

Top, is below on the left. Between them lies the "Valley of Death," where one soldier wrote of stampeding cattle, terrorized by the shelling.

Spectators stream into the grandstands as the Confederate infantry assembles to reenact the assault on Little Round Top. A gun crew is positioned on the ridge to support the infantry assault. The attack begins with twenty-two cannon firing *in echelon*, or sequentially, one second apart. "Gun number one, FIRE!" barks the sergeant. The gun explodes, then the next. The ground vibrates. Some spectators no doubt wish for the earplugs the gunners wear. Over the next hour the guns fire eighteen times, covering the advancing infantry. Thick smoke masks heavy Rebel casualties on the field below. A battlefield sketch artist works near the field—with photography in its infancy during the Civil War, battlefield art was the only visual information for readers eager for news of the war.

In the real fight for Little Round Top "the men rushed up the mountainside over their fallen comrades," wrote a private in the Fourth Alabama Regiment. "Minie balls were falling through the leaves like hail in a thunderstorm." A Union soldier recalled how his artillerymen's "hands and faces grew grim and black with burning powder," and that "the lines at times were so near each other that the hostile gun barrels almost touched." A Confederate officer claimed that blood "stood in puddles on the rocks." With high casualties and low ammunition, and in danger of being overrun, Colonel Chamberlain ordered his Twentieth Maine to fix bayonets—their brazen downhill charge so shocked the Confederates that the Mainers easily routed their right flank. The Rebels, confessed their commander, fled "like a herd of wild cattle." One spouted blood from a severed windpipe as he ran. The small monument to the Twentieth Maine, one of the most popular on the field, stands on the hill in woods more dense today than at the time of the battle, and a walk through them permits the imagination to see the terror of Rebel faces at the sight of charging bayonets. Monuments to lesser-known units who fought valiantly also dot the wooded hillside.

A large afternoon crowd is primed for the battle at Culps Hill, the often-overlooked site where men fought the evening of July 2 and, again, for seven hours on the morning of July 3. Rebel artillery is now deployed atop a small ridge along a tree line. The "powder monkey," the youngest member of the crew, delivers powder charges from the limber, safely