

THE BUGLES OF GETTYSBURG

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649478439

The Bugles of Gettysburg by LaSalle Corbell Pickett

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT

**THE BUGLES
OF GETTYSBURG**

THE BUGLES OF GETTYSBURG

"Listen! Again the shrill-lipped bugles blow"

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
(Sonnet "Gettysburg")

"All these the echoing bugle brings again"

FRANCIS F. BROWNE
(Sonnet "Bugle Echoes")

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



L *EADING his men into the flames of battle with a chivalrous lightness and grace."* [Page 120]

THE BUGLES OF GETTYSBURG

BY
LASALLE CORBELL PICKETT
(MRS. GENERAL GEORGE E. PICKETT)

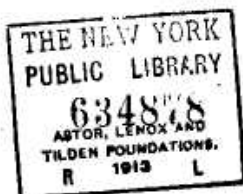
AUTHOR OF "PICKETT AND HIS MEN" "LITERARY
HEARTHSTONES OF DIXIE," "IN DE MIZ SERIES," ETC.



CHICAGO
F. G. BROWNE & CO.

1913





COPYRIGHT, 1913
BY F. G. BROWNE & CO.

*Copyright in England
All rights reserved*

PUBLISHED, MAY, 1913

ROY WEN
DLEUN
VIA RRU

THE PLIMPTON PRESS
MORWOOD, MASS., U.S.A.

AS I SIT ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT SHADOWS THE VISIONS OF
THE MORNING COME BACK TO ME RADIANT WITH FAITH
AND HOPE AND LOVE, EVEN THOUGH DARKENED SOME-
TIMES BY CLOUDS OF WAR. FROM THE MEMORY-
FABRIC MADE OF ALL THOSE GOLDEN DREAMS
THAT CENTER AROUND MY FIRST SOLDIER
I TAKE THE THREADS TO WEAVE THIS
LITTLE STORY OF OLDEN DAYS,
LOVINGLY DEDICATED TO
HIS NAMESAKE SON,

MAJOR GEORGE E. PICKETT, U. S. ARMY

MY LAST
SOLDIER, WHOSE
LIFE LINKED THOSE
VIVID DAYS WITH THE PRES-
ENT, AND WHO CAME HOME ACROSS
THE SEA FROM THE FAR-OFF PHILIP-
PINES WITH EYES CLOSED TO EARTH TO BE
FOREVER OPENED TO THE LIGHT OF ETERNAL DAY

1
0

NEW YORK
PUBLISHED
BY