

FOREWORD

“Bringing the Past Back to Life”

A fundamental obstacle to truly understanding the American Civil War is our tendency to view the men who fought it as “old-timey,” as simpler than us, innocent and more virtuous, deprived of their human richness. Yet, the two generations of Americans, leaders and led, who fought that bitter war were every bit as complex, intelligent, sophisticated, troubled, and profound as anyone living today. Those Americans were far more like us than we credit as we isolate the drama of battles from the dynamic global environment of their times.

The decades immediately preceding the Civil War were more technologically disruptive and disorienting than the first decades of our microchipped twenty-first century. Consider just a few of the changes that swept away humanity’s physical confines in the lifetime of Robert E. Lee: Steam power came of age, enabling the rise of the modern factory and the railroad while simultaneously conquering the oceans; journeys that once took a week took a day, while travel that had required months of patience and risk now took little more than a week. The diffusion of the telegraph collapsed distance even further; information that had moved at the speed of the horse or sail now crossed continents and oceans in “near-real time.”

An explosion of literacy and the consequent appetite for information spurred a near-universal expansion of newspapers and magazines that trafficked not only in news but in conspiracy theories the equal of our own in their absurdity, and which spurred our country toward fratricidal war. The advent of photography, with its unsparing eye, was an information revolution of its own, capturing men, women, and events as never before, factualizing history—as evidenced by this book (compare the psychological richness of the subjects caught by a camera with those merely sketched and then engraved.

Everything seemed to accelerate, overwhelming societies and bewildering individuals. In the dozen years before the war, the United States experienced its

greatest influx of immigrants as a percentage of population, radically shifting the make-up of our society. And military technology evolved so swiftly that, while the Mexican-American War was fought with armaments, not much changed since the wars of Frederick the Great. The Civil War, barely a decade later, was waged with small arms and artillery of vastly greater range, power, and precision—a change the implications of which were not grasped by even the best generals until mid-war, leading to mass carnage as leaders north and south relied on the tactical formations and evolutions of Frederick or Napoleon.

And the decade after Lee’s death would see the invention of the telephone and the incandescent lightbulb.

Theirs was an age of revolution that changed the human environment more fatefully than has the Internet or the smartphone. Our Civil War became, by 1864, the first truly modern war, with operations directed by telegraph over vast distances, troops moved halfway across a continent by rail, and mass production enabling a stunning Federal logistical triumph. Modern men fought that war.

But what has this to do with the wonderful book you hold in your hand? Patrick and Dylan Brennan have brilliantly (and entertainingly) enlivened those generals and privates from our past, using color to revivify men we have shrouded in black and white. Here, faces glow with life or stun us with vivid death. Battle scenes teem, about to burst from their frames in vivid hues. Look at the skillfully colorized portraits: These men are *real*—“like us.”

This book is destined to become a classic.

My recommendation? Keep this book in your hand the next time you visit Gettysburg. As you stand in the killing ground below Devil’s Den or at the The Angle, open it to the illustrations of the fighting. You will see this greatest of American battles as never before.

—Ralph Peters, author of *Cain at Gettysburg*

NOTE ON THE PROCESS

In my industry of media production, we have a thing called “The Elevator Pitch.” You have an idea for a show that you think would be successful, maybe for a series, maybe as a standalone. Now, it may have a complicated story line or a lot of characters or a variety of far-flung locations, but you have to boil the description of it down to its nub. In fact, you want it so stripped to its essence that you could accurately impart all pertinent information to someone in the time it takes for your elevator to go from your floor to the lobby. Hence, “The Elevator Pitch.”

I had a phone meeting years ago with TBS. I was pitching a series about Robert E. Lee after the war. When the phone call began, a voice on the other line announced, “OK. You have a minute.” The absolute essence of “The Elevator Pitch.” As I took a deep breath, I thought, “No problem. I can do it in thirty seconds.” I had practiced, and I was ready.

I still didn’t convince anyone of the project’s efficacy.

Six years ago, I was marveling at an issue of *The Civil War Monitor* that was titled “The Civil War in Color.” (Disclaimer: I’m one of the *Monitor*’s editorial advisers.) The thought occurred to me: Gettysburg in Color. Succinct. Tight. Descriptive. Practically the perfect elevator pitch. I contacted the young man who did the colorizing for *The Monitor*, and I outlined the idea. Basically, I’d write it, and he’d colorize it. He seemed eager, especially since he had done a lot of Gettysburg colorizing work already, so we decided to do it. There was a serious drawback. We had an abundance of photos of people and places that we could use, but, as we all know, action photos of the Civil War don’t exist. We could license existing paintings but that could prove costly. We would have to figure out a way to “colorize” etchings, woodcuts, drawings, and lithographs to adequately cover the many phases of the battle. Despite that somewhat serious reservation, we plunged into the water.

Over the next eleven months I fashioned a seventy-thousand-word re-telling of the campaign and the battle. Using hundreds of sources, I decided to employ a narrative approach. Tell the story with no footnotes à la Shelby Foote. I honestly felt that I would not be breaking any new, factual ground on Gettysburg, since plenty of excellent writers and historians have been dissecting the battle for decades. I just wanted to render a well-told story that would support the images.

Concurrent with the writing process, I did a deep dive into the world of Gettysburg images. For starters, the Library of Congress and the National Archives house a vast array of Gettysburg-related photos, drawings, and lithographs—and they are all online. I pored through museum holdings, regimental histories, university libraries, and private collections, searching for that next little gem that would illuminate some small part of the story. However, as my interest peaked, my partner’s waned. In early 2017, I found myself with a sixteen chapter Gettysburg narrative and hundreds of stored images waiting to be brought to life—and the colorist had to drop out of the project.

Another failed elevator pitch, this time with a delayed reaction.

The folder titled “GiC” sat on my desktop for over three years. Occasionally I would click it open and read a bit of the narrative. Not bad. Not great, but not bad. But those images, those drawings, those photos. Whew! “Too bad,” I’d think, and then I’d move on. Then, in November of 2020, as American politics dominated the landscape, I saw a presentation on YouTube. “How to colorize black-and-white photos.” Well, given my past experiences, this struck a chord. For forty minutes, I watched as a digital artist turned an old image of a woman’s face into a modern, life-like, full color photo. Only forty minutes—and the software was open source, meaning it’s free.

For the next month, I spent twelve hours a day learning the software and trying to duplicate the magic

Note on the Process

of that YouTube video. Meanwhile I discovered a number of online, cloud-based colorizing processes. I tried them all and landed on the one I thought did the best job. I ran a few photos through it and touched them up. The results encouraged me to view more instructional videos (including one by my original partner) and develop my own techniques. The whole process was quite rewarding and terribly fun.

By mid-December I put together a few portraits, a few landscapes, a wartime sketch to which I had added color, and a re-written chapter that Gettysburg licensed battlefield guide Chris Brenneman had critiqued. I called Ted Savas of Savas-Beatie Publishing. Ted had put out my first book *Secessionville: Assault on Charleston* back in 1996, and we had remained friends. “Ted,” I said, “I have an idea.” Suddenly I flashed on that call to the TBS brass those many years before, and I realized I was beginning another one of those infamous elevator pitches. This one, however, had its own built-in format and didn’t need any practice on my part.

I announced, *Gettysburg in Color*.

Two days later we had a deal.



The editorial parameters of *Gettysburg in Color* are simple. I wanted to include images of the officers who controlled the fight, so I searched out photos or drawings of the brigadiers, divisional commanders, and the corps commanders of George Meade’s Army of the Potomac and Robert E. Lee’s Army of Northern Virginia. As is obvious, the Federal officers had access to professional photographic studios both in nearby cities and in the field—and they took full advantage of those opportunities. The Confederates? Not so much. Quality images of Union officers far outnumber their Confederate opponents. I was forced to use grainy, faded, and often out-of-focus images of Lee’s officers while I had my pick of excellent poses for many Union men. Here, a second parameter came into play. If I had a choice between an in-focus photo where the subject

is gazing sternly into the distance or an image of less quality where he is staring into the camera, I always took the latter.

Although I did the color work on the uniforms in the many portrait photos, my daughter, Dylan Brennan, used her considerable artistic skills to recreate the flesh tones of our subjects. Her work is remarkable.

Another problem I discovered is the relative unequal amounts of subject matter. Most media both during and after the war was created by the North. From the woodcuts in weekly magazines to the illustrated unit regimentals, the images I found tended to show the action of Union soldiers during the battle, with their Confederate opponents off in the distance. To rectify this, I occasionally used (and noted) images that were not specific to Gettysburg but illustrated a particular action there.

For our maps, we used Google Earth Pro as the visual base. My son, Kevin Brennan, took the images and digitally removed the modern intrusions. Although an effort to visually restore the battlefields to their exact 1863 appearance is beyond the scope of the book, Kevin managed to get close. Along these lines, my daughter, Maggie Brennan, helped me navigate the world of digital rights and proved to be a constant source of energy and encouragement.

We have also included camera icons on the maps. Each chapter has images with numbered captions which reference the approximate points-of-view of those images on the maps. We have tried to be as accurate as possible.

While I mapped out the brigade and regimental battle movements, Dylan designed the look of the maps, from the icons and shoulder straps to the compass arrows and colors. A truly time-consuming process, but the results speak for themselves.

Finally, my wife, Sheila, has an artist’s eye (her father, Jack Burns, was a superb painter). I relied on her to critique every single image that is in this book, and her thoughts and observations raised the level of the work far beyond my abilities alone.

I am eternally grateful to all.

NOTE ON THE SOURCES

Gettysburg aficionados live in wonderful times. Deeply researched and highly detailed studies of practically every phase of the battle—as well as a host of satellite subjects—fill the bookshelves of Civil War buffs everywhere. Unlike our forefathers, the driven can now go online to research nooks and crannies of the Internet or find groups of like-minded Gettysburg obsessives to compare notes and discuss theories. Even the battlefield itself has enjoyed something of a resurrection as land is added to the National Park and the contours are groomed to reflect the days of the battle. Good ground, indeed.

Although the narrative and captions do not incorporate footnotes, to construct the story, I consulted a vast number of sources, including the following. Any study of Gettysburg begins with Edwin Coddington's *The Gettysburg Campaign*, the touchstone work on the battle. Other great single volume works include Stephen Sears's *Gettysburg* and *Gettysburg—The Last Invasion* by Allen Guelzo.

I was fortunate enough to do a deep dive on Brandy Station for *North & South Magazine*. At that time, the only book length study of the battle was *Clash of Cavalry* by Fairfax Downey. However, while wading through the primary material, I was aided and abetted by the estimable Clark “Bud” Hall who generously directed me to sources and took out time to give me an epic tour of the battlefield. All Americans owe a deep debt of gratitude to Bud and all the worthies who faced down monied interests and powerful politicians to save and preserve the spectacular Brandy Station battlefield.

One of the first Gettysburg microhistories I read as a youngster was Oliver Willcox Norton's *The Attack and Defense of Little Round Top*. After that I sought out similar approaches like Maj. John Bigelow's *The Peach Orchard*.

Harry Phanz's series of books on each of the three days of Gettysburg are must reading for concise, detailed tactical considerations of the battle. In addition, in the last decade, excellent authors and

researchers have produced microhistories of various Second Day actions. These include: *The Second Day at Gettysburg* by David Schultz and Scott Mingus Sr.; *Gettysburg's Bloody Wheatfield* by Jay Jorgensen; *Gettysburg's Peach Orchard* by James Hessler and Britt Isenberg; *Culp's Hill at Gettysburg* and *East Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg* by John Archer; and *Devil's Den: A History and Guide* by Garry Adelman and Timothy Smith.

The Struggle for the Bliss Farm at Gettysburg by Elwood Crist and *Fury on the Bliss Farm at Gettysburg* by John Archer both cover that action well.

The so-called Pickett's Charge is a subject unto itself, an action that now boasts an almost mythic stature. Beginning with an early study, *Pickett's Charge* by George Stewart, and extending through James Hessler and Wayne Motts's epic *Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg*, dozens of authors have struggled to make sense of it. Although I've read many of those books, two proved particularly helpful: *Pickett's Charge—The Last Attack at Gettysburg* by Earl Hess and *Pickett's Charge: Eyewitness Accounts at the Battle of Gettysburg* by Richard Rollins (whose loss is still keenly felt).

Mention also needs to be made of Sue Boardman and Chris Brenneman's wonderful *The Gettysburg Cyclorama*.

Kent Masterson Brown's *Retreat from Gettysburg* covers Lee's withdrawal to the Potomac and Meade's pursuit with spectacular detail and clarity. Besides serving to define the campaign's cavalry actions with *Protecting the Flank* and *Gettysburg's Forgotten Cavalry Actions*, Eric Wittenberg joined with David Petruzzzi and Michael Nugent to fashion *One Continuous Fight*, another excellent account of the retreat. John Miller of the Shippensburg Historical Society (and formerly The Monterey Pass Battlefield Park) may know more about the retreat than anybody. His extensive writings on the internet are crucial reading.

Recent studies on some of the battle's principals also proved important. Kent Masterson Brown's *Meade at Gettysburg*, *Longstreet at Gettysburg* by Cory

Note on the Sources

Pfarr, and *Observing Hancock at Gettysburg* by Paul Bretzger greatly enhanced the author's understanding.

Of course, William Frassinito's work is nonpareil. We are most fortunate to have his unrivaled photographic studies available to enjoy, to consult, to marvel at, and against which to measure our own work.

Since its inception, *Gettysburg Magazine* has produced an amazing amount of deeply researched and detailed examinations of practically every nuance of the battle.

Two books that primarily employ maps to study the battle deserve attention. Bradley Gottfried's *The Maps*

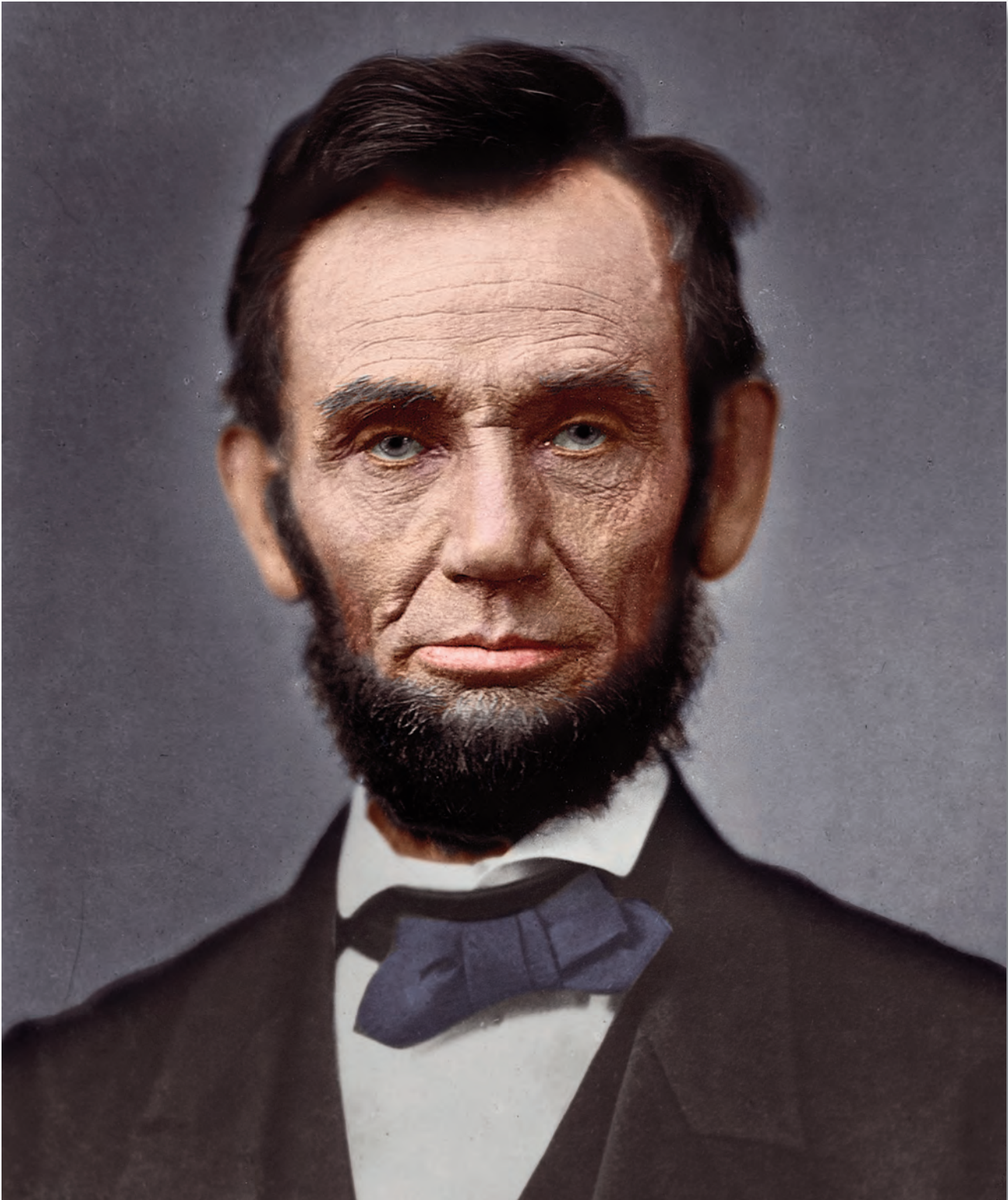
of *Gettysburg* is an excellent overview of the action, and Philip Laino's *Gettysburg Campaign Atlas* packs a ridiculous amount of information into 500 pages.

Finally, colorizing can be an ephemeral endeavor, especially when you are combing through sources for physical descriptions of the principals. *The Generals of Gettysburg* by Larry Tagg provides those descriptions and plenty more personal background on the officers who shaped the battle. Plus, my guy is a rockstar.

Gettysburg enthusiasts everywhere are eternally grateful to all.

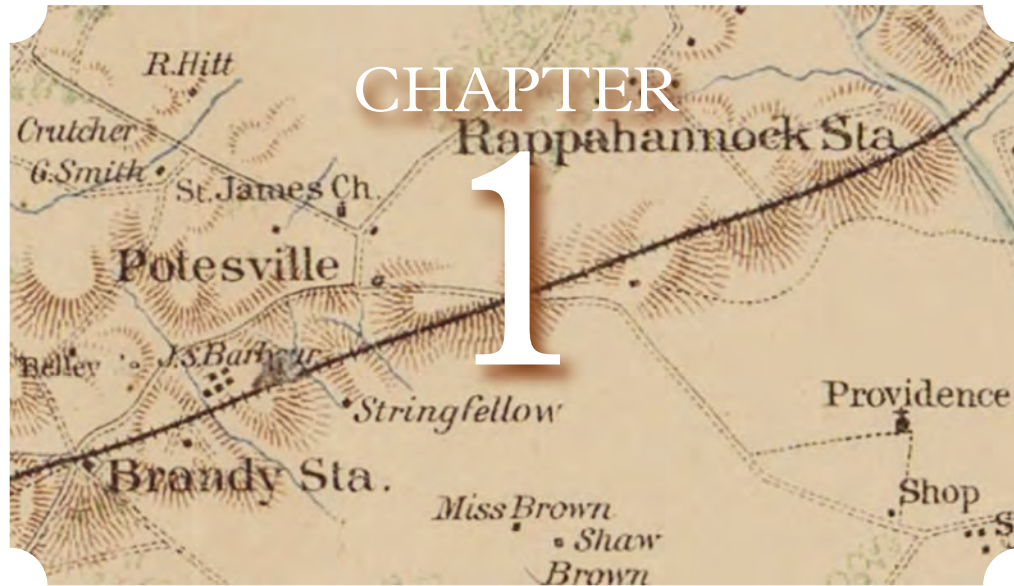


(Library of Congress, hereafter LOC)



Abraham Lincoln rose from a rugged frontier life in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois to become the 16th president of the United States. Prone to melancholy and fond of extended similes and metaphors, Lincoln's "country simple" veneer concealed an uncommon political genius. Determined to curtail the spread of slavery, the president displayed a unique ability to organize a broad-based, bipartisan cabinet to promulgate the war and keep the herculean effort on track. (LOC)

CHAPTER 1



AS THE 16TH PRESIDENT of the United States of America, Abraham Lincoln had only known war. The slaveocracy and secessionists who considered the rise of the anti-slavery Republican Party as a death knell for their peculiar institution regarded his election in November of 1860 as a final straw, a point of no return. Starting in the Deep South and slowly spreading northwards, state after state rejected the election results and declared intent to leave the country to start anew. Lincoln, of course, would have none of it.

He would keep the states united no matter the cost, even as both sides mobilized for what most thought would be a short, bloodless conflict.

The first guns fired in April of 1861. Now, two years later, Americans North and South had long banished those early thoughts of Sunday soldiering and quick victories. The war had devolved into endless casualty lists, blasted landscapes, and a pattern of military failure Lincoln could not break. Since the beginning of the conflict, the president would give a promising general



Second in his class at West Point at age 19, Philadelphian Maj. Gen. George McClellan had forged a solid army career when he resigned to work in railroads and politics. With the fall of Sumter, McClellan's knowledge of logistics got him quick commissions and early success organizing and running the Army of the Potomac. However, his ego, his poor political instincts, and his battlefield shortcomings at Seven Days and the months after Antietam doomed him in Lincoln's eyes. (LOC)

Gettysburg in Color



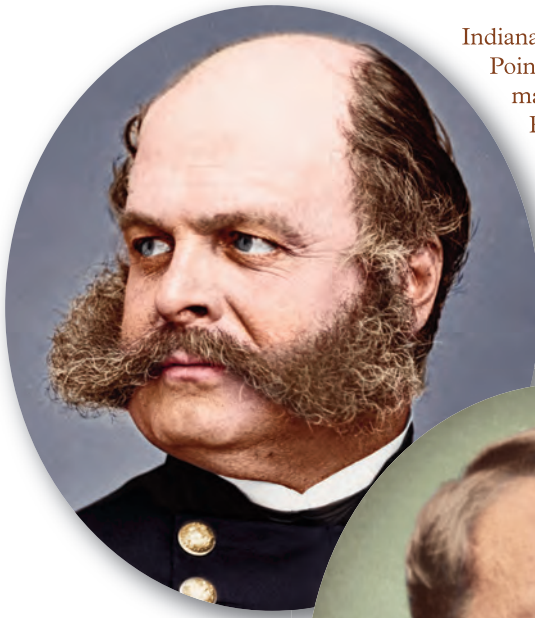
The war turned places like Sharpsburg's Dunker Church (above) and watercourses like Antietam Creek into scars on the American psyche as displayed photos of the carnage shocked the public's sensibilities. (LOC)

the reins of the primary Union army and implore him to seek out the Rebels and fight. After General Irvin McDowell's debacle at First Bull Run, General George McClellan would be the next to try his luck. In April of 1862, he performed a tactical miracle by transferring the newly christened Army of The Potomac to the Virginia Peninsula to attack the Confederate capitol of Richmond. Ten weeks later, after a series of vicious battles and soul-sapping retreats, McClellan spent the 4th of July cowering on the James River, either unwilling or incapable of renewing the fight. The Rebels left a small force to keep watch on McClellan's camp then launched the remainder of the army north toward the Potomac. Lincoln countered with westerner John Pope who promptly suffered an embarrassing defeat near the First Bull Run battlefield. In early September, as the triumphant Confederates flooded into Maryland, the president re-installed McClellan in command to reorganize the army and halt the rebel advance. On

September 17, a day of unprecedented carnage in American history, "Little Mac" managed to hammer the enemy along Antietam Creek near the town of Sharpsburg. However, when the Southerners escaped across the Potomac, Lincoln grew tired of McClellan's caution and turned to Maj. Gen. Ambrose Burnside to guide the army for their next campaign. Less than two weeks before Christmas, "Old Burn" fulfilled everyone's worst fears when he pounded his forces to no avail against the rebel lines west of Fredericksburg, Virginia. The defeated Federals slogged into winter camp to bury their dead, care for their wounded, and curse their leaders.

Spring of 1863 brought fresh yet cautious hope. Lincoln named Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker the new army commander, and the self-centered officer brilliantly reinvigorated his troops and loftily assured the nation of victory. Unfortunately, "Fighting Joe" failed miserably to live up to his newspaper nickname.

Chapter 1



Indianan Maj. Gen. Ambrose Burnside graduated from West Point but resigned his commission in 1853 to pursue the manufacture of a carbine that bore his name. Settling in Rhode Island and remaining active in the state militia, the war saw Burnside quickly rising from brigade to corps command whereupon Lincoln gave him the reins to the Army of the Potomac. A well-liked, humble man with a sense of dash, Burnside's tenure as army commander proved to be a disaster. (LOC)



When Massachusetts native Maj. Gen. Joseph Hooker resigned his army commission in 1853, he moved to California where he dabbled in politics, land development, gambling, womanizing, and drinking. He obtained a brigade after Sumter and displayed an aggressive hell-bent style that led him to corps command by Second Bull Run. Highly critical of McClellan and Lincoln, Hooker took control of the army after Fredericksburg, with Lincoln ironically tweaking "Fighting Joe's" call for a dictatorship as a necessity to win the war. (LOC)

In early May, the Rebels seemingly appeared out of nowhere and thrashed the brash Hooker west of Fredericksburg near the Chancellorsville crossroads. Soundly defeated by a force half his size, Hooker and his disheartened army trudged back to their camps. In a sign of withering turmoil at the top, at least three of his corps commanders immediately maneuvered to have their superior replaced. Across the North, casualty lists filled the newspapers, a grim accounting of effort and failure, but Lincoln remained darkly content to let Hooker dither at his headquarters. The president had found yet another general wanting, but for the moment he would wait.

As May turned to June, every day seemed terribly familiar to Lincoln. Of Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant then laying siege to Vicksburg on the Mississippi River, the president fretted that "not enough was doing." Daily pressure from politicians and engaged citizens to expand the arming of African-Americans portended great

changes in the way he would prosecute the war, indeed in the very reason the war was being fought. Nearer to his Midwest roots, Lincoln fielded various complaints concerning the re-designated Ambrose Burnside's blunt handling of Indiana and Illinois newspapers that the military deemed seditious, yet he still found time to pardon three wayward New York soldiers from execution. Then, on June 5, with a telegram from Hooker at Fredericksburg, everything changed.

During the night of the 3rd, the Rebels had abandoned a portion of their lines south of Fredericksburg. Hooker reckoned the enemy troops had moved further toward Richmond or west up the Rappahannock River, but twenty-four hours later, with more of the enemy lines empty and on fire, Hooker surmised that Lee was moving his army west as a prologue to a possible invasion of the North. He telegraphed Lincoln with the news and asked if he could cross the Rappahannock and pitch into Lee's

Gettysburg in Color



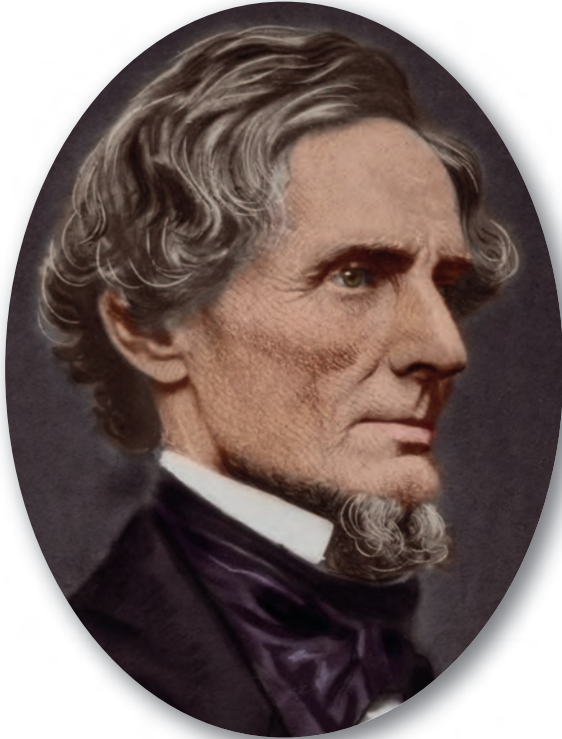
The Sunken Road at the base of Marye's Heights, which figured prominently in the battles of both Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At the latter, the photographer Andrew Sullivan took this image hours after the Unionists overran the position. (LOC)

rear. The president and his chief advisor General Henry Halleck immediately doused any thought of crossing the river to do battle. Hooker was to shadow Lee and keep the Army of the Potomac between the surging Rebels and Washington D.C. Offer battle at an advantage, of course, but Hooker's movement must depend on those made by the enemy. The general complied and dispatched added cavalry to patrol the upper crossings of the Rappahannock. He would need solid intelligence as to Lee's movements, so he commanded his cavalry chief, Maj. Gen. Alfred Pleasanton, to raid the vicinity of Culpeper, the logical choice for Lee's concentration.

Lincoln returned to his duties. He received his monthly salary of \$2,022.34 and discussed the roiling political tides with a New York congressman. He would review reports on the fighting at Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and he accompanied his wife and son to the train station for their short trip to Philadelphia. However, one facet of the crisis would now dominate his days. For eight months the war in the east had reached a type of stasis along the Rappahannock River. But, now, Robert E. Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia were on the march—perhaps south, probably north—and the Union's shield was again commanded by an officer in whom Abraham Lincoln possessed little if any confidence.

Chapter 1

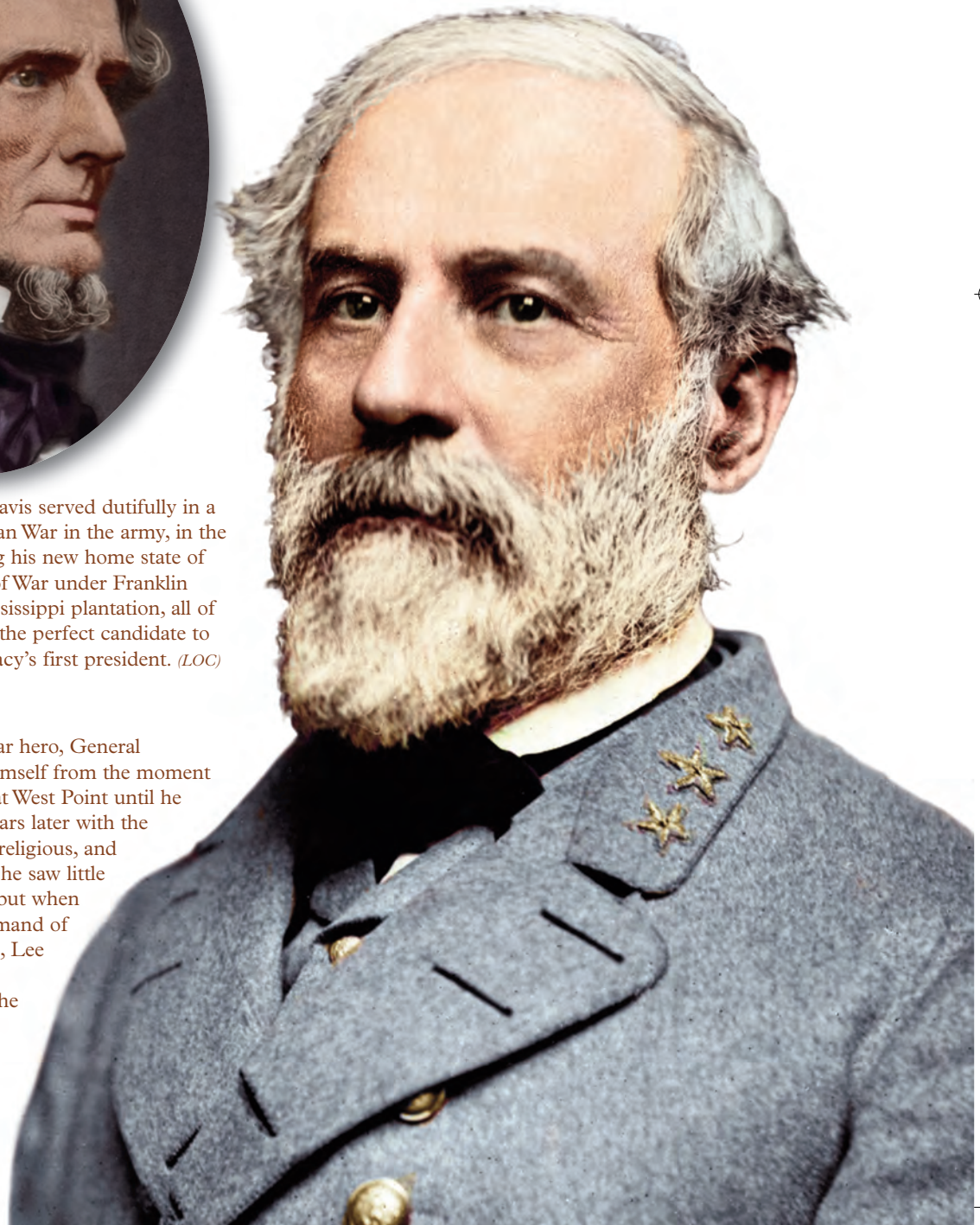
For the Confederacy's President Jefferson Davis, the rebellion had arrived at a crossroads of no small promise. He faced problems uncountable. The Federal naval blockade of the South's seacoast squeezed vital commerce and created across-the-board shortages from foodstuffs to war materiel. The



Born in Kentucky, Jefferson Davis served dutifully in a number of areas: in the Mexican War in the army, in the House and Senate representing his new home state of Mississippi, and as Secretary of War under Franklin Pierce. He also ran a large Mississippi plantation, all of which made him appear to be the perfect candidate to serve as the nascent Confederacy's first president. (LOC)

The son of a Revolutionary War hero, General Robert E. Lee distinguished himself from the moment he graduated first in his class at West Point until he resigned his commission 32 years later with the fall of Fort Sumter. Reserved, religious, and committed to honor and duty, he saw little success in the war's first year, but when Jefferson Davis gave him command of the Army of Northern Virginia, Lee went on a run of victories that earned the love of his troops, the respect of his lieutenants, and the fear of his enemies. (LOC)

campaigns in the West thrummed ominously as one military setback followed another. The Confederacy's limited manpower pool could not match the North's seemingly endless supply of cannon fodder. Lack of forage laid waste to the cavalry, and food shortages had his soldiers on quarter rations. But, Davis held an ace named Robert E. Lee, and his ace wielded a lethal weapon, the seemingly indestructible Army of Northern Virginia. For the past year, Lee and his army had marched triumphantly across the American landscape. He crushed McClellan's willpower on the Peninsula then emasculated John Pope at Second Manassas. After deadlocking McClellan along



Gettysburg in Color

Antietam Creek (and watching from a distance as Lincoln “retired” Little Mac from the war soon thereafter), Lee let Ambrose Burnside bleed his troops against the impregnable rebel defenses west of Fredericksburg. Joe Hooker proved thornier when he stole a march on “Marse Robert,” but Lee and his aggressive subaltern, General Thomas J. “Stonewall” Jackson, swarmed over Hooker’s perplexed forces and chased them back over the Rappahannock River. For all the shadows that darkened his horizon, Jeff Davis knew that Robert E. Lee and his legion of fighting scarecrows were the invincible instrument that could win this war.

Robert E. Lee, for all his breathtaking maneuvers and startling achievements, enjoyed no such confidence. All his victories—especially the last two—

had their dark sides, and those painful realities haunted. Burnside had indeed launched assault after futile assault at Fredericksburg, but Lee could not effectively counterpunch without coming under the guns of the Army of the Potomac’s massed and lethal artillery. Hooker dangled in the Wilderness surrounding the Chancellorsville clearing, but Lee couldn’t apply the coup-de-grace, especially after Stonewall Jackson fell to friendly fire that would claim his life a week later. Both times the enemy escaped his grasp. No, as stirring as Lee’s victories were, Lee desired a conquest of massive and unquestioned proportions, to destroy his enemy and demand peace. Now, with his chastened enemy back in their camps across the Rappahannock River, Lee left for Richmond to discuss what would come next.



Virginian and West Point graduate Maj. Gen. James Ewell Brown “Jeb” Stuart used his antebellum experiences fighting Native Americans on the frontier and keeping the peace in Bleeding Kansas to quickly become Robert E. Lee’s eyes and ears. A peerless scout and hyper-aggressive combat commander, Stuart embraced the flamboyant image of the mounted Southern cavalier, and he approached war with both gaiety and deadly purpose. (LOC)



A West Point graduate who had resigned his commission to take up farming in his native Virginia, Brig. Gen. William E. Jones earned the nickname “Grumble” for his by-the-book, heavy-handed command style and his fractious relations with his superiors. As both a colonel and a brigadier, Jones often clashed with Jeb Stuart, but he proved himself an excellent combat leader and solid commander. He led four regiments of 1,542 troopers. (*The Photographic History of the Civil War, hereafter PHOTCW*)

Chapter 1

For three days in mid-May, Lee, Jefferson Davis and the Confederate brass weighed their options: perhaps reinforce Vicksburg, perhaps concentrate a large force in central Tennessee, perhaps invade the North. Each possibility had its proponents, but Lee desired the last option and forcefully argued its benefits. Federal advantages in numbers and materiel would soon overwhelm the South. To await attack was simply folly. However, move the Army of Northern Virginia into Pennsylvania where the rich agricultural bounties could feed it easily. Gather forage, and impress cattle and horses to support the army. Ship the rest south. When Hooker comes looking to squelch the invasion, crush him in detail and give the vociferous Copperheads of the Northern peace party its cudgel. With the Rebels triumphant on Northern soil and the Army of The Potomac suppressed and humiliated, Lincoln will have no choice but to end the war. The general's logic proved irresistible, and by the end of the third day, Lee's plan was adopted.

Returning to Fredericksburg, Lee performed some much needed housecleaning. He reorganized his army into three corps of three divisions, with Generals James Longstreet, Richard Ewell, and A.P. Hill in command of each. Lee had designated Culpeper (thirty miles west of Fredericksburg) as the initial concentration point for the invasion and ordered all available cavalry there where they would come under the command of Major General James Ewell Brown Stuart. After sundown on June 3, the operation began.

For three days, the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia peeled away from their fortifications and filled the roads running west from Fredericksburg. Aware that great things were in the offing, the jubilant Southerners celebrated as if on holiday. Lee remained at his headquarters until the 6th when he mounted his horse Traveler and joined his spirited soldiers on the march. If all went well, he would reach Culpeper sometime the next day. Final preparations would demand a few days, then Lee and his boys would face north and step off to cross the Mason-Dixon Line, fight their old foes, and put an end to this bloody war.



Galloping about Culpeper's beautiful environs, James Ewell Brown Stuart sat at the very peak of his considerable powers. An enthusiastic showman and superb rider, Jeb thought of war as an exercise in

passion and bon homie, filled with plumed chapeaus, rousing songs, romantic balls and swooning damsels. The general, however, was hardly all show. He had earned much acclaim in the first two years of the conflict riding rings around the less-experienced Yankee mounts, and he proved himself both an aggressive combat leader and a highly competent intelligence officer whom Robert E. Lee trusted—literally the eyes and the ears of the army. Lee's cavalry concentration had created a mobile force of some 10,000 horsemen, by far the largest corralled up to this point in the war. This mass camped five miles east of Culpeper across the ridges and fields north of the hamlet of Brandy Station. From his headquarters on Fleetwood Hill, Jeb Stuart commanded them all.

With battle inevitable, Stuart responded in typical fashion. He invited the cream of Virginia society to a grand ball the evening of the 4th, to be followed the next day by a grand review of his entire force. Culpeper's court house hosted the revel with dashing cavalymen squiring star-struck maidens under the dance floor's chandeliers. The celebration moved five miles to Brandy Station the next morning. Accompanied by barking cannon and thundering hooves, the gathered watched Stuart put his men through their paces in a display of equine power previously unseen. Ladies fainted and men cheered, and at least two of Jeb's subalterns—the perpetually sour Brigadier General William "Grumble" Jones and the South Carolina gentleman Brigadier General Wade Hampton—found the entire enterprise somewhat foolish. That night, bonfires and moon glow lit a second outdoor ball, a brilliant end to a day of martial pomp and circumstance.

When Lee arrived on the 7th, Stuart ordered another review for the chieftain. The next day Lee watched a more dignified, less noisy display and thought that the force looked ready, that Jeb was in all his considerable glory. When the review ended, Lee returned to Culpeper to finalize his preparations for the coming campaign. Roundly satisfied, Jeb retired to his headquarters tent while his charges repaired to their quarters in the surrounding countryside. A wave of anticipation swept across the campfires. Lee had issued orders: Stuart would arise the next morning, gather his force, and cross the Rappahannock, the tip of Lee's saber pointing north toward the heart of enemy country.

Gettysburg in Color



A native of Washington D.C., Maj. Gen. Alfred Pleasonton spent his career in the cavalry after graduating from West Point, but he found advancement slow after the fall of Sumter. He finally became a brigadier in July of 1862 and a division commander soon thereafter. Equal parts dandy, gourmand, and ambitious self-promoter, Pleasonton's post-Chancellorsville bragging—repeated interminably by his newspaper pals—materially aided his rise to cavalry corps command under Hooker. (LOC)



Alfred Pleasonton could hear the cannon fire from Stuart's second review, for he and his Federal horsemen were crowding two Rappahannock fords within earshot of the cantering Rebels. When Hooker ordered Pleasonton to scour the Culpepper area—and perhaps smash up Stuart as a bonus—Pleasanton devised a straightforward plan. In the pre-dawn of June 9, half the general's command would force Beverly's Ford while half crossed Kelly's Ford further downriver. The 8,000 troopers and 3,000 infantrymen would unite near Brandy Station and attack Stuart's riders whom they assumed were camped southwest near Culpeper. The plan was brutally simple: carry the fight to the Rebs and see what you can see of Lee's infantry.

The plan fell apart from the start.

At 4:30 a.m. on June 9, Brigadier General John Buford launched Colonel Benjamin "Grimes" Davis and his lead brigade across Beverly's Ford. A few shocked rebel pickets fired into the blue, fog-enshrouded

Born in Kentucky but raised in Illinois, Brig. Gen. John Buford spent his post-West Point career on the frontier. When war broke out, the governor of Kentucky offered him *carte blanche*, but Buford remained loyal to the Union. An honest, consummate professional who elicited an almost universal respect from his peers, Buford led a brigade at Second Bull Run, but a wounding there led to rehabilitation and a staff job under McClellan. Hooker however gave him a brigade, and Pleasonton gave him a division—two brigades of 4,073 horsemen. (LOC)



mass then scattered, opening the largest cavalry battle in American history. As the leading Federal regiments thundered down the rough roadway, small groups of groggy Confederate horsemen charged the head of the column, slowing its progress and killing Davis. Two of Colonel Robert Beckham's artillery pieces also joined to douse the Yankee incursion, while "Grumble" Jones ordered his scrambling troopers onto a modest ridge crowned by the equally modest St. James church.

Buford had to think fast. The Rebels were not miles away near Culpeper; they reared up in force across his front, forcing him to deploy his entire command. Also thinking fast was a shocked Jeb Stuart on Fleetwood Hill less than two miles away. Word of the assault cracked through his sleeping camp, and he ordered his remaining brigades to ride to Jones's relief. So, when Buford looked to circle Jones's dangling right flank, Wade Hampton's brigade thundered up to extend the Confederate line to the east, prompting a dismounted brawl that sealed the Yankee thrust. Buford also dispatched his brigade of U.S. Regulars to loop around Jones's left, but Brigadier General W.H.F. "Rooney" Lee's riders arrived to hunker down behind a stone wall and block the Union advance. As the two sides blasted away, Pleasonton's lightning thrust across the Rappahannock had devolved into a static draw, and nothing yet was heard from Kelly's Ford.

Chapter 1



1. Buford's attack launched Stuart's camp into a blur of activity, and Stuart (left) ordered Prussian cavalry officer and recent emigre Heros von Borke (right) to the front to analyze the state of affairs. Both officers quickly realized this was no ordinary skirmish, but neither man realized how serious the situation would become. (*Memoirs of the Confederate War for Independence*)

2. On the distant, tree-lined ridge, Grumble Jones's brigade holds off a mad charge by the 6th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Jones and Wade Hampton successfully block Buford's initial attempts to force his way to Culpeper. (*LOC*)



Gettysburg in Color



Battle of Brandy Station—Morning Action—June 9, 1863

“Brandy Station.” 38 31’41.90”N and 77 52’14.25”W. Google Earth. 5/15/2017. 5/19/2022.

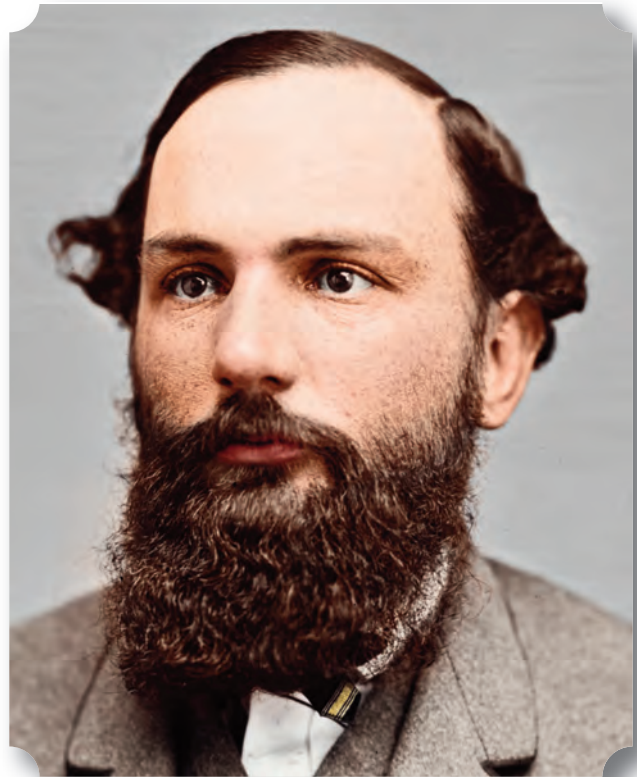
Brigadier General David McMurtre Gregg had intended to cross his three brigades at Kelly’s coincident with Buford, but bad tactical management delayed the operation some two hours. Once across, the Federals found the road to Brandy Station blocked by Brigadier General Beverly Robertson’s small Confederate force, and the only available routes led the troops further west away from Buford’s firefight. While smaller elements from both sides battled near the

hamlet of Stevensburg, Colonel Percy Wyndham’s lead Union brigade finally hove into sight of Brandy Station somewhere around 11:00 am. Henry McClellan of Jeb Stuart’s staff perched on Fleetwood Hill and watched the Yanks flood into the railroad hamlet less than a mile away. He ordered a nearby artillery piece to fire whatever ammo might be at hand, and he sent the shocking news to Stuart near St. James Church that the Yankees were in force at Brandy.

Chapter 1

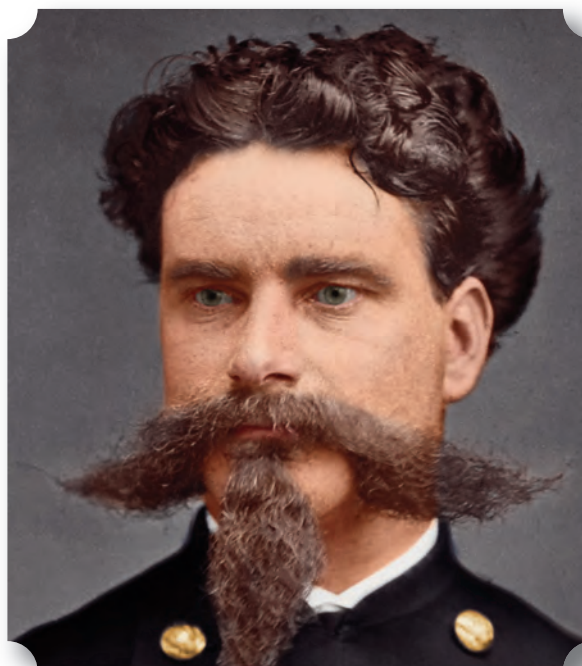


West Point graduate and antebellum friend and business partner of Confederate Dorsey Pender, Pennsylvanian Brig. Gen. David McMurtree Gregg returned to Washington D.C. from cavalry duty on the frontier when the war broke out. He first gained the colonelcy of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry. Brigade command was followed by divisional assignment for the quiet officer who shunned pursuit of the news-based “picture reputation.” His division included two brigades numbering 2,614 troopers. (LOC)



Robert E. Lee’s second son, Brig. Gen. William H.F. “Rooney” Lee went to Harvard then served in the army for a short time, after which he operated a Virginia plantation. At the beginning of the war, Lee received a captain’s commission in the Confederate cavalry. He rose through the ranks, eventually commanding a brigade of four regiments and 1,173 troopers at Brandy Station. (LOC)

A 30-year old British soldier of fortune whose colorful origin stories may or may not have been true, Colonel Percy Wyndham led three regiments of some 850 troopers onto the fields of Brandy. (LOC)



Following page: 3. A later war image that captures the character of the late-stage fighting at Brandy Station. (LOC)



Gettysburg in Color



Chapter 1



Chapter 3



Looking west, the Lutheran Seminary sits south of the Chambersburg Pike on Seminary Ridge. The school was founded in 1826 and moved to its present location in 1832. The cupola provided a sweeping view of the developing battlefield and would serve as an impressive lookout post for Buford during the early action and for the Confederates the following two days. (LOC)

Chapter 3



9. Hall's guns had dropped trail on and near the Chambersburg Pike to duel with the expanding ring of Confederate artillery. The collapse of Cutler exposes Hall's northern flank and forces the artillerist into a hasty retreat. Suddenly Davis becomes a severe threat to the McPherson plateau and Herbst Woods. *(B&L)*



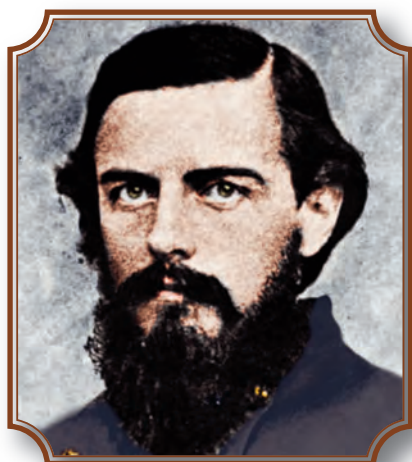
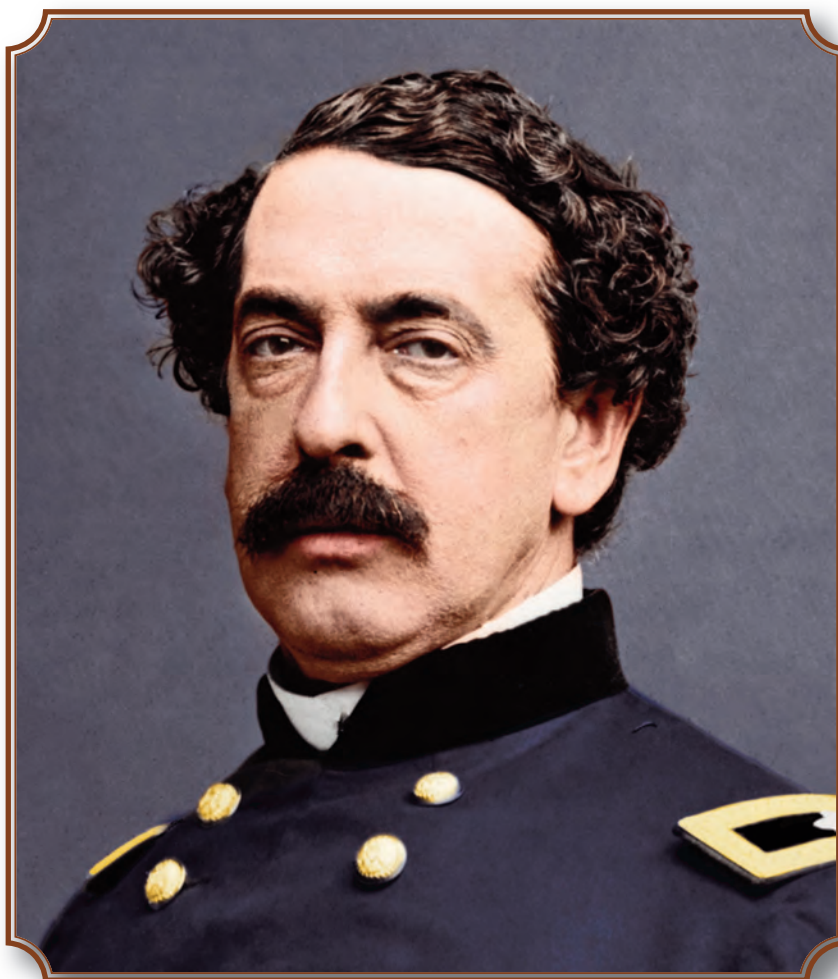
A native Maine man where he served in an active militia, Brig. Gen. Lysander Cutler moved to Wisconsin in 1856. He continued various business ventures until Sumter fell, and his militia experience got him colonelcy of the 6th Wisconsin. Four months before Gettysburg, he ascended to command Wadsworth's 2nd Brigade: 2,017 men in six regiments. A prickly nativist, he was widely viewed as a tough, tenacious battler. *(LOC)*



An Ohioan who moved to Wisconsin before the war, Colonel Rufus Dawes joined the 6th Wisconsin as a captain in 1861 and rose to the unit's colonelcy four months before Gettysburg. *(A Memoir: Rufus R. Dawes)*

Gettysburg in Color

Born in Ballston Spa, New York, Maj. Gen. Abner Doubleday earned a West Point diploma and carved out a long career as an artillerist (he fired the first response at Fort Sumter). However, he garnered little respect from his fellow officers and neither Buford nor Meade trusted him. With Reynolds's death, Doubleday took command of the field until Howard arrived. *(LOC)*



A wealthy native of Plattsburgh NY and an antebellum engineer, Colonel Roy Stone became a major in the 13th Pennsylvania "Bucktails" and campaigned with them through the heavy fighting of the Seven Days. He then recruited a full brigade of Bucktails and led them to Gettysburg. *(PHOTCW)*



A scion of the prominent Philadelphia family and a successful pre-war lawyer, Col. Chapman Biddle rose to command his four-regiment, 1,361-man brigade when Rowley took over the division. *(LOC)*



Fifty-five years old with a modicum of experience in the Mexican War, Pittsburgh native Brig. Gen. Thomas Rowley took Doubleday's place as I Corps's 3rd Division commander. His resulting actions would earn him a court martial. *(LOC)*

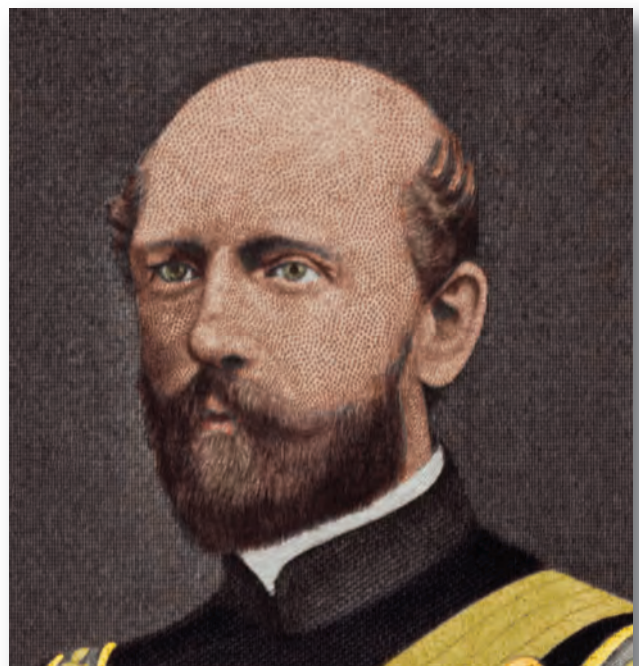
Chapter 5



2. As John Gordon's Georgians splash across Rock Creek, they find Blocher's Knoll crowned by Wilkeson's guns with Barlow's division stretched out in front of them. Raising the Rebel Yell, Gordon's boys launch a pulverizing assault. A turn of the 20th Century view. (*Adams County Historical Society*)

With 300 yards to go, Gordon's boys broke into a charge, muscled through the trees, and splashed through Rock Creek where they engulfed Barlow's picket force. The howling Georgians then burst into the open not 50 paces from the startled Northerners' main line and fired. Bedlam erupted. Young Wilkeson had his leg shredded—which he amputated himself with a pen-knife—and his shocked gunners limbered up to escape the storm. Von Gilsa's Germans returned the fire and held for a moment. Then, in a mirror performance of their Chancellorsville debacle, they simply disintegrated.

A former Prussian officer turned New York professional musician, Col. Leopold von Gilsa saw one battle as a colonel before ascending to brigade command in time for the XI Corps collapse at Chancellorsville. A legendary curser in German, von Gilsa guided four regiments of 1,140 men into Pennsylvania. (*PHOTCW*)



Gettysburg in Color



North of Gettysburg—Afternoon—July 1, 1863
 “Gettysburg.” 39 50’27.11”N and 77 14’01.89”W. Google Earth. 5/15/2017. 5/19/2022.

Gettysburg in Color



Viewed from the east, the Mummasburg Road runs up and over the northern reach of Oak Ridge. The 13th Massachusetts held the right flank of Paul's brigade—in fact, the right flank of the entire I Corps—at the base of the ridge down from the single tall pole. The building to the left of the road at the top of the ridge was built after the battle.

Chapter 5



The Moses McClean farm sits on the right at the terminus of the ridge, and Oak Hill frames the buildings. In the final assaults, O'Neal's brigade attacked the nose of the ridge head on (from right to left) while two of Ramseur's regiments swept across the field this side of the farm to help crush the Union line. The delaying action of the 16th Maine began south of the road along the crest of the ridge. *(Greg Ainsworth Collection)*



Gettysburg in Color



Chapter 5

Opposite top: 7. Bucktail survivors hold off Brockenbrough's Virginians on the McPherson farm. When Pettigrew's men muscle the Iron Brigade out of Herbst Woods (background), Col. Edmund Dana orders the isolated Pennsylvanians to retreat. (*Pennsylvania at Gettysburg*)

Opposite below: 8. Brockenbrough's Virginians swarm over the McPherson farm in the wake of the Bucktail retreat and join in the pursuit toward Seminary Ridge. (*B&L*)



9. Within sight of the McPherson barn (left), the Chambersburg Pike (center background), and Rodes's assault against Robinson on Oak Ridge (right background), Color Sgt. Benjamin Crippin of the 143rd Pennsylvania stops to shake his fist at the pursuing Rebels. Crippin soon falls, and his body is never recovered. After the war, the regiment memorializes his heroic action by portraying it on their monument. (*Campfire and Battlefield*)

Gettysburg in Color



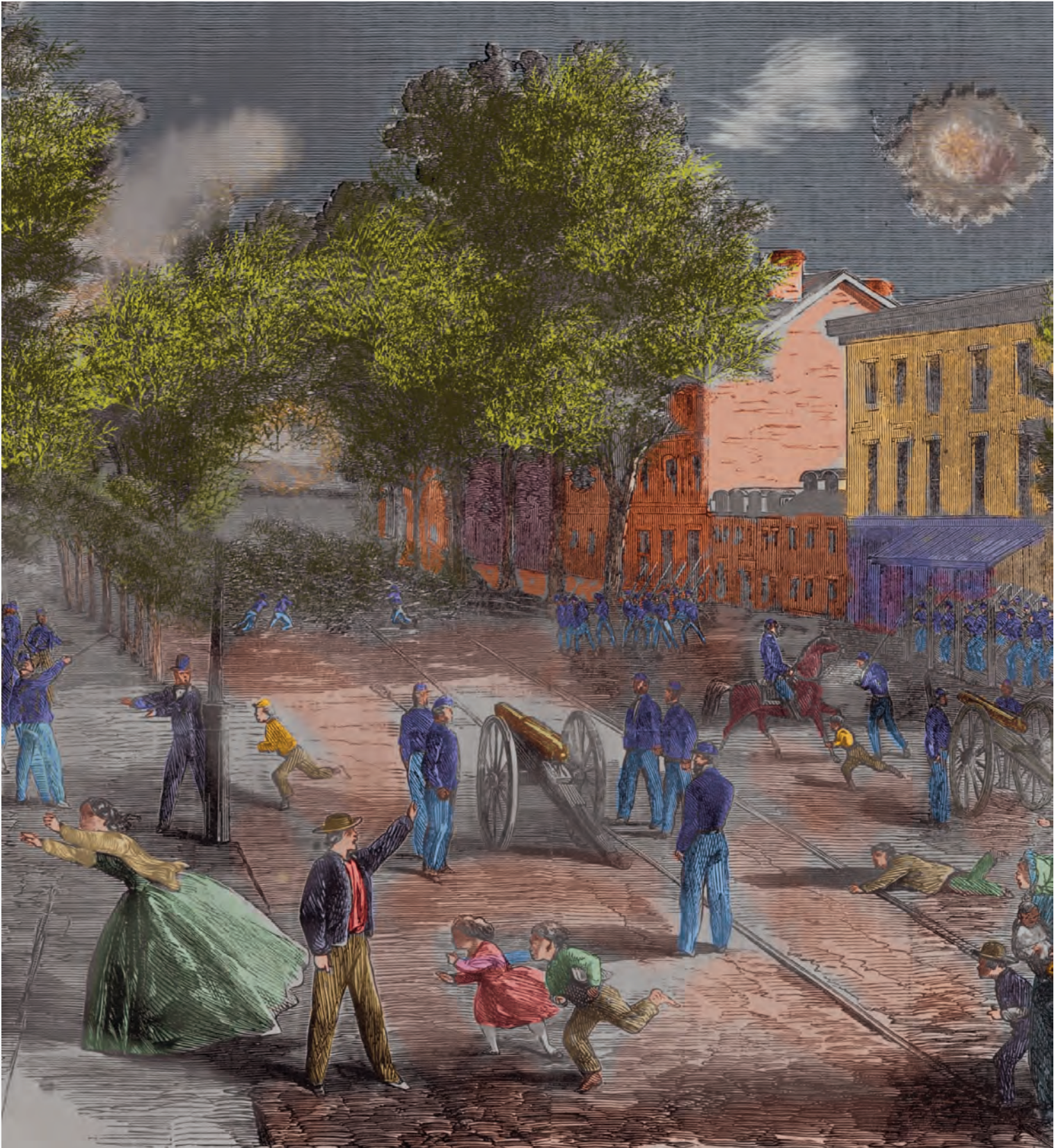
17. South of the Seminary, Biddle's men hold off Perrin's frontal assault. However, some of the Unionists are beginning to realize that the Palmetto State's troops are flanking them to the south, spelling doom for their efforts to hold the line. (B&L)

THE STREETS OF GETTYSBURG

No one knew exactly where to go, so the I Corps soldiers relied on instinct and the man in front of them to seek safety. As Gamble's Union cavalry slowed Lane's brigade south of the Fairfield Road, Biddle and elements of the Iron Brigade angled southeast from the Seminary and skirted the town to reach Cemetery Hill. Many of the Bluecoats still north of the railroad cut used that depression to slog into town, although the 6th Wisconsin marched off Oak Ridge as if on parade. The balance of Doubleday's winnowed command headed east into the now teeming streets, trying to put distance between themselves and their pursuers. For most, it was a plunge into chaos.

Oliver Howard had developed no contingency plans for an orderly withdrawal, but the XI Corps soldiers who had marched through town already knew where they were going. The Germans simply followed those in front as they pushed through the backroads heading south. Early's jubilant Confederates filtered into Gettysburg's northern environs and shot down the side streets at the jumbled mass, but artillery—which if well-served could have been devastating—lagged. Doles's exhausted infantry tried to cut off von Amsberg survivors—the last of the XI Corps to depart the sector—but they simply couldn't summon the energy. Meanwhile, a string of Union batteries including Hubert Dilger's dead-shots unlimbered in Gettysburg's byways and did good service dousing the Rebel pursuit.

Gettysburg in Color



Fires burn (left background), civilians panic, and green Pennsylvania militiamen deploy in response to Jeb Stuart's bombardment of Carlisle. (LOC)



Gettysburg in Color



5. The 1st Texas lines the western wall of the Triangular Field and silences Smith's gunners on the crest of Houck's Ridge.

("1st Texas at the Triangular Field," Dennis Morris, The Gettysburg Diagraphs)

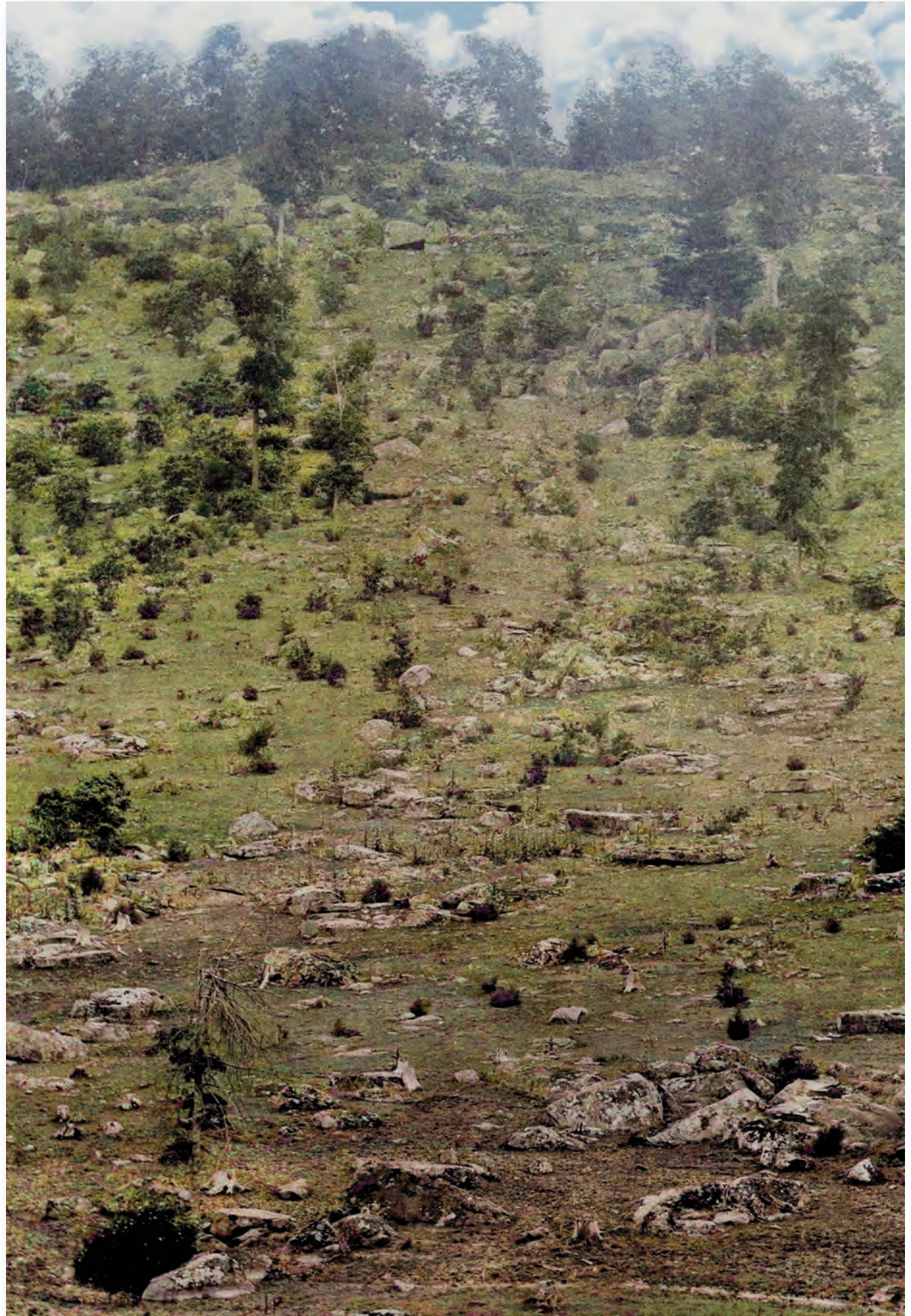


Chapter 7



Gettysburg in Color

11. Little Round Top from Devil's Den a few days after the battle. Logging operations had largely cut clear the hill's western face resulting in unobstructed fields of fire. Plum Run meanders in the foreground while two lines of rock walls constructed by Federals on the night of July 2 are visible near the crest on the upper right. These fortifications mark the approximate location of the right flank units of Strong Vincent's brigade line. (LOC)





Chapter 7





17. Another Confederate lying on the boulders near Plum Run in the Slaughter Pen. (LOC)

Chapter 7

Maine had exhausted most of its ammunition. Oates's continual probing had pushed Chamberlain's left wing back to a large rock ledge, and the Maine men were fast approaching their breaking point.

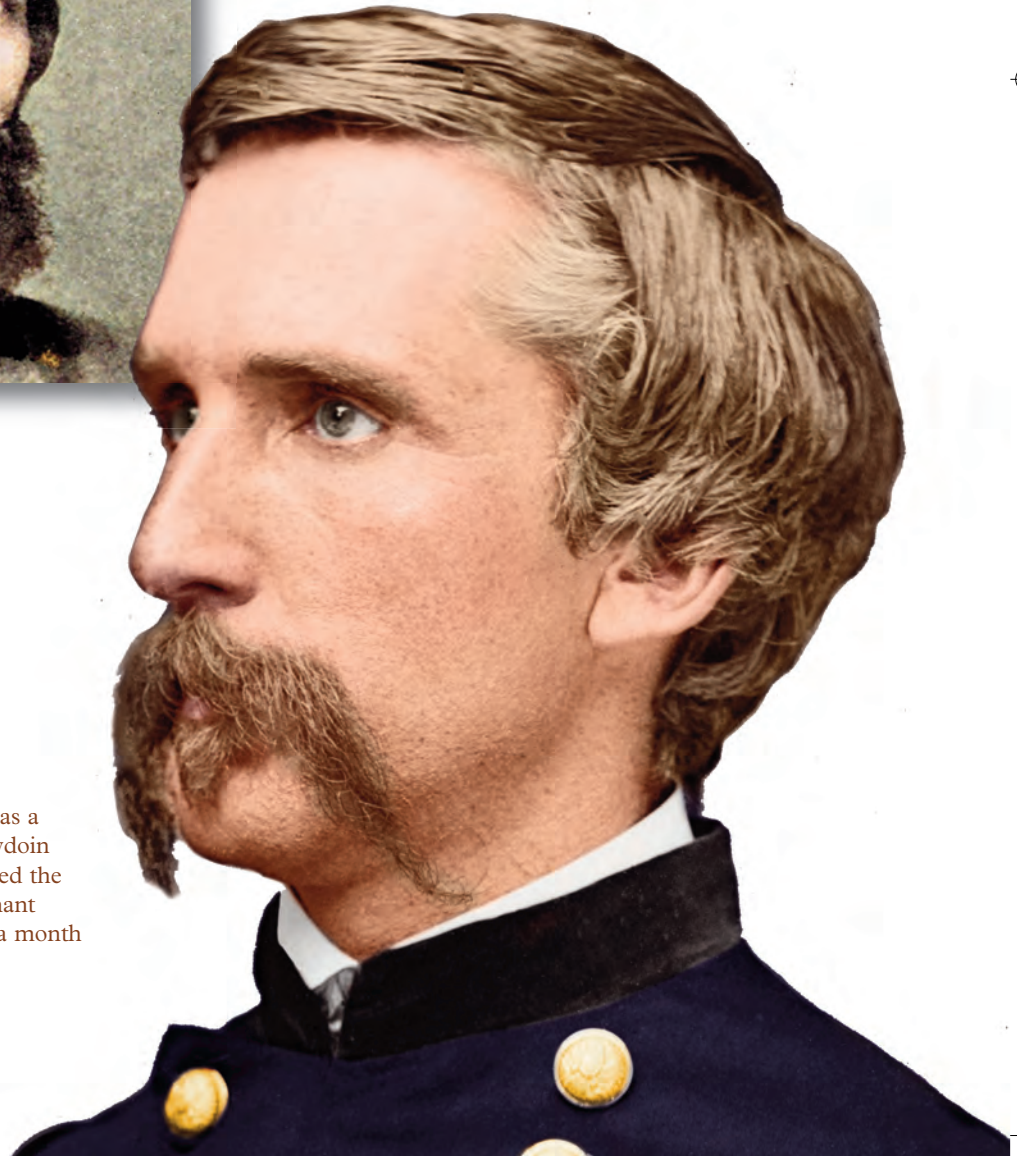
Colonel Joshua Chamberlain had been a college professor before the war, a scholar who had studied rhetoric and foreign languages. Earlier, Strong Vincent had enjoined him to hold his position at all hazards, but with his ammo depleted, Chamberlain could neither stand and simply fight, nor could he retreat. Instead he exercised his only option and called

for a charge. "Bayonets," bellowed the professor, and the 20th's flag soon advanced. The Maine men on the left wing heard the radiating command and lurched forward. They shoved the Rebels off the ledge and down the eastern slope of the hill. There Oates' people began to run south, and the Maine men wheeled right in pursuit. Chamberlain led the right wing down the hill against the rest of Oates' command. The exhausted Alabamans disintegrated in the meleé. To add insult to injury, a company of Berdan's sharpshooters who had operated as a mobile force



Alabamian William Oates left a rough life in Florida and Texas behind and established an antebellum law practice in Abbeville, Alabama. When war came, he raised a company that joined the 15th Alabama and quickly rose to a colonelcy. Aggressive and courageous, he consistently led from the front. (*Encyclopedia of Alabama*)

Although he attended a military academy as a youth, Joshua Chamberlain became a Bowdoin College professor before the war. He joined the 20th Maine in August of 1862 as a lieutenant colonel and rose to regimental command a month before Gettysburg. (*LOC*)



Gettysburg in Color

south and east of Chamberlain throughout the fight sprayed the Rebels as they ran. The dead-shots then waded in to corral dozens of prisoners. As the Grayclad survivors straggled up the incline of Big Round Top, the exultant Federals on the now cleared saddle gathered around the 20th Maine's colors and bellowed like mad men.

Back at the other end of the brigade line, another crisis developed as the Confederates pressed their advantage. Texans and Alabamans had battled up the craggy hill to within twenty yards of the Yanks, and more Michigan men broke for the rear. At that moment, when victory for the Rebels seemed nearly assured, Patrick O'Rorke led his 140th New York up Little Round Top past Captain Frank Gibbs's Battery L, 1st Ohio Artillery who were attempting to join Hazlett's

guns at the peak. The Irishman crested the heights to find a heart-stopping panorama of chaos and death. Eschewing the formalities of forming his regiment for action, O'Rorke simply screamed, "Down this way, boys." He led his people forward in a disordered mass of leveled bayonets to bolster the faltering Michiganders and bruise the exultant Southerners. One Rebel rifleman planted a minie ball in O'Rorke's neck, killing the 26-year-old instantly. But, the New Yorkers then unleashed a blistering volley that scorched the Southerners and firmed up the Federal formation. After a short, brutish firefight, the gutted Rebels who had appeared on the edge of victory either tumbled down the incline into the sheltering woods of Big Round Top or stayed and surrendered.

The Federals had held their hill.



20. Texans and Alabamans storm up the western face of Little Round Top to within a few dozen yards of the crest, threatening to fracture the Federal defenses and capture the heights. (*Harper's Weekly*)

Gettysburg in Color



15. With the collapse of the Peach Orchard salient, McGilvery's threatened artillery must retreat quickly. Here, artillerists from Capt. John Bigelow's Massachusetts Light Artillery: 9th Battery attach prolonges to the still firing cannon to drag them to safety. Bigelow's people were the last to pull out of line. (*Recollections of a Private: A Story of the Army of the Potomac*)



16. Union cannoneers drag one of their pieces 300 yards to the vicinity of the Trostle barn (right rear). (LOC)

Chapter 8

While Graham's survivors flooded the fields north of the Wheatfield Road, Freeman McGilvery started ordering his gun crews to the rear. They pulled out in succession from west to east, but the advancing Rebel horde exacted a steep price. Cannoneers toppled and horses fell by the dozens, prompting Captain Charles Phillips to help pull one of his pieces off by hand. Fearing they wouldn't have time to limber up, Captain John Bigelow's 9th Massachusetts Battery used their guns' recoil to propel them back toward Trostle farm.

With the orchard theirs, Kershaw's left wing and Barksdale's 21st Mississippi raked the retreating

Bluecoats, and E.P. Alexander advanced a number of Rebel gun crews onto the orchard's battered heights to help power the rout. William Wofford however directed his Georgia brigade on a different axis. Leaving the pursuit of the enemy to his comrades, Wofford moved his men in an easterly direction south of the Wheatfield Road. James Longstreet, his battle blood up, rode forward to lead the Georgians into the cauldron. They cheered, but he told them to cheer less and fight more. Some 500 yards ahead of them lay the thick timber and rocky heights of the Stony Hill. A battle raged there. Beyond that they didn't know.

