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THE UNRETURNING BRAVE.

The swallows build beneath the eaves,
As in the days of yore;
The wheat fields are still ablaze,
And in and out the west wind plays
Amid the tattered corn.
The sunshine falls as warm and bright,
The drier fields are red;
The wild bird wakes his simple song,
As joyfully the whole day long,
As if he were not dead.
The thoughtful skies, with mother care,
Their rains and sunshine send;
And, standing in the farm house door,
I see, drifting the landscape o'er,
The smoke he used to send.
The wild rose and the jessamine blow
Beside the window sill;
Their tender moan is in the air,
For the dear birds that played there
Are lying cross and still.
About the hill, the summer fields
Her wealth of golden light;
And, past the willow's silvery gleam,
I catch the glimmer of the stream,
And blue and green and white.
But, oh! a shadow darkens all
The sunshine and the bloom;
The voice whose kind and loving words
Were sweeter than the song of birds,
Is silent in the tomb.
How can the summer fall so gay
About our ferns, our laurel trees,
When all the quiet way to tread—
Through leafy woods a lonely road—
Shall know no more of love?

REMINISCENCES OF GETTYSBURG.

BY CAPT. ALFRED E. LEE.
Now for the fight, now for the cannon's peal,
Forward through blood, and toll, and din,
Through the short, the shock, the dash, or steel,
The valley's roll, the rocket's hissing, spire,
"There was lack of woman's cunning,
There was death of woman's tears."

Though the war for the Union has been marked by many thrilling episodes and crises, there is, perhaps, none which will stand forth in bolder relief upon the pages of history than that which culminated on the first day of July, 1863, upon Pennsylvania soil. Then and there the largest and best appointed army of the Union met the best organized, most ably commanded, and in every way the most formidable army of the rebellion in an open, pitched battle, upon the result of which was staked the very existence of this nation. It may be that other engagements have since occurred which, in a popular sense, have been more decisive; but it needs no prophet to foretell that to this one above all others history will ascribe the credit of being the turning battle of the war. Here the most powerful and dangerous blow ever dealt by its armed foes against the life of the Republic was made to recoil upon the heads of those who gave it. It was the fortune of the writer to be a participant in a considerable portion of those sanguinary scenes. It is needless to say that they are yet fresh in my memory, and have graven themselves there with a clearness and distinctness which only the loss of reason can efface. Yet as I revert to them now they seem more like some strange, terrible dream than an actual experience. That I lived through them I can only attribute to the special providence and divine interposition of Him whose living eye watches the flight of the sparrow, and whose tender regard is never withheld from the humblest of his creatures. Hitherto the movements and whereabouts of the enemy had been a profound secret. There were uncertain rumors that Stuart's cavalry was ravaging the Cumberland valley, and that Lee's army, having crossed the Potomac, was marching northward; but this was the extent of our information. That the command of our army had been changed also became incidentally known to us, but of the character and qualities of the new commander we knew scarcely anything. He was an entire stranger to us, which fact, though under ordinary circumstances it could not have caused unfavorable impressions, at such a critical time as this gave room for doubt and distrust. But this feeling was counteracted in a great measure by the unanimity of purpose and determination which pervaded and inspired the whole army. It mattered but little to our men who commanded them so they but felt him to be a man of ordinary sense and ability; for after all their main reliance was in the inherent justice of their cause, and upon the infinite God who must ever befriended the right and frown upon the wrong.

The evening of the 30th of June was wet and gloomy. My comrades in arms soon sank to repose under their little shelter-tents, blissfully unconscious of present cares and of the terribly thrilling events in which they were in a few hours to participate. Their deep breathing fell upon my ear in solemn cadence, while by the flickering light of a candle I endeavored to dictate a few lines to the loved ones whose prayers in my behalf were, perhaps, even then ascending to the Throne. While thus engaged at about the hour of midnight I heard a mounted orderly hastily gallop up to the Colonel's quarters and deliver a message. From his hurried manner it was evident that he brought marching orders. Accordingly the Sergeant-Major soon came around warning us to be up betimes and ready for an early movement. It was not, however, until eight o'clock a. m., that the regiments of our brigade had filed out of their camps into the road and were well on the march. The column moved in the direction of Gettysburg, eleven miles distant, and it now became evident that we were going thither. Having already marched over one hundred miles, and much of that distance over stony roads, many were nearly exhausted, and all were much worn. Yet buoyancy and cheerfulness pervaded the column, and each man evinced by his firm, elastic step and calm visage his settled determination to do his part nobly when occasion offered in driving invading traitors from the loyal soil. At ten o'clock a. m., we crossed the line separating Maryland from Pennsylvania. The regiments from the latter State greeted the "Old Keystone" with enthusiastic cheers, their drums and colors saluting and bands playing. Alas! how many thus revisited their native soil to find there a soldier's grave! At eleven o'clock a. m., the distant and ominous booming of artillery gave us our first intimation that we were nearing the enemy. The dull and occasional thunder sounded directly in advance and seemed to be three or four miles distant. This far-off muttering of the battle seldom depresses a soldier's spirits. On the contrary, it engages his attention, awakens his curiosity, and fires his manhood. To the weak and cowardly it is, of course, otherwise, and so in this instance. This class, as usual, began to drop out of the ranks and make excuses for going to the rear. They were looked at and shamed by their patriotic comrades, who loudly commended the valorous guard in its efforts to drive them forward at the point of the bayonet. The men began to grow weary. They had been allowed but ten minutes' rest since leaving Emmitsburg. Yet there was very little complaint, and the column pressed on with alacrity. The cannonading grew louder and more frequent. The people living along the road gathered in anxious groups and waved their benedictions to the soldiers. Pale, quivering women brought to the roadside food and drink, which they dispensed with willing hands to the hurrying men, who could only snuff them and go on. At the same time they showered upon us many a "God bless ye always!" which seemed to spring up from the fountains of the soul. Verily, woman had not been an idle actor in the great drama of this war. Her hand of charity has dispensed unnumbered blessings, while her heart of love has wafted immeasurable comfort and encouragement to the patriots who have had a living bulwark between "their homes and war's desolation." Nor do any low and appreciate this fact better than the soldiers themselves, who have been the recipients of these favors, and who have felt their best yet potent influence ever since.

The time has come when brothers must fight,
A sister must pray at home.
At eight, reaching the crest of a plateau, a wide, undulating plain unfolded itself to our view. It was the amphitheater in which was about to be enacted the greatest tragedy since Wagner and Austerlitz. About one mile in front, at the foot of the plateau, the mounds of Gettysburg loomed up in the dull, vapory atmosphere. Far beyond a low range of hills skirted the horizon, and these, as we afterward learned, were now in the possession of the enemy. Just in the suburbs of the town, on its other side, dense volumes of white smoke swung hurriedly into the air pointed out the locality where the Confederate masses, whose bugle we had heard, were executing the prologue to the great drama of which the first sanguinary scenes were soon to be enacted. The 1st Corps, which was in advance, had now filed on the road and was hastening into position on the left of the town. At this moment a heavy shower of rain began to fall, which dangerously dampened our muskets and cartridges. The column trudged patiently on till it entered the town, when the rain ceased, leaving the pleasantly cool. The village was now in tumult of excitement. The heavy tramp of the infantry, the rumbling and rushing of the artillery galloping to the front, the clanging of sabers, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the gleaming of arms, the sweaty, excited countenances of the troops, the shouts of command, and the booming of the deep-throated guns, made up a scene of which the vivid picture still burns upon thousands of memories till this day.

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