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ANNIVERSARY OF GETTYSBURG FORTY YEARS AFTER THE BATTLE

Celebration of the Charge of Pickett and Pettigrew at High Water Mark--Colonel John R. Lane Gives a Graphic Story of the Famous Charge of the Twenty-Sixth North Carolina Regiment, Which Lost 588 Killed and Wounded and 120 Missing, Out of a Total of 800 Men Engaged--Confederates Again Capture Gettysburg--Stirring Scenes in a Pennsylvania Town.

Special to The Observer

Gettysburg, Pa., July 3--When Col. John R. Lane, of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, this afternoon clasped hands with Mr. Charles H. McConnell, of the Michigan "Iron Brigade," on the spot where just 40 years ago the Michigander desperately wounded the Carolinian in Pickett's and Pettigrew's charge, it was indeed a sign that the war is over and the sections are reunited.

And further than that the Gettysburg Grand Army Post Band played "Dixie" all through the town, with as much spirit as if it had been in Charlotte. They played "Maryland, My Maryland," "Suwanee River," and the Carolina song, "The Old North State." This is the first time since the war that the Southerners have really captured Gettysburg. Mr. C.S. Duncan, a local attorney, welcomed the Southerners with open arms as brothers and comrades. Rev. J. W. Millard opened the exercises with a prayer that enshrined the memory of the Confederate heroes and voiced gratitude for a re-united country. Mrs. Walter Grimes, formerly of Raleigh, sang the verses of "The Old North State," accompanied by the Gettysburg band, while the audience joined heartily in the heart-thrilling chorus."

Seated on the platform were such North Carolina veterans as Col. John R. Lane; Maj. W. M. Robbins, of Statesville; F. W. Barnes, of Wilson; Col. W. H. S. Burgwyn of Weldon; Capt. W. M. Pegram, of Baltimore; Capt. A. B. Williams of Fayetteville; J. Daniel Dorsett, of Siler City; ex-Representative Gilmer, of Greensboro; Capt. John Stewart, of Greensboro; Col. W. F. Beasley, of Oxford; C. A. Hunt, of Lesington; Dr. A. J. Boykin, Dr. Charles G. Hill, J. J. Nolley, Prof. H. E. Shepherd, Capt. J. C. Turner and many others, of Baltimore, besides a number of Virginia, South Carolina and Maryland officers. Gen. H. S. Heidekoper, Capt. H. B. Meigs and other Union veterans were with them. Congressman Theo F. Klutz, of Salisbury, was one of the noted Tar Heels in attendance.

In his speech, Colonel Lane said:

Members of the North Carolina Society of Baltimore, Ladies and Gentlemen....beyond measure to find such a patriotic band, whose ...of the soldiers of the Old North State the recognition and praise that their deeds and gallantry deserve. With such societies to keep fresh the memories of their labors, hardships and heroism, the Southern soldiers can rest secure as to their fame. And for the battle-scarred veterans of our own good old State, I want to thank you for this organization and for what you are doing. But I must warn you that you must not expect a highly wrought oration from me. I was once a soldier, never a speaker. Besides, our good friends, the enemy took good care of this field of Gettysburg that I should never become an orator, for a Yankee bullet ruined my throat and took away a part of my tongue and deprive me of my teeth. Yet with your kind forbearance (sic), I will do my best to tell you something of the personnel, spirit and conduct of the 26th N. C. Regiment, in whose honor I am pleased to think you have invited me to be with you.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Forty years ago--who can realize it?--forty years ago, on the 1st of July at 10 o'clock a. m., our regiment lay over there facing McPherson's hill, in line of battle. How the heart of the old soldier, especially the old officer, returns with affection and pride to his old regiment. What a magnificent body of men it was! I see them now. In the center with the first glow of youth on his cheek was the gallant Col. Henry King Burgwyn. His eye was aflame with the ardor for battle. Near him was

his lieutenant colonel, commanding the right, and Maj. John T. Jones commanding the left.

These officers had put their souls into the training of the soldiers and were now waiting the issue of battle with full confidence in their courage and proficiency. On the right of the colonel was Company E, from Chatham, Capt. S. W. Brewer; on the left Company F, from Caldwell county, Capt. R. M. Tuttle. Near the center also was Company G, from Chatham, Capt. H. C. Albright and Company A, from Ashe, Capt. Sam P. Wagg. The other companies with their officers were Company C, from Wilkes County, Capt. J. A. Jarrett; Company D, from Wake county, Capt. J. T. Adams; Company H, from Moore county, under command of Lieut. McLeod, (Capt. J. D. McIver being absent on detached service); Company I, from Caldwell, under Capt. N.G. Bradford; Company K, from Anson, Capt. J.. C. McLaughlin. Pardon my pride--I do not ask you to pardon my loving remembrance of them, and the tears that gather in my heart and rise to my eyes--but pardon my pride, when I say a finer body of men never gathered for battle. May I mention some of the things that went to make them good soldiers? In the first place the soldiers came of good blood. I do not mean that their parents were aristocratic--far from it; many of them never owned a slave. They were the great middle class that owned small farms in central and western North Carolina; who earned their living with honest sweat and owed not any man. They were good honest American stock, their blood untainted with crime, their eyes not dimmed by vice.. These boys had grown up on the farm and were of magnificent physique.. Their life between the plow handles, and wielding the axe had made them strong. They had chased the fox and the deer over hill and valley and had gained great power of endurance that scorned winter's cold--or the parching heat of a July sun. Again these men, many of them without much schooling, were intelligent, and their life on the farm, and in the woods had taught them to be observant and self-reliant. They were quick to see, quick to understand, quick to act. Again, every an to them had been trained from boyhood to shoot a rifle with precision. Gen.. Pettigrew, observing the deadly execution of the muskets on this field, remarked that the Twenty-sixth shot as if shooting squirrels. Again these men were patriots; they loved their country, they loved liberty. Their forefathers had fought the British at King's Mountain and Guilford Court House. They had grown up to love and cherish their noble deeds. Now every man of them was convinced that the cause for which he was fighting was just; he believed that he owed allegiance first to his home and his State. He was standing to combat an unjust invader. Finally, these men had native courage--not the loud mouthed courage of the braggart--but the quiet, unfaltering courage that caused them to advance in the face of a murderous fire. The men of this regiment would never endure an officer who cowered in battle. They demanded in the officer the same courage they manifested themselves; they would endure no domineering, they would suffer no driving. At this time the men had come to understand and to trust the officers, the officers the men, and like a mighty, well-arranged military engine, it was ready with one spirit to move forward. That noble band of men--God bless them! God bless them! Here the brave fellows lay from early morn until 2 p.m., when orders to advance were given.

THE GREAT CHARGE

And now I will describe to you the best I can the charge--that brought wounds and death to so many friends and foes. And in order that I may not seem to boast of my own deeds, nor yet through too much modesty may be thought to keep back essential facts, I shall in that part which relates to myself follow the account as given in our regimental history and speak of myself in the third person. The Twenty-sixth was the extreme left regiment of Pettigrew's Brigade. As I have said, it directly faced McPherson's woods and its front covered about the width of the woods.

While we were still lying down, impatiently waiting to begin the engagement, the right of the regiment was greatly annoyed by some sharpshooters stationed on the top of a large old farm house to our right. Col. Burgwyn ordered a man sent forward to take them down, when Lieut. J. A.. Lowe, of Company G, volunteered. Creeping forward along a fence until he got a position from which he could see the men behind the chimney who were doing the shooting, he soon silenced them. During all this time we supposed that Hill was bringing up his corps, and placing it in position. Col. Burgwyn became quite impatient to engage the enemy, saying we were losing precious time; but Hill did not come and we had nothing to do but to wait for his arrival on the field. However, we were keeping our men as quiet and comfortable as possible, sending details

to the rear for water, and watching the movements of the enemy, the enemy's sharpshooters occasionally reminding us that we had better cling to the bottom of old mother earth.

BEFORE THE BATTLE

Many words of encouragement were spoken and some jokes were indulged in. Religious services were not held as they should have been, owing to the absence of our chaplains. All this time the enemy were moving with great rapidity. Directly in our front across the wheat field was a wooded hill (McPherson's woods). On this hill the enemy placed what we were afterwards informed was their famous "Iron Brigade." They wore tall, bell-crowned black hats, which made them conspicuous in the line. The sun was now high in the heavens. Gen. Ewell's corps had come up on our left and engaged the enemy. Never was a grander sight beheld. The lines extended more than a mile all directly visible to us. When the battle waxed hot, now one of the armies would the other, while neither seemed to gain any advantage. The roar of artillery, the crack of musketry and the shouts of the combatants added grandeur and sublimity to the scene.

Suddenly, about 2 p.m. there came down the line the long-awaited command "Attention." The time for this command could not have been more inopportune. Our line had inspected the enemy and we knew the desperateness of the charge we were to make. But with the greatest quickness the regiment obeyed. All the men were up at once and ready, every officer at his post.

Col. Burgwyn in the centre, Lieut. Col. Lane on the right; Major Jones on the left. Our gallant standard bearer, J. H. Mansfield, at once stepped to his position--four paces to the front, and the eight color guards to their proper places. At the command "Forward March" all to a man stepped off apparently as willingly and as proudly as if they were on review. The enemy at once opened fire, killing and wounding some, but their aim was rather too high to be effective. All kept the step and made as pretty and perfect a line as regiment ever made, every man endeavoring to keep dressed on the colors. We opened fire on the enemy. On and on we went, our men yet in perfect line, until we reached the branch (Willoughby's Run) in the ravine. Here the briars, reeds and underbrush made it difficult to pass. There was some crowding in the center, but the right and left crossed the stream where they struck it. The enemy's artillery (Cooper's Battery) on our right got an enfilade fire. Our loss was frightful. But our men crossed in grand order and immediately were in propore (sic) position again and up the hill we went firing now with better execution.

The engagement was becoming desperate. It seemed as if the bullets were as thick as hailstones in a storm. At his post on the right of the regiment and ignorant as to what was taking place on the left, Lieut. Col. Lane hurries to the center. He is met by (sic) Col. Burgwyn, who informs him "it is all right in the center and on the left: we have broken the first line of the enemy." The reply comes, "We are in line on the right, Colonel."

FIERCE FIGHTING

At this time the colors have been cut down ten times, the color guard all killed or wounded. We have now struck the second line of the enemy where the fighting is the fiercest and the killing the deadliest. Suddenly Captain W. W. McCreery, assistant inspector general of the brigade, rushes forward and speaks to Col. Burgwyn. He bears him a message. "Tell him," says General Pettigrew, "this regiment has covered itself with glory today." Delivering these encouraging words, Capt. McCreery, who has always contended that the 26th would fight better than any other regiment in the brigade, seizes the fallen flag, waves it aloft and advancing to the front, is shot through the heart and falls, bathing the flag in his life's blood. Lieut. George Wilcox of Co. "H." now rushes forward and pulling the flag from under the dead hero, advances with it. In a few steps he also falls with two wounds in his body.

The line hesitates; the crisis is reached; the colors must advance. The gallant Burgwyn leaps forwards, takes them up and again the line moves forward. He, turning again from the right Lieut. Col. Lane sees Col. Burgwyn advancing with the colors. At this juncture, a brave private, Franklin Honeycutt, of Union county, takes the colors and Burgwyn turns. Lane again reports all well on the right. Burgwyn delivers Pettigrew's message. At that instant he falls with a bullet

through both lungs, and at the same moment brave Honeycutt falls dead only a few steps in advance.

DESPERATE SITUATION

Then indeed was our situation desperate. The flag was down, the line is halting, the enemy are strengthening their line and firing upon our men with murderous effect, and more than all the youthful commander has fallen, and all the responsibility falls upon the youthful shoulders of his successor. Bowing by the side of the fallen youth, Lieut. Col. Lane stops for a moment to ask: "My dear colonel, are you severely hurt?" A bowed head and a motion to the left side and a pressure of the hand is the only response; but "he looked as pleasantly as if victory were on his brow." Reluctantly leaving his dying commander to go where duty calls him Lieut. Col. Lane hastens to the right, meets Capt. McLauchlin, of Company K, tells him of Gen. Pettigrew's words of praise, but not of his colonel's fall. He gives the order: "Close your men quickly to the left. I am going to give them the bayonet." Gallant Capt. McLauchlin! In a few minutes he is so seriously wounded that his services to the Confederacy are lost. Col. Lane hurries to the left and gives similar orders and returns to the center. During this time the battle has been raging fiercely. Our captains have been coolly giving their orders. "Shoot low, men," and the men have been busy, but they have suffered dreadfully. After the battle Gen. Heath saw the line of those who fell at this time and remarked that the fallen were in line as if on dress parade. When Col. Lane returns he finds the colors still down. Col. Burgwyn and the brave Franklin Honeycutt lying by them. Now or never the regiment must advance. He raises the flag. Lieut. Blair of Company I, rushes out, saying: "No man can take those colors and live." Lane replies, "It is my time to take them now," and shouting at the top of his voice while advancing with the flag, says: "Twenty-sixth, follow me." The men answer with a yell and press forward. Several lines of the enemy have given away, but a formidable line yet remains, which seems determined to hold its position. Volleys of musketry are fast thinning out those left; only a skeleton line now remains.

To add to the horrors of the scene the battle smoke has settled down over the combatants making it almost as dark as night. but these men are undaunted. They never tire; their muscles are made of iron. With a cheer they greet every order to advance. They rush on and upward; now they reach the summit of the hill; the last line of the enemy gives way and suddenly retires. Just as the last shots are firing, a sergeant--in the Twenty-fourth Michigan, now president of the Iron Brigade Veterans' Association, Mr. Chas. H. McConnell, of Chicago, says that attracted by the commanding figure of Col. Lane carrying the colors, he lingers to take a farewell shot, with his last cartridge, and resting his musket on a tree he awaits his opportunity. When about thirty steps distant, as Col. Lane turns to cheer his regiment, a ball fired by his brave and resolute adversary strikes him in the back of the neck, just below the brain, crashes through his jaw and mouth, and for the fourteenth and last time the colors are down. They are taken from the hand of the fallen Lane by S. W. Brewer, the gallant captain of Company E, and the remnants of the regiment under command of Maj. J. T. Jones presses on to the Seminary, where they few survivors are relieved by Pender's Division. The red field is won, but at what cost to victor, as well as to vanquished.

TERRIBLE LOSSES

Terrible, terrible was our loss. We entered the battle with 800 officers and men; Company F, of the left of the flag, lost every one of its 91 men, 31 being killed and 60 wounded. Company E to the right of the flag, suffered nearly as badly; it carried 82 men into the battle, had 18 killed and 52 wounded, and brought out only two untouched. Our total loss on that day was 584--greater in number, greater in per cent, than that suffered by any other regiment on either side during the war.

We came out with only 216 men. The officers of the regiment were killed or wounded, but the spirit and discipline of the regiment were not broken. On the third day the remnant with colors flying stepped out, with hearts of oak, to take part in that memorable third day's charge. I call the world to witness that they never faltered. I call the world to witness that these brave fellows marched with heroic step up those heights of death. I call the world to witness that James

Brooks and Dan Thomas of Company E, planted their colors on the enemy's works and there they were defended until captured. Out of our 216 men, 130 were lost in that third day. Our total loss in battle, then, was 588 killed and wounded, and 126 missing out of a total 800 engaged. The "missing" must be nearly all counted as killed and wounded. The total loss of our regiment approximated 90 per cent. Search the records of the world and you will never find heroism greater or loss more terrible.

Let no man think that these losses ever crushed the spirit of the regiment. It was made of sterner stuff. Col. Lane was soon sufficiently recovered to take charge of the regiment. It suffered the brunt of the battle at Bristoe's Station, was pronounced the best drilled regiment at the battle of the Wilderness, and brought into that battle 760 men, many of them those who had been wounded at Gettysburg, and fought there in splendid form. It was in every important engagement in which McRae's or Kirkland's Brigade was engaged from the Wilderness to Appomattox. It lost gallant Lieut. Col. Jones on May 6th--a severe blow. Its colonel was wounded five times and twice saved from death by the quick marksmanship of his men, it suffered the terrible privations in the trenches around Richmond, it was in the lines broken at Five Forks, and yet it was at Appomattox, where it surrendered 120 muskets. No other North Carolina regiment, except one, the Fifteenth, surrendered so many, and it surrendered only two more.

Such was the regiment that crushed the lines of the best troops in the Federal army on the 1st of July, 1863.

I cannot close without in my humble way paying tribute to my fellows who lost their lives in those bloody conflicts and whose bones lie buried on the field of battle. O, my noble comrades! you poured your life-blood for a cause you loved. But you are not reckoned among the dead.. In the affectionate remembrance of your comrades you still live. They were baptized in the same baptism of fire as you. The kinship thus engendered is stronger than death. They love to recount the stories of your heroism and their eyes grow dimmed...Then to the generations ...since the dread conflict...old haunts your deeds. Their pride and inspiration. All four Star..ings from end to end with eulogies of you. The youth of our schools and colleges recount your praises year by year; your fame is safe with them. And most of all, dearest of all to soldier souls, your memory is cherished by the tenderest hearts and fairest hands of our Southland--the Daughters of the Confederacy. At all our State capitals they are raising lofty monuments in your honor, they are marking every soldier's grave with the white slab of remembrance that your names may never die; year by year they deck your last resting place with flowers wreathed by their own fair hands; year by year they water your graves with tears that rise from hearts full of grateful and loving remembrance of you who suffered death as champions of Southern homes..

Then, my comrades, count it not idle that your remains lie on foreign soil. It is foreign soil no more. We lost our cause, but we have won back our place in the American Union. Pennsylvania and North Carolina are sisters now, and like a sister, Pennsylvania is caring for you. Her noblest sons and daughters are pleading for a statute (sic) of Lee to overlook the scenes which last you saw, and are coming to regard you as brothers. They address your old colonel as "comrade."

Year by year the relentless temper of war is giving way to the gentle tones of brotherhood and peace. Your valor is coming to be regarded as the common heritage of the American nation; it no longer belongs to your State alone, it no longer belongs to the South; it is the high-water mark of what Americans have done and can do. The day is soon coming and is already here, when your heroism will be as much admired in Maine as in Texas; in California as in Carolina. Your deeds challenge the wonder of mankind. You have brought everlasting renown on your native State and the dear old Twenty-sixth North Carolina. I give you the highest tribute--a comrade's tears.

MR. SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS.

Prof. H. E. Shepherd, of Baltimore, who left the University of Virginia and enlisted in the Confederate army at 17 years of age, became first lieutenant at 18 and was severely wounded at Gettysburg July 3, 1863, was the next speaker.

In the course of his address on "North Carolina at Gettysburg," Professor Shepherd said: "Nothing exhibits in so impressive and appealing a light the rare and wonderful role of North Carolina at Gettysburg as the recital of the losses in killed and wounded sustained by her troops

during the three days of unrelenting and relentless strife. There is in such a mode of procedure no appeal to sentiment, no invocation of sympathy. It is the portrayal of historic truth in the calm, cold light of mathematical analysis, the passionless, inexorable logic of figures and of rigid, pervasive scrutiny attesting their truth and conveying their own less. The entire Confederate loss in the battle of Gettysburg is estimated at 23,000, or about one-third of Lee's army engaged in the conflict. The figures are drawn from the most authentic records and their accuracy may be conceded without essential modification or change in either direction.; Nearly 2,600 Confederates were killed upon the field. Of this number our own State lost 760, more than one-fourth of the entire array that passed to an instantaneous death. From 14,000 to 15,000 Confederates were wounded. Including her killed North Carolina lost at Gettysburg nearly 5,000 men, between one-fourth and one-fifth of the entire casualties encountered by Lee's army. This enumeration does not include a number captured on the field, of which there is no perfectly trustworthy account available.

"North Carolina was represented at Gettysburg by at least seven organized brigades, Hoke's, Pettigrew's, Daniel's, Iverson's, Ramseur's, Lane's, Scales', besides commands of artillery and cavalry and a number of infantry regiments attached to other brigades. Stuart's Maryland Brigade was largely composed of North Carolina regiments. Our State must have had in line of battle at least 12,000 to 15,000 men: In other words, nearly one-fifth of Lee's army at Gettysburg was composed of North Carolina troops. Our losses are almost unique in the annals of modern war..

This comprehensive statement can be impressively illustrated by specific instances: Lane's North Carolina Brigade on July 3rd lost 600 out of 1,365 (?) men in line. Hoke's Brigade, consisting of two regiments only, lost on July 1st and 2nd 350. Iverson's Brigade of four regiments lost during the engagement 820. Pettigrew's Brigade lost on the 3rd 1,160 (?) out of 1,700, about 70 per cent, of its entire force, besides encountering serious casualties in the battles of the two preceding days, the 1st and 2nd. Daniel's Brigade of five regiments lost 916, at least one-third of its available strength.

"Marvelous is the record of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina, originally commanded by Governor Z. B. Vance. The Twenty-sixth engaged in the battle of Gettysburg 960 strong. The regiment withdrew numbering hardly more than 160. No prisoners were captured. They had lost in open fight eight-tenths of their entire strength. This heroic record does not cease here. Only July 3rd Company F of the Twenty-sixth North Carolina carried into the fight three officers and 88 men, every one of whom was killed or wounded.

"Fifteen North Carolina regiments took part in the incomparable assault of July 3rd, which has passed into history as 'Pickett's charge.' The North Carolina troops advanced farther into the works of the enemy than those of any other State, and were the last to retire from the field they had crowned with their valor. Every hillside barn or humble retreat was marked by the presence of our wounded or dying. Our wounded lay in improvised hospitals; our dead rested in humble undesignated graves and blended with the indiscriminate dust. Never in all the annals of all the ages had fidelity to a cause, devotion to an Imperishable conviction, so signalized achievement--deeds compared with which Waterloo, Wagram and Balaklava idealized and glorified by poetic grace and romantic halo hide their diminished heads.

"Out of a white population of 630,000 in 1860 North Carolina supplied to the armies of the South at least 120,000 men, or approximately one-fifth of the entire military forces of the Confederacy during the period embraced in the civil war. Her just or logical proportion would have been more nearly one-tenth than one-fifth.

"Mr. Shepherd protested with especial emphasis against the erroneous and misleading impression disseminated by Northern historians to the effect that the battle of Gettysburg virtually assured the overthrow of the Confederate cause.

"Such an opinion is either the inspiration of malice or the outcome of impenetrable ignorance," he said. "Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, the Crater, were fought and won in the year succeeding Gettysburg (1864), when her crests and vales fertile with the blood of our brothers had relapsed to their normal quietude and their placid rest. Eight thousand Federal troops lay prostrate in 20 minutes at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, and before our murderous sheet of flame Grant's line of battle remained doggedly still. Nor force, moral or physical, could urge them into the jaws of inevitable death. We stood then upon the verge of success. The prize seemed in our grasp." Mr. Shepherd recalled many striking incidents of the civil war which were intended to illustrate

special acts of personal heroism or humanity on the part of North Carolina troops. He himself assisted in saving the life of a Wisconsin colonel, who, having been shot in the lungs, was left in the Confederate lines and was in peril from the fire of his own men. The officer recovered and lived until 1897, carrying the North Carolina bullet into the grave with him.

In closing he said that the superb achievements of our State should be commemorated in stone or marble with all the appealing grace and imploring beauty of art requires no demonstration. The anger is in the block. "Somewhere waiting for its birth the shaft is in the stone." Of the part enacted by North Carolina it may be said with no touch of hyperbole or rhetorical embellishment: "Whatever record leapt to light,
She shall never be shamed."

Mr. McConnell, [of the Iron Brigade] the....Col. Lane in a ringing speech, said the North Carolinians were "the bravest of the brave, the best soldiers we ever fought, and the Twenty-sixth was the star of them all."

There were tears in many eyes as Maj. Robbins told how Armistead, dying, had sent a last loving message to Hancock, and it was thrilling to hear Gen. Lane tell of how Burgwyn fell and then Lane grasped the colors and bore them to the stone fence. It was enough to thrill any true Tar Heel--there on the very spot where the Carolinians went farthest at Gettysburg."

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