

THE BATTLE FIELD AT GETTYSBURG.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

burg road, where General Meade held his headquarters during the cannonade, is most fearfully cut up. It is already known how General Lee masked his artillery and opened with one hundred and thirty pieces at the same moment. Two shells in every second of the time fell around these headquarters. The shells tore through the little white building, exploding and scattering their fragments in every direction.—Not a spot anywhere was safe. One shell through the doorstep, another in the chimney, a third shattering a rafter, a fourth cutting off the legs of a chair in which a staff officer was seated; others severed and splintered the posts in front of the house, howling through the trees by which the dwelling is surrounded, and raised deep furrows of the soft earth. At the fence in front of the building the horses of aids and orderlies were standing. A dozen of the frightened animals fell by the rebel projectiles, and others broke away and fled in the wildest fright towards the rear. One staff officer, and another and another were wounded. Strange to say, amid all this iron hail no one of the staff was killed. Every man stared death full in the face, and had little prospect of escaping unhurt. Rarely in the history of war has there been a scene to equal this.

THE CANNONADE ELSEWHERE.

This storm of pitiless iron was by no means hurled at headquarters alone. It was Lee's grand attempt to shatter and break our centre, preparatory to the charge which should possess him to the key of our position. It was a brilliant plan, and one in which Napoleon often achieved success. Wherever that array of guns was pointed there the air was laden with the hurdling missiles of death. Every tree, every shrub, every blade of grass bent before the blast. Through the thick, rolling smoke cloud that separated the contending hosts shell after shell crushed fiery way. Man nor beast could stand before it. Huge gaps were out of our lines, and battery after battery hushed its fire, disabled by the rebel guns. Nearly two hours of this cannonade, and then came the charge which was so nobly repulsed.

SCENE OF THE TIGERS' CHARGE.

Once more at the cemetery, I struck across the Baltimore turnpike to the hill that forms the extremity of the ridge on which the main portion of our line of battle was located. The hill overlooks the town and the whole valley towards the northwest, where it runs off into the hilly country in the direction of the Susquehanna. It was on this hill, just to the right of the cemetery, where the battery was posted that the Tiger brigade of Louisiana attempted to take by a charge. I have elsewhere spoken of this charge and the manner in which it was met by our troops. Looking from this elevation down to the valley below one can readily understand the desperate nature of such a charge. That the tigers succeeded in gaining the guns and actually spiking one of them argues great valor on their part. Equal heroism was displayed by our troops in driving back the enemy after they had once obtained the hill.

POSITION ON THE CENTRE.

This hill was made artificially strong during the night after the first assault, by the erection of several redoubts, behind each of which a gun was posted. These were sufficiently high to prevent their being carried with ease by the enemy. In addition to the artillery in this position there was a considerable number of guns held in reserve. This position of the line received special attention, as it was the key to our whole position. Should this be carried our defeat would be certain, as it would separate our wings from each other. The defences that were thrown up still remain, but the guns were in the road in pursuit of the retreating rebels. The hill commands a full view of the town and of the whole region of the fight. Far on the left the mountains stretch away to the Potomac, and on the right the Susquehanna. The green fields and darker forests look as peaceful as if they had never heard the sound of contending armies. Nearly two hundred thousand men met here three days ago in mortal combat, and to-day there is a Sabbathlike stillness.

ON THE RIGHT CENTRE.

To the right of the hill the line of battle for almost a half mile falls back at right angles to the general course, from Round Hill to the Cemetery. This is due to the configuration of the ground—the valley, through which a stream winds, bending sharply to the eastward. From here the line does not follow a regular ridge, but is over a succession of elevations and depressions. The defences are on these inequalities along the front of the crest. Fortune willed it that for a portion of the distance there should be a strong

stone fence. This was rendered more dense by throwing up a quantity of dirt on both sides, preventing the bullets from glancing or passing into the interstices of the wall. The trees around this wall are thickly scarred by bullets from rebel rifles, and the same is the case with those in front, behind which the rebel sharpshooters were posted.

SCENE OF THE ATTACK ON THE RIGHT.

About half way from the centre of the extreme right is the location of the scene of the fiercest attack upon that portion of the field. The most terrible fire of the day has left its marks upon the trees and rocks. I have seen the whole of the Shiloh battle field, as well as that where Sherman met his disastrous repulse at the Chickasaw Bayou. The traces of fighting there are but slight compared to those on this ground. I find tree after tree scarred from base to limbs so thickly that it would have been impossible to place one's hand upon their trunks without covering the marks of a bullet. One tree was stripped of more than half its leaves by the effect of the bullets alone, and many of its twigs were cut half off, and were hanging wilted and ready to drop to the ground. The trunk of the tree, about ten inches in diameter, was cut and scarred in every part. The fire which had struck these trees was that which was directed from our muskets upon the advancing rebels. Every tree and bush for the distance of half a mile along these works was nearly as badly marked. The storm of bullets must have been as thick as hailstones in an ordinary storm. How a man could exist in it and come out unhurt is difficult to imagine.

POSITIONS OF OUR SHARPshootERS.

Our sharpshooters in some localities occupied novel positions. One of them found the half of what had once been a hollow tree, with a hole left by the removal of a knot facing directly towards the ground where the rebels advanced. He was thus provided with a convenient loophole from which he could fire upon the enemy. Another found a nook between two rocks about two feet wide by six or eight long, and as many high. The end of this nook was toward the rebels, and filled up with smaller stone. It made a fine spot for a sharpshooter to occupy. It was held to good effect by one of our marksmen, as three or four dead rebels in front of the position give evidence. Every conceivable corner was filled with a sharpshooter always on the lookout for the foe. It was this fact that operated to slay the rebels in large numbers. Their loss on the right was very heavy, though not so much on the left.

THE EXTREME RIGHT.

of the line is close upon a meadow on the bank of Rock creek. Here but few marks of the battle were seen, the most of them being from cannon shot that were probably thrown from single batteries on the other side of the creek. Lines drawn from this point to the extreme left, and again from each wing, would form a triangle, with the longest side in the rear. The readers can obtain an idea of the shape of the line of battle by picturing to himself a horse shoe, the toe at the cemetery and the wings at the heel. The horse shoe should be widened somewhat at the heel to make the illustration approach perfection. Officers with whom I have conversed say the line was very nearly a quarter of a circle. This position gave us great advantage over the rebels. We could concentrate on either wing or on the centre by moving from two to three miles. Acting on the circumference of our outer circle, Lee was forced to move ten miles to make a similar concentration. By watching Lee's movements carefully General Meade was able to checkmate him on each occasion.

CONCLUSION.

The great battle is over. The enemy is in full retreat toward Virginia, with our victorious army in pursuit. Ere this reaches you the two hosts may again measure their strength. Flushed with its present victory and increased by the thousands now marching to join it, who can doubt that army will achieve success. As great or greater than those of Waterloo are the results of this battle of Gettysburg. Lee victorious, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia would have fallen before him. The rebel flag would have floated over the national capital. The nations of Europe would no longer withhold the recognition that the rebel leaders have for so many months been asking. The way would have been opened for a peace which should embrace the downfall of our government. Lee defeated, and driven again to Virginia, with our army in pursuit, the nation breathes in safety. A terrible blow is struck at the hopes of the rebellion.—More terrible may be the result to the rebel army before it shall reach the Potomac. The long suspense is over. Strong

men, who stood with blanched cheek and bated breath, half dreading to hear the result of the combat, are to-day filled with exultation. To those whose valor stood for the nation's defence we will render our heartfelt thanks. To Him who doeth all things well shall eternal praise be given.

Capt. Nathaniel W. Massey, of the British army, who eloped from Toronto, Canada, with the dashing heiress, Miss McTavish, was arrested on the 10th inst., at Avon, N. Y., and lodged in Genesee jail. She begged hard to be allowed to go with him, but in spite of her lamentations a policeman ironed him and tore the Lothario from her. It is stated by those who know that Miss McTavish is devotedly attached to the handsome captain. She is a grand-daughter of the McTavish who, some 35 years ago, commenced building a handsome residence on the slope of the mountain, Montreal, but, his death occurring shortly after, the edifice was (according to a clause in his will) never finished. It is now called by many who reside in that city the "Haunted House." His remains lie in a substantial vault near the unfinished house. This romantic young lady's income, it is stated, amounts to \$60,000 a year.

Mr. Anthony, who is Postmaster at Leavenworth, Kansas, and Mayor of the city, on the 19th of June, by the aid of a brass band, succeeded in getting a crowd together in one of the public streets to witness the burning of a number of newspapers that had been suppressed in that district by Gen. Blunt. A formidable pile of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Chicago *Times*, New York *World* and other copperhead journals was made in the street, and when the Mayor applied the torch something like an Indian war dance was enjoyed around the fire by the jayhawkers and John Brownites, who were congregated to witness the proceedings. The affair was carried through in true dramatic style.

The Grass Valley *National* relates the following incident as having recently occurred in that vicinity: "A lawyer in this village was consulted a few days since by an injured husband, who complained of the unfaithfulness of his spouse. Repeated acts of inconstancy upon the part of the wife could be clearly proved, and the man of law told his client that there would be no difficulty in obtaining a divorce at the next term of the court.

"Divorce at the next term of the court!" exclaimed the now excited Benedict. "D—n your divorce. I don't want any divorce; I only want to get an injunction to stay her proceedings."

The republic of San Marino has existed for over fifteen hundred years, under the protection of the Popes of Rome. It was founded in 303, by the Monk Marinus, whose name it bears, and who is a canonized saint in the Catholic Church.—Clementini says "that he was a deacon in the church of Rimini, and fled from the bloody persecution which Diocletian raised against the church of that city, with the miserable remnants of the slaughtered Christians, to the neighboring mountains; and thus was laid the foundation of the republic of San Marino, the oldest government in Europe.

A man was intending to be married the other day, or rather night, in Greenwich, Mass. All preparations were completed, and the bride and two hundred guests were present all ready for the ceremony. After waiting for the bridegroom till a late hour, the party broke up on account of his non-arrival. The next day the dilatory lover made his appearance, saying that he had not thought it best to venture out the previous evening on account of the storm!

The daughter of one of the most respected citizens of Brooklyn has tendered her services to supply, gratuitously, the place of any clerk who is called upon to go to the war, and who has relatives dependent upon him for support. She says: I will take his place, and he shall have all moneys due him from the office forwarded to him for the six months he is to be gone."

The Washington *Star* says that a rebel prisoner in the Old Capitol prison at Washington wrote to a Baltimore firm to send him fifty or one hundred dollars.—The reply was, that the firm would cheerfully furnish either of the sums named if it would be the means of providing the traitor with a hempen collar.

"Pa, didn't I hear you say the other day, you wanted a cider press?" "Yes, daughter, where can I get one?" "Why, you try Zeke Stokes; he hugged me the other evening at the party, and I tell you he made me grunt."

When is a soldier like a baby? When he is in arms.

Miscellaneous Items.

It would seem as though the ill-feeling of the British authorities at Bermuda had cooled, since we read, in the Bermuda *Royal Gazette*, that Admiral Wilkes had been entertained at a grand dinner by the military authorities on the Queen's birthday.

Some idea may be formed of the tremendous effects of the powder-magazine explosion at the foot of Seventy-ninth Street, New York, from the fact that a steamboat travelled all the way to New Haven on the Sound.

Man creeps into manhood, softens into age, totters into second childhood, and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

The Commissioners of Internal Revenue has decided that producers of coal are entitled to exemption from taxation where the annual product shall not exceed the sum of \$600.

The citizens of Wilmington, Delaware, have formed a club called the Butler Club, to advocate the claims of Gen. Butler to the Presidency.

A spiritualist paper says that Stonewall Jackson spends the greater part of his time in the spirit world, in playing dominoes with Ossawatimie Brown, for drinks.

A Shaksperian grocery-keeper thus advertises his sweets:—Like the quality of mercy, my honey is not strained."

Is there anything in the world that can beat a good wife? Yes, a bad husband.

A consumptive man has a hollow cough, but a bankrupt merchant has a hollow coffer.

The happiest of pillows is not that which Love first presses; it is that which Death has frowned on and passed over.

Muffhead wants to know whether a wooden-legged politician would not have the advantage of an adversary in stump-ing the State.

Rebel papers state that the washerwomen in Macon, Georgia, are on a strike, killing those who do not join them, as "rats."

In Richmond a meal of beef steak, one dozen oysters and a cup of coffee cost \$5. Apples are 25 cents each.!

The night of the bath is generally Saturday night. Shakspeare was fond of washing; this we know from his celebrated soliloquy, "Tubby or not tubby."

When is a man thinner than a lath? When he is a shaving.

When is a lobster like a mortar? When it casts its shell.

A young enchantress may in time come to be called an old witch.

Parson Brownlow is now special agent for the Collector of Customs at Nashville, for the suppression of smuggling.

There are over seven hundred gold and silver mining companies in Nevada Territory, with capitals varying from \$250,000 to \$5,000,000.

The State of Rhode Island offers \$100 bounty for six month's volunteers, and \$300 bounty for three years men.

The Brooklyn *Star*, after 54 years existence, breathed its last on the 18th of June, for want of popular nourishment.

Deaths.

Isaac W. Stalley, Private, Co. E, 174th Penn. Vols., age 29 years, July 4, congestive fever.
Herman S. Ferbish, Private, Co. F, 5th Maine Vols., July 4, typhoid fever.
Simon Pete, Civilian, from Darien, Ga., July 4, chronic diarrhea.
B. Maury, Private, Co. B, 2d R. I. Art., July 5, typhoid fever.
Thomas Hart, Private, Bat. B, 1st U. S. Artillery, July 5, typhoid fever.
Alonzo Littlefield, Private, Co. F, 5th Maine Vols., July 6, typhoid fever.
Powell Fisher, Private, Co. H, 174th Penn. Militia, July 6, typhoid fever.
Paul Crandall, Private, Co. G, 115th N. Y. Vols., July 6, typhoid fever.
John P. Dutch, Private, Co. F, 8th Maine Vols., July 8.
George Cassidy, Private, Co. D, 115th N. Y. Vols., July 8, typhoid fever.
George Colony, Private, Co. C, 115 N. Y. Vols., July 8, typhoid fever.

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