"DAMAGE THEM ALL YOU CAN"

ROBERT E. LEE'S ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

GEORGE WALSH

the lowest civic occupation, I pity them from the bottom of my heart."[27] With this last cannonade Beauregard's service in northern Virginia effectively ended, although he would briefly reappear in 1864. Soon he would be transferred to duties in the West.

Johnston's relations with Davis were likewise becoming uneasy. Besides being fussy, Johnston was unpredictable. One moment he could be warm and attentive, the next moment cool and distant. Outwardly he looked every inch the unflinching soldier—admirers likened him to a gamecock. Inwardly he magnified all grievances. When Davis following Manassas sent to the Senate a list of five men to be confirmed as full generals, the ranking of the names enraged Johnston. He thought his name should lead the list. First instead was the 63-year-old Adjutant General Samuel Cooper, the staff officer who handled all the army's administrative details. Second came Albert Sidney Johnston of Kentucky, who would be mortally wounded the next year while serving in the West. Third was Robert E. Lee. Fourth and fifth, respectively, were Joseph Johnston and Beauregard.

"I will not affect to disguise the surprise and mortification produced in my mind by the action taken in this matter by the President and by Congress . . ." he wrote Davis. "I now and here declare my claims, that notwithstanding these nominations. . . . I still rightfully hold the rank of first general in the Armies of the Southern Confederacy." The president's action, Johnston went on, "seeks to tarnish my fair name as a soldier and a man, earned by more than thirty years of laborious and perilous service. I had but this, the scars of many wounds, all honorably taken in my front and in the front of battle, and my father's Revolutionary sword. It was delivered to me from his venerated hands, without a stain of dishonor. . . ." Now the president was "degrading one who has served laboriously from the commencement of the war on this frontier and borne a prominent part in the only great event of that war, for the benefit of persons neither of whom has yet struck a blow for this Confederacy."[28] This last was a slighting reference to Sidney Johnston and to Lee.

Ordinarily Davis wrote letters just as lengthy as any of Johnston's or Beauregard's, but this time he made his response brief and to the point. "Sir: I have just received and read your letter of the 12th instant," he replied. "Its language is, as you say, unusual; its arguments and statements utterly one-sided, and its insinuations as unfounded as they are unbecoming. I am, &c. Jeff'n Davis."[29] There the matter rested, never again discussed in public by either party.

Richard Taylor of Louisiana, son of Zachary Taylor and brother-in-law of Davis by his first marriage, soon to be a brilliant officer under Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley, worried about the rift between the two men but could do little to heal it. Johnston, wrote Taylor, "sincerely believed himself the Esau of the Government, grudgingly fed on bitter herbs, while a favored Jacob enjoyed the flesh-pots. . . . Having served under his command and studied his

methods, I feel confident that his great abilities under happier conditions would have distinctly modified, if not changed, the current of events. Destiny willed that Davis and Johnston should be brought into collision, and the breach, once made, was never repaired. Each misjudged the other to the end."[30]

More mundane but equally heartfelt in the fall of 1861 was Davis's insistence on reorganizing the army. The president felt with good reason that regiments from different states, instead of being assigned at random to the various brigades, should be brought together and commanded by officers from the same state. The result would be a more cohesive unit, with more esprit de corps. Instead of placating Davis by explaining that he needed time to effect the changes, Johnston simply dragged his feet. When the president focused his concern on the scattered Mississippi regiments, Johnston continued to procrastinate. Worse, he allowed one of his subordinates, General W.H.C. Whiting, to reject Mississippi troops for his own command. Chase Whiting, a Mississippian himself who had graduated number one in the West Point class of 1845, had a way of being high-handed. He did not want to take strangers into his brigade, even if they were Mississippians, and have them replace men he already knew. "They are used to me and I to them, and accustomed to act together,"[31] he informed the War Office. Back, at Davis's direction, came a humiliating reply. Since there regretfully was no other brigade command available for Whiting, he was to report for duty at his fallback rank as major of engineers. Only after repeated apologies from both Johnston and Whiting was the latter's punishment revoked.

On the matter of reorganization, Davis prevailed. Regiments from the same state would soon be bundled together, and the result would be greatly improved morale. Four or so regiments, each numbering perhaps 800 men and commanded by a colonel, made up a brigade. Four or so brigades, each listing some 3,000 men and led by a brigadier, comprised a division. Each division, numbering some 12,000 men, was headed by a major general. These figures were theoretical, of course. From the beginning of the war regiments and brigades were fortunate if they were at 75 percent of strength, and as the conflict wore on 50 percent or less was common. Confederate brigades would become known, not by numerals, but by the names of their commanders. As brigadiers were promoted or became casualties, the unit names could be confusing. Dorsey Pender led Pender's brigade of North Carolinians until he became a major general; then Alfred Scales took over and the unit became Scales's brigade. Maxcy Gregg led Gregg's brigade of South Carolinians until he was mortally wounded at Fredericksburg; Samuel McGowan succeeded him, and the name was changed to McGowan's brigade. Jackson's 1st Virginia became known simply as the Stonewall Brigade—a fortunate description since it was commanded by seven different men, five of whom lost their lives in the war.

·spite having no idea where Jackson or Branch was. "It had not been General ·e's design to attack the Federal Army in its strong position along Beaver ·am," wrote a commentator. "Jackson's column to the north was intended turn this position and force the enemy to fall back."[12] In short order Hill's ·lvance of his "Light Division," so named by its commander for its quick ·arching, uncovered the Mechanicsville Bridge, and Longstreet and Harvey ·ill followed him across the river. The Confederate units crowded in one on ·e other, making coordination difficult.

Now it was 5 P.M. Powell Hill, wearing his battle shirt of red calico, had ·errun Mechanicsville but was hesitating to assault head-on Fitz-John Por·r's Fifth Corps in its entrenched position along Beaver Dam Creek, hoping ·at Jackson would miraculously appear and turn the Federal flank. Jackson, half-day late but now in reasonable position to attack, nonetheless followed ·ders as closely as Hill did not. Lee's directive called for the divisions to ·mmunicate with one another and the assault to be delivered en echelon. ·here *was* Powell Hill, Jackson must have wondered. Should he now advance ·ward the sound of the guns, knowing little of the terrain or what was hap·ning? No, he would wait for further orders. Fatigue undoubtedly played a ·rt in his startling lack of aggressiveness. Dabney recalled him as being "anx·us and perplexed. . . . My surmise was and is that he was every moment ·ping and waiting for some definite signal from Genl. Lee; and that having ·ached Hundley's Corner (just south of Green Pole Church) . . . and still no ·finite instructions, he concluded the risk was too much to go further."[13] ·ith several hours of daylight remaining, Jackson encamped for the night.

Lee meanwhile had little choice but to order the attack on Beaver Dam. ·ow that Powell Hill had begun the fight, it had to be followed up. Magruder ·d Huger could be entrusted with the protection of Richmond only so long. On the high ground behind the waist-deep swampy creek, well protected abatis and earthworks, waited Porter's men. Charles Field's brigade of ·rginians led off the assault against Union General John F. Reynolds on the ·deral right, where Hill still hoped Jackson would materialize. Supporting ·e stocky and normally congenial Field were the Georgians of Joseph R. ·nderson—soon to leave the army to run the Tredegar Iron Works, the ·uth's leading maker of guns and munitions—and the Tennesseans and Al·amians of the energetic James J. Archer. Facing some thirty cannon, the ·onfederates never had a chance. His lines, Field would report, "were mo·entarily thinned by the most destructive cannonading I have yet known. Our ·ly safety from this fire lay in pushing forward as rapidly as possible and ·tting so close to the enemy's infantry as to draw the fire upon his own ·ops should it be continued."[14] Up rushed bespectacled 21-year-old Willie ·gram and his six-gun battery to take on the Federals, with harrowing re·lts. Four of his pieces soon were silenced, while fifty of his ninety men were ·led or wounded. Still Pegram kept his last two guns blazing. "Exposed . . .

to the convergent fire of five six-gun batteries, long after night came down the thunder of his guns told that he was tenaciously holding his ground," said a comrade.[15]

Hill was in the forefront of the action, trying to *will* his men across the creek. To no avail. "We fought under many disadvantages," Color-bearer Martin Ledbetter of the 5th Alabama Battalion reported. "It was with great difficulty that we made our way through [the] entanglement of tree tops, saplings, vines, and every other conceivable obstruction, and under a heavy fire. . . . I had to wrap my flag around the staff while crawling through the abattis."[16] The 35th Georgia of Anderson's brigade effected a minor crossing, but could not be reinforced. The Federal right, Hill began to see, was impregnable. "Their position . . . was too strong to be carried by a direct attack without heavy loss," he said.[17] As it was, his three brigades suffered some 550 casualties; the enemy, less than a third that number.

Toward dusk Hill decided to assail the Federal left, defended by Union General Truman Seymour. There William Dorsey Pender's North Carolinians stormed the foe, but with even worse results. "Fragments of shells literally hailed around me," said Pender aide John Hinsdale. "I thought that my life was worth very little."[18] One of Pender's regiments, the 38th North Carolina, lost one-third of its complement—152 of 420 men. Roswell Ripley's brigade of Harvey Hill's division, the nearest unit, rushed in to reinforce Pender. For the hot-tempered Ripley and his men, this was their first battle. Wrote 17-year-old Edgar Jackson of the 1st North Carolina: "Col. [Montford] Stokes (who was mortally wounded) soon orders us to rise up and charge and at it we go with a yell; we proceed half way down the hill, halt and exchange shot for shot with the Yankees, who had the very best of covering."[19] Stopped short of the creek, the 1st North Carolina found what cover it could, pinned down by enemy fire. It took 142 casualties. The 44th Georgia of Ripley's brigade was decimated, losing 335 men. Altogether Pender and Ripley incurred some 850 casualties. "I have passed though a fiery order of grape, canister shells, round-shot and musket balls," Private Jackson reflected, "and was permitted by the All Wise Being to pass through unscathed."

In Richmond Mrs. Roger Pryor, the wife of one of Longstreet's brigadiers, could not bring herself to look toward the battlefield. "I shut myself in my darkened room," she said. "At twilight I had a note from Governor [John] Letcher . . . inviting me to come to the Governor's mansion. From the roof one might see the flash or musket and artillery. No! I did not wish to see the infernal fires. I preferred to wait alone in my room. . . . God only knew what news I might hear before morning."[20] General Pryor was unhurt, but by nightfall the battle cost the Confederates some 1,500 men. Federal losses were only some 360. "It was unfortunate for the Confederates that the crossing was begun before Jackson got in rear of Mechanicsville," Harvey Hill conceded. "The loss of that position would have necessitated the abandonment of the

have suffered from fever and debility, but through the blessing of an ever-kind Providence I am much better. . . ."[49]

Thus it was that at 5:30 P.M. Longstreet and Powell Hill finally assailed the enemy on their own at Glendale, while some 50,000 of their comrades remained unengaged. Opposing them there and at nearby Frayser's Farm were approximately 40,000 Union troops under Philip Kearny, George McCall, Joseph Hooker and John Sedgwick, double their number. In the Confederate van was the Virginia brigade of doughty James Kemper, a former Speaker of the House of Delegates given to high-flown oratory before and after battle. His men double-quicked across 600 yards of open field toward two Union batteries, capturing six of the eight guns. Rejoiced Private David E. Johnson of the 7th Virginia: "The brigade met with a shower of shot, shell, and canister, and a storm of leaden bullets; it never faltered."[50] With them were Cadmus Wilcox's Alabamians and Micah Jenkins's South Carolinians. Edmund Patterson of the 9th Alabama, charging a second battery, reported: "Those of us left standing poured a volley at a distance of not more than ten paces into the faces of the gunners. They fell across their guns and under the wheels, whole teams of horses plunging about in their mad agony, trampling under foot the wounded."[51]

Taking the worse casualties of all were Jenkins's troops; they would lose some 530 soldiers, the highest of any brigade that day. "As I watched the fight of Jenkins' Brigade," said Major Edward Porter Alexander, "a fine, tall, handsome young fellow dropped out of ranks & came back toward me. As he seemed weak I went to meet him & found he had been shot through the lungs, the bullet passing clear through. He had been the color bearer." Alexander gave the soldier some brandy, and assured him he knew of men who had survived such wounds. "He was evidently cheered & said, 'Of course, I'm willing to die for my country, if I must; but I'd a heap rather get well & see my mother & my folks again.' Poor fellow, I hope he did, but I never knew."[52] Soon Roger Pryor's mixed brigade and Winfield Featherston's Mississippians also were engaged.

The battle ebbed back and forth. Now Powell Hill's men came up—the brigades of Field, Pender and Gregg in the lead. The fighting was hand-to-hand. Robert Christian and his brother Eli of Charles Field's 60th Virginia took on four of the enemy. Bayoneted several times, Robert killed three of them; his brother killed the fourth. "My Dear Wife," the slightly built, spirited Dorsey Pender later would write his Fanny, "God has spared me through another day's fight. We drove them again from their position [at Frayser's Farm], taking one General, [George] McCall, and two batteries of fine rifled guns." One of Pender's regiments, the 22nd North Carolina, had just gotten a new battle flag, the old one having been shredded at Gaines's Mill. It promptly squared off against the 20th Massachusetts, whose officers came from Boston's bluest blood. In the ensuing donnybrook, the 22nd North Carolina's colonel noted, "our flag staff was shot in two twice, the Color Bearer killed & 6 out of 8 of the color-guard either killed or wounded." Just beforehand Captain Oliver Wendell Holmes of the 20th Massachusetts lined up his men next to his friend Captain James Lowell. "We caught each other's eye and saluted," said Holmes sadly. "When next I looked, he was gone."[53]

While Longstreet deployed large numbers of men with admirable skill during the battle, displaying his usual calm under pressure, Powell Hill once again showed his bent for personal leadership. Seeing some North Carolinians breaking and heading for the rear, he rode forward and seized their battle flag, crying, "Damn you, if you will not follow me, I'll die alone!" The men stopped in their tracks. Shouted one of them: "Lead on, Hill! Head the North Carolina boys!" The Carolinians soon rallied.

By 8:30 P.M. darkness brought the combat to an end, with the Confederates unable to cut the Federal column. "Longstreet and A.P. Hill made a desperate fight," said Harvey Hill, "but they failed to gain possession of the Quaker Road, upon which McClellan was retreating. That night Franklin glided silently by them. He had to pass within easy range of the artillery of Longstreet and Hill, but they did not know he was there."[54] Many prisoners were taken including Union General McCall, as well as several batteries and thousands of small arms. The cries of the wounded were piteous, but some of the survivors did not notice. Wrote one officer to his wife: "Strange as it may seem to you I never slept sounder in my life. We was so worn out that as soon as we stopped fighting we could hardly keep awake."[55] Confederate casualties totaled some 3,700; Union, some 3,800.

More changes came on the brigade level. Jubal Early, still so bothered by his wound he had to be helped onto his horse, took over Arnold Elzey's command. The slain Richard Griffith of Mississippi was replaced by his senior colonel, William Barksdale. General John R. Jones, one of few officers in the Army of Northern Virginia whose career would be marred by charges of cowardice, now led the Virginians of the 2nd Brigade of Winder's division, formerly under John Campbell. With Richard Taylor still ailing, his Louisiana command devolved on Leroy Stafford. Wounds to Pickett, Featherston and Joseph R. Anderson resulted in new officers for those Virginia, Mississippi and Georgia units. Robert Rodes, his own wound reopened, entrusted his Alabama brigade to the dashing John Brown Gordon.

Early on the morning of July 1, with the entire Federal army and its massed artillery reunited on Malvern Hill, Lee met with his generals to consider still another assault. Jackson had by this time crossed White Oak Swamp in the wake of the retreating Franklin, and Lee's intent was for Harvey Hill, Huger and Magruder, none of whom had seen action the previous day, to bear the brunt of the fighting. Malvern Hill was actually an elevated plateau, some 150 feet high and a mile and one-half in breadth and three-quarters of a mile

Soon Alexander was serving with the Confederacy, advancing from captain of signals at First Manassas to chief of ordnance in ensuing battles. "His was the happiest and most hopeful nature," said Moxley Sorrel, commenting on his abilities. "He was sure of winning in everything he took up, and never did he open his guns on the enemy but that he knew he should maul him into smithereens. . . . He was often called on both by Lee and Longstreet for technical work. . . . Longstreet thought so well of his engineering and reconnoitering abilities that he kept him very near headquarters."[15]

Alexander's new command had been the crack artillery battalion of Stephen D. Lee, who was promoted to brigadier and sent to the West. From Vicksburg Lee wired his congratulations: "Well, Aleck, I am glad you took my battalion—manage them right & they will make you a brig."[16]

Jubal Anderson Early was born in 1816 in remote western Virginia, one of ten children of Joab and Ruth Early, prominent and wealthy Franklin County landowners. His youthful years were uneventful, marred only when he was sixteen by the death of his mother. "She was a most estimable lady," he said, "and her death was not only the source of the deepest grief for her immediate family, but caused universal regret." Even as a young man, however, he evinced a tendency to be disputatious and, sometimes, disagreeable. He entered West Point in 1833 and, before the year was out, had his storied quarrel with Lewis Armistead. Early made some scathing remark on the drill field, tempers boiled over in the mess hall, and Armistead broke a serving plate over Early's head. For this he was dismissed from the academy, while Early continued in his curmudgeonly ways. In his senior year he received 189 demerits, placing him 195th in a corps of 211. He did better academically, finishing eighteenth in a class of 50.[17]

Following graduation in 1837 Early fought Indians for a year in the Florida swamps, then resigned from the army and spent the next two decades in Rocky Mount, Virginia, practicing law and serving in the state legislature.

His only break in this regimen came in 1847 when he served as a major in the Virginia Volunteers during the Mexican War. He arrived after the fighting was over but his soldierly abilities impressed both Jefferson Davis, colonel of the 1st Mississippi Rifles, and General Zachary Taylor. The former man became a lifetime friend; the latter appointed him military governor of Monterrey. "Being rather a strict disciplinarian," Early said, "and naturally regarded by inexperienced troops as harsh in my treatment of them, I was by no means popular with the mass of the regiment . . . but I can safely say that, on the day they were mustered out . . . I had the satisfaction of receiving from a great many of the men the assurance that they had misjudged me in the beginning and were now convinced that I had been their best friend all the time."[18] In Mexico he contracted the fever that developed into the painful and chronic arthritic condition that bent his body and, already in 1848, made him appear far older than his thirty-two years.

Back in Rocky Mount, Early resumed his law practice and took rooms at the local inn and tavern, where he would regularly voice his opinions in the evening over a convivial drink. The lifetime bachelor also began a relationship with 17-year-old Julia McNealey, whom he kept in a small house near the inn. She would serve him supper, come into his bed and bear him four children. While he did not flaunt the relationship he made no effort to conceal it, acknowledging and supporting the children and naming the last one, a boy born in 1864, Jubal L. Early. "I was never blessed with . . . captivating manners," he would acknowledge, "and the consequence was that I was often misjudged and thought to be haughty and distainful in my temperament. When earnestly engaged about my business . . . I would frequently pass an acquaintance without noticing him, because of the preoccupation of my mind, and this often gave offense."

Now he was serving the Confederacy with distinction. At First Manassas he had rushed up to tip the balance; at Williamsburg he had been wounded in his brave but reckless charge; at Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas and Sharpsburg he had shown his coolness under fire. Often confused with Dick Ewell—with whom he shared a piping voice, an irascible nature and a bent for profanity—Early spared neither his friends nor his foes. "I was never what is called a popular man," he said unabashedly.[19]

William Dorsey Pender, born in 1834 in Edgecombe County, North Carolina, was the son of James and Sarah Pender, who by all accounts were doting parents. Growing up on the family farm he soon elected for the soldier's life, and in 1850 entered West Point, where his classmates included Jeb Stuart, Stephen D. Lee and John Pegram. Following graduation the handsome, dark-haired Pender visited the North Carolina home of another classmate, Samuel Shepperd, son of a longtime U.S. congressman. Shepperd's petite 14-year-old sister, Fanny, captivated him from their first meeting and for the next five years, while stationed on the frontier, he conducted a long-distance courtship. They were married in 1859 at her parents' home and then journeyed to his posting in Washington Territory, where Fanny gave birth to Samuel, their first son.

Back in North Carolina on furlough with his family in 1861 as the possibility of secession became a reality, Pender offered his services to the Confederacy. He did not see action, however, until the following year at Seven Pines as colonel of the 6th North Carolina in Evander Law's brigade. There in the action at Fair Oaks, when his well-drilled regiment was in danger of being flanked on its left by Yankees streaming across the Chickahominy, he sized up the situation immediately. "By the left flank, file left, double-quick!" he shouted in a ringing voice. This quick reaction, said one of his officers, "was the only possible combination of commands that could have saved us from capture, and they were molded into a single order without hesitating for an instant." President Davis, witnessing the maneuver and Pender's ensuing as-

sault on the enemy, rode up and said, "General Pender, I salute you," giving him a battlefield promotion on the spot.[20] Thereafter his brigade served in the Light Division.

Throughout the war Pender kept up a remarkable correspondence with Fanny while they were apart, writing letters that revealed an intense and loving relationship. On one occasion, however, she became incensed. First she quoted his offending letter: "I was at a little gathering two nights ago, and had a very nice time dancing and flirting with a very nice girl. I am trying to get her to knit you a sack [a sort of hairnet] but she says she is not going to work for my wife, *but will do anything for me.*"

Then Fanny unleashed her anger. "Now, I ask you candidly, in your sober senses, why you wrote me such a thing as that? Was it to gratify your vanity by making me jealous, or to make me appreciate your love still more? You are very much mistaken. . . . I feel indignant that any woman should have dared to make such loose speeches to my husband and that he should have encouraged it by his attentions."

Within days a remorseful Pender was abjectly apologizing. "Oh! Fanny, Fanny, how could you suppose a dishonorable act. . . . [Your] letter was in my mind awake and sleeping, and again and again would my grief have to be relieved by tears. If you had simply said I do not love you I could have stood it, for I should have known that you did not mean it, but to accuse me of dishonorable acts! But honey let it pass . . . if you knew how much I suffered you would believe me sincere [in] what I've said."[21]

More typical were his letters to Fanny in the aftermath of the army's battles. Following Gaines's Mill: "I did not tell you yesterday that I was slightly wounded in the right arm. Merely a flesh wound which has not caused me to leave the field. . . . We will try to see each other if God should spare my life through this, for if I do not go to see you, possibly you may come on to see me." Following Second Manassas: "We have been fighting for several days. I am safe and sound with the exception of a small cut by shell on the top of the head. . . . May God have mercy upon me and protect me as he had thus far. . . . I am very anxious to know how Dorsey is [Dorsey, their second son, had been sick]." Following Sharpsburg: "Gen. Hill gave me command of half his division when we attacked Harpers Ferry and two [brigades] this morning on the retreat. . . . My dear the prayers of the righteous availeth much, pray for my deliverance from the enemies [*sic*] balls, but darling if my fate should be that of too many, you must rest in the hope of our meeting in a better world."[22]

Union General Burnside, who had been so slow getting his troops into action at Sharpsburg, moved with far more dispatch upon replacing McClellan, heading his troops in mid-November straight toward Fredericksburg. Pressure from Lincoln and General-in-Chief Halleck undoubtedly spurred him on his way. Burnside's reorganized 115,000-man Army of the Potomac now consisted of three so-called grand divisions under Edwin Vose Sumner, Joseph Hooker and William Franklin.[23] But on November 21, when the Federals drew up north of the Rappahannock opposite the town, they found that the pontoons needed to bridge the river had not arrived. This mishap gave Lee almost three weeks to fortify his lines, bring Jackson from the Valley and unite his 78,000-man command.

There was little question but that Burnside would make his main attack at Fredericksburg. The Rappahannock there was some 400 feet wide; upstream it was narrower but choked with impediments to mass crossings; farther downstream it widened to some 1,000 feet. Stafford Heights on the north bank, 150 feet high, dominated the town, which was at waterside on the opposite bank. There Burnside concentrated some 200 cannon, along with Sumner's and Hooker's divisions. Behind the town for some 500 yards the ground sloped upward, culminating in Marye's Heights. Here Lee placed Longstreet's First Corps: McLaws and Ransom in the center, Dick Anderson to the left, Pickett and Hood to the right. Burnside stationed Franklin's division a mile downstream. Opposite on elevated ground between the mouth of Deep Run and Hamilton's Crossing was Jackson's Second Corps in three lines: Powell Hill's division in the first, Early's and Taliaferro's in the second, Harvey Hill's in reserve. All in all, the Confederate front extended for some seven miles.

The decision to engage the Federals at Fredericksburg had not been unanimous. Obviously the guns on Stafford Heights made the town itself indefensible and a crossing inevitable; only the high ground behind it could be held. More important, the cannon would protect the enemy should they be forced to withdraw, making pursuit impossible.

"I am opposed to fighting on the Rappahannock," Jackson told Harvey Hill. "We will whip the enemy but gain no fruits of victory. I have advised the line of the North Anna, but have been overruled."[24] Here Jackson was not considering the larger picture. Falling back 35 miles to the North Anna would have exposed even more of northern Virginia to destruction, and would have devastated Southern morale. Lee had to stand and fight.

Early on the morning of December 11 Federal engineers and workmen finally began laying their pontoons across the river. Waiting for them in well-concealed rifle pits were Barksdale's Mississippians, the only Confederates left in the town, who were under orders to delay the bridge building. "About 4 o'clock a battery posted on the ridge back of the town fired a few shots at the bridge," said Captain James Dinkins of the 18th Mississippi, "then the . . . pickets immediately along the river . . . maintained such a destructive fire that the enemy was compelled to abandon the work. Very soon, however, they returned . . . but the fire of the Mississippi boys was too deadly, and the enemy was forced to withdraw." By 10 A.M. Burnside decided to level the town.

sylvania and the 2nd U.S. Cavalry," said McClellan. This charge was met by the 9th Virginia, which broke the assault and drove it back, only to be attacked in flank. "Here the 9th was reinforced by the 10th and 13th Virginia and the . . . Federal cavalry was driven back across the crest of the hill." During this action 26-year-old Rooney Lee was wounded in the leg and carried from the field. (Later he would be captured while recuperating at his home near Richmond, and not exchanged until March 1864.) Now Tom Munford galloped up from the north with elements of Fitz Lee's brigade, further strengthening Stuart's lines. Soon Buford and Gregg, who had effected a junc-ion, began to withdraw across Beverly Ford.[12]

One more Federal force remained to be dealt with. Earlier, when Gregg vas advancing toward Brandy Station, some 1,900 troopers under Union ieneral Alfred Duffie had split from the column and ridden west toward tevensburg. Duffie met no real opposition until he passed through the town nd headed north to Brandy Station. There he was met by the 4th Virginia nder Colonel Williams Wickham, whom he initially put to rout, and the 2nd outh Carolina under Colonel Matthew Calbraith Butler. The Confederates llied, however, and soon made a stand. "Colonel Butler ordered me to hold y position," said Major Thomas Lipscomb of the 2nd South Carolina, "and they pressed me on the right to move in that direction. The firing on my ht gradually got to my rear, and I was in the act of moving when Captain 'ill] Farley [Stuart's chief scout] brought to me a squadron of the 4th Virnia, with orders to hold. . . ."[13]

Butler and Farley later were side by side on horseback when an enemy shell ldenly struck the ground near them and ricocheted, cutting off Butler's right t, then passing through both mounts and severing the other man's leg. A f officer and a civilian observer rushed to the aid of Butler, who would over from his wound and calmly urge that they help Farley. "I wish that two gentlemen," said the well-bred Butler, who usually led his troopers ying no weapon but a silver-mounted riding whip, "as you have placed in the hands of my own men, would go and take charge of Captain Far-' The observer, James T. Rhett, takes up the story. "We went to Captain ey . . . and placed him in a old flat trough. He was very cool, in fact sant and smiling, though evidently in great pain. Just as we were about nd him away, he called me to him, and pointing to the leg that had been off by the ball . . . he asked me to bring it to him. He took it, pressed it s bosom as one would a child. . . ."

t is an old friend, gentlemen, and I do not wish to part from it," he said. We] shook hands with him . . . expressing the hope that we should soon see him."

oodbye, gentlemen, and forever," he replied. "I know my condition, and ill not meet again. . . . It is a pleasure to me that I have fallen into the of good Carolinians at my last moment." He died within a few hours.

"I have never seen a man," Mr. Rhett marveled, "whose demeanor in the face of certain, painful and quick death, was so superb."[14]

Eventually Duffie, knowing he was far removed from the rest of the Federal cavalry, broke off the action and withdrew across the Rappahannock.

Confederate losses on June 9 totaled some 525 men; Federal losses, some 485. For Stuart, fifteen regiments did all the fighting—five of Hampton's, five of Jones's, four of Rooney Lee's, one of Fitz Lee's. Robertson's brigade was not engaged.

The Federal reconnaissance in force at Brandy Station learned nothing about Lee's intentions. But it did have one profound effect. "It *made* the Federal cavalry," said McClellan, Stuart's aide and, incidentally, a cousin of Union General George McClellan. "Up to that time confessedly inferior to the Southern horsemen, they gained on this day that confidence in themselves and in their commanders that enabled them to contest so fiercely the subsequent battlefields."[15]

Though Stuart refused to admit he might have been lax in anticipating the attack, newspaper commentaries and the opinions of his fellow officers were almost all negative. "Vigilance, vigilance, more vigilance, is the lesson taught us by the Brandy surprise," editorialized the *Richmond Sentinel* in one of the milder rebukes, "and which must not be forgotten by the victory that was wrested from defeat. Let all learn from it, from the Major General down to the picket." Wrote Dorsey Pender to Fanny: "I suppose it is all right that Stuart should get all the blame, for when anything handsome is done he gets all the credit. A bad rule either way. He however retrieved the surprise by whipping them in the end." Used to basking in praise, Stuart must have chafed under these sentiments. In the campaign to come, seeking to burnish his reputation, he would take liberties with his orders—with fateful results.[16]

Some ten days later in a minor cavalry skirmish north of the Rappahannock, Heros von Borcke, the Prussian officer serving on Stuart's staff, was badly wounded. "The bullets patterned around us on the hardened, hoof-trodden grounds like drops of rain," said William Blackford. "Just then I heard a thump like someone had struck a barrel a violent blow with a stick. I knew well enough what it meant." Turning, he saw that von Borcke was shot in the neck and slipping from the saddle. Blackford and others tried to get the 250-pound Prussian back on his horse before the enemy closed in, but the rearing, panicked mount made the task all but impossible. "I was at my wit's end. I then recollected a thing von Borcke had once told me . . . and I made a courier twist the horse's ear severely and keep it twisted . . . the horse becoming perfectly quiet immediately." Blackford got von Borcke back in the saddle and they made their escape. "The bullet passed through the collar of his jacket an inch or two from the spine and entered his throat, and for months he coughed up pieces of his clothing. . . . He was never able to enter active service again with us."[17]

a private in the 26th North Carolina. "The lines extended more than a mile, all distinctly visible to us. . . . The roar of artillery, the crack of musketry and the shouts of the combatants, added grandeur and solemnity to the scene." This martial panorama was the last the 23-year colonel of the 26th, Henry Burgwyn, would see before suffering a mortal wound. Casualties here were brutal, with some men firing at each other from 20-yard distances. Heth took a ball in the head and, stunned, toppled unconscious from the saddle. All that saved him from death was the thick wad of paper he had stuffed in his headband, almost unconsciously, to keep his oversize hat in place.[6]

Next Dorsey Pender pushed his division into the fray. "Here we found and marched over Pettigrew's Brigade," said Lieutenant James Caldwell of McGowan's 1st South Carolina. "The field was thick with wounded . . . and the ground gray with dead and disabled. There was a general cheer for South Carolina as we moved past them. [Pettigrew's men] had fought well but, like most new soldiers, had been content to stand and fire, instead of charging." Colonel Abner Perrin, who had replaced McGowan, led the assault. Continued Caldwell: "Filled with admiration for such courage as defied the whole fire of the enemy—naturally drawn to his horse, uniform and flashing sword—the brigade followed, with a shout that was itself half a victory." Pender's men rushed into the mouths of the enemy cannon. "It was done with the fierce might that always made Pender's charges terrifying," a commentator would write. When a shell all but tore off the right arm of the color-bearer of the 13th North Carolina, he shifted the staff to his left hand, his pace never slackening. "Still they came on," said a Union gunner, "the gaps being closed by regiments from the second line, and . . . by a second column which was coming over the hill. Never have I seen such a charge. Not a man seemed to falter. Lee may well be proud of his infantry." Pender succeeded, but at great cost. "Only a squad here and there marked the place where regiments had rested," said Alfred Scales, who suffered a severe wound, of his riddled North Carolinians.[7]

Under pressure from both the west and the north the Federal lines began to crumble, with Doubleday's First Corps evacuating first McPherson's Ridge and then Seminary Ridge, and Howard's Eleventh Corps streaming back through the streets of Gettysburg. By 4 P.M. Lee's men were victorious, and the enemy was digging in on Cemetery Ridge. Of 18,000 Federals who had gone into battle, almost half were casualties—many of them prisoners. Of 25,000 Confederates engaged, 6,000 were casualties. Rodes had lost some 2,900 men, Heth 2,000, Pender 1,100. With four hours of daylight remaining, Lee's instinct was to follow up the attack while he still had the advantage. How soon would the rest of Meade's corps be up? he must have wondered. "I cannot think what has become of Stuart; I ought to have heard from him long before now," he earlier had told Dick Anderson, the third of Hill's division heads. "I am in ignorance as to what we have in front of us here."[8]

While Lee was deliberating, John Brown Gordon was having a curious encounter. In the midst of putting Howard's men to rout north of the town he had come upon a Union officer sprawled on the ground among the dead. "Quickly dismounting and lifting his head," Gordon said, "I asked his name and the character of his wounds." The officer was Brigadier General Francis Barlow of New York, one of Howard's division heads, and a minie ball had struck him near the spinal cord, numbing his limbs. "Neither of us had the remotest idea that he could possibly survive many hours. . . . Before parting he asked me to take from his pocket a package of letters and destroy them. They were from his wife. . . . He [also] asked me to assure her that he had died doing his duty." That evening Brown learned Barlow's wife was with the Union army and near the battlefield. "When it is remembered how closely Mrs. Gordon followed me, it will not be difficult to imagine that my sympathies were especially stirred. . . . I dispatched under flag of truce the promised message to Mrs. Barlow." Barlow recovered, however, and much later heard that a kinsman's of Gordon with the same initials, General James B. Gordon of North Carolina, had been killed near Richmond. "To me, therefore, Barlow was dead," said the Georgian, "to Barlow, I was dead."

Some fifteen years passed, and the war was a distant if distinct memory when the two former officers met at a Washington dinner party.

"General, are you related to the Barlow killed at Gettysburg?" Gordon idly asked.

"Why, I am the man, sir," was the reply. "Are you related to the Gordon who killed me?"

"I am the man, sir," was the response.

Both men were dumbstruck. "Nothing short of an actual resurrection from the dead could have amazed either of us more," Gordon would say.[9]

On the Confederate left opposite Cemetery and Culp's Hills, a hesitant Dick Ewell at this 4 P.M. moment of triumph was finding corps command difficult. When Kyd Douglas, now serving on Allegheny Johnson's staff, galloped up to report that Johnson was less than three miles away, with his division well rested and ready to go into action, Ewell seemed uninterested. "I gave General Ewell my message and tried to express General Johnson's earnestness as well as I could. When I finished General Gordon seemed to second it, saying that he could join in the attack and they could carry that hill—pointing to Cemetery Hill—before dark." Gordon indeed advocated attack. "Had [Jackson] been there," he said, "his quick eye would have caught at a glance the entire situation, and instead of halting me he would have urged me forward. . . . notifying General Lee that the battle was on and he had decided to occupy the heights. . . . General Meade's army at that hour was stretched out along the line of his march for thirty miles. General Lee's was much more concentrated."[10]

Wright noticed a heavy column of Federal infantry on his right flank. "They had taken advantage of the gap left in our line by the falling back of [Lang's] Brigade and were rapidly getting in our rear. *Posey had not advanced on our left. . . .*"

Anderson in the center was encountering the same problems that had plagued Hood and McLaws on the right. The Confederate attacks in some places drove back the enemy, but overall lacked the sledgehammer force and coordination to break his lines and take Cemetery Ridge. Here Longstreet's willfulness and, to a lesser degree, Powell Hill's illness—the failures of the corps commanders to implement Lee's plans—must be acknowledged. Meade meanwhile was using his shorter interior lines to move troops up and down the heights, reinforcing his positions where needed. "The enemy had now gotten completely in our rear," Wright continued, "*and were advancing upon us over the very ground we had passed in attacking them. . . .* With cheers and good order we turned our faces to the enemy in our rear, and abandoning our captured guns we rushed upon the flanking column and *literally cut our way out*, and fell back about one-half the distance we had gone over."[39]

During these three hours of fighting the three Confederate divisions on the right and center suffered some 6,000 casualties. Hood and McLaws had 2,200 each, a rate of 30 percent; Anderson had 1,600 in Wright's, Wilcox's and Lang's brigades, a rate of 40 percent. Sickles's corps lost some 4,200 men, a rate of 30 percent, and Federal casualties overall totaled 9,000.

Though not engaged on July 2, the formidable Dorsey Pender of Hill's corps just before sunset suffered a mortal wound. He and some fellow officers were waiting for orders when the cannonading reached a crescendo and he could bear the inactivity no longer. "Major," he said to Joseph Englehard, his aide, "this indicates an assault, and we will ride down our line." Near the front a small shell fragment struck Pender in the leg. Unable to mount a horse, he had to be taken to the rear. In his last letter to his wife he had praised his men and asked God's blessing. "I never saw troops march as ours do; they will go 15 or 20 miles a day without leaving a straggler and hoop and yell on all occasions" he told Fanny. "Confidence and good spirits seem to possess everyone. . . . Now darling, may our Good Father protect us and preserve us to each other to a good old age. Tell Turner [one of their sons] I have a pretty pair of low patent leather shoes with heels for him."

Days later the main artery in Pender's leg began hemorrhaging and the bleeding could not be stopped. "Tell my wife I do not fear to die," he informed a chaplain. "I can confidently resign my soul to God. . . . My only regret is to leave her and our two children." Powell Hill mourned the "irreparable loss" of his favorite lieutenant. "We learned to admire and love him while living," said one of Pender's officers, "and to regret him with all our hearts when dead." On hearing the news, 23-year-old Fanny closeted herself in her bedroom for three days. Months later she gave birth to their third son.

She never remarried, died at age 82 and was buried next to her husband in Tarboro, North Carolina.[40]

Last to go on the attack that afternoon were Ewell's divisions and they so, despite Lee's admonitions, with the same lack of cohesion that marked overall Confederate effort. "We did not or we could not pursue the advan of yesterday, and now the enemy are in a good position," he had point told Old Bald Head that morning, referring to the Federal lines on Cem and Culp's Hill. Yet Ewell remained indecisive, giving no specific instruct to Johnson, Early and Rodes as to how to coordinate their assaults. upshot was that Johnson ordered his artillery under Major Joseph Latim move to Benner Hill, some 1,000 yards to the east of Culp's Hill, and up an ill-advised barrage about 4 P.M., long before the infantry was read move forward. There these sixteen guns, joined by four guns of the R bridge Artillery, would be in an exposed position, facing twice the numb enemy pieces. To a Marylander in George Steuart's brigade, their adv nonetheless was "a splendid sight. Sixteen guns, sixteen caissons, with attending cavalcade of company and field officers, steaming over the fie bustle and bust speed and enveloped in clouds of dust."[41]

Latimer, not yet 20 years old, was an artillery prodigy in the mol William Poague, John Pelham and Willie Pegram. Nicknamed "The Boy jor," he had joined the army straight out of V.M.I. Campbell Brown, Ev stepson and aide, described him as being "small & slight of his age . . one of those born soldiers whose promotion is recognized by all to be a sequence of their own merit."

With Ewell's infantry still immobile, the Federals concentrated all thei on Latimer's men, over the next few hours decimating the battalion. "As as his guns were unmasked, the enemy replied with a superior number of from Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill, causing many casualties," wrote historian. "Soon the Federals planted some guns well out to Latimer' front, enfilading [Joseph] Carpenter's Battery and practically silencing i this time one section of [William] Dement's Battery had entirely exhaust ammunition and one of [William] Brown's pieces had been disabled. B himself was wounded and his men so cut up but that two pieces cou maintained in action."[42]

Describing the scene in Brown's battery, a second historian was graphic: "When no ammunition was brought to his gun, Pvt. Jacob F. Coo ran to the limber to see what had gone wrong. He found Sgt. Robe Crowley, the chief of piece, there, and when he asked where the other men were, Crowley showed him. Cpl. Daniel Dougherty was cut in hal Frederick Cusick's head was torn off, Doctor Jack Brian had lost his and there were other wounded lying nearby." Yale-educated Robert once a gunner at Malvern Hill and now an aide to Jubal Early, w

Pender was trained as an artillery officer at West Point. All of his battle wounds (3) were by artillery

They gave us John Pope, our patience to tax,
  Hurrah! Hurrah!
They gave us John Pope, our patience to tax,
Who said that out West he'd seen naught but *gray backs*,
And we'll all drink stone blind–
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

He said his headquarters were in the saddle,
  Hurrah! Hurrah!
He said his headquarters were in the saddle,
But Stonewall Jackson made him skedaddle–
And we'll all drink stone blind–
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Then Mac was recalled, but after Antietam,
  Hurrah! Hurrah!
Then Mac was recalled, but after Antietam
Abe gave him a rest, he was too slow to beat 'em,
And we'll all drink stone blind–
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Oh, Burnside, then he tried his luck,
  Hurrah! Hurrah!
Oh, Burnside, then he tried his luck,
But in the mud so fast got stuck,
And we'll all drink stone blind–
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Then Hooker was taken to fill the bill,
  Hurrah! Hurrah!
Then Hooker was taken to fill the bill,
But he got a black eye at Chancellorsville,
And we'll all drink stone blind–
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

Next came General Meade, a slow old plug,
  Hurrah! Hurrah!
Next came General Meade, a slow old plug,
For he let them get away at Gettysburg,
And we'll all drink stone blind–
Johnny, fill up the bowl.

—Author Unknown

D. Goober Peas

Sitting by the roadside on a summer day,
Chatting with my messmates, passing time away,
Lying in the shadow underneath the trees,
Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

Chorus: Peas! Peas! Peas! Peas! eating goober peas!
  Goodness, how delicious, eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule,
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule,"
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas!—Chorus

Just before the battle the General hears a row,
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles now,"
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he sees?
The Georgia militia eating goober peas!—Chorus

I think my song has lasted almost long enough.
The subject's interesting, but the rhymes are mighty rough,
I wish this war was over, when free from rags and fleas,
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober peas!—Chorus

—A. Pender ?

E. Grafted Into the Army

Our Jimmy has gone for to live in a tent,
They have grafted him into the army;
He finally pucker'd up courage and went,
When they grafted him into the army.
I told them the child was too young, alas!
At the captain's fore-quarters, they said he would pass–
They'd train him up well in the infantry class–
So they grafted him into the army.

Chorus: Oh, Jimmy farewell!
  Your brothers fell
  Way down in Alabarmy;
  I tho't they would spare a lone widder's heir,
  But they grafted him into the army.

Drest up in his unicorn—dear little chap;
They have grafted him into the army;
It seems but a day since he sot in my lap,
But they grafted him into the army.
And these are the trousies he used to wear–
Them very same buttons—the patch and the tear–
But Uncle Sam gave him a bran new pair
When they grafted him into the army.—Chorus

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER
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