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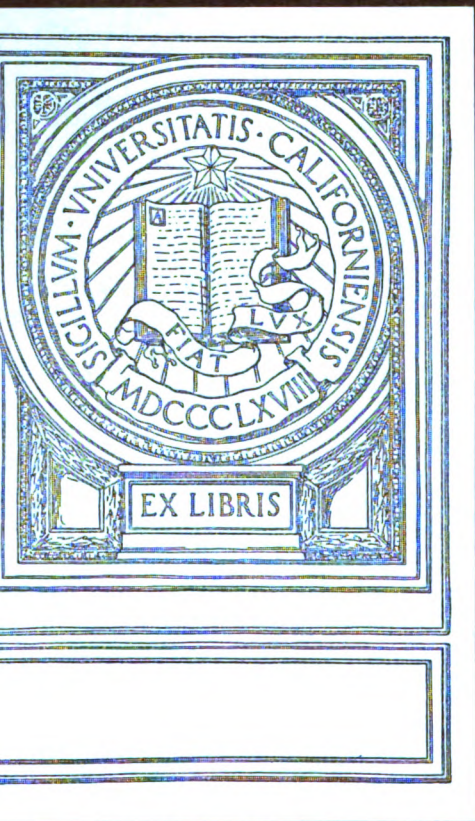
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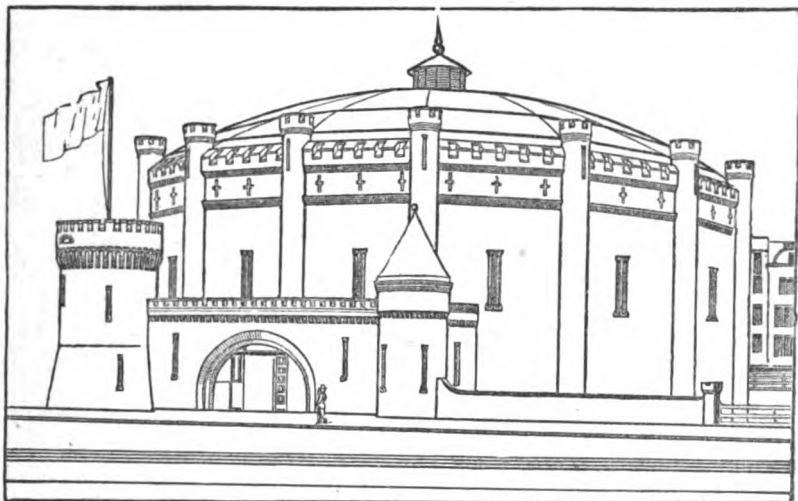
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CYCLOPAMA
 OF THE
 BATTLE of GETTYSBURG,
 BY PAUL PHILIPPOTEAUX.



PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN
BOSTON, MASS.

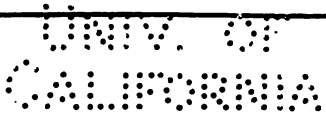
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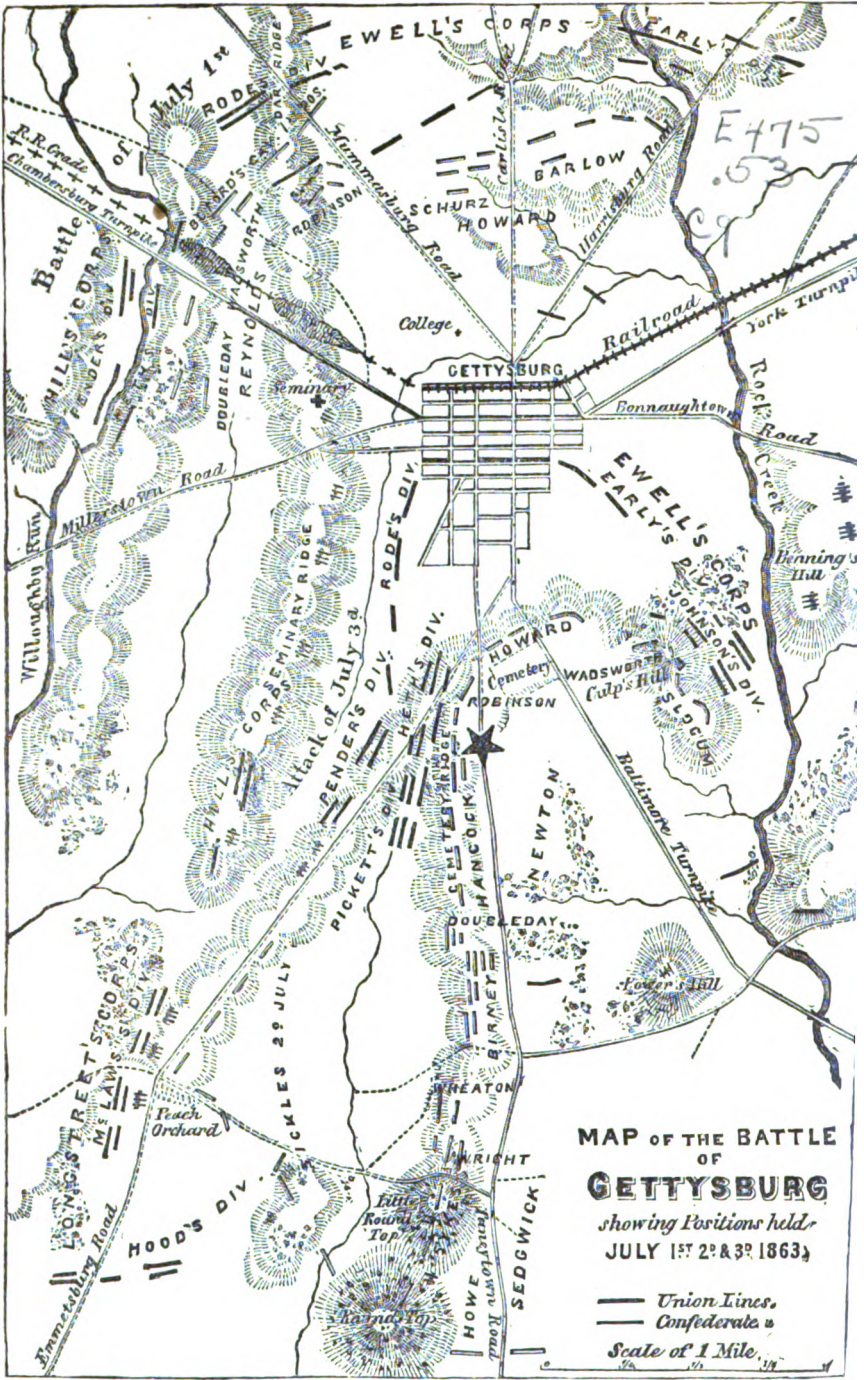
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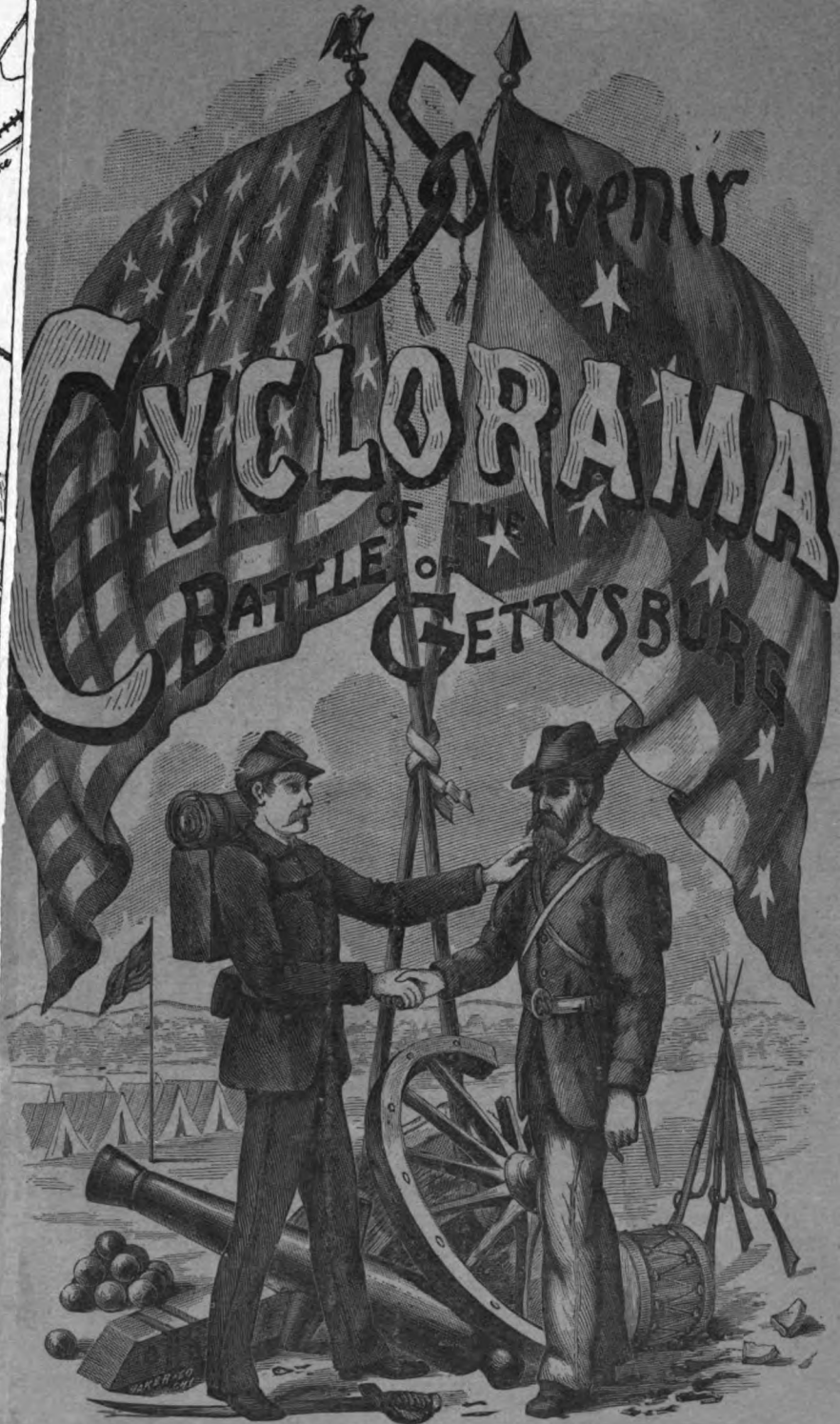
FROM

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, Franklin Square, N. Y.

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ON THE

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The Sunday Herald, Dec. 21, 1884:—

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. PRIVATE EXHIBITION OF THE GREAT PAINTING YESTERDAY.— For some time past, residents of the South End and persons who had occasion to pass the corner of Tremont and Montgomery Streets, where the Moody and Sankey Tabernacle once stood, have been mystified as to the use to which a strange fortress-looking building was to be put when finished. Yesterday the mystery was solved. The building was erected expressly for the exhibition of the cyclorama of the "Battle of Gettysburg," and yesterday afternoon the painting was presented to the view of a few ladies and gentlemen and members of the press. The building is large and substantial, and could readily accommodate 20,000 persons. It is of solid brick and iron, and is fire-proof. It is circular in shape, but is ornamented by turreted walls and towers constructed after the manner of the old feudal castles. Its external appearance is striking and beautiful in its solidity and simplicity. The internal arrangements for viewing the picture are much the same as were used for showing the painting of the "Siege of Paris," which was exhibited here some years ago. Entering the building through the central arch on Tremont Street, the visitor passes to the right and along a winding passageway which proceeds upward until he finds himself on an elevated platform, from which he can see the painting to the best possible advantage. An exit similar to the entrance has been constructed, so that there is no danger from a crowd, as both stairways are distinct and separate. Books explanatory of the cyclorama and of the battle can be obtained from the attendants, and also opera glasses, which are needed to aid the visitor to a better view of the picture.

When one reaches the platform from which the cyclorama is shown, the effect upon him is simply astounding. He suddenly finds himself upon a high hill, with a stretch of forty miles of country all around him and everywhere within range of his vision, on the hills, in the valleys, in the woods, on the open fields, in ditches and behind stone walls, and in shot-shattered shanties he beholds the soldiers of the blue and gray engaged in the awful struggle for the supremacy. No words can adequately describe the wonderful effects of this life-like portrayal of this great battle. It tells, and in the most vivid manner possible, the whole story of that dreadful afternoon of the 3d of July, 1863. The attempt to break the Northern lines; the desperate and disastrous charge of Pickett's column; the explosion of the ammunition wagons, which gave the Southerners so much joy; Hunt's gallant reception of Pickett's men; the terrible slaughter of the Confederates, as, crossing the open plain, they were cut down with solid shot, bullet, bombshells, and grape; the attack on Gibbons's division; the desperate valor of Emmetsburg road; the awful work of the battery stationed on Little Round Top; the death of the gallant Webb; the splendid charge of Col. Hall's regiments; the use of the "cold steel" in a hand-to-hand struggle; the death of Armistead; and very many other thrilling incidents of this memorable fight, are graphically depicted, and with historical accuracy. Old soldiers who saw the cyclorama yesterday pronounced it as accurate as if photographed

on the field. Of the painting as a work of art, there is no dispute. Nothing of its proportions has ever been shown here to equal it. A great many articles could be devoted to the picture, taking it in detail, since it is a collection of broad studies, rather than one big picture. The figures are singularly life-like and animated; and, in fact, the whole picture is full of action. It is difficult, and in some places impossible, to tell where the canvas leaves off and the artificial foreground begins. The atmosphere is simply marvellous in its fidelity to nature, and, looking upward, it is difficult to realize that it is not the real sky that meets the eye. It is also a thoroughly American sky, and could belong to no other clime. In the ranks of the contending armies, it will be noticed that not only are the portraits of the leading officers true to life, but that the artist has taken into account the fact that our armies were composed on both sides of naturalized citizens, as well as native-born men, and here and there a face distinctively Irish will be seen, with near it the form and unmistakable carriage of the Frenchman, the German, or the Italian. The painting draws forth that well-worn, but serviceable, and in this case particularly truthful remark, that it must be seen to be fully appreciated. The exhibition is to be permanent.

The Daily Advertiser, Dec. 26, 1884, says:—

The new cyclorama of the "Battle of Gettysburg," which was recently opened for permanent exhibition on Tremont Street, near the corner of Clarendon Street, is an important addition to the list of amusements in this city, and possesses a still more important claim to interest as a work of art. It is housed in a great circular brick building with round towers, which is quite imposing in appearance and has the solidity and grimness of a medieval castle. The vestibule, parlors, and offices, at the entrance, are decorated and furnished in a good style, and all the appointments and accessories are in keeping. The spectator passes through a narrow passage and up a winding stairway to a circular platform in the centre of the structure, whence the picture is seen. The painting is 400 feet long and 30 feet high, consequently measuring 20,000 square feet. It is the work of M. Paul Philippoteaux, whose "Siege of Paris" every visitor to Paris makes it a religious duty to see, and which has stood for the last twelve years on the Avenue of the Elysian Fields.

As a part of the labor of executing the present work he went to Gettysburg two years ago, and spent several months on the battle-field, making sketches; he also studied the official maps at Washington, and obtained from Generals Hancock, Doubleday, and others, many details regarding the battle; and he has devoted about two years to the actual work of painting the cyclorama in Paris. He has chosen to represent the decisive action which occurred on the afternoon of July 3 (the third day of the battle), which consisted of Pickett's charge on the Union centre. The spectator is supposed to be standing on Cemetery Ridge, just inside of Hancock's lines, about half a mile south of the village of Gettysburg, on the Taneytown road, where the fighting was hottest. At the west, Pickett's troops are advancing from the woods of Seminary Ridge across the open fields, and part of them have

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

already reached the Union position, in spite of the fire of eighty guns posted along the ridge, and are fighting at close quarters in the foreground. At the east, from the other side of the horseshoe formed by the Federal army, come re-enforcements hurrying from the direction of Culp's Hill at the right wing, and from Little Round Top at the left wing, to the support of the centre. At the south we see General Hancock and his staff on the Taneytown road, and beyond them the irregular line of battle stretching off towards Round Top, about a mile and a half away. At the north, the crest of Cemetery Hill hides the village, beyond it, and still farther away is the tower of the Lutheran Seminary where Lee watched the battle, and the wooded heights where the first day's fighting was done.

The contest raging in the foreground, west view, is one of the bloodiest of the annals of the civil war contain. At one point the men are fairly within arm's length of each other, using the bayonet, and in some cases their knives, ramrods, musket-stocks. Wreaths of smoke hang horizontal in the air, like cobwebs, where the skirmish line falls back slowly before the charge of the butternut-hued hosts. Every side wounded men are lying, falling, slumping to the rear, or being picked up by the ambulance corps. Broken caissons, arms, clothing shot, and fragments of shell are strewn over the torn surface of the road, in the field of crushed-down wheat, under the trees, and on the grass. The incidents of the struggle in this spot are too numerous to permit of a complete description. At one point is Cushing's battery about to "give them" that famous "one more shot" of which every school-boy has read with a swelling heart; at another is the surgeon's headquarters, where the victims of the strife are receiving the delicate attentions demanded by the nature of their injuries, such as the amputation of a leg; near by sits General Hunt, chief of artillery, on a bay horse in the wheat-field, studying the enemy through a field glass; and along a little cross road comes a detachment of artillery from the direction of the Baltimore turnpike. The horses plunging, rearing, and dancing to the wild music of the musketry.

The execution of this truly colossal work is a marvel of artistic learning and sentiment, as well as of accuracy in every historic and topographical particular. In a word, this is a great piece of work, and the artist, who is now in Boston, has a right to feel as proud of it as of his "Siege of Paris," for it is as good as that, and, we are inclined to think, even better.

The Daily Transcript, Dec. 30:—

ART NOTES. THE CYCLORAMA.—Certainly a most extraordinary affair is this "Battle of Gettysburg," whether judged by itself as a piece of realistic painting, or by the result which it unmistakably attains. The bewildering impression which it produces upon the spectator may, perhaps, explain the very uncritical mood which the work creates. It is quite impossible to describe the effect which is received on first coming up out of the little passage into the midst of the picture. It is something as it would seem were one to become of a sudden a part of a picture; one feels, in the midst of this cyclorama, quite as helpless and confused as would be the case could this be so. There is something weird and eerie about the thing, something that is suggestive more of another world than of any other thing. It is as though the laws of this world were suspended, and all things acted quite arbitrarily. Some portions of the foreground appear to change their positions as the spectator changes his, quite in a rational manner; but then the rest of the foreground does not move in the least, no matter how much the point of sight may be varied; the laws of perspective are all bewitched, and everything is uncanny. Moreover, of course, each figure is frozen into sudden immobility, with a resulting effect as different as may be from that of an ordinary picture. In short, one feels quite helpless and wondering in the midst of this new and extraordinary nature. It would seem as though all these queer impressions might be at once met and settled by the simple consideration of the fact that it was

only a picture. But that is just it; it is impossible to accept the thing as a picture. Not because it is absolutely natural, but because there is nothing by which to gauge the thing, one has no idea whether the canvas is ten feet distant or a thousand. And so, all means of rational judgment being removed, the spectator must remain dazed and helpless, feeling much like the little girl in "Alice in Wonderland," when told that she was but a thing in the dream of the sleeping king.

But the painting has quite admirable qualities apart from the bewildered effect which it produces. Much of the grouping is well considered and even masterly. The figures are in the main clear, vigorous, spirited, and expressive, the perspective good, and the atmosphere remarkably like nature. In the foreground, especially, the painting is very clear and realistic, most admirably so, in fact, particularly in the cases of woodwork and metal; in one instance, it is quite impossible to distinguish a painted cannon from an actual one which lies near it. The extreme effect of realism is prominent in the painting of the foreground.

The general conception and treatment of the painting are commendable in the extreme, for it is restrained, moderate, and in really good taste, and therefore the expectation of possible horror and disgust with which many enter the building is quickly changed to a grave consideration of the nobler characteristics of a great battle. Had the painter been absolutely literal in his execution of the subject, painting all the ghastly and sickening details of the fight—details which of course were, and which would have been received and gloated over by a most lamentably large number of the people of any city—had he done this, painting all the carnage and horror that could have been done with perfect truthfulness, then would the work have been without higher value than police news. But with a moderation worthy of all praise, he has avoided absolutely all this sort of thing, with the result that the painting is truly valuable, not only as a means of amusement, but as a most instructive lesson with regard to the great battle.

The Boston Journal:—

... It is the result of the labor of two years, preceded by months of study on the battle-field, re-enforced by interviews with such soldiers as Generals Hancock and Doubleday, and by careful study of accounts of the battle, maps, and other material necessary to a full acquaintance with the details of the event. For the execution of the painting he occupied in Paris a building similar in size and shape to the one where the picture is now permanently lodged. The value of the work is immense, and the cost of the fire-proof edifice constructed for its exhibition brings the total amount invested in the enterprise up to the vicinity of \$200,000. Mr. C. L. Willoughby is the proprietor.

The exterior of the building on Tremont Street has already been described in this paper, and its appearance is doubtless familiar to all who have had occasion to pass it. On entering the broad, arched door between the two round towers, which form a sort of portico to the main building, one finds on the left, in the larger tower, a cosy and handsomely furnished parlor. In the other tower is the ticket office. Descending a short and broad flight of steps, and depositing the card of admission in a receptacle guarded by a doorkeeper in military uniform, the visitor passes by a long corridor to a circular flight of steps which leads up to a large platform in the exact centre of the main building. Here a surprise is revealed. It is almost impossible to disabuse one's self of the impression of having suddenly come into the open air again. A large canopy overhangs the platform, and looking upward, beyond its edges, the beholder's vision pierces the vast depths of a truly American sky, its delicate azure speckled here and there with the fleeciest of clouds. A glance around shows an immense horizon, the line of which is broken by blue hill-tops, the green fringe of woodlands, and other distant features of a landscape which is miles in extent. The impression is that of being upon some great eminence in the midst of a country, the beautiful aspect of which is in strange contrast with the terrible scenes taking place

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

on all sides. Here is a shanty riddled with shot and shell; there the splintered rails giving evidence of a tornado of deadly missiles having ploughed its way in that direction; on all sides struggling masses of men, and the wounded and dead and dying. There is a terrible realism in this portion of the picture; the figures are life-like, the delusion of action is perfect; one can almost imagine he feels in his nostrils the sulphurous odor of the clouds of smoke that rise here and there, and, in view of the many things to be seen, stands spell-bound. Not only is the picture wonderful in itself, but its mounting is as artistic as its execution. From the very base of the elevation on which the spectator is, the landscape stretches away to the horizon. The immediate foreground is built, not painted, but it is a puzzle to tell where the foreground leaves off and where the picture begins; in some places it is impossible. Here is a well, a part of its curb being real stone and a part of it the representation of stone in pigment on the canvas. Over it is a tripod of rough sticks, and part of the tripod is real; the rope and pulley for the bucket are but pictures. Here again is a veritable shanty, and just beyond is a painted one: the sharpest eyes cannot detect the difference. A real coat lies in one spot, with a musket near it, and just beyond is the discarded knapsack, as real in appearance, though only a picture, as the coat and the gun. The perspective is perfect, and trees, men, animals, and all things stand out as though a vast expanse of country were stretching away from one's feet, and these things verities, rather than masses of color skilfully laid upon a flat surface. Of the details of the picture it would be impossible to speak. There are many portraits in it. The character of the men who fought on both sides is shown very admirably, the native American and the soldier of foreign extraction both being easily found. The exhibition is one which will long be a source of pleasure to the people of Boston and vicinity, while those who visit it will return again and again, and which, as a local institution, cannot be regarded with other feelings than those of gratification. It will be open daily from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

Sunday Globe, Dec. 20:—

You will find hard work to convince yourself that you are not standing on the top of Cemetery Ridge in the very centre of the position occupied by the troops of the Northern army on that memorable day in July, nearly twenty-two years ago. Looking over the brow of the hill on which you are standing, you see spread out before you the battle-field so vivid and life-like. Behind you is Culp's Hill, and General Meade's headquarters. On the right hand, in the foreground, is the little country cemetery from which the ridge derives its name, and beyond the little town of Gettysburg.

In front of you are the contending armies, while at your left are the corps of Hancock, Doubleday, Newton, Pickett, Pender, Hill, and others. The time is when that bright summer's day Pickett made his famous charge. The battle began at about one o'clock in the afternoon, July 3, by a single cannon shot, and at once one hundred and fifty guns of the Confederates opened fire with the purpose of breaking the Northern line, and making way for Pickett's charge. At three o'clock, General Hunt, chief of artillery, ordered a cessation of the firing. The effect of this order was that the Confederates believed they had silenced the guns, and Pickett started with his column, numbering seventeen hundred men. Hunt replaced the disabled battery by others from the reserve artillery, and as Pickett came over Cemetery Ridge, Hunt opened on his column with solid shot, then shell, and, later, with double canister at short range, and made terrible havoc in his line. But closing up the gap, and stepping into the places of their fellow-comrades, those brave men kept on and on. How the battle was fought and won is known to all.

On the ground at your feet lie broken cannon, guns, bayonets, and so finely is the work done that a person cannot tell where the artist ends and the painting begins.

The painting is the work of the famous Paul Philippoteaux, who, in order to paint it, came to America two years ago, spent several months on the

battle-field, taking sketches and drawings of the country, consulted the efficient maps, and obtained from Generals Hancock and Doubleday details of the battle as it really took place. The canvas is four hundred feet long, fifty feet high, and contains 20,000 square feet.

Boston Daily Advertiser, Dec. 23, 1884:—

The industry and system, the patience and fineness in little things, and the breadth and spirit of the whole effect, are very remarkable and admirable. It would be hard to estimate the number of life-size figures in the foreground, but their number is immense, and the variety of composition in the groups, the fertility of invention displayed in the action and pose of the soldiers, could scarcely be exaggerated. The scene on the canvas is continued at the bottom of the composition by an arrangement of "practical" objects, a device somewhat in the taste of the scene painter. A real stone fence is continued by a painted one, and it requires some study to discover the point of connection between the two. This has been done with great skill. The landscape is not the least admirable part of the work. The place and season are both propitious; and M. Philippoteaux has outdone himself. The country is as thoroughly lovely and beautiful as one might wish for a contrast with the ugliness and horror of war. Far away stretch hundreds of sunny acres of green fields, the groves, hillsides, and orchards of a rich and peaceful State converted into the theatre of a tremendous conflict. The sky is of a pale and melting blue, with small, fleecy gray clouds floating here and there; and the illusion of a vast atmospheric perspective is more perfect than in any work of the kind we have ever seen. A group of trees in the foreground lift their slender upper limbs, their twigs and foliage into an air so real that one is sure they were on a plane nearer the eye than the sky which retreats beyond them. The sky has movement, life, depth. The distances are treated with breadth and vigor of handling, the woods especially being brushed in with unusual success.

The Budget, Dec. 21:—

The cyclorama is a mammoth oil painting, fifty feet high and four hundred feet long, stretched around the wall of the building and viewed by the spectator from its centre, the effect being that of looking over the surrounding country from a slight elevation. The illusion is perfect. Emerging from a winding staircase on to the central platform, the visitor seems suddenly transported from Boston to the battle-field of Gettysburg and set down in the midst of the thickest of the fight. His standpoint is in about the centre of Cemetery Ridge and at the point where the rebels made their heaviest charge. All around him are evidences of the terrible struggle, while in the distance on either hand stretch the opposing lines. The view is apparently prolonged to the horizon, giving a view of about ten miles in every direction around the historic battle-field.

This immense painting is the work of M. Paul Philippoteaux of Paris, an artist of great merit, and who has spent two years in America in the study of his subject. To assist the visitor in locating the various army corps, Major Bancroft, of Boston, gives frequent lectures on the battle, and points out the prominent features in the picture.

Boston Post, Dec. 30:—

The work is not only excellent in quality, but has the merit of accuracy, for M. Philippoteaux not only visited the scenery of the battle before commencing his work, but made a careful study of the official war maps at Washington, and gained many reliable details from frequent interviews with Generals Hancock, Doubleday, and other officers who have every reason for being familiar with the facts. The canvas is four hundred feet long and fifty feet high, and the entire scene is reproduced with wonderful natural effects, which make the picture appear a vivid reproduction of the terrible scenes which were enacted in July, 1863, when the decisive battle of the war was fought. The painting is on exhibition daily from 9 A. M. until 11 P. M.

EXPLANATION

OF THE

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

THE Cyclorama represents the decisive action which took place in the afternoon of July 3d, 1863 (the third day of the battle), generally known as

THE CHARGE OF PICKETT.

The spectator is placed on the battlefield in the center of the positions occupied by the troops of the North, and views the battle as it really took place.

At 1 o'clock in the afternoon the signal cannon-shot was given and 150 guns of the Confederates opened fire against the troops commanded by General Hancock, consisting of

*The First Corps, under the command of Newton,
The Second Corps, under the command of Gibbon,
The Third Corps, under the command of Birney,
The Eleventh Corps, under the command of Howard.*

The aim of the artillery fire was to break the Northern lines, and prepare the way for Pickett's charge. It had been found expedient to divide the first corps. The division of Wadsworth was on the right of Culp's Hill; the divisions of Robinson, Gibbon, Doubleday, and Caldwell were ranged successively on the left. The convex form of the Northern line did not give them as much space as that occupied by the Southern troops. General Hunt, in command of the Union artillery, promptly stationed eighty guns along the crest—as many as it would

NOTE—In compiling this brief sketch of the Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg, we are indebted largely to General Doubleday in his excellent little book, published by Scribner's Sons, "Chancellorsville and Gettysburg."

hold—in order to respond to the fire. On both sides the artillery suffered greatly during the two hours that the cannonade lasted.

ELEVEN AMMUNITION WAGONS EXPLODED.

When the smoke of these explosions cleared the shouts of joy from the Southern soldiers could be heard for miles along the line.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon General Hunt ordered a cessation of fire in order to cool the guns, and reserve a little ammunition for the struggle which seemed imminent. This cessation of fire naturally gave the Southerners an idea that they had silenced the Northern batteries, and Pickett at once moved forward in order to break the Union line and occupy the crest. The attack was so important, so sudden, and so contrary to the provisions of Longstreet that when Pickett demanded an order to advance, Longstreet gave no reply; then Pickett said haughtily,

“I SHALL GO FORWARD, SIR.”

The other forces on his right and left were to move up and enlarge the opening thus made in such a way that finally the two wings of the Union army would be completely wedged apart, so permanently and effectually that they would disperse in all directions. It is supposed that this grand column of attack numbered about 17,000 men.

The distance to be traversed by Pickett's column was about a mile and a half from the woods where they started to the crest, which was his objective point. During the time which it necessarily took to organize and cross this intervening space, Hunt wisely improved the opportunity to withdraw the disabled batteries and replace them by others from the reserve artillery. He also replenished the boxes of ammunition, and held himself ready to receive Pickett's column, first with bullet shots, followed by bombshells, and finally when close at hand explode boxes of grape shot.

WHILE CROSSING THE OPEN PLAIN

the Southerners suffered cruelly from this artillery, which opened on them with solid shot the moment they came in sight, followed by shell when half way across the plain; double canisters being reserved for their nearer approach.

From the very start the direction of their march appeared to be toward the Doubleday division, but when they were within 500 yards of it Pickett halted and changed the direction for an oblique of almost forty-five degrees; the attack thus struck Gibbon's division, which was on the right of Doubleday. Wilcox and Lang, who formed the right flank of Pickett, did not follow his oblique movement, but kept on straight to the front in such a manner that soon there was a vast interval between their troops and the main body, thus leaving Pickett's right completely unguarded.

THE SOUTHERNERS CAME ON MAGNIFICENTLY :

as soon as the shot and shell tore through their lines they closed up the gaps, and pushed on. When they reached to Emmetsburg road the canister began to make frightful gaps in their ranks. They also suffered severely from a battery posted on the summit of Little Round Top, which pierced their lines.

The attack of Pickett struck Hays' brigade and the Second Corps in front of the main line. Then the musketry became so deadly that Pettigrew's men began to hesitate on the left and fall behind. Before the Southerners could reach the second fence and stone wall they were obliged to pass under the fire of a half brigade commanded by Colonel Thomas B. Gates of the Twentieth New York State militia and a Vermont brigade under General Stannard, both belonging to the corps of Doubleday.

When the right of Pickett became exposed by the divergence movement of Wilcox's command Stannard seized the opportunity to make a flank attack, and while his regiment on the left, the Fourteenth, was making a terrible fire, he changed front with his two other regiments, the Thirteenth and Sixteenth, and thus brought them in a line perpendicular to the Southern troops, and the brigade of Kemper found itself repulsed and driven toward the center in order to avoid the energetic and deadly attack of Stannard.

They were followed by Gates' command, who continued firing with close ranks. This resulted in the surrender of many. Others forced a retreat. Meantime the brigade of Armistead, joined with that of Garnett, charged on the Second corps of Hays' brigade and forced them back from their advanced

position against the stone wall just as the batteries of the crest arrived. Although Webb's front was the center of the concentrated fire of the artillery, and had already lost fifty men and several brilliant officers, their line remained firm and impenetrable. It devolved upon Webb to meet the great charge which was to decide the fate of the day. For that unforeseen circumstance it would have been difficult to find a man better fitted. He was nerved to great deeds by the memory of his ancestors who had formerly rendered distinguished services to the Republic, and he felt the results of the whole war might depend upon his holding of the position. His men were equally determined. Cushing's battery No. 4 of the United States artillery, which had been posted on the crest, and Brown's battery, Rhode Island, on his left, were completely destroyed by the cannonade. The horses were killed, the officers, with the exception of one only, were struck with fragments of shell, and Cushing had but one serviceable gun left. When Pickett's advance came very near the line young Cushing, mortally wounded in both thighs, ran his last serviceable gun down to the fence and cried,

"WEBB, I WILL GIVE THEM ONE MORE SHOT!"

At that moment of the last discharge he called out, "Good bye!" and fell dead at his post of duty. Webb sent new batteries to replace the two disabled ones. General Armistead crossed the stone wall and reached the guns, and the battery was, for a few moments, in his possession, and the Southern flag floated triumphantly in the Union lines. But Webb was very near, and facing Armistead and encouraging his men he led the Seventy-second regiment of Pennsylvania against Pickett, and posted a line of wounded in the rear with orders to shoot all men who deserted. A party of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania behind a stone wall at the right made a very murderous fire at the flank, while a party of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania and the remainder of the Seventy-first made an energetic resistance at the left from behind a clump of trees near the spot where the Southerners had broken the Union line, and where the Northern men were fighting with the Southern muskets touching their breasts. At this moment two regiments conducted by Colonel Hall made a splendid charge and passed completely across Webb's line to engage with the

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Southerners in a hand-to-hand conflict. Armistead was mortally wounded near a cannon which he had taken. It is said that when dying his last words, which were addressed to one of our officers, were, "Tell Hancock I have wronged him and have wronged my country." Gibbon and Webb were both wounded, and the loss of officers and men was very considerable. Two Southern brigadier-generals were killed, and the number of prisoners were double the number of Webb's brigade. Six battle-flags and 1,463 muskets were also taken.

When Pickett looked around him and saw that it was

IMPOSSIBLE TO HOLD HIS POSITION,

as he was surrounded by Northern soldiers—saw his men surrender in a body—heartbroken he ordered the retreat.

Few men remained of that magnificent column which had advanced so proudly, led by the Ney of the Southern army, and these few fell back in disorder behind Wright's brigade, which had been sent forward to cover the retreat. On the left Pettigrew's division lost 2,000.

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

PAUL PHILIPPOTEAUX.

THE author of this great work of art was born in Paris in 1846. From his earliest years he showed such a remarkable natural aptitude in art matters that his father, Felix Philippoteaux, himself an artist of great merit, gave him instructions in the first elements of art painting.

At the age of sixteen Paul Philippoteaux received instructions from Cabanel and from Leon Cogniet, with both of whom he was a favorite pupil. While studying at the "Ecole des Beaux Arts" he obtained several medals and other high honors.

He is to-day among the foremost of the painters of Paris, where his paintings in the "Salon" are so highly esteemed that his fame is fast becoming world-wide.

The great success attending the production of his first Cyclorama, *The Defence of the Fort d'Issy* (1871) (painted in collaboration with his father, Felix Philippoteaux), exhibited permanently for the last twelve years in the Champs Elysées of Paris, induced him to paint the following Cycloramas: *Taking of Plevna* (Turco-Russian War) and the *Passage of the Balkans*, both on exhibition in St. Petersburg. *The Belgian Revolution of 1830*, and the *Attack in the Park* (1830), both exhibited in Brussels. *The Battle of Kars*, in Moscow. *The Battle of Tel-el-Kebir*, on exhibition in London. *The Dernière Sortie*, at the Crystal Palace. All of which have met with the most flattering reception.

In order to paint the Cyclorama of the *Battle of Gettysburg*, which is the greatest work of his life, Paul Philippoteaux came to America two years ago, spent several months on the battle-field of Gettysburg taking sketches and drawings of the country, consulted the official maps at Washington, and obtained from Gens. Hancock, Doubleday, and others, details of the fight as it really took place. He then returned to Paris and occupied two years in painting this great work of art.

The canvas is four hundred feet long and fifty feet high, consequently measuring 20,000 square feet.

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CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

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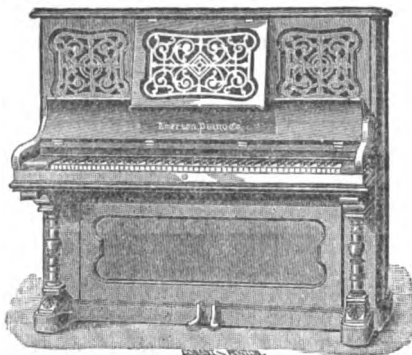
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"FIRST IN THE FOREMOST LINE."

I stood to-day upon the ridge
Where once the blue brigades were massed,
And gazed across the plain below
O'er which the charging column passed —
That long, low line of gray, flame-tipt,
Which still its onward movement kept
Until it reached the sandy slope
By twice a hundred cannon swept.

And sauntering downward, somewhat sad,
Among the stones no longer stained,
I halted at a little mound
That only the front rank had gained,—
A little mound left all alone,
Unmarked by flower or cypress wreath
To show that some regretful heart
Remembered him who slept beneath.

But, half-way hidden by the grass,
I found a broken barrel stave,
The head-board which some foeman's hand
Had kindly placed above his grave;
And on one side I traced these words,
In letters I could scarce divine:
"Soldier, name unknown, who fell
First in the foremost line."

The field was bare. No grinning skulls
Gleamed ghastly in the clear noontide,
For on a hill not far away
The dead were gathered side by side.
Yet none had touched the little mound;
Mayhap by chance or by design,
They left him where death struck him
down,
"First in the foremost line."

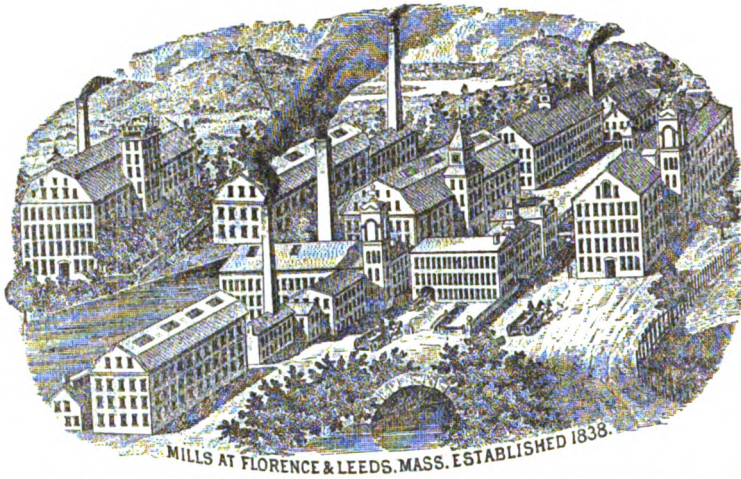
And they did well; there let him rest;
A fitter spot there could not be.
No monument upon the earth,
No sepulcher within the sea,
Could match the tomb that Nature gives,
The shroud she spreads o'er his remains,
The green turf kissed by summer suns,
And washed by summer rains.

Perchance for him a mother's soul
Sought God upon that bitter night,
When first the dirgeful breezes bore
Disastrous tidings from the fight;
And in the autumn twilight gray
Belike sad eyes, in tearful strain,
Gazed northward very wistfully
For one that did not come again.

Perchance for him some fresh young life
Drooped wearily from week to week,
Struggling against the gnawing grief
That ate the roses in her cheek,
Till pitying Death, with gentle touch,
Set sleep eternal in her face,
And, sorrowing for the roses gone,
Planted his lilies in their place.

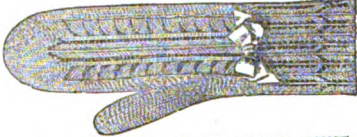
God's peace be with thee in thy rest,
Lone dweller in a stranger's land,
And may the mold above thy breast
Lie lighter than a sister's hand!
On other brows let fame bestow
Her fadeless wreath and laurel twine;
Enough for thee thy epitaph:
"Dead in the foremost line."

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.



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BEFORE THE BATTLE.

*Incidents Preceding the Memorable Trial of Strength---The First Gun---
The Messenger From the Front---The March to Gettysburg.*

GETTYSBURG, PA., Oct. 31.—It was the 1st of July, 1863. Stretched out upon the grass under the shade of a great oak just south of the Pennsylvania line in Maryland we leisurely discussed the probable movements of this first campaign in the loyal States in which we had been engaged. To us the name of Gettysburg had no special signification, though I dare say it was mentioned, because we made it a point to keep tolerably well informed as to the geography of the country in which we moved; certainly the name at that time was not suggestive of the desperate fighting, the frightful slaughter, the whirlwind of sound, which characterized that awful contest. Even at this remote day, when a score of years have interposed their burden of recollection between then and now, the memory of those hot, bloody hours brings the color to one's cheek, and sends the blood surging through one's veins.

The day was torrid—one of those sections of time which seems to have been moved up from the infernal regions for the special torment of man and beast. Out on the dusty road, which drew its yellow sinuous length, like a gorgeous serpent, towards the north until it passed out of sight over a neighboring hill, a few figures moved lazily along. A sentry by the roadside wiped his heated forehead at every turn he made in his short beat, and I noticed that he lingered lovingly and oftenest at the point where his path passed under the thin-leaved branches of a parched cherry tree. It was one of those days when out of the excessive heat and the silence it engenders there seems to grow an ominous foreboding of something fearful to be remembered through all coming time.

And as we thus lay, partly sheltered from the glowing sun, offering fragmentary suggestions, and then relapsing into the inertia which seemed to hold all nature in its grasp, out of the distant north came a faint far-off sound, quivering as it passed along the hot air and sweeping off to the south.

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

"Hark!" exclaimed one of the recumbent party, as he raised himself on his elbow and listened intently; "that's a gun!"

And then as another and another faint "boom" came down to us, rather suggestions of sound than sound itself, we knew that somewhere beyond the wavy yellow haze with which the midday sun bordered the landscape within view, men were sternly working the engines of death, and shot were crashing through human lives and crunching human bones.

It was not a new sound to any of us, but weeks had gone by since we heard it, and its peculiar significance lay in the fact that, like the song of the sirens, it would draw within the vortex all who came under its magic spell.

We did not know then, as we afterward knew, that away up there beyond the circumscribed horizon, where those ominous sounds had birth, our own comrades were fighting an almost hopeless fight, going down like leaves before an autumn gale, retreating before a force whose long lines lapped their scanty front, rallying, fighting on, and dying to hold the ground upon which should be fought the most momentous battle of modern times.

So we lay and listened, and as the faint pulsations grew in volume men and officers forsook their shady coverts and came out to the edge of the road, as if thinking they could better hear along the highway than from the contiguous field.

And soon over the brow of the hill, where the road banded the slope with its bright golden ribbon, a rider came in view, furiously spurring his fast-failing horse. I shall never forget the effect of the sudden appearance of this desperate horseman as he burst into view on the summit of the ridge, surrounded by a hallow of glittering dust, which, spattered up by his horse's feet, hung in the still air, an amber cloud. Out into the hot sunshine with a rush came hundreds of half-clad men, who lined the road on either side and threw at him a broadside of questions as he passed through.

Covered as he was by dust, his rank was indistinguishable; he looked out ahead through a gray mask, and on the sides of his exhausted horse little rivulets of blood streamed away from the spurs until their courses were checked in a marsh of scarlet mire.

It was not strange that we crowded about him with our eager inquiries, for he was the link that bound us to the tragedy that was being enacted far away over the Pennsylvania hills. A dozen canteens were held up to him, but he refused them all, waving them away with his hand as he asked:

"Where are your headquarters?"

A hundred hands pointed to the white tents bleaching in the sunlight a few yards in the rear, and he lifted his panting beast to its work, saying as he moved on:

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

"The First corps is in and badly cut up."

We knew that our call would instantly come, and each one set about the task of preparing for the march. In a few moments a bugle-blast came up from headquarters and was echoed at once by the weird melody of the regimental bugles calling the boys into the ranks. In fifteen minutes we were strapped up and out on the road headed to the north toward the field where the grass was growing crimson and mangled soldiers were crawling out of the hot sun under the shade of the bushes to die.

Moving in quick time the long line splashed through the dust, which rose in clouds, and when it touched the skin it burned like particles of molten brass. The hard yellow glare of the early afternoon sun seemed to eat into one's brain, and the temptation was strong to lie down in the cool recesses of some one of the copses of timber through which we passed and abandon all else to bodily comfort. Here and there a man reeled and fell, or staggered into the shade of the trees, and was left as we hurried on. Along the road, under our feet, articles of clothing, haversacks, blankets, and even guns and cartridge boxes were thickly strewn, but no canteens. Those tin receptacles of luke-warm water are the last thing the exhausted soldier throws away.

Mile after mile we covered with weary feet, over the hot strangling dust, through cool vistas of forest, by scattering farm-houses, whose occupants had left their labor and leaned on the fences looking with curious, wistful faces at the long column rolling up to the front. Under the terrible heat the battery-horses struggled on with their tongues lolling out, dry and cracked by the dust; men gasped and tottered, and fell by the roadside unnoticed; brigades were cut down to regiments, and regiments were reduced to companies; but through it all came the stern, merciless:

"Forward, boys, forward!" And we plunged on.

In front, growing nearing and clearer with every step we took, the thunder of the guns swept along, beating the hot air as with invisible wings, and as we approached the field the long, crashing roll of musketry told us in unmistakable tones the battle of Gettysburg was on. J. R.



THE INVASION OF THE NORTH.

From Doubleday's Gettysburg.

The Confederate government had always been eager to carry the contest into Northern territory. It was satisfying to the natural pride of the South, and it was thought that some experience of the evils of war might incline the Northern mind to peace. Lee was ordered to march into Pennsylvania. He gathered all the troops at his disposal, and with seventy-five thousand men he crossed the Potomac, and was once more prepared to face the enemy on his own soil. The rich cities of the North trembled. It was not unlikely that he would possess himself of Baltimore and Philadelphia. Could he once again defeat Hooker's army, as he had often done before, no further resistance was possible. Pennsylvania and New York were at his mercy.

Lee advanced to the little Pennsylvania town of Gettysburg. Hooker, after marching his army northward, had been relieved of his command. A battle was near; and in face of the enemy a new commander had to be chosen. Two days before the hostile armies met, General Meade was appointed. Meade was an experienced soldier, who had filled with honor the various positions assigned him. It was seemingly a hopeless task which he was now asked to perform. With an oft-defeated army of sixty thousand to seventy thousand men, to whom he was a stranger, he had to meet Lee with his victorious seventy-five thousand. Meade quietly undertook the work appointed to him, and did it, too, like a brave, prudent, unpretending man.

The battle lasted for three days. On the first day the Confederates had some advantage. Their attack broke and scattered a Federal division with considerable loss. But that night the careful Meade took up a strong position on a crescent-shaped line of heights near the little town.

Next day Lee attempted to dislodge the enemy. The key of the Federal position was Cemetery Hill and there the utmost strength of the Confederate attack was put forth. Nor was it in vain. Part of the Federal line was broken. At one point an important position had been taken by the Confederates. Lee might fairly hope that another day's fighting would complete his success and give him undisputed possession of the wealthiest Northern States. His loss had been small, while the Federals had been seriously weakened.

Perhaps no hours of deeper gloom were ever passed in the North than the hours of that summer evening when the telegraph flashed over the country the news of Lee's success. The lavish sacrifice of blood and treasure seemed in vain. A million of men were in arms to defend the Union, and yet the northward progress of the enemy could not be withstood. Should Lee be victorious on the morrow, the most hopeful must despond.

The day on which so much of the destiny of America hung opened bright and warm and still. The morning was occupied by Lee in preparations for a crushing attack upon the center of the Federal position; by Meade, in carefully strengthening his power of resistance at the point where he was to win

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

or to lose this decisive battle. About noon all was completed. Over both armies there fell a marvelous stillness,—the silence of anxious and awful expectation. It was broken by a solitary cannon-shot, and the shriek of a Whitworth shell as it rushed through the air. That was the signal at which one hundred and fifty Confederate guns opened their fire. The Federal artillery replied. For three hours a prodigious hail of shells fell upon either army. No decisive supremacy was, however, established by the guns on either side, although heavy loss was sustained by both. While the cannonade still continued, Lee sent forth the columns whose errand it was to break the Federal center. They marched down the low range of heights on which they had stood, and across the little intervening valley. As they moved up the opposite height the friendly shelter of Confederate fire ceased. Terrific discharges of grape and shell smote but did not shake their steady ranks. As the men fell their comrades stepped into their places, and the undismayed lines moved swiftly on. Up to the low stone wall which sheltered the Federals, up to the very muzzles of guns whose rapid fire cut every instant deep lines in their ranks, the heroic advance was continued.

General Lee from the opposite height watched, as Napoleon did at Waterloo, the progress of his attack. Once the smoke of battle was for a moment blown aside, and the Confederate flag was seen to wave within the enemy's position. Lee's generals congratulate him that the victory is gained. Again the cloud gathers around the combatants. When it lifts next, the Confederates are seen broken and fleeing down that fatal slope, where a man can walk now without once putting his foot upon the grass, so thick lie the bodies of the slain. The attack had failed. The battle was lost. The Union was saved.

General Lee's business was now to save his army. "This has been a sad day for us," he said to a friend, "a sad day; but we can't expect always to gain victories." He rallied his broken troops, expecting to be attacked by the victorious Federals. But Meade did not follow up his success. Next day Lee began his retreat. In perfect order he moved toward the Potomac, and safely crossed the swollen river back into Virginia.

The losses sustained in this battle were terrible. Forty-eight thousand men lay dead or wounded on the field. Lee's army was weakened by over forty thousand men, killed, wounded, and prisoners. Meade lost twenty-three thousand. For miles around, every barn, every cottage, contained wounded men. The streets of the little town were all dabbled with blood. Men were for many days engaged in burying the dead, of whom there were nearly eight thousand. The wounded of both armies, who were able to be removed, were at once carried into hospitals and tenderly cared for. There were many so mangled that their removal was impossible. These were ministered to on the field till death relieved them from their pain.

The tidings of the victory at Gettysburg came to the Northern people on the 4th of July, side by side with the tidings of the fall of Vicksburg. The proud old anniversary had perhaps never before been celebrated by the American people with hearts so thankful and so glad. Mr. Lincoln, who had become grave and humble and reverential under the influence of those awful circumstances amid which he lived, proclaimed a solemn day of thanksgiving for the deliverance granted to the nation, and of prayer that God would lead them all "through the paths of repentance and submission to the divine will, to unity and fraternal peace."

ON GETTYSBURG'S FIELD.

THE STRUGGLE FOR ROUND-TOP.

The Awful Conflict for the Priceless Prize Which Was Won by the Union Troops.

GETTYSBURGH, PA., Nov. 20, 1863.—Hopeless as it seemed to dash our thin formation against the line of firing which blazed and thundered so fiercely on the farther rim of the ravine, we knew it was the one desperate remaining chance by which we might hope to retain our hold on the position. Our officers had looked to the rear through the smoke until their eyes were dim with watching for reinforcements which never came. To remain as we were was simple to court gradual annihilation; so, with our long-drawn charging yell rising like the wail of the banshee over our dead, we plunged down the broken sides of the ravine into the whirling eddies of smoke.

There was no laggards there, except those who went down among the rocks to remain forever. Above us on the other side the brow of the hill was incessantly spouting flame, which lit up the murky cloud so that it looked like bloody spray, and the forms of our men leaping through it might have been taken for fiends rioting in the lurid flames of hell.

Up the steep slope with a rush and we were face to face with the enemy. As we burst on them out of the smoke of their own fire, yelling like a pack of wolves in sight of their prey, they broke and scattered as a flock of partridges skurries away at the shot of the hunter.

With a wild "hurrah!" we followed in their tracks, and I was beginning to think that our charge was a success, when the earth seemed to open and vomited a sheet of flame in our faces. Blinded, dazed by the vivid flash and the awful rush of flying lead, I stood a moment, undecided as to whether I was still an inhabitant of the earth or a newly released soul, standing on the brink of the other world looking at an orgy in hades. And in the second or two of comparative silence which followed this terrible outburst I heard, as from an infinite distance, the crash and thunder of the battle rolling up from other parts of the field.

On every hand soldiers were dropping like over-ripe fruit; wounded men were crawling out to the rear, falling flat from weakness, struggling again to their hands and knees, and, like scotched serpents, continuing their slow painful fight.

"Surrender you d—d Yank!" shouted a voice, and a revolver was thrust into my face.

A dark shadow loomed up beside me; I caught a glimpse of something like the glint of a bird's wing falling through space, and the stock of Jim's gun fell on the confederate's skull with a dull crash.

"Now run as if the d—d I was after you!" he shouted in my ear.

"But you, Jim—?"

"Never mind me—go!"

He looked like a lion as he stood there with his face to the front and his gun clubbed, as if no would knock back the whole confederate line until my retreat was secured.

I needed no second injunction, knowing that he would follow as soon as I had gained a fair start. As I turned, one of the rebel soldiers ran toward me from the left. Instinctively I thrust forward my bayonet, but saw in a moment I had nothing to fear from him. On his face was a look of awful agony, and through his fingers, which were clutching his torn throat, the blood spurted in sickening gushes. I stepped out of his way and he plunged down at the earth, where he lay shivering in the throes of death.

I looked back at Jim. He was just breaking away from a knot of confederates

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

who had pressed in upon him, and he was dealing powerful strokes with his piece, which he swung with one hand as one would wield a club.

"My God! what a man!" I thought. "And he is doing that for me!"

Then he shook them off as a bear disperses a pack of yelping dogs, and with a half dozen strides was at my side.

"Leg it for your life, sonny!" he called out as he came up, and together we dashed down among the ragged rocks which dotted the bank of the ravine. We reached the bottom of the dismal hollow in safety, and started up the opposite slope, mixed with a number of our men who had come out of the furnace unscathed, while behind us the air was horribly vocal with the shrill yells of the pursuing confederates.

Breathing hard and straining every muscle to reach the position from which we had started on our ill-starred charge, we streamed up the steep incline. Nearing the top, I was conscious of some one stumbling and going down. I looked and saw it was Jim. Something came up into my throat and choked me. He was on his feet again in a moment, and in response to my inquiring look he said:

"It's nothing; I tripped on something and fell; it's all right now."

On the brink of the ravine was a little nucleus of tired soldiers, on whom we alighted, and took up again the hopeless struggle. Round after round was hurled into the advancing confederate line, and for a brief space it seemed as if we would hold our own.

We were now little more than a skirmish line, and the array of officers immediately in the rear had dwindled until it was only a shadow of what it was when we moved forward. Our ammunition was giving out, and the cartridge-boxes of the dead and wounded were emptied to supply the wants of the few who still remained erect. The pieces grew hot from long continued firing, and we threw them down and helped ourselves from the number which lay scattered about among the rocks. The men's faces were black with powder-stains and glistened with sweat, which trickled down through the grime in tiny streams.

Here and there the face of a wounded man came into view out of the smoke which bordered our front, and when within our line they laid themselves down as if it were enough that they should be permitted to die among their friends.

Something nudged me in the side, and I thought my turn had come at last. It was Jim's ramrod, with which he was calling my attention to the left. Down there where the woods thinned out the firing was moving to our rear, and a tremendous yell told us that the confederate line was passing around our flank.

At the same moment the fire in our front ceased, and the gray mass across the ravine came at us raising their shrill battle-yell. Our scanty front was crumbling away rapidly and passing out to the rear.

"Come on! This is no place for us now," said my companion, and we started back.

"Don't leave us, boys!" called out in a querulous voice a man shot through both thighs, who sat with his back propped up against a boulder.

For a moment I thought Jim would turn back and face hell itself to rescue the poor crippled fellow, but after a glance at the ragged mass pouring across the ravine, he said:

"It's no use. We can't help them. Come!"

So we fell back, alone at first, but joined at length by a number of comrades who were still contesting the confederate advance. From tree to tree along this sorrowful way we moved, loading and firing as we went, dropping a friend here and another there, and leaving them where they fell. And harder than all else to resist was the appealing look which each one threw at us as we passed on.

We remained together until we met a brigade of the Fifth corps moving into the wild melee, and here I lost Jim. How we became separated I have no conception, but when we passed in behind the line of Maltese crosses he was gone.

From the position of the Third corps with the sharp angle at the "peach orchard," it will be seen that the confederate artillery on Seminary Ridge enfiladed the entire line; the guns to the north of the angle raking the left flank, and those to the south of the same point sweeping the whole length of the right wing.

The attack began on our left, Longstreet putting in each brigade as that on its right became engaged. Upon the weak angle, which was held by Graham's brigade, the storm beat with merciless fury. Such a horrible cross-fire as was concentrated on this point has seldom been known in the history of war. The artillery, disabled, was compelled to retire, but the position was grimly held by Graham's men. As the confederate brigades came into action, and the torrent of death rolled along the front from our left to our right, it was seen at once that the task of holding the line was too great for the Union force, and Sickles called for reinforcements.

The fatal error had been committed of placing the line in an untenable position,

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

but the safety of the army required that it should be supported where it was, and the first troops that came to hand were pushed in.

After a desperate fight Graham's line was broken by Barksdale's brigade. The confederate commander was wounded, and Gen. Graham was also wounded and fell into the enemy's hands.

After fracturing the union line at the salient, Barksdale's command changed direction to the left, and moved down on the now exposed flank of Humphrey's division along the Emmettsburg road. To meet this attack Humphrey changed front to rear, and stood up stubbornly against the howling horde.

Hardly had the movement been made when down on his right came Perry's, Wright's, and Wilcox's brigades. The fire at this stage of the fight on the right was awful. The batteries retired firing, and the infantry gave way only when boldly pushed to the rear.

Gen. Hancock led Willard's brigade of the Second corps up through the hurricane to the relief of the ragged line fighting so desperately to retain its grip on the road. While receiving instructions from Hancock, Col. Willard was struck in the face by a piece of shell and killed. Other troops came up, and though the advanced position on the Emmettsburg road was wrested from the Union grasp a new front was formed along the slope of Cemetery Ridge, which was held to the end.

On the left of the peach orchard, where Birney's division stretched back to the foot of Round Top, the assault by Hood's division was made with the ferocity of desperation. Musketry and artillery swept the line from the right flank, and also from the front. In response to the call which Sickles sent out for help troops from the rear were hurried in. Barnes' division of the Fifth corps was the first to arrive, coming up on the double-quick from Rock Creek.

As this division approached the field Gen. Warren, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac, was on little Round Top. A glance at the field below showed him a strong force of confederates pushing by the left flank of Birney's line, and making for the high ridge which connects the Round Tops. With the possession of these hills the confederates would have dictated to the union army the terms of the fight.

Warren hurried down the rear slope of Little Round Top looking eagerly for troops to meet the mass of confederates who were climbing up the opposite side of the hill. Each moment was worth a century of after time, and one can easily imagine how Warren strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of the union blue. Providentially Barnes's division was at the precise point where it could be used to the best advantage. Vincent's brigade was detached, and started on the run up the wooded height. It was a fierce race with their unseen competitors, who were exultantly pushing their way up among the rocks on the other side. The race was won for the union by a second.

In the gloomy gorge the two lines met, and wrestled until nightfall for the priceless prize. The rebel line was hurled down into the Devil's Den, and the salvation of the left flank was gained.

Immediately after Barksdale's brigade disrupted Sickles's line at the peach orchard, and swung around to its left on Humphreys, Wofford's confederate brigade pushed in at the breach, and, with a slight change of direction to its right, swept down on Birney's flank. At the same time the attack on Birney's front was pushed with renewed vigor, and it must have become apparent at once that the position was lost. About this time Sickles was wounded, and the command of the corps fell on Birney.

The remaining brigades of Barnes's division pushed up to the front at the left of the peach orchard, and became engaged at once. Caldwell's division of the Second corps went in at the same point subsequently, and in the desperate fight which raged on that part of the line each of the three brigade commanders in the divisions were wounded, Col. Brooks severely, and Col. Cross and Gen. Zook mortally. A granite monument now marks the point where Zook went down.

In the meantime Hazlett's battery was dragged up the rugged eastern face of Little Round Top, and opened on the seething whirlpool below. Weed's brigade came up in the rear of the guns, supporting them. Before the fight was done Gen. Weed was mortally wounded, and as Lieutenant Hazlett leaned over him to take his last message to family and friends he too was stricken, and their souls went out together.

About midway between the peach orchard and Little Round Top, bordering on the lane which passes between the two points, lies an open space, now a luxuriant meadow, but at that time a field of wheat. It lay immediately in the rear of the center of Birney's original line. When Ward, who succeeded Birney in command of the division, gave way before the front and flank attack the "wheat field" received its first drenching of blood, and as the fight surged back and forth across this maelstrom of death five times it was reddened with the ruddy current bursting fresh from the mangled bodies of the fallen.

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Troops from every corps on the field but the Eleventh were hurried into this frightful struggle on the left, and when it ended the union army had been pushed back to the line of Cemetery Hill, which Sickles should never have left.

While the reinforcements sent to the left from the Twelfth corps were absent Johnson's division of Ewell's corps charged up through the woods of Culp's hill, and occupied a point of the union line on the extreme right until the following morning.

On the northern point of Cemetery Hill, where the Baltimore road passes over the crest which overlooks the town of Gettysburg, a number of batteries were massed, and at the base of the hill Barlow's division of the Eleventh corps, under the command of Gen. Ames, lay along a stone wall.

Just at dusk the skirmishers lying out in front of the wall came running in, and at their heels came two brigades of Early's division, Ewell's corps. Like a whirlwind the confederates swept up, and in a moment the union line was dashed into fragments and the men streamed up the hill in rapid flight. Right on came the rebel troops, rending the air with their piercing yell, and before the artillery could be depressed sufficiently to open on them effectively they were among the guns. The union infantry rallied, and for a time the fight over the pieces was like the fury of a cyclone. Bayonets, rammers, revolvers, hand-spikes, and even stones were used in the frightful struggle which raged on the height in the gathering darkness.

Steven's battery, stationed on a knoll between Cemetery and Culp's Hills, opened a terrible rifle flank fire on the confederates boiling up the face of the slope. The Thirty-third Massachusetts, posted along the stone wall at the left of the battery, sent in a withering fire of musketry, and as the rebels faltered under the blast of death Carroll's brigade of the Second corps came down on them with a charging yell, and they were swept like sheep down into the valley out of which they had ventured.

The terrific clamor of the battle had sunk into spasmodic bursts of firing, and the bloody day was nearly done. Near the foot of Little Round Top, where those of us who had come out of the Devil's Den alive were resting from the exhausting labor of the day, the evening shadows were creeping along the ground and gradually blotting out the features of the landscape.

Away off on the right the sounds of the fight still rose from the northern face of Cemetery Hill, and from the left of the musketry yet flashed and crackled where the confederates stubbornly clung to the gorge between the round tops. Tired, worn soldiers moved wearily about, and the gleam of many bivouac fires illuminated the shafts of smoke which rose vertically in the quiet air.

The night came on and the firing ceased, except when a vigilant picket sent a vengeful bullet at some object that moved in the narrow space between the lines. Overcome at last, I fell into an uneasy sleep.—*J. R. in Daily News.*

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TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

John Ritchie, writing to the *Daily News*, October 24, 1883:

One day, some twenty years ago, the people of this country picked up their morning papers and found mentioned there the name of a town unknown before, but which has since stood as the representative of the most dramatic battle ever fought on this continent—Gettysburg. Sitting here to-day in the genial sunshine which agreeably tempers the coolness of the October air, with no more warlike sounds reaching one's ears than the cries of the schoolboys on the streets, it is difficult to go back in memory to those three feverish July days of 1863, when the air was populous with flying missiles, vocal with the terrific turmoil of the gigantic struggle, and the streets of this little Pennsylvania town ran red with human blood. I walked over the ground to-day, from the right at Culp's Hill along the slope of Cemetery Hill, where Lee's hand came nearest to clutching the Union throat, and so on to the little Round Top just beyond against whose rugged side the Confederate right surged and thundered in vain. Every inch historic ground, sacred to the memory of those dead heroes whose skeletons now lie under the sod of Cemetery Hill, with their feet to the front, as they fell. Many of my school-day friends are there, some of whom I last saw as we came marching up the hot, dusty road, others of whom I remember as they went down and were left behind while we were driven back, and still others who turned their white faces up to the pitiless sun among the brown rocks where we fought and won at last. All along the line upon which the Union Army finally rested the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association have cut out an avenue, and along this highway are numerous tablets marking the positions of regiments and batteries. Notable among these is a granite monolith bearing this inscription:

THE GROUND OF THE LAST ASSAULT.
THE PHILADELPHIA BRIGADE,
GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB
Held this Aglef July 2. and 3, 1863.

In itself the ground in the immediate vicinity suggests nothing, but this was the memorable point of the war, for here on this little area of grass-grown earth the wave of rebellion reached its greatest height, and from this point was dashed back in bloody spray.

Gettysburg was the grandest dramatic spectacle of modern times, not only because of the admirably arranged ground upon which it was fought, but because of the events of which it was the logical result and the tremendous consequences which followed it. Waterloo merely marked a change of monarchs. Gettysburg was the life of a nation, and smashed the chains of 4,000,000 slaves. Chancellorsville was barely two months old, and its shattered wreckage had not yet been hidden by nature's kindly mantle. Virginia had been harried by the Army of the Potomac until there was hardly a roof-tree left standing in its eastern border. The circumstances being favorable, it would be a good stroke of business for Lee to give the loyal states a taste of what war actually was. His orders were given and soon, like the baleful shafts of the midnight aurora, the columns of war streamed across Maryland and penetrated far into the loyal state of Pennsylvania. In the little hamlets among the hills the rustics gathered, and looking at the pillars of smoke by day and columns of fire by night, they said, with white lips: "The rebels are coming!" And then they came, ragged as Lazarus at Dives' gate, but brave as any conquistador who followed Cortez into the heart of Mexico. The Army of the Potomac came after, and by an unforeseen combination of events the two armies met in this magnificent amphitheater at Gettysburg.

Some forty years ago, twenty years before the battle between Meade and Lee, an eminent British officer visiting this place, upon surveying the ground, exclaimed: "What a splendid place to fight a battle!" Two parallel ranges of hill, about three quarters of a mile apart, and a valley with gently sloping sides between; on the extreme right, and somewhat in the rear, Culp's Hill throws up its wooded crest; the next, Cemetery Hill, upon which fell the blow of Pickett's charge on the last day of the fight; on the left of Cemetery Hill is an easy slope of a mile or more, and then the precipitous sides of Round Top guarding the left flank of the Union line. Upon the opposite side of the valley runs Seminary Ridge, from which came that awful Confederate cannonade that rived the rocks and seamed the earth as if some cyclopean plow driven by a hurricane had passed over it.

At the foot of Cemetery Hill, partly in the valley and extending some distance up the hillside, lies Gettysburg, now a town of some three thousand inhabitants. On the crest of Cemetery Hill is located the national cemetery, which contains the bodies of the Union soldiers who fell in the battle. It has been made beautiful as art could make it; but, while I do not begrudge the gallant fellows who lie there the splendid location, I think it would have been better to have located it in some other place and left the battle-field as it was at the close of the fight. Great care has been taken in this respect on other parts of the line, and the visitor to to-day looks on the ground almost as it lay when the two armies were locked in that mighty hug. The battle of Gettysburg was indeed a grand spectacle, rising in dramatic interest from its opening act, when the confederates drove the Union line through the streets of the town, to the final moment when Pickett's 18,000 men of iron moved up the death-swept slope of Cemetery Hill, splashing blood at every step, and the curtain was rung down on the master act of the great confederate general. Moving along the line to-day and noting the great number of Pennsylvania regiments which participated in the battle, particularly at the most vital point, it seemed to me there was much of poetic justice in the chances which brought these men forward so conspicuously to defend their native soil, and they did it nobly, as is demonstrated by the long lines of Pennsylvania soldiers who maintain the bivouac of the dead on the heights above the town.

It would be impossible for me to note here even a small fraction of the points of interest with which the whole neighborhood is thickly strewn. Aside from the great features of the field which are of national interest, I found one which was of vital importance to me individually, and exercised a potent influence on all my after life. It is only an overgrown rock, near the foot of Little Round Top, behind which I was permitted to secrete my invaluable person during the cannonade on the last day of the fight. I looked at it to-day with a peculiar feeling of affection, which will be understood by every soldier who has had occasion to stifle his natural heroism and crawl under cover at a critical moment.

ROSTER OF THE FEDERAL ARMY

*Engaged in the Battle of Gettysburg, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday,
July 1st, 2d, and 3d, 1863.*

MAJOR-GENERAL GEO. GORDON MEADE COMMANDING.

STAFF.

- MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL BUTTERFIELD**, Chief of Staff.
- BRIGADIER-GENERAL M. R. PATRICK**, Provost-Marshal-General.
- “ “ **SETH WILLIAMS**, Adjutant-General.
- “ “ **EDMUND SCHRIVER**, Inspector-General.
- “ “ **RUFUS INGALLS**, Quartermaster-General.
- COLONEL HENRY F. CLARKE**, Chief Commissary of Subsistence.
- MAJOR JONATHAN LETTERMAN**, Surgeon, Chief of Medical Department.
- BRIGADIER-GENERAL G. K. WARREN**, Chief Engineer.
- MAJOR D. W. FLAGLER**, Chief Ordnance Officer.
- MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASANTON**, Chief of Cavalry.
- BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY J. HUNT**, Chief of Artillery.
- CAPTAIN L. B. NORTON**, Chief Signal Officer.

- MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS**,¹ Commanding the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps on July 1st.
- MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY W. SLOCUM**, Commanding the Right Wing on July 2d, and July 3d.
- MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. HANCOCK**, Commanding the Left Center on July 2d and July 3d.

FIRST CORPS.

- MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN F. REYNOLDS**, PERMANENT COMMANDER.
- MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY**, Commanding on July 1st.
- MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON**, Commanding on July 2d and 3d.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES S. WADSWORTH COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—(1) Brigadier-General SOLOMON MEREDITH (wounded); (2) Colonel HENRY A. MORROW (wounded); (3) Colonel W. W. ROBINSON. 2d Wisconsin. Colonel Lucius Fairchild (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel George H. Stevens (wounded), Major John Mansfield (wounded), Captain Geo. H. Otis; 6th Wisconsin, Lieut.-Colonel R. R. Dawes; 7th Wisconsin, Colonel W. W. Robinson; 24th Michigan, Colonel Henry A. Morrow (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Mark Flanigan (wounded), Major Edwin B. Wright (wounded), Captain Albert M. Edwards; 19th Indiana, Colonel Samuel Williams.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General LYSANDER CUTLER Commanding. 7th Indiana, Major Ira G. Grover; 56th Pennsylvania, Colonel J. W. Hoffman; 76th New York, Major Andrew J. Grover (killed), Captain John E. Cook; 95th New York, Colonel George H. Biddle (wounded), Major Edward Pye; 147th New York, Lieut.-Colonel F. C. Miller (wounded), Major George Harney; 14th Brooklyn, Colonel E. B. Fowler.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. ROBINSON COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General GABRIEL R. PAUL Commanding (wounded); Colonel S. H. LEONARD; Colonel RICHARD COULTER. 16th Maine, Colonel Charles W. Tilden (captured), Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Welch, Major Arch. D. Leavitt; 13th Massachusetts, Colonel S. H. Leonard (wounded); 94th New York, Colonel A. R. Root (wounded), Major S. H. Moffat; 104th New York, Colonel Gilbert G. Prey; 107th Pennsylvania, Colonel T. F. McCoy (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel James McThompson (wounded), Captain E. D. Roath; 11th Pennsylvania, Colonel Richard S. Coulter, Captain J. J. Bierer.²

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General HENRY BAXTER Commanding. 12th Massachusetts, Colonel James L. Bates; 83d New York, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph R. Moesch; 97th New York, Colonel Charles Wheelock; 88th Pennsylvania, Major Benezet F. Faust, Captain E. Y. Patterson; 90th Pennsylvania, Colonel Peter Lyle.

¹ He was killed and succeeded by Major-General O. O. Howard.
² The Eleventh Pennsylvania was transferred from the Second Brigade.

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THIRD DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL ABNER DOUBLEDAY PERMANENT COMMANDER on July 2d and 3d.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS A. ROWLEY, July 1st.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General THOMAS A. ROWLEY, July 2d and 3d; Colonel CHAPMAN BIDDLE, July 1st. 121st Pennsylvania, Colonel Chapman Biddle, Major Alexander Biddle; 142d Pennsylvania, Colonel Robert P. Cummings (killed), Lieut.-Colonel A. B. McCalmont; 151st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel George F. McFarland (lost a leg), Captain Walter L. Owens; 20th New York S. M., Colonel Theodore B. Gates.

Second Brigade.—(1) Colonel ROY STONE Commanding (wounded); (2) Colonel LANGHORNE WISTER (wounded), (3) Colonel EDMUND L. DANA. 143d Pennsylvania, Colonel Edmund L. Dana, Major John D. Musser; 149th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Walton Dwight (wounded), Captain A. J. Soffel (killed); Captain John Irvin; 150th Pennsylvania, Colonel Langhorne Wister (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Huldekoper (wounded), Major Thomas Chamberlain (wounded), Captain C. C. Widdis (wounded), Captain G. W. Jones.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General Geo. J. STANNARD Commanding (wounded). 12th Vermont, Colonel ASA P. Blunt (not engaged); 13th Vermont, Colonel Francis V. Randall; 14th Vermont, Colonel William T. Nichols; 15th Vermont, Colonel Redfield Proctor (not engaged); 16th Vermont, Colonel Wheelock G. Veazy.

Artillery Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES S. WAINWRIGHT Commanding. 2d Maine, Captain James A. Hall; 5th Maine, G. T. Stevens; Battery B, 1st Pennsylvania, Captain J. H. Cooper; Battery B, 4th United States, Lieutenant James Stewart; Battery L, 1st New York, Captain J. A. Reynolds.

[NOTE.—Tidball's Battery of the Second United States Artillery, under Lieutenant John H. Calef, also fought in line with the First Corps. Lieutenant Benj. W. Wilbur, and Lieutenant George Breck, of Captain Reynold's Battery, and Lieutenant James Davison, of Stewart's Battery, commanded sections which were detached at times.]

SECOND CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, PERMANENT COMMANDER (wounded).

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON (wounded).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. CALDWELL.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN C. CALDWELL.
COLONEL JOHN R. BROOKE (wounded).

First Brigade.—Colonel EDWARD E. CROSS (killed); Colonel H. B. MCKEEN. 5th New Hampshire, Colonel E. E. Cross, Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Haggood; 61st New York, Lieut.-Colonel Oscar K. Broady; 81st Pennsylvania, Colonel H. Boyd McKeen, Lieut.-Colonel Amos Stroho; 148th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Robert McFarland.

Second Brigade.—Colonel PATRICK KELLY Commanding. 28th Massachusetts, Colonel Richard Byrnes; 63d New York, Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Bentley (wounded), Captain Thos. Touhy; 69th New York, Captain Richard Maroney (wounded), Lieutenant James J. Smith; 88th New York, Colonel Patrick Kelly, Captain Dennis F. Burke; 116th Pennsylvania, Major St. Clair A. Mulholland.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General S. K. ZOOK Commanding (killed); Lieut.-Colonel JOHN FRAZER. 52d New York, Lieut.-Colonel Charles G. Freudenberg (wounded), Captain Wm. Sherrer; 57th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Alfred B. Chapman; 96th New York, Colonel Orlando W. Morris (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel John S. Hammel (wounded), Major Peter Nelson; 140th Pennsylvania, Colonel Richard P. Roberts (killed), Lieut.-Colonel John Frazer.

Fourth Brigade.—Colonel JOHN R. BROOKE Commanding (wounded). 27th Connecticut, Lieut.-Colonel Henry C. Merwin (killed), Major James H. Coburn; 66th New York, Colonel Daniel G. Bingham; 63d Pennsylvania, Colonel J. R. Brooke, Lieut.-Colonel Richard McMichael; 145th Pennsylvania, Colonel Hiram L. Brown (wounded), Captain John W. Reynolds (wounded), Captain Moses W. Oliver; 2d Delaware, Colonel William P. Bailey.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON, PERMANENT COMMANDER (wounded).
BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM HARROW.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General WILLIAM HARROW Commanding; Colonel FRANCIS E. HEATH. 19th Maine, Colonel F. E. Heath, Lieut.-Colonel Henry W. Cunningham; 15th Massachusetts, Colonel George H. Ward (killed), Lieut.-Colonel George C. Joslin; 82d New York, Colonel Henry W. Huston (killed), Captain John Darrow; 1st Minnesota, Colonel William Colvill (wounded), Captain N. S. Messick (killed), Captain Wilson B. Farrell, Captain Louis Muller, Captain Joseph Perlam, Captain Henry C. Coates.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General ALEX. S. WEBB Commanding (wounded). 69th Pennsylvania, Colonel Dennis O. Kane (killed), Lieut.-Colonel M. Tachny (killed), Major James Duffy (wounded), Captain Wm. Davis; 71st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Penn Smith; 72d Pennsylvania, Colonel De Witt C. Baxter; 106th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Theo. Hesser.

Third Brigade.—Colonel NORMAN J. HALL Commanding. 19th Massachusetts, Colonel Arthur F. Devereux; 20th Massachusetts, Colonel Paul J. Revere (killed), Captain H. L. Abbott (wounded); 42d New York, Colonel James E. Mallon; 59th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Max A. Thoman (killed); 7th Michigan, Colonel N. J. Hall, Lieut.-Colonel Amos E. Steele (killed), Major S. W. Curtis.

Unattached.—Andrew Sharpshooters.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER HAYS COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel SAMUEL S. CARROLL Commanding. 4th Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel James H. Godman, Lieut.-Colonel L. W. Carpenter; 8th Ohio, Colonel S. S. Carroll, Lieut.-Colonel Franklin Sawyer; 14th Indiana, Colonel John Coons; 7th West Virginia, Colonel Joseph Snyder.

Second Brigade.—Colonel THOMAS A. SMYTH Commanding (wounded); Lieut.-Colonel F. E. PIERCE. 14th Connecticut, Major John T. Ellis; 10th New York (battalion), Major Geo. F. Hopper; 108th New

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York, Colonel Charles J. Powers; 12th New Jersey, Major John T. Hill; 1st Delaware, Colonel Thomas A. Smyth; Lieut.-Colonel Edward P. Harris, Captain M. B. Ellgood (killed), Lieutenant Wm. Smith (killed).

Third Brigade.—Colonel GEORGE L. WILLARD Commanding (killed); Colonel ELIAKIM SHERRILL (killed); Lieut.-Colonel JAMES M. BULL, 39th New York, Lieut.-Colonel James G. Hughes; 11th New York, Colonel Clinton D. McDougall (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Isaac M. Lusk, Captain A. P. Seeley; 125th New York, Colonel G. L. Willard (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Levi Crandall; 126th New York, Colonel E. Sherrill (killed); Lieut.-Colonel J. M. Bull.

Artillery Brigade.—Captain J. G. HAZARD Commanding. Battery B, 1st New York, Captain James McK. Rorty (killed); Battery A, 1st Rhode Island, Lieutenant William A. Arnold; Battery B, 1st Rhode Island, Lieutenant T. Fred. Brown (wounded); Battery I, 1st United States, Lieutenant G. A. Woodruff (killed); Battery A, 4th United States, Lieutenant A. H. Cushing (killed).

[NOTE.—Battery C, 4th United States, Lieutenant E. Thomas, was in the line of the Second Corps on July 3d. Some of the batteries were so nearly demolished that there was no officer to assume command at the close of the battle.]

Cavalry Squadron.—Captain RILEY JOHNSON Commanding. D and K, 6th New York.

THIRD CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKELS Commanding (wounded).

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY.

FIRST DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY, PERMANENT COMMANDER.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL J. H. H. WARD.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General C. K. GRAHAM Commanding (wounded, captured); Colonel ANDREW H. TIPPIN, 57th Pennsylvania, Colonel Peter Sides, Lieut.-Colonel Wm. P. Neepser (wounded), Captain A. H. Nelson; 63d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John A. Danks; 68th Pennsylvania, Colonel A. H. Tippin, all the Field Officers wounded; 105th Pennsylvania, Colonel Calvin A. Craig; 114th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Frederick K. Cavada (captured); 141st Pennsylvania, Colonel Henry J. Madill, Captain E. R. Brown.¹

[NOTE.—The Second New Hampshire, Third Maine, and Seventh and Eighth New Jersey also formed part of Graham's line on the 2d.]

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. H. H. WARD Commanding; Colonel H. BERDAN, 1st U. S. Sharpshooters, Colonel H. Berdan, Lieut.-Colonel C. Trapp; 2d U. S. Sharpshooters, Major H. H. Stoughton; 3d Maine, Colonel M. B. Lakeman (captured), Captain William C. Morgan; 4th Maine, Colonel Elijah Walker (killed), Major Ebenezer Whitcombe (wounded), Captain Edward Libby; 20th Indiana, Colonel John Wheeler (killed), Lieut.-Colonel William C. L. Taylor; 99th Pennsylvania, Major John W. Moore; 98th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Benjamin Higgins; 124th New York, Colonel A. Van Horn Ellis (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Francis M. Cummings.

Third Brigade.—Colonel PHILIP R. DE TROBRIAND Commanding. 3d Michigan, Colonel Byron R. Pierce (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel E. S. Pierce; 5th Michigan, Lieut.-Colonel John Pulford (wounded), Major S. S. Matthews; 40th New York, Colonel Thomas W. Egan; 17th Maine, Lieut.-Colonel Charles B. Merrill; 110th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel David M. Jones (wounded), Major Isaac Rogers.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ANDREW A. HUMPHREYS Commanding.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General JOSEPH B. CARR Commanding. 1st Massachusetts, Colonel N. B. McLaughlin; 11th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Porter D. Tripp; 16th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Waldo Merriam; 27th Pennsylvania, Captain Geo. W. Tomlinson (wounded), Captain Henry Goodfellow; 11th New Jersey, Colonel Robert McAllister (wounded), Major Philip J. Kearney (killed), Captain Wm. B. Dunning; 84th Pennsylvania (not engaged), Lieut.-Colonel Milton Opp; 12th New Hampshire, Captain J. F. Langley.

Second Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM R. BREWSTER Commanding. 70th New York (1st Excelsior), Major Daniel Mahen; 71st New York (2d Excelsior), Colonel Henry L. Potter; 73d New York (3d Excelsior), Colonel Wm. O. Stevens (killed), Lieut.-Colonel John S. Austin; 73d New York (4th Excelsior), Colonel William R. Brewster, Major M. W. Burns; 74th New York (5th Excelsior), Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Holt; 12th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Cornelius D. Westbrook (wounded), Major J. R. Tappen, Captain A. L. Lockwood.

Third Brigade.—Colonel GEORGE C. BURLING Commanding. 5th New Jersey, Colonel William J. Sewall (wounded), Captain Virgel M. Healey (wounded), Captain T. C. Godfrey, Captain H. H. Woolsey; 6th New Jersey, Colonel George C. Burling, Lieut.-Colonel S. R. Gilkyson; 7th New Jersey, Colonel L. R. Francine (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Francis Price; 8th New Jersey, Colonel John Ramsey (wounded), Captain John G. Langston; 115th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John P. Dunne; 2d New Hampshire, Colonel Edward L. Bailey (wounded), Major Saml. P. Sayles (wounded).

Artillery Brigade.—Captain GEORGE E. RANDOLPH Commanding. Battery E, 1st Rhode Island, Lieutenant John K. Buckley (wounded), Lieutenant Benj. Freeborn; Battery B, 1st New Jersey, Captain A. J. Clark; Battery D, 1st New Jersey, Captain Geo. T. Woodbury; Battery K, 4th U. S., Lieutenant F. W. Seeley (wounded), Lieutenant Robt. James; Battery D, 1st New York, Captain George B. Winslow; 4th New York, Captain James E. Smith.

FIFTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE SYKES Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES BARNES Commanding.

First Brigade.—Colonel W. S. TILTON Commanding. 18th Massachusetts, Colonel Joseph Hayes;

¹ Colonel Madill commanded the 114th and 141st Pennsylvania.

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

22d Massachusetts, Colonel William S. Tilton, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Sherman, Jr.; 118th Pennsylvania, Colonel Charles M. Provost; 1st Michigan, Colonel Ira C. Abbott (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Throop.

Second Brigade.—Colonel J. B. SWITZER Commanding. 9th Massachusetts, Colonel Patrick R. Guiney; 83d Massachusetts, Colonel Geo. L. Prescott (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Luther Stephenson (wounded), Major J. Cushing Edmunds; 4th Michigan, Colonel Hamson H. Jeffords (killed), Lieut.-Colonel George W. Lombard; 63d Pennsylvania, Colonel J. B. Switzer, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Hull.

Third Brigade.—Colonel STRONG VINCENT Commanding (killed); Colonel JAMES C. RICE. 20th Maine, Colonel Joshua L. Chamberlain; 4th New York, Colonel James C. Rice. Lieut.-Colonel Freeman Conner; 83d Pennsylvania, Major William H. Lamont, Captain O. E. Woodward; 16th Michigan, Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Welch.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROMAYN B. AYRES COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel HANNIBAL DAY, 6th U. S. Infantry, Commanding. 3d U. S. Infantry, Captain H. W. Freedley (wounded), Captain Richard G. Lay; 4th U. S. Infantry, Captain J. W. Adams; 6th U. S. Infantry, Captain Levi C. Bootes; 12th U. S. Infantry, Captain Thomas S. Dunn; 14th U. S. Infantry, Major G. R. Giddings.

Second Brigade.—Colonel SIDNEY BURBANK, 2d U. S. Infantry, Commanding. 2d U. S. Infantry, Major A. T. Lee (wounded), Captain S. A. McKee; 7th U. S. Infantry, Captain D. P. Hancock; 10th U. S. Infantry, Captain William Clinton; 11th U. S. Infantry, Major De L. Floyd Jones; 17th U. S. Infantry, Lieut.-Colonel Durrell Green.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General S. H. WEED (killed); Colonel KENNER GARRARD. 140th New York, Colonel Patrick H. O'Rourke (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Louis Ernst; 146th New York, Colonel K. Garrard, Lieut.-Colonel David T. Jenkins; 91st Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph H. Sinex; 155th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John H. Cain.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. WILEY CRAWFORD COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM McCANDLESS Commanding. 1st Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel William Cooper Talley; 2d Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel William McCandless, Lieut.-Colonel George A. Woodward; 6th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel Wellington H. Ent; 11th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel S. M. Jackson; 1st Rifles (Bucksails), Colonel Charles J. Taylor (killed), Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Niles (wounded), Major William R. Hartshorn.

Second Brigade.—Colonel JOSEPH W. FISHER Commanding. 5th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel J. W. Fisher, Lieut.-Colonel George Dare; 9th Pennsylvania Reserves, Lieut.-Colonel James MCK. Snodgrass; 10th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel A. J. Warner; 12th Pennsylvania Reserves, Colonel M. D. Hardin.

Artillery Brigade.—Captain A. P. MARTIN Commanding. Battery D, 5th United States, Lieutenant Charles E. Hazlett (killed), Lieutenant B. F. Rittenhouse; Battery I, 5th United States, Lieutenant Leonard Martin; Battery C, 1st New York, Captain Albert Barnes; Battery L, 1st Ohio, Captain N. C. Gibbs; Battery C, Massachusetts, Captain A. P. Martin.

Provost Guard.—Captain H. W. RYDER. Companies E and D, 12th New York.

SIXTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SEDGWICK COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. G. WRIGHT COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General A. T. A. TORBERT Commanding. 1st New Jersey, Lieut.-Colonel William Henry, Jr.; 2d New Jersey, Colonel Samuel L. Buck; 3d New Jersey, Colonel Henry W. Brown; 15th New Jersey, Colonel William H. Penrose.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. J. BARTLETT Commanding. 5th Maine, Colonel Clark S. Edwards; 121st New York, Colonel Emory Upton; 95th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Edward Carroll; 96th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel William H. Lessig.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General D. A. RUSSELL Commanding. 6th Maine, Colonel Hiram Burnham; 49th Pennsylvania, Colonel William H. Irvin; 119th Pennsylvania, Colonel P. C. Ellmaker; 5th Wisconsin, Colonel Thomas S. Allen.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. P. HOWE COMMANDING.

Second Brigade.—Colonel L. A. GRANT Commanding. 2d Vermont, Colonel J. H. Walbridge; 3d Vermont, Colonel T. G. Seaver; 4th Vermont, Colonel E. H. Stoughton; 5th Vermont, Lieut.-Colonel John R. Lewis; 6th Vermont, Lieut.-Colonel Elisha L. Barney.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General T. A. NEILL Commanding. 7th Maine, Lieut.-Colonel Seldon Conner; 49th New York, Colonel D. D. Bidwell; 77th New York, Colonel J. B. McKean; 48d New York, Colonel B. F. Baker; 61st Pennsylvania, Major Geo. W. Dawson.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANK WHEATON COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General ALEXANDER SHALER Commanding. 65th New York, Colonel J. E. Hamblin; 67th New York, Colonel Nelson Cross; 122d New York, Lieut.-Colonel A. W. Dwight; 83d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John F. Glenn; 83d Pennsylvania, Colonel Isaac Bassett.

Second Brigade.—Colonel H. L. EUSTIS Commanding. 7th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Franklin P. Harlow; 10th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Jefford M. Decker; 37th Massachusetts, Colonel Oliver Edwards; 2d Rhode Island, Colonel Horatio Rogers.

Third Brigade.—Colonel DAVID L. NEVIN Commanding. 62d New York, Colonel D. L. Nevin, Lieut.-Colonel Theo. B. Hamilton; 102d Pennsylvania, Colonel John W. Patterson; 93d Pennsylvania, Colonel

¹ Not engaged.

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

James M. McCarter; 98th Pennsylvania, Major John B. Kohler; 139th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel William H. Moody.

Artillery Brigade.—Colonel C. H. TOMPKINS Commanding. Battery A, 1st Massachusetts, Captain W. H. McCartney; Battery D, 2d United States, Lieutenant E. B. Williston; Battery F, 5th United States, Lieutenant Leonard Martin; Battery G, 2d United States, Lieutenant John H. Butler; Battery C, 1st Rhode Island, Captain Richard Waterman; Battery G, 1st Rhode Island, Captain George W. Adams; 1st New York, Captain Andrew Cowan; 3d New York, Captain William A. Harn.

Cavalry Detachment.—Captain WILLIAM L. CRAFT Commanding. H, 1st Pennsylvania; L, 1st New Jersey.

ELEVENTH CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL OLIVER O. HOWARD, PERMANENT COMMANDER.

MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ, July 1st.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FRANCIS C. BARLOW Commanding (wounded).

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ADELBERT AMES.

First Brigade.—Colonel LEOPOLD VON GILSA Commanding. 41st New York, Colonel L. Von Gilsa, Lieut.-Colonel D. Von Einsiedel; 54th New York, Colonel Eugene A. Kezley; 68th New York, Colonel Gotthilf Bourney de Ivernois; 153d Pennsylvania, Colonel Charles Clanz.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General ADELBERT AMES Commanding; Colonel ANDREW L. HARRIS, 17th Connecticut, Lieut.-Colonel Douglass Fowler (killed), Major A. G. Brady (wounded); 25th Ohio, Lieut.-Colonel Jeremiah Williams (captured), Lieutenant William Maloney (wounded), Lieutenant Israel White; 75th Ohio, Colonel Andrew L. Harris (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Ben Morgan (wounded), Major Charles W. Friend; 107th Ohio, Captain John M. Lutz.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. VON STEINWEHR Commanding.

First Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES R. COSTER Commanding. 27th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Lorenz Cantador; 73d Pennsylvania, Captain Daniel F. Kelly; 134th New York, Colonel Charles R. Coster, Lieut.-Colonel Allan H. Jackson; 154th New York, Colonel Patrick H. Jones.

Second Brigade.—Colonel ORLANDO SMITH Commanding. 83d Massachusetts, Lieut.-Colonel Adin B. Underwood; 136th New York, Colonel James Wood, Jr.; 55th Ohio, Colonel Charles B. Gambee; 73d Ohio, Colonel Orlando Smith, Lieut.-Colonel Richard Long.

THIRD DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL CARL SCHURZ, PERMANENT COMMANDER.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALEXANDER SCHIMMELPFENNIG Commanding on July 1st.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-General A. VON SCHIMMELPFENNIG Commanding (captured); Colonel GEORGE VON ARNSBURG. 45th New York, Colonel G. Von Arnsburg, Lieut.-Colonel Adolphus Dobke; 157th New York, Colonel Philip P. Brown, Jr.; 74th Pennsylvania, Colonel Adolph Von Hartung (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel Von M. zel (captured), Major Gustav Schleiter; 61st Ohio, Colonel S. J. McGroarty; 82d Illinois, Colonel J. Hecker.

Second Brigade.—Colonel WALDMMIR KRZYANOWSKI Commanding. 58th New York, Colonel W. Kryzanowski, Lieut.-Colonel August Otto, Captain Emil Koenig, Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Gellman; 119th New York, Colonel John S. Lockman, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Rogers; 75th Pennsylvania, Colonel Francis Mahler (wounded), Major August Ledig; 82d Ohio, Colonel James J. Robinson (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel D. Thomson; 26th Wisconsin, Colonel Wm H. Jacobs.

Artillery Brigade.—Major THOMAS W. OSBORN Commanding. Battery I, 1st New York, Captain Michael Wiedrick; Battery L, 1st Ohio, Captain Hubert Dilger; Battery K, 1st Ohio, Captain Lewis Heckman; Battery G, 4th United States, Lieutenant Bayard Wilkeson (killed), Lieutenant E. A. Bancroft; 13th New York, Lieutenant William Wheeler.

TWELFTH CORPS.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS Commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS H. RUGER Commanding.

First Brigade.—Colonel ARCHIBALD L. McDougall Commanding. 5th Connecticut, Colonel Warren W. Packer; 20th Connecticut, Lieut.-Colonel William B. Wooster; 123d New York, Colonel A. L. McDougall, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Rogers; 145th New York, Colonel E. L. Price; 46th Pennsylvania, Colonel James E. Selfridge; 3d Maryland, Colonel J. M. Sudsbury.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General HENRY H. LOCKWOOD Commanding. 150th New York, Colonel John H. Ketcham; 1st Maryland (P. H. B.), Colonel William P. Mausby; 1st Maryland (E. S.), Colonel James Wallace.

Third Brigade.—Colonel SILAS COLGROVE Commanding. 2d Massachusetts, Colonel Charles R. Mudge (killed), Lieut.-Colonel Charles F. Morse; 107th New York, Colonel Miron M. Crane; 13th New Jersey, Colonel Ezra A. Carman (wounded), Lieut.-Colonel John R. Feeler; 27th Indiana, Colonel Silas Colgrove, Lieut.-Colonel John R. Feeler; 3d Wisconsin, Lieut.-Colonel Martin Flood.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN W. GEARY Commanding.

First Brigade.—Colonel CHARLES CANDY Commanding. 28th Pennsylvania, Captain John Flynn; 147th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Ario Pardee, Jr.; 5th Ohio, Colonel John H. Patrick; 7th Ohio, Colonel William R. Creighton; 29th Ohio, Captain W. F. Stevens (wounded), Captain Ed. Hays; 66th Ohio, Colonel C. Candy, Lieut.-Colonel Eugene Powell.

¹ Unassigned during progress of battle; afterward attached to First Division as Second Brigade.

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Second Brigade.—(1) Colonel GEORGE A. COBHAM, JR.; (2) Brigadier-General THOMAS L. KANE. 29th Pennsylvania, Colonel William Rickards; 109th Pennsylvania, Captain Fred L. Gimber; 111th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Thomas M. Walker, Lieut.-Colonel Frank J. Osgood.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEORGE S. GREENE Commanding. 60th New York, Colonel Abel Godard; 78th New York, Lieut.-Colonel Von Hammerstein; 103d New York, Lieut.-Colonel James C. Lane (wounded); 137th New York, Colonel David Ireland; 149th New York, Colonel Henry A. Barnum, Lieut.-Colonel Charles B. Randall.

Artillery Brigade.—Lieutenant EDWARD D. MUELENBERG Commanding. Battery F, 4th United States, Lieutenant E. D. Muhlenberg, Lieutenant S. T. Rugg; Battery K, 5th United States, Lieutenant D. H. Kinsie; Battery M, 1st New York, Lieutenant Charles E. Winegar; Knapp's Pennsylvania Battery, Lieutenant Charles Atwell.

Headquarter Guard.—Battalion 10th Maine.

CAVALRY CORPS.

MAJOR-GENERAL ALFRED PLEASANTON COMMANDING.

FIRST DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN BUFORD COMMANDING.

First Brigade.—Colonel WILLIAM GAMBLE Commanding. 8th New York, Colonel Benjamin F. Davis; 8th Illinois, Colonel William Gamble, Lieut.-Colonel D. R. Clendenin; two squadrons 12th Illinois, Colonel Amos Voss; three squadrons 3d Indiana, Colonel George H. Chapman.

Second Brigade.—Colonel THOMAS C. DEVIN Commanding. 6th New York, Colonel Thomas C. Devin, Lieut.-Colonel William H. Crocker; 9th New York, Colonel William Sackett; 17th Pennsylvania, Colonel J. H. Kellogg; 3d Virginia (detachment).

Reserve Brigade.—Brigadier-General WESLEY MERRITT Commanding. 1st United States, Captain R. S. C. Lord; 2d United States, Captain T. F. Rodenbough; 5th United States, Captain J. W. Mason; 6th United States, Major S. H. Starr (wounded), Captain G. C. Cram; 6th Pennsylvania, Major James H. Hazeltine.

SECOND DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL D. McM. GREGG COMMANDING.

(HEADQUARTER GUARD—Company A, 1st Ohio.)

First Brigade.—Colonel J. B. McINTOSH Commanding. 1st New Jersey, Major M. H. Beaumont; 1st Pennsylvania, Colonel John P. Taylor; 3d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel Edward S. Jones; 1st Maryland, Lieut.-Colonel James M. Deems; 1st Massachusetts at Headquarters, Sixth Corps.

Second Brigade.—Colonel PENNOCK HUEY Commanding. 2d New York, 4th New York, 8th Pennsylvania, 6th Ohio.

Third Brigade.—Colonel J. I. GREGG Commanding. 1st Maine, Colonel Charles H. Smith; 10th New York, Major W. A. Avery; 4th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Doster; 16th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel John K. Robison.

THIRD DIVISION.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JUDSON KILPATRICK COMMANDING.

(HEADQUARTER GUARD—Company C, 1st Ohio.)

First Brigade.—(1) Brigadier-General E. J. FARNSWORTH; (2) Colonel N. P. RICHMOND. 5th New York, Major John Hammond; 18th Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Colonel William P. Brinton; 1st Vermont, Colonel Edward D. Sawyer; 1st West Virginia, Colonel H. P. Richmond.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEORGE A. CUSTER Commanding. 1st Michigan, Colonel Charles H. Town; 5th Michigan, Colonel Russell A. Alger; 6th Michigan, Colonel George Gray; 7th Michigan, Colonel William D. Mann.

HORSE ARTILLERY.

First Brigade.—Captain JOHN M. ROBERTSON Commanding. Batteries B and L, 2d United States, Lieutenant Edw. Heaton; Battery M, 2d United States, Lieutenant A. C. M. Pennington; Battery E, 4th United States, Lieutenant S. S. Elder; 8th New York, Lieutenant Jos. W. Martin; 9th Michigan, Captain J. J. Daniels; Battery C, 3d United States, Lieutenant William D. Fuller.

Second Brigade.—Captain JOHN C. TIDBALL Commanding. Batteries G and E, 1st United States, Captain A. M. Randol; Battery K, 1st United States, Captain William M. Graham; Battery A, 2d United States, Lieutenant John H. Calef; Battery C, 3d United States.

ARTILLERY RESERVE.

- (1) BRIGADIER-GENERAL R. O. TYLER (disabled).
- (2) CAPTAIN JOHN M. ROBERTSON.

First Regular Brigade.—Captain D. R. RANSOM Commanding (wounded). Battery H, 1st United States, Lieutenant C. P. Eakin (wounded); Batteries F and K, 3d United States, Lieutenant J. C. Turnbull; Battery C, 4th United States, Lieutenant Evan Thomas; Battery C, 5th United States, Lieutenant G. V. Weir.

First Volunteer Brigade.—Lieut.-Colonel F. MCGILVERY Commanding. 15th New York, Captain Patrick Hart; Independent Battery Pennsylvania, Captain R. B. Ricketts; 5th Massachusetts, Captain C. A. Phillips; 9th Massachusetts, Captain John Bigelow.

Second Volunteer Brigade.—Captain E. D. TAFT Commanding. Battery B, 1st Connecticut; Battery M, 1st Connecticut; 5th New York, Captain Elijah D. Taft; 2d Connecticut, Lieutenant John W. Sterling.

Third Volunteer Brigade.—Captain JAMES F. HUNTINGTON Commanding. Batteries F and G, 1st Pennsylvania, Captain R. B. Ricketts; Battery H, 1st Ohio, Captain Jas. F. Huntington; Battery A, 1st New Hampshire, Captain F. M. Edgell; Battery C, 1st West Virginia, Captain Wallace Hill.

1 Not engaged. 2 A section of a battery attached to the Furnell Legion was with Gregg on the 3d.

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Fourth Volunteer Brigade.—Captain R. H. FITZBUGH Commanding. Battery B, 1st New York, Captain Jas. McRorty (killed); Battery G, 1st New York, Captain Albert N. Ames; Battery K, 1st New York (11th Battery attached), Captain Robt. H. Fitzhugh; Battery A, 1st Maryland, Captain Jas. H. Rigby; Battery A, 1st New Jersey, Lieutenant Augustin N. Parsons; 6th Maine, Lieutenant Edwin B. Dow.
Train Guard.—Major CHARLES EWING Commanding. 4th New Jersey Infantry.
Headquarter Guard.—Captain J. C. FULLER Commanding. Battery C, 93d Massachusetts.

DETACHMENTS AT HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Command of the Provost-Marshal-General.—Brigadier-General M. R. PATRICK Commanding. 93d New York,¹ 8th United States,¹ 1st Massachusetts Cavalry, 2d Pennsylvania Cavalry, Batteries E and I, 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry, Detachment Regular Cavalry, United States Engineer Battalion,¹ Captain Geo. H. Mendel, United States Engineers.
Guards and Orderlies.—Captain D. P. MANN Commanding. Independent Company Oneida Cavalry.

Organization of the Army of Northern Virginia, June 1, 1863.

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE COMMANDING.

STAFF.

COLONEL W. H. TAYLOR, Adjutant-General.
“ C. S. VENABLE, A.D.C.
“ CHARLES MARSHALL, A.D.C.
“ JAMES L. CORLEY, Chief Quartermaster.
“ R. G. COLE, Chief Commissary.
“ B. G. BALDWIN, Chief of Ordnance.
“ H. L. PEYTON, Assistant Inspector-General.
GENERAL W. N. PENDLETON, Chief of Artillery.
DOCTOR L. GUILD, Medical Director.
COLONEL W. PROCTOR SMITH, Chief Engineer.
MAJOR H. E. YOUNG, Assistant Adjutant-General.
“ G. B. COOK, Assistant Inspector-General.

FIRST CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET COMMANDING.

McLAW'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL L. McLAW'S COMMANDING.

Kershaw's Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. B. KERSHAW Commanding. 15th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel W. D. De Saussure; 8th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel J. W. Mamminger; 2d South Carolina Regiment, Colonel John D. Kennedy; 3d South Carolina Regiment, Colonel James D. Nance; 7th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel D. Wyatt Alken; 3d (James's) Battalion South Carolina Infantry, Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Rice.

Benning's Brigade.—Brigadier-General H. L. BENNING Commanding. 50th Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. R. Manning; 51st Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. M. Slaughter; 53d Georgia Regiment, Colonel James P. Somms; 10th Georgia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel John B. Weems.

Barksdale's Brigade.—Brigadier-General W. M. BARKSDALE Commanding. 18th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel J. W. Carter; 17th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel W. D. Holder; 18th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Thomas M. Griffin; 21st Mississippi Regiment, Colonel B. G. Humphreys.

Woffard's Brigade.—Brigadier-General W. T. WOFFARD Commanding. 18th Georgia Regiment, Major E. Griggs; Phillips's Georgia Legion, Colonel W. M. Phillips; 24th Georgia Regiment, Colonel Robert McMillan; 18th Georgia Regiment, Colonel Goode Bryan; Cobb's Georgia Legion, Lieut.-Colonel L. D. Glewn.

PICKETT'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT COMMANDING.

Garnett's Brigade.—Brigadier-General R. B. GARNETT Commanding. 8th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Eppa Hunton; 18th Virginia Regiment, Colonel R. E. Withers; 19th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Henry Gantt; 28th Virginia Regiment, Colonel R. C. Allen; 56th Virginia Regiment, Colonel W. D. Stuart.

Armistead's Brigade.—Brigadier-General L. M. ARMISTEAD Commanding. 9th Virginia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel J. S. Gilliam; 14th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. G. Hodges; 38th Virginia Regiment, Colonel E. C. Edmonds; 63d Virginia Regiment, Colonel John Grammer; 57th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. B. Magruder.

Kemper's Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. L. KEMPER Commanding. 1st Virginia Regiment, Colonel Lewis B. Williams, Jr.; 3d Virginia Regiment, Colonel Joseph Mayo, Jr.; 7th Virginia Regiment, Colonel W. T. Patton; 11th Virginia Regiment, Colonel David Funston; 24th Virginia Regiment, Colonel W. R. Terry.

Toombs's Brigade.—Brigadier-General R. TOOMBS Commanding. 2d Georgia Regiment, Colonel E.

¹ Not engaged.

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

M. Butt; 15th Georgia Regiment, Colonel E. M. DuBose; 17th Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. C. Hodges; 30th Georgia Regiment, Colonel J. B. Cummings.

Corse's Brigade.—Brigadier-General M. D. CORSE Commanding. 15th Virginia Regiment, Colonel T. P. August; 17th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Morton Marye; 30th Virginia Regiment, Colonel A. T. Harrison; 32d Virginia Regiment, Colonel E. B. Montague.

HOOD'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. HOOD COMMANDING.

Robertson's Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. B. ROBERTSON Commanding. 1st Texas Regiment, Colonel A. T. Rainey; 4th Texas Regiment, Colonel J. C. G. Key; 5th Texas Regiment, Colonel R. M. Powell; 3d Arkansas Regiment, Colonel Van H. Manning.

Laws's Brigade.—Brigadier-General E. M. LAWS Commanding. 4th Alabama Regiment, Colonel P. A. Bowls; 44th Alabama Regiment, Colonel W. H. Perry; 15th Alabama Regiment, Colonel James Canty; 47th Alabama Regiment, Colonel J. W. Jackson; 48th Alabama Regiment, Colonel J. F. Shepherd.

Anderson's Brigade.—Brigadier-General G. T. ANDERSON Commanding. 10th Georgia Battalion, Major J. E. Rylander; 7th Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. M. White; 8th Georgia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Towers; 9th Georgia Regiment, Colonel B. F. Beck; 11th Georgia Regiment, Colonel F. H. Little.

Jenkins's Brigade.—Brigadier-General M. JENKINS Commanding. 2d South Carolina Rifles, Colonel Thomas Thompson; 1st South Carolina Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel David Livingstone; 5th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel A. Coward; 6th South Carolina Regiment, Colonel John Bratton; Hampton's Legion, Colonel M. W. Gary.

ARTILLERY OF THE FIRST CORPS.

COLONEL J. B. WALTON COMMANDING.

Battalion.—Colonel H. C. CASELL; Major HAMILTON. Batteries: McCarty's, Manly's, Carlton's, Fraser's.

Battalion.—Major DEARING; Major REED. Batteries: Macon's, Blount's, Stribling's, Caskie's.

Battalion.—Major HENRY. Batteries: Bachman's, Riely's, Latham's, Gordon's.

Battalion.—Colonel E. P. ALEXANDER; Major HUGER. Batteries: Jordan's, Rhett's, Moody's, Parker's, Taylor's.

Battalion.—Major ESHELMAN. Batteries: Squifes's, Miller's, Richardson's, Norcom's.

Total number of guns, Artillery of the First Corps, 83.

SECOND CORPS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. S. EWELL COMMANDING.

EARLY'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. A. EARLY COMMANDING.

Hays's Brigade.—Brigadier-General H. S. HAYS Commanding. 5th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel Henry Forno; 6th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel William Monaghan; 7th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel D. B. Penn; 8th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel Henry B. Kelley; 9th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel A. L. Stafford.

Gordon's Brigade.—Brigadier-General J. B. GORDON Commanding. 13th Georgia Regiment, Colonel J. M. Smith; 26th Georgia Regiment, Colonel E. N. Atkinson; 31st Georgia Regiment, Colonel C. A. Evans; 38th Georgia Regiment, Major J. D. Matthews; 60th Georgia Regiment, Colonel W. H. Stiles; 61st Georgia Regiment, Colonel J. H. Lamar.

Smith's Brigade.—Brigadier-General WILLIAM SMITH Commanding. 13th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. E. B. Terrill; 31st Virginia Regiment, Colonel John S. Hoffman; 49th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Gibson; 52d Virginia Regiment, Colonel Skinner; 58th Virginia Regiment, Colonel F. H. Eard.

Hohe's Brigade.—Colonel J. E. AVERY Commanding (General R. F. HOHE being absent, wounded). 5th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel J. E. Avery; 21st North Carolina Regiment, Colonel W. W. Kirkland; 54th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel J. C. T. McDowell; 57th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel A. C. Godwin; 1st North Carolina Battalion, Major R. H. Wharton.

RODES'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. RODES COMMANDING.

Daniel's Brigade.—Brigadier-General JUNIUS DANIEL Commanding. 32d North Carolina Regiment, Colonel E. C. Brabble; 43d North Carolina Regiment, Colonel Thomas S. Keenan; 45th North Carolina Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Samuel H. Boyd; 53d North Carolina Regiment, Colonel W. A. Owens; 2d North Carolina Battalion, Lieut.-Colonel H. S. Andrew.

Doles's Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEORGE DOLES Commanding. 4th Georgia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel D. R. E. Winn; 12th Georgia Regiment, Colonel Edward Willis; 21st Georgia Regiment, Colonel John T. Mercer; 44th Georgia Regiment, Colonel S. P. Lumpkin.

Iverson's Brigade.—Brigadier-General ALFRED IVERSON Commanding. 5th North Carolina Regiment, Captain S. B. West; 12th North Carolina Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel W. S. Davis; 20th North Carolina Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel N. Slough; 23d North Carolina Regiment, Colonel D. H. Christie.

Ramseur's Brigade.—Brigadier-General S. D. RAMSEUR Commanding. 2d North Carolina Regiment, Major E. W. Hurt; 4th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel Bryan Grimes; 14th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel R. T. Bennett; 30th North Carolina Regiment, Colonel F. M. Parker.

Rodes's Brigade.—Colonel E. A. O'NEAL Commanding. 3d Alabama Regiment, Colonel C. A. Battle; 5th Alabama Regiment, Colonel J. M. Hall; 6th Alabama Regiment, Colonel J. N. Lightfoot; 12th Alabama Regiment, Colonel S. B. Pickens; 26th Alabama Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Goodgame.

JOHNSON'S DIVISION.

MAJOR-GENERAL ED. JOHNSON COMMANDING.

Stewart's Brigade.—Brigadier-General GEO. H. STEUART Commanding. 10th Virginia Regiment, Colonel E. T. H. Warren; 23d Virginia Regiment, Colonel A. G. Tallaferra; 27th Virginia Regiment, Colonel T. V. Williams; 1st North Carolina Regiment, Colonel J. A. McDowell; 3d North Carolina Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Thurston.

"Stonewall" Brigade.—Brigadier-General JAMES A. WALKER Commanding. 2d Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. Q. A. Nadenbousch; 4th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Charles A. Ronald; 5th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. H. S. Funk; 27th Virginia Regiment, Colonel J. K. Edmondson; 33d Virginia Regiment, Colonel F. M. Holladay.

Jones's Brigade.—Brigadier-General JOHN M. JONES Commanding. 21st Virginia Regiment, Captain Mosely; 42d Virginia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Withers; 44th Virginia Regiment, Captain Buckner; 48th Virginia Regiment, Colonel T. S. Garnett; 50th Virginia Regiment, Colonel Vandeverter.

CYCLORAMA OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Nicholls's Brigade.—Colonel J. M. WILLIAMS Commanding (General F. T. Nicholls being absent-wounded). 1st Louisiana Regiment, Colonel William R. Shirers; 2d Louisiana Regiment, Colonel J. M. Williams; 10th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel E. Waggaman; 14th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel Z. York; 15th Louisiana Regiment, Colonel Edward Pendleton.

ARTILLERY OF THE SECOND CORPS. COLONEL S. CRUTCHFIELD COMMANDING.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel THOMAS H. CARTER; Major CARTER M. BRAXTON. Batteries: Page's, Fry's, Carter's, Reese's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel H. P. JONES; Major BROCKENBOROUGH. Batteries: Carrington's, Garber's, Thompson's, Tanner's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel S. ANDREWS; Major LATIMER. Batteries: Brown's, Dermot's, Carpenter's, Raine's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel NELSON; Major PAGE. Batteries: Kirkpatrick's, Massie's, Millege's.

Battalion.—Colonel J. T. BROWN; Major HARDAWAY. Batteries: Dauce's, Watson's, Smith's, Huff's, Graham's.

Total number of guns, Artillery of the Second Corps, 82.

THIRD CORPS.

LIEUT.-GENERAL A. P. HILL COMMANDING.

R. H. ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

Wilcox's Brigade.—Brigadier-General C. M. WILCOX Commanding. 8th Alabama Regiment, Colonel T. L. Royster; 9th Alabama Regiment, Colonel S. Henry; 10th Alabama Regiment, Colonel W. H. Forney; 11th Alabama Regiment, Colonel J. C. C. Saunders; 14th Alabama Regiment, Colonel L. P. Pinkhard.

Mahone's Brigade.—Brigadier-General WILLIAM MAHONE Commanding. 6th Virginia Regiment, Colonel G. T. Rogers; 12th Virginia Regiment, Colonel D. A. Weisiger; 16th Virginia Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel Joseph H. Ham; 41st Virginia Regiment, Colonel W. A. Parham; 61st Virginia Regiment, Colonel V. D. Groner.

Posey's Brigade.—Brigadier-General CANOT POSEY Commanding. 46th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Jos. Jayne; 16th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Samuel E. Baker; 19th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel John Mullins; 12th Mississippi Regiment, Colonel W. H. Taylor.

Wright's Brigade.—Brigadier-General A. R. WRIGHT Commanding. 2d Georgia Battalion, Major G. W. Ross; 3d Georgia Regiment, Colonel E. J. Walker; 2d Georgia Regiment, Colonel R. H. Jones; 48th Georgia Regiment, Colonel William Gibson.

Perry's Brigade.—Brigadier-General E. A. PERRY Commanding. 2d Florida Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel S. G. Pyles; 5th Florida Regiment, Colonel J. C. Hately; 8th Florida Regiment, Colonel David Long.

HETH'S DIVISION.

First, Pettigrew's Brigade.—42d, 11th, 26th, 44th, 47th, 52d, and 17th North Carolina Regiments

Second, Field's Brigade.—40th, 55th, and 47th Virginia Regiments.

Third, Archer's Brigade.—1st, 7th, and 14th Tennessee, and 13th Alabama Regiments.

Fourth, Cook's Brigade.—15th, 27th, 46th, and 48th North Carolina Regiments.

Fifth, Davis's Brigade.—2d, 11th, 42d Mississippi, and 55th North Carolina Regiments.

PENDER'S DIVISION.

First, McGowan's Brigade.—1st, 12th, 18th, and 14th North Carolina Regiments.

Second, Lane's Brigade.—7th, 16th, 28th, 33d, and 37th Georgia Regiments.

Third, Thomas's Brigade.—14th, 35th, 45th, and 49th Georgia Regiments.

Fourth, Pender's Old Brigade.—13th, 16th, 22d, 34th, and 38th North Carolina Regiments.

ARTILLERY OF THE THIRD CORPS.

COLONEL R. LINDSAY WALKER COMMANDING.

Battalion.—Major D. G. McINTOSH; Major W. F. POAGUE. Batteries: Hurt's, Rice's, Luck's, Johnson's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel GARNETT; Major RICHARDSON. Batteries: Lewis's, Maurin's, Moore's, Grandy's.

Battalion.—Major CUTSHAW. Batteries: Wyatt's, Woolfolk's, Brooke's.

Battalion.—Major WILLIE P. PEGRAM. Batteries: Brunson's, Davidson's, Crenshaw's, McGraw's, Marye's.

Battalion.—Lieut.-Colonel CUTTS; Major LANE. Batteries: Wingfield's, Ross's, Patterson's.

Total number of guns, Artillery of the Third Corps, 83.

Total number of guns, Army of Northern Virginia, 248.

LIEUT.-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART'S CAVALRY CORPS.

Brigadier-General Wade Hampton's Brigade.

Brigadier-General Fitz Hugh Lee's Brigade.

Brigadier-General W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, under Colonel Chambliss.

Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson's Brigade.

Brigadier-General William E. Jones's Brigade.

Brigadier-General J. D. Imboden's Brigade.

Brigadier-General A. G. Jenkins's Brigade.

Colonel White's Battalion.

Baker's Brigade.

[NOTE.—The regimental roster of this Cavalry Corps is unfortunately unobtainable.]

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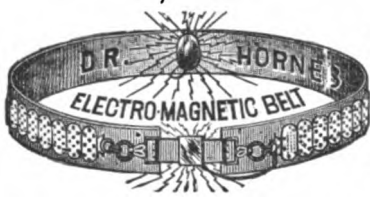
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The great horseman, now of the firm of Bohannon & Doble, carriage builders, 461 and 463 Wabash av. Chicago, says, under date of May 12, 1884:

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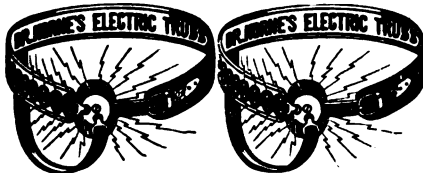
Very respectfully, **BUDD DOBLE.**

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The great singer, says:
I consider Dr. Horne's Electric Belts very beneficial to professional people that are obliged to travel and sing every night.

P. BRIGNOLI,

Everett house, New York, May 29, 1884.



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I hereby heartily endorse Dr. Horne's Electric Truss. I sleep with it on nights without any inconvenience, and it is the most comfortable truss I ever had. For 20 years I was troubled with back ache, or kidney trouble, which the electric truss has cured. I can honestly recommend Dr. Horne's wonderful Electric Truss to all afflicted. Yours truly, **M. J. DICKERMAN,** Chicago, July 15, 1884. Engineer C.R.I. & P.R.R.

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Yours truly thankful, **CHAR. BREWER.**

SAVED MY LIFE.

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My wife has suffered with neuralgia and pain in her back for three years, and confined to her bed a portion of the time. I have paid out over \$600 for Doctors' bills, but she was not benefited. I bought one of Dr. Horne's Electric Belts and she wore it about one month and is now entirely well and hearty. We both feel grateful in meeting with such meritorious article.

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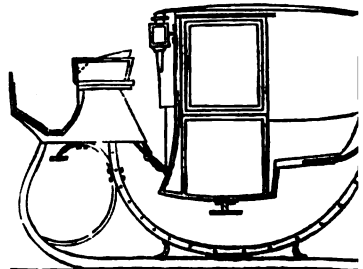
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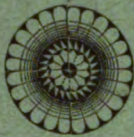
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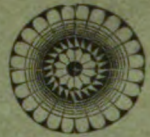
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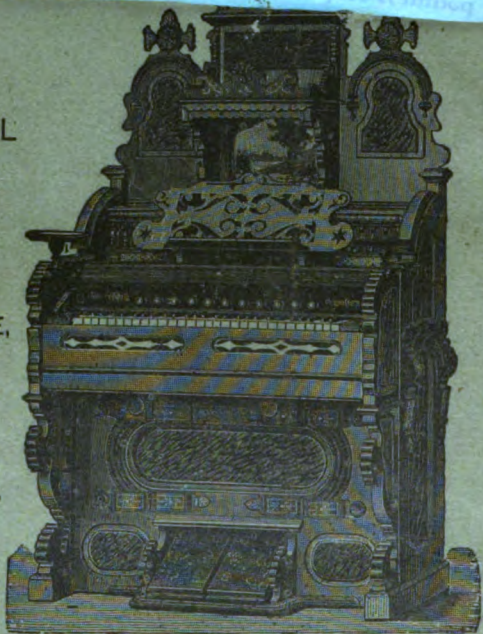
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