

Gettysburg, 1863: Two Intimate Accounts

Two members of the Arlington Historical Society, Mrs. Warren Birge and Mrs. H. P. Simpson, have made available to the Society accounts written by relatives who took part in the Civil War. Excerpts dealing with the Battle of Gettysburg are reproduced below.

The first is a portion of a reminiscence written by Frank Hume, a private in Company A, 21st Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade of McLaw's Division of Longstreet's Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. Mr. Hume had kept a diary during the War. After the surrender at Appomattox, he made his way to Brandy Station, Va. (after a detour to North Carolina where he had attempted to join General Johnson's forces) to stay with relatives. Since many carpetbaggers were already invading that section and making life hard for Southerners, his relatives burned all of Hume's possessions, including his diary, that would have given him away as a member of the Confederate Army. Thus it was that he later had to rely on his memory to reconstruct the record of his service.

Mr. Hume was living in the District of Columbia at the outbreak of war. He made his way to his native Virginia and joined the 21st Mississippi of which some of his relatives were members. He saw action at many places including Second Manassas and Sharpsburg. He spent the winter of 1862-3 at Fredericksburg, and his recollections contain a vivid account of the action at Marye's Heights.

His narrative of the move to Gettysburg begins:

Extra rations were cooked up and on the night of June the [sic] 1863, we quietly withdrew from the town of Fredericksburg. A detail was left to keep the fires burning in the camps situated outside of the town so as to keep up appearances that all was quiet on the Rappahannock.

By midnight we had pushed on and waded the Rapidann River above Raccoon Ford going into camp north west of the town of Culpeper C Ho where we remained for a few days, then again taking up the line of march we crossed the Blue Ridge at Ashby's Gap into the Valley of Va where we again halted a few days. Genl Ewell's Corps had been sent on in advance and engaged the enemy under Genl Milray at Winchester capturing 4000 prisoners and their small arms, 28 pieces of artillery, 300 wagons and an immense supply of Commissary and Quartermaster stores. Pushing on with his victorious men into Md followed by Genl A P Hill's Corps of three divisions. My Corps (Longstreet's) covered these movements.

Pushing on we crossed the Potomac at Williamsport passing through the town of Green Castle.

It was considered a great thing to get on the press gang the duty of which was to get horses for the artillery and wagons and also to get a supply of cattle for the

use of the Commissary. So one of my company, Briely by name, was the lucky one on whom the honors fell. Briely was a great mimic and joker; to the tune of "old grey horse get out of the wilderness" he improvised, "If you want to have a good time jine the press gang." Well the press gang started out to press, and had gotten only a few miles from camp when they discovered a large cherry tree filled with luscious fruit. The temptation was too great for the press gang so dismounting they all climbed the tree and were congratulating themselves on being in luck as being a member of the press gang by the fact of which they were enabled to get a big meal of beautiful wax cherries. Little did they know what was in store for them, for information had been sent by a farmer to a squad of cavalry and in a few minutes the press gang found themselves ordered from the tree at the muzzle of twenty carbines. Gracefully accepting the situation they like Davy Crockett's coon requested the enemy not to shoot but that they would come down, which they did and were yanked off to Fort Dell.

We certainly lived well while we were among the descendents of the Hessians. Apple butter, great loaves of bread big as grindstones, plenty of meat of the best, and as one of the old English said, "If it were not for those bloody guns I too would have been a soldier." So it was in Pennsylvania; eliminate the war side or part, and our trip would have been a most pleasant excursion. Of course, they did not love us but the general order issued by Genl Lee at Chambersburg commanding the men to abstain from depredating on the people was strictly carried out so far as possible. No wanton destruction of property was permitted.

Many amusing incidents occurred, however, showing the high regard even the enemy had for Genl Lee. A detail was made whose duty was to tear up the R R tracks running through the town. The procedure was to tear up the rails and pile them across a pile of crosssties; a fire would be started and as the rails became heated they would bend thus making them worthless for rebuilding the railroad. An old lady watched the men at their work for some time, anxious to know what they were doing. When she divined that their object was to destroy the road, she ran out to the men, and in the most excited manner exclaimed, "You are ruining the railroad and I am going to tell Genl Lee what you are doing. It's outrageous in you and he will make you sweat for it." Poor old woman. While Va had seen much of the war this was Penn first real taste.

On the whole our men fared well as this land of apple butter, honey and great Dutch loaves of good bread was high living for Lee's half-starved Rebbies. I never in all the pierooting I experienced ever saw a Confederate insult a woman. They would take anything to eat and sometimes I have thought they would take things they did not want, by way of keeping their hands in, but they never insulted any woman. I regret to say I cannot say as much for the hirelings of the government.

An amusing incident occurred a few days before the Battle of Gettysburg. I was passing along the road when I observed a rather nice young lady sitting on the steps of a porch crying bitterly. The idea of course quickly crossed my mind that she had been insulted by some of the men who like myself were looking after apple butter and Dutch bread. "Please miss, let me know what your trouble is," I said. No answer but the tears and suppressed sobs continued. Again repeating my question as sympathetically as I could, I was astonished by a sudden burst of laughter. This confounded me but was soon explained as she brightened

and, between her fits of convulsive laughter, pointed to a ragged Confederate who had leaned over the fence and seized a Bee Gum starting with the same on his shoulder at a run for a creek which crossed the road about 200 yards from the house, with his tattered old felt hat circling his head to beat off the bees which were swarming around and on him. He ran into the water and pushed the hive under for the purpose of drowning out the owners.

The lady recovered herself enough to say, "That is the third time that hive has been stolen by your men today and there aint a mite of honey in it as it is a new swarm a neighbor gave me yesterday. I have recovered it each time only to have one of your Rebels take it again. They always take it so slick I don't see them until they are away or I would tell them it was empty. But I have the consolation that they get well stung although it don't help the swarm any and gives me lots of trouble to get it again." The Johnny looked rather sheepish as he discovered the hive was empty and left it in a hurry.

We were now pushing on to Gettysburg; all looked so strange to us. The towns seemed full of men fit for service. Passing through Greencastle (I think) on Sunday [June 28] the people all dressed in good clothes reviewing the Rebel army. Once in awhile a fellow with a very delapidated hat would quickly step from the ranks and presto chango he would with one hand transfer his worthless chapeau and with the other reach out and exchange with a bystander. This when well done seemed fun for not only our men but appeared a good joke to all except the victims who never relished it a whit. One of the better residences had a long porch fronting the street on which were seated many young ladies and beaux. A tall lank fellow sized up his man and quickly transferred his hat by way of exchange to the head of one of the young men. It was a hard old hat indeed and one of the ladies ran in and soon appeared with a pair of tongs and brought the hat to the middle of the street where she dropped it amid the shouts of the crowd.

When we got into camp much growling was shown by the order prohibiting the men from burning fence rails, and although it was raining and we were without axes we had to make the best of it in the way of a fire as we could. Pushing on toward a range of mountains early in the morning of June 30, 1863, we passed Genl Longstreet's headquarters on the roadside. A scout had just arrived and evidently was detailing to the Genl the information obtained. We pressed up the mountain pass and through Cashtown. Toward night we could hear the booming of cannon in our front and expected at any moment to be called into action.

We remained near the roadside near a small creek (Willoughby) over which was a stone bridge. We were completely nonplussed to know what was going on. W. H. Barnett one of my company after enquiring of many horsemen and not receiving a satisfactory answer as to what was going on, said, "Boys, we will hold up the next party passing and insist on their telling us the news." An opportunity was soon offered as some four or five horsemen came up the road. "Hold up," he said as he seized the bridle of the foremost horse, "We must know what is going on." "Everything is all right," was the reply. "We have got the best of them." "Oh," said Barnett, "Genl Longstreet!" "Yes, it's all right," he said.

Someone evidently blundered for we had gotten the best of the fight that

evening and should have held on to our position. If we had have done so we would not have been compelled to charge Round Top the next day and lose the large number of men we lost at that time. Yes, someone blundered badly but I do not believe it was Longstreet as he was ever bold and ready for his whole duty.

Gettysburg July 3, 1863 At the dawn of day we moved along the bank of the stream mentioned for, say, 2 miles or more when we waded it crossing up a hillside at angles with the stream until we reached the top of the field along which and parallel to the stream ran a stone fence. Over this fence the enemy's sharpshooters were strewn thick with long range rifles, who would pick our men off whenever they shewed themselves. The men were cautioned to stoop in passing exposed places as the bullets and shell were making it exceedingly unpleasant. A lot of wild goose plums grew along the stone fence, covered with ripe luscious fruit. It was too much for a poor fellow in my front to withstand the temptation and jumping up on the fence he reached for one of the limbs full of the fruit. It was his last as a bullet crashed through his brain and we were one man less. This broke the boys of reaching for the forbidden fruit.

Passing on along the fence side we reached a piece of oak woods where a Louisiana battery of Napoleon Guns were working for all they were worth. We were ordered about 100 yards in their rear to support them. The enemy concentrated their guns on this battery and our position was a most unpleasant one as we got full benefit of all their wild shooting. We were ordered to lay down and we took advantage of same all except a little Pennsylvanian in my Company by the name of A. H. Mohler who came from this part of the State and volunteered in my Company. He sat upright on a stone and would not attempt to shield his body by lying down, saying, "if he was to be killed he would be and that's all of it." This was a fearful experience and could I honourably have gotten somewhere else I most assuredly would have taken advantage of the choice. The shells hissed like very fiends of Hell as they tore through this oak grove. A tall oak tree was struck near its base and literally cut off at the stump, standing erect long enough for the men to get out of the way of its fall. In the midst of this terrific fire Genl Longstreet rode up near the battery on a grey horse with a courier. He calmly dismounted and handed the reins to his courier, walked over to the wall and quietly surveyed the field in our front. Again mounting he rode away. We had seen Longstreet do this kind of thing before and knew what it meant. In a few minutes we were ordered up in line and the loud voice of Col Humphries ordered: "Forward March!" In line of battle we soon reached the stone fence and as I was in the front rank I soon got to an opening made by the gunners, an embrasure as it were, for the guns to fire through. As I got to this gap in the fence the gunner seized me by the jacket and pulling me back, said, "Hold up, mister." I was then at the muzzle of the 12 lb. Napoleon gun when he pulled the halyard and the gun went off, the mouth of the piece being in a few inches of my body. I thought I was blown up but recovered myself in a few moments and was out in the open field.

I took the scene in at a glance: a long stone fence about 500 yards away ran at the foot of the hill and parallel to the one we had just passed. Beyond this fence was another one parallel to this and behind this was a line of battle drawn up awaiting us. We started down the hill with a yell which was only broken

by the shrieking and exploding shells. 'Twas pandemonium let loose and firmly believing this my last appearance in public I opened my mouth and yelled my best. On reaching within about 50 yards of the first fence to our surprise a full line of battle arose and poured a deadly fire into us. Men dropped to the right and left of me but I was unharmed so far. A waver of a second and a rush as the avalanche was made to the wall. We had not up to this time fired a single shot but now was our time as we rushed up to the fence. Instead of laying down and surrendering they, or half of them, broke and ran. It is needless to say they were shot down right and left. Some would lie as though dead but the strain was too much for them and the apparently dead man would, as we approached, jump and run. Of course he would be killed. The prisoners were ordered to get back to our rear in double quick time which order they obeyed with the greatest promptitude. There was no halt but on to the second line which broke and ran. We captured several batteries and a large number of prisoners (Bigelow's 9th Mass. and Watson's U.S.). A large barn was filled with them and they when ordered to move to our rear, did so with alacrity. The charge so magnificently made by our men went like an irresistible wedge through three lines of battle. The lines of the enemy were on our left comparatively intact although great efforts had to be made to keep their men from breaking. Had we have been properly reinforced, it seems to me we would have been irresistible.

When nearing the big barn mentioned and while advancing on the run and loading my rifle as I advanced, I had succeeded in ramming home the cartridge and had taken a cap from the box and was in the act of capping my gun when I was struck by either a piece of shell or a ball on my right hip, striking the hip bone sideways and making an ugly wound. On being struck I was turned around top fashion and on being noticed by Lt. Brown he ordered me to the rear. Not feeling any pain from the wound I told him I would fire the load from my rifle as it was loaded. I then capped it and proceeding to a small apple tree and leveled my gun at an officer on my left who was trying to rally his men, or rather, trying to keep them from running. He had just struck down one of his fleeing men with his sword when I deliberately fired. While, of course, I do not know I had struck him yet at the time of the shot he fell forward on his horse's neck but immediately righted up but went backward then again toward the front and plunged headlong over the neck of his horse.

I found I had no bones broken so made my way slowly to the rear. It was a fearful sight. Shell and shot plowing among the dead and wounded. Here a gun dismounted, there a caisson had exploded with the dead and dying thick around mingled with wounded horses, yells of anger and calls for help. I wended my way through this scene which reminded me in an aggravated form of "Lot's departure from the doomed city." I reached a thin piece of woods. Sitting on the ground but leaning against a tree was our 1st Lieut. Hays, a Massachusetts man highly thought of by our men and every inch a soldier, pale unto death. I reached him and kneeling at his side asked if he was much injured. In a whisper he said, "Yes, they have got me at last." "Lieut.," I asked, "Can I do anything for you? I have a little water; take it, won't you?" "No," he replied. "You must leave me as I am sure we will not be able to hold the ground we have gained. So make your way back as I cannot last long and you can't help me." So, whispering in his ear, I asked if among his northern friends he would give me their names I would write them and tell them of his noble death.

He insisted that I could do nothing for him and repeatedly urged me to go back. So leaving him I got back to the Hospital where I was given a place to lie and my wounds dressed. Genl Barksdale was killed as well as Lt. Brown, Col. Carter, and many hundreds of my brigade made their last advance in this fearful charge against such awful odds. All this time the cannonading was most active and the rattle of the rifles and musket was incessant.

I with great wagon trains of wounded were forwarded at a slow pace toward the south and our Brigade retreated reaching Downsville, Md. July 6, 1863.

The second account is taken from a fragment of a diary written by Thomas F. Wallsh. Mr. Wallsh immigrated to this country from Ireland and during the Civil War served as a noncombatant clerk in a headquarters company of the 74th N.Y. Infantry, 3rd Army Corps, in the Union Army. He was captured at Brandy Station, Va., on November 27, 1863, and imprisoned in Andersonville, S.C.

The diary fragment begins on June 11, 1863, with a farewell apostrophe to the place where he had, apparently, spent a pleasant winter: on the north side of the Rappahannock three miles from Fredericksburg. His group made its way via Bealton, Warrenton Junction, Catlett's Station, Centreville, and Gum Springs and crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry. Moving along the C & O Canal, they stopped at Point of Rocks. The excerpt begins:

Saturday, June 27. Left the Point of Rocks for the town of Jefferson, distant about 5 miles.

The march was over a lofty mountain. The road side being well supplied with cherry trees. The summit commanded a magnificent view of the Virginia hills with the Potomac flowing gracefully beneath them. Arriving at Jefferson about 10 o'clock remained there for 2 hours.

Here the Provost Marshall was seen hurrying into town to exercise his mighty power. He was disappointed, however, as the 5th Army Corps had the start of him. So he placed his panting guard (who had come double quick from Point of Rocks) as sentinels to guard the approaches to the town. We got some very excellent bread in this place besides a supply of cherries, which by the aid of a ladder we were enabled to pluck from the trees. Allowing the 5th Corps to precede us, we shortly afterwards left this place and arrived about 5 o'clock to within half a mile of the town of Middletown. We encamped here. We had a good wash at a brook which ran at the rear of our camp, supped and retired as usual.

Sunday, June 28. We left this encampment passing through Middletown about a mile distant. The shops here were closed and the streets deserted. Probably the people were at church. The place boasting of 2 steeples. Pushing along we feasted as usual on cherries, and having proceeded about 8 miles, we gained the city of Frederick, Md. where we were received very kindly, perhaps owing to the fact that the rebel cavalry had but a few days previously made a raid upon the city and helped themselves to such clothing, boots, etc., as they could conveniently lay hands on to carry away, and cleaned out the banks.

About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Maj. Gen. Sickels arrived and took com-

mand, which pleased the men as they hoped the long marches to which they had been subjected would be discontinued.

We had been for several days in great want of tobacco, and were here enabled to purchase a supply of a good quality at a moderate price. Not like Middletown, the people all appeared in their holiday attire. The city boasts of some very pretty women. Hospitality and welcome appeared to be (using a military phrase) the order of the day.

About 5 o'clock we resumed our march and halted about seven miles from the city at Walkersville. There are only a few houses in this place. The owners of them doing all they could in making cakes and slap jacks for the wagoners and guards. There was one young wife with a squally child in her arms baking away during the entire evening, heartbroken between nursing the baby and baking. She was assisted by her better half and her sister. The former a soft slob, not by a long shot sharp enough for the Yankees. In taking stock next morning, he stated that our unexpected visit did not benefit him in the least.

Monday, June 29. The drums beat at an unreasonable hour this morning. We arose, with many headaches, consequent upon the excessive heat of the sun the day before. After washing and a good breakfast, we started ahead of the train and the 2nd Division. The morning was a little misty but soon cleared up. At 9 o'clock we took the Denizens of Woodborough by surprise. We purchased some boots, shoes, stockings, towels, etc. Arriving at a stream, we washed and put on our purchases. At a farm house, a little further on, by the road side, we were told that some of the rebels were about, as we had skirmishes ahead on either side. We, nothing daunted, continued our journey. Pursuing it for some distance, one of our party decried a neat country farm house with its white-washed front peering through the trees which surrounded it. Under his guidance, we proceeded thither and we were well repaid for our visit. As pretty a creature as ever dandled a baby (which was in her arms) received us with unfeigned welcome and supplied us with eggs, milk, and cakes, for which she would not accept payment. But one of our company, perhaps not less free than welcome, kissed the nurse for the sake of the child. This rude fellow said it was a trick of youth he was taught in Ireland and that the habit which was a patriotic one, he was anxious should be inculcated in Maryland.

Mr. Wallsh tells how they made their way farther with "several amusing incidents along the road," not the least of which must have been to discover the inspector general and the aide-de-camp up in a tree eating cherries: "What he, the Inspector General, himself denounced as forbidden fruit." They spent the night of the 29th half a mile beyond Tanneytown, the night of the 30th at Bridgeport, and on July 1 reached Emmetsburg where the Catholic college and cemetery impressed him greatly. In the middle of the afternoon they moved halfway to Gettysburg.

Thursday, July 2. This ever memorable day was ushered in by the rising sun which shown forth in all its splendor, dissipating by its rays the volumes of vapor which capped the range of wooded mountains on the left. We were not far behind him in rising. We were all anxiety, for a great and decisive battle was about being fought. Having breakfasted at an early hour, we waited patiently for marching orders. They arrived at 10 o'clock.

From information received along the line of route, we were apprehensive of

being attacked by the enemy, whose outposts were within a few miles of our left. After journeying about 5 miles, we crossed the Marsh River and entered the State of Pennsylvania. We had now traveled on foot from Falmouth about —miles. The Virginia portion over which we passed was like a wilderness. There was no growing crops to be seen. The fences which once enclosed tillage and green pasture fields, had long since been converted into fuel for the belligerents. Forests were in many places cut down and either met with a similar fate, or were converted into log houses for the soldiery. Many of the country houses of the rich, and the poorer farmer, were in ruins or razed to the ground. Others deserted while old men, women, and children with haggard and wan faces were the occupants of other tenements. The whole denoting a scene which presented to the imagination that the burning sword of war had traversed the land far and wide, and left famine and desolation in its wake.

What a contrast presented itself on our entry into the State of Maryland. Nature appeared to have assumed a holiday attire. The golden crops waving before the gentle breeze, basked in the sunshine of mid-summer. The country was in her zenith and beautiful. For although it had been but a few days before trodden by the footsteps of the enemy, joy and happiness appeared to have pervaded the people of this State (who but a few years since were wavering in their allegiance), and the approach of the Union Army and the old flag seemed to throw them into delirium of wild enthusiasm.

As we proceeded the cannonading became very heavy, and presently we neared the scene of action. Passing several temporary hospitals where the wounded were being taken, might be heard moans and groans. Surgeons being very busy in their operations, amputating limbs, extracting balls, and binding up wounds. We made a temporary halt at the top of a small hill where the teams unhitched. We had not been long in this place when shot and shell came over, and through the woods. Self-preservation being the 1st law of nature, every one seemed to take care of himself and took to his heels. The teamsters in a state of bewilderment, hitching their teams, and such of the non-combatants as had horses to ride dismounted and converted the weary "nags" into perambulating shields to shelter themselves from the flying missiles. While escaping from this little panic, some of the horses escaped. One fell with his rider into a quagmire, and left there by its dauntless rider, it was afterwards discovered dead. We took shelter in a farm yard, but a few shot and shell sent us flying to a more distant spot.

Occupants of houses with their families were also hurrying along, leaving all their worldly goods and chattles behind. This firing afterwards appeared from the fact of the enemy having vainly attempted to force our left flank to gain possession of the "Baltimore Pike Road."

The wagons, having taken another direction, a few of our party hastened toward the centre of our lines. We met some of our fellows there and had comfortably located ourselves, expecting time to take a cup of coffee which was being cooked. While waiting for it, the 6th Corps were hurrying in to form lines of battle, another terrific shelling took place, round shot, grape, and canister might be heard cutting limbs and branches of the trees and bounding off the rocks, the base of which afforded a secure shelter to many a non-combatant. Here legs again were put into active requisition. Crossing a brook, we halted on top of a hill at a safe but convenient distance. The place appeared to

be parked with wagons, some artillery and infantry. Night having set in, the fighting ceased.

After partaking of some coffee and bread in this place, we were ordered to encamp about a mile farther to the rear on the Gettysburg road which place we reached about 12 o'clock at night. Rolled ourselves in our blankets, about 3 o'clock next morning.

In this last shelling, Genl. Sickels was wounded by a solid shot, and had his right leg amputated.

Friday July 3. We were awoke this morning at 3 o'clock by a furious cannonade. The enemy renewed the contest at this early hour with his entire force of artillery, and the compliments of the morning were returned by ours, the cannonading keeping up vigorously for several hours. The enemy again attempted to play the game of yesterday—to break a passage through our ranks and gain the Baltimore pike road.

They hurled column after column into our lines, but were driven back with slaughter, and like the receding tide, they would again dash forward to meet with like repulse. The Louisiana Tigers, a Brigade, the boast and pride of the rebel army, rushed madly forward, with that peculiar hyenaish scream for which that Army is so noted—they fell back annihilated and disheartened. This day terminated with success—Victory crowned the Union Arms.

Saturday July 4. There was some casual firing today, between the pickets, prisoners continued to be brought down, about 1 o'clock we went up to the front where Genl D. B. Birney was encamped and did some writing there. Some few shots were fired in the direction of the line of skirmishers, one round shot came rattling through the trees and into the field where we were; it appeared to be a parting salute fired by the rebels, the bulk of their army having left the night before, and the remainder were stealthily retreating during the day. We returned to the old camp where our blankets, desks, etc. were.

Sunday July 5. This morning about 11 o'clock the Head Quarters train removed to the front and we accompanied it. The rebels had effectually made good their retreat; several corps went in pursuit of them; the 3rd Corps remained. The burial of the dead was resumed today all along the line—each Corps burying in front of its position.

We arrived at Headquarters about 2 o'clock. The rebels having already retired, we were enabled to view the battle ground; a fearful sight it was. When we arrived our dead had been nearly buried; the rebels left a large number of theirs on the fields.

The stench that pervaded the atmosphere of the field of battle was truly awful. Some of the rebel dead lay mingled with dead horses, presenting a frightful spectacle. Some of the bodies were mutilated, headless, and all in a state of decomposition—the bodies black and swollen—the eyes bulging from the sockets and the tongues protruding from the mouths. Some of the dead, who lay by their placid appearance seemed to have died without a struggle, but others from the contortious position of the bodies appear to have died hard, relinquishing life in mortal agony. Horses lay dead in all directions in a decomposed state. Dismounted guns, caissons, muskets, ramrods, bayonets, belts, pouches, equipments, blankets, playing cards, letters, bibles, and many other things lay in promiscuous confusions, and scattered around. The arms were being picked up by the details

of men. Country people came flocking in to view the field (or corn fields, it should be said, all trampled down) and were busily engaged in picking up grape and cannister and fragments of shell, musket balls, damp cartridges as relics or mementoes of the battle field.

Monday July 6. The sun failed to make his usual appearance this morning; everything looked gloomy and sad. It had rained much during the night and the ground was moist and muddy. About 9 o'clock it commenced to rain and we left Camp hastening to the direction indicated for the march, which was along the left of our line of battle. Some of the houses (from which the people had fled on Thursday the 2nd instant, and had not yet returned) appeared much knocked about by shot and shell—furniture and wearing apparel tossed about. These houses must have been ransacked and pillaged for the boxes and presses bore evidence of having been tampered with and broken open. In a small yard adjoining one of the houses was an affecting scene: a young calf in a state of exhaustion from hunger lay on the ground close beside the mother which had been shot during the fight.

Pursuing our course further we came upon a Peach orchard. The branches and some of the trees lay in every direction dismantled by the fury of the shot and shell. Adjacent to the orchard was what had been a substantial two story farm house, built of brick and stone. The owner and his neatly dressed young wife and 4 children (who had fled when the hostilities commenced and had just returned) were roaming about the premises looking upon and shrinking from grim death. The roof and wings of the house were torn and knocked to pieces as also the out-houses; scarcely a pane of glass was left in the house unperforated and the green blinds lay splintered and hanging by their white tapes which were in shreds. Their once pretty garden stocked with the choicest plants trampled underfoot, the garden converted into a graveyard, temporary head boards marked the resting places of about 30 fallen rebel officers. Another part of the garden presented to view large pits not more than 2 feet deep, containing the dead bodies of numbers of privates only half buried with legs and arms sticking over ground. Other pits there were containing dead bodies but not covered in. Heaps of bodies lay in rows ready for interment but it would appear the rebels in their hot haste to be off, left the place in this state. In a barn were found more dead who when wounded probably crawled there to die, and a few bodies lay in the unmown grass on the lawn.

Adjacent to these premises temporary breastworks were thrown up by the rebels to protect themselves from the iron shower of death which belched forth during the fight from our batteries on the extreme left. About half a mile further on, and as far as the eye could penetrate, lay extended on either side and across the roads other breastworks erected by the rebels to protect their vanquished and retreating columns.

We met Genl Birney and staff returning to his late encampment but we proceeded along. Crossed Marsh creek bridge, halted and had dinner. Later in the evening we recrossed the bridge and bivouacked in the woods near a small village. Neither the 3rd Corps or the artillery had come up; they remained near the battle field. Marched this day 6 miles.

Mr. Hume's account was made available by his granddaughter, Mrs. Birge. Mr. Wallsh's account was made available by his stepgranddaughter, Mrs. Simpson.