

# IDYLS

OF

# GETTYSBURG.

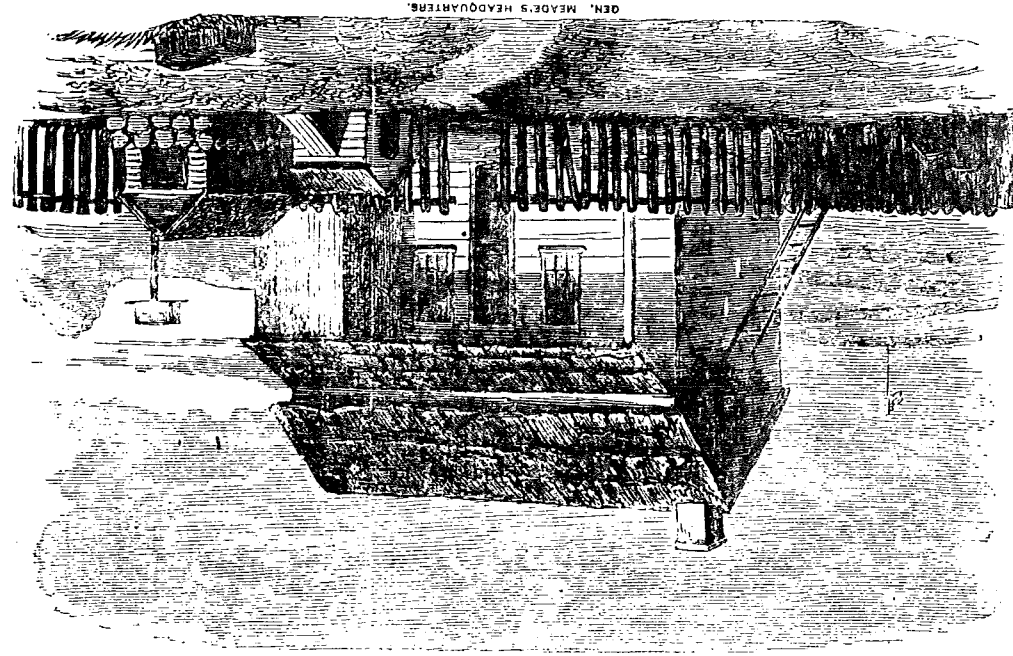
BY

MISS E. LATIMER.

SAIL on, O Union, strong and great!  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,  
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,  
Are all with thee—are all with thee.  
LONGFELLOW.

SECOND EDITION.

PHILADELPHIA :  
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GEN. MEADE'S HEADQUARTERS.

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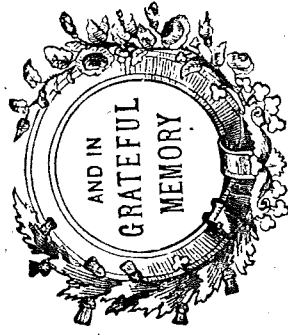
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IN THE INTEREST  
OF A BEAUTIFUL CHARITY, WITH  
DEVOUT PRAYER  
FOR OUR NATION'S PEACE,



OF OUR PATRIOT DEAD  
THESE IDYLS ARE SACREDLY  
DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE.

"THE IDYLS OF GETTYSBURG" makes another offering to that portion of our literature which stands identified in subject with the late most important struggle for the supremacy of law, and maintenance of national unity.

The design in the prose article, THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, is not to present the descriptive, but to speak of its importance as to result. Aided by its parallelism with a renowned battle of antiquity, the argument becomes effective. The battle of Gettysburg, considered in its immediate results, stayed the tide of invasion, re-animating the patriot heart of the country, and proved the culminating point in the great struggle.

But its cost in treasure and blood, the homes it left desolate, the hearts it broke, the orphanage it entailed, must, for this generation, require that we wreath the emblems of mourning with the triumphal bay. But after-time will reject this interlacing; the traces of grief will be lost in the wrapped glory and greatness vouchsafed to the battles of freedom, when *right* and *progress* have demanded, as here, earnestness even unto death.

IDYL FIRST, "*The Unknown*," is a fragment of personal history, expressing the devotion of that innumerable host of patriots, rallying so promptly at the country's call, emulous

of noble deed, and shrinking not from death itself, should defence demand the sacrifice.

IDYL SECOND portrays the love that is supreme in its truth and touching tenderness—the love that triumphs over the selfish, and sectional, defying *each* barrier thus raised by pride or hate.

“The beautiful love, like to heaven,  
But to the *blessed* only given.”

This volume, thus presented, is to aid that most beautiful Charity, THE NATIONAL ORPHAN HOMESTEAD at Gettysburg. To this end, the net proceeds through all its editions are made sacred, while this class of orphanage shall claim, as now, protection and support.

The embellishments, which give the effort a most pleasing feature, have been generously furnished by FRANK LESLIE, Esq., Artist and Publisher. The Messrs. HARPER, also equally benevolent in the Orphan's Cause, made kind response in its behalf. To each and all who have helped hitherto, by gift of time, material, or money, grateful thanks are tendered.

For the volume so made up, and for the object as set forth, a gracious reception is asked from a generous public sympathizing so deeply in the claim, and so kindly responsive to meet the needed care due our



## IDYLS OF GETTYSBURG.

### Battle of Gettysburg.

THE battle of Gettysburg, as an event, has become the property of sober history. The skill of its commanders, on either side, has been fully discussed, and opinions rendered. Surely its destruction of life is still felt in many thousand homes through all the land. Those of the Union soldiery, now reposing in quiet, beautiful sepulture in its grounds, are counted by thousands; then the hosts of the wounded, carried here and there, to linger for a time, and then die. Add the great number that found burial elsewhere, and the estimate swells to as many more thousands as stand recorded within the Cemetery bounds. Of

*LDYL I.*

—

THE UNKNOWN.

# IDYL I.

---

## The Unknown.

INTRODUCTORY.

OUR land again is blest!  
Smiles the sweet peace anew;  
That beautiful behest  
To live as brothers true  
Hence follow'd—still may rise  
Blessing from sacrifice.  
Days hostile, dread and dark!  
The cost we must deplore;  
They leave a scathing mark  
Where all looked fair before—  
Leave a deep, burning trace  
Centuries but efface.

Just,—and forget the men  
Swelling the mighty host  
Who stood up boldly then,  
Else law and right were lost!  
Yielding the life we prize,  
Forget such sacrifice!

No! *never* will forget;  
Nay, never cease to prize;  
Their glory's sun not set,  
Their noble sacrifice  
Shall live to latest days,  
Chanted in richest lays.

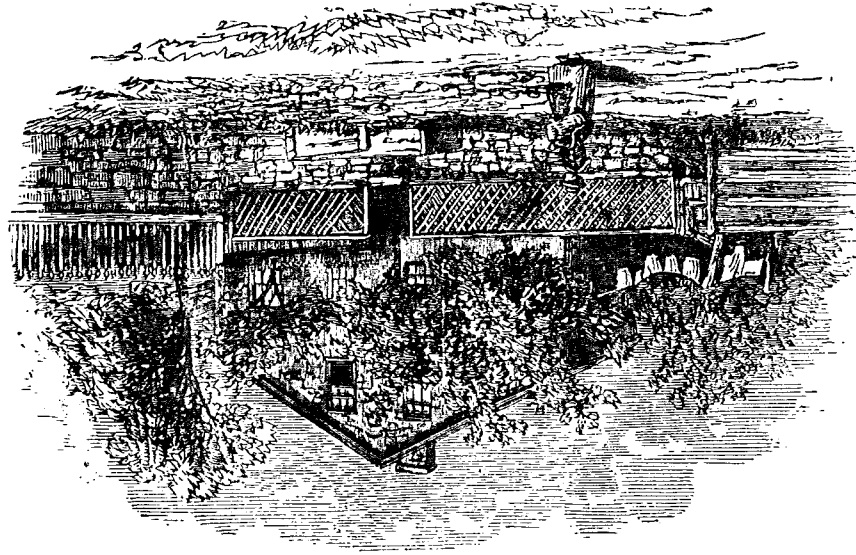
Yes,—snatched from faction's hate,  
We yield them unto fame  
Who moored anew our State,  
Drifting on frightful main;  
Who, braving seas of strife,  
Died for a nation's life.



We yield with pride to fame  
The mighty martyr host,  
Enrolling humblest name,  
Not one of all be lost.  
Tell their touching story,  
Wreath each name with glory!

Nor ever die the tale,  
For love we bear his child:  
Pity for her, so pale;  
Hiding despair, she smiled,  
When, girding armor on,  
The soldier left his home.

He bade the last adieu,  
And turned so quick away;  
He, the patriot true,  
His country to obey;  
Surrendered home and life.  
O! shield his child, his wife!



COTTAGE, NEAR THE CREST OF CEMETERY HILL.

## THE ENLISTMENT.

OUR patriot soldier of the crisis represents the spirit of that innumerable band rallying for the defence of the nation's flag. The enlistment took place at his workshop, and, having put the few things in order there, hurries home to make the announcement that he is enrolled as one of the citizen soldiery.

He felt how trying would be such announcement, and now lingered to gain strength, as well as to set his little shop in order. It was the twilight hour when he sought his home, a mile or two distant. With the fervor of accustomed earnestness, deepened by the events of the day, on his arrival there, the address opens:

Wife of my bosom, listen.

Am late from daily toil;

Why doth the tear-drop glisten,

Ah! have you learned it all?

The flag, again is lower'd,

Defeat but follows still;

Complaint is only poured,

And thousands called to fill

Broken ranks, and waning.

We are summon'd to the fight;

New recruits are arming,

Some leave, dear wife, to night!

## WIFE'S REPLY.

Was it the signal bell?

Ah! never so before

Was ev'ry stroke a knell,

I feared the call once more!

Counted the hours till night;

But, dear, you will not go!

You cannot feel it right!

Mine! do not leave us so

Sadly, and all alone;

Going—ne'er to return!

## HUSBAND.

Forbode not thus so ill;  
 My trust is in the right.  
 A strange continuous thrill  
 Pervades my heart to-night.

I love my wife, my home,  
 Love so our children dear!  
 But, truly, time has come  
 When wrong to linger here.

The call that came to day,  
 More stirring than before,  
 We dare not disobey.

*Three hundred thousand more*

Of strong men for the field;  
 Of strong men for the fight;  
 These, flashing swords must wield;  
 Must leave our homes to night!

## WIFE.

Mine! do not go; O, stay!  
 Let others meet the foe;  
 Stay by thy home, I pray—  
 Implore thee, do not go!

Who goes returneth not;  
 The cruel war but slays!  
 See our unfinished cot,  
 Where each chill wind that strays,

And where the showers of rain  
 Such easy entrance gain.  
 Trusting, more comfort here,  
 Leave us not thus, my dear!

You see the constant care  
 To shield from damp, chill air.  
 They are asleep, our three,  
 So sweetly—Come and see.

Our eldest—mark his face;

Alice—in girlish grace.

Say, here, thou wilt not go,

My heart sinks, grieving so!

HUSBAND.

Oh! such pleading wounds my heart;

I would not, so soon, depart—

Leave in unprepared hour

To poverty's seeming power,

Mine, so very, very dear.

But the peril bids us go;

Spare the grief, that presses so.

Would I had more careful been,

Provident, as other men;

Ah! this want of care, my wife,

Seemeth wrong; but after-life

Shall atone—all, all so free,

From the lessons learned at sea!

I have labor'd; honest brow

From the workshop cometh now,

I labor, but have no care;

Money goes for any prayer;

Open hand—and heart, you know,

Melted by the tale of woe.

Impulsive—wife, dry that tear!

Forgive—henceforth never fear.

My every fault I see,

Could now weep for poverty;

Feel deeply this want of thought,

See the evil it has wrought.

Trust me! I will be more just

Be happier—fully trust.

The cot improved, feel the cheer;

Read the promise written here.—

The villagers will repair,

Adding other needed care,

For our children, for thee, wife!

They promise care, through the strife.

Shelter'd soon, from wind and rain,

So, ere winter comes again,

More of comfort will be here;  
 Better walls and roof, my dear!  
*There is hope*, for darkest hour,—  
 And with reproach, still the power  
 To follow whither duty leads;  
 Stand for country—in her needs.  
 So, loving thee all the more  
 For each privation shared before,  
 Loving with the fondest heart—  
 The country's peril bids us part.  
 Say to me, Go! speed me on!  
 Enrolled, before rising sun  
 Looks again on battles lost,—  
 On campaign, such life has cost!  
*Great the peril*, cease delay,  
 Speed me ere another day!  
 Bid us *all* be very brave,  
 Keep our vow, the flag to save!  
 In cause sacred, and so just,  
 God will shield—the *holy trust*,

Succor those we leave behind,  
 Folding in His mercy kind.  
 Dear wife! this trust, so be thine!  
 Teach our children,—*it is mine*.—  
 The good pastor came to share  
 In decision,—would prepare  
 To meet trial, that has come,  
 Do the work that must be done.  
 Feels the conflict's very sore,  
 Asking for so *many* more!  
 Earnest hope, expressed, as fears,  
 Spoke tenderly, half in tears;  
 Knew each trial,—all too well,  
 Sought the sadness to dispel;  
 Pointed to the flag unfurled  
 As freedom's,—and the world.  
 Its support claimed of the free;  
 Its cause the *right*, humanity.  
 Bade us keep the flag in sight,  
 Standing firmly in the right.

Martyrs falling on the field,  
 Country's grateful love, the shield,  
 Stretching over those we left,  
 Would kind console, if bereft.  
 Tremble not, wife, at the thought  
 Of devotion only wrought.  
 Tremble not, but bless, I pray,—  
 Time presses, I must away.  
 Swift in duty bid me be;  
 Wake not, wife, our cherished three;  
 It will so oppress my heart—  
 Let me kiss them, so depart!  
 Their picture, by early mail,  
 Send to the camp, do not fail!  
 Will keep it so near my heart;  
 For all they are, all thou art,  
 Makes me strong in cause so just—  
 Home and country are my trust!  
 Dear, be firm, be fondly true,  
 Heaven keep you all, loved, adieu!

Silence and grief watch that night,  
*Both* were there; but morning light  
 Calls the prattlers from their rest  
 With faces bright—cheered her breast;  
 Constant burden—and so care  
 Lived within the cottage there.—  
 The day all toil,—night brought rest;  
 Sometimes came a message blest  
 From the field, as when the fray  
 Had passed, granted, he would say

“ALL IS WELL.”

Then the little cot was bright  
 Through the day, and through the night,  
 Until fear would so dispel  
 Joy that came with “all is well.”  
 So the days but weave the years,  
 Faileth hope—so true our fears!  
 But the picture of the three,  
 Thought the soldier could not be  
 Greater charm than met him here,  
 Gazing on their faces dear.

Asks his heart, "Who not bless God,  
 Even from the pillow sod;"  
 For thought of these, through the night  
 And the glance, by morning light.  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Life was changeful in the cot.  
 Trust, so calm, did God allot  
 Him, who dared, endured, prayed  
 That contest cruel be allayed;  
 Who saw in banner, waving free,  
 Thus triumphant—Liberty!  
 Lonely watch is charmed by love;  
 When the bright clear stars above  
 Looked so loving from the sky,  
 Then each thought would homeward fly.

## NIGHT WATCH NEAR FREDERICKSBURG.

"I walk the frequent round,  
 But hear no warlike sound.  
 Our little ones in bed,  
 Each before, prayer has said,—

Came thus my name to-night?  
 Ah! yes—well, that is right.  
 Dear Frank and Ally pray,  
 And little Fred, you say;  
 Fond thought, so loves to dwell;  
 The message,—'all is well!'"  
 But rages still a nation's strife,  
 The soldier trusts; but weeps the wife.

## GETTYSBURG.

Boundary passed by hostile host,  
 Both pride and prestige swell its boast,  
 Soon, through those green and quiet glades,  
 Soon, through the leafy, forest shades,  
 Screeches the fearful, bursting shell,  
 Mingled with battle's frightful yell;  
 'Till rounded hill, in leafy dell,  
 Through gorge, ravine, as on the plain,  
 All thickly scattered, lie the slain!

On this famed field, where legions reeled,  
 Whose thousands, sinking, thereby sealed  
 In death a nation's new-born life,  
 Where peace was made thro' fiercest strife:  
 Here, where the firm and fearless North  
 Met the flaming, fiery South;  
 Both pouring forth their noblest blood,  
 That flowed and surged in common flood;  
 Here, where the sacred flag and free  
 Triumphed, at length, gloriously,  
 Under whose starry, drooping fold,  
 Slept the soldier, in death so cold!  
 He stood unhurt—the first rude clash,  
 Unhurt, 'mid sword and musket flash;  
 Rushed boldly, when the charge was made,  
 Defied the point of traitorous blade;  
 He pauses not, nor feared to die,  
 Beautiful in all fidelity!  
 Long, long the conflict had begun:  
 Many a charge was lost or won,

Where, continuous shot or shell  
 Wounded, wasted—thickest fell;  
 And aided, too, with flashing steel,  
 Assailed, assailant, bend or reel—  
 Where all was horror, carnage sore,  
 Here bowed the brave, to rise no more.  
 So slow he drags from out the fray,  
 Clasps the picture and tries to pray.  
 "God! shield the country of my birth,  
 Defend the flag of all the earth!  
 It waveth still, I dimly see;  
 This must be death and—victory!  
 O God! my children—hear this prayer:  
 Keep, keep them, in Thy mercy's care;  
 Be Thou their Father, Blessed One!  
 And help me say, 'Thy will be done.'"  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Glorious vision calms the soul;  
 The shreds of life become a whole;



The home of childhood seemeth near,  
Beautiful, as in memory dear.

So, quiet seas, with islands green,  
Light the beatific scene;

Fruits and flowers to inner eyes,  
Waving, as those of paradise.

The humble cot, the home so dear,  
Was to the spirit's vision clear.

So, too, the charmed pictured three,  
Joyous in childish gayety,

Thus playing, near the open door,  
Their very laugh rang out once more.

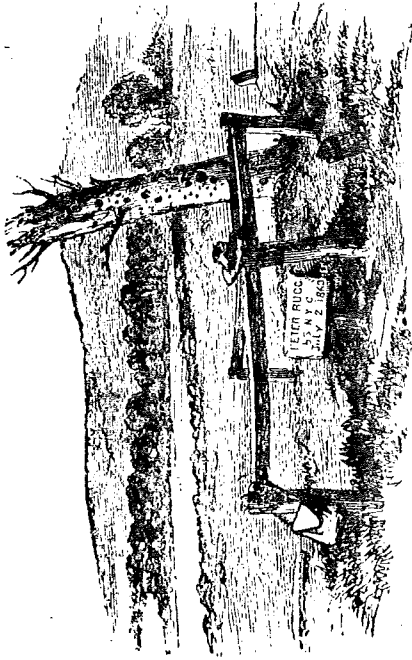
Saw, too, their mother's eye of love;  
Came calm submission from above,  
Murmurs again, "Thy will be done,  
Accept in Christ, I come, I come."

So the patriot martyr died,  
In faith, as beautiful, as tried;  
Pressing the picture to his breast,  
Touching and lovely, let it rest

Until the battle's deafening roar  
 Is heard in Gettysburg no more.  
 Then will come the burial rite,  
 Hiding the ghastly, terrible fight.

THE SCENE AND BURIAL.

There they lie! pale, noble still;  
 Look! side by side, on plain and hill,  
 What a sight! and it well may thrill  
 A nation's heart; palsy the hand,  
 Drawing fierce, *that traitorous brand.*  
 Would it were stayed, its vengeful ire  
 Annealed anew in freedom's fire,  
 Losing thus each crimson stain,  
 Attempered there to peace again.  
 Its cruel work here done too well!  
 Its work, so fearful, fierce, and fell!  
 Dull earth! open thy quiet breast,  
 Give its victims place of rest;



UNION SOLDIERS' GRAVES.



CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

Take the noble patriot slain,  
To the embrace they justly claim.

\* \* \*

Out of the line of bloody fray,  
In peaceful rest the unknown lay.  
Blest angel forms had watched with care  
The chill, stiff corse slumbering there.  
The face—expressive, pale, still shone—  
Light lingered when the soul had gone.  
“Here another,—our noble dead  
Strew the wide field,” so solemn said.  
This man died by the streamlet’s brink,  
Trying, perhaps in vain, to drink.  
Ah! here!—a picture on his breast,  
By stiff hand, now so closely pressed.  
His children, verily; yes, three,—  
Last gaze—O God, the agony!  
Full consciousness of ebbing life,  
Regret, remorse, the strength, the strife,

Chaos of thought, within the soul,  
Drifting toward the unseen goal;  
Love brooded o’er this upturned sea,  
Giving to faith the victory.

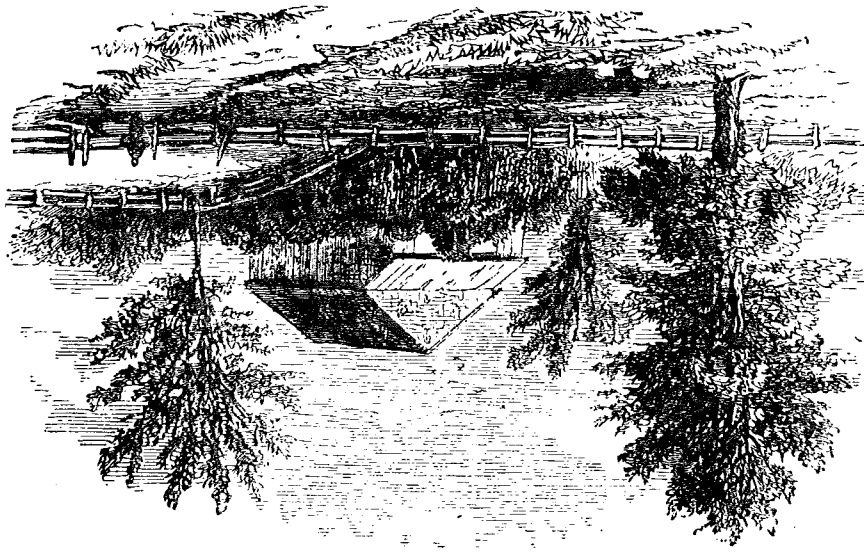
He died,—aye! as the Christian dies,  
All darkness from his pathway flies;  
Soft light is on the marble brow,  
So lovely, with peace of heaven now.  
The attitude but speaketh rest,  
Entire expression calm and blest.

Unloose the picture, now to tell  
Where the patriot martyr fell.  
Place of sacrifice,—his deep love,  
The story must the heart so move!  
His humble grave, we mark “Unknown,”  
The lowly mound, without a stone!  
How know the name? What can unseal?  
The picture may sometime reveal!



“Our dear father! when will he come?  
He wrote he would, away last June;  
The hills are now so very white—  
I dream of him, mamma, each night.  
He promised us new sleds and sleighs.  
Mamma, why is it that he stays?”  
So urged the merry little Fred;  
Thus talking all the way to bed.  
Patient, silent, the mother smiled;  
Pressed to her heart the happy child.  
Bright, lovely dreams were for the boy,  
But fears the mother’s peace destroy.  
Anxious, watching, worn with care,  
Sick—in hospital? in prison—where?  
Sad forboding, when will it end?  
Oh intelligence! Send, O send!  
Came, at last, to the cot so lone,  
Thrilling tale of the long “Unknown!”  
With fearful, breathless interest read,  
Alas! alas! she knew—her dead.

The story his, she knew too well;  
Yes, there he fought, and there he fell,  
Unknown, clasping the pictured three,  
Was her own—Ah! the agony.  
The sad unveiling of that hour,  
To tell—words, truly, have no power.  
Aye! such deep grief is only known  
To HEARTS thus *pierced, desolate, lone.*  
And now the group, so pale with fear,  
She calls, "Come to me, children dear,  
Kneel near me on the cottage floor."  
The lone, and sad, bereaved four.  
Pray the orphan and widow's God,  
Claim the promise of Precious Word.  
Thank Him—the father lost is found,  
But sleeps in death on battle ground.  
So bravely, nobly there he fell!  
Can we repeat, the "All is well."



PEACH ORCHARD, NEAR ROUND TOP.

THE PICTURE RETURNED FROM  
THE FATAL FIELD.

Generous stranger, and so kind,  
Speeds his way, the bereaved to find,  
With this picture, the dying pressed;  
His parting soul tenderly blest,  
When breathing forth a last deep prayer,  
Mid the battle's sulphurous air;  
Commending thus to pitying heaven,  
The life, the children God had given.

\* \* \*

Lovely the humanity that wrought  
For bereaved in the distant cot,  
Beautiful the charity, and true,  
That bids, kindly, for other do  
*Generous act*, make sacrifice,  
With sorrow ever sympathise.  
'Tis thus we take so much from grief,  
Thus giving, we find a true relief.

So in the martyred soldier's home,  
Most isolated and most lone,  
As came the facts from fatal field,  
The sad bereavement, nought concealed,  
The yielded life, its close with prayer,  
Came gracious act, and kindness rare.  
Our soldier died, but love should live;  
We gave, and still, if just, we give.  
Precious life, as offering made,  
Disunion's baleful wrong has stayed.  
Then count not him, as one unknown,  
Whose blood has stained the altar-stone—  
Flowing in frightful flood, and free,  
*For nation's law and unity.*

THE ORPHAN'S HOME.

On the hallowed battle ground,  
This soldier's orphan children found  
So soon a cheerful, charming home;

With these are many orphans more,  
Whose fathers fell in conflict sore.  
Our nation's justice these may claim,  
Sure, no child of patriot slain  
Should ever want for daily bread—  
By vow to him, the martyred dead.  
Yes,—shelter, train his orphan child,  
Lead by love to the Undeified;  
Guard him kindly, 'mid helpless years,  
Pity his sorrows, dry his tears.  
Aye! by our soldier's trust and prayer,  
*Yield him the needed, promised care!*  
Teach him the lessons the good should learn,  
So God will bless the land in turn;  
The yawning gulf ope not again,  
That closed above patriot slain—  
The frightful gulf, gaping so wide,  
And closed, but when our best had died.

—  
IDYL II.

BLIGHTED, YET BEAUTIFUL.



## IDYL IV.

---

### National Orphan Homestead.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLE FIELD, AND FIRST  
NIGHT AT THE HOMESTEAD.

Of this field, the first sight,  
At THE HOMESTEAD, first night,

There is stirred in the soul,  
Intensely deep feeling,—  
Such fancy unsealing,

As defteth control.

The dread charge sounds again  
From the hill-side and plain!

Frightful the cannon roar,  
Shaking the ground once more;

Shivering lance,—oft broke;  
 Warring steeds, and brave men  
 Crowd the gorge, and the glen,—  
 So the sulphurous smoke  
 Shuts out once more the light—  
 I dream—is it the night?

A dream—Ah! a troubled dream.  
 That flash,—is it the gleam  
 Of sudden blazing fires?  
 What is that awful sound?  
 This tremor of the ground;  
 What demon's wrath inspires?  
 Away! all horrible thought,—  
 Enough, enough,—once fought!

Be seen? Oh! never more.  
 Would recall? no; deplore.

Wherever was such sight?  
 These hills, so softly green,  
 With sleeping vales between,  
 Should ever know such fight!  
 Should drip with human gore:  
 Recall? Oh! *never more!*

May not in *dream* recall;  
 So fearful, awful, all—  
 Terrible, but in dream.  
 Even the July sun,  
 Festering work so done,  
 Frightful, his piercing beam,  
 Festering, foul the ray—  
 Heaven shield from such a day!

Away, warrior—ghost!  
 Away, shadowy host!

It is now peace, once more!  
Withdraw from yonder crest,  
Your foe may not invest;

His power, as thine is o'er!

He *faltered* on the plain,—

*Why wake the ghastly slain!*

\* \* \*

Then come, O! gentle sleep,  
For angel guards will keep

Watch through the sacred ground;

For the lone orphan prayer,

Invoketh heavenly care,

To shelter thus, around;

To safely keep this night,

Shielding with Gracious might.