

GETTYSBURG IN COLOR

Volume 2:
The Wheatfield to Falling Waters



PATRICK BRENNAN
DYLAN BRENNAN

SB

Savas Beatie
California

© 2023 by Patrick Brennan and Dylan Brennan

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Brennan, Patrick, 1952- author. | Brennan, Dylan, 1995- author. Title: Gettysburg in color / Patrick Brennan, Dylan Brennan. Description: El Dorado Hills, CA : Savas Beatie, [2022] | Includes index. | Summary: “The Brennan’s compiled over three hundred photographs, lithographs, etching, and drawings that portray in documentary form the campaign and battle of Gettysburg. Using the latest technologies, the authors then painstakingly colorized each image. Adding the work of modern artists to flesh out the story plus battle maps using Google Earth as the base, the Brennan’s have fashioned an entirely new way to experience the greatest battle in American history”— Provided by publisher.

Identifiers: LCCN 2022019544 | ISBN 9781611216097 (v.1; hardcover) | ISBN 9781611216585 (v.2 ; hardcover) | ISBN 9781611216103 (v.1 ; ebook) | ISBN 9781611216592 (v.2 ; ebook)

Subjects: LCSH: Gettysburg, Battle of, Gettysburg, Pa., 1863. | War photography. | Photography—Retouching. | United States—History—Civil War, 1861–1865—Art and the War.

Classification: LCC E475.53 .B844 2022 | DDC 973.7/3490222--dc23/eng/20220525

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2022019544?>



Published by
Savas Beatie LLC
989 Governor Drive, Suite 102
El Dorado Hills, CA 95762
916-941-6896 / sales@savasbeatie.com

05 04 03 02 01 5 4 3 2 1
First edition

Savas Beatie titles are available at special discounts for bulk purchases in the United States by corporations, institutions, and other organizations. For more details, contact Special Sales, P.O. Box 4527, El Dorado Hills, CA 95762, or please e-mail us at sales@savasbeatie.com, or visit our website at www.savasbeatie.com for additional information.

CONTENTS

Foreword by Dr. Allen C. Guelzo

v

Chapter 1

1

Chapter 2

37

Chapter 3

61

Chapter 4

85

Chapter 5

102

Chapter 6

126

Chapter 7

156

Chapter 8

174

Epilogue

191

Coda

211

Acknowledgments

214

Index

216

DEDICATION

For Mom, my favorite motivator

and

John S. Peterson
In life, one of life's aces

Dylan & Patrick Brennan
AUGUST 2022

FOREWORD

The past is a strange country, and even though the American Civil War is not so far in the past as Julius Caesar or Christopher Columbus, the past often speaks strangely in our ears, and looks strangely in its images. Until the 19th century, looking at the past was largely a matter of the imagination. We had no choice but to rely on the brushes, pens, and pencils of artists to recreate the faces of Washington or George III or the death of Wolfe at Quebec, and even when those artists were working directly from life, their art was still a membrane separating us from the figures and events of the past.

The introduction of photography, however, brushed this membrane aside. We had known since the 17th century that certain chemicals—silver chloride especially—turned dark under exposure to sunlight. But it was not until the 19th century that Joseph Nicéphore Niépce, using a pinhole card to focus sunlight on an inked plate, created the first “photograph.” Niépce’s partner and successor, Louis Daguerre, developed a process in 1837 for treating silver-plated copper sheets with iodine vapor to make them sensitive to light, then “developing” the images on the sheets with warm mercury vapor to create a sharply defined *daguerreotype*. Within twenty years, photography had made strides even beyond the daguerreotype, and photographers were capturing images of conflict in the Sikh War (1848), the second Burma War (1852), and the Crimean War (1853–56).

The American Civil War occurred at just the peak moment for photography to wrest control of the image-making of war and personalities from the hands of the artists. By 1855, there were 66 photographic galleries in Great Britain; two years later, there were 147, with 42 alone on London’s Regent Street. In the United States, the rage for photography was, if anything, even greater, with more than 3,000 photographers active in the republic, and 77 photographic galleries just in New York City. The great appeal of photography lay in what seemed to be its power to communicate truth, unreliant

on an artist’s skills (or lack thereof) or a patron’s influence over the outcome. Photography offered detail, depth, objectivity.

The Civil War beckoned to photographers through an American population that craved exactly that kind of realism as a reassurance for the treasure and blood it was committing to the war. Mathew Brady, Alexander Gardner, Timothy O’Sullivan and a host of others carted their awkward tripod cameras and their portable darkrooms for developing images on glass plates to camps, battlefields all over the theatres of war, and even at sea. They captured the faces and uniforms of generals and privates, of the dead and the wounded, of the widows and orphans, of railroads and ironclads, and even of Abraham Lincoln’s death bed. The photographs of the Civil War were to the generation of the Civil War a reassurance of fact; to us, they are a window in time, the rare occasion when we are permitted a direct and unmediated glimpse of the past.

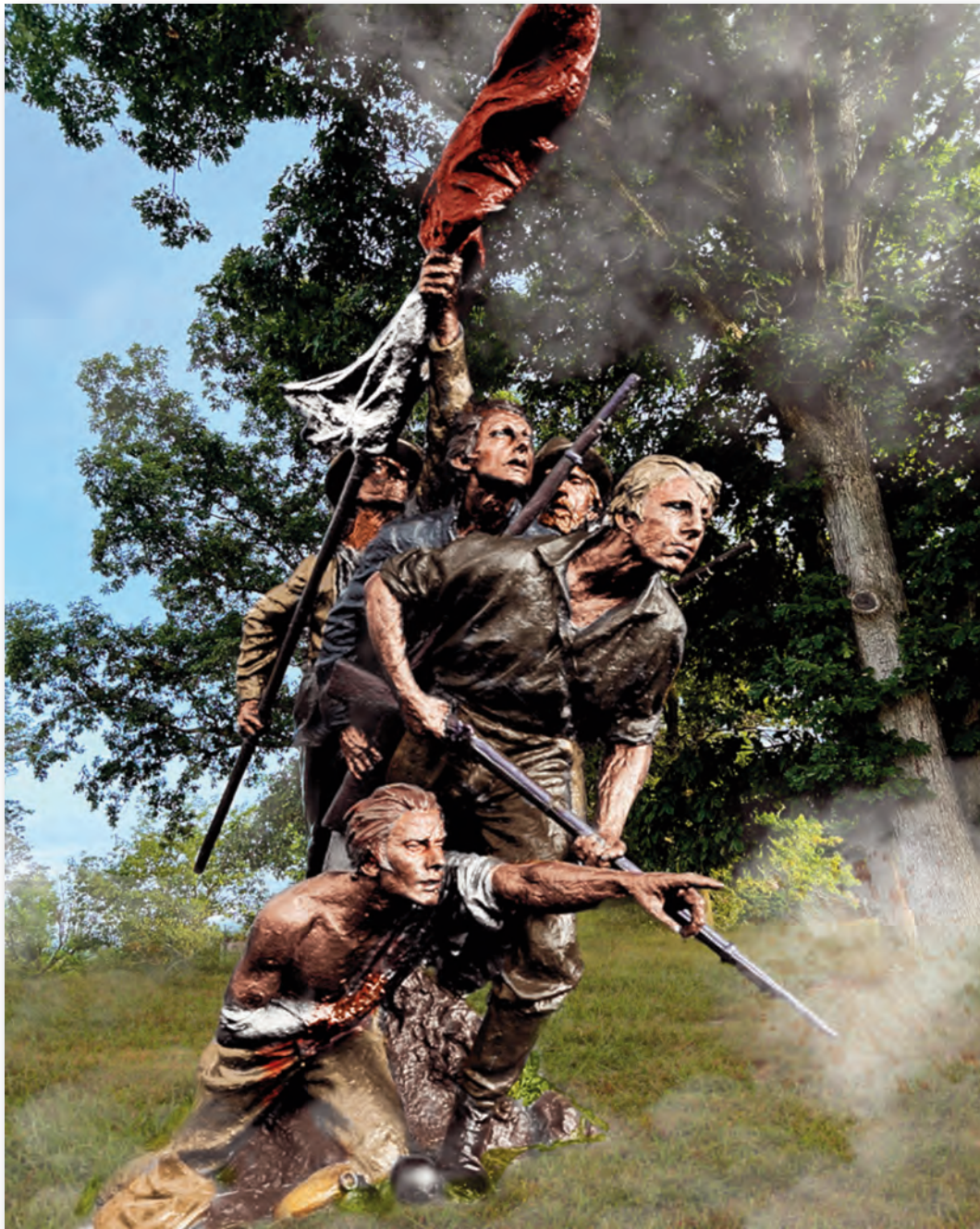
Or *almost* unmediated. The photographers had scenes they wanted us to see, and they arranged those scenes so that we would see them as they saw them. And the scenes were strange enough on their own terms. A photograph of George Gordon Meade, the victorious Union commander at Gettysburg, poses him with a stiffness and formality that appear unnatural to our candid and relaxed gaze. Alexander Gardner captured the windrows of unburied dead on the Gettysburg battlefield with a solemnity and remoteness of feeling that could hardly have been shared by the burial details that are usually shoved beyond the margins of the camera’s eye. Above all, the technology of photography in the Civil War had no way of capturing color. Vivid reds became dark blacks; variable shades of gray became an unvarying off-white. Skin tones descended into tubercular blandness. The past remained strange for us to look at. A gauze curtain still separated us from *them* and *then*.

The work of Patrick and Dylan Brennan, through the use of computerized color restoration, has

removed at least one element of that strangeness in Civil War photography. They have given us back the color of the landscape, the blues and reds and browns and grays of the soldiers and the civilians, the hue of living eyes and faces. We can look at Meade or the soldiers or the piled corpses and move one step closer to seeing them as they were seen, and not merely as they were captured by chemicals. The gauze curtain has been pulled back.

What connects us to our past connects us to life. And even if images are only part of that connection, they still invite us to remember Gettysburg, one of the greatest and most terrible moments in our past. Through the images this book reproduces, we take one closer step in the imagination to understanding what it was to live in that moment.

— Dr. Allen C. Guelzo, author of
Gettysburg: The Last Invasion



(National Park Service, Gettysburg National Military Park, Museum Collection, hereafter GNMP, Photo by John Kaminer)

Gettysburg in Color



15. Captain John Fassitt of the 23rd Pennsylvania convinces the Garibaldi Guards of the 39th New York to retake Watson's guns. Fassitt helps lead the charge that wrestles the cannon away from the exhausted 21st Mississippi and solidifies McGilvery's left flank. For his quick thinking, Fassitt would be awarded the Medal of Honor. (*Deeds of Valor*)

battlefield, bringing command unity to what had become a chaotic mess. When Hancock received the command, he cursed having to give up his relatively intact II Corps to take over Sickles's ravaged troops. Off he went with a simple dictum: plug the gap between the II Corps on Cemetery Ridge and the now-secure fortress of Little Round Top. He had already used one division—Caldwell's—from his II Corps to dam the Rebel flood at the Wheatfield. He would revisit that well by calling for Colonel George Willard's brigade from Brigadier General Alexander Hays's II Corps division to support McGilvery at the Plum Run Line.

16. George Willard (left) and William Barksdale (center) drive their troops to the opposite banks of Plum Run where the Mississippian attack finally comes to a halt. Willard's attack expunged the stain of the brigade's Harpers Ferry surrender, while Barksdale's men could brag on one of the war's great charges. Neither officer, however, would survive the action. (*A Regimental History of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth New York State Volunteers*)

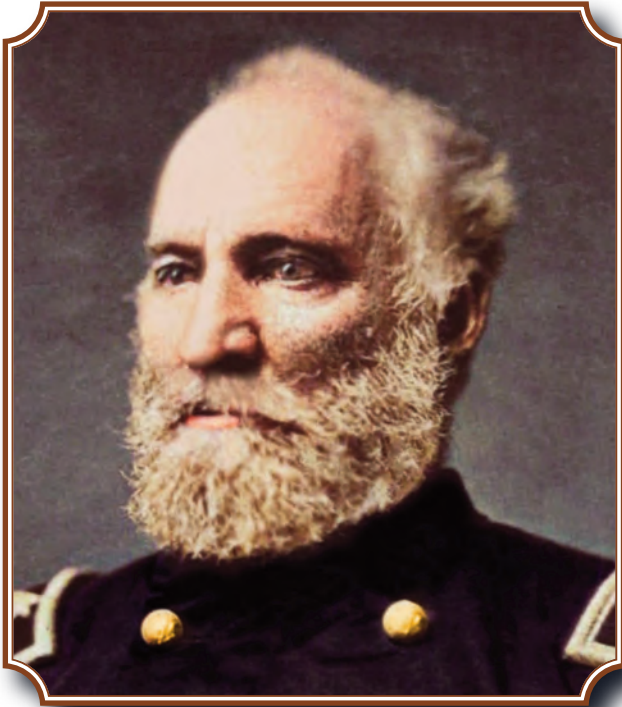


Chapter 1

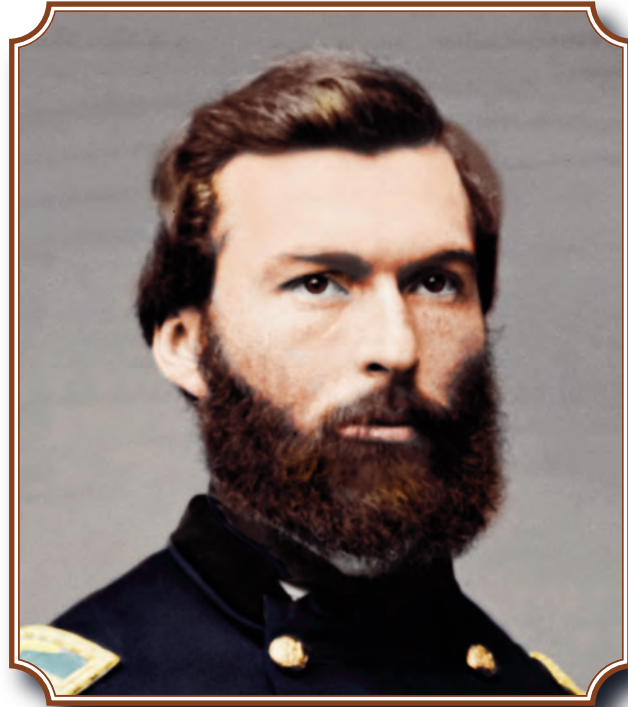
A Mexican War volunteer from New York City who stayed in the army and became a captain, Col. George Willard greeted the start of the war by raising the 2nd New York. Due to regulations, he couldn't become the unit's colonel, so he became a major in the 19th U.S. Regulars. However, in August of 1862, Willard took over the 125th New York, only to be in command when the regiment was captured en masse at Harpers Ferry during the Antietam Campaign. Willard and his boys waited for their parole, but when they resumed active campaigning, they were derisively greeted as "band box soldiers" and the "Harpers Ferry Cowards." On the march to Gettysburg, Willard ascended to brigade command of four regiments totaling 1,508 rifles, every man with a chip on his shoulder. (*A Regimental History of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth New York State Volunteers*)



Gettysburg in Color



Col. Silas Colgrove labored as an Indiana attorney and politician when the guns of Sumter prompted him to join the 90-day volunteers of the 8th Indiana. He soon became colonel of the 27th Indiana where he compiled a solid record from the Valley Campaign through Antietam to Chancellorsville. When Thomas Ruger took over the division at Gettysburg, Colgrove ascended to brigade command. (LOC)



Brig. Gen. Thomas Ruger excelled in his time at West Point, but the transplanted Wisconsin man quit the army to return home and study law. He began the war as colonel of the 3rd Wisconsin where he shone as a battle commander in the Valley Campaign and at Cedar Mountain. He rose to temporary brigade command in the churned house of Antietam and earned his stars a few months later. He and other XII Corps soldiers endured the hard blows of Chancellorsville, and he led the battle-tested five regiments of 1,598 rifles to Gettysburg, only to rise to divisional command when Alpheus Williams took over the corps. (LOC)

Around this time, Ewell learned that Longstreet's assault would be delayed. His men's morning effort had meant nothing.

Geary recognized the concentration points of the main Rebel efforts, and he expertly juggled his available troops to meet them. Two of Lysander Cutler's I Corps regiments were pulled off the north face of Culp's to bolster Greene's fighters. Henry Lockwood's two Maryland regiments also found spots on the firing line. Geary meanwhile summoned Brigadier General Alexander Shaler's brigade from the VI Corps. Even as his people blasted the Rebel attacks apart, Geary refused to underestimate his opponent's heart.

Colonel Silas Colgrove's XII Corps brigade had held the corps' right flank for much of the morning.

His four regiments had formed a three-sided box on a raised piece of forested ground not 150 yards south of Extra Billy Smith's Virginians. His right flank had dueled with Virginian and North Carolinian skirmishers on the east bank of Rock Creek, but with the open, marshy meadow separating the Unionists from the Rebs, there appeared to be little chance the colonel would see much action. The noise of the last Rebel attack had died down, so he was taken aback when his divisional commander (and former brigade commander), Thomas Ruger, ordered him to advance two of his regiments and knock the enemy from his strong position. Ruger would later insist he only desired a demonstration, but that hardly mattered. Colgrove commanded the 2nd Massachusetts and his own 27th Indiana to take on the doomed task.

Chapter 3



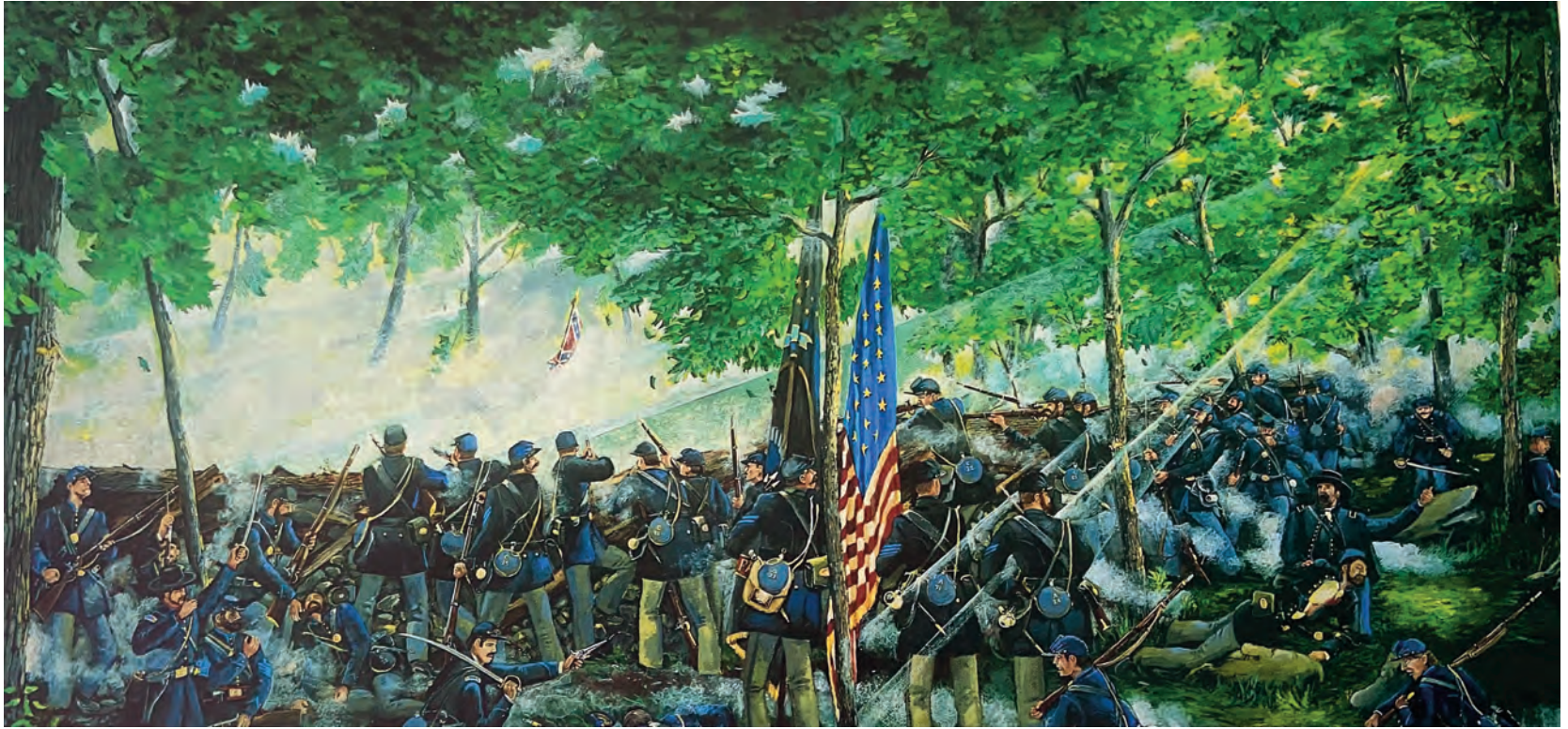
4. Looking south across Spangler's Meadow from Extra Billy Smith's positions. The Union artillery concentrates on Powers Hill, the tree-lined heights in the right distance. Colgrove's brigade occupies the hill behind the trees on the left. The 2nd Massachusetts barely makes it out of the trees (left center) and the 27th Indiana covers almost half the distance across the field (left) when the concentrated fire of Smith's Virginians pulverizes the assault. The 2nd breaks to the west (right) and the 27th curls to the east (left) to escape the furies. (*Adams County Historical Society*)

5. Colgrove's brigade lined the hill in the background, and the two regiments in the attack moved down the hill toward the monument. Erected in 1879, the 2nd Massachusetts monument was the first permanent regimental marker on the battlefield.

(*Sue Boardman Collection*)



Gettysburg in Color



6. Near the top of Culp's Hill, the 150th New York of Lockwood's brigade hammers the renewed Confederate assaults on the Federal bastion. (*"Timid Youths to Hardened Veterans"* by James Shockley)

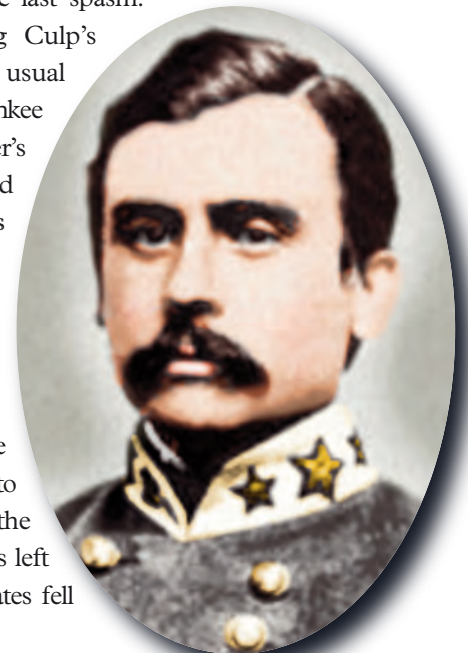
The Bay Staters went first. Halfway across the meadow, Smith's Virginians plastered their line, and the Northerners withered to a halt. The Indianans then advanced on the 2nd's right where another Confederate volley lashed the 27th's front. Some thought the right companies simply disappeared in the murderous storm. The Bay Staters grimly retreated 200 yards to the west and reformed behind a stone wall, while the Indianans curled to their right and fell back to the woods where they helped repel a Virginian counterattack.

It was now mid-morning. After two failed efforts, Allegheny Johnson ordered one more. His lieutenants

A Maryland native son, West Point graduate, and regular army veteran, Brig. Gen. George Steuart got the nickname "Maryland" to differentiate him from the cavalryman Jeb Stuart. A stickler for regulations, Steuart's by-the-book methods raised the ire of the volunteers who eventually came to appreciate the discipline. He ascended to brigade command in March of 1862, but a wounding at Cross Keys in June knocked him out of service for nearly a year. He returned after Chancellorsville to helm 2,121 soldiers in six regiments. (PHOTCW)

voiced strong disapproval to no avail. With the Stonewall Brigade on the right, Brig. Gen. Junius Daniel's North Carolinians from Rodes's division in the center, and Maryland Steuart's boys on the left, the three bone-tired brigades went forward in one last spasm.

The two brigades attacking Culp's eastern face received the usual treatment, melting before Yankee volleys augmented by Shaler's New Yorkers and Pennsylvanians. Steuart's troops jostled out of the captured trenches and swept across an intervening meadow where the Unionists lining the traverse and the farm lane blasted them into the dirt. The 20th Connecticut advanced to the southern border of the meadow and sprayed Steuart's left flank. The crushed Confederates fell back to the trenches.



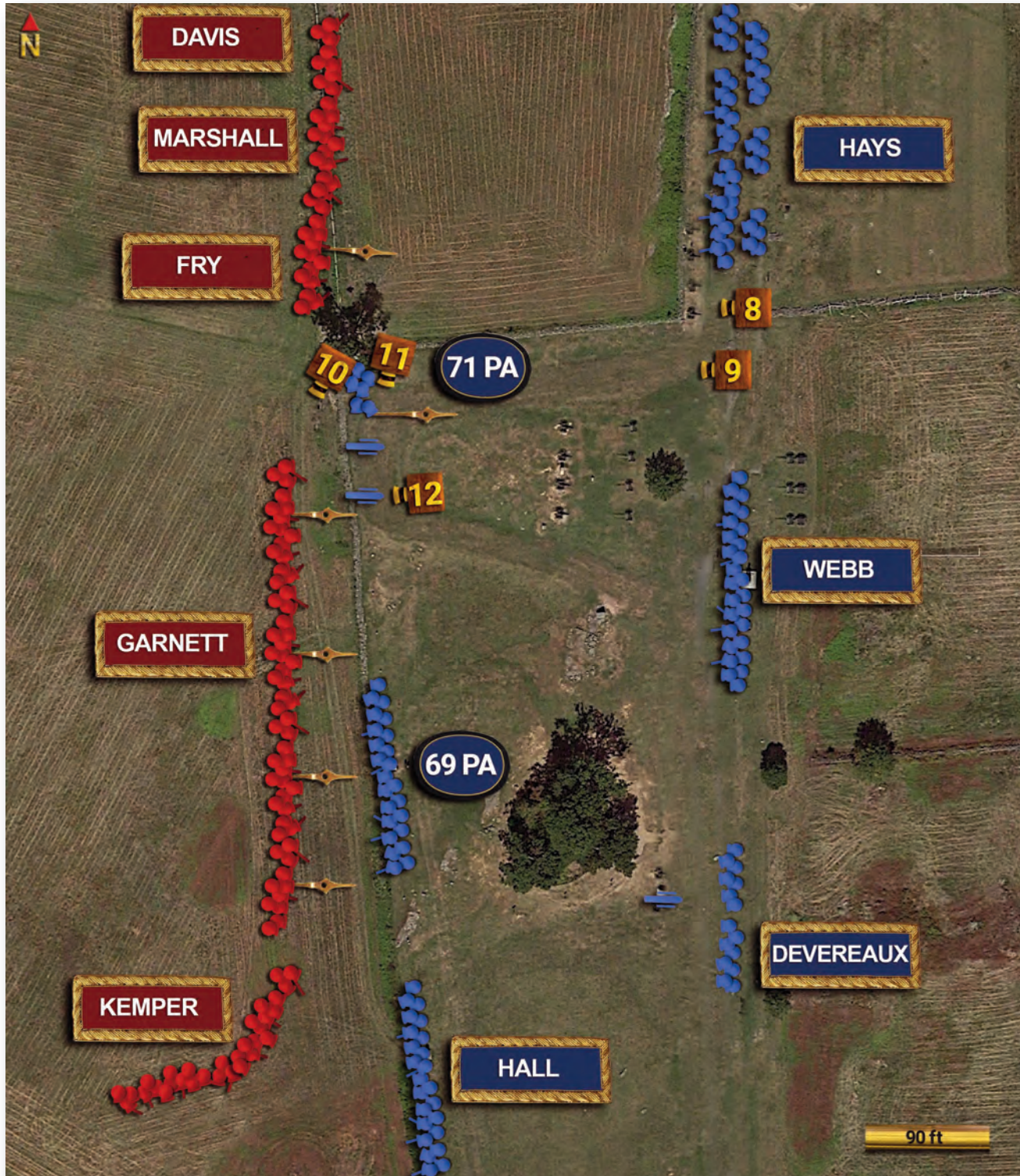
Chapter 3

7. The 29th Pennsylvania leaves the shelter of the protective hollow and advances to the traverse just before "Maryland" Stuart launches his assault across Pardee Field.
(*Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, hereafter *B&L*)

8. At the opposite end of the field, Stuart's boys form in the woods before storming the Union lines along Spangler Lane and the traverse. (*B&L*)



Gettysburg in Color



The Angle—Mid-Afternoon—July 3, 1863

39° 48'43.72 N 77° 14'09.54 W. Google Earth Pro. 9/6/2013. 8/25/2022.

Chapter 5



11. Gruesomely wounded, Alonzo Cushing gets off one last shot before falling to Confederate gunfire. (*The History of Our Country*)

knew their moment had arrived. Garnett's Virginians and their tattered banners rushed across the last few yards of the dead zone and crowded up to the wall fronting the 69th Pennsylvania and Cushing's now

silent guns. They stood on the verge of breaching the enemy's defenses.

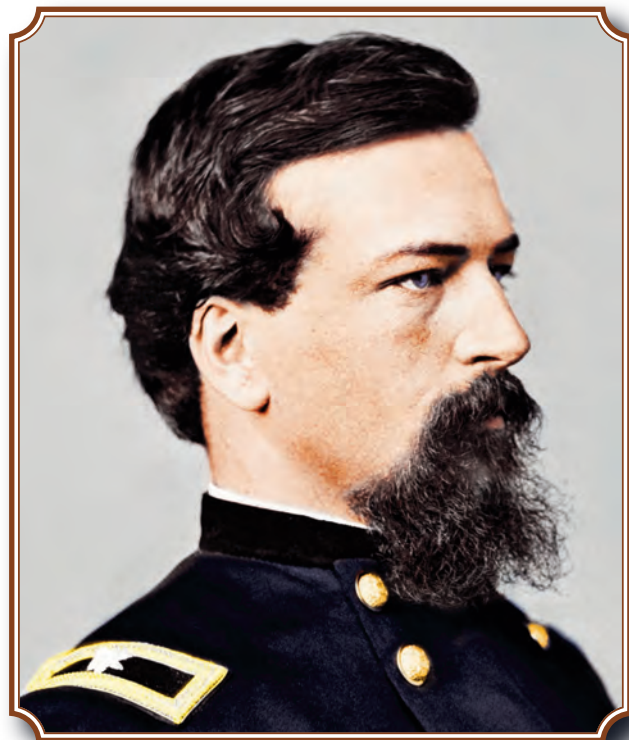
Yankees were running, just like they always did. Victory lay in their wake.

Gettysburg in Color



1. From the 1922 Marines reenactment on the ground where it happened, Armistead's men cover the last few yards before striking the Federal lines. (*Rich Kohr Collection*)

Brig. Gen. Alexander Webb had a reputation as a conscientious, hard-working staff officer who was considered a comer. The New York City native proved to be a decent student at West Point, and he spent some of his pre-war years teaching math at his alma mater. Once war came, Webb bounced around various high-profile staff assignments and eventually began working for V Corps and George Meade. When John Gibbon busted the commander of his Irish "Philadelphia Brigade" on the march to Gettysburg, Gibbon chose Webb to take command. Webb had no experience as a combat leader, but he immediately tried to instill some discipline into the recalcitrant sons of Erin who didn't appreciate an outsider—much less a non-Irishman—telling them what to do. Still, his four regiments of 1,224 Pennsylvanians were a potent force, whether they recognized their new brigadier or not. (*LOC*)



Chapter 6



2. Looking south from Cushing's guns (right), Lewis Armistead leads his boys over the top.
The copse of trees rises in the left background. (*Deeds of Valor*)

Meanwhile, Armistead's troops took pelting flank fire from the Yankee line south of the angle as they followed their flags toward the center of the fight. In a final spasm, they reached the stone wall, joining what remained of Garnett's Brigade in a point-blank knock-down with the 69th Pennsylvania near the copse. Some filtered north to join the vicious exchange across the angle with Webb's reserves 80 yards to the east. Battle banners fell and rose in the chaos. Then Armistead screamed out to apply the cold steel. He clambered over the stone wall and lurched into the

angle north of the copse near Cushing's silent guns. Perhaps two hundred Virginians followed him over the top.

Up at the crest, Webb—who had only held brigade command for a week—tried to get his men to charge Armistead's interlopers. They didn't recognize their newly installed commander and so ignored his entreaties. Mortified, he rushed into the copse toward the 69th Pennsylvania's position to face the enemy himself, passing and observing Armistead just a few feet away moving in the opposite direction.

Gettysburg in Color



9. Looking northwest, Stannard's Vermonters continue to pour volleys into the right flank of Kemper's brigade (right distance), while Hancock's staffers tend to their wounded leader (left center foreground). An ambulance crew (right center foreground) rushes to the scene with a stretcher. (<https://vermontcivilwar.org>)

A Yankee bullet thudded into Lewis Armistead's left leg, and he crumpled to the ground. Two more would strike him as he helplessly lay in the detritus of Cushing's ravaged command.

Near the copse, a mad carnival of fists, bullets, rifle butts, bayonets, and rocks crescendoed in a brutal swirl. A great roar then arose, the deep-throated Union hurrah. In a lacerating heave, the Federals in the copse manhandled the Virginians into the open. At the same time, up on the crest, Gibbon aide Lt. Frank Haskell finally convinced Webb's reserve and some rallied

elements of the 71st Pennsylvania to storm the angle. Webb's boys levelled their rifles and swept down the ridge through the ruins of Cushing's battery. There they hammered Armistead's now leaderless cadre into the dirt and struck down the Virginians near the trees. Now an irresistible wave, they roared up and over the Rebels still lining the low stone wall. Handkerchiefs began to wave, and hands began to show. Those Virginians who could made for the rear, but many called out for the shooting to end. Their strength sapped, their will broken, they simply gave up the effort and surrendered.

Chapter 6



The men of the 1st Delaware from Smyth's brigade leap the wall near the Brian farm (left distance) and run down retreating Confederates from Pettigrew's and Trimble's wing of the attack. (GNMP, Photo by John Kamerev)

Gettysburg in Color



George Pickett informs Lee that his division is no more. (*Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of Gen. Robert E. Lee*)

He encountered an inconsolable George Pickett who claimed his division no longer existed. He saw the badly wounded James Kemper who demanded justice be done for his brigade. Cadmus Wilcox arrived teary-eyed and claimed his brigade had disintegrated. Only Lee's Old Warhorse, James Longstreet, appeared ready for action. The titular commander of the great charge alerted McLaws to prepare Hood's division to meet a Yankee countercharge, and he called forward all available artillery to make a last stand.

Meanwhile, Lee kept repeating for his men to rally, that it was all his fault.

CEMETERY RIDGE

Alexander Hays could not contain himself. He grabbed some captured Confederate flags and steered his horse out onto the western incline of Cemetery Ridge. Picking his way through the wounded and dead Rebels, the

general and two of his staffers took a victory lap around his entire division, dragging the ragged banners behind him. His men tossed their kepis and screamed their lungs out, hugging and dancing with unbridled emotion.

South of the angle, Unionists yelled "Fredericksburg" at the Southern recession as though the word were a curse—or, perhaps, a benediction.

George Gordon Meade—perhaps the only person on the ridge who saw not a moment of the charge—trotted up the eastern incline from the Leister house past some Confederate prisoners to find Hays in the middle of his celebratory ride. He asked an artillery officer if the Rebels had fallen back and received word that they had. Meade then moved south to the copse where he encountered Frank Haskell. Meade asked how things were going, to which Haskell responded, the Rebel charge had been thrown back. Meade seemed surprised and sought assurance. Haskell reiterated the stunning news.

Chapter 6



Alexander Hays drags a Confederate battle flag around the soldiers of his division, much to their pure exhilaration.
(General Alexander Hays and the Battle of Gettysburg)



Fellow mason Henry Bingham confers with a wounded Lewis Armistead and accepts some of the general's personal belongings. *(GNMP, Photo by John Kamerer)*

Gettysburg in Color



Brig. Gen. Elon Farnsworth complies with Judson Kilpatrick's misguided orders and leads his brigade in a doomed charge.

Chapter 6



Here, the 1st Vermont Cavalry thunders across the broken landscape near Bushman Hill between Emmitsburg Road and Big Round Top. (GNMP, Photo by John Kamerer)

Chapter 7



One of two Alexander Gardner images that shows both Union and Confederate dead on Seminary Ridge. The view is southwest toward McPherson Ridge which at the time of the battle featured three separate peaks between the Fairfield Road and the Chambersburg Pike—quite unlike the graded, flat surface we see today. Gardner's crew had already taken two images when the Federal burial crew arrived and began digging near the foreground corpse's head.

They stopped and posed for the final photo. (LOC)



The same five Union dead photographed looking north by northwest. Fourteen of Scales's North Carolinians lie in the background. They will be buried in a trench near the horseman who is probably on the Chambersburg Pike.

The Federals will be buried together where they lay. (LOC)

Gettysburg in Color



Another in the series that Gardner made on Rose farm near the margin with Rose Woods. (LOC)

however, stopped his command near Funkstown and returned to Boonsboro to confer with Buford. Around noon, they determined to attack both points—with Kilpatrick hitting Hagerstown and Buford assaulting Williamsport.

Those Confederates occupying Hagerstown hailed from Rooney Lee's brigade (commanded now by Colonel John Chambliss). They were engaged mostly in ordering lunch from establishments like the Washington House on Potomac Street. Instead, Kilpatrick had returned from his conference and ordered an immediate advance. With the enemy boiling up from the south, the Confederates abandoned their repast and threw up a barricade near St. John's Lutheran Church to combat the incursion.

Things escalated quickly. The Yankee troopers blasted through the barricade and routed two Virginia units, but a grim stand by Grayclad Marylanders doused the assault. Both Chambliss and Kilpatrick then fed more of their commands into the expanding brawl. The streets around the town center filled with rushing mounts, clattering sabers, rifle and pistol shots,

shouts, and cries. Even civilians joined in the carnage, including a doctor's daughter who supposedly plugged a Pennsylvania sergeant.

Soon after the action began, Jeb Stuart arrived from Smithsburg with Ferguson's brigade. Kilpatrick detected Stuart's appearance and so ordered his own artillery to mount a hill and take on the arriving Rebels. In response, Ferguson deployed his guns, and the long arm exchanges shook the eastern environs of Hagerstown with terrifying, concussive power. Kilpatrick also deployed a New York regiment to freeze Ferguson in place. As with the fight in the center of the town, the two sides battled to a standstill.

Richmond mounted yet another charge that hammered the dismounted Rebels defending Christ Reformed Church north of the town square. The fighting intensified to a pitch rarely seen in cavalry actions, prompting Beverly Robertson to add his small brigade to the fight. Fought to a draw, eventually the two sides disengaged to take up sharpshooting. North Carolinian infantrymen from Iverson's brigade then marched onto the scene. They were the first of Robert

Gettysburg in Color



5. Looking west, Union troopers from the 6th Michigan cross the earthworks on the Donnelly farm and slam into Pettigrew's surprised defenders, triggering a battle to protect the crossing. (LOC)

broke through the line and raised holy hell. The Michiganders then curled to the north and reversed their direction to try to fight their way out. In a confusing swirl of close combat, the Confederates responded using their rifles as clubs and delivering blows with everything from axes to fence rails. The Rebels struck down most of the badly outnumbered Yankees and dispersed the rest, but, after becoming unhorsed while rallying his men, James Johnston Pettigrew took a slug to the stomach. Not wanting to either endure captivity or death in the North, he insisted on being muscled onto a stretcher and carried across the Potomac. Pettigrew, who survived the July 3 holocaust on Cemetery Ridge, passed on three days later.

One witness estimated the entire action only took three minutes.

As Kilpatrick fed more of his now-dismounted horsemen into the battle, John Buford rode up to add his weight to the operation. The Federal cavalry counted some 7,000 saddles and artillerists, a force that more than doubled Heth's infantry. While the Federal pressure swelled across his front, Heth requested artillery from A.P. Hill. Hill again demurred, but he did order elements of James Lane's brigade to bolster Heth's boys. For now, however, Heth was on his own.

Brockenbrough's brigade of Virginians still held Heth's flank south of the road. Brockenbrough himself decided to abandon the field, but he ordered his Virginians forward under the command of one of his

Chapter 8



staffers to counter Buford's build-up. They engaged the surging 8th Illinois in a hand-to-hand struggle, but as more of Gamble's brigade thundered up, the outnumbered Virginians made a run for the bridgehead. The Yankee troopers rode in and surrounded the Confederates, taking hundreds of captives and three battle flags.

Once Lane arrived, Heth pulled his survivors back. Then the two commands played leapfrog as they fell back to the bridgehead. The Yankees, however, kept up the pressure. Mounted companies would rush in and do damage, then the Rebs would counter and drive them off. Kilpatrick also dispatched a Michigan unit to loop around the enemy's left and attack from the north. There the Michiganders overran a Rebel Parrott gun and laced the Graybacks with their own canister. Dazed and confused Confederates surrendered by the dozens.

6. Identified as the charge of the 6th Michigan, this image more accurately represents the later actions when some Confederates broke before the Union pressure. (LOC)



Gettysburg in Color



The man who left perhaps the deepest mark on the battle also returned. A former presidential candidate and a revered public figure, Winfield Scott Hancock (center) posed at a place on the field that had taken on a life of its own, the Copse of Trees.

They would call it “The High Water Mark of the Confederacy,” and on Hancock’s 1885 visit, he was accompanied by a group that included John Batchelder (second from left). Batchelder had already begun collecting first-person material on the battle, a treasure trove that has become the primary source for students of the battle.

It was Hancock’s last trip to Gettysburg. He would die three months later. *(William Tipton Sample Photograph Album, William L. Clements Library, The University of Michigan)*

Epilogue



As the years passed, the number of veterans returning to the field grew fewer and fewer. (LOC)