

town. Doubleday, division commander in the First Corps under Reynolds, tells the sequel in a way that illuminates Wainwright's story:

"As Wadsworth withdrew them [the two regiments] without notifying Hall's battery on the road, or the two regiments posted by Reynolds on the left, both became exposed to a disastrous flank attack on the right. Hall, finding a cloud of skirmishers launched against his battery which was now without support, was compelled to retreat. The horses of the last gun were all shot or bayoneted. The non-military reader will see that while a battery can keep back masses of men, it cannot contend with a line of skirmishers. To resist them would be very much like fighting mosquitoes with musket-balls."

In the midst of the battle Reynolds fell from his horse dead, with a sharpshooter's bullet through his brain.

* * *

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 1, 1863, WEDNESDAY. We breakfasted soon after sunrise, but it rather promised then to be a quiet day for us. I was just finishing up my monthly return when the order came to move at once. The order was from Doubleday, and placed the Third Division on the lead, and the First at the rear. So soon as my command had hauled out, as they had to wait for the Third Division in rear of which they were to march, I rode on ahead to learn what I could as to the prospects of a fight. I saw General Reynolds, who said that he did not expect any: that we were only moving up so as to be within supporting distance to Buford, who was to push out farther. At the corners where Reynolds had his headquarters the Third Division was turned off by him on a road to the left. General Reynolds then rode on, and took the First Division ahead with Hall's battery, which being camped near three miles in advance had an hour's start of us. We moved along very quietly without dreaming of a fight, and fully expecting to be comfortably in camp by noon. So confident of this was I that, for the first time, I threw my saddle bags into the waggon, and was thus left without my supply of chocolate and tobacco, without brush, comb, or clean handkerchief. My horse "Billy" cast two shoes on the road. I had no hesitation in stopping at a farm house with one of my forges until they could be replaced and even sat there ten or fifteen minutes longer until a heavy shower was over. I then rode up to the head of my brigade, where I found General Doubleday.

This was about two miles before coming to Gettysburg, and between ten-thirty and eleven o'clock. We were speaking of General Meade's promotion, and Doubleday was just saying that Sykes was his junior, and

that they ought to give him a corps, when my attention was called to the smoke of shells bursting in the air. On listening we would hear the sound of cannon apparently some three or four miles off, which we supposed to be from Buford's cavalry. In a few minutes, however, an officer, I have forgotten whom, came up with orders for us to push on as fast as possible, as Reynolds was engaged over beyond the seminary.

I at once started my three batteries, Reynolds leading, and after going along the road about half a mile turned in to the fields on the left, where I saw that other troops had gone, and which took me directly towards the seminary. Halfway there I met Craig Wadsworth, who merely said, "The General is killed; Reynolds is dead." Shortly after I met his body being brought off. I halted and uncovered as he passed; it was all there was time for then. I had no confidence in Doubleday, and felt that he would be a weak reed to lean upon; that it would not do for me to wait for orders from him, but that I must judge and act for myself. Even at this time Doubleday was riding at the head of the Second Division, waiting orders I suppose.

On reaching the seminary I found that General Wadsworth had again occupied the ridge beyond, from which we had fallen back. Buford had cavalry on the flanks, and a strong reserve. What dispositions were to be made I knew not. No two divisions of the corps had yet got together, the Third being on a road which would pass to our front. Should the enemy be in force enough to drive right ahead, they would eat us up piecemeal; if they were not strong, the Third Division might come in on their flank. All I could do then was to put my batteries in a position where they could be got at easily, have them send their battery waggons and forges to the rear, and wait in condition to start at a trot the instant orders came. I then rode along the ridge on which the seminary stands, and afterwards out to the one beyond.

The seminary building stands upon a narrow ridge or rise of ground, formed by the outcropping of the rocks which run very near north and south. It is rather over half a mile to the west of the town; the ridge stretching away a long distance to the left of the seminary, while it ends in a broken, rocky knoll some 300 yards to the right. This knoll is covered with wood. A fine grove stands in front of the college building, and a belt of trees crowns the ridge for all its length to the left so far as I could see. The ground falls rapidly behind the ridge on the side towards the town; in front it slopes more gradually. The position, though wanting depth, was not a bad one on which to resist a front attack, if we should not be outflanked. The bottom of the little valley which lies between this ridge and the one beyond is somewhat moist and soft. About seventy-five yards north of the seminary and close to one of the houses the turnpike leading to Cashtown and Chambersburg crosses the ridge,

and thirty or forty yards farther is a thorough cut through it for a railroad. The ridge beyond is wider and much more rolling; the greater part of it is cleared. Just where the Cashtown pike crosses it there stands a large farmhouse and barns, with an orchard to the left of it, and then some six or eight acres of wood.

It was here that General Reynolds was killed by a minie ball through the head of the spine. He fell from his horse, and expired instantly. So far as I can learn Wadsworth's leading brigade was pushed on much beyond this in support of our cavalry, when they were driven rapidly back; the enemy also opening with a six-gun battery. At this point, General Reynolds made a stand, getting Hall's battery into position on his right. This stand was quite successful, until they turned his right and the General himself fell, when our men gave way. The flank attack was made directly upon Hall's battery, and though he was successful in checking it, until he could withdraw after the infantry, he was obliged to leave one piece on the field, all six of the horses being shot down as they stood. Four of the horses to another piece were also killed, but this he got off part of the way by hand.

I did not like this advanced position at all, its right flank being exposed to a high ridge to the north, and approached by a number of ravines which afforded excellent cover to an attacking party. General Wadsworth had ordered Hall back again, but I took the responsibility of forbidding him to put his battery there until I knew there were troops to cover his right flank; at the same time directing him to get off his abandoned piece, which the enemy had not disturbed. While I was on the ridge, our Third Division came in on our left front, having been turned off the road by an order of General Reynolds. I placed Cooper's battery in position on the open ridge about where I thought the left of the division would rest, and ordered him to wait events.

Passing then to the right of the railroad cut, on to the wooded knoll, I found that it had just been occupied by Robinson's division, and Cutler's brigade. The lay of the ground was very intricate, so that it took me some time to make out the disposition of our troops; which proved to be all sorts of ways. As I was coming out I saw a line of rebels advancing towards Cutler's flank, and rode back to tell him, as I had no one with me, having sent Matthewson to put Stewart and Reynolds into position south of the seminary. As I came out again I saw a portion of the Eleventh Corps moving forward in line facing north, so that the two corps formed a right angle at the knoll where Robinson was. They had two batteries with them which were just opening fire.* . . .

* Wainwright here allots three paragraphs to the movements of his batteries, relating that one of his captains had an eye taken out by a case shot, and that he himself came within inches of losing a leg by another that grazed his ankle. He complains that

Somewhere about three o'clock, I should think, a long column of rebels came out of the wood a mile or so in our front, and fled off to our left. This was soon joined by another column, which when they faced into line formed a second line for them. They marched along quietly and with confidence, but swiftly. I watched them from the battery, and am confident that when they advanced they outflanked us at least half a mile on our left. So soon as they were within range I opened on them with the four guns, but a brigade of the Third Division sent to support the battery persisted in getting in front—that being its commander's idea of supporting. The rebel lines advanced rapidly. There was not the shadow of a chance of our holding this ridge even had our Third Division commanders had any idea what to do with their men, which they had not. I therefore soon ordered Lieutenant Bower to take his four guns back to the Seminary Ridge, to the position he had previously occupied about a hundred yards south of the college.

While I was with General Doubleday, one of Howard's German aides rode up, and told him that General Hancock, who succeeded Reynolds in command of the two corps, wished that the Cemetery Hill should be held at all hazards. What with the aide's broken English and our being on this hill and not knowing that there was a *cemetery*, I thought it was the *Seminary Hill* we were to hold. I had therefore strung my batteries out on it as well as I could, only having four now; and when I sent "L" Company to its old position, went myself to where Cooper had been ordered. Wadsworth's division was falling back as I got there, the rebs pushing rapidly on and cheering. They were also attacking the Eleventh Corps at the same time. The Cashtown road being our most important point, each one had aimed to take care of it. Robinson had ordered Stewart to take post on each side of the railroad. Doubleday had ordered Stevens from where I had placed him at the left to the road itself. Cooper had his four guns immediately in front of the main building, and Wilbur's section came down the road with Wadsworth's division. Thus there were eighteen pieces on a frontage of not over two hundred yards.

But there was no time now to make changes, for the rebs were coming steadily on down the ridge in front only some five hundred yards off, and all the guns were blazing away at them as lively as possible. In a little time I went to the right and front of Wilbur's section, one piece of which was on the Cashtown road. I there found that Lieutenant Davison had thrown his half of Battery "B" around so as to get an oblique, almost enfilading fire on the rebel lines. His round shot, together with the canister poured in from all the other guns, was cutting great gaps in the front line of the enemy. But still they came on, the gaps being closed by

General James Wadsworth, anxious to have his front protected, kept interfering with the proper placing of the guns.

on the crest we had just left, and fired into the tail of our column, smashing up three of Stewart's caissons. The rascals south of the road, too, killed the off-wheeler of Lieutenant Wilbur's last piece; and when he had just got him cut out, and was starting again, they shot down three more horses, his own horse, and one of the drivers. So the gun was abandoned. I was terribly grieved when I heard of it, for I had begun to look upon our getting off from that place as quite a feat, and wished that it could have been without loss of a gun. The more I think of it, the more I wonder that we got off at all. Our front fire must have shaken the rebel lines badly or they would have been upon us. The gun lost was No. 1, the first three-inch gun accepted by the ordnance department.

The streets of the town were full of the troops of the two corps. There was very little order amongst them, save that the Eleventh took one side of the street and we the other; brigades and divisions were pretty well mixed up. Still the men were not panic stricken; most of them were talking and joking. As I pushed through the crowd as rapidly as possible, I came across General Rowley, who was in command of the Third Division. He was very talkative, claiming that he was in command of the corps. I tried to reason with him, showing that Wadsworth and several others ranked him; but soon finding that he was drunk, I rode on to the top of the Cemetery Hill, the existence of which I now learned for the first time. Whether Rowley would have handled his division any better had he been sober I have my doubts. . . .

I reached the top of the hill almost as soon as my first battery. Here I found General Howard, who expressed pleasure at seeing me, and desired me to take charge of all the artillery, and make the best disposition I could of it: saying that he would instruct Major Osborn to take his orders from me. The General pointed out to me how he should form the two corps; stating that this spot must be held until the rest of the army came up. I have since heard it said that General Hancock claims to have been in command at this time. I neither saw nor heard anything of him, and the troops certainly were posted as General Howard told me he meant to put them.*

Cemetery Ridge is directly over the town to the east, straggling houses running part way up its western slope. The ridge proper may be said to begin at this point, and to extend off to the south for a mile or two, sinking gradually as you get farther in that direction. The Baltimore pike comes directly up the hill from the town, passes over it, and runs off nearly due east. This was the ground which I occupied during the rest of the battle. Standing in the road now just at the commencement of its

* After Reynolds's death, questions of command seemed perplexing. But "Hancock the Superb," as McClellan had called him at Williamsburg, took charge with full power to hold the field or fall back—and decided to hold it; Doubleday very briefly directed the First Corps; and Howard continued to head the Eleventh.

regiments from the second line, and this again filled up by a third column which was coming over the hill. Never have I seen such a charge. Not a man seemed to falter. Lee may well be proud of his infantry; I wish ours was equal to it. When I returned I found the Fifth Maine limbering up. I stopped them, when Lieutenant Whittaker told me that General Wadsworth had said they had better withdraw. Remembering what I had supposed to be Howard's order to hold the Seminary Hill to the last, I had no notion of going off, and rode around to see that none of the guns moved. An officer now informed me that a rebel line was advancing on our right. Looking at it, I was sure that it was the Eleventh Corps, and could not be convinced to the contrary until they opened fire on a portion of that corps—which I could now see making for the town. At the same time I discovered that our own First and Second Divisions were filing through the railroad cutting, and making in the same direction. Indeed, most of them had gone when I found it out.

I then at once ordered all to limber up and move at a walk towards the town. I would not allow them to trot for fear of creating a panic among the infantry with which the road was now crowded. But I had very little hope of getting them all off, for the rebs were close upon us; so near that a big fellow had planted the colours of his regiment on a pile of rails within fifty yards of the muzzles of Cooper's guns at the moment he received his order to limber up. As I sat on the hill watching my pieces file past, and cautioning each one not to trot, there was not a doubt in my mind but that I should go to Richmond. Each minute I expected to hear the order to surrender for our infantry had all gone from around me, and there was nothing to stop the advancing line.

Just as the last of Stewart's caissons was coming into the road (fortunately the other batteries did not have their caissons with them), a number of the enemy's skirmishers, sweeping around the south side of the college buildings, opened fire across the road at about fifty yards distance. Our infantry did not return the fire, so there seemed no chance but what they would kill all my horses. Perhaps, though, it was as well for me that our infantry instead of making fight took at once and in a body to the left, over the railroad which here makes an embankment. This cleared the road, and I shouted "Trot! Gallop!" as loud as I could. It did not take long for the whole eighteen pieces and six caissons to be in full gallop down the road, which being wide allowed them to go three abreast. As I saw the head carriages already at the turn of the road just before entering the town, I felt that now all were safe. And my next duty being to look out a new position for them I galloped to the front. In order to get by the batteries I was obliged to climb over the railroad and enter the town by another street.

I had hurraed a little before I was out of the woods. The rebs pulled off the skirt of my coat; that is, after I left the road they got some pieces