it is hoped these verses may be found  
fitting as supplementary reading in the higher  
grades.





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# GETTYSBURG

## I

### Prologue

War is the guerdon of wrong; the guerdon of  
greed or injustice;

Man through ambition or lust may sin against  
God—the Eternal,

Blood must repay all that wrong,—all the crime  
of the sons or the fathers!

Heaven exacteth the debt, and payment must  
swiftly be rendered;

Sin is atoned for through tears; through the  
anguish of men and of women!

Man cannot trample on man without a sure  
retribution,

Avarice, pride and greed shall gather a harvest  
of sorrow,—

God taketh care of his own—the reaping shall  
be as the sowing!

\* \* \* \* \*

Up from the dust cried the blood—the life-  
blood of slaves lashed and fettered!

Forth from their graves came the ghosts,—the  
ghosts of a race foully tortured;

Womanhood basely betrayed, shrieked loudly to  
Freedom's defenders,  
Mothers bereft of their young, held out their  
hands in dumb anguish,  
Manhood dragged down and defiled, like the  
Phoenix,—sprang up from its ashes!  
Redly the soil of the south flamed out, like a  
beacon portentous,  
Gleaming like fire, with the African blood that  
had moistened its grass-blades!  
Liberty bowed low her head—the tears stream-  
ing down on her raiment,  
Stained and fettered and wan, she yearned to  
rescue her children.  
Quick to her call leaped the heroes,— kneeling  
they kissed her garments!  
Hot glowed their breath,—a purpose Divine their  
bosoms was swelling;  
Man for his brother would die,—for his brother  
enchained and fettered,—  
Die for his brother sold in the marts like a beast,  
—dumb and soulless!  
Manhood sprang swift to the summons,— the  
Northland was teeming with fervor,  
Liberty's tears baptized them,—christened anew  
each soldier;  
Youth became old in a night at the thought of  
the Nation's peril;

Peril from those that she loved, from the sons  
of her faithful affection.

\* \* \* \* \*

Loud and fierce roared the cannon,—like temp-  
ests shaking earth's pillars,  
Roaring the scorn of the Nation for traitors  
false to their country,  
Roaring the will of the North, that the slave  
should be freed from his bondage,—  
Freed from the tyrannous yoke, which the lust  
for gain had forged on him!  
Deadly and long waged the conflict, the North  
grew faint and despondent,  
Wrong was triumphant o'er Right,—disaster  
followed disaster.

\* \* \* \* \*

Trembled the life of the Nation,—patriots paused  
and turned fearful,  
Patriots conned their defeats, grew pale and  
glanced upwards to Heaven.  
Faltered their faith for a moment,—they prayed  
in despairing anguish,  
“ God of our fathers, All-powerful, listen to our  
petition!  
Turn the tide of dread War in our favor; rebuke  
Thine aggressors,  
Hear the voices of slaves, fast hunted by blood-  
hounds and masters,

Hear the cry of the children, torn from the arms  
of their parents,

Hear the moans of the weak and defenseless,—  
the wretched—the heartsick!

Succor the slave and the Nation, Thou God of  
our fathers, Almighty!”

Futile seemed prayers and petitions; the hosts  
of the southland pressed onward,

Onward and onward they came, their pathway  
was marked with their triumphs,

Waiting with bated breath, the Nation was  
watching in sorrow,

Thousands perished in vain,—they fell to succor  
their brothers—

Brothers in truth before God,—though sold as  
dogs by God’s children!

Liberty claimed them at last, the Nation yearned  
to enfold them,

Martyrs and heroes would serve them, but died  
on the field or in prison;

Crimsoned the sod of the land,—all stained by  
our soldiers that perished,

Perished for Liberty’s sake, for Justice and Truth  
and the Nation!

Perished with courage undimmed, with purpose  
firm and unblenching,

Trusting that One, named Eternal, would aid the  
helpless and wretched.

Dying, they hallowed their country, the land of  
 Freedom's pretensions,  
 Hallowed the country torn with strife and with  
 bitterest hatred.  
 Cried their blood loudly for Freedom, for Free-  
 dom entire and perfected,  
 Bravely they died there and fearless,—knowing  
 their Cause was Jehovah's!

\* \* \* \* \*

Victory crowned the rebels,—the men that be-  
 trayed their brothers,  
 Crowned the South,—the traitor, that raised her  
 hand 'gainst her Mother!  
 'Gainst her Mother,—her Country, that nourished  
 and succored and loved her!  
 Matricide, traitor and rebel, she prospered and  
 conquered and boasted,—  
 Boasted that soon should this Nation lie dead  
 and lie powerless before her!

\* \* \* \* \*

Dark were those days and despairing, dark and  
 dreary and hopeless;  
 Northward the hosts of the south were march-  
 ing in pride and in vigor;  
 Liberty gazed aghast, at their pathway strewn  
 with the dying,  
 Gazed at the hosts that swarmed in the land of  
 just Penn's hills and valleys;

Swarmed in the State claimed by Freedom,  
 where man stood proudly man's equal!

Marched they in arrogant scorn, to wrest this  
 stronghold from Freedom.

Men to their country's rescue rushed without  
 parley or question;

Rushed to hurl backward the traitors and rebels  
 that fain would destroy them!

Waited the land in terror, in terror deep and  
 appalling;

Waited and prayed and sorrowed; waited in  
 hope,—almost hopeless!

Hung the Nation's life in the balance; if rebels  
 conquered

Distant not far was the ending—treason would  
 triumph indeed then!

Treason would sever the country, would glory in  
 evil and malice,

Treason triumphant would deal in the barter of  
 slaves and their anguish,

Deal in the woes and the life-blood of souls  
 created immortal.

\* \* \* \* \*

Earnestly prayed the Nation. “Jehovah avert  
 this disaster;

Arm us with force and with might, to conquer  
 the power of Rebellion,

Free the slaves, save our Country, O



Father, Supreme we implore Thee! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus, dawned the morning historic; the sun of  
July in the heavens,  
Gazed on the forces opposing, grouped densely  
by roadside and forest.  
Gazed on the Crisis of War, the Crisis ‘twixt  
Right and Injustice!  
Liberty hovering near, with limbs heavy chained  
and encumbered  
Girded the souls of the North, filled their hearts  
with a valor immortal!  
Crucial the time and the hour,—the world was  
watching the contest,  
Victory, bless thou the North! the Nation’s de-  
fenders,—and Freedom’s!



## II

### The First Day

Nine, rang the village clock and Gettysburg  
shaking with terror,  
Saw herself compassed by soldiers, by soldiers  
determined and daring;  
Buford's videttes with stern faces, pressed closer  
and closer the rebels,  
Closer, until they had met them! the peaceful  
farm of McPherson  
Blazed with the carnage and slaughter; with  
prophecies grimly foreboding.  
Heth, the Confederate leader, rushed to the aid  
of his soldiers,  
Hurried Archer's brigade to the front, with  
orders resounding;  
Pettigrew, Davis and others, around the Con-  
federates clustered,  
Fighting with zeal high and daring, worthy a  
standard more righteous;  
Fighting till Buford waxed anxious, his men  
were falling like snowflakes,  
Holding their own, but hard pressed, no re-  
inforcements to aid them.

Ten struck the village clock; then Reynolds  
 dashed up by the turnpike,  
 Up the Chambersburg pike—glanced over the  
 field and dashed southward!

There met the head of his columns, cheered and  
 encouraged and formed them!

Hurried them quickly to Buford, still holding  
 the field at great hazard.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reynolds, the northern hero, courageous and  
 noble and manly!

Battling 'gainst heavy odds,—he fell, the patriot  
 soldier;

Fell to the earth maimed and dying; a sharp-  
 shooter hid in the branches

Singled him out for a shot; a minnie-ball sped  
 on its errand,—

Reynolds lay dead. Dead almost in sight of his  
 home and his loved ones.

Noble and loyal and true, the type of a man-  
 hood pure hearted;

Generous, frank and sincere, he died for the  
 Cause that he cherished;

Died for the country he loved, for the Nation's  
 grand preservation!

Died for the slave of the South! for Liberty's  
 mandate Eternal!

Died for his God and his duty! died on the field  
 of grim battle.

Sacred is Gettysburg's ground; moistened with  
blood and with tear-drops,  
Every inch holds its tale,—its story of carnage  
and bloodshed;  
Every spot teemeth yet with memories vivid and  
forceful,  
Teemeth with thoughts of that time when life  
was poured freely as water.  
Heaps of the dead and the dying filled trenches  
and hollows and meadows;  
Liberty sprang full-grown, Minerva-like up from  
those trenches,  
Sprang full-statured from Gettysburg's field of  
battle terrific!

\* \* \* \* \*

Hotter the conflict and hotter! Wadsworth  
slowly fell backward;  
Archer was prisoner now, but Fortune had flown  
to the rebels;  
Mountain and ridges they held;—their fire was  
destructive and deadly!  
Poured their shot down on our men, like hail-  
stones coming from heaven,  
Ever and ever it poured, on Cooper and Stewart  
and Stevens!  
Poured on their batteries fast, as they sought to  
hold their positions,  
Poured on Rowley in front—on Doubleday's own  
division;

Pouring a rain of hell,—a torrent both hot and  
deadly!

Staunch stood the boys in blue; still firm and  
unyielding and faithful,

True to their Country and Cause, though their  
comrades were falling around them.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark! eleven rang now o'er the town,—o'er  
Gettysburg's meadows.

Howard dashed quick to the front, from Emmits-  
burg, miles to the southward,

Saw the First Corps hardly pressed, and sent the  
Eleventh to aid it!

\* \* \* \* \*

Waged the fight fiercely for hours, then Stein-  
wehr and Barlow and Osbourne

Rushed to the aid of our men, to rescue those  
almost exhausted!

Early and Rodes and Ewell, with Confederate  
forces appalling,

Hurled themselves down on our soldiers, upon  
our patriots sturdy;

Stood the left wing like a wall, before blasts of  
rifle and cannon!

Standing like adamant firm, erect and unflinch-  
ing, though hopeless.

Doubleday, Robinson,—Wadsworth, in vain  
attempted to save them,

Vainly attempted to save them from Pender's  
slaughter appalling!

Back to the south they fell, far back to the Hill  
of Refuge;

Howard and Steinwehr and Schurz, and Hancock  
commanding the forces,

Rallied the wearied men, then cheered them, and  
formed them anew there.

\* \* \* \* \*

Four by the village clock; the Eleventh Corps  
and the First Corps,

Seeing forces gigantic against them, withdrew  
from the battle,

Waited they, heartsick and faint, for the rebel  
attack that they dreaded,

Waited and waited and waited, till darkness fell  
down like a pall there!

Waited with hearts growing lighter, for the  
rebels passed not their advantage,—

Pressing not to Culp's Hill as expected;—they  
lingered and parleyed.

Into the plans of the leaders had come dissension  
and discord,

Argued and reasoned they long, till God sent His  
Angel of Darkness,—

Shielding us thus from our foes, protecting the  
Federal Army!

Swiftly rode Meade to the rescue,—to the field  
of the slain and the wounded,  
Looked with sad face on his soldiers, dying by  
thousands around him,  
Looked on the havoc of War,—on the gaps in  
the files of his army.  
Terror and gloom and foreboding, dropped down  
with the coming of nightfall,—  
Dropping down with the dusk like a pall,—all-  
embracing and gruesome!  
Quick flashed the news to the North, to the  
homes of a people loyal,  
Broken were hearts that night, by the loss of  
husband or lover,  
Broken for loss of a son,—for father, for brother  
for comrade.  
Dark was the morrow's outlook,—dark for the  
Union's defenders,  
Set the tide of the War with the rebels, with  
traitors and treason!  
Patriots prayed for help; with the strength of  
despair were they praying,—  
Looking on heaps of the slain, on corpses all  
mangled and bleeding.  
Heroes gazed sadly around, who to-morrow  
should lie still and lifeless,  
Heroes all ready to die for the country they loved  
and would rescue.



Waited our soldiers aghast for the conflict to  
    come with the morrow,  
Waited the Nation and people,—waited the home  
    and the army,—  
Waiting the Crisis, fearful, to come with the  
    ending of battle;  
Waited in anguish, in sorrow,—in dread and in  
    horror unuttered,—  
Waited in agony;—speechless! Waited the Aw-  
    ful To-morrow!



### III

## The Second Day

Quiet came not with the night, the soldiers were  
watchful and restless;

Meade was arranging his troops, was choosing  
the places for action;

Hancock selected Culp's Hill, then sent his men  
onward toward Round Top,

Calling the Fifth Corps and the Twelfth to aid the  
army exhausted.

Sickles' corps coming up staunchly—as gallant  
as Sickles its leader,

Strengthened the places yet more, giving courage  
to soldiers despondent!

Bravely they toiled through the night, with faith  
and with zeal all undaunted,

Daylight kissed gently the men—our patriots  
fainting and footsore!

Worn by the long, forced march, the Third and  
Twelfth Corps were disabled;

Wearied still, the Eleventh and First, by the  
heat of the battle!

“Hasten, oh heaven, our comrades!” the soldiers  
were fervently praying,—

“Speed to our succor each corps, the Fifth, the Sixth and the Second.”

Listened they sharply in terror, fearing the enemy's cannon,

Miracles only could save them, outnumbered and crippled and wearied!

Listened they ever in dread, but the hours of the morning more onward,

Batteries belched not their fire, no sound stirred the quiet of summer;

Slowly blazed dawning to noontide, no shot from the enemy's rifles!

Gazing around him intently, Meade saw his forces advancing;—

Joyful the welcome he gave them—they came to rescue—to save us!

Onward the moments were creeping; the enemy baffled and troubled,

Fearing to make some mistake, some irretrievable blunder,

Loitered and wavered uncertain, till three struck the clock of the village,—

Dallied till Sickles, our leader, was ordered to change his position;

Sickles—who stood in the Orchard, the Peach Orchard known well in story—

Ordered by Meade to withdraw to a place less exposed and less daring—

Suddenly felt the rain of the enemy pouring up-  
on him,  
Felt the artillery fire of Longstreet falling upon  
him,  
Raining a torrent deadly, of shot and of shell on  
our soldiers!  
Infantry, too, in great masses, hurled them-  
selves strongly against us,  
Forming their ranks like a crescent, determined  
and massive and awful!—  
Mowing our soldiers down, like grain 'neath the  
blade of the sickle;  
Wilcox and Perry and Wright poured their vol-  
leys against Sickles' angle.  
Meanwhile dashed Hood to the fore, to seize and  
to hold Little Round Top,  
General Ward with his heroes, opposed him with  
courage undaunted.  
Batteries rained down upon them,—upon the  
Den of the Devil,  
Belched and thundered and roared—to shatter  
and weaken our forces!  
Picture that scene if you can! the scene 'round  
the Den of the Devil!  
Tingles each rock to-day, with loyalty, fearless  
and noble;  
Tingles with blood and with groans! with the  
deeds of those hours grown historic.

Longstreet bore down 'gainst the angle, that  
stood in the fragrant Orchard,

Training his batteries twelve, to ruin, destroy  
and undo us!

Backward and back fell our men,—still fighting  
and falling and cheering,—

Wounded and dying and fighting, retreated our  
heroes to Hancock!

Mowing our foes with his cannon, Hancock  
guarded and saved them.

Perry fled back to the rear, but Wright and Wil-  
cox pressed onward,

Wright pierced the Federal line—O God, of the  
Nations, preserve us!

Destiny waits on this hour,—the life of our  
Country's at issue!

Deafening, terrible, fearful, pealed the discharges  
of cannon,

Rebels were pressing us closely, pressing us hotly  
and fiercely!

Into the breach sprang our men, new forces  
were rushing to save us;

Humphrey soon rallied his troops, on the crest of  
the hill he had taken,

Birney assailed on all sides, receded slowly in  
sorrow,

Sickles wounded and faint was carried away  
from the battle.

Officers galloping fast, swung their swords with  
clamor resounding,

Urging their soldiers again to the field of carnage and slaughter.

Heroes stood firm to their guns, till the enemy pressed to the muzzles,

Fearful, in truth, the discharges—the volleys of grape and of cannon!

Rebels were slain by the hundreds, but others pressed forward and onward,

Back fell McGilvery's line—retreating with awful discharges!

Backward, still back, fell our men, yet fighting, retreating and falling;

Sweitzer's brigade fell back,—and Tilton's with Barnes then commanding,—

History pales at the hours,—at the thought of the Bloody Angle—

Pales at the thought of the Wheat Field,—that terrible Whirlpool of battle!

Union and traitor contended, they fought for the Wheat Field's possession;

Every inch was disputed; every inch was contested!

Crimsoned the grain of the Wheat Field, reddened the soil of the Wheat Field—

Watered the fatal Wheat Field by blood of our heroes immortal!

Nature in sorrow gazed down—on the Orchard, wasted and barren;

Gazed on the Wheat Field all trampled;—gazed on the grain steeped in carnage;

Gazed on the Wheat Field still reeking;—gazed  
on great heaps of the dying;  
Gazed on this Valley of Death! a harvest trans-  
formed as by demons!

\* \* \* \* \*

Into hell's fury and uproar, fearlessly dashed our  
defenders,

Into the Shadow of Death! their courage bound-  
less and royal!

Rattled the musketry loud! there was bursting  
of shells, roar of cannon!

Yelling of devils let loose! the smoke and the  
dust of the battle!

Surged the troops backward and forward; surged  
in confusion and terror,

Surged the troops ever unyielding; surged like  
the waves of the ocean!

Warren dashed down from his post; seized Vin-  
cent's brigade, and detached it;

Hurried the men up the mountain; up Little  
Round Top he hastened!

Forward! no loading of rifles! Forward! with  
bayonets swinging!

Reaching the crest just in time, to save it for  
God and the Union!

Onward the enemy dashed, like whirlwinds, to  
capture the mountain!

Sounded the blasts of their cannon! but Vin-  
cent cheered forward our soldiers.



Waving his sword high in air, on a rock leaped  
Vincent, our hero!

Crying aloud, "Never yield!" he fell, our  
patriot soldier.

Gallant, heroic and true, he sacrificed life for his  
country!

Fiercely the storm waged around him, men  
grappling with men in close struggle!

Ghastly Death's Carnival awful, a Carnival fate-  
ful and deadly.

Rolling like billows the smoke, with billows of  
flame was commingled;

Charges and desperate yells made the field seem  
a battle of demons;

Steadily rained rebel fire,—a fire all infernal and  
fatal.

Over the rocks rushed the traitors,—rushed to  
secure Little Round Top,

Desperate now waxed the battle, but Longstreet  
at last was defeated!

Slowly retreated the rebels, slowly but surely  
retreated,

Leaving our men on the mountain, wounded and  
crippled but joyous!

Leaving the flag of the Union in triumph above  
Little Round Top!

\* \* \* \* \*

Softly fell Night from the heavens, to cover the  
wounded and dying,

Hiding the mounds of the dead, and stretches of  
Orchard all gory;

Covering Wheat Field and Den, with their  
tragedies never recorded.

Covering Round Top—now ours! though another  
such triumph would slay us.

Round Top was won!—but the cost! oh the  
heroes that gallantly perished!

Thousands and thousands had died; had fallen  
in Gettysburg's trenches.

Gloomy the outlook that night; uncertain, the  
issue of battle;

Brooded dark gloom like a bird,—like an ill-  
omened bird o'er the Army,

Brooded and nestled and hovered, in the hearts  
of the Nation and Army,

Darkening the souls that were praying, praying  
in grief to Jehovah!

## IV

### The Third Day

Actively passed the night; the rebels massed all  
their forces,

Pickett's division came forward,—near to the  
Federal center,

Daniel's brigade and O'Neill's reinforced the  
division of Johnson;

Anderson, Heth and their aids beneath the  
guidance of Ewell,

Planned to capture Culp's Hill, of the Baltimore  
Pike take possession;

Longstreet,—assisted by Hill,—on the left of  
the Federal center,—

Planning to dash forth at dawn, had stationed  
his batteries safely.

Rebel and Northern alike, knew the dawn must  
herald the battle,

Herald the final conflict! herald the fateful  
struggle!

Earnestly labored our men, though wearied and  
wounded and fainting,

Toiling to fortify Round Top—to make the  
mountain a bulwark!

Heavy artillery there made the spot as secure as  
Gibraltar,

Cannon swept all of the field, from the lofty  
summit of Round Top.

Geary's division returned from the heat and pur-  
suit of the contest,

Joining their forces to Green—to Green, the  
strategic soldier.

Whaler's and Wheaton's brigades and the  
famous brigade of Lockwood

Stationed themselves by the Twelfth to hold  
that doubtful position;

Batteries quickly were placed on every promi-  
nent hillock.

Fearful the conflict approaching, fearful the ter-  
rible waiting!

Liberty's life was in peril, it hung on the issue  
of battle!

Freedom and Country and Home awaited the  
swift-coming issue.

Breathless the Nation watched, to-day must de-  
termine her future—

Dealing a death-blow to treason, or crowning the  
traitors with laurel!

\* \* \* \* \*

Morning dawned terribly soon, ere our men had  
recovered or rested;

Five rang the village clock! no loitering, none—  
no delaying;

Promptitude only might win, decision only  
might save us!

Quickly the Federal orders rang over the hills  
and the meadows;

Waiting no rebel attack, we volleyed forth with  
our cannon!

Johnson led Stonewall's brigade, rushing for-  
ward on Geary's division,

Direful and fatal the slaughter, the deadliest of  
the Rebellion!

Sweeping along Slocum's line, the battle drew  
all his division,

Raging through six dreadful hours—a conflict  
appalling and bloody!

Scorning all terror of Death, the rebels rushed  
forward like madmen,

Hurling themselves on our line, in solid phal-  
anxes coming!

Yelling like fiends in despair, they charged on  
the Federal forces.

Slocum's soldiers stood firmly—stood firmly by  
batteries awful,

Firmly—like walls of fire,—they mowed the  
rebels by hundreds!

Blazed out their cannon for hours, from five till  
eleven that morning!

Obstinate—reckless, the rebels! reckless of death  
and of slaughter!

\* \* \* \* \*

Ten by the village clock! and Johnson slowly  
retreated,

Slowly withdrew 'neath our fire with the Stone-  
wall Brigade wholly shattered—

Shattered and wrecked like the Tigers, who fell  
on the previous evening,

Fell in that frenzied assault on the Hill they  
dashed upward to capture.

Slowly retreating before us, they felt the tre-  
mendous discharges,

Cutting them down by the score, with terrific  
thunder of cannon!

Back past our breast-works they went,—reluc-  
tantly, slowly, but surely.

Mangled and wounded by shells, their corpses  
disfigured and awful,

Headless and armless they lay, and torn into  
fragments by cannon;

Torn into fragments by shells—exploding around  
them, beside them!

Broken the Stonewall Brigade by the pow'r of  
the Federal Union,

Broken the strength of their arm by the might  
of Freedom's defenders!

Backward the rebels went—left the Federal line  
unbroken;

Presently ceased the firing; the village clock  
struck eleven!

\* \* \* \* \*

Awful the silence now! the silence of prepara-  
tion—

Lasting through two anguished hours,—a silence  
horrible, pregnant!

Over the slain sang the birds, yes over the mead-  
ows and orchards,

Mingling their melodies sweet with the agonized  
groans of the dying.

Softly the breezes of summer blew over the  
stretches of carnage,

Kissing the maimed and the dying, kissing the  
Union and Rebel.

Sunshine in splendor gleamed down, gleamed  
down on the dead and the dying,

Gilding the battle-field gory and gilding the  
peaceful meadows!

Silence through two pregnant hours; a silence  
more dreadful than cannon,

Awful and fateful the silence,—appalling, terrific  
and direful!

\* \* \* \* \*

One by the village clock! Lee massed his artil-  
lery forces,

Into the woods they withdrew, a hundred and  
twenty pieces!

Listen! the silence is broken. The Ridge a sig-  
nal is pealing;

Swiftly an uproar terrific burst forth from the  
enemy's cannon.

Training their fire upon Hancock, sending their  
shells down upon him!

Down on the First and the Third, upon the  
Eleventh and Second!

Eighty the guns we numbered—eighty Federal  
cannon.

Eighty alone belched reply and roared the Union  
defiance!

Whizzing and screaming and bursting, the shells  
made confusion appalling!

Heaven seemed rent asunder, its batteries crash-  
ing earthward.

Uproar unequalled in story, unequalled in any  
conflict,

Prelude, fearful and dreadful, Pickett's prelude  
o'erwhelming—

Pickett's artillery prelude, his infantry charge  
to herald!

Deafening, maddening din! and lasting without  
intermission,

Lasting for two endless hours, while shells were  
constantly falling;

Shrieking and whirling and moaning, they  
whistled and wrathfully fluttered,

Splintering rocks and trees, and blowing horses  
to atoms;

Furrowing hollows and ledges,—bursting over  
our soldiers,

Heroes in Federal blue were torn into shapeless  
pieces;

Every species of shell was whirling over our  
army;



Orchestra frightfully grand, a tempest of  
orchestra fearful!

Bounding and skipping and racing—chasing and  
hissing and moaning

Dashed the shells on through detachments, scat-  
tering Death in their pathway.

Heavy the air with dust, with sulphurous fumes  
of the cannon,

Death with pinions out-spread was brooding over  
the armies,

Brooding over those fields and holding a Festival  
awful.

\* \* \* \* \*

Suddenly ceased the firing, the horrible cannon-  
ading,

Lasting through two deadly hours, it suddenly  
sank into silence.

Quiet again for a space, for the lapse of some  
thirty minutes!

Rapidly formed the rebels, in double lines speed-  
ily forming,

Pouring from woods and from hollows, out from  
ravines and from valleys!

Pickett's division was ready, the flow'r of the  
rebel army,

Ready to charge up the Hill, to dare the Federal  
rifles.

Kemper's and Garnett's brigades stood first in  
the line quickly forming,

Ready to dare and to die, determined to follow  
Pickett,

Ready to follow Lee's orders, though knowing  
the venture was hopeless,

Knowing defeat and disaster must follow the  
charge from the hollow.

Out from the wooded crest, moving swift toward  
the Federal center,

Steadily poured the lines, three massive lines of  
the rebels—

Thousands and thousands of rebels! fifteen  
thousand they numbered

Moving grandly across, a column imposing and  
stately;

Moving along toward our men and barely a half-  
mile from them,—

Pickett and Pettigrew—Lane—and Scales' and  
Wilcox's forces.

Crashed on their ears the thunder of cannon  
they thought they had silenced,

Crashing out doom and destruction, tearing the  
rebels to pieces—

Crashing came Union shot, then shells, then  
canister charges

Coming from Northern guns,—from guns they  
imagined disabled!

Deathly the pathway before them; the rebels  
paused not nor retreated,

Steadily dashing onward, onward to hell and de-  
struction.

Forth from the summit of Round Top, poured  
Federal batteries on them—

Little Round Top rained shells, rained shells on  
the enemy coming.

Howard, from the Hill, turned his guns upon the  
rebels advancing;

Ploughed were their ranks, through and through  
—but on they rushed yelling like demons!

Twenty thousand of muskets blazed on them  
with frightful slaughter—

Furious, deadly, the greeting, the greeting from  
Northern rifle.

Volley and volley of grape from Federal guns  
double-shotted,

Raining lead on the foe—on the foe still reck-  
lessly coming!

Armistead cheered on the rebels, dashing ruth-  
lessly forward,

Pressing our men back before him—seizing a  
Federal cannon!

Waved the Confederate banner, over the Union  
army,

Reached was the high water-mark — the high  
water-mark of Rebellion!

\* \* \* \* \*

Cushing, Gibbon, and Webb repulsed the south-  
ern invaders.

Cushing, the dauntless, fell dead—both Gibbon  
and Webb being wounded—

Wounded, but Armistead fell—fell dead on the spot of his triumph.

Never would traitor press further,—broken the pow'r of Rebellion!

Shielded by stonewall and copse our soldiers rained bullets upon them.

Hall and two regiments gallant rushed on the rebel invaders;

Hotly the conflict was raging, the Union muskets touched rebels!

Conflict infernal, terrific! the last and the deadliest struggle!

\* \* \* \* \*

Pickett looked down from the Ridge—from the Ridge he briefly was holding;

Saw the Federals rushing upon him—resistlessly, breathlessly rushing.

Rebels were fighting with stones,—clubbed muskets, banner-staves,—rammers!

Pettigrew's forces fell back—his men had surrendered in masses;

Pettigrew, weeping, despairing, hopelessly, sadly, retreated.

Leaving two thousand of soldiers, prisoners there of the Union,—

Leaving a score of flags, of battle-flags there by our ramparts!

Regiments hurled down their arms and Pickett lost half of his soldiers,

Fifty guns hurling our fire just three times a  
minute upon them!

Blazed out the Hill with flame, like Sinai thun-  
dering, smoking—

Thundering newly God's wrath, God's wrath  
from our Sinai loudly.

Bayonet thrusts, sabre strokes and pistol shots  
loudly were ringing—

Curses and yells and oaths, hurrahs and shout-  
ings and groanings.

Spinning like tops fell the men, and gulping up  
blood in their death-throes.

Seconds were centuries then! but the rebels were  
surely retreating—

Minutes seemed ages to us, but the rebels sur-  
rendered their colors!

Fleeing over the field, all broken and shattered  
—defeated!

Fleeing over the field so thickly covered with  
clover,

Covered with clover and blood and ghastly heaps  
of the dying.

Nine brigades had gone forth to rout the Federal  
forces,

Mangled and shattered and wrecked they fled  
from the red field of carnage.

Longstreet's soldiers fell back—the assault of  
Pickett was fatal.

Sweeping past Rummel's place, fled Stuart from  
our cavalry charges.

Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee fled from the  
charges of Custer.

Grandly our cavalry fought, yes grandly and  
fiercely and bravely! —

Forcing the enemy back—back into Gettys-  
burg's forests,—

Won was the field from the traitors, our cavalry  
halted in triumph!

Holding the field all the night, Gregg watched  
with his cavalry forces,

Honor and laurels to them—our cavalry—gal-  
lant defenders!

\* \* \* \* \*

Evening was drawing upon us; there came the  
last charge of the battle;

Shielded by forests and copse the rebels fired  
constantly on us.

Ordered by Meade, the Reserves dashed forward  
with Colonel McCandless;

Into the forests they dashed, the Confederates  
fleeing before them!

Backward the rebels retreated, back for a mile to  
the southward,

Glorious, brilliant, the charge, the charge so gal-  
lant and fearless!

Won was the fateful battle, won for our God and  
the Union!

Gettysburg's field was ours, but the price of our  
triumph was fearful.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly the sun sank to rest above the stretches  
of carnage,

Over huzzas of the North, above the despair of  
the rebels!

God of the Nations be praised, for Justice and  
Freedom have triumphed!

Triumphed in tears and in sorrow, but triumphed  
over the traitors!

Victory's garments are stained by the blood of  
the pathway trodden;

Victory clasping Grief, is weeping over the  
dying!—

Weeping for heroes, for voices eternally silenced,  
Weeping for patriots noble, Sorrow and Victory  
meeting—

Meeting after the battle, above the stretches of  
slaughter,

Meeting over the slain, and over the mounds of  
the dying!





V

Epilogue

Justice forever must triumph since God is the  
Lord of the Heavens,

Triumph o'er greed and o'er malice, o'er enemies  
powerful and subtle!

Hurled from a throne to a dungeon, her fetters  
are speedily broken.

Solemnly Justice comes forth, her grand resur-  
rection proclaiming,

Coming from out of the Valley from out of the  
Valley and Shadow.

Evil beholds her in terror,—her enemy cruelly  
tortured!

Evil beholds her regnant, her countenance  
peaceful, majestic!

Claiming her throne with command, with com-  
mand—imperious, stately!

Swiftly clutching her robes, glides Evil into the  
Darkness,

Justice returns to her own, to the scepter she  
righteously wieldeth!

Reigneth God ever and always! His Justice is  
sure and eternal;

Tarry it may for a while, when men are wilful  
and cruel,

Yet, with the morning it cometh! God's Jus-  
tice sent earthward from Heaven;

Mortals are pow'rless to slay it, although they  
fetter and bind it!

Justice will gain her dominion,—will reign and  
triumph and conquer!

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly the sun of July rose after the battle  
terrific,

Rose on the Fourth of July, on the day of our  
Independence!

Rose on the birthday of Freedom, with radiance  
keener and brighter,

Yielding the day greater luster, a luster holier,  
purer!

Giving the slaves their birthright, giving the  
slaves Independence;

Wrested from treason their yoke, and broken the  
chains of their bondage.

Gettysburg witnessed their triumph, witnessed  
the birth of their Freedom.

Doubly we honor that day, we honor our Na-  
tion's birthday.

Fourth, all-glorious, hail! ye heralded joy to the  
bondmen!

Memories sacred and dear, shall cluster around  
you forever,

Day of all days in this Nation,—the Dawning  
and Noontide of Freedom!

\* \* \* \* \*

Wearily passed the night, in grief and in sorrow  
surpassing,  
Union and Rebel alike, lamented the brave who  
had fallen;  
Mourning the heroes grand, and mourning the  
soldiers so dauntless.  
Morning wore slowly to noontide; Nature had  
shaded her features,  
Grieving over the dead and over the picture be-  
fore her;  
Heavily fell her tears, the rain falling down on  
the dying,  
Falling on wounded and dead and hiding the  
blood of the battle;  
Washing the blood from the Orchard, from  
Wheat-field and mountain and valley,  
Steadily, heavily falling till streams were swol-  
len to torrents;  
Nature had hidden her face, lamenting over the  
carnage.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rebels—terrified wholly,—without ammunition,  
—despairing,  
Silently, stealthily left—withdrawing beyond  
the Potomac!

Won was the Cause of the Union, won for our  
 Country and Freedom;  
 Loosened the bonds of the slave, the cords of  
 his serfdom all broken!  
 Broken the might of the Rebels,—disabled, dis-  
 heartened and shattered,—  
 Kindled the Union anew, with hope and with  
 courage unbounded!  
 Gettysburg, heavy with fate, on thee was Des-  
 tiny hanging,  
 Hanging upon thy issue, upon the end of thy  
 battle!

\* \* \* \* \*

Freedom victorious, boundless, proclaimed that  
 men were all equal,—  
 Equal the planter and slave; yes, equal, before  
 our Country!  
 Right must evermore triumph since Right is the  
 Cause of Jehovah;  
 Nerves He the arm of the weak, and His Spirit  
 gives valor immortal.  
 Gettysburg's Cause was the Lord's—the slaves  
 were His trusting children—  
 Out of that terrible field He brought their human  
 redemption.





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