John Charles Wills: Reminiscences of the Three Days Battle of Gettysburg at the Globe Hotel

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Abstract
John Charles Wills left the fullest account of what happened at and around the Globe Inn in the borough of Gettysburg during the Battle. In July of 1910, the Gettysburg Compiler interviewed Wills and printed a short story of his observations and experience during the Gettysburg Campaign entitled, "Battle Days at Globe Inn." In September of 1915, Wills once again shared his memories of the Battle of Gettysburg, this time in greater length. Fifty two years had passed since the battle occurred and Wills was approximately 77 years old. The 1910 and 1915 reminiscences are remarkably similar indicating perhaps a good memory or years of re-telling the same stories. Wills does not offer an introduction to his account nor comment on any limitation of his memory. He drifted outside of the timeline of his story on occasion; some of his stories can be refuted, while others cannot be substantiated with any evidence. Wills refers to certain homes and businesses in his account using them as landmarks. It would be easy to assume that his references are to the Gettysburg of 1863; however, several of these places mentioned did not yet exist in 1863 but were contemporary landmarks in the Gettysburg of the early twentieth-century. [excerpt]

Keywords
Adams County Historical Society, ACHS, Adams County, Pennsylvania History, Civil War, Battle of Gettysburg, Gettysburg, Globe Hotel, John Wills, Memoir, 26th Pennsylvania Emergency, David Kendlehart, David Wills, Eagle Hotel, Washington Hotel, McClellan House

This article is available in Adams County History: https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/ach/vol13/iss1/4
INTRODUCTION

John Charles Wills left the fullest account of what happened at and around the Globe Inn in the borough of Gettysburg during the Battle. In July of 1910, the Gettysburg Compiler interviewed Wills and printed a short story of his observations and experience during the Gettysburg Campaign entitled, “Battle Days at Globe Inn.” In September of 1915, Wills once again shared his memories of the Battle of Gettysburg, this time in greater length. Fifty-two years had passed since the battle occurred and Wills was approximately 77 years old. The 1910 and 1915 reminiscences are remarkably similar indicating perhaps a good memory or years of re-telling the same stories. Wills does not offer an introduction to his account nor comment on any limitation of his memory. He drifted outside of the timeline of his story on occasion; some of his stories can be refuted, while others cannot be substantiated with any evidence. Wills refers to certain homes and businesses in his account using them as landmarks. It would be easy to assume that his references are to the Gettysburg of 1863; however, several of these places mentioned did not yet exist in 1863 but were contemporary landmarks in the Gettysburg of the early twentieth-century.

Wills’ reminiscence joins several other significant first-hand accounts of events during the Confederate occupation of Gettysburg. Historian Robert Bloom summarized very well the importance of the accounts of local residents, “Whatever the shortcomings of other eyewitnesses as observers, their bias as reporters, or their faulty memories later as to details, outside of some unimportant discrepancies regarding minor events there is a general consensus as to major occurrences – how civilians responded to what they saw and heard, the prevailing atmosphere of unbelief, tension, fear, confusion, and relief in that order. Their collective testimony gives us today a generally reliable picture.” Several published histories have quoted from Wills’ two accounts. Historians have
used Wills' reminiscences in narrative histories to document certain facets of the Battle such as how locals prepared for and fared during the invasion as well as how civilians interacted with soldiers of both armies. Wills' account recently served as a source in Margaret Creighton's book, *The Colors of Courage*, as part of an argument regarding issues of masculinity and femininity in Gettysburg. Creighton noted that Wills filled his recounting of the Battle with references to emotional responses of women terrified by what they witnessed during the Battle. Conversely, Wills highlighted the bravery of the men of Gettysburg, including his own. In this way, his account is a relic of Victorian culture. Wills' memory is not alone among the men of Gettysburg who remembered themselves courageously moving about while women cowered in basements. However, there are many accounts left by women recalling their active participation in events surrounding the Battle of Gettysburg.

This will be the first time his reminiscence will appear in full since Ruth Wills, daughter of John Wills, donated the typed manuscript of her father's account to the Adams County Historical Society in the 1940s. This work is an edited and annotated version of his 1915 account. There are endnotes to alert readers to differences from the 1910 article from the *Gettysburg Compiler* interview. The endnotes also expand upon Wills' account. Occasionally, the notes were written to correct inaccuracies in his recollections. Had Wills' original manuscript been in his own hand, not one character would have been changed. However, Wills spoke while someone else typed for him; therefore spelling, punctuation, and paragraphing errors are not his own. The text of the account was edited for readability. Editing was restricted to correct spelling, breaking up long sentences, punctuation, abbreviations, and inserting quotations when Wills was recalling dialog. Any additions to the text appear in brackets. The paragraphing remains unchanged to preserve the essence of the unedited manuscript.

REMEMINISCENCES OF THE THREE DAY BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG AT THE GLOBE HOTEL

Several days before the coming of General [Jubal] Early and his troops, we heard of Confederates being seen in South Mountain and in considerable numbers as citizens on elevated places could see their campfires burning at night. Citizens rode up the Chambersburg Pike to [the] foot of the mountain and reported having seen Confederates. Those trips were made on the morning of several days. On the last one of those trips, they came down the pike at full speed and reported seeing Confederate bushwhackers who fired on them. Now, when they heard of those Confederates in large forces were moving into Pennsylvania and in that direction there was a general stampede of the farmers from that section of country. While standing in front of the Globe Hotel it was a sight, at night in the moonlight to see them going through the town with

![Major General Jubal A. Early, C.S.A, Courtesy of the Library of Congress (LOC)](https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/ach/vol13/iss1/4)
horses, with teams a number of the wagons being loaded with goods a number of them going southward a majority of them going eastward to York County and into Lancaster County, to places of safety. After the Battle, when they returned, they told us that many of them made their expenses with their teams and their own work by helping those farmers to do their harvesting and haymaking. Several days before the raid by General Early took place there came to town a Philadelphia City Troop\(^7\), which it was said was commanded by Captain Samuel Randall. They made their headquarters at the McClellan Hotel, now Hotel Gettysburg, in the open space adjoining and in the rear of the Weaver Store Building. In the morning, they could be seen waxing and combing, having fine soaps and combs wearing white cuffs and collars. They had fine horses and equipments they were dandy looking soldiers. In the morning, they would ride up the Chambersburg Pike and returned to headquarters in the evening. On the morning of their last trip up the pike, General Early['s] troops were moving down the east slope of the mountain in the direction of Gettysburg, when this City Troop came down the pike at full speed straight through the town, and down the York Pike never stopping.\(^8\) We heard no more of them.\(^9\)

**THE EMERGENCY TROOPS**

Now during this time a regiment was being recruited, called the 26th Pennsylvania Emergency Troops.\(^10\) They were due at Gettysburg on the evening of the 25th of June, by rail, but on account of the engine leaving the track about six miles east of Gettysburg, they were compelled to encamp there for the night and march on feet to Gettysburg in the morning.\(^11\) On the 26th of June, at daybreak, I heard talking and noises in front of the hotel. I arose quickly and opened up the house. Here were troops lying all over the pavement and up against the doors taking a rest. Among them, I found some of my old acquaintances from Hanover, McSherrystown, and Conowago. They marched out the Chambersburg Pike west and northwest of the town, about three miles to Marsh Creek. Here they met General Early’s troops, who were moving toward Gettysburg. Both parties opened fire, when our men retreated going as far north as Bridgeport, at the Susquehanna River. When the Confederates came into town, coming in to the hotel, they asked what kind of troops were those we met, saying they must be green men when asked why, and what was wrong about them, they said they didn’t know how to shoot, saying, “They shot too high their shots went over our heads.”

When we heard of Early coming into town I
went up to the corner of the Diamond at Weaver’s Store, and watching the maneuvers, on the Diamond, the first company came up Chambersburg Street at full speed with carbines up, as if ready to shoot. They halted on the crossing between Eckert’s Corner and the bank building, the officer in command rode around the Diamond looking out each street he gave a command, moving them to the center of the Diamond. Here he divided them into three squads; the first went out Carlisle Street the second out York Street and the third out Baltimore Street. Those Confederate squads gave chase, out each street, to squads of our home guards called Bell’s Cavalry. The Confederates going out Baltimore Street were distanced by two of the Bells’ men, when the third man rode off the Pike into the thickets where he was caught. When he refused to surrender they shot him. This was about one mile from town and near his home his name was Sandoe, the first man killed at Gettysburg, one of the Homeguards was at Culp’s Blacksmith Shop, having some shoeing done when hearing of the Confederates coming, and in his haste to get away, he mounted his horse forgetting to untie the rein, when he drew out his knife and cut it off, this piece of rein left flew into the forks of the tree and could be seen up to within two years ago. The tree has since been cut down. It should never have been done, and no amount of money would have bought it from me. Now quite a number of our citizens being frightened, with bundles of clothing left their homes, going out the streets, were caught by these Confederate squads who brought them back. When we explained to them why they left their homes and who they were, they were told to go to their homes. They would not be molested.

I remained on the Diamond until the second company rode up Chambersburg Street to the Diamond. At the head of it, rode a large man with long grey hair a man of striking appearance. The minute I saw him I recognized him. I went toward the hotel. On my way, I met my father at the back, coming from the hotel. Pointing to the man, I said, “Father do you recognize that man as the man who stopped at the hotel three weeks ago?” During this time, he watched us looking at him. Father and I were satisfied he was the man. I stepped out on the street near to him to speak to him, when he deliberately turned his face toward the other side of the street. This man came to the hotel about three weeks before the Battle, about noon o’clock in the morning. He ordered his dinner. After dinner he, while standing at the counter for about one hour he was trying ostensibly to sell me a recipe for fixing the taste of liquors. He then commenced inquiring about the condition of the farms, the crops, and the condition of the farmers financially in the valleys of Littlestown, Hanover, and in the Cumberland Valley from Hagerstown down to Harrisburg. I told him as well as I know. He left the hotel and returned late in the evening for supper. He retired to his room at an early hour. He occupied the room next adjoining mine. I retired about eleven o’clock. The partition between his room and mine
was of old fashioned folding doors, which were closed up for many years, consequently they being dried in and the hinges having fallen out caused very large cracks. While preparing for bed I noticed a light in his room. I looked through these cracks. He was sitting at a stand engaged at writing. At about two o’clock, I became awake and noticed a light yet burning in his room. I again looked through the cracks and he was yet engaged at writing. I could not determine what to do, whether to call him or not. I thought as he was a traveling man he might be making time, and in my quandary I fell asleep.

With General Early came a man familiarly known as “Jim Furley” a former citizen who removed to Virginia and joining Early’s forces, acted as pilot for Early through this section of country. He came into the hotel where he greeted his old friend Harvey D. Wattles, the former landlord of the Globe Hotel, with a large book under his arm. He said, “I wish I could have gotten a hold of your telegraph apparatus. I would have fooled your men— but it was gone.” Our railroad ticket agent and telegraph operator, Hugh D. Scott had removed the apparatus to Hanover Junction, which is twenty-eight miles east of Gettysburg.

Whilst the Confederates were moving out York Street and down the York Pike to camp, on the south side of the York Pike on the farm known as the Milk Man Wolf’s Farm and about one mile east from town, there were yet a large number of Confederates in and about town until late at night. Early had placed a number of guards on the curb around the Diamond to keep citizens off the Square. The Confederates agree with me as [to] the time of their coming into town, which was about two o’clock [in the] afternoon.

General Early, previous to his coming, having sent a note to the Burgess of Gettysburg notifying him of his purpose to call on him and make a requisition, he came up the Diamond at about four o’clock and inquired for, using his own words, “the mayor of your town.” Word was at once sent to his residence, northwest corner of the Diamond. Mrs. Martin answered the call saying that the Burgess, Robert Martin and the Councilmen had left town. We reported this to General Early. He then inquired for, using his own words, “the Commissioners of your town.” Knowing that Mr. Kendlehart was at home, we directed him to the residence of Mr. David Kendlehart, president of the town council, now the residence of Hon. William Hersh Esq. No. 110 Baltimore Street. I remained standing on the Diamond and seeing a crowd of men and boys with some excitement following General Early at the crossing of Baltimore Street and the Diamond. I went up Baltimore Street and stood nearly in front of General Early’s horse. A few feet south, there were three ladies standing on the stone sill at the hall door who at this writing are yet living in the town. Mr. Kendlehart was standing directly in front of Early’s horse. Two aids were close to Early. The other one was a few feet south of him. Here General Early made his requisition for flour, sugar, potatoes, coffee, salt, hats, caps, shoes, clothing, and money. Mr. Kendlehart replied it would
be impossible to comply with his demands, that when hearing of your coming, merchants shipped their goods away to Baltimore, Philadelphia, and other places for safekeeping, and that it would be impossible to get the money. Then General Early said, “I know where there are one hundred and fifty sacks of salt.” Mr. Kendlehart replied, “I know nothing of that amount of salt being anywhere.” While standing there my attention was arrested by an aid and because of this I took little interest in what Early was saying. He looked at me and I looked at him. Apparently, there was a smile and recognition I kept my eyes on him until I was satisfied where I had seen him. By [the] time I started down [the] street leaving Early and the aid at the Kendlehart residence, I crossed over, went down the west side of Baltimore Street to the pump in front of the McClean residence near the Square, where I was hailed by this same aid, who asked me, would I pump some water for his horse. I replied I would do so with pleasure. While the horse was drinking, he leaned forward on the neck of the horse, and smiled. I said to him, “O. I know you. I have seen you before.” He laughed as he replied, “So you think you have seen me before?” I replied I did. He said, “Where do you think you saw me, and are you sure it was me?” I said, “I am quite sure it was you.” I said, “If you will admit it I will tell you how I know you.” Pointing in the direction of York Street I said, “Three weeks ago you came to the Globe Hotel and ordered your dinner. When you came to pay for the meal you handed me a silver quarter. I hesitated a moment whether to tell you the price was thirty-five cents but concluded that the silver quarter was worth more than thirty-five cents in shinplasters usually received at that time and also when you came to order your dinner my attention was drawn to the suit of clothes you were wearing. A clothing house suit of black cloth entirely too large for you and you had the same hat on your head that you have on now.” The aid would not deny the story and laughing said, “Well my friend, General Early is going to leave and I must go I will see you again” and rode up street to General Early. In the meantime, a large number of his forces were moving down the York Pike to camp. General Early, upon leaving the Kendlehart residence with the aids, came to the Diamond stopping at the northeast corner of the Diamond and York Street where several citizens greeted him and while there a lady came around the Diamond dressed in a calico wrapper and a sun bonnet which was drawn close in front I could not recognize her. Walking near to Early, she handed up to him a large cake. After thanking her, he handed it over to one of his aids saying to him, “You can have this. I don’t want it.” After General Early, having made his requisition of the Town Council later that afternoon, the President of the Town Council, Mr. David Kendlehart, called a meeting of the Town Council to consider and determine what to do in the case. They met in the office of Hon. William A. Duncan Esq. After deliberating and each member having given his opinion, it fell to the last
and the youngest member, Mr. William Chritzman, to give his opinion. He said, most emphatically, “No, not one cent will I consent to give!” When Mr. Duncan said, “Well, they might burn us” but Mr. Chritzman replied, in most vigorous terms, “Let them burn and be ----- I have as much to lose as any of you members!” The meeting adjourned and nothing was done. That afternoon there was standing on the railroad track at the warehouse, now Wolf’s Warehouse. An individual car was run by George Strickhouser to and from Baltimore hauling freight and goods for merchants and citizens as also for the Globe Hotel where he was boarding. We had in that car, for the Globe Hotel, six barrels of whiskey, forty bushels of potatoes, three barrels of sugar, one barrel of syrup, and one tierce of hams and shoulders of cured meat. We called on General Early and asked him to give us a guard while we were getting these goods out of the car and removing them to the cellar. He kindly furnished them, saying, “We will protect private property.” After having removed the goods from the car, they set fire to several company freight cars, which were standing on the tracks, and run them down the track, to Rock Creek where the trucks lay for several years. Now these Confederates remembering well where we put the whiskey, late in the evening a Confederate officer with three Confederate privates came to the Hotel and compelled my father to open the cellar doors and roll out three barrels of whiskey. They left taking the whiskey with them to camp. The officer saying he would return later and pay for it. About eleven o’clock that night the officer came to the Hotel and drew up an order on the Confederate government which father refused to accept saying “I want good money.” The Confederate replied, “In two months our money may be better than yours as we may remain in your state an indefinite time.” The order was all he got. That evening about twilight, there came to [the] corner of York Street and the Diamond in front of the Judge Wills Building, a Confederate band playing several “Southern airs” among which were “Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag,” “Away Down South in Dixie,” and the “Stars and Bars.” As there was much comment made as to their clothing, I will say I saw many with good clothing, some with ordinary clothing, and some with white goods, which appeared to me, like underwear. By [that] time, all of Early’s forces moved down the York Pike to camp, and all was quiet.

On Saturday morning, the 27th of June, about daybreak, Early’s forces began the march by way of the York Pike to [the] City of York, Pennsylvania, while a portion of the troops moved out the Bonneauville Road by way of Hanover to York City. When we heard of Early’s troops leaving, several citizens and myself went down the York Pike near Rock Creek Bridge to see them off. When their rearguard, who were going through the gate at the gatehouse, they saw us, and turning their horses around they called to us and told us to go back, when we very quickly turned and went to town. Now in the meantime, between the time of Early’s leaving and the coming of General Lee and army, my father took the precaution to save some of our supplies and eatables. Late at night, none of the family knowing it, with our colored help, we removed sugar, hams, and shoulders, some potatoes and boxes of groceries to a loft above the rear of the building. Then we dug a trench in the garden into this we put two barrels of each, whiskey, brandy, and gin. On this, we placed boards and covered over with ground, then we planted this all over with cabbage plants. On Sunday at daybreak a Regiment (28th Penn. Regiment) [sic] of Union Cavalry came in the Emmitsburg Road through town and down York Street to Culp’s Field East of town, where they remained until about ten o’clock the next morning, when they left camp going up York Street and out Baltimore
Street supposedly reconnoitering through this section looking for Confederates who had left the day previous to their coming.  

WEDNESDAY, JULY 1st

Now on Wednesday morning, July 1st, when we heard of the Confederate Army moving down the East slopes of mountain in the direction of Gettysburg. The Union troops were coming in from the South, and moving out North and west of town. The town and hotels were soon filled with Union soldiers, and while selling whiskey by drinks, I had two men carrying whiskey in kegs drawn from the barrels in the cellar and filling canteens as fast as we could handle them, until an officer came to the hotel, and after giving us a severe lecture about selling whiskey to the soldiers ordered us to close the bar. In a short time there were soldiers begging for whiskey and offering large sums of money, saying "There is a fight ahead, we will need the whiskey and may never have any use for the money." I closed the bar, and went down to the corner of Chambersburg and Washington Street opposite Eagle Hotel. While standing there, I saw long trains of artillery coming in Washington Street and going out Chambersburg Street. There were six or eight (that morning General Buford was in the hotel) prominent officers, on horseback directly in front of the Eagle Hotel. After the artillery had left, they rode out Chambersburg Street but two or three turned and rode out the Mummasburg Road. I then went to the Diamond where I met a friend. We walked down Carlisle Street to the Railroad. We went up on Sheads & Buehlers Hall to look over the fight, which had just began. Soon we heard the whizzing of bullets very close. We very quickly went down. I went over to the Washington Hotel [on the] corner of Carlisle Street and Railroad, Proprietor [David] Yount and family were yet in the hotel. While standing there wounded soldiers were coming in on the railroad track. The first wounded man who came limping on one foot had the whole heel end of one of his shoes shot off and the blood was running out of the shoe. Now there
were women at every window of the hotel looking out West in the direction of the fight. When they saw this wounded soldier, they all commenced crying. The second wounded, man a very tall man, came along with his face turned up. He was squirting streams of blood from his throat.

The women yet crying when he turned his face toward them he said, "Ladies don’t cry. We are doing this to save you people." When they commenced crying with screams at the height of their voices. I walk out the railroad to where I could see a large body of cavalry going up towards the woods on Seminary Ridge north of the Railroad Cut, but they were ordered to move northward before they reached the woods. I concluded it was not a safe place and returned to the hotel. On the morning of the second day, Yount and family moved out and the hotel was used as a hospital. 18

When the retreat of the Union Army commenced, the Union soldier[s] ordered the citizens to go into their cellars that the Confederates would soon be in town. My mother and three sisters with a brother’s wife and child and myself all went to cellar. 19 Looking out of a cellar window, I saw the Confederates coming up York Street after the Union troop[s]. I heard the Confederates going into our garden and into our chicken house. After it was all over and quiet restored, we came up out of the cellar. It was then about twilight. I first saw a dead horse lying in the gutter with head and shoulders up on the pavement directly opposite the Globe Hotel and in front of the David (Troxell) property. 20 I went up to [the] square. I determined to go out Carlisle Street to see what could be seen of the first days fight on the crossing at the Corner of McClellan House, now Hotel Gettysburg. 21 I met a prominent citizen in company with a Confederate officer. We walked out Carlisle Street taking the middle of the street, as there was yet several dead men lying on the west side of the street from the Chinese Laundry down to the Washington Hotel, not all having been removed as yet. 22 We walked out to near where the
Preparatory Building now stands. While standing there a Confederate soldier came to us from the side of the road. He advised we two citizens that we had better return to town, that possibly the Union troops might force the Confederates back through the town and we might have some difficulty in getting to our homes that night. I immediately left my companion and returned to the hotel. Going into the hall, I heard some talking in the cellar. I went down to the cellar. Here I met my sister with a Confederate lieutenant, she was giving him something to eat and drink. In conversation with him, I asked him “Why is it that you Confederates all gathered up here to the Globe Hotel? There are other hotels here and none of you go there.” He replied the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia knew of the Globe Hotel long before they came into Pennsylvania. Now the next morning of the second day the Confederates occupying the town there were many riding and driving up and down the streets. Early in the morning large groups of Confederate officers gathered in front of the hotel. They inquired if they could have breakfast. They were told they could. Our tables, the “old fashioned long ones,” seated comfortably 42, closely seated 46. That number we had for breakfast, dinner, and supper whilst they occupied the town. Those men were principally of Early’s Division whose line lay from Baltimore Street, down East Middle Street, and around south to Cemetery Hill, and this street being parallel to York Street made it near and convenient to Globe Hotel. Now, we raised the price of whiskey from 5 cents per drink to 10 cents and the price of meals from 35 cents to 50 cents. While they were eating their first meal, father and I discussed what we should do if they offered us Confederate money in payment. He said take a stand and go inside of the dining room door and collect the money and if they cannot pay in good money tell them we will close the dining room. When the first man left the table coming up to me, he said, “Do you collect the money?” I said I did. He asked, “How much is it? I replied “50 cents.” To my great surprise, he pulled out large rolls of brand new U.S. Government greenbacks he said, “Is that money satisfactory?” I replied it was. After he had paid me, he said, “If you prefer this kind of money,” pulling out of another pocket a large bag filled with gold, “I will willingly pay you in this kind.” It was a bag of brown material buckskin or brown leather and out of this money; they paid us in cash for every meal. That morning the dead horse was yet lying in the gutter and there were six or eight dead horses lying in different parts of the town. Fearing that this dead horse would become offensive, I proposed to [a] friend of mine, as no means could be had, we would borrow a warehouse rope and get men to help drag it away and have it buried, but failed to get the help. I inquired of the Confederates for a team. I was directed to a Confederate officer setting on a horse in the open space between the Hotel McClellan, now Hotel Gettysburg, and the rear of Weaver’s Store building, [on the] corner [of the] Diamond [and] York Street, I hailed him. He turned around and

McCllellan House and Weaver’s Store, courtesy of ACHS

https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/ach/vol13/iss1/4
said, "What do you want?" I asked him to lend me a team to haul the dead horse away and there were eight more dead horses lying in different parts of town saying, "I will pay your price." He said, "You people up here are Very Nice. Why didn't your men help us to take away the dead from our doors at Fredericksburg?" With that he turned and rode away those dead horses were all removed the following night. I did not see it done nor did not know by whom. On that day before noon father noticed a Confederate riding around the Diamond on one of our farm horses. He called upon a Confederate officer and told him. [The officer] ordered him to return the horse to the stable. Father then called upon General Early and made complaint to him. General Early relied he would allow none of his men to molest any citizen in his person or property. Then Father asked him, the General, if he would give him a guard at the stable for both day and night, which he kindly furnished. Now those guards, whilst they guarded the stable all right, they only knew how to show other Confederates how to get into the cellar at night by a cellar window at the rear of the house and help themselves to whiskey. On that morning, a Confederate doctor who attended the sick and wounded at the Confederate Hospital came to the hotel and engaged a single room. He asked me if I would allow him to take into his room with him a friend, a Confederate lieutenant. I said, "Doctor, as you are paying for the room you can take in with you who you please." The Confederate doctor brought with him and put into the hotel stable a fine blooded sorrel horse. They all remained with us until the retreat of the Confederate Army on Friday night. Now, we had at the same time boarding with us at the hotel two Union doctors and I could not understand at that time, how and why could those men of the two opposing armies be allowed together. But, since having learned from Union soldiers that doctors who were attending on the sick and wounded in hospitals in either army could not be taken prisoners of war. Now, on the forenoon of that day, Mrs. Catherine Wills, my brother's wife, was standing on the balcony at rear end of the hotel and saw a shell drop into the garden quite near to her and sink deep into the ground. After the battle, it was dug out by some of the men about the house. On the morning of the second day, the Confederates broke into a liquor store, which was conducted by a man from New York state named Eaton; in one of the two store rooms which was next to the Judge Wills Building on York Street. This man had closed up his store and left town. The Confederates after helping themselves to whiskey neglected to turn the spigots properly. While standing at the hotel door I could hear the whiskey dripping through the floor into the cellar. This man, Eaton, returned after the battle and remained until the following spring 1864 when he sold out and left town. On this day, the Confederates also broke into a grocery store on the lot adjoining and which belonged to the hotel property. It was leased and conducted by Joseph Gillespie who left town and remained until after the battle, when he returned to find his store completely gutted out. The Confederates picked out the best of the goods and trampled the remainder under feet.

I had an experience of my own on the afternoon of the second day. Walking about to see what could be seen, I came to the hotel and when I determined to go up on the roof of the hotel to the trap door and look over the battle. I was standing on a stepladder I was up out of the roof to my waist. While looking at a Confederate battery on Benner's Hill firing in the direction of Culp's Hill or East Cemetery Hill. I was also looking at [a] Confederate battery at the west end of the barn on the farm well known as the "Milk Man Wolf" Farm south of York Pike. They were also firing in the direction
of Culp’s Hill or East Cemetery Hill. While standing there, I heard a call saying, “get off that roof!” I looked out around me. I heard it several times; finally, I located it. A Confederate soldier was standing in an open space between the Kendlehart property and Culp’s Blacksmith shop on East Middle Street with his gun resting on a paling fence pointed at me. I asked him who he was talking to. He said, “I am taking to you, and I want you to get off that roof!” I saw him turn around and say something to two other Confederates who were standing behind him at that moment. I stepped down lower so that the comb of the roof would hide me from his view. I then looked out north in the direction of the Mummasburg Road, between the Mummasburg Road and the red barn on the Judge Wills farm. A Confederate battery was firing over the town in the direction of Culp’s Hill or the cemeteries. In a few moments, there was a call in the yard at the rear end of the house. Here was a Confederate officer on horseback, with a revolver in his hand. He said, “General Early wants to see you, now if you will come down peaceably you will not be hurt. If you will not, my orders are to take you off that roof and bring you up to General Early.” My mother and two sisters were on the balcony being very much frightened they begged me to “Come down.” The officer said, “Come down now, you shall not be hurt.” I decided it be best to come down. When I came down to him, there were the barkeeper with three men going into the rear door. He said, “Who are those men?” I told him; he said, “Bring them along.” As we were coming out of the alley and reached the front pavement, Mr. J. Cassat Neely, Esq., an influential citizen and a prominent member of the bar in the Adams County Courts, who was a boarder at the hotel had just come to the front door of the hotel. I called to him and explained to him the trouble I was in, and asked him would he go with me and use his good offices in my behalf to General Early. He kindly consented to do so. We went through the yard of the Troxell property and the then vacant lot where the Methodist Church now stands on Middle Street. He took us up before General Early who was sitting on marble slabs at John Cannon Marble Works, at rear of the lot [on the] corner of Baltimore & Middle Street where the line of General Early’s division lay during the battle. General Early asked me what I was doing on the roof. I replied, “I was looking over the battle.” He asked me what I had seen, I told him I was looking at a Confederate battery on Benner Hill firing in the direction of Culp’s Hill or Cemetery Hill, and also at a Confederate Battery north of town, on Seminary Ridge between the Mummasburg road, and the red barn on the Judge Wills farm firing in the direction of Culp’s Hill or East Cemetery Hill. He asked me if I was the proprietor of the hotel? I replied, “No! My father [is].” He asked, “Where is he?” I replied he had gone out to his farm on the York Pike, to look after his property as he had been informed that his tenant had left, and the Confederates were occupying the house and barn. He then told me that I might have been picked off the roof by Union sharp-shooters on Cemetery Hill. He said, “Your people are on the streets; they are at their garret windows and on the roofs. I sent guards from door to door on your streets to tell them to go into their cellars or at least to remain within their houses, the only safe place for them. If you people would but take my advice, I want to save your people,” he ended by saying, “you can go home and attend to business,” and that no citizen should be molested in his person or in his business and that they would protect private property. Then Mr. Neely and General Early fell to talking. When I stepped back I heard Mr. Neely reply to General Early, “Yes, General I am a member of the bar here, and General, I understand you are a member of the bar.” General Early replied, “Yes; I am a member
of the Lynchburg Bar.” After some conversation between Mr. Neely and General Early, we took our leave. The Confederate officer who had taken us up to Early walked with me down to the corner of Middle and Stratton Street and seated at the curb we began talking about the war. He gave as his opinion and as that of other Confederates, that if they had hung about a dozen of men at each end of the country both North and South before the war, this war would never have taken place. I took it for granted he meant the Abolitionists of the North and the Fire-eaters of the South. I have heard that opinion expressed by Union soldiers and private citizens of the North. While sitting there at once there was excitement. Officers were walking up and down the street looking up at the windows of the High Street School Building one of their men in the line of Confederates who were lying on pavement with their heads and shoulders up against the paling fence was struck in the head by a bullet coming from that direction. The officers were sure the ball came from that window, as they said those shutters were closed all day until now there is one open. I told them as the school term was closed there could be no person in the building, and that I could not believe that any citizen of Gettysburg would be guilty of such an act and it must have been a random shot. They placed this man on a cot and carried him down to the Confederate hospital. Now Father returned late in the evening from the farm and reported finding the tenant gone! The house and barn full of Confederates. On the morning of the 3rd there was little of interest going on as there were a less number of Confederates on the streets and in and about the hotel. We were told there was a hard fight ahead that afternoon. Cannonading was likened to a continuous roll of thunder. A lady living directly opposite the hotel, Miss Tillie Gillespie was left entirely alone by her brother, Joseph Gillespie who had left his store adjoining the hotel and left town. She being very much frightened, she sent word over to me to come over to her. I went over and brought her with some other ladies over to the hotel and placed them in dining room so as to have them protected by two brick walls in case shot or shell should strike the house. That evening those two Confederates and the two Union doctors who were boarding with us, came together
into the barroom. They fell to quarrelling and coming to pretty hot words and fearing that it would come to a fight I went to them and begged of them to stop, as there were women in the next room and were very much frightened. They said, “With due respect for the ladies, we will stop, but we settle this matter somewhere else in the near future.” Late on this Friday night, the Confederates began their retreat. My wife, who was then single, living opposite General Early’s headquarters, saw the commanding officer riding along the line with horse’s feet muffled or by some other means could not hear the horse’s hoofs on the street, and in a low voice urged his men to their feet, saying, “We must get out. We are losing entirely too many men.” She said it was a sight to see those men, in ranks abreast, from curb to curb, with their bayonets glistening in the moonlight, marching out West Middle Street and out of town.

SATURDAY, JULY 4TH

On every morning whilst the Confederates occupied the town we found the floors of the dining room, the reception room and the parlor lying full of Confederates, they having gained in entrance by lifting out the sash of the dining room window. We could not see that they had taken or disturbed anything in these rooms, but they gained an entrance to the cellar where they helped themselves to liquors by taking the barrels off the racks, breaking in the heads, and leaving the spigots dripping making a complete wreck in the cellar. On that Saturday morning, I was awakened by noises and much excitement outside in front of the house and on the street. I arose quickly and stepping out on the front porch, saw a company of Union troops on the Diamond. I went to the room of the Confederates to inform them of the fact when [found the room vacant and that with all their baggage had left.]

I went quickly to mother’s bedroom door and told her. She said, “Captain Simpson, the doctor, before daylight called at my door and said, ‘Mrs. Wills our men are leaving, I must go. Tell your son to take care of my horse. If I live I will try and send for him if I don’t I guess he will belong to him.’” I immediately went to the stable congratulating myself upon owning a fine blooded horse. Upon going into the stable my spirits fell. His horse and our two family horses were gone with bridles and harness. We never heard of them afterward. Later that morning a citizen had arrested this Confederate doctor and brought him back to town. Whilst I was sweeping off the pavement with my back toward them I did not see them at the same time a corporal guard of Union soldiers came to the hotel they asked me if there were any Confederates in the house. I told them of the Confederates who were boarding with us and of their leaving that morning, when a boy who was sitting in front of the hotel jumped up and never saw him afterward, said, “Yes! A citizen and a Confederate officer just now went into the alley.” They at once arrested me for harboring Confederates. I said to them “this is all a mistake and if you will allow me to see your superior officer I will explain the matter satisfactorily to him.” They said, “As you are a citizen and if you can do that we will grant you the privilege.” They took me up to the Diamond and left me in charge of a German lieutenant who had in charge of a company of German soldiers. They were wild with excitement. When I tried to explain the matter to him, he said to me, “Keep quiet and stay here. I can’t control my men.” A heavy shower of rain commenced, when this German company all ran over to the McClellan House, now Hotel Gettysburg, and got...
under the big trees, which were then there. The whole space of that corner was crowded with Union soldiers, citizens, and people from the country. While standing there this same corporal guard came to me and here goes our colonel down Carlisle Street. I said, “Go and stop him.” They hurried through the crowd to hail him. I made hard steps and very short ones so that placed me far in the rear. When they turned the corner I stepped back through the crowd ran down the alley in the rear of the hotel and down alley to the Globe Hotel went to my room and changed my clothes from a suit of linen to [a] suit of black cloth, went to barber shop had my moustache and goatee cut off. Went out, and on the crossing between the Weaver store corner and the Judge Wills Building I met this same corporal guard and they did not recognize me. Now, it became known to the Union soldiers by some means that the proprietor of the Globe Hotel had liquors buried in his garden. A German lieutenant came down to [the] hotel and was going to confiscate the liquors. I remonstrated with him, when father went up to the Provost Marshall’s office and told him saying to him “Captain, if you need any liquors for your sick and wounded you are welcome to it free of charge but I don’t want your men to steal it from me.” The Captain, thanking father for his kind offer, said “it shall not occur again.” In a moment a guard came down arrested [the German lieutenant] and took him up the Provost Marshall office. Those liquors when taken up, which were buried, were ruined by being water soaked. We disposed of it by selling some off cheap, and giving it away and throwing some out.

Now, the Confederate troops having left the town, we saw them moving over the Seminary Ridge west of town by way of the Chambersburg Pike, the Fairfield Road, and some through the fields. Their rearguard cavalry was at the railroad cut. Now, some of our very patriotic citizens, who in their excitement or want of good judgment, proceeded to barricade the streets by filling hogsheads and barrels with ground taken from their lots placing them across the streets.29 On West Middle Street, West Chambersburg Street they took our farm wagon with the hay carriages on from the hotel yard and placed it, turned up on edge across Chambersburg Street they placed railroad ties across Carlisle Street, they placed lumber across York Street. Now some of our citizens in their excitement attempted to fire on them. As a very reliable citizen told me he had on that morning taken his cow out to pasture, as he usually did before the battle, to the field at the foot of Seminary Ridge south of the Fairfield Road. Whilst standing there he saw a Confederate standing there who was struck by a shot, which was fired from town. The Confederates at once sent word to town that if any of the citizens fired on them again they would shell the town. Several of the prominent citizens with my father went to them and remonstrated, saying, “You are inviting the destruction of the town, and that you should rather be glad that the fight is over, and that they are gone.”

Major General Oliver Otis Howard, courtesy of LOC
On Sunday morning, we were reported to General [Oliver Otis] Howard charged with harboring Confederates when we received notice from the Provost Marshall to come up to his office. Mr. Neely Esq., who was boarding at the hotel, at once went up to the Provost Marshall’s office and invited him down to the hotel. Upon his arrival we directed him through the house; he found no Confederates; we then directed him to the cellar, where we pointed out to him the destruction of barrels, liquors, and goods and the wreck left in the cellar; we told him of our loss of two farm horses and harness taken from the stable, also of the loss of the crops, wood, and fencing on the farm. We told him as the spirit of feeling was high between the two political parties this charge was brought against us through political enmity; he said, “I am convinced there is political feeling between you people. Come with me to my office. I will report to General Howard.”

When we arrived at his office, by time he said to me, “You can go home. Your father will remain here until I hear from General Howard”; at four o’clock [in the] afternoon, the Provost Marshall received orders from General Howard to dismiss those people and let them go home. We knew we were censured for entertaining Confederates; why! It was our business and we entertained them the same as we did the Union soldiers, before and after the battle or any other people who had the money to pay for it and they paid us in U.S. Government greenbacks and gold and they had plenty of it.30

Now there were four hotels other than the Globe Hotel in town and they could have entertained the Confederates as well if they had wanted to. The only reason I could assign for their not doing so was because they hated them, as those hotels were conducted by Republicans.31 Every evening whilst the Confederates were in town among others four Confederate chaplains visited my sisters regularly and during all the time those Confederate officers went in and out of the house, to their rooms and to their meals no one ever went into the barroom to drink liquors. I heard no improper language on the contrary, their deportment was most gentlemanly.

After the battle, the Union troops again occupying the town and the hotels being filled with soldiers there much [was] drinking and consequently there was much disorder. An officer came to the hotel and ordered me to close the bar and proceeded to give me a lecture about selling too much whiskey to the soldiers. When I proceeded to tell him what I thought by telling him among other things that if I would not sell it them they would take it and that if he did not want them to drink in here he should be kind enough to place a guard at the door and keep them out and that I was tired of the whole business; from the manner in which he turned and looked at me, when he left, I was convinced that I had better be absent from the house for the remainder of the day; I went down street and remained away until five o’clock in the evening, when I returned to the hotel. I met father and Mr. Neely in the hall, when they said to me, “John, hereafter you will have to be more careful as to where you go and what you say to those officers. We have again saved you from trouble and it will be the last time, and said we were glad you were not here for dinner as there were three soldiers who came in here with drawn sabers going around the dining room table and through the house looking for you.”

In the evening, the hotels were filled with soldiers and much drinking was done. They, as usual, would become disorderly. Orders came to the hotel to close the bar; after a short time we would again open up the bar, and again orders came to close the bar. As the spirit of feeling was high between the two political parties I surmised that those orders did not come from the proper source, but that they came from the Eagle Hotel,
Republican Headquarters as this thing had been kept up for some time. I sent out a spy to see if the bars of the other hotels were open and when the report came in that they were, I ordered them to open up. One morning, when the hotel was crowded with soldiers and there was much drinking, an officer came to the hotel and gave us orders to sell liquor to no one excepting commissioned officers. From the number of soldiers who came with uniforms on I thought every man in the army was a commissioned officer. I went up to the Provost Marshall and told him he said, “Sell no soldier liquors without my order and signature.” Again, I thought every soldier in the army had the Provost Marshall order with his signature. I again went up to his office with one of those orders. He said, “That is not my signature.” He then gave an order with his signature in his hand writing that put a stop to that trick! Now, after General Early had taken some of our liquors I had taken the precaution to save a good supply of our whiskies and wines by storing them in a closet up on the second floor. Now, I noticed that Mr. Neely Esq. evidently had quite an extended acquaintance with the prominent officers of the Union Army as so many were calling on him at the Globe Hotel. As Mr. Neely was my benefactor on whom I invariably called whenever I got into trouble, and who just as often got me out of it, seeing a number of those officers in the hall talking to him, I invited him and his friends up to a private room where I set out a table and fixing it up with good whiskies and wines. I said, “Mr. Neely, this belongs to you and your friends and you are welcome to all that is in that closet while it lasts.” They came on horseback, in squads of six and seven. When the last party were around the table they offered me money saying, “This is too much for kindness alone.” I, thanking them, said, “Don’t mention it! This belongs to Mr. Neely and his friends and you are welcome to all I have.”

After the battle was over, and the town and hotels being crowded with soldiers, citizens were coming in from all sections of the country, and as the Confederates had burned many cars and torn up the railroad tracks, the Government took possession of the railroad. They repaired the tracks and furnished the cars when train after train, day and night, came in loaded to their full capacity from every northern state from Maine to California. The majority being women who came to look after their friends, the sick and wounded, to have them cared for and when it was possible to have them taken home and also to have their dead taken up and the bodies embalmed preparatory to shipping them home. We had no lodging room for men. Some sat up all night, some slept on the hayloft in the stable, some walked about the town; the women occupied all the beds also we placed blankets and pillows on the carpets in the parlors and reception room; they were
occupied by women. There were two embalming rooms in town, one was in the room on York Street adjoining the Judge Wills Building. The other was in the Brick School House on the Mummasburg Road. At that time, a number of our citizens made quite a good thing out of this gruesome business of taking up the dead for those people and assisting them in preparing them for shipment to their homes. Men who were engaged in this work bought whiskies in large quantities, to prevent sickness in their work. I discovered that a number of them were buying all the pint and quart flasks in town and having them filled with whiskey and were taking them out and selling them to soldiers at extortionate prices. I at once stopped that trick! This work had been going on for about one month when, in order to prevent sickness, the Government issued orders to stop the taking up of the dead until fall, when freezing weather would commence.

Now by reason of Confederate General [Richard] Ewell’s corps at the retreat of the Union Army passing over our farm east of town to Culp’s Hill, our crops, our hay, and straw our wood and fencing, our liquors were destroyed and taken. Our two farm horses and harness were taken. My father estimated his loss at two thousand dollars, and as to spies, from the number of spies who went through here from about three to four weeks before the battle I was convinced they were pretty well acquainted with this section of country. There were ten of whom I knew of, two stopped at the Globe Hotel, one it was said stopped at McClellan House, now Hotel Gettysburg, during the time of the battle. When in conversation with him he talked as a good Union man. One was caught on the Emmittsburg Road standing at a fence looking toward Seminary Ridge taking notes. He was arrested and sent to Harrisburg. Three were at the Eagle Hotel who were suspected by the proper authorities and arrested and sent to Harrisburg. The third one was walking around as a cripple with one leg drawn up and bandaged. Whilst this business was going on with the two former men, he quietly limped out of the hotel, down Chambersburg Street to a distance of two blocks. When our men spied him, and seemingly, to them there was something not quite right about his movements, they decided to give chase to him. When he saw them coming, the bandage disappeared from his leg. He distanced them and ran out Chambersburg Pike into a cornfield where they lost him. One morning an ardent Confederate sympathizer hailed me, he said, “Did you notice those three men walking up around the Diamond?” I said I did not and asked him who they were. He said, “They are Confederate officers. They were dressed in citizens clothing. They walked up Baltimore Street to the corner of High and Baltimore Streets they turned west down High Street to a house where they lodged that night. Late that night the man with whom they stopped came to the hotel and asked my permission to bring them down to the hotel take them into the side room where they could meet friends and by locking the doors no outsiders could see them. I sternly refused him and said, “As the feeling of spirit is high between the two political parties we have trouble enough now and I don’t want to get into any more, and if you want them to meet friends, take those friends up to your house and have them meet them there.” There were eleven men of whom I knew being former citizens who had left this town and county and went south and joined General Early’s Troop and were in this battle. One was from York, Pennsylvania, one was from Conewago [in the] lower end of this county, one from Littlestown, one from Emmittsburg, Maryland, three from this town, and four from the South Mountain. When those men from the mountain were marching down the Chambersburg Pike toward Gettysburg with the Confederate troops and in their Confederate uniforms while passing
a hotel they saw the landlord sitting on the front porch, an old acquaintance and neighbor they called him saying “Hello George, how are you?” but he did not know them. They told him of it when they returned home, the one from Conewago who [had] gone to Richmond, Virginia several years before and joined the Confederate Army. When he came here with the Confederate troops, he went down to Conewago and remained with friends until the fight was over. After the Battle, he came to Gettysburg to meet his old friend who had his room in the old McClellan House, now Hotel Gettysburg. They were sports together in their younger days. Colonel John McClellan, the old colonel, was sitting in front of the hotel when his old friend came up to greet him. He was honest in informing him what he was and how he came here. The Colonel refused to shake hands with him saying, “You are a traitor to your country! I want nothing to do with you!” turned his back to him and left him.

Now as to the money they had and where they got it, some years after the battle I met an ex-Confederate near Cemetery Hill; in conversation with him I asked him where they got all that money they had. He said many of the Confederates of Virginia and other southern states had friends and relatives in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, who sent them money before they came into Pennsylvania and also at Frederick City and York, Pennsylvania, and other large towns in Pennsylvania. I said, “You could not have gotten it by mail.” He replied, “Oh no, we got it through other channels.” A few days after I met another ex-Confederate on the Baltimore Pike below the cemetery. I asked him the same questions and he gave me the same answer. Now there have been different stories told as to the amount of money received by General Early at York, Pennsylvania. Now, I am personally acquainted with an old gentleman, a reliable and prominent business man in Gettysburg and a former citizen of York, Pennsylvania.33 Who upon hearing of General Early moving toward York, Pennsylvania, went to York and after General Early had made his requisition, he while standing near to him saw checks, notes, [and] orders for goods contributed by merchants handed to General Early amounting in all to between seventy one and seventy two thousand dollars. As to the Louisiana Tigers, several years after the Battle, one day I was standing on East Cemetery Hill, I noticed two men coming up from the foot of the hill along the stonewall to where I was standing. In conversation with them, I ventured the remark, “I take it for granted that you are ex-Confederates?” “Yes,” they said, “We are and as we are getting old we determined to see this battlefield once more and we determined while on this tour to walk up on the same ground that we made our charge up this hill.” I asked them, “Were you both in this charge upon this Hill?” They replied “Yes we were” continuing, they said “we were in [Harry T.] Hays’ Brigade, and no doubt you have heard that our regiment in that brigade was called the Louisiana Tigers.” “Yes,” I said, “We called you that when you were here.” He said, “From the time our regiment left home by that name until we arrived here, through the loss of many being killed and through the reorganization of our commands their was only about twelve or thirteen left of us when we were here.” Three years ago there came this town on a visit to this battlefield an ex-Confederate cavalryman whom I met in one of the hotels. We made arrangements to meet near my home at one o’clock the next day. We met accordingly. We walked up on East Cemetery Hill. During our conversation and while looking out to the Cavalry Shaft where the great cavalry fight took place he said, “I was a cavalry man under the Confederate General J.E.B. Stuart” he said “we cut and slashed back and forward through and through each
other. We fought with all the nerve and strength that was in us and we could not get one foot nearer to Gettysburg, when we were compelled to give it up and retreat.” I said, “Well you were very fortunate in getting out of that fight alive.” He said “Yes, but I had a horse shot under me, and I was shot through my ankle, but that has healed up nicely and has given me no trouble since.” I said to him “When you retreated, what direction did you take?” Pointing in the direction of Hunterstown, he said, “They drove us down there several miles to a town where a number of our men dismounted and went into a store to get something to eat from there we took a straight course, never stopping, for home.” When the Confederate troops came into Pennsylvania and coming down all along the route in the Cumberland Valley and seeing the bountiful crops and coming down through the towns of Shippensburg, Chambersburg, and Carlisle, and seeing the many able-bodied young men standing on the streets looking at them and seeing the many able-bodied young men coming out of the shops at quitting time, they were disheartened. One officer said to his fellow officer, “What was the use of us coming over here to fight those people? Why, they could raise another army again as large as they now have and feed them too.”

About one month before the Battle of Gettysburg, two men, dressed in the garb of Quaker Preachers crossed the Potomac River at Williamsport, Maryland, passed down through Hagerstown and down the Cumberland Valley to a point where they turned north to Chambersburg Pike. They came up the pike eastward to the top of the mountain to a hotel, “The proprietor and landlord was George Cornwall.” Being ostensibly engaged on a mission of church affairs, and traveling entirely incognito they asked permission of the landlord to sleep in the barn, where they would not be noticed or disturbed by strangers. The landlord readily granted their requests. Being footsore and tired, they asked for a bucket of water to bathe their feet. The landlord then took them to the barn, placing straw in a horse stall and upon the straw placing blankets. Here they slept that night. In the morning, they went to the hotel, paid their bill, and resumed their journey going down the pike eastward to Cashtown. Here they stopped a very short time at a hotel, which at that time was conducted by a landlord named McCleary. While there, they took particular notice of a large man standing in front of the hotel near the door. This man, as you will see, later one of them remembered well. This man was the owner and proprietor of the hotel property and the farm adjoining the hotel and his name was Jacob Mickely, familiarly known in this section of country as “Jocky Jake Mickley.” Those two men dressed in the garb of Quaker preachers who were Confederate officers and acting as spies through this section of country were General Taylor of General Lee’s staff, and one General Jackson but not Stonewall Jackson, as there were several Confederate officers named Jackson in the Confederate Army.

About seven years after the Battle of Gettysburg, General Taylor made a trip to Gettysburg and over the field and determined to travel entirely unknown. He stopped at a hotel and requested of the landlord, that his desire was not to register and that the landlord should not mention his name to any person during his stay here and that he be furnished a private team to go over the field. The landlord granted his request saying “General, I have a private team of my own, and if that is satisfactory so as to insure privacy I will take you myself.” He was taken to that barn where he was shown the team. The General replied that was satisfactory. The next morning they started out the Confederate Avenue on Seminary Ridge to a point from where General Pickett made
his charge. He asked the driver to stop here. He walked up to the stonewall and looked for some length of time over and in the direction to the “High Water Mark,” returning to his team he said, “Well, I don’t wonder that we could not take that position.” He then, asking the driver to stop a minute, he walked westward a short distance down in the woods to a large tree here, with his cane, he stirred around in the leaves awhile. He called to his driver come down here. When the driver came to him, he said pointing to a stake close to the large tree, “If that is not one of the stakes that held General Lee’s Tent, I am greatly mistaken.” From here they returned to the hotel. The next morning he said to the landlord, “This morning I wish to take a longer trip up the Chambersburg Pike, no matter how much time it will require. If you will take me, I will pay your price.” They started on their trip up the pike. As they drew up in front of the hotel at Cashtown General Taylor looking up, seeing a man standing in front of the hotel remarked, “Why there stands the same man who was standing there when we came down the mountain to this hotel that morning about one month before the Battle of Gettysburg.” And that was the same man “Jockey Jake Mickley.” They resumed their journey up the pike to the hotel on the top of the mountain. Here they stopped for some time at the hotel. They went to the barn, when General Taylor pointed to the driver the horse stall in which he “General Taylor and General Jackson,” slept in that night as Quaker preachers one month before the Battle of Gettysburg.

On May 19th 1862, when the Union troops were moving south they were warned that if they attempted to pass through Baltimore City they would be attacked but they paid no attention to this and continued marching on. Immediately upon entering the city, they were attacked by a large and furious mob. [They were] repulsed and completely routed. Now, out of this grew an excitement for the people of Gettysburg. Several days after this occurred and on account of reports coming in that raids were being made by the Confederates into Maryland and into Pennsylvania in the South Mountains and that many strange and suspicious persons were seen in and about town. The authorities of the town called a meeting of the citizens to assemble at the Court House that evening to devise ways and means for the better protection of the town and its citizens. They decided to organize a patrol by placing two men at the entrance of the town on each street and to whom were given strict orders to arrest any person who was seen on the street after night and to compel them to give their name and what their business was and also to take all horses that were hitched to posts and no one in charge. The men on patrol got a great deal of fun out of it by compelling many a poor fellow, to give his name and telling them what he was doing in there when caught coming out of the house of his best girl. They also took charge of several horses at late
hours found tied up on the street whilst the country beau was spending the time with his best girl. The patrol were instructed to take all such horses down to the Fahnestock store, now the Trimmer Ten Cent, and be tied to the long hitching chain opposite the courthouse. Now, when leaving his best girl, the country beau would go on the hunt of his horse when the patrol would take him to the courthouse where two or three men were appointed to sit at night to hear reports of the patrol and to attend to other business pertaining there to. Here they were compelled to give a proper account of themselves before they were released and their horses restored to them. That night whilst the citizens [were] meeting in session a number of men on a handcar came up the railroad from Hanover to Gettysburg with all possible speed giving the alarm. They came directly up to the courthouse and into the door of the courtroom crying out, “Six hundred came up the Baltimore Pike into Hanover they are burning properties and insulting women. They left Hanover and are now on their way through Oxford and up the pike to Gettysburg.”

The courtroom being crowded I was sitting on the windowsill on the north side along Middle Street. The whole audience at once jumped to their feet and ran pell-mell out of the room and down the street men were running up and down the streets crying out, “To arms, to arms, men the Rebels are coming up the pike to Gettysburg! They are burning properties and insulting women!” We had a military company here their captain quickly called them out. They went down York Street double-quick. Other citizens ran down York Street in crowds armed with all kinds of weapons. It was a most amusing sight to see the girls running up and down the streets and the crossings grabbing their beaus throwing their arms around them hanging on to their clothing dragging along with them crying out and begging them saying “Oh! Don’t. Oh! Please don’t go. You will be killed.” But they broke loose from them. Down the street, they went double-quick. When they reached the end of York Street they reconnoitered for some time. Finally, when no rebels could be seen they returned to town, rather crest-fallen by the joke played on the citizens of Gettysburg by some of the Hanover wags; I have always believed it was that, and nothing else.

Now during the excitement of this evening citizens rode on horse out the country roads giving the alarm to the country people when farmers came riding into town from all directions armed with all kinds of arms ancient and modern. At this time, an amusing incident occurred on Carlisle Street. One of my neighbors on York Street took his father’s old horse and with an old horn road down Carlisle Street and out the Mummasburg Road giving the alarm and blowing his horn all the way. The patrolman stationed on Carlisle Street at the run was an old Dutchman and when he heard this man coming down Carlisle Street blowing his horn, he thought it was one of the rebels and being very much frightened he crawled on the foot-log in hiding. When this citizen had ridden through the run and had passed him he crawled out and pointing his weapon at him crying out, “Stop rebel, I’ll shoot you!” His weapon consisted of an old broomstick with an old rusty bayonet stuck on the end of it.

On the morning of the third day’s fight, Jennie Wade was killed while “baking.” Several days before that she was called out from her home on Breckenridge Street to attend on her sister Mrs. Lewis McClellan [Georgia Wade], who was lying in the front room with a child, which was seven days old, on the day she was killed, and who with her husband occupied the house as tenants. The picket line of Union troops were advanced as far down as the “Jennie Wade House” and down to the intersection of Steinwehr
Georgia McClellan, a friend Maria Comfort, and Mary Virginia Wade, courtesy of ACHS

The Confederate picket line extended out south from town as far as Breckenridge Street and eastward around to [the] foot of East Cemetery Hill. The firing was drawn from both parties. Jennie Wade was standing over the dough tray behind the middle room door, which was wide open and the outer door, north side, was closed. The bullet passing through both doors struck her low in the back passing through her heart and out through the breast bone. The people who were living on the other side of the house, with the assistance of a number of the soldiers who were about [the] house it being too dangerous to take her out on the north side of the house on account of the bullets coming in that direction from the Confederate lines. They took her up the rear stairway and through an opening in the petition which was made by a shell passing through the eaves of the roof and over both platforms and lodged in the timbers on the other side. They enlarged this opening to admit of the body passing through. They took her down on the other side of the house, they wrapped the body in a blanket carried her down, and laid her in the cellar until the battle was over when it would be more safe to take the body out and bury her. Now when the battle was over and the Confederates had retreated, on Saturday morning they called upon a prominent citizen and who was a carpenter and contractor to secure a coffin and have it brought out and have the body placed into it preparatory for burial. Now there was a prominent citizen who was a carpenter and contractor to secure a coffin and have it brought out and have the body placed into it preparatory for burial. Now there was a prominent citizen who was a prominent manufacturer and dealer in furniture and whose residence and furniture shop was situated on Baltimore Street south of and adjoining the courthouse. The carpenter went to him and asked permission to go to his shop and make a coffin. His request was granted. Now, the Confederate lines of General Early’s division was on East Middle Street and that of General [Robert E.] Rodes Division was on West Middle Street. A number of those Confederates were gathered in and around the open space in front of the courthouse. They took possession of this furniture shop and were making coffins to place their dead into. Now, those Confederates had cut out a coffin of walnut wood for the purpose of placing into it the body of a North Carolina Confederate colonel or general to be shipped to his home. Those Confederates unexpectedly to them, being compelled to retreat on Friday night this coffin was left in its rough and unfinished state. The carpenter going into the shop and looking around for material he came across this unfinished walnut coffin. He took it, dressed up the material, [and] completed the job. He took it out to the house and placed into it the body of Jennie Wade, they then took her to the rear of the house and buried her in the garden. As soon as possible, a lot was secured in the cemetery of the Reformed Lutheran Church in town of which denomination she
and her people were members. They then disinterred her body and removed it to this cemetery and interred it there. Subsequently Mr. and Mrs. McClellan removed to the west, to the state of [Iowa]. Mrs. McClellan having joined an organization called the “Ladies Relief Corps of the Grand Army, an Auxiliary to the Grand Army,” the story of her sister’s—Jennie Wade’s—death being published throughout the country, this organization appointed a committee to collect funds and they, with a large number of their members, came to Gettysburg, where they removed the body from the cemetery of the Reformed Church to the citizens cemetery of Gettysburg where they re-interred the body and placing a handsome monument with a statue of a handsome female figure placed on top of it to her memory. Her age was 20 years and no months.

During and after the battle, the churches, the public buildings of the town, the warehouses, and one hotel were filled with sick and wounded soldiers as also many of the citizens threw open their doors filling their parlors and halls with the sick and wounded, where the members of their families could nurse them and minister to their wants. Also the ladies of the town could be seen going in and out of these hospitals night and day carrying lint which they had made assisted in dressing their wounds and ministering to their wants and writing letters for them and having them mailed to their homes and doing all in their power for their comfort and happiness and I was an eyewitness to this good work going in and out of those places myself. And now we must not forget the “Good sisters of Charity” those angels of mercy could be seen among those sick and wounded soldiers night and day doing all in their power in relieving them of their wants and sufferings. The soldiers as well as the citizens could never find words adequate to fully express their love and admiration for those good women for their patient and untiring devotion for the good and welfare of those sick and wounded soldiers.

Now, it is a well-known fact that all along the line from east to west in each and every bordering county there were many Confederate sympathizers. And I know that Adams County had its full complement. And I think as many others do that the
sympathy and encouragement the Confederates received from that class of people in those counties and the sympathizers in other sections of the north, with the large amounts of money they received from various sections of the North that this was a considerable factor in prolonging the war.

Now, it was said that no citizens were seen on the streets of Gettysburg during the three days fight. This is positively not true. General Early warned the citizens as well as myself personally when I was taken up before him that we should take our women and children and go into our cellars and if we could not do that conveniently to at least stay within our houses and upon no occasion let them go out on the streets as that would be most dangerous to them. He also said, “You people are on the streets, you are at your garret windows, you are on the roofs of your houses,” and said, “I have sent a guard up and down your street every day to warn the citizens to keep of the streets and stay within their houses. My desire is to save you people if you would but take my advice, and I advise you of the fact that if at any moment your sharpshooters had spied you, you might have been picked off.” But, many of the male citizen did not take heed to his warning; no women were seen on the streets; and many men as well as myself went about in many different places of town to see what could be seen. As for myself I had no fear or thought of danger.

In the year of 1862, in order to fill our quota of men allotted to Adams County for the army, and on the day when those men who were drafted came to town for examination necessary there to consequently the town and hotels were pretty well filled with people. On that day there appeared on the streets of town a number of men of very suspicious looking characters who it was said were a lot of thieves from Baltimore. On the afternoon several of those characters were coming up Chambersburg Street when in front of the College Church they met a number of ladies of our town to whom they made improper remarks. The ladies, being very much frightened, ran up on the College Church steps, when those men followed them up on the steps where they again insulted them. The ladies screaming for help attracted the attention of citizens who ran to their aid when they quickly disappeared. The news of this incident soon spread over the town. Now we had in our town in those years seven or eight men whom we generally called upon when in trouble of that kind. Now, a number of prominent citizens, with my father, called upon our boys and made arrangements with them to catch those toughs give them a good beating and drive them out of town. That evening after supper, one of our dining room girls came to me saying, “Please come out to the dining room there are two men out there insulting the girls.” I quickly went to the dining room. When I reached there they had disappeared through a rear door. While standing there under a bright gas light one of the girls said to me, “You had better not stand there in this bright light. There are two of them outside watching you through the window.” I immediately went out. Late that night after closing the house, I went down to a café on Carlisle Street. Here were the same two men, one of them tried to insult me when the proprietor seeing this said to me, “Don’t pay any attention to that, I will attend to that.” The proprietor then said to me, “Now I will close the house and if you wish to go home you had better go now. And if not you are welcome to go back to the rear room and sit with my folks.” I replied, “I will go home now.” During this time, our boys had been in the back yard where the proprietor had a pile of hickory brace wood, of which our boys were making clubs, which they put up in their coat sleeves preparatory for business. As I stepped out
on the pavement here, one of our boys had one who he had struck down and was upon him stamping him with his heels. The man cried for mercy, when stopping his cries and lying quiet as feigning death when our boy left him moving up the street looking for another victim, when he suddenly turned going back to him and said, “I guess you are playing possum. I had better give you a little more.” when he again commenced stamping him. When the tough again cried for mercy, he left him. Now, I heard an excitement on the Diamond, I quickly went up here one of our men had one down who he had almost beaten to death when one of our prominent citizens and my father went to them and took him off saying, “We don’t want you to kill this man.” He had beaten this man so badly that we removed him to the Alms House where he was attended to for two weeks by the Alms House physician, until he was sufficiently recovered to be sent home. The next morning whilst I was in an alley with the farm team loading some goods on the wagon, here came along the same tough who had insulted both me and the dining girls the evening before. After some remarks, he asked me, “What has become of the man of our party who was so badly beaten last night by your men?” I told him where we had taken him to and that he was in the care of that institution and the Alms House physician when he said “You people have in your town the most bloodthirsty set of men we have ever met.” I said, “Yes we have several bad men here and today they are making preparation so that if they catch one of you in town tonight after the lights are turned on they will kill every one of you and by that time we could see or hear nothing of them.”

When at the retreat of the Union troops at the battle of the first day’s fight, the Confederates were driving the Union troops up Chambersburg Street and at the same time, there were Confederates coming in on the Diamond from Carlisle Street and York Street. Now there were already many wounded Union soldiers in the basement floor and on the second floor of Christ’s Lutheran College Church. Now, Reverend Horatio Howell, chaplain of the 90th Pennsylvania Volunteer Regiment who had just come out of the basement floor and was about ascending the steps to go up into the second floor. Confederate bullets were coming thick and fast from both ends of the street. He was struck by one of those bullets and instantly killed. Now this is corroborated by a Union soldier who was here on a visit to the battlefield and who was one of the Union troop who was chased up that street by the Confederates, and said he ran around the corner of Dr. [John L.] Hill’s residence into that Church yard, to shield himself from the rain of bullets, from where

Christ Lutheran Church, ca. 1900, courtesy of ACHS

https://cupola.gettysburg.edu/ach/vol13/iss1/4

51
he saw the chaplain fall. Now the tablet at the foot of the steps says he was ruthlessly shot down while kneeling in prayer. You form your own conclusion.42

P. S. This union soldier he was an eyewitness to incident and was wounded on the second day.

My brother, who had just arrived home at the close of the battle on Saturday morning, he went out over the battlefield. Seeing many horses straying around, being crippled and wounded and he noticed the government stamp on them he thought that meant that they were condemned cast out and unfit for further use and as some were slightly injured. He thought by proper care and attention they could be made pretty good horses. He accordingly commenced gathering up some of them he brought them home and placed them in the Globe Hotel stable. He immediately started out on his second trip to get more horses but in the meantime, the Government had placed guards over the field. Now on his second trip they came upon him and arrested him. He explained to them his entire innocence and having no thought of doing wrong and seeing this mark on them he thought they were cast out and of no further use. “Well,” they said to him, “as you are a citizen and don’t realize or understand what you are doing we will release you with a warning not to attempt this again.” They said to him “If we caught a man doing this on any battlefield in Virginia we would hang him to a tree.” One of those horses, a young horse and of splendid frame, he kept one year and sold it for two hundred dollars. The others he sold immediately for what he could get.

On the evening of the 18th day of November 1863, Abraham Lincoln arrived in Gettysburg and was entertained by Judge David Wills, on the southeast corner of York Street and the Centre Square. On that evening, when President Lincoln appeared on the front steps of the Judge Wills residence to make an address, the “Marine Band” occupying the middle of the street the crowd of people was so great that I could get no closer to him than the curb stone on the opposite side of the street. I could not hear a word he said. He made a very short address.43

On the following morning, the 19th day of November 1863, the procession marching out Baltimore Street to the National Cemetery, the Marine Band [was] leading. Then came President Lincoln on horseback riding alone followed by the prominent visiting officials, the military and civic organizations. They had secured the services of a select choir of singers from Baltimore City on that occasion, who when they arrived here invited Miss Martha Eleanor Martin a noted alto singer in her day also Miss Matilda Gillespie a noted musician and organist both of whom were leading members of the St. James Lutheran Church choir to assist them in singing the Dirge.44

Miss Martha Eleanor Martin is now Mrs. John C. Wills of Gettysburg both of whom are now at this writing, September 1st 1915, living in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.
members of the Presbyterian Congregation appointed a committee to call upon and invite the President to attend a religious service being held in their church that evening. He promptly accepted the invitation. It was then when the “Hero John Burns” went to the Judge Wills residence and walked arm in arm with the President, to the church and took his seat in the pew with the President, during the services. There is now a proposition in the near future to remodel and otherwise beautify the interior of the church and they have decided and determined to keep this pew intact just as it was when President Lincoln and the “Hero John Burns” occupied it as a memorial of this event.

On the second and third day of the Battle the Confederate picket line occupied the position on south Baltimore Street down in the hollow of that street at the run where the whitewashed board fence is pierced with bullet holes. Their line left extended east around the foot of East Cemetery Hill, their right extended west up Breckenridge Street to Washington Street. Now on the west side of Baltimore Street and directly in front of their right line was a large tannery conducted by John Rupp. There were large brick buildings, large bark sheds & those Confederates gathered around those buildings and up on the bark in those sheds to shield themselves from the rain of bullets coming from the direction of the “Jennie Wade House” and from in front of the old hotel, now Battlefield 53.
Hotel. During the fight, John Rupp and family remained in the house, going down in the cellar in daytime, and coming up at night three or four Confederates came up in the garden at the rear of the house. The house being close to the tannery John Rupp called out to them through the kitchen window to please not shoot toward the house and not to come into the house. They said to him “We will not come in we don’t want to come in. You people stay in your house and don’t be alarmed we will not harm you.” After the fight, John Rupp and family came out and looking around the buildings, they found a lot of finished leather was taken. They also found up in the barkshed a fine belt with the letters on C. S. A. Also a fine scabbard apparently belonging to an officer. John Rupp then came to the front of the house where he saw a Union soldier lying behind a large tree, which was standing a short distance south of the house. He supposing he was dead, went to him he found he was still living. He called to one of his hands who remained with him. They found him so badly wounded they could not get him on his feet. They went to the spring and got some water, which they held to his lips to drink. They then carried him into the house and called a doctor who said he was so badly wounded he could not live. He died a short time after. They took his body across the street and buried him inside of the board fence, then Solomon Welty’s garden lot. It is an almost incredible story of a soldier who would venture out so far from his command to get behind that tree in order to get an advantage of those Confederates. It was three times the distance from his line to the tree as it was from the tree to the Confederates who were just behind the house. There were here at the fiftieth anniversary Union soldiers who said they fired from in front of the “Jennie Wade House” seventy rounds at the Confederates at the tannery buildings without stopping.

OLD AND PROMINENT BUILDINGS

Within the last two years, year 1913 tourists are asking how old certain prominent buildings are. The old stone house on the corner of South Washington Street and the Emmitsburg Road, now Steinwehr Avenue was built in 1776 by Reverend James Dobbins, a Presbyterian minister and conducted to him as a college the first college west of the Susquehanna River. The Lutheran Seminary was built in 1828. The Pennsylvania College now Gettysburg [College] was built in 1832 but there was for several years a college conducted prior to that year in the old brick house on the corner of Washington and High Streets, which was a nucleus to the building of this present Gettysburg College.
The “Jennie Wade” House was built in 1827 or 1832. It is the nearest we can get to it at this date. The Judge David Wills building was built in 1814. The Christ Lutheran College Church was built in 1835. The land belonging to the Reverend James Dobbins House at that time extended north down to the Battlefield Hotel on the west side of Steinwhe Avenue on the west to Seminary Ridge on the south a short distance to [the] hill on Emmitsburg Road, on the east to the National Cemetery which was the orchard of that farm and I, John C. Wills, assisted in cutting down the old apple trees and grading the mound in the circle preparatory to converting that lot into a national cemetery.

It was a question among battlefield guides, and citizens generally, as to where Lincoln wrote that famous speech. In the month of September or October 1915 there was published in the “Philadelphia Inquirer” in a space used to publish the words of our prominent men in national and military affairs. In that article, it was stated that Mr. Nicolay, President Lincoln’s Private Secretary, said to John Hay that whilst Mr. Lincoln was making preparations to go to Gettysburg he, Mr. Lincoln, handed to him a paper containing that famous speech saying, “Take care of this and see to its safe arrival to Gettysburg.”

A prominent battlefield guide went to Judge Wills and inquired of him concerning this matter. Judge Wills replied, “When Mr. Lincoln retired to his room he asked for writing material.” Judge Wills furnished it and sent to his room, and it was the opinion of Judge Wills and that of many others that he wanted the writing material to do some revising or making notes & & c.
John Charles Wills did not leave a deep footprint in history; however, census records provide some information about his life. He was born in Conowago Township in Adams County, Pennsylvania to farmer Charles Will and his wife Margaret about 1838. In 1860, Charles Will purchased the Globe Inn and moved the family, which included John, his three brothers, and three sisters, into the inn. The family was still running the Globe Inn when the Battle of Gettysburg occurred; Wills was 25 years old. The 1880 census indicates that Wills was married to Martha E. Martin, lived in Gettysburg with their six children, and worked as a steward at Pennsylvania College. As the nineteenth-century ended, Wills worked as a brick maker. By 1910, Wills was retired but full of memories from the summer and fall of 1863. He died suddenly of kidney trouble on March 14, 1918, but not before he shared some of those memories. Although he was born as “John Charles Will,” he eventually went by the last name “Wills.” It is difficult to determine exactly when John Will begins to use the name “Wills.” When Wills’ New Years Eve marriage was announced in the Adams Sentinel on January 5, 1863 his name does appear as “Wills.” In the January 4, 1863 edition of The Compiler the marriage announcement reads “Will.” Will does appear as “Wills” in tax records beginning in 1869. The reason for the change remains a mystery. It is not uncommon to find a surname altered by different branches of a family. There is a letter in the Adams County Historical Society archives, written in 1939, from Jennie Wills Quimby, daughter of Judge David Wills, to James McConaghie at the Gettysburg National Military Park. In this letter, Quimby details the surrounding properties to her father’s home in 1863 and a few lines concerning Abraham Lincoln’s stay at the house. She also took the opportunity to mention another “Wills” family of Gettysburg to McConaghie. Quimby wrote, “There is a family living in Gettysburg by the name of Wills but they have no connection whatsoever with our family and if at any time you care to have information in regard to our home I am sure I as a daughter of Judge Wills will be able to give you the most authentic account.” At this same time Ruth Wills, daughter of John C. Wills, is corresponding with Quimby through postcards featuring the David Wills House. Was John C. Will’s name change simply an evolving surname, a convenient way to appear closer to the famous Wills family, or some other explanation? Without any further documentation, any conclusion is purely historical conjecture.


The Gettysburg National Military Park also has a copy of this manuscript.

Wills refers to the Globe as “Globe Hotel” which was the name of the building at the time Wills gave his accounts. The building was called “Globe Inn” from the late 1830s until 1890.


State historian Samuel P. Bates published the following account of the Philadelphia City Troop in 1869. “No sooner had the news of the second invasion of Pennsylvania by Lee, in June, 1863, reached the city, than the Troop proceeded promptly to Harrisburg, and tendered their services on the 16th of June; they were accepted on the 18th, and ordered by Major General [Darius]
Couch to Gettysburg, to impede and observe the movements of the approaching enemy. They were driven from South Mountain and Gettysburg on the 26th, and the next day from York to Wrightsville. After a slight skirmish, they retreated across the Susquehanna River to Columbia. On the same day, Captain Samuel J. Randall was appointed Provost Marshal of Columbia, where the Troop remained on duty until the 4th of July, when they proceeded to Harrisburg. On the 2d of July, Sergeant Robert E. Randall was ordered to cross the river with thirty men, and to follow and watch the movements of the retreating rebels, which was continued until they reached Gettysburg on the night of the 3d of July. They did not, however, take part in the battle. On the 31st of July, 1863, they were, by order of General [George] Cadwalader, relieved from duty.” Samuel P. Bates, History of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, 1861-5, Volume 1 (Harrisburg, PA: B. Singerly, State Printer, 1869), 243.

9 Major Granville O. Haller reported to Major General Darius Couch dated July 21, 1863, “Lieutenant-Colonel Green, commanding the York Battalion, Captain Bell, of the Adams County Cavalry, and Lieutenant Randall, of the City Troop, faithfully obeyed their orders” as cited in United States War Department, The War of the Rebellion: A Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies, 70 Volumes in 128 parts (Washington D.C.: Government Printing Office, 1880-1901), series 1, vol. 27, part 2, 998-999. (Here after cited as OR, followed by appropriate volume and part, all series 1 unless otherwise noted.)

10 The 26th Pennsylania Emergency Militia Regiment was organized to defend against the Army of Northern Virginia’s invasion of Pennsylvania. The men were mustered in at Harrisburg on June 22, 1863 and mustered out July 31, 1863. Students from Pennsylvania College (now Gettysburg College) and the Lutheran Theological Seminary volunteered for this ninety-day service; their company (company A) earned the nickname “College Company.”

11 The train carrying the 26th Pennsylvania Emergency Militia Regiment was derailed after running over a cow as cited in Robert G. Harper, The Adams Sentinel, June 30/July 7 1863, 2.

12 “Bell’s Cavalry” was also known as “Adams County Cavalry.” They were a six-month militia unit organized as the 21st Pennsylvania Cavalry, Company B. Captain Robert Bell commanded them at Gettysburg.

13 Private George Washington Sandoe, a member of the Adams County Cavalry, is generally considered the first Union soldier killed in the Battle of Gettysburg when he was killed on June 26, 1863. Robert L. Bloom, A History of Adams County, Pennsylvania 1700-1990 (Gettysburg, PA: Adams County Historical Society, 1992), 190.

14 In a 1910 interview Wills stated that Jim Furley “had learned the blacksmith trade with Adam Doersom as cited in William A. McClean, “Battle Days at Globe Inn,” Gettysburg Compiler, July 20 1910, 2. For more information about Jim Furley leading General Early into town, see William A. Frassanito’s Early Photography at Gettysburg, 371.

15 Wills told a slightly different version of the Confederate confiscation of the whiskey in 1910. Wills recollections appeared as follows: “That night three Louisiana Tigers came to the hotel and ordered my father to roll out three of the barrels of whiskey and my father refused to do it. They drew their sabers and compelled him to open the cellar doors. They took three barrels saying they would pay for it, with money better than ours. They took it to camp down the York pike. Col. Harry Gilmore [sic], of Baltimore, came to the hotel next morning and gave my father an order on Confederate Government. He told him he wanted good money for it, but all he got was the order.” as cited in William A. McClean, “Battle Days at Globe Inn,” Gettysburg Compiler, July 20 1910, 2. Harry W. Gilmor held the rank of major during the Gettysburg Campaign. He was assigned to the 1st Maryland Cavalry Battalion and reported to General Ewell during the Battle of Gettysburg. See Colonel Harry Gilmor, Four Years in the Saddle (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1864), 92-95.


17 The Union cavalry that arrived on Sunday, July 28, 1863 was actually a brigade of Michigan

18 In the original manuscript, this sentence appeared in the right hand margin, running from bottom to the top of the page.

19 Wills’ sisters were Sarah, Marie, and Mary. There is no documentation as to which brothers still live at the Globe Inn in 1863 therefore the “brother’s wife and child” cannot be identified.

20 The David Troxell property Wills refers to is most likely the name of the person living on that property about 1915.

21 In his 1910 recollections, Wills states that he came up from the cellar near dusk and met a Dr. Goldsborough, a brother of Dr. Charles E. Goldsborough of Hunterstown who was serving in the Union Army as a surgeon, and Henry J. Stahle; the three of them then went out Carlisle Street together as cited in William A. McClean, “Battle Days at Globe Inn,” *Gettysburg Compiler*, July 20 1910, 2.

22 The Chinese Laundry Wills refers to was not there at the time of the Battle of Gettysburg. Hop Lee’s Chinese Laundry was located opposite the Hotel Gettysburg in the early twentieth-century.

23 The friend was identified as George Eckenrode in Wills’ 1910 interview. See William A. McClean, “Battle Days at Globe Inn,” *Gettysburg Compiler*, July 20 1910, 2.

24 This brother is probably Jacob Will, who does appear to have taken the name “Wills” as well. Jacob Wills’ wife name is “Kate.”


26 The Methodist Church no longer stands today.

27 William Frassanito identified the tenant as James Warner in *Early Photography at Gettysburg*. Additionally, Albert Ambrose Hemler, who was a boy in 1863 living in Straban Township, recalled for the April 30, 1942 edition of the *Sundance Times*, in Sundance, Wyoming, that Charles Will and his wife joined his family on Hemler’s farm during the Battle. Wills’ account indicates that his father and mother were not away for all three days of the Battle.

28 A corporal guard is a general term for an insignificant force or a small detachment.

29 For more information about these barricades see William A. Frassanito’s *Early Photography at Gettysburg*, 105 - 107.

30 The July 18, 1863 edition of the *New-York Times* noted the material losses of Charles Will as well as a statement that Confederates “knew no distinction between one party and another.”

31 The four other hotels that Wills refers to are probably the same as those that appear in Boyd’s Business Directory 1860. The directory names four other landlords George McClellan (on the Diamond – McClellan House), B. Shriver (on South Baltimore Street), John L. Tate (on West York Street), and Israel Young (on Carlisle Street near Depot – Washington Hotel).

32 This building is where the Cannonball Old Tyme Malt Shop is today.

33 In General Jubal Early’s report, dated August 22, 1863, he states that he requisitioned 2,000 pairs of shoes, 1,000 hats, 1,000 pairs of socks, $100,000 in money, and three days’ rations of all kinds from authorities in York. His army received from this requisition between 1,200 and 1,500 pairs of shoes, all of the hats, socks, and rations, but collected only $28,600 of the money as cited in *OR*, vol. 27, part 2, 466.

The only “Taylor” on Lee’s staff was Colonel Walter Taylor. Taylor never rose to the rank of general. Additionally, while there were other General Jacksons in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, there was not another General Jackson in the Army of Northern Virginia during the Gettysburg Campaign.

The date was actually April 19, 1861 when the 6th Massachusetts Militia was attacked by a mob of angry citizens while marching through Baltimore on their way to Washington though the Confederate point of view regarded it as butchery upon Baltimore citizens and cited in O.R., vol. 2, chapter IX; *Bloom, A History of Adams County, Pennsylvania 1700 – 1990*, 193.

The baby was born on June 26, 1863. The Georgia McClellan gave birth to a boy, he was named Louis Kenneth McClellan.

38 The family in the south side of the house were the McLains.


Wills’ original manuscript left blank the state to which Georgia Wade McClellan had moved as cited in "Mrs. Harry Wade Visits Field," *The Star and Sentinel*, January 2 1907.

41 This event would have taken place in October 1862.


43 Henry Jacob Eyster published Lincoln’s brief address, “I appear before you, fellow-citizens to thank you for the compliment. The inference is a fair one that you would hear me for awhile, at least, were I to commence to make a speech. I do not appear before you for the purpose of doing so, and for several substantial reasons. the most substantial of these is that I have nothing to say. (Laughter.) In my position it is somewhat important that I should not say foolish things. (A voice: “If you can help it.”) It very often happens that the only way to help it is to say nothing at all. (Laughter.) Believing that is my present condition this evening, I must beg you to excuse me from addressing you further.” as cited in Henry Eyster Jacobs, *Lincoln’s Gettysburg World-Message* (Philadelphia: The United Lutheran Publication House, 1919), 61-62.


45 John Rupp wrote a letter to his sister-in-law, Anne, in Baltimore on July 19, 1863 in which he wrote that he stayed alone in the house after his family left with his father on the evening of July 2, the Confederates did not know he was in the home, and makes no mention of finding a mortally wounded soldier for whom they provided care as cited in John Rupp, Gettysburg, PA, to Sister Anne, July 19, 1863, Adams County Historical Society, Gettysburg, PA. Despite the differences in Rupp’s letter and Wills’ recollections, Wills’ version is worth consideration. Wills and Rupp are brother-in-laws, as Wills married the sister of Rupp’s wife, Caroline. The two families were probably close as Wills married Martha E. Martin at the home of John Rupp on December 31, 1863.

46 The dormitory edifice on the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg was built in 1832.