



SCENARIO HANDBOOK



**Intergalactic
Development
Incorporated**

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ARBELA

1 OCTOBER 331 B.C.
ALEXANDER - DARIUS

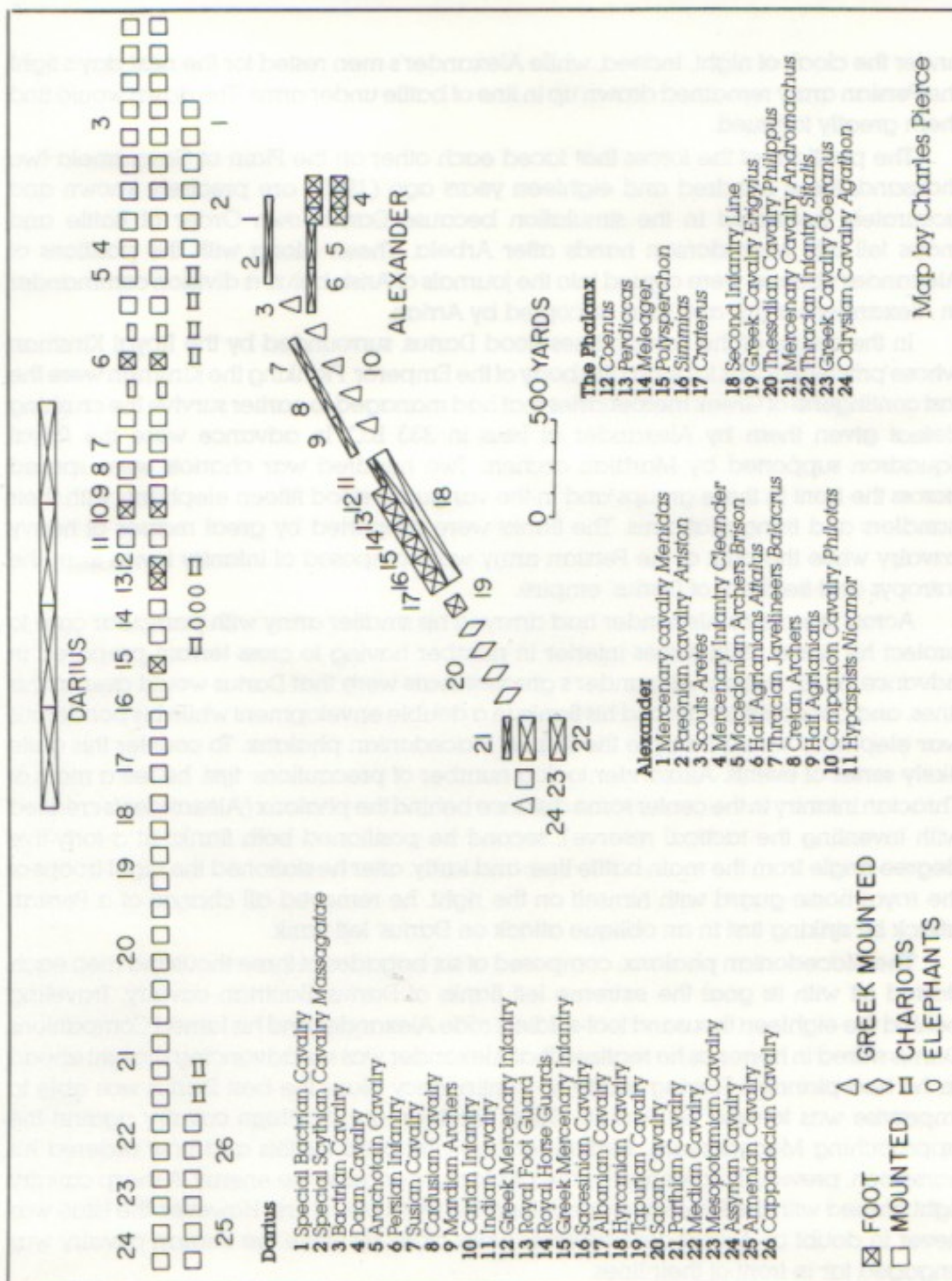
*"...they were about to decide by their swords
the dominion of all Asia".¹*

In 334 B.C. Alexander the Great, son of Philip of Macedon, turned his victorious horsemen and phalanxes east across the Hellespont and boiled into Asia Minor to destroy the outposts of the empire of Darius III, commander of the mightiest army on the face of the earth. Within two years Alexander had isolated the Persian fleets in the Mediterranean and the Aegean by capturing all the seaports from present day Turkey to Egypt and securing his lines of communications back to his base in Macedonia. In the process Tyre, the home port of the Persian navy, was reduced to rubble after an extended siege and its inhabitants sold off as slaves. By April, 331 B.C. Alexander, after spurning Darius' peace offer of 10,000 gold talents (\$300 million dollars), all of the Persian Empire west of the Euphrates and the hand of the princess royale, was prepared to march east and take it all, anyway.

Darius, with his infantry from Afghanistan, Bokhara, Khiva and Tibet, Kurdish horsemen, Bactrian cavalry including ancestors of the legendary Sikh warriors, scythe wheeled chariots and war elephants waited for him on the plains of Gaugamela, twenty miles from Arbela (about eighteen miles northeast of present day Mosul, Iraq). Persian engineers had meticulously prepared the ground, leveling it flat to allow the war-chariots to strike out unimpeded.

On September 25, Macedonian cavalry on reconnaissance discovered the position of the great Imperial army. Alexander, knowing that Darius was waiting for him on prepared ground, called a halt in his eastward march and made camp to rest his troops. After four days Alexander called his men to arms and approached the Persian hosts. On the night of September 30/October 1, Alexander crossed a slight rise that had previously hidden the two armies from direct observation of each other. There Alexander conducted a first hand reconnaissance of the ground and mistakenly concluded that the suspiciously smooth sand concealed great pitfalls dug to entrap his cavalry. He immediately called a council of war.

A number of Alexander's officers voted for a night assault. But Alexander replied that he, "would not filch a victory and that Alexander must conquer openly and fairly." It was a wise choice for the army of Darius was wide awake and waiting for the Macedonian



under the cloak of night. Indeed, while Alexander's men rested for the next day's fight, the Persian army remained drawn up in line of battle under arms. The dawn would find them greatly fatigued.

The positions of the forces that faced each other on the Plain of Gaugamela two thousand, three hundred and eighteen years ago (1987) are precisely known and accurately portrayed in the simulation because Darius' own Order of Battle and maps fell into Macedonian hands after Arbela. These, along with the positions of Alexander's troops, were copied into the journals of Aristobulus, a division commander in Alexander's army, and later re-copied by Arrian.

In the center of the Persian lines stood Darius, surrounded by the Royal Kinsman whose privilege it was to guard the body of the Emperor. Flanking the Kinsman were the last contingents of Greek mercenaries that had managed to earlier survive the crushing defeat given them by Alexander at Issus in 333 B.C. In advance were the Royal Squadron supported by Mardian archers. Two hundred war chariots were spread across the front in three groups and in the vanguard stood fifteen elephants with their handlers and firing platforms. The flanks were supported by great masses of heavy cavalry while the bulk of the Persian army was composed of infantry levies from the satropys and fiefdoms of Darius' empire.

Across the plains Alexander had arrayed his smaller army with particular care to protect his flanks. With forces inferior in number having to cross terrain prepared in advance by his enemy, Alexander's greatest fears were that Darius would overlap his lines, and pour cavalry around his flanks in a double envelopment while his ponderous war elephants would trample the famed Macedonian phalanx. To counter this quite likely series of events, Alexander took a number of precautions: first, he left a mass of Thracian infantry in the center some distance behind the phalanx (Alexander is credited with inventing the tactical reserve); second he positioned both flanks at a forty-five degree angle from the main battle line; and lastly, after he stationed the eight troops of the royal horse-guard with himself on the right, he removed all chance of a Persian attack by striking first in an oblique attack on Darius' left flank.

The Macedonian phalanx, composed of six brigades of three thousand men each, started off with its goal the extreme left flanks of Darius' Bactrian cavalry. Traveling behind the eighteen thousand foot-soldiers rode Alexander and his famed Companions. Darius stared in horror as he realized that Alexander was not advancing straight ahead as he had planned. Having made no contingency plans the best Darius was able to improvise was to send his Persian, Daan, Bactrian and Scythian cavalry against the approaching Macedonians. Alexander had prepared for this and now ordered his horsemen, previously screened by the phalanx, to engage the enemy. A sharp cavalry fight ensued with the Macedonians getting the worst of it at first. However, the issue was never in doubt as Alexander's reserves were close by while the Persian cavalry was engaged far in front of their lines.

After he spent all of the cavalry on his left with little observed effect, Darius ordered

his chariots to dash across the plain and route the Macedonian phalanx. Alexander, having prepared for this, sent forth his archers who cut down horses and drivers a hundred yards before they reached their intended target.

The Persian horsemen that were able to reform after the initial defeat now wheeled about and attempted to swarm around the Macedonian right. Again Alexander countered this by detaching squadrons from the Royal horse-guard. Darius now stripped his center of all mobile troops and threw them into the maelstrom that was quickly enveloping his left flank. In so doing, a large gap appeared in the Persian line that Alexander was quick to exploit with his personal guard.

Meanwhile, the Macedonian phalanx, moved inexorably towards the Persians. Though only the left half of the Persian troops had been engaged and the right still stood firm, panic began to engulf the center at the approach of the phalanx. When a thrown javelin killed Darius' personal chariot driver he abandoned his troops, mounted a swift horse, fled toward Arbela, and left his army leaderless like a great writhing beast with a head wound. The outcome of the battle had now been decided but a great deal of killing was still to be done.

Almost as if in a reflexive motion the Persian right under the command of Mazaeus struck out at the unsupported Macedonian left commanded by Parmenio. Greatly outnumbered Parmenio's wing gave ground until the Persians fell upon the Thracian rearguard and began to sack the Macedonian camp. Alexander, seeing the chaos on his left, abandoning his pursuit of Darius, and wheeling the royal horse guard ran to the support of Parmenio. A less vicious fight ensued where sixty of Alexander's personal guard and three generals fell at the king's side. Only a few Persians escaped with their lives.

Alexander's victory was complete. A bridge across the river Lycus created a bottleneck for the fleeing Persians and the pursuing Macedonian cavalry mercilessly struck down the remnants of Darius' army.

Three days later Alexander triumphantly entered Babylon as the lord and master of the "oldest seat of earthly empire."



ORDER OF BATTLE

The Macedonians

Alexander the Great commanding

The Phalanx



Taxis 1

Coenus
2,500



Taxis 2

Perdiccas
2,500



Taxis 3

Meleager
2,500



Taxis 4

Polysperchon
2,500



Taxis 5

Simmias
2,500



Taxis 6

Craterus
2,500

The Cavalry

MERCENARY **Mercenary Cavalry**
Menidas
600

PAEONIA **Paeonian Cavalry**
Ariston
459

SCOUTS **Scouts**
Aretes
459

GREEK **Greek Cavalry**
Erigyus
384

THESSAL **Thessalian Cavalry**
Philippus
2020

MERC 2 **Mercenary Cavalry**
Andromachus
400

GREEK **Greek Cavalry**
Coeranus
320

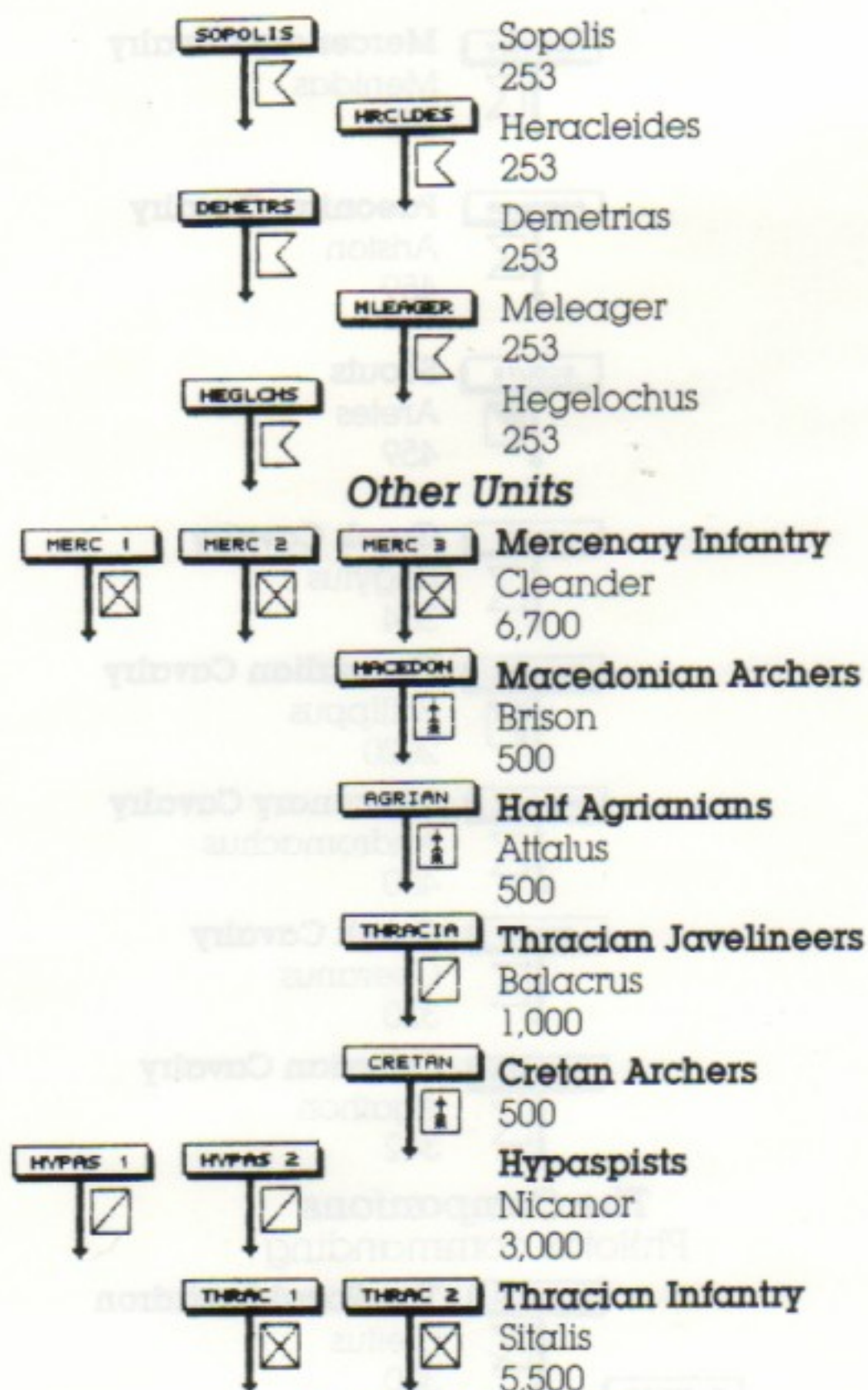
ODRYSSIA **Odrysian Cavalry**
Agathon
342

The Companions Philotas commanding

CLEITUS **The Royal Squadron**
Cleitus
300

GLAUCIS
Glaucius
253

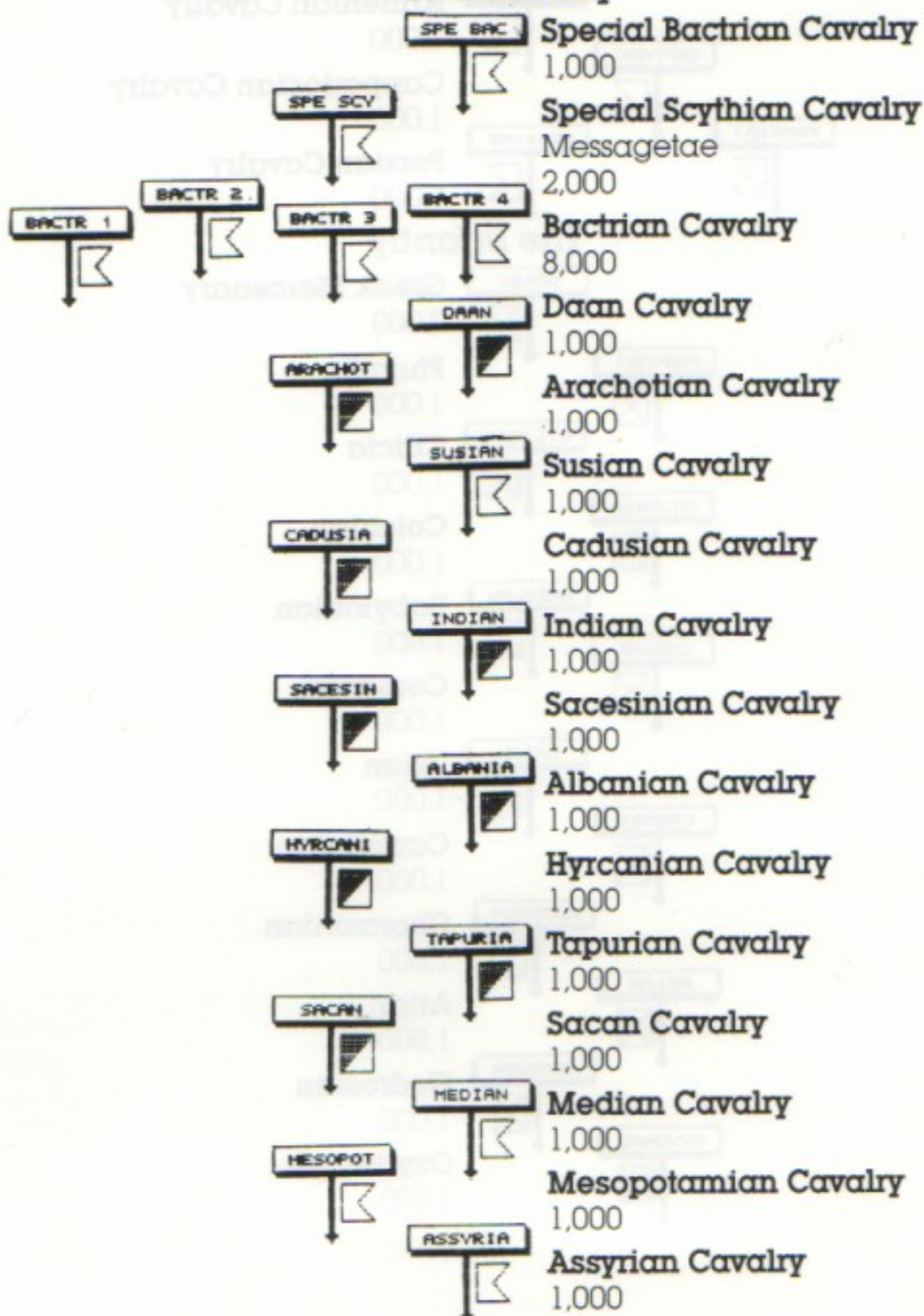
ARISTON
Ariston
253

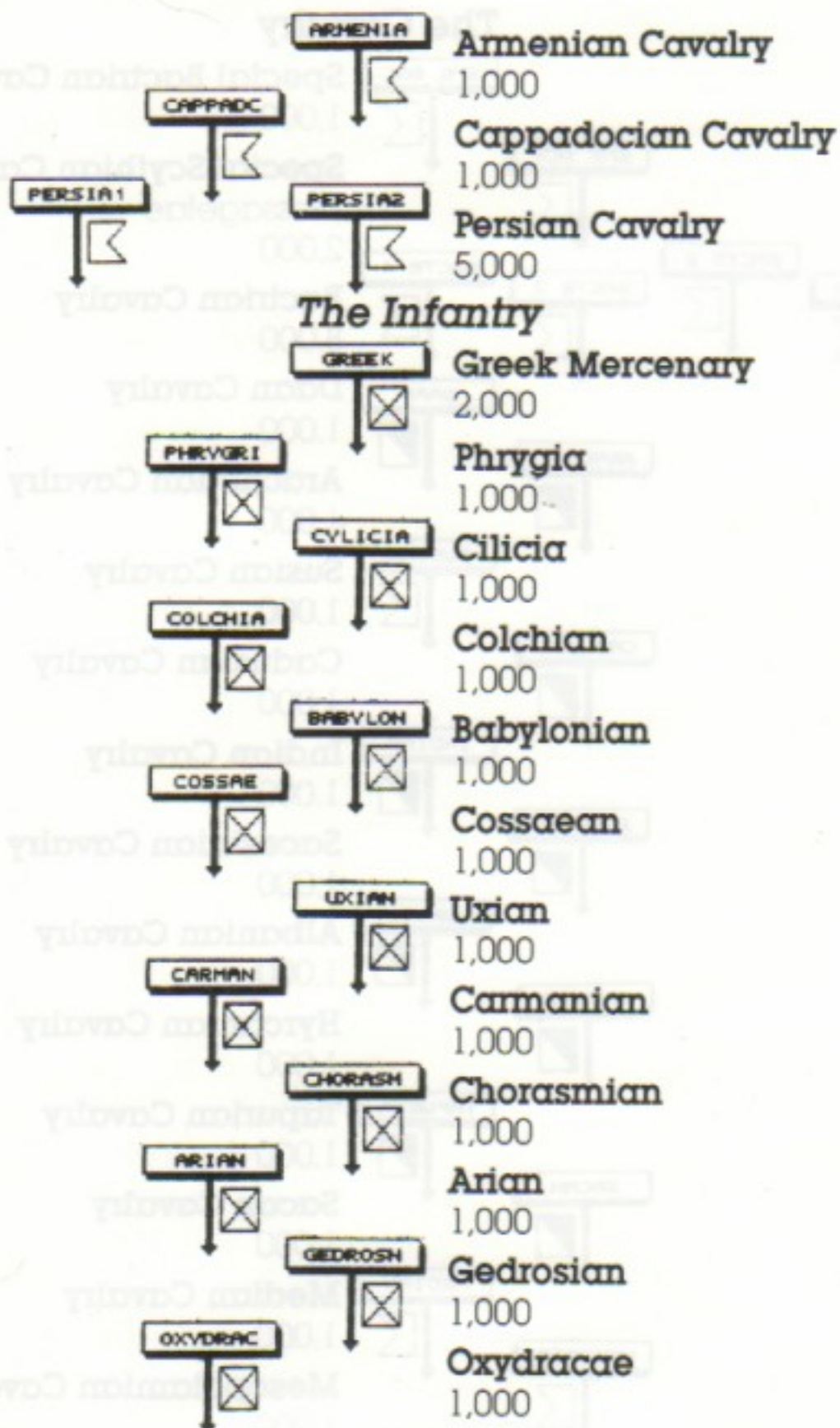


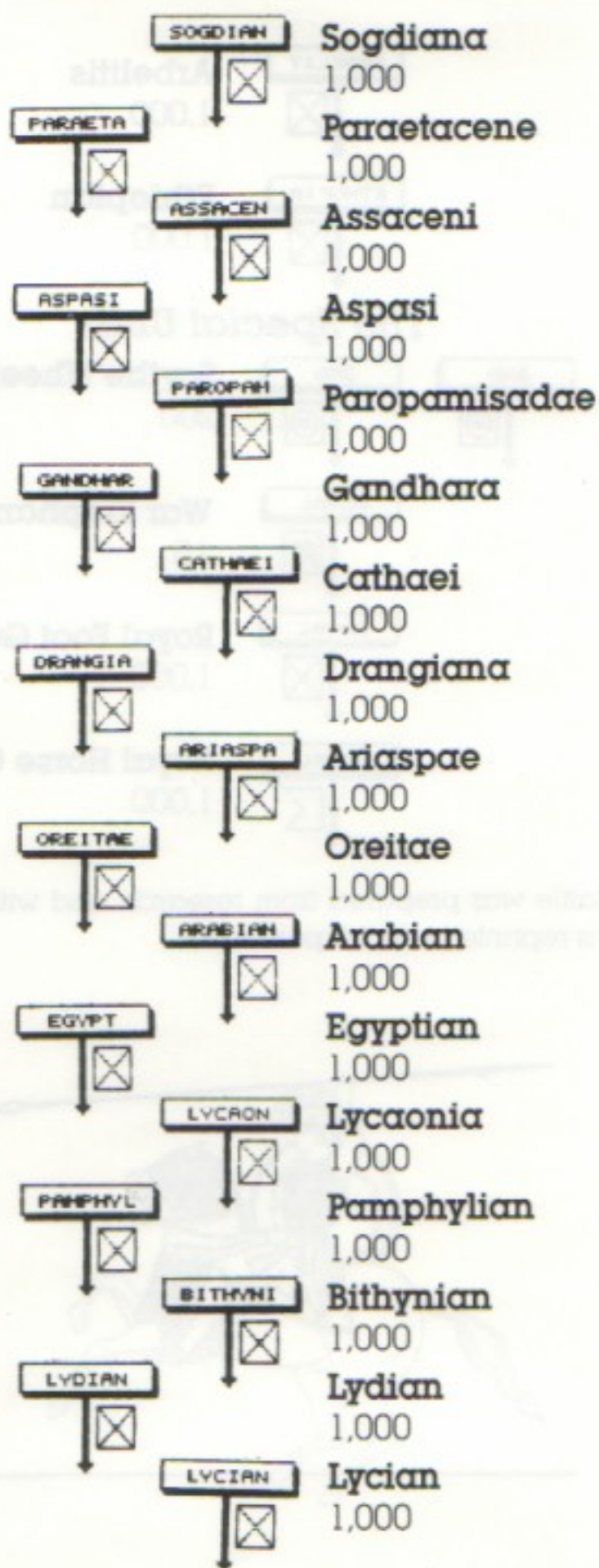
The Persians

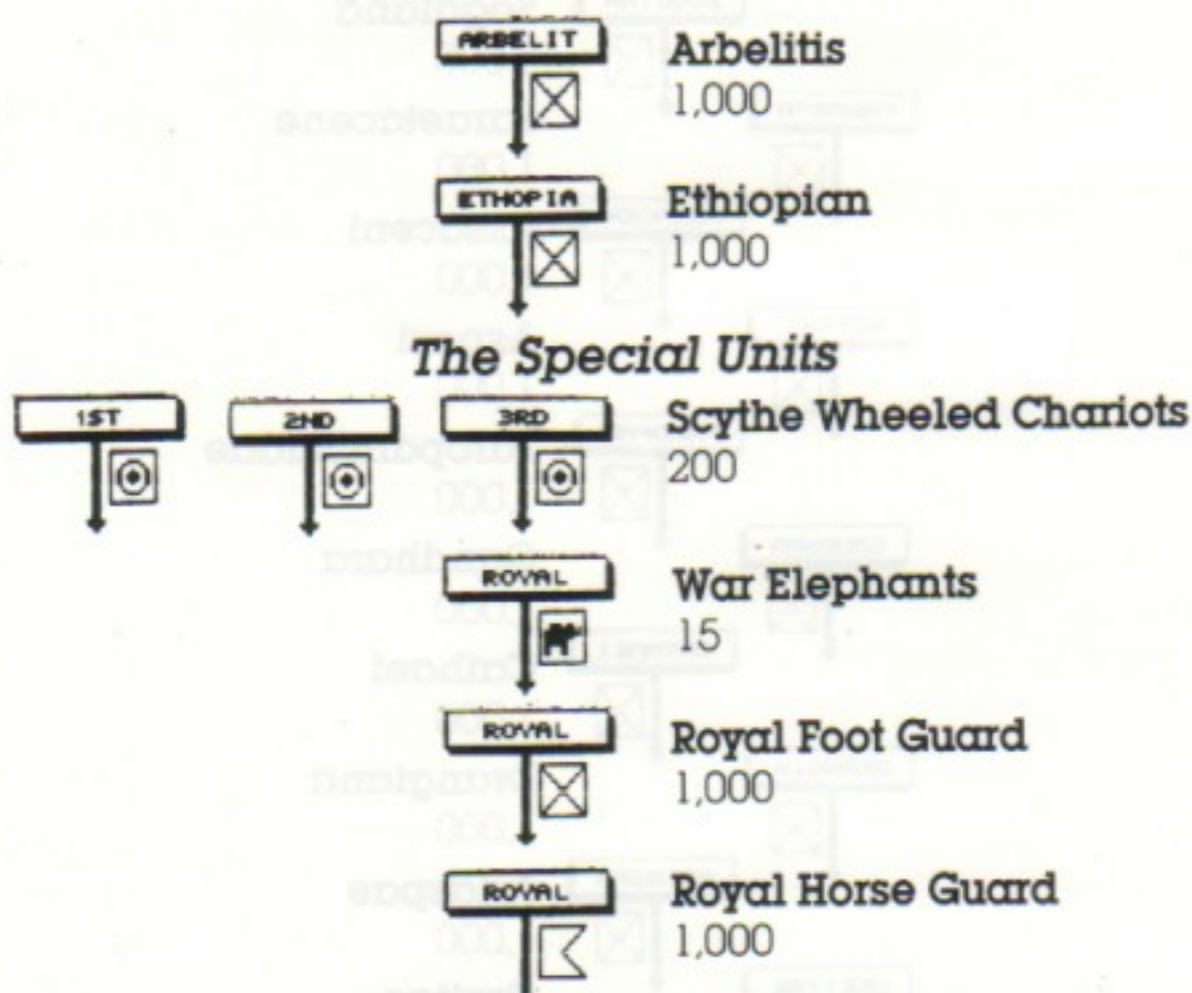
Darius III Colomannus commanding

The Cavalry









This Order of Battle was prepared from research, and with the kind assistance, of Charles Pierce. It is reprinted with his permission.



HASTINGS

14 OCTOBER 1066

HAROLD - WILLIAM

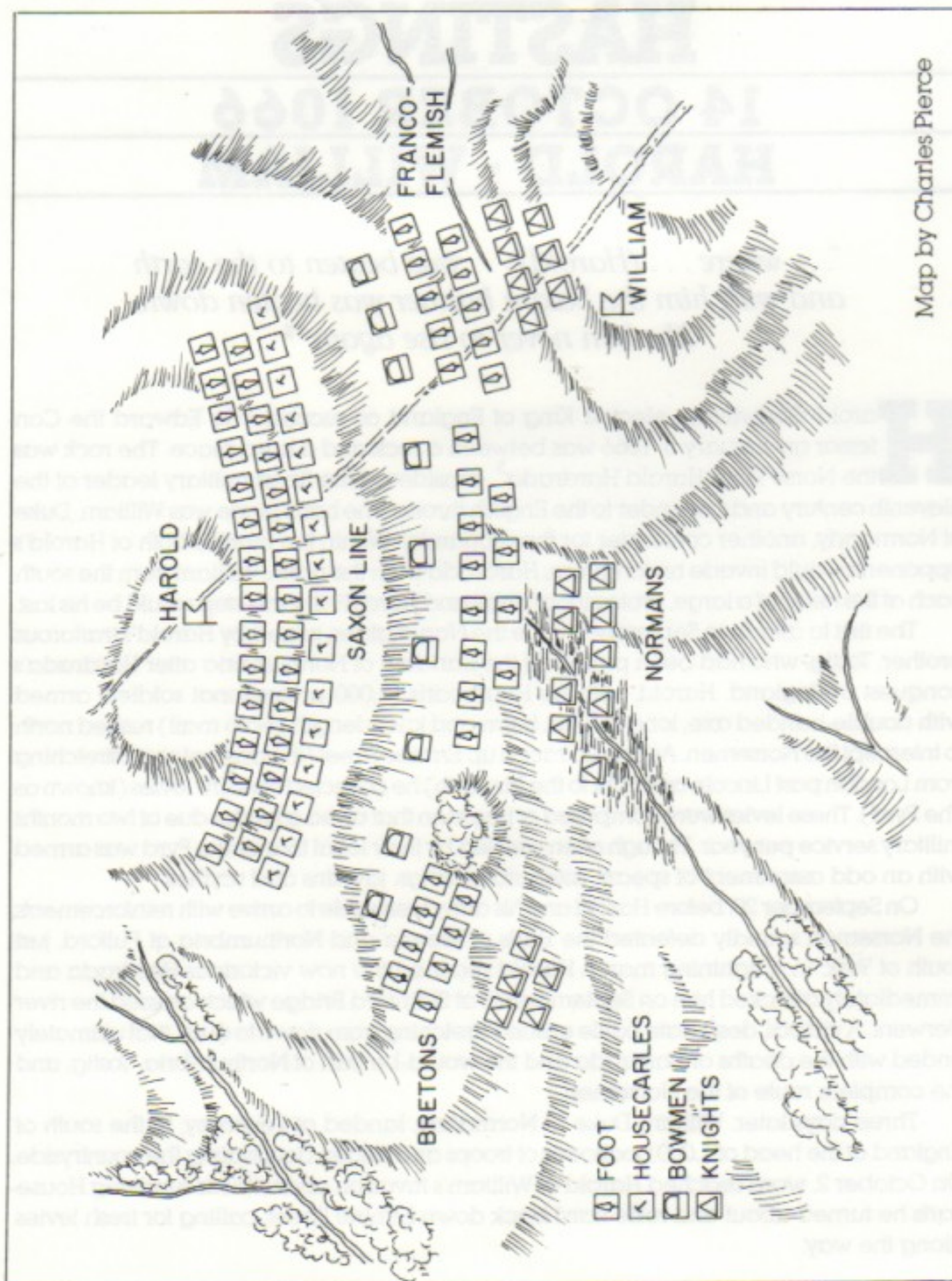
*"... where ... (Harold) ... was beaten to the earth
and with him the Saxon banner was beaten down,
like him never to rise again."²*

Harold Godwinson, elected King of England as successor to Edward the Confessor on January 5, 1066 was between a rock and a hard place. The rock was the Norse king, Harald Hardrada³, considered the finest military leader of the eleventh century and pretender to the English throne. The hard place was William, Duke of Normandy, another contender for the monarchy. Within ten months both of Harold's opponents would invade his kingdom; Hardrada from the north, William from the south, each at the head of a large, professional army and Harold's first mis-step would be his last.

The first to attack, in September, were the Norwegians, joined by Harold's traitorous brother, Tostig, who had been promised the Earldom of Northumbria after Hardrada's conquest of England. Harold, with his Housecarls (3,000 professional soldiers armed with double-handed axe, long shields, helm and knee-length chain mail) rushed north to intercept the Norsemen. As Harold raced up Ermine Street (the ancient road stretching from London past Lincoln and York to the far north) he collected his shire levies (known as The Fyrd). These levies were comprised of free men that owed a feudal due of two months military service per year. Though often well led by their local thanes the Fyrd was armed with an odd assortment of spears, axes, stone slings, javelins and scythes.

On September 20, before Harold and his army were able to arrive with reinforcements, the Norsemen soundly defeated the Earls of Mercia and Northumbria at Fulford, just south of York. In a lightning march Harold reached the now victorious Hardrada and immediately attacked him on September 25 at Stamford Bridge which crossed the river Derwent. A vicious, desperate battle ensued stretching from dawn to dusk, that ultimately ended with the deaths of Hardrada and the would-be Earl of Northumbria, Tostig, and the complete route of the Norsemen.

Three days later, William Duke of Normandy, landed at Pevensey, in the south of England at the head of 1,000 boatloads of troops and began devastating the countryside. On October 2, word reached Harold of William's invasion and with his surviving Housecarls he turned about and rode hard back down Ermine Street, calling for fresh levies along the way.



Map by Charles Pierce

The Fyrd was ordered to rendezvous at a prominent hoar apple tree which stood just south of the ancient forest of Andredsweald, sixty miles southeast of London. Harold arrived on the evening of October 13/14 with most of his troops stretched out along the road behind him. William and the Normans spent the night resting in camp at Hastings.

The narration of Robert Wace, a Norman poet, continues the next morning as William addressed his troops, "For God's sake spare not; strike hard at the beginning; stay not to take spoil; all the booty shall be in common, and there will be plenty for everyone. There will be no safety in asking quarter or in flight; the English will never love or spare a Norman. Felons they were, and felons they are; false they were and false they will be. Show not weakness towards them, for they will have no pity on you. Neither the coward for running well, nor the bold man for smiting well, will be the better liked by the English, nor will any be the more spared on either account. You may fly to the sea, but you can fly not further."

"...Then all went to their tents, and armed themselves as they best might; and the duke was very busy, giving every one his orders; and he was courteous to all the vassals, giving away many arms and horses to them...Then he crossed himself, and straightway took his hauberk, stooped his head, and put it on aright, and laced his helmet, and girt on his sword, which a varlet brought him. Then the duke called for his good horse—a better could not be found. It had been sent him by a King of Spain, out of very great friendship. Neither arms nor the press of fighting men did it fear, if its lord spurred it on.

"...The barons, and knights, and men-at-arms were all now armed; the foot-soldiers were well-equipped, each bearing bow and sword; on their heads were caps, and to their feet were bound buskins. Some had good hides which they had bound round their bodies; and many were clad in frocks and had quivers and bows hung to their girdles. The knights had hauberks and swords, boots of steel and shining helmets; shields at their necks, and in their hands lances. And all had their cognizances, so that each might know his fellow, and Norman might not strike Norman, nor Frenchman kill his countryman by mistake. Those on foot led the way, with serried ranks, bearing their bows. The knights rode next, supporting the archers from behind.

"Harold had summoned his men, earls, barons and vavasours, from the castles and the cities, from the ports, the villages, and boroughs. The peasants were also called together from the villages, bearing such arms as they found; clubs and great picks, iron forks and stakes...The English had built up a fence before them with their shields, and with ash and other wood, and had well joined and wattled in the whole work, so as not to leave even a crevice.

"Meanwhile the Normans appeared advancing over the ridge of a rising ground (Telham Hill); and the first division of their troops moved onwards along the hill and across a valley. And presently another division, still larger, came in sight, close following upon the first, and they were led towards another part of the field, forming together as the first body had done.

"And while Harold saw and examined them, and was pointing them out to Gurth

(his brother), a fresh company came in sight, covering all the plain, and in the midst of them was raised the standard that came from Rome (William's standard was sent by the Pope). Near it was the duke, and the best men and greatest strength of the army were there.

"...The Normans brought on three divisions of their army to attack at different places. They set out in three companies, and in three companies did they fight.

"As soon as the two armies were in full view of each other, great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the sound of many trumpets, of bugles, and of horns; and then you might see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows, handling their arrows, ready for assault and defense.

"...Then Taillefer, who sang right well, rode mounted on a swift horse, before the duke, singing of Charlemagne and of Roland and of Oliver, and the peers who died in Roncesvalles. And when they drew nigh to the English, 'A boon, sire! cried Taillefer; 'I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service. Today, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle!' And the duke answered, 'I grant it.' Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out, 'Come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on, lay on!' At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward, and surrounded and slew him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion.

"The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onwards; all were bold, and cast aside fear. And now, behold, that battle was gathered, whereof the fame is yet mighty.

"Loud and far resounded the bray of the horns; and the shocks of the lances, the mighty strokes of maces, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from over seas charged onwards, and again at other times retreated.

"...When the English fall, the Normans shout. Each side taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understand not their speech.

"...The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well: they pierce the hauberks, and cleave the shields, receive and return mighty blows. Again, some press forwards; others yield, and thus in various ways the struggle proceeds. In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them till they made them fall back upon their fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, and unable to rise. Many of the English, also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's battle did so many Normans die

as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

"...Then Duke William's brother, Odo, the good priest, the bishop of Bayeux, galloped up and said to them, 'Stand fast! stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing, for if God please we shall conquer yet.' So they took courage, and rested where they were; and Odo returned galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of great service on that day. He had put a hauberk on, over a white aube; wide in the body, with the sleeve tight; and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognize him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need he held up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault and strike the enemy.

"From nine o'clock in the morning, when the combat began till three o'clock came, the battle was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer and win the land. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well, that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not reach their bodies, nor do any mischief, how true so ever was their aim, or however well they shot. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upwards into the air, so that they might fall on their enemy's heads, and strike their faces. The archers adopted this scheme, and shot up into the air towards the English; and the arrows in falling struck their heads and faces, and put out the eyes of many; and all feared to open their eyes, or leave their faces unguarded.

"The arrows now flew thicker than rain before the wind; fast sped the shafts the the English called 'wibetes.' Then it was that an arrow, that had thus been shot upwards, struck Harold above his right eye, and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, breaking it with his hands; and the pain to his head was so great, that he leaned upon his shield.

"...The Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that they could do little against them. So they consulted together privily, and arranged to draw off, and pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field; for they saw that if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked and discomfited much more easily. As they had said, so they did. The Normans by little and little fled, the English following them. As the one fell back, the other pressed after; and when the Frenchmen retreated, the English thought and cried out, that the men of France fled, and would never return.

"...The Normans were playing their part well, when an English knight came rushing up, having in his company a hundred men, furnished with various arms. He wielded a northern hatchet, and with the blade a full foot long; and was well armed after his manner, being tall, bold, and of noble carriage. In the front of the battle where the Normans thronged most, he came bounding on swifter than the stag, many Normans falling before him and his company. He rushed straight upon a Norman who was armed and riding on a war-horse, and tried with his hatchet of steel to cleave his helmet; but the blow miscarried, and the sharp blade glanced down before the saddle-bow,

driving through the horse's neck down to the ground, so that both horse and master fell together to the earth.

"I know not whether the Englishman struck another blow; but the Normans who saw the stroke were astonished, and about to abandon the assault, when Roger de Montgomeri came galloping up, with his lance set, and heeding not the long-handled axe, which the Englishmen wielded aloft, struck him down, and left him stretched upon the ground. Then Roger cried out, 'Frenchmen, strike! the day is ours!' And again a fierce melee was to be seen, with many a blow of lance and sword; the English still defending themselves, killing the horses and cleaving the shields.

"...And now might be heard the loud clang and cry of battle, and the clashing of lances. The English stood firm in their barricades, and shivered the lances, beating them into pieces with their bills and maces. The Normans drew their swords, and hewed down the barricades, and the English in great trouble fell back upon their standard, where were collected the maimed and wounded.

"...Duke William pressed close upon the English with his lance; striving hard to reach the standard with the great troop he led; and seeking earnestly for Harold, on whose account the whole war was. The Normans followed their lord, and pressed around him; they ply their blows upon the English; and those defend themselves stoutly, striving hard with their enemies, returning blow for blow.

"...Loud was now the clamour, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was wearing of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could not longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell, who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

"And now the Normans pressed on so far, that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the arrow, and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the throng of battle, and struck him on the ventaille on his helmet, and beat him to the ground; and as he sought to recover himself, a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh down to the bone.

"...The standard was beaten down, the golden standard was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain; but there was so much eagerness, and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it was that slew him.

"The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke having conquered and beat down the standard; but they still fought on and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold for certain was dead; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field, and those fled who could.

"William fought well; and many an assault did he lead, many a blow did he give, and many receive, and many fell dead under his hand. Two horses were killed under him, and he took a third at time of need, so that he fell not to the ground; and he lost not a drop of blood. But whatever any one did, and whoever lived or died, this is certain, that William conquered..."

So ends the narration of Robert Wace and with it Anglo-Saxon rule over England.

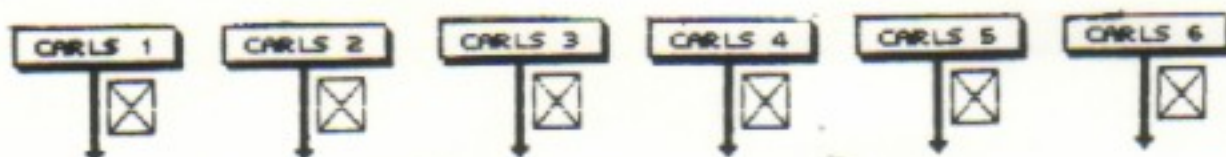


ORDER OF BATTLE

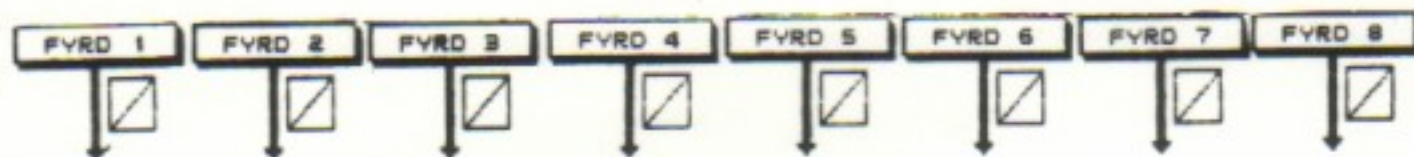
The English

King Harold commanding

The House-carls

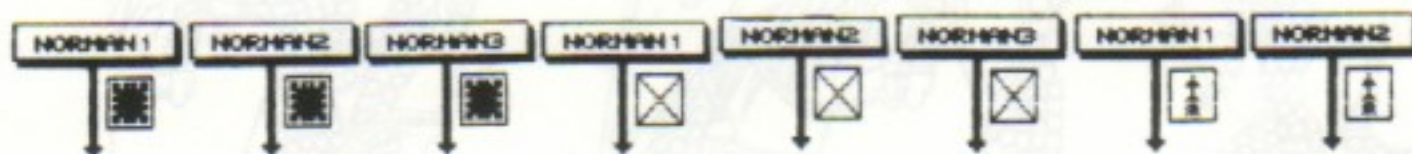


The Fyrd



The Normans

Duke William commanding



The Bretons



The Allies



MARSTON MOOR

2 JULY 1644

PARLIAMENT - CHARLES I

*"In half an hour the fortune of war
was dramatically changed."*⁴

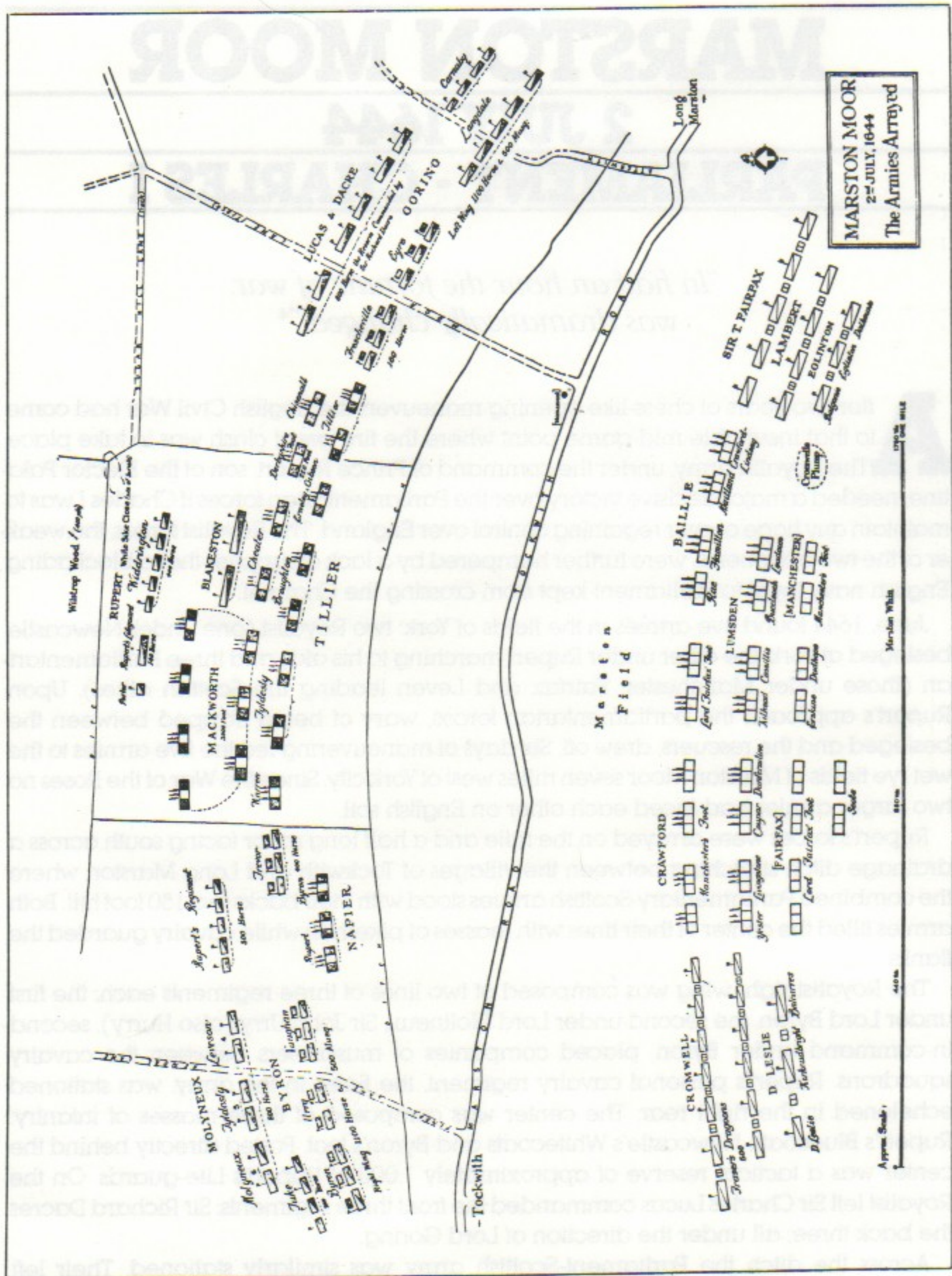
After two years of chess-like opening maneuvers the English Civil War had come to that inevitable mid-game point where the first great clash was to take place. The Royalist army, under the command of Prince Rupert, son of the Elector Palatine, needed a major decisive victory over the Parliamentary forces if Charles I was to maintain any hope of ever regaining control over England. The Royalist forces, the weaker of the two opponents, were further hampered by a lack of supplies that a blockading English navy loyal to Parliament kept from crossing the Channel.

June, 1644 found five armies in the fields of York: two Royalist (one under Newcastle besieged at York, the other under Rupert marching to his aid) and three Parliamentary (those under Manchester, Fairfax and Leven leading the Scottish allies). Upon Rupert's approach the parliamentary forces, wary of being trapped between the besieged and the rescuers, drew off. Six days of maneuvering led the five armies to the wet rye fields of Marston Moor seven miles west of York city. Since the War of the Roses no two larger armies had faced each other on English soil.

Rupert's forces were arrayed on the mile and a half long moor facing south across a drainage ditch stretching between the villages of Tockwith and Long Marston where the combined Parliamentary-Scottish armies stood with their backs to a 150 foot hill. Both armies filled the center of their lines with masses of pikemen while cavalry guarded the flanks.

The Royalist right wing was composed of two lines of three regiments each; the first under Lord Byron, the second under Lord Molineux, Sir John Urry (also Hurry), second-in-command under Byron, placed companies of musketeers between the cavalry squadrons. Rupert's personal cavalry regiment, the finest in the army, was stationed echeloned in the right rear. The center was composed of three masses of infantry: Rupert's Bluecoats, Newcastle's Whitecoats and Byron's foot. Posted directly behind the center was a tactical reserve of approximately 1,000 of Rupert's Life-guards. On the Royalist left Sir Charles Lucas commanded the front three regiments; Sir Richard Dacres the back three; all under the direction of Lord Goring.

Across the ditch the Parliament-Scottish army was similarly stationed. Their left,



commanded by Cromwell, consisted of three lines; the first two comprised of cavalry from the eastern association, the last of David Leslie's Scottish regiments. The left center was held by Manchester's three brigades of foot under Lawrence Crawford; the center consisted of two brigades of Yorkshire foot and three Scottish brigades all under the command of Lord Fairfax. The main body of Scottish infantry under Lieutenant-General William Baillie was stationed to the right of center while the right flank was held by 2,000 cavalry troopers under Sir Thomas Fairfax with three regiments of Scottish horse in reserve.

The better part of the day had been spent under a sky of desultory thunderclouds. By seven o'clock Rupert had become convinced that any chance of battle had passed for the day and gave the order for his men to stand down and prepare the evening meals. It was now the moment that Cromwell and Leven—well aware of the long midsummer days and pending full moon—had been waiting for.

The battle opened with Cromwell's horsemen, the Ironsides, charging down the slopes by Tockwith towards Rupert's right flank. Rupert responded by removing his own cavalry regiment from their reserve position and ordered them to attack the Parliamentary horse. While Colonel Fritzel's (or Fraser) dragoons engaged the Royal horse, the Ironsides plunged on into the mass of Byron's cavalry and in the words of Cromwell's scout-master, "scattered them like dust."

However, as Byron's horse broke and fled, they revealed Molyneux and the Royalist second line counter-attacking. Cromwell's attack splintered and dissipated like surf on the breakers before them. While the Ironside's second line was still crossing the ditch, the first line was turning around and beginning a retreat. A pistol ball grazed Cromwell's neck and the muzzle flash blinded his eyes. Route seemed imminent when David Leslie's 800 Scottish horse appeared to attack the Royalist right flank.

The fleeing first line of the Ironsides steadied and then was wheeled about by the still dazed Cromwell. The momentum changed again and the Royalist horse dashed in panic for Wilstrop Woods, hotly pursued by Leslie's Scots. Panic enveloped the Royalist right as all fled to the road to York. Rupert barely escaped with his own life; a fate not shared by his poodle, Boy.

However, the further east that one traveled from Cromwell's great victory on the left the greater Parliament's troubles became. The nearest mass of infantry, Crawford's pikemen in the left-center, were driving Byron's regiment of foot before them. But, in Parliament's center, Lord Fairfax's foot had been stopped cold by the Royalist's Whitecoats and put to a route that also rolled up his reserve of two brigades of Scots.

Next in the Parliament line came Baillie's Scots, whose left flank was now completely exposed due to Fairfax's defeat. The left-most regiments of Buccleuch and Loudon were caught up in the route of the center while the right-most regiments of Lindsay and Maitland stood firm against three charges of Lord Goring's Royalist horse and took Sir Charles Lucas prisoner.

On the extreme right all was chaos. An irresistible Royalist cavalry charge swept Sir

Thomas Fairfax's cavalry before them; only the Scottish regiments of Dahousie and Eglinton making a stand. Fairfax, sporting a sword wound on his cheek, removed the white Parliament badge from his hat and snuck through the Royalist lines to rejoin Manchester in the center. Meanwhile, the Parliamentary generals, Lord Fairfax and Leven, fled the battlefield while elements of Goring's horse looted the Parliamentary baggage camp.

By 8:30, Cromwell on the left had advanced as far north as Goring had to the south. The two armies were engaged in a macabre "pas de deux" with the pivot point five beleaguered Scottish regiments in the center. The battle, and ultimately the fate of Charles I, hung on that point.

Cromwell, in practical command of the most cohesive fighting force left in the Parliamentary army, ordered a wheel in line eastward and southward. Now, curiously, the positions of the two armies were almost the exact opposite of where they had been but one and a half hours earlier; with Cromwell charging south against the Royalist Whitecoats who had turned about to face north.

While the Scots pushed north against the Royalist center and Baillie hung on for dear life against Goring, the Ironsides attacked the previously victorious Royal horse *en flank*. The Whitecoats were pushed, herded and forced back yard by yard, surrounded on all sides; and refusing to surrender were slaughtered almost to a man. It was 10 o'clock before the Parliamentary victory was complete.

The Royalist army of Newcastle had ceased to exist. Within two weeks York surrendered to the victors of Marston Moor and the north of England was lost forever to Charles I.

A DOGS' ELEGY, ¹⁷ OR RUPERT'S TEARS.

For the late Defeat given him at *Marston-moore*, near *York*, by the Three Renowned

Generalls, Alexander Earl of Leven, Generall of the Scottish Forces, Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, and the Earle of Manchester Generalls of the English Forces in the North.

Where his beloved Dog, named *BOY*, was killed by a Valiant Souldier, who had skill in *Normany*.



ORDER OF BATTLE

The Royalist Army

Prince Rupert commanding

The Right Wing

Lord Byron commanding

Under Lord Molyneux

LEVESON
Leveson
250

MOLINEUX
Lord Molineux
300

TYLDESLEY
Tyldesley
250

Under Lord Byron

BYRON
Sir John Urry
250

URRY
Lord Byron
450

VAUGHAN
Vaughan
400

Independent

RUPERT

Rupert's Horse
500

MUSKET 1

Musketeers
500

TREVOR

Trevor
400

TUKÉ

Tuke
200**The Center**

Lord James Eythin commanding

Lord Byron's Foot

BYRON



WARREN



TYLDESLEY

Byron
Warren
Tyldesley
3,125**Rupert's Bluecoats**

BRIGHTON



CHEATER



ERNELEY

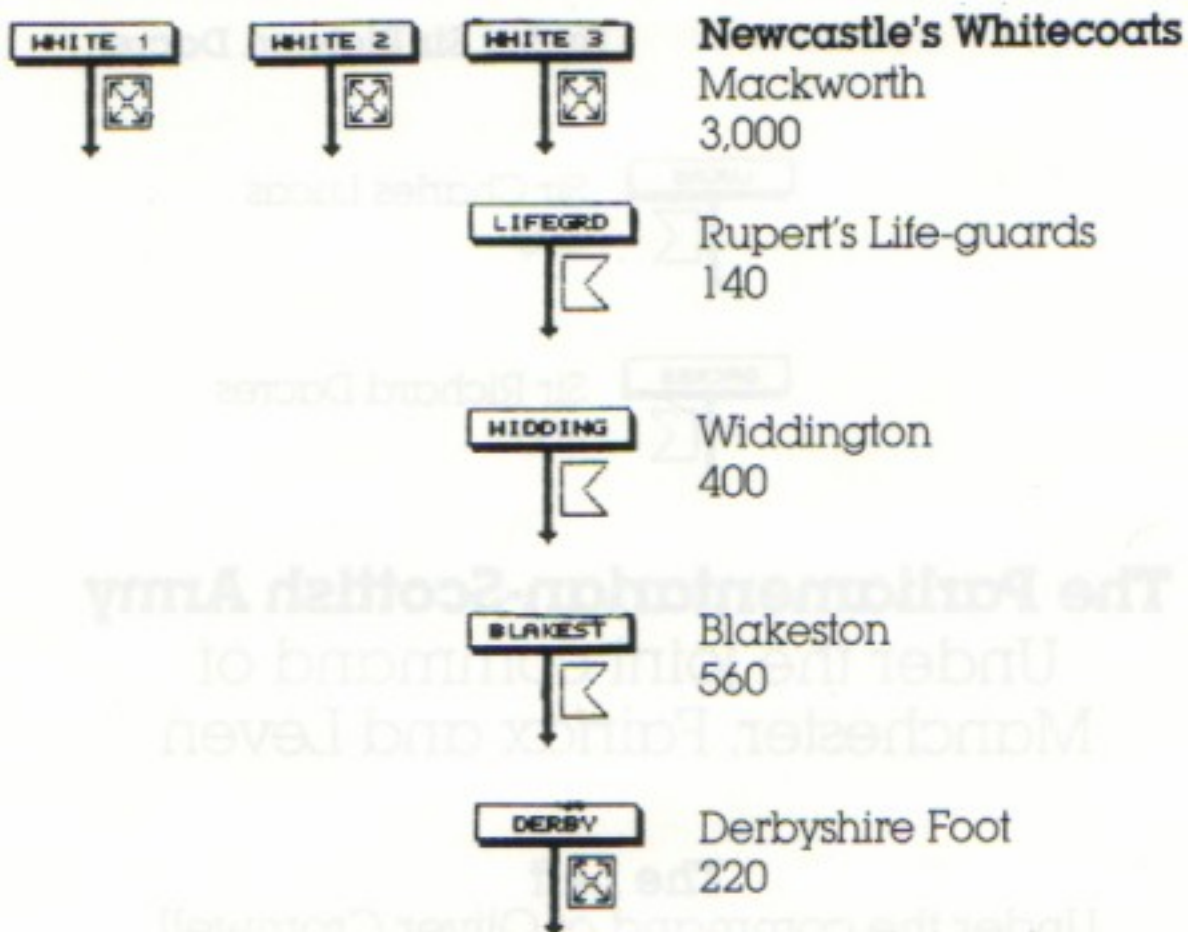


TILLIER

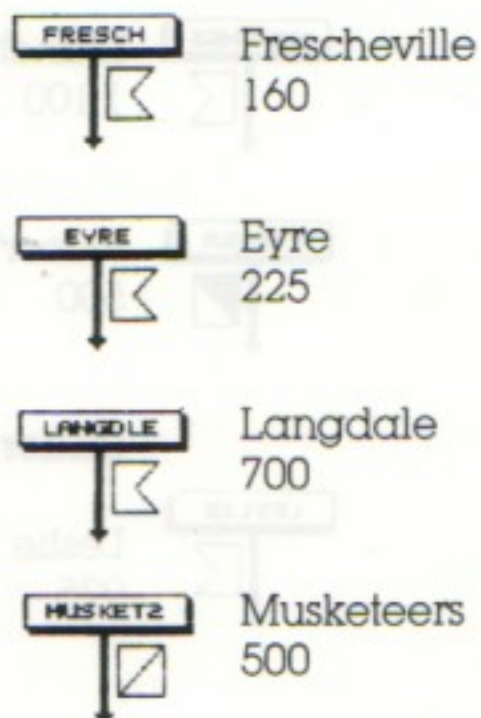


CHISENL

Broughton
Cheater
Erneley & Gibson
Tillier
Chisenal
3,125

**The Left**

Lord George Goring commanding

Under Lord Goring

Under Sir Richard Dacres

LUCAS Sir Charles Lucas
400

DACRES Sir Richard Dacres
400

The Parliamentarian-Scottish Army

Under the joint command of
Manchester, Fairfax and Leven

The Left

Under the command of Oliver Cromwell

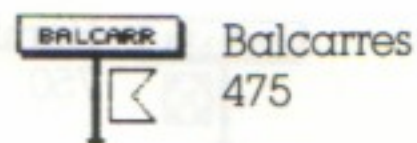
IRON 1 **IRON 2** **Ironsides**
Oliver Cromwell
1,250

MANCHES Manchester's Horse
1,100

FRASER Fraser's Dragoons
500

Under David Leslie

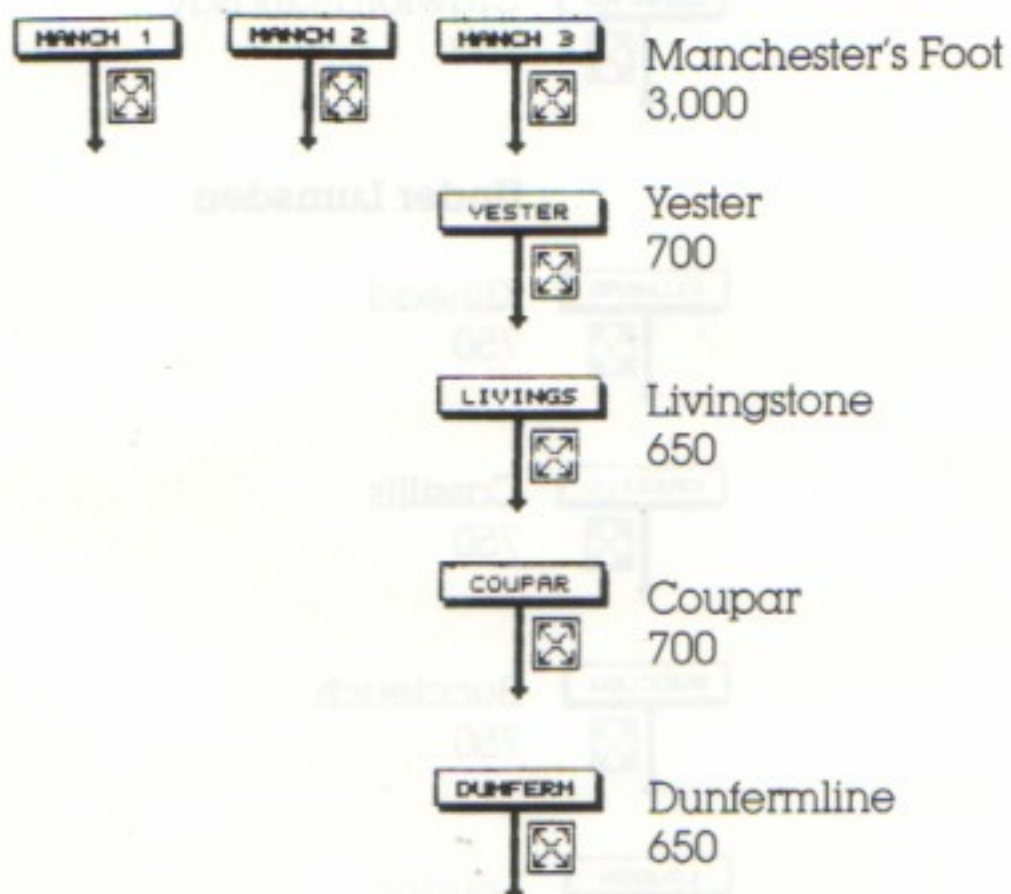
LESLIE Leslie
975



The Center

Under the command of Lord Fairfax

Under Major-General Crawford



Scottish Infantry
under Lt. General Baillie

RÆ Rae
750

HAMILTH Hamilton
750

MAITLND Maitland
750

CRAWFRD Crawford-Lindsay
750

Under Lumsden

KILHEAD Kilhead
750

CASSILL Cassillis
750

BUCCLEU Buccleuch
750

LOUDON Loudon
750

In Reserve

ERSKINE Erskine
750



Dudhope
750

The Right

Under the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax



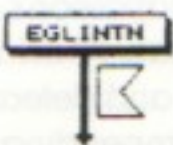
Sir Thomas Fairfax
2,000



Lambert
1,250



Lord Dalhousie's Horse
750



Lord Eglinton's Horse
750



Balgonie
750



WATERLOO

18 JUNE 1815

WELLINGTON - NAPOLEON

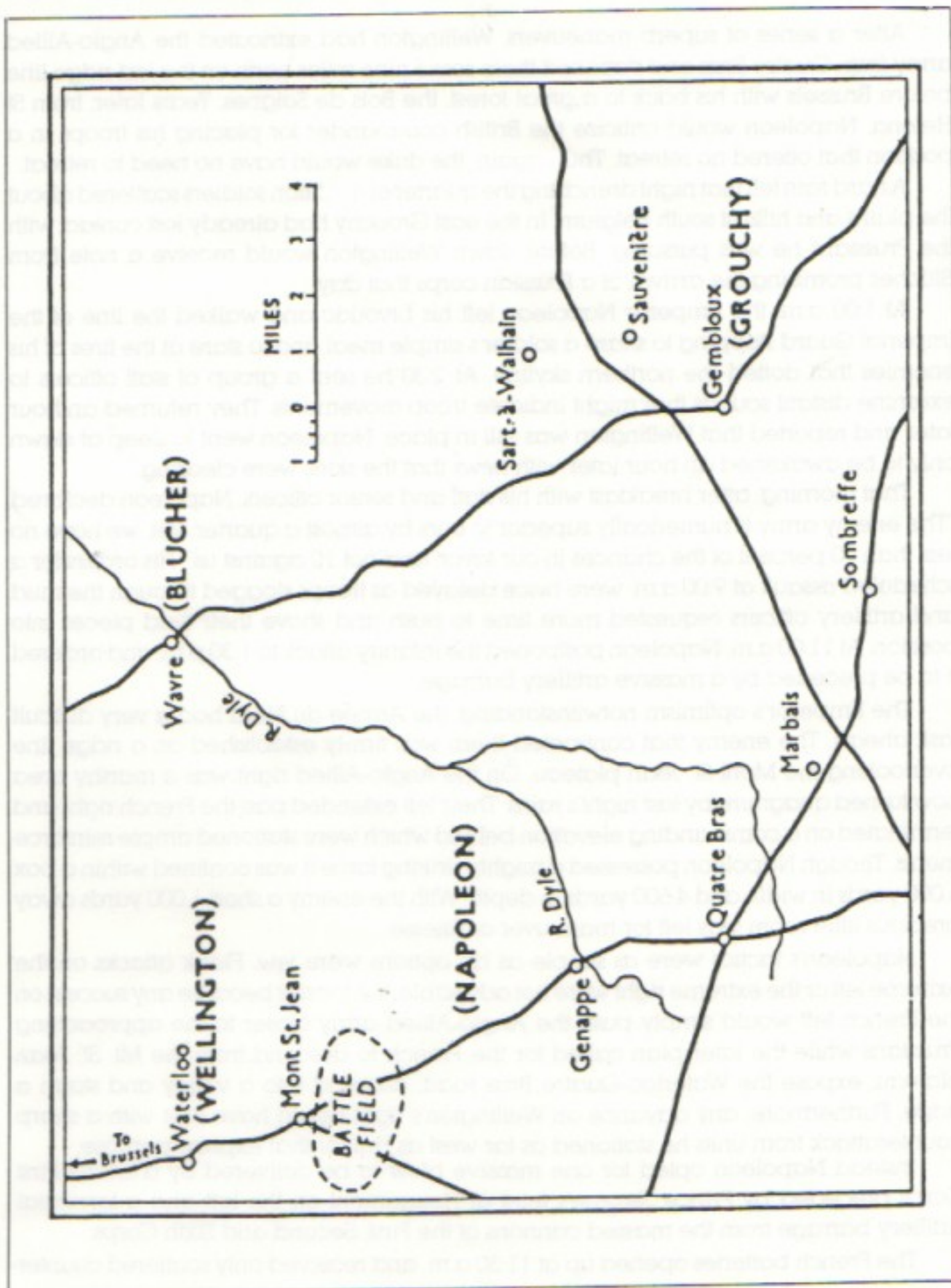
"God is on the side of the strongest battalions."—Napoleon

As Napoleon, returning from exile on Elba, stepped off the gangplank at Cannes on March 1, 1815 a clock started ticking that would end one hundred and ten days later on the hills twelve miles south of Brussels near a hamlet called Waterloo. There were ninety days left on that timepiece when the Emperor triumphantly returned to Paris at the head of a mob of cheering civilians and old veterans from his many campaigns. The days had dwindled to sixteen by the time Napoleon had reorganized and re-equipped his armies and gave them what would be their last marching orders.

After detaching 78,660 troops to cover the frontiers and suppress Royalist revolt, the 115,500 man Armée du Nord remained as Napoleon's striking arm against the 800,000 soldiers of the English, Dutch, Austrian, Belgian, Prussian and Russian allies. Obviously, the Emperor's only chance was to strike first and defeat the individual armies in detail before they could unite by mid-July for the impending invasion of France. On June 14, Napoleon was poised to march northeast and drive a wedge between the Anglo-Dutch army under the Duke of Wellington concentrating at Quatre Bras, and Marshal Blücher's Prussians scattered to the southeast.

The next day Napoleon forced a crossing of the Sambre after a stiff resistance from the Prussian I Corps and split the Armée du Nord into three groups. The left wing under Ney was ordered to advance to the North and push any Anglo-Allied units encountered down the Quatre Bras-Brussels road while Napoleon and Grouchy would crush the Prussians at Ligny and Sombrefe. The battle against Blücher was joined at 2:30 on the afternoon of June 16. Three and one-half hours later the Prussian army was retreating leaving 17,000 casualties on the field while another 10,000 Prussians and Saxons deserted. Napoleon returned to his headquarters at Fleurus that night convinced that the Prussian army had been utterly destroyed. This was the Emperor's last, and perhaps, greatest error, because Blücher and the Prussians would return forty-eight hours later, just in time to hear that clock started earlier on the docks at Cannes strike its final chime.

Marshal Grouchy, with 33,000 men of the III Corps, IV Corps and part of the Cavalry Reserve, was assigned the task of hurrying the defeated Prussians down the road to Wavre and away from any juncture with Wellington. Napoleon, with the 72,000 men of the Armée du Nord remaining, turned northwest to Quatre Bras and then north towards Waterloo.



After a series of superb maneuvers, Wellington had extricated the Anglo-Allied army from Quatre Bras and stationed them some nine miles north on the last ridge line before Brussels with his back to a great forest, the Bois de Soignes. Years later, from St. Helena, Napoleon would criticize the British commander for placing his troops in a position that offered no retreat. Then again, the duke would have no need to retreat.

A hard rain fell that night drenching the quarter of a million soldiers scattered about the plains and hills of south Belgium. In the east Grouchy had already lost contact with the Prussians he was pursuing. Before dawn Wellington would receive a note from Blücher promising the arrival of a Prussian corps that day.

At 1:00 a.m. the Emperor Napoleon left his bivouac and walked the line of the Imperial Guard stopping to share a soldier's simple meal and to stare at the fires of his enemies that dotted the northern skyline. At 2:30 he sent a group of staff officers to examine distant sounds that might indicate troop movements. They returned an hour later and reported that Wellington was still in place. Napoleon went to sleep at dawn only to be awakened an hour later with news that the skies were clearing.

That morning, after breakfast with his staff and senior officers, Napoleon declared, "The enemy army is numerically superior to ours by almost a quarter; yet, we have no less than 90 percent of the chances in our favor, and not 10 against us." His orders for a scheduled assault at 9:00 a.m. were twice delayed as troops slogged through the mud and artillery officers requested more time to push and shove their field pieces into position. At 11:00 a.m. Napoleon postponed the infantry attack to 1:30 p.m. and ordered it to be preceded by a massive artillery barrage.

The Emperor's optimism notwithstanding, the Armée du Nord had a very difficult task ahead. The enemy that confronted them was firmly established on a ridge line overlooking the Mont St. Jean plateau. On the Anglo-Allied right was a marshy area now turned quagmire by last night's rains. Their left extended past the French right and terminated on a commanding elevation behind which were stationed ample reinforcements. Though Napoleon possessed a mighty striking force it was confined within a box 6,000 yards in width and 4,500 yards in depth. With the enemy a short 1,000 yards away precious little room was left for maneuver or finesse.

Napoleon's tactics were as simple as his options were few. Flank attacks on the extreme left or the extreme right were not advisable; the former because any success on the French left would simply push the Anglo-Allied army closer to the approaching Prussians while the later plan called for the French to descend from the Mt. St. Jean plateau, expose the Waterloo-Quatre Bras road, descend into a valley and storm a ridge. Furthermore, any advance on Wellington's right would have met with a sharp counterattack from units he stationed as far west as Hal for that express purpose.

Instead Napoleon opted for one massive blow to be delivered by d'Erlon's First Corps preceded by Prince Jerome's feint at Hougomont on the left and a torrential artillery barrage from the massed cannons of the First, Second and Sixth Corps.

The French batteries opened up at 11:30 a.m. and received only scattered counter-

battery fire in return. With Pire's lancers in support, the men of the II Corps rushed the country estate known as the Chateau de Gournont (Hougomont). The thick walls of the courtyard and buildings provided the Nassauer, Hanoverian, 1st, 2nd (Coldstream) and 3rd Guards defenders with a ready-made fortress. Napoleon's feint which had been intended to draw troops from the Anglo-Allied center to reinforce their beleaguered right had only the opposite effect. Indeed, the 2,000 defenders had successfully repelled numerous attacks by the French II Corps that outnumbered them by over ten to one. Certainly a large part of the blame for failure on the left belonged to the Emperor's brother, Jerome, who threw his men at the resolutely defended chateau one brigade at a time. At 1:00 p.m. Marshal Ney, who had been assigned the command of the main attack, sent word to Napoleon that the I Corps was now in position.

Before the Emperor gave the command to start the pre-assault barrage, however, a captured non-commissioned officer from the 2nd Regiment of Silesia was brought to him. The hussar was caught bearing a communication from Blücher to Wellington announcing the arrival in the east of the first Prussian corps on the field. There were now a scant ten hours left on that Imperial timepiece.

Undaunted, Napoleon swung two light cavalry divisions eastward to observe any signs of an approaching enemy and moved the VI Corps to a position to defend the right. He also dashed off an urgent message to the missing Grouchy that concluded, "A letter just intercepted indicates that General Bülow is going to attack our right flank. We think that we can see this corps on the heights of St. Lambert. Do not lose one moment, therefore, in coming closer to us, in joining us and in crushing Bülow, whom you will catch red-handed." By the time Grouchy could receive this communique at 7:00 p.m. at Wavre, the Armée du Nord would have been crushed out of existence on the plateau of Mt. St. Jean.

With the Emperor's signal the seventy-eight guns opened up at a range of 500 yards. Most of Bylandt's Dutch-Belgian brigade that had the misfortune to be on the southern face of the ridge were blasted, maimed, mutilated and terrorized. At 1:45 p.m. with the cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* screamed from the throats of d'Erlon's I Corps the advance began. On the left flank Jerome renewed his efforts to force an entry into Hougomont.

The path of the attack crossed two valleys and an intermediary ridgeline. The last half-mile lay inside the crescent of the Anglo-Allied artillery's overlapping fields of fire. The initial assault pushed the defenders out of an advanced position in a sandpit near the ridge crest and though they made an orderly retreat, their exodus caused a panic among Bylandt's troops which ceased to exist as a fighting unit for the rest of the engagement.

It was at this moment, when it seemed that the Emperor's breakfast prognostications were about to come true, that General Picton gave the command, "UP! At them!" and the Kempt brigade leapt as one man from the ground on the reverse side of the Ohain ridge and poured a volley into the French at forty yard's range. Then the English fixed bayonets and raced down the slopes into the shocked columns of d'Erlon's corps. The

forward ridge slope was awash in attacks and counterattacks that sputtered and flared fitfully until the epic charge of Ponsonby leading the Union and Household Brigades tore into the French and decided the issue. The Greys, with the cry, "Scotland for ever!" leaped from their support positions and chased the remnants of French attack back across the valley and up to the very cannon line on the next ridge.

In the *mêlée* that followed the counterattack by Martique's and Bro's cavalry, Lord Ponsonby was runthrough by a lance and the British attack was turned and sent back across the valley. Both armies now returned to their exact positions held two hours earlier and regrouped. On the left nothing had been or would be accomplished by the French at Hougomont. Napoleon's diversion had no effect save depriving the army of the services of Reille's II Corps for the duration of the battle. Indeed, had Hougomont fallen to the French little tactical advantage would have been achieved because the main part of the British right line was situated in depth on the ridgeline to the north.

Napoleon now ordered Ney to resume the attack in the center and on the right. Mistaking groups of wounded and prisoners that filed back through the Forest of Soignes as the start of an Anglo-Allied retreat, Ney called for a massive cavalry assault preceded by another bombardment from the great French battery.

With the heavy cavalry on the right and the light horse on the left Ney personally led the charge back up the slopes of Mt. St. Jean. There, waiting for them on the plateau, were the 5,000 English and German dragoons and hussars, Brunswick Black Lancers and Dutch and Belgian carabiniers under the command of Lord Uxbridge. From Napoleon's vantage point at La Belle Alliance the attack seemed to be on the verge of a breakthrough and he committed Kellerman and the last of the cavalry reserve—save the 800 troops of General Blancard.

Stationed behind Uxbridge's cavalry were the famed British squares interspersed with field batteries. The gunners would fire their pieces until, with the French cavalry charging down on them and less than 50 yards away, they would race inside the protection of the squares. The typical square was composed of 500 men, four ranks deep; sixty feet square that bristled with bayonets and fired devastating volleys at close range. Wellington coolly commanded his troops from within the 73rd's square.

While the fighting on the plateau had become a brutal massacre of the French cavalry, the van of the Prussian army began to press the French Imperial Guard on Napoleon's extreme right at Plancenoit. By 6:30 p.m. the French were outnumbered three to one and the scales continued to tip in the favor of the Prussians as new corps arrived. At this point the battle was already lost for Napoleon for even if the *Armée du Nord* could still blast a hole in Wellington's line it lacked sufficient strength to exploit a breakthrough. Furthermore the Prussian army was now threatening to sever Napoleon's line of retreat south back to Quatre Bras.

In an exceptionally pointless last effort Napoleon ordered the remaining eleven Guard battalions to follow him north for another, and final, assault on the plateau of Mt. St. Jean. South of La Haye Sainte the Emperor turned his Guard over to Ney who had

already had four horses shot from under him in the last three hours. Again a French attacking force struck off across the valley to mount the ridge. As they neared the top, Maitland's 1st Guards Brigade which had been lying in wait on the reverse slope of the ridge, rose with Wellington's command, "Stand up Guards! Make ready! Fire!" and just that quickly 300 French Guardsmen fell. A survivor of Maitland's brigade said, "We formed a line four deep, the first rank kneeling, the second also firing, the third and fourth loading and handling on to the front, and kept up such a continuous fire into the mass of heaped up Grenadiers...and this was the bouquet to all slaughter!"

Anglo-Allied artillery cut great swaths in the attacking columns while fresh troops counterattacked their flanks. All was over and to the never before heard cry of, "*La Garde recule!*" the survivors streamed back down the plateau for the last time.

Now Wellington and Blücher called for a general attack all along the line and the Allied cavalry was let loose to run down the fleeing French. The Emperor Napoleon was placed within a Guard's square and escorted from the field. Remnants of the Armée du Nord fought delaying actions with the Prussians that allowed portions of the defeated army to escape south. Field-Marshal Blücher assembled his officers and ordered them to commence an "annihilating pursuit." His orders were carried out as the pursuing Prussians, refusing to give quarter, massacred at least 5,000 men of Reille's corps on the road to Genappe.

The time was now 11:00 p.m. and the sands had run out of the Emperor's clock.

*Le Gulf Stream; premier Mars 1813*

NAPOLÉON.

par la grâce de Dieu, Empereur des Français, etc., etc., etc.

A L'ARMÉE.

BOLD AT&T[illegible]

Amor, que envidias que la noción a procreante, se que, perdidos veinte y seis, seríamos de mil millones a tres mil millones de la Tierra. Ahora que, amando a todos, vamos a hacer un mundo nuevo, vamos a hacer un mundo nuevo, vamos a hacer un mundo nuevo.

« Vous devriez oublier que nous avons des Nations, mais nous ne devons pas oublier qu'enfin nous sommes en route de nos alliés. Qui prétendrait être maître sans nous ? Qui en serait le premier ? Rappelez-vous les lignes que vous avez à Uster, à Antwerp, à Viter, à Berlin, à Prinsdorf, à Toulon, à Edinbourg, à Esling, à Wagram, à Smolensk, à la Moskova, à Lutzen, à Wartenburg, à Bismarck. Pensez-vous que cette prière de François, suppliant le ciel, priant en silence la vie ? Le gouvernement d'ici le vœu, et le, l'été le vœu, le républicain comme le premier l'été lui pendant d'été lui.

« Vos rangs, vos blâmes, votre gloire, les blâmes, les rangs et la gloire de vos ancêtres n'ont pas de plus grande ennemie que ces peuples, que les dirigeants sont sans impunité, et dont les ennemis de notre gloire, puisque le récit de tant d'actions héroïques et si souvent le monde d'aujourd'hui, nous ont fait connaître, nous ont fait connaître à leur tour, au leur condensation.

Les visiteurs des arènes de Souders et Momo, de Rhin, d'Alger, d'Egypte, de l'Inde, de la Grande-Arnie, ont constaté leurs habitudes singulières aux félins, leur sacre avoué des crimes, ce bretteux assis des rebelles, si, comme le prétendent les gens du peuple; les Souders légionnaires étaient au milieu de l'ennemi. Les barbares, les récompenses, leur effacement, leur sang, et les ont servis contre la justice et contre eux.

Requies ! Venez tous ranger ses les draps de votre Chef. Ses crêpines ne se comptent que de la tête, on doit se
 jeter que ceux de la gorge et les vides ; ses intels, ses honneurs et sa gloire ne sont autres que votre intels, votre honneur
 et votre gloire. Les Vénérables membres au pas de charge, à l'âge et les condamnations nationales vides de clochers en clochers
 tous ces saints Nations-Dames : alors vous pouvez vous vanter de ce que vous avez fait ; vous servez les libérateurs de la Patrie.

[illegible]

Signe N. APRIL 2004

ORDER OF BATTLE

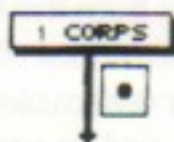
Anglo-Allied Army

Field Marshall

the Duke of Wellington commanding

I Corps

His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange commanding



1st Corps Artillery

Lieutenant-Colonel Adye

Lieutenant-Colonel Williamson

Major von Opstal

Major van der Smissen

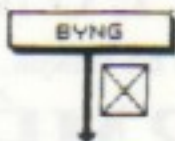
1st Division—Major General Cooke



1st British Brigade

Major-General Maitland

1,997



2nd British Brigade

Major-General Sir John Byng

2,064

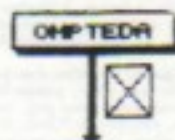
3rd Division—Lieutenant General Sir Charles Alten



5th British Brigade

Major-General Sir Colin Halkett

2,254



2nd King's German Legion

Colonel von Ompteda

1,527

**1st Hanoverian Brigade**

Maj.-General Count Kielmansegge
3,189

**2nd Dutch-Belgian Division—
Lieutenant General Baron de Perponcher**

**1st Brigade**

Major-General Count de Bylandt
3,233

**2nd Brigade**

Prince Bernhard of Saxe-Weimar
4,3000

**3rd Dutch-Belgian Division—
Lieutenant-General Baron Chassé**

**1st Brigade**

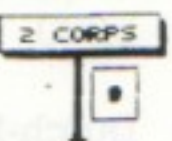
Major-General Ditmers
3,088

**2nd Brigade**

Major General D'Aumbremé
3,581

II Corps

Lieutenant-General Lord Hill commanding

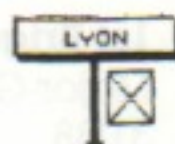
**2 Corps Artillery**

Lieutenant-Colonel Gold
Lieutenant-Colonel Hawker

2nd Division—Lieutenant-General Sir H. Clinton

**3rd British Brigade**

Major-General Adam
2,625

**1st Brigade King's German Legion**Colonel du Plat
1,758**3rd Hanoverian Brigade**Colonel Halkett
2,454**4th Division—Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Colville****4th Brigade**Colonel Mitchell
1,767**6th British Brigade**Major-General Johnstone
2,396**6th Hanoverian Brigade**Major-General Sir James Lyon
3,049**1st Dutch-Belgian Division—Lieutenant-General Stedmann****1st Brigade**Major-General Hauw
3,109**2nd Brigade**Major-General Eerens
3,280**Dutch-Belgian Indian Brigade**Lieutenant-General Anthing
3,583

Reserves



Reserve Artillery

Major Heisse
Lieutenant-Colonel Broückmann
Major Mahn
1,225

5th Division—Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Picton



8th British Brigade

Major-General Sir James Kempt
2,471



9th British Brigade

Major-General Sir James Pack
2,471



5th Hanoverian Brigade

Colonel von Vincke
2,514

6th Division—Lieutenant-General Hon. Sir L. Cole



10th British Brigade

Major-General Sir John Lambert
2,567



4th Hanoverian Brigade

Colonel Best
2,582

Brunswick Corps—H.S.H The Duke of Brunswick



Advanced Guard Battalion

Major Von Rauschenplatt
672



Light Brigade

Lieutenant-Colonel von Buttlar
2,688

**Line Brigade**

Lieutenant-Colonel von Specht
2,016

Nassau Contingent—General von Kruse

2,880

Cavalry Corps

Lieutenant-General the Earl of Uxbridge commanding

British and King's German Legion**1st Brigade**

Major-General Lord E. Somerset
1,286

**2nd Brigade**

Major-General Sir. W. Ponsonby
1,181

**3rd Brigade**

Major-General Sir. W. Dörnberg
1,268

**4th Brigade**

Major-General Sir J. Vandeleur
1,171

**5th Brigade**

Major-General Sir Colq. Grant
1,336

**6th Brigade**

Major-General Sir H. Vivian
1,279

**Horse Artillery**

(Six Batteries)
1,275

Hanoverian**1st Brigade**

Colonel von Estorff
1,682

**Brunswick Cavalry**

922

Dutch Belgian**1st Brigade**

Major-General Trip
1,237

**2nd Brigade**

Major-General de Ghigny
1,086

**3rd Brigade**

Major-General van Merien
1,082

Armée du Nord

Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte commanding

Imperial Guard – Marshall Mortier, Duke of Treviso

**Imperial Guard Artillery**

Lt.-General Desvaux de St. Meurice
3,175

**Imperial Guard Cavalry**

Lt.-General Lefebvre-Desnouettes
Lt.-General Guyot
3,590

**1st 2nd, 3rd, 4th Grenadiers**

Lt.-General Friant
Lt.-General Roguet
4,377

**1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th Chasseurs**

Lt.-General Morand
Lt.-General Michel
3,970

**1st, 3rd Tirailleurs**

Lt.-General Duheame
2,255

**1st, 3rd Voltigeurs**

Lt.-General Barrois
2,775

I Corps d'Armée

Lieutenant-General Count D'Erlon commanding

**1 Corps Artillery**

1,066

**1st Division**

Lt.-General Alix
4,100

**2nd Division**

Lt.-General Baron Donzelot
4,050

III INF **3rd Division**
Lt.-General Baron Marcognet
4,175

IV INF **4th Division**
Lt.-General Count Durutte
3,775

I CAV **1st Cavalry Division**
Lt.-General Baron Jaquinot
1,400

II Corps d'Armee

Lieutenant-General Count Reille Commanding

2 CORPS **2nd Corps Artillery**
1,385

V INF **5th Division**
Lt.-General Baron Bachelu
4,775

VI INF **6th Division**
Prince Jerome Napoleon
5,550

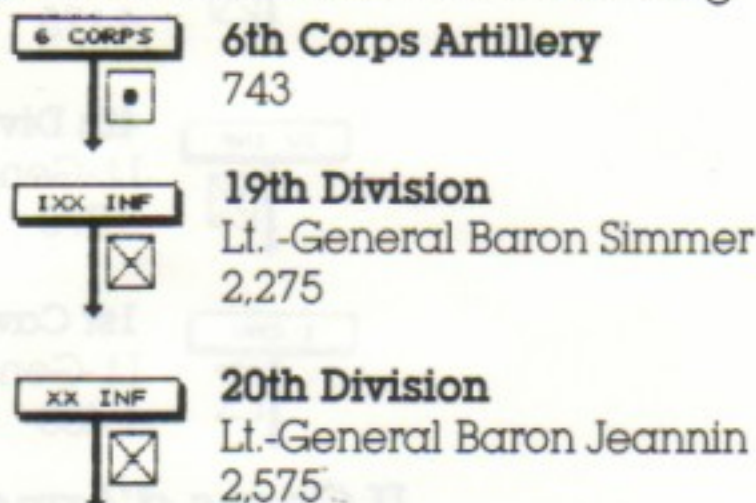
VII INF **7th Division**
Lt.-General Count Girard
4,875

IX INF **9th Division**
Lt. General Count Foy
4,975

II DIV **2nd Cavalry Division**
Lt.-General Baron Piré
1,729

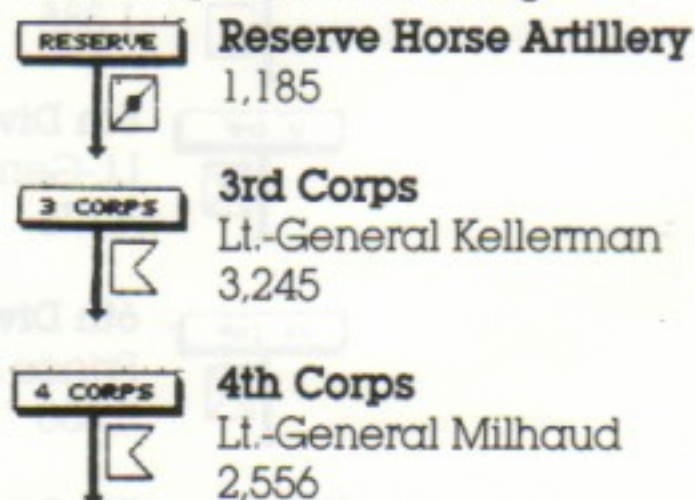
VI Corps d'Armée

Lieutenant-General Count Lobau commanding



Reserve Cavalry

Marshal Grouchy commanding



Strengths taken from D. Gardener & Dorsay's *Quatre Bras, Ligny and Waterloo*, London 1882, W. Silborne's *War in France and Belgium* as corrected by Colonel Charles C. Chesney's *Waterloo Lectures: a Study of the Campaign of 1815*, London 1868, and Colonel Jean-Baptiste Charra's *Histoire de la Campagne de 1815: Waterloo*, Brussels, 1851 as cited as references in *Yours to Reason Why: Decision in Battle* by William Seymour, St. Martin's Press, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 1982 pp. 292-298.

N.B. The entire Prussian army and the right wing of the Armée du Nord has been removed from this Order of Battle and The Universal Military Simulator Waterloo scenario in the interest of play balance. Neither the Prussians nor Grouchy's forces made an appearance on the battlefield until after the issue had been well decided.

GETTYSBURG

1-3 JULY 1863

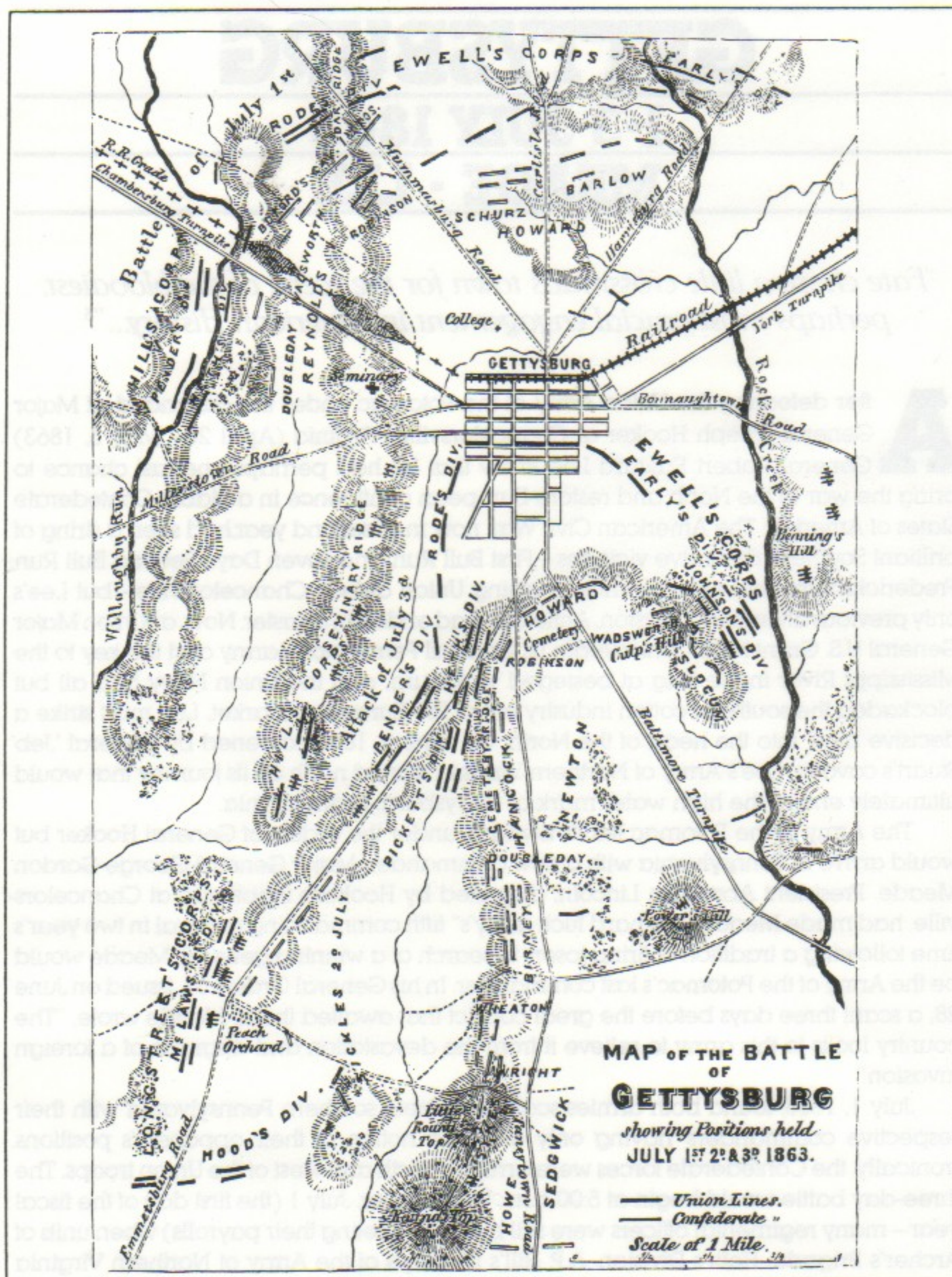
MEADE - LEE

"Fate chose a little crossroads town for the scene of the bloodiest, perhaps most crucial engagement in American History..."⁵

After defeating the Union Army of the Potomac under the command of Major General Joseph Hooker at Chancellorsville, Virginia (April 28 - May 5, 1863) General Robert Edward Lee knew that he had perhaps one last chance to bring the war to the North and restore European confidence in a viable Confederate States of America. The American Civil War, now in its second year, had seen a string of brilliant Southern defensive victories—First Bull Run, The Seven Days, Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and now the most crushing Union defeat, Chancellorsville—but Lee's only previous attempt at invasion, Antietam, had ended in disaster. Now, as Union Major General U.S. Grant held Confederate Lt. General Pemberton's army and the key to the Mississippi River in the bag at besieged Vicksburg, and the Union Navy had all but blockaded the southern cotton industry out of the European market, Lee must strike a decisive blow into the heart of the North. On June 9, 1863, screened by General 'Jeb' Stuart's cavalry, Lee's Army of Northern Virginia started north on its journey that would ultimately end at the high water mark at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

The Army of the Potomac left its bivouac under the orders of General Hooker but would arrive in Pennsylvania with a new commander: Major General George Gordon Meade. President Abraham Lincoln, disgusted by Hooker's ineptitude at Chancellorsville, had made Meade "the hard luck army's" fifth commanding general in two year's time following a tradition of firing losers in search of a winning general. Meade would be the Army of the Potomac's last commander. In his General Orders 67, issued on June 28, a scant three days before the great conflict that awaited them, Meade wrote, "The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a foreign invasion."

July 1, 1863, found both armies scattered about southern Pennsylvania with their respective commanders' having only a vague notion of their opponent's positions. Ironically, the Confederate forces were arrayed north and west of the Union troops. The three-day battle would begin at 5:00 a.m., Wednesday, July 1 (the first day of the fiscal year—many regimental officers were still busy completing their payrolls) when units of Archer's Brigade, Heth's Division, A.P. Hill's III Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia



began receiving withering volleys from Union cavalry pickets of Gamble's brigade stationed west of MacPherson's Ridge.

First brigade commanders, then division commanders and finally corps commanders of both sides issued urgent orders for reinforcements as the conflagration consumed more troops and more senior field officers. By the end of the first day's fighting five successive Union generals had been in command.

Daylight, Thursday July 2, saw 68,000 Union troops stretched along a fish-hook shaped series of hills and ridges south and east of Gettysburg facing Lee's 60,000. The northeastern-most point on the line was Culp's Hill where after the battle two brothers, one who fought with Meade, the other with Lee, would be found, both dead and only a few scant yards from the farm on the hill where they grew up. The Union line extended west to Cemetery Hill, where artillery batteries dug emplacements among the graves and then curved south to Cemetery Ridge; a north-south chain of hillocks that ended in the twin Round Tops. Big Round Top was by far the commanding peak on the battlefield, but was thickly wooded and unsuitable for troops or artillery. Its sister, Little Round Top, had recently been deforested and would become the southern anchor of the Union line. Currently, however, the only troops on its summit were a small observation and signal station.

Lee's army ran along the perimeter of the Union fish-hook extending over six miles from Longstreet's I Corps in the south to Ewell's II Corps on the northeast. Meade, in a textbook case of the use of interior lines, could pace a short two miles from Sickles's III Corps on the left to Slocum's XII Corps on the right. Against the advice of Longstreet who counseled a defensive battle, Lee had decided to force the Union left and roll up Meade's line while advancing north. Furthermore, Ewell on the extreme left was to attack Culp's Hill when he heard the sound of Longstreet's pre-assault artillery barrage six miles away. It was a plan doomed to failure that almost succeeded due to the incompetence of a tragicomic Union Major General; Dan Sickles, who would later be elected to the Congress of the United States, invent the temporary insanity plea to win his acquittal after murdering his wife's lover, and in later years often visit the Smithsonian Institute to view the amputated leg that he would lose this day at Gettysburg.

Against orders and traditional military dictums, Sickles had stationed the two divisions of the III Corps a half mile in front of the rest of the Union line in a peach orchard and in a boulder strewn area known as the Devil's Den. At 3:30 p.m., the first opening salvos from the Confederate batteries alerted Meade to trouble on his left. He arrived and watched in horror as Longstreet's attack began to crumple the III Corps and the wounded and terrified streamed to the rear.

At this moment Brigadier General Gouverneur K. Warren, Meade's Chief of Engineers, realized that Little Round Top was "the key to the Union position" and on his own initiative ordered two brigades and a battery from the newly arrived V Corps to race to the summit. They arrived as the Confederates were still scaling the western slopes and flung themselves into a vicious hand-to-hand fight that left both Union brigade

commanders dead. Four hours later Longstreet's Corps, now in possession of the peach orchard and the Devil's Den, had stalled short of its objective.

On the other side of the field Ewell's batteries had opened up on schedule but were quickly silenced by the effective return fire of the Union cannon stationed among the tombs and headstones on Cemetery Hill. The Confederate attack finally stepped off at sunset and though vigorously pressed, ended in failure. The fight on the graveyard's slopes continued late into the night before recall was sounded and the two armies hunkered down to await the inevitable final clash on the next day.

Both sides were still receiving reinforcements, almost hourly, until by the morning of July 3, the stage was set with 97,000 Union and 75,000 Confederate players. The positions of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia had remained substantially unchanged for two days; only Sickles's salient had been pushed in and the Union line extended south to the Round Tops. Strategically, the situation for Lee was also unchanged, though perhaps a bit more urgent. His army, outnumbered and in hostile territory, had been living off the land and had practically stripped the surrounding countryside bare. Again, Longstreet counseled Lee to place the army south and east of the Round Tops astride Meade's line of communications, and force the northern general to attack. Lee would have none of this and ordered a *coup de main* on the Union center spearheaded by Pickett's division who had arrived during the night. Longstreet replied, "no 15,000 men ever arrayed for battle can take that position," and reluctantly began the preparations for the charge.

At 1:07 p.m., two guns of Captain Miller's battery stationed in the peach orchard fired signal shells into the clear Pennsylvanian sky. At 1:08 p.m., the 140 guns assembled by Lee's chief of Artillery, Colonel E. P. Alexander, began the barrage; many at a distance of only 800 yards from the Union center. Brigadier General Henry J. Hunt, Meade's Chief of Artillery, withheld fire until the Confederate positions were located and then let fly with his batteries. They then commenced to hammer away at each other, with no visible slackening, for almost two hours.

By 1863 the Art of the Artilleryman had made but one small advance to the science in the last many centuries: grapeshot; a coffee can sized package of little round iron balls that were fired out of the smooth-bore cannon like a giant shotgun. An infantry division would find it quite impossible to charge across a mile of open wheat field, into the muzzles of over fifty batteries firing double loads of grapeshot, and survive.

Colonel Alexander's assignment was to eliminate the Union batteries and inform his superiors it was time to attack. A little before 3:00 p.m., Brigadier General Hunt passed the order for the Union cannon to cease fire and let the muzzles cool while ammunition was brought up from the rear. At this point Alexander, now desperate to see some signs of the effectiveness of his fire and almost out of shells, sent a message to Pickett, "For God's sake come quick; the eighteen guns are gone, unless you advance quick, my ammunition won't let me support you properly." Pickett in turn rode to Longstreet to seek final approval. Longstreet, opposed to this assault from the beginning, could only nod

an assent. Pickett saluted and replied, "I am going to move forward, sir," turned, rode back to his troops and into immortality.

The Army of Northern Virginia quite possibly possessed the finest fighting troops on the North American continent in July, 1863. The 15,000 men gamely moved out to the command. "Forward, guide center, march," towards a small clump of trees on Cemetery Ridge pointed out by General Lee from astride his warhorse, Traveler. The Union batteries in the center reloaded with canisters of grapeshot and waited for the infantry to get within range while the batteries on the flanks continued to lob exploding shells into Pickett's neatly ordered lines.

Then, when only a few hundred yards of wheat field separated the attackers and the defenders, every cannon along the Union line slashed out. Less than one percent of those who started off made those yards. Confederate Brigadier General Armistead actually reached the stone wall that marked the Union position, and with his cap on his sword yelled, "Follow me!" before he was shot down. There is a monument there now that marks the high water mark of the Confederacy; the closest Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia ever came to an offensive victory on northern soil.

Over 7,000 lay dead, wounded or captured; the rest recrossed the field still under continuous barrage, to be greeted by a devastated Lee who said, "All this has been my fault. It is I that have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it in the best way you can."

The next day, during a torrential storm, the Army of Northern Virginia started back south in a wagon train that stretched for seventeen miles. It would now be on the defensive for the rest of its existence until the final surrender on April 9, 1865.



ORDER OF BATTLE

The Army of the Potomac

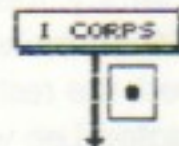
Maj. Gen. George Gordan Meade commanding

I Army Corps

Major General John F. Reynolds commanding (killed July 1)

Major General Abner Doubleday commanding

Major General John Newton commanding



1st Corps Artillery

Colonel C. S. Wainwright



1st Division

Major General J. S. Wadsworth
3,400



2nd Division

Brig. General John C. Robinson
3,200



3rd Division

Major General Abner Doubleday
3,300

II Army Corps

Major General Winfield S. Hancock commanding

Brigadier General John Gibbon



2nd Corps Artillery

Captain J. G. Hazard
950

**1st Division**

Brig. General John C. Caldwell
4,300

**2nd Division**

Brig. General John Gibbon
Brig. General William Harrow
4,500

**3rd Division**

Brig. General Alexander Hays
4,400

III Army Corps

Major General Daniel E. Sickles commanding
Major General D. B. Birney

**3rd Corps Artillery**

Captain George E. Randolph
950

**1st Division**

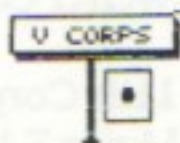
Major General D. B. Birney
Major General J. J. H. Ward
6,200

**2nd Division**

Brig. General A. A. Humphreys
6,100

V Army Corps

Major General George Sykes commanding

**5th Corps Artillery**

Captain A. P. Martin
770

BARNES

**1st Division**

Brig. General James Barnes
4,500

AYRES

**2nd Division**

Brig. General R. B. Ayres
4,300

CRAWFORD

**3rd Division**

Brig. General S. W. Crawford
4,400

VI Army Corps

Major General John Sedgwick commanding

VI CORPS

**6th Corps Artillery**

Colonel C. H. Tompkins
900

WRIGHT

**1st Division**

Brig. General H. G. Wright
5,200

HOWE

**2nd Division**

Brig. General A. P. Howe
5,150

WHEATON

**3rd Division**

Brig. General Frank Wheaton
5,250

XI Army Corps

Major General O. O. Howard commanding

XI CORPS

**11th Corps Artillery**

Major T. W. Osborn
875

**1st Division**

Brig. General F. C. Barlow
Brig. General Adelbert Ames
3,500

**2nd Division**

Brig. General A. von Steinwehr
3,500

**3rd Division**

Brig. General Carl Schurz
3,200

XII Army Corps

Major General H. W. Slocum

**12th Corps Artillery**

Lt. Edward D. Muhlenberg
575

**1st Division**

Brig. General Alpheus Williams
4,300

**2nd Division**

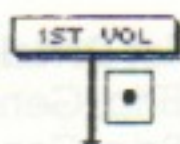
Brig. General John W. Geary
4,250

Army Artillery Reserve

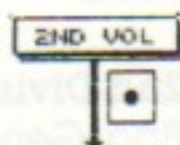
Brigadier General R. O. Taylor commanding
Captain John M. Robertson

**1st Regular Brigade**

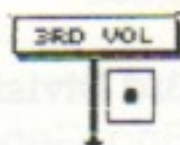
Captain D. R. Ransom
600



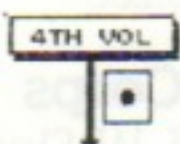
1st Volunteer Brigade
Lt. Colonel F. McGilvery
550



2nd Volunteer Brigade
Captain E. D. Taft
575



3rd Volunteer Brigade
Captain James F. Huntington
560

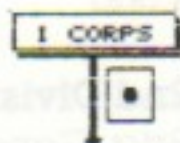


4th Volunteer Brigade
Captain R. H. Fitzhugh
550

The Army of Northern Virginia **General Robert E. Lee commanding**

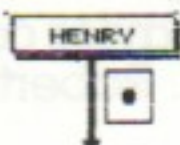
I Corps

Lieutenant General James Longstreet commanding



1st Corps Artillery
Colonel J. B. Walton
550

1st Division — Major General John B. Hood



1st Division Artillery
Major M. W. Henry
300



1st Brigade
Brig. General D. R. Anderson
2,700

**2nd Brigade**

Brig. General H. L. Bennings
2,500

**3rd Brigade**

Brig. General E. M. Law
Colonel James L. Sheffield
2,200

**4th Brigade**

Brig. General J. B. Robertson
2,100

2nd Division — Major General Lafayette McLaws**2nd Division Artillery**

Colonel H. C. Cabell
250

**1st Brigade**

Brig. General W. Barksdale
Colonel B. G. Humphreys
2,200

**2nd Brigade**

Brig. General J. B. Kershaw
1,900

**3rd Brigade**

Brig. General W. T. Wofford
2,000

**4th Brigade**

Brig. General P. J. Semmes
Colonel Goode Bryan
1,900

3rd Division – Major General George E. Pickett



3rd Division Artillery

Major James Dearing
350



1st Brigade

Brig. General J. L. Kemper
2,750



2nd Brigade

Brig. General A. Armistead
Colonel W. R. Aylett
2,800



3rd Brigade

Brig. General R. B. Garnett
Major George C. Cabell
2,750

II Corps

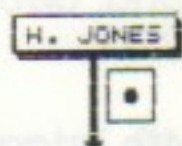
Lieutenant General Richard S. Ewell commanding



2nd Corps Artillery

Colonel J. Thompson Brown
450

1st Division – Major General Jubal A. Early



1st Division Artillery

Lt. Colonel H. P. Jones
350



1st Brigade

Brig. General William Smith
Colonel John S. Hoffman
2,750

**2nd Brigade**

Brig. General R. F. Hoke
Colonel Isaac E. Avery
Colonel A. C. Godwin
2,850

**3rd Brigade**

Brig. General Harry T. Hays
2,400

**4th Brigade**

Brig. General J. B. Gordon
2,2000

2nd Division – Major General Edward Johnson**2nd Division Artillery**

Lt. Colonel R. S. Andrews
450

**1st Brigade**

Brig. General John M. Jones
Lt. Colonel R. H. Dungan
Colonel B. T. Johnson
2,450

**2nd Brigade**

Brig. General James A. Walker
2,250

**3rd Brigade**

Brig. General George H. Stewart
2,400

**4th Brigade**

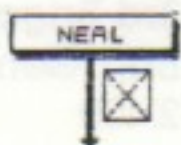
Colonel J. M. Williams
1,600

3rd Division – Major General R. E. Rodes



3rd Division Artillery

Lt. Colonel Thomas H. Carter
350



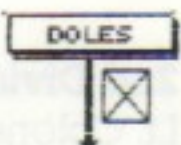
1st Brigade

Brig. General E. A. Neal
Colonel C. A. Battle
2,500



2nd Brigade

Brig. General S. D. Ramseur
2,600



3rd Brigade

Brig. General George Doles
2,250



4th Brigade

Brig. General Alfred Iverson
Brig. General S. D. Ramseur
2,150



5th Brigade

Brig. General Junius Daniel
1,875

III Corps

Lieutenant General Ambrose P. Hill commanding



3rd Artillery

Colonel R. L. Walker
450

1st Division — Major General R. H. Anderson

LANE



1st Division Artillery

Major John Lane
350

MAHONE



1st Brigade

Brig. General William Mahone
2,750

WRIGHT



2nd Brigade

Brig. General A. R. Wright
Colonel William Gibson
Colonel E. J. Walker
Colonel B. C. McCurry
Colonel C. H. Anderson
2,500

LANG



3rd Brigade

Colonel David Lang
Brig. General E. A. Perry
2,400

POSEY



4th Brigade

Brig. General Carnot Posey
2,200

WILCOX



5th Brigade

Brig. General C. M. Wilcox
1,00

2nd Division — Major General William D. Pender Brigadier General James H. Lane

POAGUE



2nd Division Artillery

William T. Poague
350

MCGOWAN

**1st Brigade**

Brig. General S. McGowan

Colonel A. Perrin

2,500

J. LANE

**2nd Brigade**

Brig. General James H. Lane

2,250

THOMAS

**3rd Brigade**

Brig. General E. L. Thomas

2,150

SCALES

**4th Brigade**

Brig. General General A. M. Scales

Colonel W. Lee J. Lawrence

2,000

3rd Division – Major General Henry Heth

Brigadier General J. J. Pettigrew

WALKER

**3rd Division Artillery**

Colonel R. L. Walker

350

PETTIGREW

**1st Brigade**

Brig. General J. J. Pettigrew

Major J. Jones

Lt. Colonel W. J. Martin

Colonel J. K. Marshall

Colone. T. C. Singeltary

2,750

FIELD

**2nd Brigade**

Brig. General Charles W. Field

Colonel J. M. Brockenbrough

2,500

**3rd Brigade**

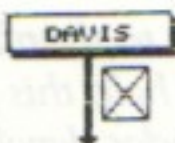
Brig. General James J. Archer

Colonel B. D. Fry

Colonel S. G. Shepard

Brig. General H. H. Walker

2,450

**4th Brigade**

Brig. General Joseph R. Davis

2,250

Note: Multiple officers' names indicate change of unit command during the battle due to death, wounds, capture, etc. However, all unit flags bear the name of the original commander. Only units on the Gettysburg battlefield July 3, 1863 are displayed.



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Canadian Map Research
Maxine Sidran

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Notes:

¹ *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, Sir Edward S. Creasy; The Military Service Publishing Co., Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; 1955 Edition; page 70.

² *ibid.*, page 186

³ The Norse king was also known as Hardraade.

⁴ *Cromwell*, John Buchan; Sphere Books Limited, 30/32 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1; page 191.

⁵ *The Battle of Gettysburg*, by Edward J. Stackpole in *The Civil War Times Illustrated "Special Gettysburg Edition"*, 1985, published by Historical Times, Inc., 2245 Kohn Road, Harrisburg, Pa., page 2.



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