THE FATEFUL FIELD

No picture has ever been painted to equal this panorama of the very center of the ground over which surged the struggling troops 'mid shot and shell during the thickest of the fighting at Gettysburg. The camera was planted on Little Round Top, and through its eye we look northward over the valley toward and beyond the little town of Gettysburg. Across the plain in the middle distance, over the Federal breastworks near the crest, and up to the very muzzles of the guns on Cemetery Ridge which were belching forth grape and canister, swept the men in gray under General Pickett in the last brave but unsuccessful assault that left Meade in possession of the field on Independence Day, 1863. The daring gallantry, utter coolness, and grim determination with which that charge was made have rarely been paralleled in history. The spirit of complete devotion to the conviction which prompted Pickett and his men is one of the most precious heritages of a united nation.