

hard-tack and fresh bacon, without coffee. They had scarcely finished their meal when the thunder of one hundred and fifty cannons shook the air, as the enemy's artillery opened the final act of that great struggle. For two hours this terrible rain of iron fell, and then there was a lull in the storm. In a few moments column after column of the rebel gray left the cover of the woods and marched into the open space fronting Cemetery ridge. On they came, sweeping away the federal skirmish line, as their columns, in magnificent battle array, swept down from Seminary ridge, and into the valley below. It was, indeed, a great sight to see this, the flower of the rebel army, marshalled for one more effort to gain a victory over their foes, who so stubbornly, the day before, had repelled their repeated and brave assaults.

They seemed to have gathered all their strength for this grand assault, and under cover of their artillery, which now opened fire again with redoubled fury, hurling shot and shell into the lines of blue posted along the crest of the ridge, they continued their fearless march. As the advancing line neared the base of the ridge, the line of blue, which up to this time had remained under shelter, now moved down the hill to meet the enemy. It was a counter charge, and with yells which sounded above the noise and din of battle, the Union troops charged down upon their old enemy, while the one hundred and fifty cannon posted on the ridge opened a deadly enfilading fire into the charging column of the rebel troops. With a clear, ringing voice, the commanding general of the rebels urged his men forward to meet the line of blue which was now fast approaching them. On they rushed, but only to go down before the deadly fire from twenty thousand muskets, which was now poured into their bleeding columns.

Regiment, brigade and division were brought to their support, but it was of no use, the tide of battle was against them, and after an hour of most desperate and heroic fighting, the like of which the world has never witnessed, what was left of the Confederates returned to the friendly shelter of the woods from which they had come.

What a sight met the view, when the smoke of the awful conflict had passed from over the field of battle, exposing the thousands of dead and dying strewn over the grassy slope!

Prominent among the many brave regiments that assisted in repelling Pickett's great charge, was that of Colonel Harrington. He commanded on foot, having sent his horse to the rear early in the morning, and during the engagement the old hero, with sword in hand, led his men into the very jaws of death, they sending their well-directed volleys right into the face of the enemy, and at one time charging the line and

bringing off several hundred prisoners. In one of these charges the brave old man was shot in the right arm, above the elbow, the ball passing through and causing a painful wound. He staid on the field until the enemy was repulsed and then made his way to the field hospital, where his wound was dressed and he was made as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances.

A leave of absence was granted him, and early the next morning he started for his home, to pass in the society of his family the few weeks of enforced absence from duty. The first intelligence of him received by his relatives and friends, who were anxious to know how he had fared in that great struggle, which had been so fatal to thousands of brave men, was his sudden appearance in their midst. When his familiar form was seen alighting from the train, a cheer went up from the score of men who happened to be at the depot, and from that point to his home his journey was a triumphal procession, augmenting in numbers and enthusiasm as it passed through the village streets, until the colonel was safely delivered to the care of his astonished wife and daughter. With a final "three cheers and a tiger," the crowd dispersed. A few days later, at the earnest solicitation of his townsmen, the colonel met them in an open grove, at one of those delightful basket picnics where everybody is welcome, and, with his injured arm in a sling, told them the tale of the battle, rehearsing, as graphically as possible, the incidents of that memorable struggle, and stating what in his judgment would be the result of so glorious a victory.

The colonel's wound healed so rapidly under the influence of home and friends, that in six weeks he was back again with his command, his men receiving him with hearty cheers of welcome and affection.

Andersonville! There are living to-day men who, when the hated name of Andersonville is mentioned in their hearing, look round in terror, and with bated breath fancy they hear once more the baying of the blood hounds, as with their keen scent they followed the trail of an escaped prisoner, who had dared the dangers of recapture and a horrible death by being torn to pieces by these bloodthirsty beasts. It was well known by the prisoners confined in this hole of death, that few, even after they succeeded in gaining the outside of the stockade, ever reached the Union lines; and yet, with a full knowledge of this, scarcely a day passed that some one did not make the attempt.

Will the authors of all that terrible suffering ever receive forgiveness from the Great God who watches over the destinies of men? I think not. Will the thousands of victims of this most inhuman cruelty ever forgive those who were the cause of their suffer-