

Tillie Pierce Alleman



**AT
GETTYSBURG**
What a Girl Saw and Heard
of the Battle

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At Gettysburg - What a Girl Saw and Heard of the Battle

A True Narrative

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Contact: info@e-artnow.org

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Table of Contents

PREFACE.

CHAPTER I. INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER II. INCIDENTS PRECEDING THE BATTLE.

CHAPTER III. DURING THE FIRST DAY OF THE BATTLE.

CHAPTER IV. DURING THE SECOND DAY OF THE BATTLE

CHAPTER V. DURING THE THIRD DAY OF THE BATTLE.

CHAPTER VI. AFTER THE BATTLE.

CHAPTER VII. HOME.

CHAPTER VIII. CONCLUSION.

PREFACE.

[Table of Contents](#)

The experience of a little girl, during three days of a hard fought battle, as portrayed in this volume is certainly of rare occurrence, and very likely has never been realized before.

Such a narrative as the following, is worthy of preservation among the pages of our nations literature.

The story is told with such marked faithfulness, such honesty of expression, such vividness of portrayal, that those who lived in, and passed through those scenes, or similar ones, will at once recognize the situations, and surroundings, as natural and real.

While perusing its pages, the veteran will again live in the days gone by; when he tramped the dusty march, joined in the terrible charge, or suffered in the army hospital.

The Heroine of this book, performed her part well; but it is doubtful whether, at the time, she fully realized the heartfelt thanks, and noble thoughts that sprang from the "Boys in Blue," in response to her heroism and kindness.

How vividly is presented the weary march to the field of conflict; our eagerness to quaff the sparkling water, as she handed it to us, fresh from the cooling spring.

We thanked her, but she did not hear the full gratitude that was in our hearts.

Who but a soldier can know the welling emotions in that dying general's breast, when, perhaps for the first time in many months, he gazed into an innocent and child-like face, seeing naught but tender love and deep sympathy.

Did she not in part, take the place of those near and dear to his heart, but who, on that fearful night were many miles away? How his thoughts must have flashed homeward!

And oh! the tender chords that must have been touched in his valiant soul! No wonder he looked "so earnestly" in her face. He was feasting on the sympathies that sprang from her heart and illumined her countenance.

She did greater things than she knew, and her reward will follow.

But we shall refer to no more scenes. They are many and varied. In their contemplation, the reader will experience his own thoughts and emotions.

We have been asked to write a preface to her narrative; but we cannot slight this opportunity of thanking her in the name of the "Boys in Blue," and all patriots, for what she did.

We are truly glad to have this touching and thrilling story of her experience at the battle of Gettysburg, even though after many years; and our only regret is, that many of our comrades have answered to the last roll-call, before its publication.

We will rejoice in its publication, and wide circulation; for it is deserving a welcome, not only in public libraries, but in the family circle of every American.

It cannot fail to interest and instruct both old and young. The book will speak for itself.

A VETERAN.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

[Table of Contents](#)

Impressed with the fact that incidents connected with the Battle of Gettysburg, are daily becoming more appreciated, and believing that the recital of those occurrences will awaken new interest as time rolls on, I am constrained to transmit in some tangible form, my knowledge of the place now so historic, as well as my experience during those thrilling days of July, 1863.

Nor is it with any desire to be classed among the heroines of that period, that these lines are written; but simply to show what many a patriotic and loyal girl would have done if surrounded by similar circumstances.

In truth, the history of those days contains numerous instances in which America's daughters, loyal to their country and flag, have experienced, suffered and sacrificed, far more than did the present writer.

In their behalf, and as a legacy to my own offspring, I therefore pen these lines, and deem it unnecessary to make any further apology.

Gettysburg is my native place.

As is doubtless known to many of my readers, it is most pleasantly located in a healthful region of country, near the southern border of Pennsylvania.

Prior to the battle it was comparatively unknown to the outside world, save to those interested in the Lutheran College and Theological Seminary here located.

From year to year it pursued the even and quiet tenor of an inland town, with nothing to vary the monotony but the annual exercises of the above-named institutions.

On these occasions the influx of strangers, for the short period of commencement week, did add some stir and life to the place, but only to have it settle into more irksome quietude after the visitors and their dear boys had left.

To-day Gettysburg is a changed place. A new spirit and enterprise have taken hold of its inhabitants, and evidences of improvement and modern progress are everywhere manifest.

Scarcely a day passes that does not witness some pilgrimage to this Mecca of loyal devotion to human freedom.

It is almost needless to state that I am still strongly attached to the place, its surroundings and associations, though for many years my home has been in another part of the State.

Fondly do I cherish the scenes of my childhood. Often do I think of the lovely groves on and around Culp's Hill; of the mighty boulders which there abound, upon which we often spread the picnic feast; of the now famous Spangler's Spring, where we drank the cooling draught on those peaceful summer days. There too, our merry peals of laughter mingled with the sweet warbling of the birds. What pleasant times were ours as we went berrying along the quiet, sodded lane, that leads from the town to that now memorable hill.

From my mind can never be effaced those far off mountains to the west, whose distant horizon gave a