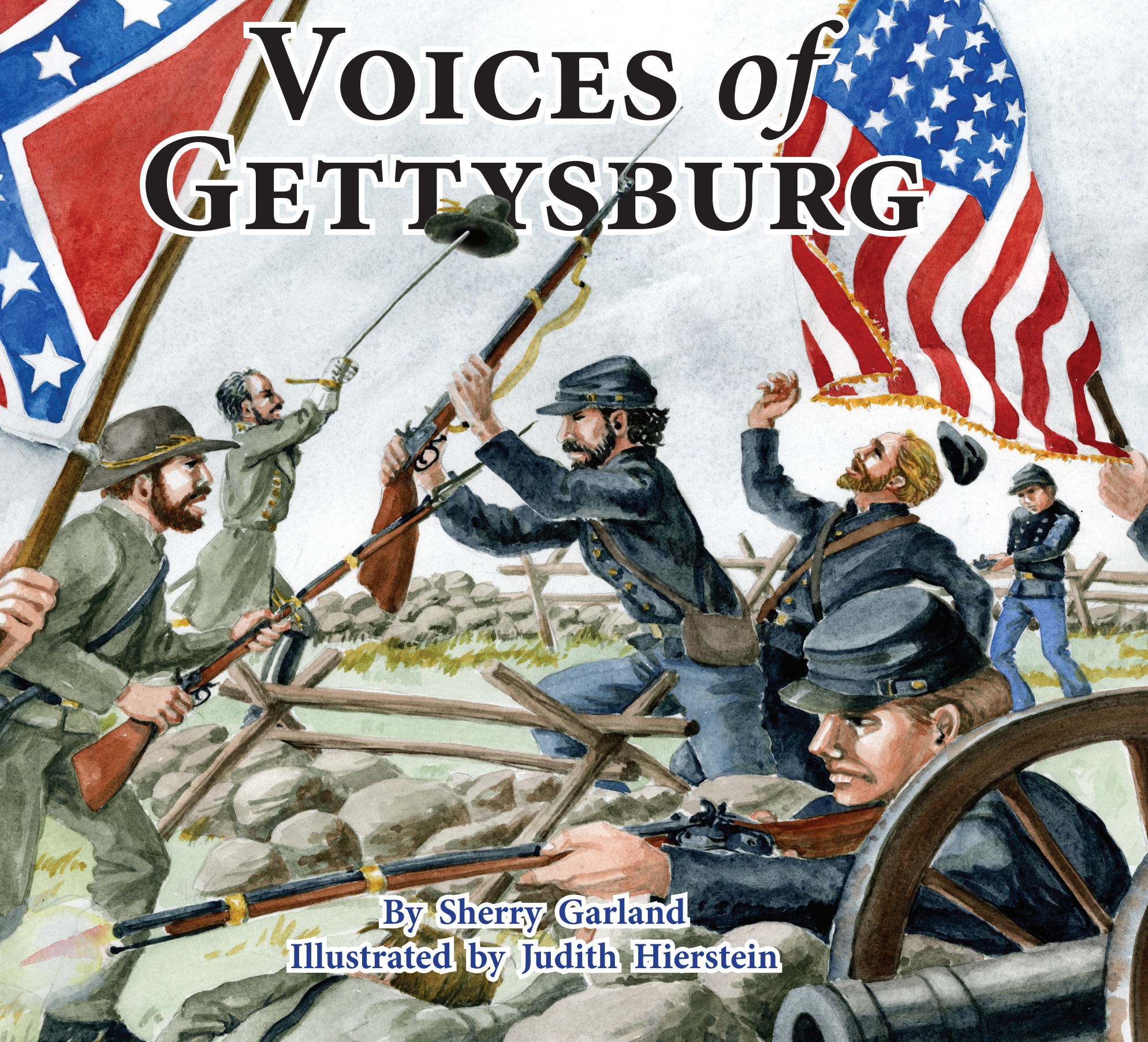


VOICES *of* GETTYSBURG



By Sherry Garland
Illustrated by Judith Hierstein

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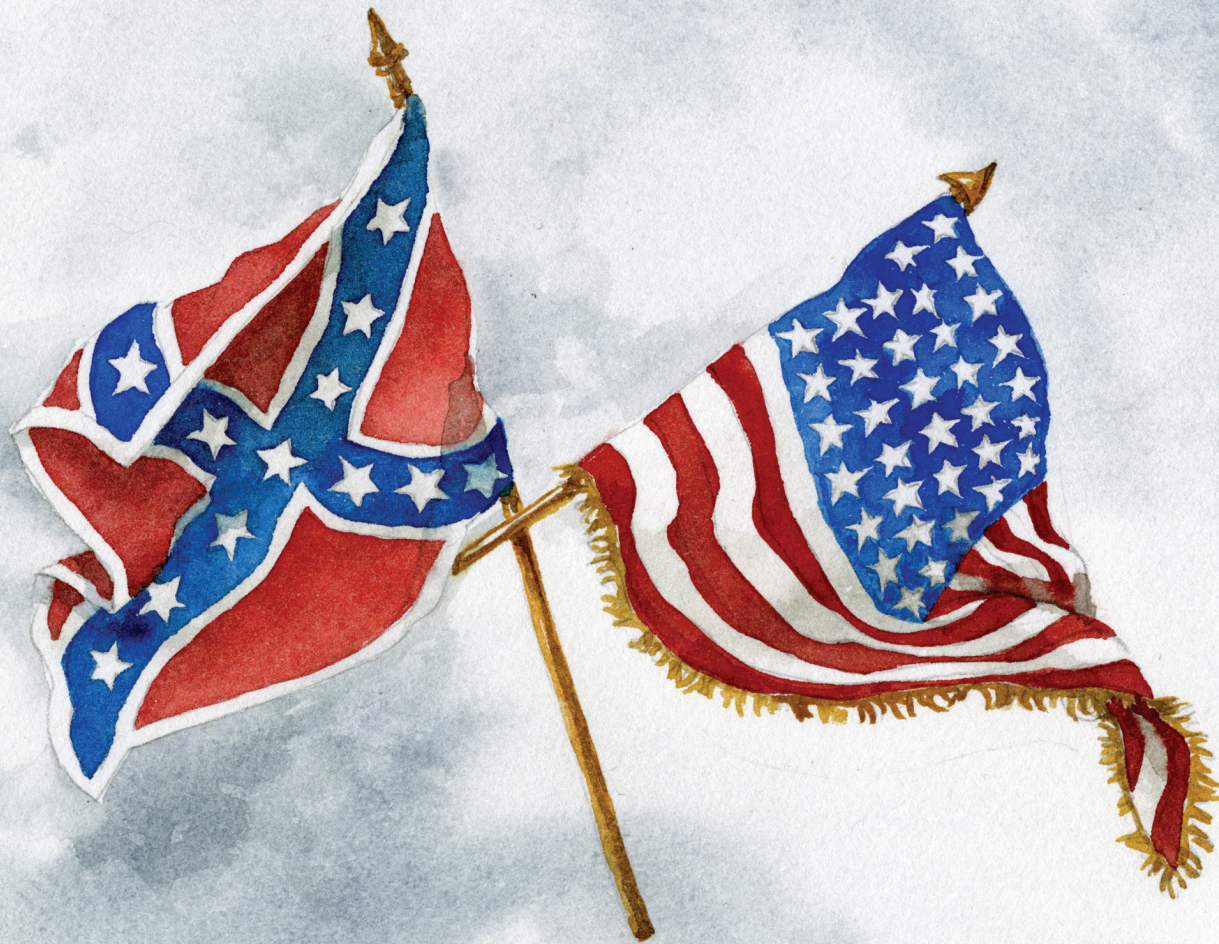
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During the Battle of Gettysburg, soldiers and civilians alike witnessed the heroism and tragedy of combat. Considered a turning point in American history, the three-day struggle ended Lee's invasion of the North. So intense was the fighting that more soldiers lost their lives at Gettysburg than during any other battle of the Civil War. This fictional collection of reflections based on actual events occurring between June 3, 1863, and July 2, 1863, provides a unique perspective of what it was like to live through those historic days.

The voices of those involved, from Robert E. Lee and George Meade to foot soldiers and civilians, from Chamberlain in his heroic downhill rally to a color-bearer in Pickett's doomed charge against Union lines, share the apprehension and horrors of battle, pride in their country and their cause, and sorrow over the lives lost. Through their stories a complete picture of one of the most important battles of the Civil War emerges.

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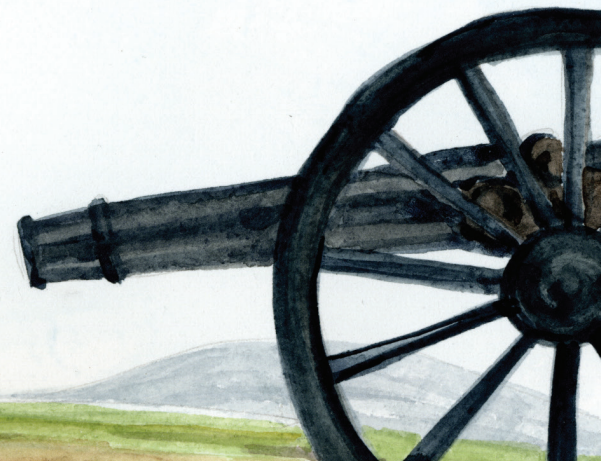
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*In honor of my husband's and my great- and great-great
grandfathers who fought in the American Civil War:
James B. Allison (MO), William Garland (MS), Josiah Gill
(MO), George Grim (VA), John Loucks (PA), J.P. Moore
(TX), and William L. St. Clair (AR). —S.G.*





JUNE 3, 1863

I am Gen. Robert E. Lee, commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, seventy-five thousand of the finest young soldiers who ever dedicated themselves to a cause.

Today we begin the northwestward march to Pennsylvania. It saddens me to leave Virginia, my beloved homeland, but the enemy has ravaged her towns and fields until there is nothing left here for this army to subsist upon. Across the Potomac River the lands are fertile, the storehouses full. Once the North has tasted the bitter harvest of war like the South and suffered a sound defeat in her own valleys and hills, perhaps then her people will pressure Lincoln for peace.

My army is outnumbered by the Army of the Potomac. We are outgunned by their better weaponry; they are better supplied; but time and again my ragged soldiers have faced this enemy and won. The Federals will try to stop us with all their strength, but I have confidence in my courageous boys in gray.

All the hopes of the Confederacy rest upon this campaign. With victory, soon this cruel war will be over.



JUNE 13, 1863

I am a private in the Second Wisconsin, Meredith's Brigade. For many days rumors have been flying that the Johnny Rebs bivouacked across the Rappahannock River from here are moving out. The Allen brothers with their observation balloon counting tents and campfires tell us that the Army of Northern Virginia is vanishing like morning dew. Some think General Lee is shifting his troops to Vicksburg to bust up General Grant's siege on that Mississippi town. Others think he's going to invade the North again.

Our scouts still don't know where the crafty old gray fox is located, but yesterday we received orders to strike camp and move north. None of us want to face Lee's army again, not after the beating our boys took at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville just a few weeks ago. But, by Henry, if they trespass on our homeland, they'll soon find out why we're called the Iron Brigade.

