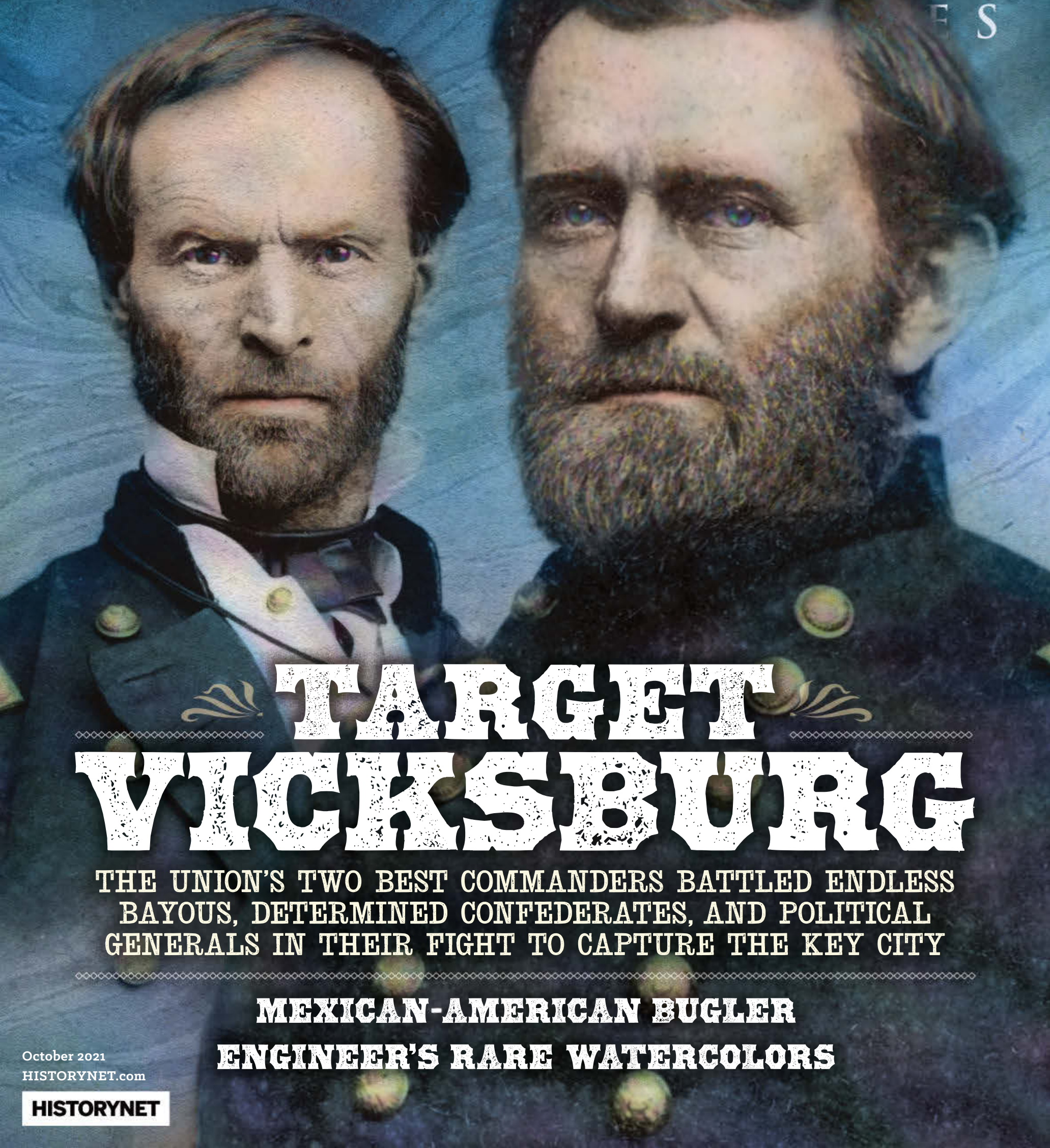


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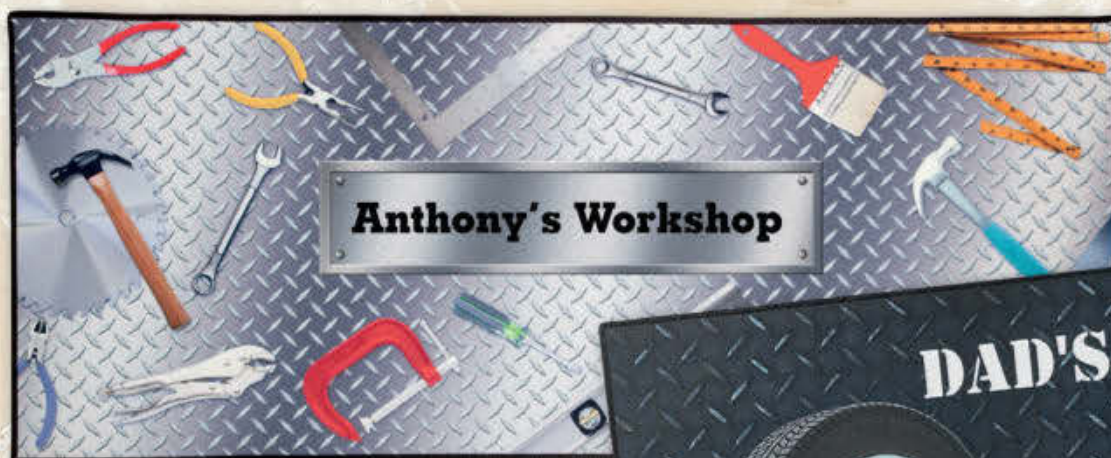


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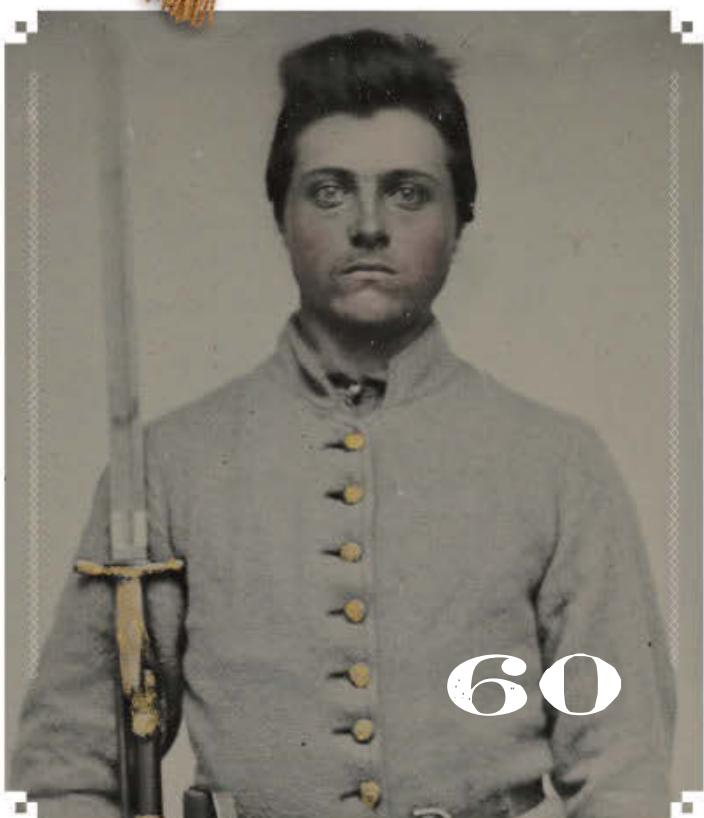
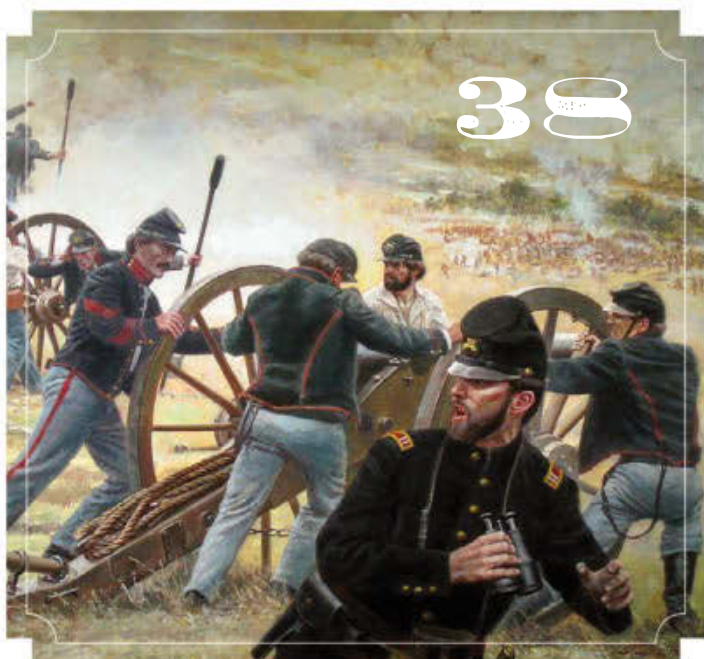
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FORLORN HOPE

Struggling Federal troops fight
the environment and dug-in
Confederates at the December 1862
Battle of Chickasaw Bayou



ON THE COVER: Two of the Union's top generals struggled in their first attempt to capture Vicksburg.



Features

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Target Vicksburg

By John F. Marszalek

It seemed simple: Capture Vicksburg and control the Mississippi River. In December 1862, Union generals learned how difficult that task would be.

38

A Moment of Truth

By Gary W. Gallagher

Overshadowed by other Eastern Theater struggles, the Seven Days Campaign was instrumental in changing Union policy and how the war was prosecuted.

46

Mexico City to Headquarters Musician

By John David Hoptak

Emergildo Marquis, a young Mexican orphan, made his way to the United States and became a bugler for Union Brig. Gen. John Nagle.

52

Embedded Artist

By Mark A. Smith

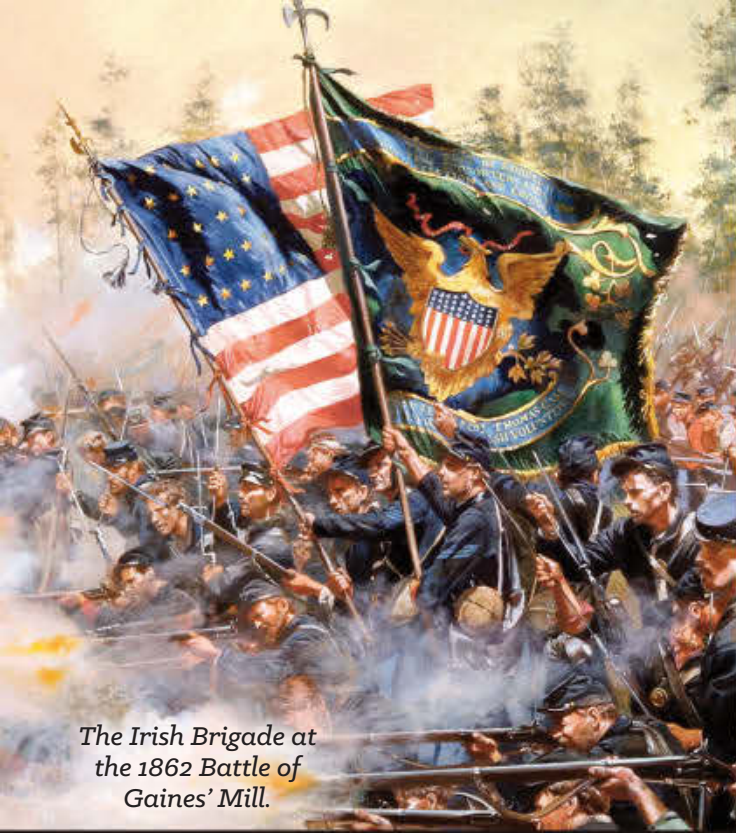
U.S. Engineer Gilbert Thompson illustrated his diary with crisp, colorful sketches.



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The Irish Brigade at
the 1862 Battle of
Gaines' Mill.

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CIVIL WAR TIMES

OCTOBER 2021 / VOL. 60, NO. 5

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STEPHEN KAMIFUJI CREATIVE DIRECTOR

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RICK GOWER Regional Sales Manager rick@rickgower.com

TERRY JENKINS Regional Sales Manager tjenkins@historynet.com

DIRECT RESPONSE ADVERTISING

NANCY FORMAN MEDIA PEOPLE

nforman@mediapeople.com

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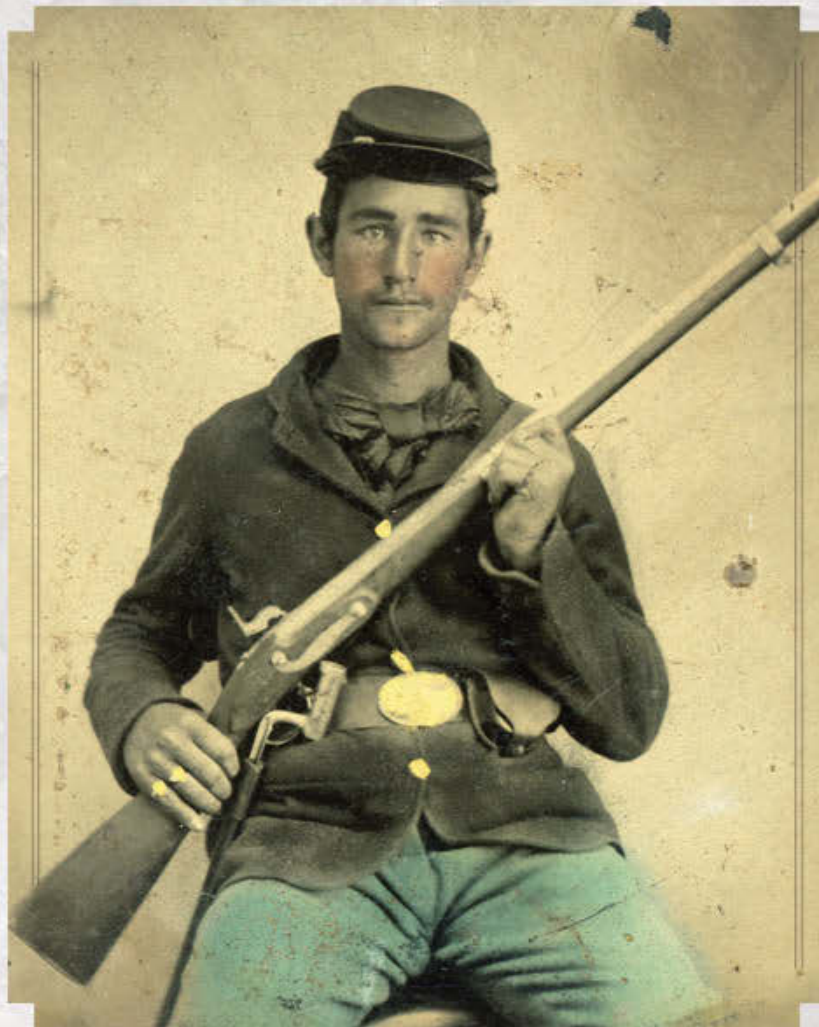
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WHEATFIELD CASUALTY

Congratulations to Scott Fink for the outstanding feature in the August 2020 issue, “Fight for the Colors,” which

demonstrates the savagery of the combat waged in the Wheatfield by the 62nd Pennsylvania at Gettysburg. The article brings to mind an image in my collection of Private William H. Dunn of the regiment (right), who was killed in action during this struggle. A letter in his pension file from a sergeant in the outfit states that William was killed instantly while on the skirmish line when the 62nd went back into the Wheatfield for the final time. The sergeant’s letter also disclosed where young Dunn had been buried on the field, so that the family could venture from its Pittsburgh home and retrieve his remains. Will was only one of 11 children in the Dunn household, however, and his father—a peddler of fruit and vegetables in the city—likely lacked the means to travel to Gettysburg and defray the costs required to convey Will’s body home. For that reason, or perhaps because the family thought it more appropriate, Dunn was eventually buried in the Pennsylvania section of Soldier’s National Cemetery, where he rests today.

*Charles Joyce
Media, Pa.*



INTERRUPTED NO MORE

The *Interrupted Sentiments* article in the June issue was very interesting. As I was looking at the collage of photographs from the George Eastman Museum on P. 32, I recognized a soldier. The first picture in the upper left corner (#1193, if I read it correctly) is Abisha Downing, Company D, 73rd Ohio Infantry, from Pike County.

I wasn’t sure if I should contact you or

the Eastman Museum, and perhaps he has already been identified, but I thought I should pass along the information. I will contact them, too, just to be sure. If you would like more information on Downing, please let me know.

*Lisa Uhrig
Photo Archivist
Ross County Historical Society,
Chillicothe, Ohio*

Interesting article about Dead Letter photos. I had 14 relatives who served the Union. I have a photo for two of them but in old age. I have service records for 13. One was an 18-year-old nephew of my great-great-grandfather, George Blakesley. In his file was a blunt letter from his mother telling him to come home as his father was dying and there was no one to take care of the estate. It was sent from Yates County, N.Y., on December 16, 1864. Her son wrote a letter from his

hospital in Alexandria, Va., to the Adjutant General in D.C. on December 24, 1864, asking for a leave based on his mother’s letter. Faster than today’s mail! The boy got his leave.

Keep up the good work.
*Richard Blakesley
Bloomfield, N.Y.*

LITTLE MAC AND GOD

Steven Stotelmyer’s “In God We Trust” article (August 2021) maintains that General McClellan was no different from numerous Civil War generals who “embraced God’s Will.” Yet there was a difference. To Stonewall Jackson (for example), God was his staff to smite the foe. To George McClellan, God was his crutch to explain the shortfalls.

McClellan put it best writing to his wife after his Peninsula Campaign was stymied by the Seven Days Campaign: “I have only tried to do my duty &

God has helped me, or rather he has helped my army & our country—& we are safe. I think I begin to see his wise purpose in all this....If I had succeeded in taking Richmond now the fanatics of the North might have been too powerful & reunion impossible. However that may be I am sure that it is all for the best."

His mighty campaign had failed by God's will; nothing was his fault; it was all for the best.

Stephen W. Sears
Norwalk, Conn.

As an Evangelical Christian and with a studious interest in the Civil War, I hastened to read Steven Stotelmyer's article. I was disappointed by his obvious secular bias approach to a very interesting subject.

Though Little Mac may have been accused of a "messianic complex" through faulty interpretation and misapplication, it represents secular bias to suggest that he was under the "power of hallucination" or that his Faith was a "prop for his insecurity."

That bias is made even more clear in the sidebar "Familiar Yet Distant," where he taunts with references to evolution, dinosaurs, and planetary discovery. The implication clearly is that in the modern era we don't need to be disturbed by the religious ignorance of the past because we have better knowledge in our times. In our times, the Eternal Truth can still be relied upon, "The fool has said in his heart There is no God." (Ps. 53:1)

Respectfully,
Don Lowry
Travelers Rest, S.C.

PITTSBURGH EXPLOSION

One must commend Rich Condon's June 2021 article "A Terrific Explosion Was Heard" for bringing to light the overlooked 1862 explosion at the Allegheny Arsenal. It must be noted, however, that the Rev. Richard Lea witnessed the carnage only after the first explosion. The spark as the cause of the explosion was based on the testi-

mony of wagon driver Joseph Frick and worker Rachel Dunlap at the coroner's inquest which convened for several days following the disaster. The only other person who might have been able to testify to the validity of the deadly spark was Robert Smith, the man unloading the barrels of gunpowder. Unfortunately, Smith was killed in the blast.

The porches of the laboratory were very congested with gunpowder barrels that were being opened so their contents could be redistributed into smaller containers. The road was made of stones that were high in iron and flint content, and the common theory that a spark from the road set off the deadly explosion is highly plausible.

There were two investigations into the cause of the explosion. The coroner's inquest, September 18-24, 1862, was not a formal trial, and only depositions were taken. At the conclusion of the testimony, the jury was split. Most jurors believed that the tragedy was the result of negligence by arsenal commander Colonel John Symington,

Lieutenants J. R. Edie and Jasper Meyers, and the gross neglect of Alexander McBride, superintendent of the laboratory building and his assistant, James Thorp.

Eager to clear his name, Symington requested a military inquest into the explosion in October 1862. The military inquest allowed cross examination by Symington, who was acting in his own defense, and by the three military judges. Unfortunately, Symington only called witnesses supportive of him or those he hoped to discredit. Frick proved to be a terrible witness under examination and was discredited. Sadly, no women were called to testify at this inquiry. Without cross examination, we will never know if Rachel Dunlap would have stuck to her story.

The military cleared John Symington of any wrongdoing. In the summation of findings, the court ruled: "That the cause of the explosion could not be satisfactorily ascertained, but that possibly it may have been produced by the young man Smith, (deceased)



ONLINE POLL



52.6%



47.4%

The Results Are In!

Which brigade commander faced the toughest test at Gettysburg? Brig. Gen. George Greene on Culp's Hill or Colonel Strong Vincent on Little Round Top?

More than 50 percent of respondents said that Greene, who wisely ordered his troops to build breastworks on Culp's Hill, had the tougher task. It appears the fight for Culp's Hill is getting some more respect!.

Our next poll goes online September 2.

having jumped upon the powder barrel, which may have had powder dust upon the head.”

*James Wudarczyk
Author, Pittsburgh's Forgotten
Allegheny Arsenal
Pittsburgh, Pa.*

TY SEIDULE INTERVIEW

I have been a subscriber for 40+ years to *Civil War Times*, and this is my first letter to the editor. I find the interview with Ty Seidule to be very skewed in order to present his agenda. For example, the Confederate monument at Arlington Cemetery also includes olive branches representing peace as well as a pruning hook resting on a plowshare, the desire to begin a road to the healing of the nation.

Regarding Robert E. Lee's chapel, Seidule also fails to mention that Lee, beginning at Appomattox, told Confederate soldiers to be a part of the healing process of the nation.

In the age of promoting diversity and inclusion, why are we being so one-sided and excluding the whole story? Maybe he should concentrate on the full story and focus on the engraving on the Gettysburg Peace Light Memorial—"Peace Eternal in a Nation United." Thank You for continuing to be a great publication!

*Steve Stanislav
Poland, Ohio*

I understand the debate about historic figures today can get pretty heated and passions run high, but it's disingenuous to misrepresent the facts in these discussions. In reading Ty Seidule's interview, I was taken aback by the innacuracy of two comments. First, I am not arguing over the causes of the Civil War, but it is well documented by Lee's contemporaries (North and South), and his own writings, that if Virginia remained in the Union, then Lee would have stayed in the Union. To say he left to uphold slavery is an oversimplification of the facts.

Second, Seidule's comments about Lord Fairfax are a complete misinter-

FIRST MONDAY FANS

On July 2, (actually a Friday), Editor Dana Shoaf and Director of Photography Melissa Winn broadcast on Facebook about the overlooked fighting on the north slope of Little Round Top. The broadcast received 9,000 views and some nice comments, including the ones below.



I enjoyed this and will share this on my Fledgling Facebook group CIVIL WAR ECHOES so that the members can view this tidbit of history. Thank you.

—Stanely Hitchins



Thank you for your video. Next time I visit I will explore the base and Upton's efforts. —Shawn Born



Love history especially Civil War. Thank you, guys. I need to get over there and see this place. I'm from northern panhandle of West Virginia, Moundsville. We got some interesting history here as well. —Jack Lightner



Thanks for showing this location and description of the action on this slope of what they called "Rock Hill!" Good stuff to learn about! —Gwen Wyttenbach

pretation of the facts. He is referencing Lord Fairfax's oft-misinterpreted account book entry of February 27, 1777. It states, "Received of Curtis Corley ten shillings on the Lords ship account, for bring a negro wench to bed. Cary Balengar." Seidule interprets this as Lord Fairfax's sexual assault of an enslaved woman, when in looking at the whole account book (and other similar statements of the time period) it is not in reference to rape but hiring out an enslaved person as a wet nurse/midwife. I am surprised Seidule would jump to this conclusion without proper research of the time period.

Seidule's book is a personal opinion piece, not a history book, but we all need to be honest about the facts when we attempt to use them to validate our personal opinions.

*Robert Orrison
Dumfries, Va.*

I had to laugh and shake my head at the same time after reading the "Losing the Lost Cause" interview with Ty Seidule. First, let me say that my ancestors fought for the Union and not one of them were slaveowners. That aside, it is so easy to proselytize on the inner workings of a long-dead Confederate general's mindset when wearing the cloak "historian," which I read more as

a supplant for the author's White guilt. Lee is a product of his time.

The author ignores the fact that Lee also had a strong affinity for his state and that played a major role in his decision to become a Confederate. Many a soldier declared their willingness to fight for their state albeit New York or South Carolina.

West Point never had a Black man graduate the academy until 1877 and women not until 1980! So, one can apply a checkered past to most anything by today's condescending views of history. But let us continue to mollify our guilt by tearing down more statues and exterminating names. I thought generals were tougher than that, but I guess there has to be a few more deliberators like George Brinton McClellan!

*Rick Huff
Sykesville, Md.*

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A STONE FOR KATE



FAR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

The story of John Reynolds and his heartbroken fiancée, Kate Hewitt, seems like a myth, but the sad tale is true. A new stone marks the relative location of her burial in New York state. She lies somewhere in the Pfordt family plot, as she moved to that state and married a man named Joseph B. Pfordt in 1874.



For more than 150 years following the death of Union Maj. Gen. John F. Reynolds at Gettysburg, the fate of his fiancée, Catherine Hewitt, had been shrouded in mystery. Famously, Kate Hewitt had pledged to join a convent if Reynolds, above left in a prewar image, was killed in battle and indeed fulfilled her vow in the fall of 1863 by joining the Daughters of Charity in Emmitsburg, Md. But what happened to her after she left that community on September 3, 1868, and moved to Albany, N.Y., remained uncertain until 2020 when dedicated research by historian Jeff Harding and genealogist Mary Stanford Pitkin revealed facts about Hewitt's final years and burial location.

Harding and Pitkin learned that upon leaving Emmitsburg, Hewitt taught school as a nun in Albany until leaving the order and marrying Albany florist Joseph B. Pfordt in June 1874. But two years later, on October 6, 1876, she died of consumption (tuberculosis) at the age of 39 and was buried in the Pfordt family lot at St. Agnes Cemetery in Menands, N.Y.—apparently without ever being given a grave marker.

Finally, thanks to the generosity of a group of donors, a proper marker was placed at Catherine Hewitt Pfordt's gravesite in St. Agnes Cemetery earlier this year. Although it is uncertain which grave within the family plot holds her remains, primary source documentation confirms she does indeed rest in the lot.

For details on the discovery of Kate Hewitt's fate after Reynolds' death, visit bit.ly/KateHewittPfordt or read Harding's forthcoming book, *Gettysburg's Lost Love Story—The Ill-Fated Romance of Catherine Hewitt and General John Reynolds*.



➤ NEW VICKSBURG SITE ➤

FIVE YEARS AGO, Vicksburg native Charles Pendleton and his wife decided to take on a project that resulted in the Vicksburg Civil War Museum, which opened in May. Exhibits include Pendleton's collection of weapons and uniforms. Displays also include a representation of a slave cabin and a scale used to weigh cotton. Pendleton states, he wants to "offer to people...a slave's life and a Black soldier's life. We weren't given freedom; we earned it through fighting. There are very few Civil War Museums from a Black perspective, and our goal was to give that perspective, but not our opinion." The museum, located at 1123 Washington St., is open M-F 10-6, and Sun 12-6.



WAR FRAME

A FULLY EQUIPPED U.S. artilleryman paid an unknown photographer to heavily tint his image, making it blaze with vibrant color. He wields a .36-caliber Colt Model 1851 Navy revolver and a Model 1840 light artillery saber. He also displays two pieces of 19th-century male fashion that are now all but extinct: a watch fob and a pinky ring on his right hand. But the most unique item present is the artilleryman's regulation Model 1864 artillery shako, which seldom appears in period photography. The numeral "1" is present on the shako, below the eagle and above the crossed cannon insignia. The 1864 Artillery shako had a wide leather brim and a leather top but the body was a cone of pasteboard covered by blue flannel. Brass ring fittings on the side held the red worsted cord and tassel. The plume on top was horsehair, 15" long, dyed scarlet. The fully trimmed shako cost \$4.83, compared to \$.63 for a forage cap and \$1.65 for a Hardee hat.

Thanks to Dan Binder and Michael R. Cunningham for their help with this War Frame



PRESERVATION

REGISTER

Arlington House Revisited

Arlington House, the former estate of Robert E. Lee's family, now owned by the National Park Service, recently reopened after a seven-year, \$12.5 million restoration and reorientation. The new Arlington House amplifies the home's history to include the experiences and contributions of more than 100 enslaved people who lived, worked, and died at the estate. The renovation also invites visitors to consider differing perspectives on the character, career, and decisions of Robert E. Lee, who managed the 1,100-acre Arlington Plantation, which his wife, Mary Custis Lee, had inherited from her parents.



Arlington House enslaved quarter

Manassas Parcel Campaign

The American Battlefield Trust is raising donations to buy a 3.5-acre parcel near the Sudley Church on the Manassas National Battlefield Park. The site figured at the battles of both First and Second Manassas (Bull Run) as a field hospital. The Trust needs only \$75,000 to complete the funding to buy the parcel.

Gettysburg, Winchester Acreage

A drive to preserve acreage related to the Gettysburg Campaign focuses on two parcels totaling 158 acres. One four-acre parcel is in Gettysburg on the Baltimore Pike below the Union artillery position on Stevens Knoll, where the Battlefield Military Museum is now located. The remaining 154 acres were involved in the Second Battle of Winchester, June 13-15, 1863, during the Confederate approach to Gettysburg. The American Battlefield Trust has commitments to match \$28 to each \$1 donation, and \$350,000 remains to complete the \$9.8 million purchase.

Minnesota's Confederate Shirt

The Minnesota Historical Society is preserving a rare survivor: a rough woolen shirt, with initials J and B embroidered on the pocket flap, taken from a Confederate soldier and used to stanch a wound suffered by 7th Minnesota Infantry sergeant Henry Mills. Born in Prussia, Mills arrived in the United States at age 5. When he was 28, he joined the 7th Minnesota. On December 16, 1864, during the Battle of Nashville, he was wounded in the legs and snatched the shirt to wrap his wound and stop the bleeding. Mills' legs had to be amputated, but he survived the war. He died in St. Paul, Minn. at age 92, and the bloodied shirt remained in the custody of his descendants until last February when it was donated to the Minnesota Historical Society. The shirt is headed for display, an example of the new kinds of stories the museum intends to highlight about the war.



LIFESAVER

The blood-drenched shirt 7th Minnesota Sergeant Henry Mills used to save his life.

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WORTH A MOVE

REAL ESTATE WITH CIVIL WAR CONNECTIONS

This outstanding example of Greek Revival architecture stands on Richmond's Main Street. It survived the rise and fall of the Confederacy and the great fire that swept the city in 1865. Built in 1841 by tobacconist David M. Branch, it passed to another owner before being purchased in 1846 by banker and entrepreneur Isaac Davenport, who died from falling debris in one of his factories that had been torched during the Confederate evacuation of Richmond.

By the 1880s, Francis Glasgow, then manager of Tredegar Iron Works, owned the property, but the house's most famous resident was Southern novelist Ellen Glasgow. She wrote 20 novels through the late 19th and early 20th centuries, and was a Pulitzer Prize winner. Her books painted a realistic portrait of the post-Civil War South, and that combined with suffragette activities and her progressive racial views, made her unpopular with some of her Richmond neighbors.

The stunning house has 13 original fireplaces and is a National and Virginia State Historic Landmark.

For more information, go to rerva.com/ellen-glasgow-house-richmond-va-for-sale



Ellen Glasgow House, Richmond, Va.

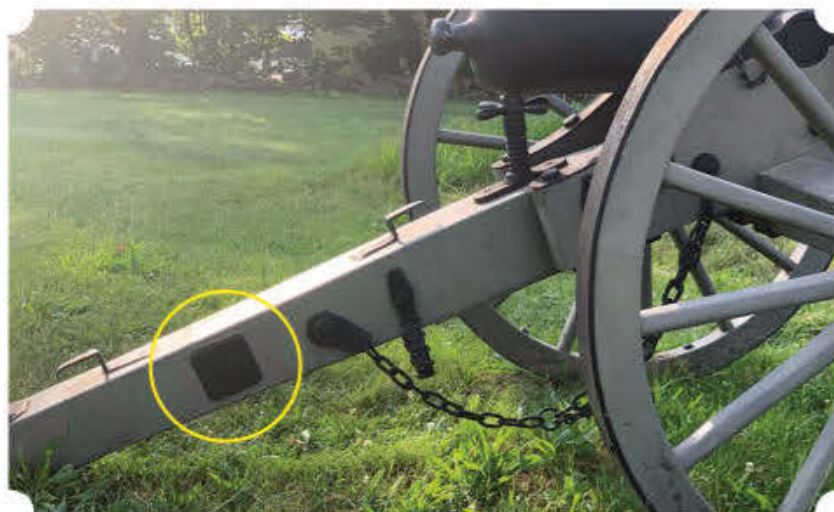


CLOSE UP! QUIZ



IN WHAT noteworthy image would you find this rugged Union trooper? The first person who sends in the correct answer wins a *Civil War Times* water bottle. Send your answer to dshoaf@historynet.com, subject heading "Courier."

ANSWER TO LAST ISSUE'S CLOSE UP!



CONGRATULATIONS to Preston Williams of Fort Mitchell, Ky., who correctly identified a skid plate on a cannon trail. The plate prevented the wheels of a caisson from damaging the trail during hard turns. There is a skid plate on each side of the trail.

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A LOST MOMENT?

THE NATION WASN'T READY TO PRESS FOR RACIAL EQUALITY AT WAR'S END

MANY HISTORIANS HAVE described Reconstruction as a lost moment when the White loyal citizenry abandoned a commitment to provide full political and social equality to freedpeople. This interpretation generally relies on an analytical framework within which the war began as a struggle to restore the Union, turned into a fight that elevated emancipation to an equivalent war aim, and, after the Confederacy collapsed, positioned the nation to press on toward racial equality. Failure to fulfill the last of these goals, goes a common argument repeated in Henry Louis Gates' PBS documentary *Reconstruction: America After the Civil War*, allowed a moment of national promise to slip away, doomed formerly enslaved people to decades of brutal Jim Crow governance, and delayed progress toward African American equality until the second half of the 20th century.

The idea of a lost moment makes sense only if a credible possibility of racial equality existed in the aftermath of the war. Two things would be essential to achieve that end. First, there would have to be widespread agreement among White north-

erners that only equality for freedpeople would render military victory over the Confederacy and emancipation complete—and that equality would have to include, among many other things, enfranchising Black men. Second, success would require an effective, and perhaps prolonged, military occupation of the former Confederate states because ex-Rebels almost certainly would oppose racial equality. Such an occupation, in turn, would rest on public approval of a substantial post-Appomattox military presence in the form of either a greatly increased Regular Army or a large force of citizen-soldiers.

Did most White Americans in the loyal states believe the war left any major questions unresolved? They did not. First to last during the conflict, they identified restoration of the Union as the war's great objective. Most also

BULLETS LED TO BALLOTS

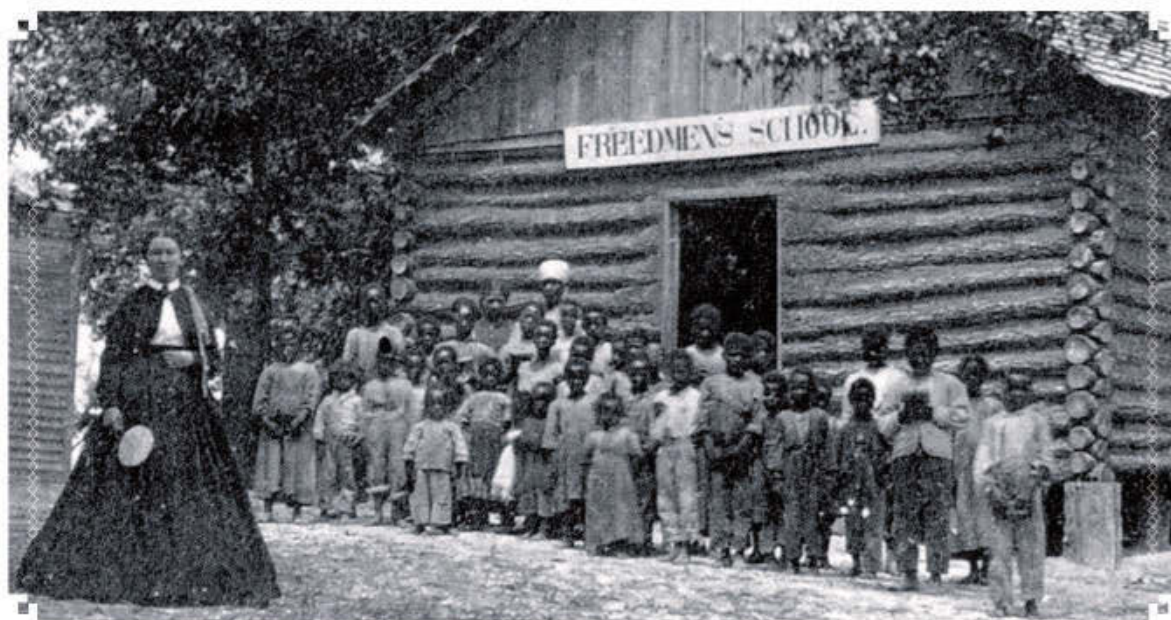
Black men cast votes in Richmond, Va., during an 1871 election. Six years later, in 1877, President Rutherford B. Hayes formally ended Reconstruction.

came to accept emancipation as necessary to defeat the Confederacy and to safeguard the nation's future (only slavery-related issues, they thought, could trigger another internal rebellion of the sort that erupted in 1860-1861). With the Union salvaged and emancipation accomplished, there was no groundswell to pursue equal rights for freedpeople by maintaining a massive military presence in the former Confederacy. White Americans generally saw emancipation as the concluding act in a drama featuring issues relating to slavery as a poisonous aspect of political life rather than as the beginning act of a narrative leading to full racial equality.

Attitudes regarding Black enfranchisement underscore the absence of any sense of urgency about equal political rights. In 1865, only five New England states allowed African American men to vote. That year, referenda to emulate those states' voting laws failed in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Connecticut. Over the next three years, similar referenda in New York, Ohio, Kansas, and Nebraska Territory yielded the same negative result. By 1868, more than three years after Appomattox, only Minnesota, where a second referendum succeeded, and Iowa had joined the five New England states in extending the franchise to Black men.

What about guaranteeing equal rights through a long-term military occupation? We should remember that in April 1865 huge stretches of the former Rebel states, including virtually all of Texas, contained almost no Union troops. A true occupation would have required massive congressional appropriations that might stretch over many years. It also would have meant abandoning a deep-seated antipathy to peacetime military forces that had been in place since hatred of the Quartering Act of 1765 helped create sentiment for the American Revolution.

In the weeks after Appomattox, both men in blue uniforms and civilians on the home front demanded a rapid demobilization. One of William Tecumseh Sherman's cavalry commanders voiced a widespread view in bidding



MORE EDUCATION WAS NEEDED

An 1867 image of a Freedmen's Bureau school in North Carolina. Such schools helped foster literacy, but most Americans were not bothered by their extinction.

farewell to his troops on August 7, 1865: "Your career as soldiers is over. . . . I rejoice with you that our country is intact and united, our government stronger than ever, and that the necessity for our armed service no longer exists." On May 1, 1865, the Union Army fielded more than 1,000,000 citizen-soldiers, 800,000 of whom mustered out by the end of November. One year later, just 11,000 of the volunteers remained in service. Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton aptly said of the demobilization: "No similar work of like magnitude regarding its immensity and the small limit of time in which it has been performed, has...any parallel in the history of armies." This demobilization reflected nearly universal sentiment among White citizens that the war had accomplished its goals and that no large postbellum force would be necessary.

Congressional actions further highlight the absence of support for a large army of occupation. On July 28, 1866, Congress fixed the size of the regular army at 54,302, a number reduced in 1869 to 37,313 and in 1876 to 27,472. Between 1866 and 1877, U.S. soldiers performed duties related to Reconstruction but also garrisoned coastal installations and conducted operations against

Native Americans. In 1866, for example, half of the Regulars were stationed in the South and half deployed along the coasts or in the West. Over the next nine years, the contingent in the South dropped from about 45 percent in 1867 to less than 10 percent in 1875. At the peak in 1866, the regular army's strength across the former Confederacy fell short of 30,000—compared to the 1,000,000 citizen-soldiers available in April 1865. By 1871, the midpoint of Reconstruction, just 8,700 regulars were carrying out Reconstruction-related duties. These statistics indicate there never was a real occupation of the former Confederacy—though brutal suppression under the boot heel of Yankee soldiers became a staple of Lost Cause special pleading. Thirty thousand soldiers in a territory covering 750,000 square miles—an expanse larger than all of western Europe—scarcely rises to the level of an "occupation."

Any claim for a lost moment during Reconstruction runs aground on hard realities: the overwhelming majority of loyal citizens in the United States believed the nation had achieved its wartime goals, cared little about the fate of formerly enslaved people, and had almost no interest in supporting a large peacetime army. Taking these factors into account, Reconstruction represents not a lost moment but rather a quite remarkable period that yielded the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments and laid the groundwork for future racial equality in the United States. ★

THE GRUELING SPRING 1864 Overland Campaign, from the Battle of the Wilderness to the beginning of the Siege of Petersburg, consumed vast amounts of men and materiel as Generals Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee kept throwing bloody punches at each other. The Confederate supply line remained based out of Richmond, Va., but as the Army of the Potomac continued to try to turn the Army of Northern Virginia's right flank, supply depots that fed the Union Army also had to shift. This image shows the Army of the Potomac's supply base at Port Royal, Va., on the twisting, turning Rappahannock River, about 17 miles southeast of Fredericksburg. The base operated from May 26 until May 30, during the time fighting occurred along the North Anna River. Timothy O'Sullivan, one of Mathew Brady's photographers, took the image on May 30, on the south side of the river. That day, the base was actually beginning to close down in favor of one at White House Landing on the Pamunkey River. It shows just some of the thousands of soldiers and civilian contractors required to keep the Army of the Potomac supplied with guns and butter. —D.B.S.

- 1.** Dig in! A large pile of picks, axes, and shovels, indicative of the changing face of warfare and the increased use of earthworks, awaits delivery to the front lines. The large boxes behind the tools are similar to those used to ship muskets. To the left, troops lounge on grain sacks.
- 2.** A supply wagon marked for the headquarters of the 4th New York Cavalry is parked at the end of the pontoon wharf. The adjacent mounted troops are likely members of the regiment.
- 3.** A number of steamships and barges, civilian vessels contracted by the U.S. government, are tied up at the wharf. One, *Exchange*, has its steam up and is crawling with soldiers. A squad of troops creates a blur, as they march to—or from—the steamboat.
- 4.** Two men prepare to take a rowboat into the Rappahannock. On April 24, 1865, former Confederate soldiers rowed John Wilkes Booth and David Herold across the river at this location as they fled pursuing Union cavalry.
- 5.** Low brick foundation walls are all that remain of a building that once stood here. Both Port Royal and Port Conway across the river, had colonial roots. This building could have been torn down as a matter of course before the war, or destroyed by soldiers.



FUEL FOR THE FIGHT

3

4

5



DEEP INTO IT
Lee Ivester walks at
Allatoona Pass, Ga.
His Confederate ancestor
died of “melancholy
insanity” after the war.

ON THE ROAD

WHY IS THERE NO BATHROOM ON THIS BUS?

TRAVEL ON A BUS through Georgia with descendants of Confederate soldiers and you’re bound to learn more about humankind than almost anywhere else. Who wouldn’t savor a two-day road trip featuring close-quarters sweatiness, bad jokes, and the potential for combustible debate? And, oh no, the bus doesn’t have a bathroom?!

But for history’s sake, this native Pennsylvanian couldn’t turn down an invitation to tour battlefields and historic sites in the Peach State with the General Barton & Stovall History/Heritage Association—an organization whose members are dedicated to preserving the memory of their ancestors in the 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, and 52nd Georgia regiments.

Under generals Seth Barton and then Marcellus Stovall, the five regiments served in a brigade that saw some of the fiercest fighting in the Western Theater, from Vicksburg, Miss., and Atlanta to Nashville and Bentonville, N.C. At the organization’s congress, held annually since 2002 (except 2020 because of COVID), descendants visit battlefields and historic sites, often walking ground their ancestors did during the war. This year’s destinations include Cartersville, home base of Jacksonville Jaguars field general Trevor Lawrence; Kennesaw Mountain, Allatoona Pass, New Hope Church, Kolb Farm, Pine Mountain, Pickett’s Mill, Marietta, and a town that a bus rider says has “one of those snake-handling churches.”

The eclectic, 27-person tour group includes a cancer survivor with a rapier wit; a former pulp fiction novelist; two JFK assassination conspiracy buffs; a woman who was photographed at the grave of the arm of Stonewall Jackson (Mrs. Banks, take note); an avid relic hunter who decades ago recovered soldiers’ bones on one of the war’s bloodiest battlegrounds; and a man who, after he lost his job several years ago, did something truly spectacular.

Could an admirer of Maj. Gen. William Sherman—*shhh!*—survive with this bunch?

Is there no restroom on this bus?
So many questions, so little time.

Our first stop is a Cassville “pocket park,” an Atlanta Campaign minipark constructed in the 1930s along the old Dixie Highway. I have already advised seatmate Randy, a fellow West Virginia

University grad, that he could sit elsewhere if my schtick gets tiresome. (Later, the Sons of Confederate Veterans member shows me a photo of himself decked out as a Rebel cavalry officer on a horse. "My Yankee friends called me a perfect 'target'," he says with a chuckle. Randy's Confederate ancestor was mortally wounded at Droop Mountain in 1863.)

After the Rebels' victory at Manassas (or Bull Run), the first major battle of the war, Georgians were tempted to hit the delete button on "Cassville," named for a former U.S. Senator from Michigan, who earned their eternal damnation after he had "shown himself inimical to the south by voluntary donations of his private property to sustain a wicked war upon her people." But the plan to rename the town Manassas ultimately was nixed.

You need to dig into history books to find out that Cassville was where Army of Tennessee commander Joseph Johnston planned to ambush Sherman in a massive battle in mid-May 1864. That fight never happened, but "Uncle Billy" torched Cassville—population roughly 1,300 in the early 1860s—during his Atlanta Campaign, and the wealthy town Union soldiers called the prettiest in Georgia never recovered. "Many of our boys are buried in the cemetery here," says Barton-Stovall President Cliff Roberts, co-author of an excellent book (*Atlanta's Fighting 42nd*) on a brigade unit.

The unincorporated town today is an unremarkable place with a tiny but cool museum and a grocery store/filling station on the main drag. But I have many questions: How did the small section of wartime, brick sidewalk in Cassville survive? What was that man thinking when he swiped from a town cemetery the large, metal Confederate marker from the grave of Corp. Littleton B. Manning of the 40th Georgia? (The 1960s-era thief was apparently inebriated; years later, the remorseful local returned the marker, now anchored in concrete.) Why is bus rider Jonathan Perryman wearing that mind-numbing long-sleeve shirt with all those Confederate-themed patches?



GEORGIANS ON THEIR MINDS

Cliff Roberts, left, serves as president of the General Barton-Stovall History/Heritage Association, Jonathan Perryman, right, ran an Atlanta sports bar and beat cancer. He's known for wearing his Confederate sympathies on his sleeves...and his shirts.

Bald but oh-so-beautiful, Perryman—a longtime SCV member—is one of the great characters on the bus. The consummate jokester was part-owner of one of the first sports bars in Atlanta, which seems to turbo-charge his storytelling. In 2013, he beat lymphoma.

In a what-a-small-world twist, Perryman—whom I had never met prior to the trip—attended my elementary school, Julia Ward Howe, in suburban Pittsburgh. I am briefly tempted to ask him to sing Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," beloved by Union soldiers, but the United States has outlawed torture.

Perryman's ancestor, the marvelously named Marcus Aurelius Perryman, was a 1st sergeant in Company K of the 40th Georgia, the "Haralson Invincibles." In a prewar photo, he sports wavy blonde hair and a neatly shaven goatee—"the movie star of the brigade, Brad Pitt," his descendant tells me about his great-great-grandfather. "My friends say, 'Why didn't you get any of that?'"

Marcus Aurelius owned a rocky, hilly, and wooded 10,000 acres in western Georgia, using free Blacks for labor, Perryman says. He enlisted in March 1862 and died eight months later, a victim of German measles.

"In a way, I am glad he died early in the war, because this was a *hard* war for the brigade," Perryman says as we walk in the shadow of a massive Kennesaw apartment building next to a slice of preserved ground from Camp McDonald, where Marcus' regiment trained in 1862. (Developers show Civil War sites little mercy in Georgia. *Bleh.*)

Perryman wears his convictions on his long sleeves. There's no gray area for him and some others on the bus regarding Confederate monuments (*keep 'em all!*), the Confederate battle flag (*forever!*), and other white-hot Civil War topics. Is it a cop-out for me to not debate? *Damn*, the Georgia heat is searing enough.

Speaking of fire, Union cavalry botched the job of torching nearby Kingston, perhaps sparing the town the fate of Cassville. Praise the Lord, because without their incompetence maybe the sleepy town's snake-handling church never would have got off the ground. (A museum docent says it was closed long ago.)

"Damn if I would pick a snake up," says Georgia native Robert Elliott, an avid collector of wartime photography whose Southern accent may be the



MAN OF THE HOUR

Brig. Gen. Seth Barton, above, died in 1900 and is buried in Fredericksburg, Va. The author's fellow road-trippers, members of the Barton-Stovall Association, right, pose in New Hope Church Cemetery with a painting of the 1864 Atlanta Campaign battle that raged there.



Ninth Wonder of the World. His ancestor, Thomas Jefferson Mercer, served as captain in Company E of the 42nd Georgia, the "Harper Guards."

Mercer, who survived the war, traipsed through Kingston, home of Michelle Obama's ancestors and site of a major Confederate hospital. On the town green, across the street from a little museum, thousands of Confederates surrendered in May 1865—including some Barton-Stovall soldiers. The house that Rebel Maj. Gen. William Wofford used as headquarters still stands on the main street. "That looks like the general on the porch," a bus rider says as we pass by, gesturing toward a heavysset man in a red T-shirt.

My first meeting with Lee Ivester, whose ancestor served in the 52nd Georgia, got off to a rocky start. I mistook the Clemson logo on his shirt for one from the University of South Carolina, as close to a mortal sin as one can get in the South. But we bond when I somehow

lead us both back to our bus in Cartersville, where a mural on a wall near a coffee shop honors "Gen. Lawrence."

In 1986, while relic hunting at Antietam, Ivester and his buddy dug up a skull and other bones at Miller's Cornfield, site of some of the war's most brutal fighting. They took the grisly finds back to North Carolina, where a medical director for the company Ivester's friend worked for ID'd the bones as definitely human. The remains, apparently from two soldiers, were eventually returned to Maryland and reburied with fanfare in the Confederate section of a cemetery in Hagerstown.

Ivester's ancestor, Jesse A. Ivester, a sergeant in the 52nd Georgia, suffered terribly during the Federals' siege of Vicksburg. As we walk at Allatoona Pass, Lee tells me about trying to imagine his ancestor as he lay in the front lines in Mississippi, perhaps in a rat-infested trench, enduring a daily bombardment: "There's definitely an emotional aspect to it," he says of retracing his ancestor's footsteps.

Captured at Vicksburg on July 4, 1863, Jesse was exchanged two months later, only to be wounded at Resaca, Ga., in May 1864. He died 12 years later. Cause on the medical certificate: "Melancholy insanity."

The trip becomes a blur: Is that really a "Sherman's necktie," one of those railroad ties ruined by the Union army, at Allatoona Pass? Did I really resist the

urge to bathe in the Etowah River during our visit at the ruins of the war-time bridge there? (Soldiers from both sides did during the war, but apparently not at the same time.) Did I *really* pick up the check at that Cartersville restaurant?

At Kennesaw Mountain, I finally catch up with my hero, Fritz Neuschel. The Chicago native is 66 but looks 46. A marketing executive now, he was laid off from another gig several years ago.

"Screw it," he said at the time. Then he hopped into his Suburban, taking along a transcript of his ancestor Singleton Maxwell's wartime diary, and headed south. He visited every battlefield where the 42nd Georgia captain fought, communing with his ancestor's spirit at each. He ended up in Atlanta, where Maxwell was killed July 22, 1864.

Stuffed with chocolate cake and memories, I say goodbye to Neuschel later that night at the Barton-Stovall dinner.

"What do you think of our crazy group?" he says with a big smile. "Would you like to join?"

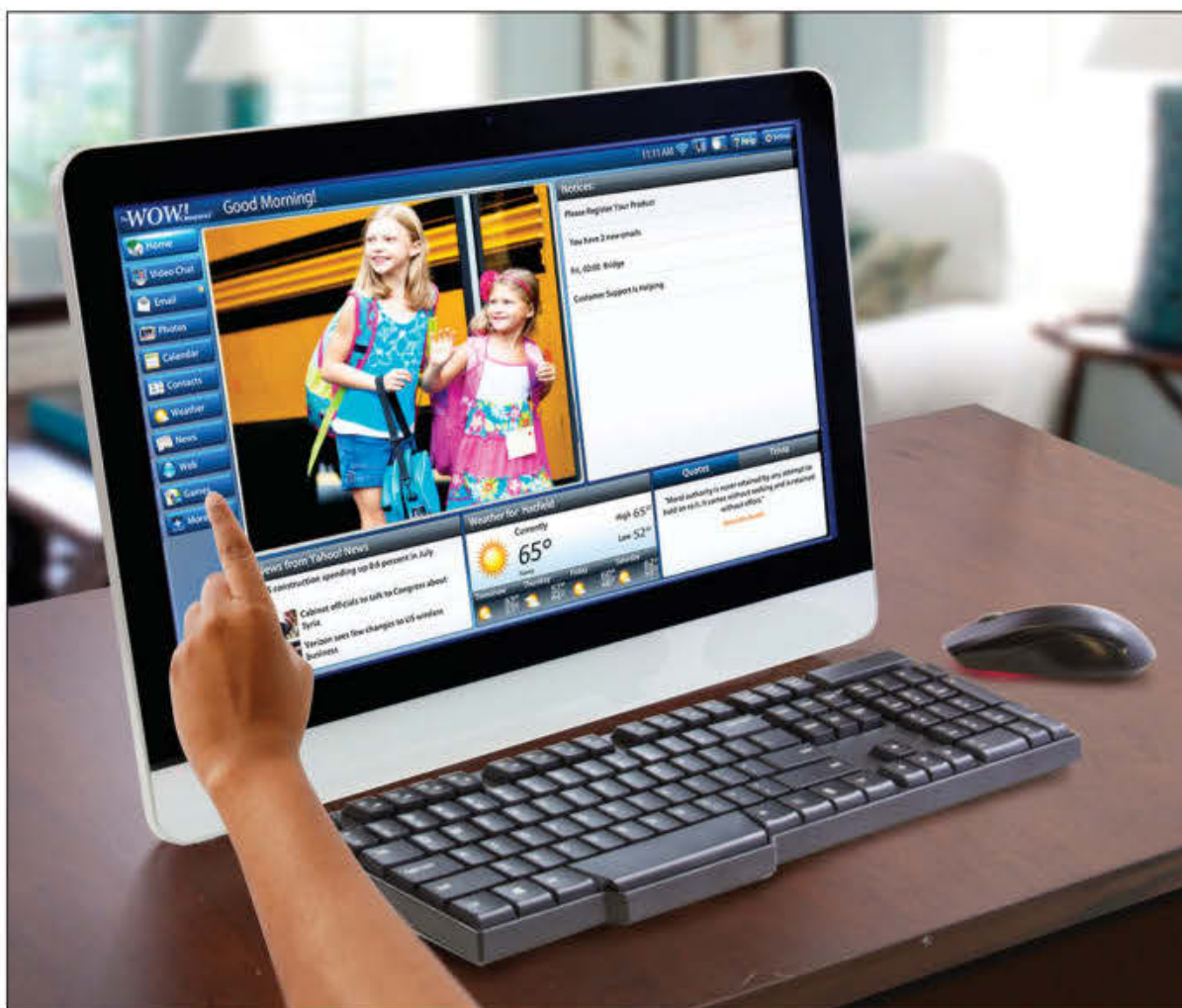
Hmmm...what would Billy Sherman say?

Well, hell yes, I'd *relish* another trip through Georgia. ★

Based in Nashville, John Banks posts frequently to his popular Civil War blog (john-banks.blogspot.com). He has no ancestors that he knows of who fought on either side of the Civil War.

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— Janet F.

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PART OF THE STAMPEDE

“Stonewall” Jackson’s flank attack routed the 11th Corps at Chancellorsville, and the 107th Ohio was caught up in the debacle.



HARD-LUCK REGIMENT

WHILE BRIAN MATTHEW JORDAN, assistant professor and chair of history at Sam Houston State University, worked on an essay about the court-martial of the colonel of the 107th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, he grew curious about this little-known unit, one of only six Union regiments composed primarily of foreign-born ethnic Germans. The men left little in the way of diaries and letters, so Jordan combed through a variety of other sources to piece together the first detailed history of the regiment, which survived being decimated at both Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. The 107th’s story is at the core of his latest book, *A Thousand May Fall: Life, Death, and Survival in the Union Army*.

CWT: What sparked your interest in the regiment?

BMJ: The 107th Ohio Volunteer Infantry was mustered from a dozen Ohio counties during the summer and fall of 1862. Seventy percent were ethnic Germans, and some said they wanted to join a unit where they could speak their language. German soldiers were hardly unknown in the Union armies, some 200,000 ethnic Germans would fight between 1861 and 1865, but units where foreign-born soldiers outnumbered native-born were pretty rare. About 10 years ago, scholars were beginning to explore the regimental history as a tool for telling a more complete and capacious narrative of the Civil War. I thought the 107th would be a unique way to get into the human and emotional topography of the war.

CWT: They entered the war with minimal training?

BMJ: The training amounted to about three weeks, much of that was done without muskets, and muskets that were issued were poorly functioning, of Austrian manufacture. Many soldiers went to the front not knowing how to load or fire. Officers are reading the tactical manual alongside the men. These soldier volunteers’ naïve notions are very quickly dashed.

CWT: What happened when they went to battle?

BMJ: Chancellorsville is their baptismal fire. They were in the 11th Corps under Oliver Howard, deployed into the extreme Union right during that battle. They were dangerously overextended, dangling in the air. That situation is exploited by Stonewall Jackson’s 26,000 Rebel soldiers, and the 107th Ohio is one of the first units to be hit in Stonewall Jackson’s flank attack. They make a brief stand at the Talley Farm on the Orange Turnpike. One soldier writes that they fired but three rounds. About 220 are killed, wounded, missing, or captured, and many hauled

off to Libby Prison in Richmond. Their first outing had north of a 50 percent casualty rate, and there is also quite a lot of evidence in the regimental order books of what some soldiers would call nervous fever.

CWT: *Yet they went on to fight at Gettysburg.*

BMJ: Almost exactly two months later, they are deployed to the exact same position, on the extreme right of an overextended Union flank under a new army commander, pushed forward to brace a beleaguered Union brigade at Blocher's Knoll, a deadly perch to which they arguably should never have been assigned. The unit suffers another 211 casualties on that first afternoon of July, and makes a tangled retreat through the borough of Gettysburg. The regimental adjutant made a desperate attempt to rally the broken regiments at the old Adams County Courthouse. Although 458 went in, just 171 will limp into position on Cemetery Hill that evening. After being thrashed for the second time in as many battles, they go at it again on July 2 and remarkably perform pretty well against the Louisiana Tigers, capturing the colors of the 8th Louisiana Regiment, an often-overlooked role in securing the anchor of the Union fishhook at Gettysburg.

CWT: *Despite these casualties, many of the unit's soldiers reenlisted, and 60 percent voted for McClellan in the 1864 election.*

BMJ: One of the things I wanted to drive home in the book is that we so often think of soldiers in linear ways. We like a single trajectory: they either become wholly disillusioned or they become abolitionized. For the men of the 107th Ohio, it moves back and forth based on where they are, based on their experiences, based on their physical environments. By the 1864 election, they are out of the Army of the Potomac, operating in Florida on the most remote margins of the war. They feel they are contributing nothing to the war effort. They want it to be over.

That vote for McClellan demonstrates that we should resist generalizations about Civil War soldiers and their motivations.

CWT: *Where did they go after Gettysburg?*

BMJ: In August 1863, they are transferred to Folly Island, just outside of Charleston. It is mostly occupation on the siege line. It is boring and numbing. The regimental order books say men are refusing to fold their gum blankets, polish their muskets, shine their shoes. They feel they have been



badly handled. This is a particular burden for an ethnic regiment in a nativist 19th-century society. They long for a chance to prove themselves in combat and it won't be forthcoming in Florida. Their big opportunity is right at the end of the war in a little known rail-twisting raid into the heart of the Palmetto State, Potter's Raid, to destroy as much rolling stock as possible as Sherman is driving north into the Carolinas. They get one more opportunity. They go at the Rebels and they acquit themselves very well. One of their members earns the Medal of Honor, yet that is completely eclipsed. The engagement in South Carolina occurred on Sunday, April 9, 1865, at the very moment that Lee was surrendering to Grant. The last opportunity they had to move from the heartbreak

side of the ledger to the heroic side came right as attention is appropriately elsewhere.

CWT: *Did anything really surprise you in unearthing this unit's history?*

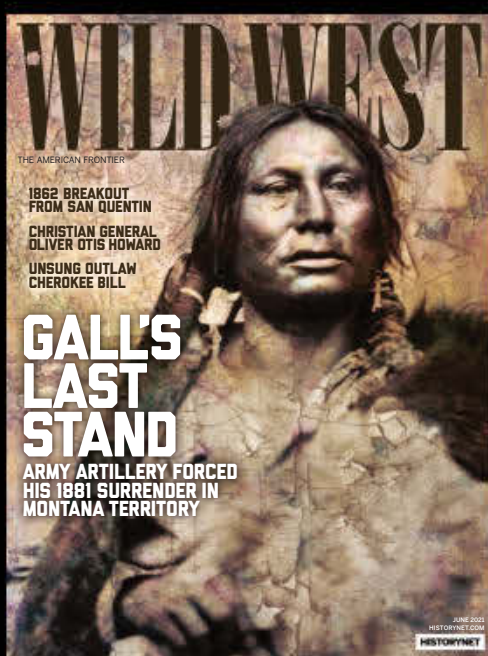
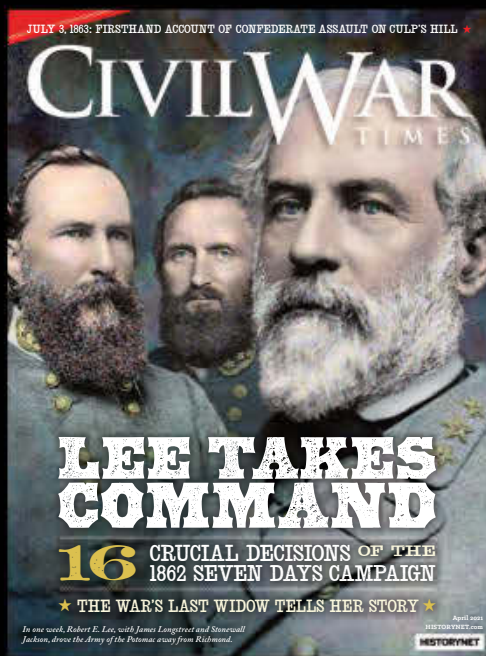
BMJ: We often get the view that years and decades after the war, these men looked back nostalgically and contributed in some ways to the sanitization of the war. They wanted to polish everything up and recount their heroism. This is the opposite. They want to tell their story as a historic pageant of woe and wanted to believe they had a monopoly on misfortune. That was important because that sense of suffering is a way of showing they were willing to sacrifice for all—unfortunately they had to prove themselves as foreign-born men.

CWT: *Was the paucity of records the reason for a lack of an existing history of the 107th Ohio?*

BMJ: Scarcity of sources, yes; the regiment is written up in 1863 for poor recordkeeping. There is also the ethnic question. Even popular Civil War audiences are shocked to realize that a quarter of the Union Army are foreign-born soldiers. We know about the Irish Brigade. I think very few people would understand that more than 200,000 ethnic Germans fight in the Union Army. There are 180,000 African Americans. Almost as many Irish. We haven't always amplified the full range of voices. Maybe it is because of our own prejudices and biases. We have always wanted to tell a story of the Civil War that is triumphal and heroic. This is none of that. In the last few decades we've seen threads come together: digital tools that allow us to access sources more expeditiously; the desire to amplify voices historically marginalized, and in many corners of Civil War scholarship a desire to tell a story that maybe doesn't end triumphally and is more unflinchingly honest and, dare I say, human. ★

Interview conducted by Senior Editor Sarah Richardson.

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by Dana B. Shoaf



ROAD TRIP

MY BUS HAD A BATHROOM

TO CELEBRATE VACCINATION and the return to somewhat “normal,” in May my friend Mark Grimm and I, and his big, bouncy yellow Lab Cooper, took a multiday road trip to the Wilderness National Battlefield in his RV, which unlike John Banks’ conveyance (P. 20), had the benefit of indoor plumbing. Thank goodness.

We stopped at Germanna Ford on the Rapidan River and the 1863 Mine Run Battlefield on the way, and then headed to the site of the notorious 1864 battle. We had prepared for this, reading books, articles, and memoirs about the fight, and studying maps. I got it into my head—I’ll leave Mark out of this opinion—that I knew pretty well what happened. I was wrong, of course.

Joe Lafleur, subscriber and “Volunteer Extraordinaire” (as I would christen him) for the Friends of Wilderness Battlefield, and who also wrote this issue’s “What Are You Reading?” (P. 66), graciously met us and showed us around the battlefield.

During our tour, Joe pointed out a lot that we were unaware of, including shallow pits in the Wilderness woods where Union soldiers had once been buried. The sobering depressions are not far from a park walkway, but are easily overlooked. You might say hidden in plain sight.

A lot of hidden Civil War history remains for us to find. Take, for example, John Hoptak’s story on Emergildo Marquis (P. 46). I plan a future road trip to see the bugler’s grave.

I hope you have been able to get out on your own excursions to find some hidden history. Shoot us a note and let us know where you have been this summer (cwtletters@historynet.com). Happy battlefield tramping, and may the restrooms be plentiful! ★



We broke trail to get close to the site of Germanna Ford.



TARGET VICKSBURG

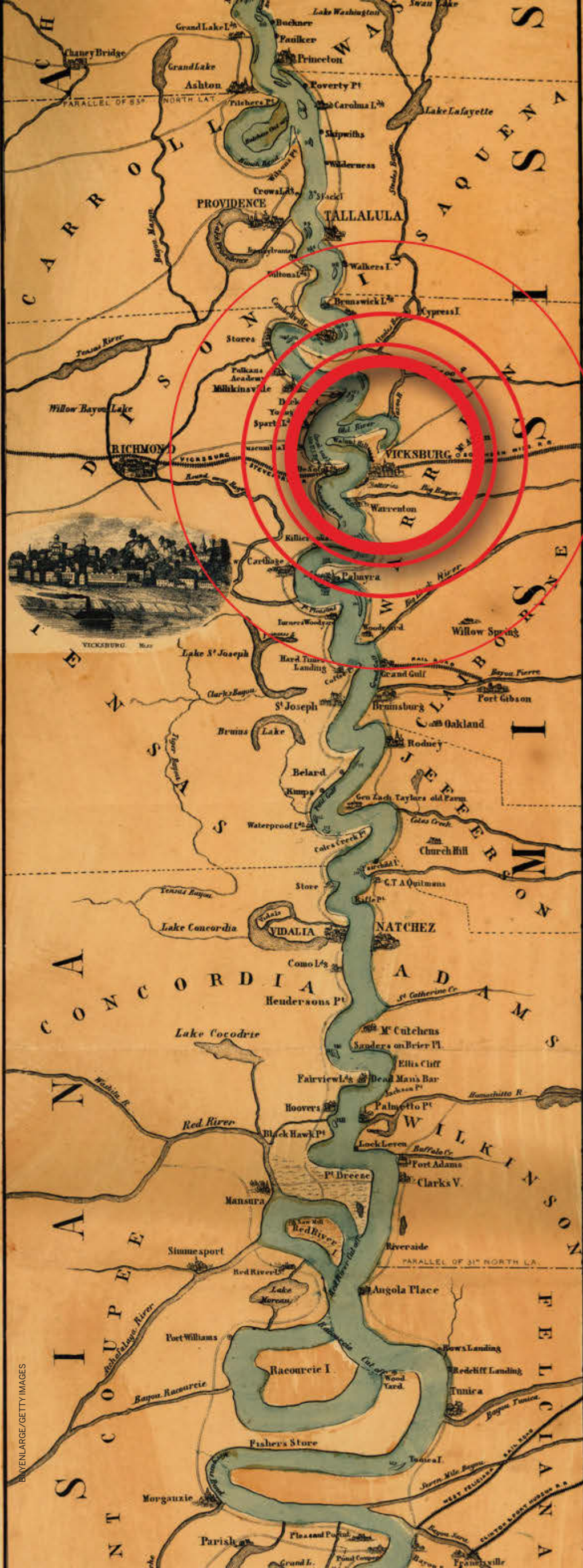
THE HILL CITY CONTROLLED
THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.
TAKING IT WOULDN'T BE EASY

BY JOHN F. MARSZALEK

In the fall of 1862, Union forces began yet another forward movement toward Vicksburg, Miss. Both the United States and the Confederacy realized that Federal forces had to take complete control of Vicksburg and the Mississippi River to win the war. Union forces already controlled much of the river, and in the spring, Admiral David Farragut tried to capture Vicksburg. Receiving little support from the Union Army, however, he had failed. Union forces thus controlled the Mississippi River north from Vicksburg and south from Port Hudson, La. Some 130 miles of it remained in Confederate hands.

Understanding the situation, Navy Admiral David D. Porter asked Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman in November 1862 whether Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant had any plans for military action against Vicksburg. If so, did he want Porter to cooperate with him? Porter said he knew little about Grant's plans. Sherman was in the dark, too, but he agreed with Porter that "a perfect concert of action should exist between all the forces of the United States, and all should work together."

Sherman and Porter were more than willing to work together to take Vicksburg. Grant was not convinced it would be that simple, however. Volunteer major general and former Congressman John McClernand had convinced President Abraham Lincoln to allow him to recruit troops in the old Northwest, and then lead his independent force to capture Vicksburg. Porter and Sherman did not trust McClernand, and Grant and General-in-Chief Henry W. Halleck did not believe that he had the necessary military talent to make an effective offensive.





BY LAND AND BY WATER

Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman, left, and Admiral David Dixon Porter developed a plan to take Vicksburg. Resilient Confederates, however, used swampy bayous and daunting bluffs for their own action plan.

As was the case in every action he took in the Civil War, no matter the problems, Grant did not delay. He and Sherman had already cleared Confederate forces out of northern Mississippi, so he, and even more significantly Halleck, on December 12, ordered Sherman to ignore McClernand and move against Vicksburg. Grant told Sherman, who was then in northern Mississippi, to quickly move to Memphis, taking along one division of the command he already had. Once he reached the Bluff City, he was to take over all the forces there, including those that had been forwarded to the city by McClernand. Grant told Sherman to “organize them into brigades and divisions in your own way.” Then, as soon as possible, he was to move down the Mississippi River “and with the cooperation of the gunboat fleet under command of Flag-Officer Porter proceed to the reduction of that place...as your own judgment may dictate.”

Sherman quickly wrote back to Porter, and he agreed with Grant’s call for swift action. “All this should be done before the winter rains...,” Sherman said.

Sherman arrived in Memphis on December 12 and planned to move south into Mississippi on December 18. He wrote to a friend on December 14, expressing his excitement: “My hobby always has been the Mississippi, and my faith cannot be shaken that the possession of this great Artery will be the most powerful auxiliary in the final steps that must restore the Sovereign power of our Governnmt [*sic*].”

Grant, meanwhile, initiated plans that the forces he commanded would continue to try to hold Confederate forces north of the Vicksburg, so Sherman could be successful in taking the Hill City. Grant was to move his 40,000-man army south along the Mississippi Central Railroad and hold Confederate General John C. Pemberton at Grenada, while Sherman moved down the Mississippi River and captured Vicksburg.

As was the case in so many Civil War engagements, there were other matters that required Grant’s and Sherman’s attention during the late fall and early winter of 1862-63. Sherman continued his battles with reporters, to the point of banning them from his military activities and then issuing the first court-martial of a reporter in American history. Sherman also threatened to retaliate against any Confederate guerrillas who bothered his attack-

ing force. Even more significant was Grant’s use of black soldiers authorized by Lincoln’s January 1, 1863, Emancipation Proclamation.

In November 1862, Grant had already appointed Chaplain John Eaton as Superintendent of Negro Affairs in his Army of the Tennessee. Sherman, however, resisted including black soldiers in his army and used them only as pioneers. And Grant made the uncharacteristic blunder of issuing special orders to expel all Jewish people out of the Mississippi Valley. He spent the rest of his life making amends for the error.

Sherman had around 30,000 men, and he packed them into Admiral Porter’s transports. He was confident that Grant was moving southward to attack Vicksburg from the east while he attacked it from the river in the west. Then he heard rumors from one of his subordinates, Brig. Gen. Morgan L. Smith, “that Holly Springs [a key Union supply depot] had been captured by the enemy.”

Major General Earl Van Dorn’s 3,500 horsemen had left Grenada on December 17, and early in the morning of December 20, Van Dorn surprised the 500 Union soldiers at the Holly Springs supply base. He took what his men could carry and left the rest a smoking ruin.

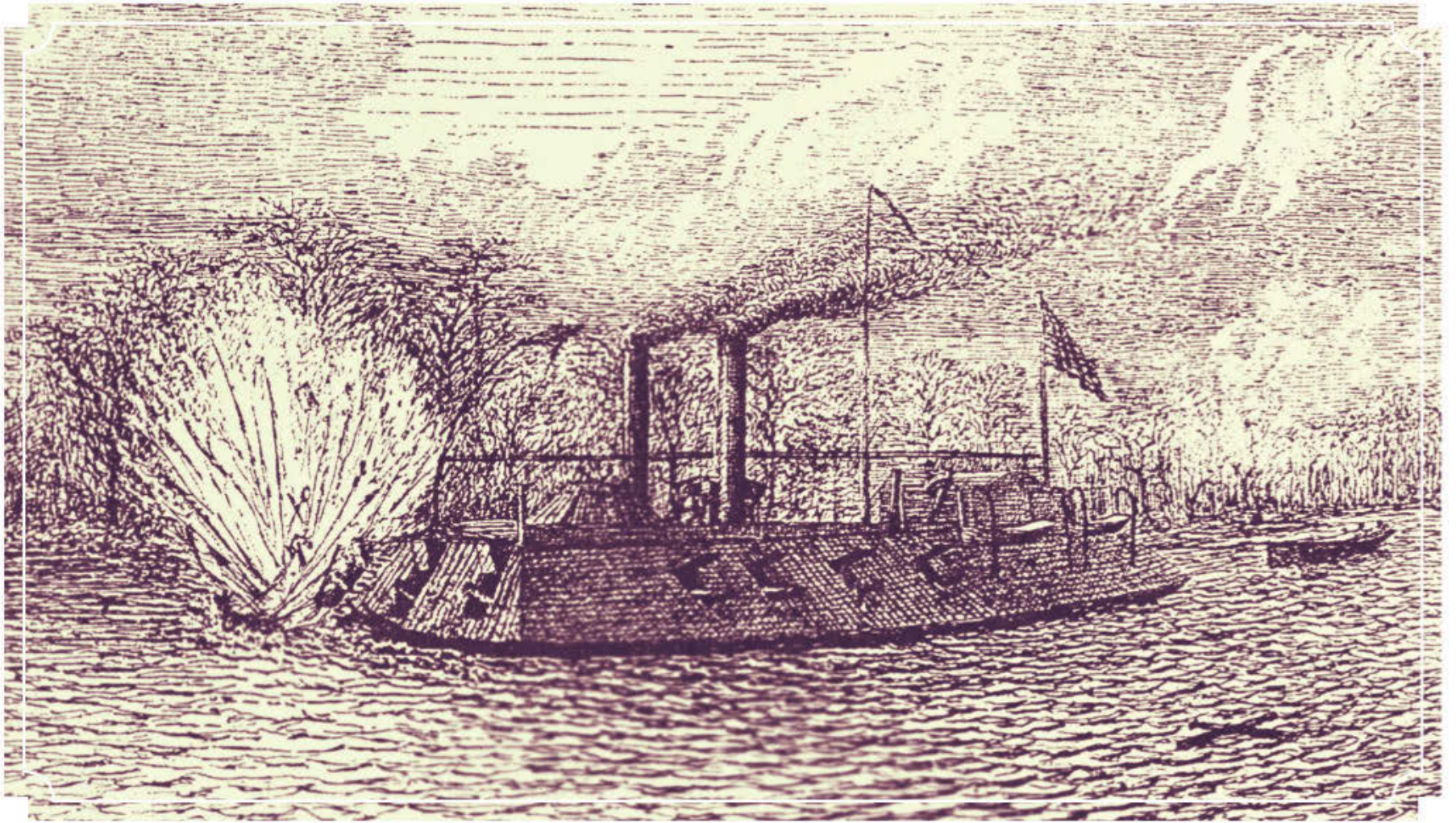
During this same period, Maj. Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest inflicted significant damage on Grant’s flow of supplies from Tennessee and Kentucky. He destroyed sections of the Mobile & Ohio Railroad. Grant had to withdraw north to Grand Junction, so Sherman was left pushing forward toward Vicksburg by himself. Meanwhile, Pemberton prepared to leave Grenada, mimicking by land Sherman’s movement on the river. A Union and a Confederate force were racing each other toward Vicksburg.

Sherman continued to believe that Grant would join him at Vicksburg and argued that “Chickasaw Bayou is our line of attack, and we cannot do or attempt nothing [*sic*] till we make a lodgment on the hills at its head.”



SLOW YOUR ROLL, YANKS

Maj. Gen. Earl Van Dorn, left, destroyed the Federal supply base at Holly Springs, Miss. Maj. Gen. Martin Smith, right, organized a stout Vicksburg defense.



Nearer the city, Federal Navy Lt. Com. Thomas O. Selfridge Jr. was leading a number of gunboats, including *Cairo*, up the Yazoo River. The sailors saw Confederate torpedoes in the water and attempted to blow them up before any Union vessel hit one. Selfridge placed *Cairo* in the lead because of its size and in order to drive away sharpshooters. Suddenly an explosion sent *Cairo* to the bottom of the river. For the first time in naval history, a torpedo had been electronically exploded to destroy a boat. Thus the Federals opened the Yazoo River channel, but only as far as where the Chickasaw Bayou entered that river. More importantly, the Confederates had limited the sites of Sherman's attacks to the bottomland bordered by the Mississippi River, the Yazoo River, and the Walnut Hills.

On December 19, Confederate President Jefferson Davis and General Joseph E. Johnston, the commander of the Departments of Tennessee and Mississippi, arrived at Vicksburg to try to deal with the crisis. The two leaders carefully inspected the city's defenses from Snyder's Bluff north of the city to Warrenton below. Johnston was hardly impressed with what they saw, but Davis was pleased. Then the two men moved north to catch up with Lt. Gen. John C. Pemberton.

The presence of such distinguished guests raised morale in Vicksburg, and the city celebrated the occasions with a round of social events. In the midst of the gaiety, a mud-splat-

CAIRO'S END

A Confederate soldier on the bank of the Yazoo River triggered the torpedo that sent ironclad USS *Cairo* to the bottom on December 12, 1862.

tered courier, delivered a message to Maj. Gen. Martin L. Smith, that 81 Union vessels, both gunboats and transports, were steaming down the river. William T. Sherman's invasion was coming to pass.

General Smith had about 5,000 volunteers and soldiers in the city, and he quickly had to decide what to do with them. Should he defend the Walnut Hills on which Vicksburg was located? The Confederates had dug in nine bat-

teries on Snyder's Bluff 12 miles north of Vicksburg to anchor that geography. Or, should Smith man Vicksburg's main defenses around the city? He decided on the first option, to hold the Hills and the bluff. That way he would keep control of the entire Yazoo River Valley and also prevent the Federals from cutting the Southern Railroad, east of Vicksburg—the main supply and communication route into the city.

On Christmas Day, Smith filled the Walnut Hills defensive works with soldiers and placed West Point graduate Stephen D. Lee, an artilleryman by profession but now serving as an infantry leader, in command. Confederate engineers had already built trenches at the foot of the bluffs, that went almost straight up 200–300 feet. Lee could not have been happier in his defensive position: the right anchored on Thompson Lake, east of Chickasaw Bayou, the left on the Mississippi River to the west. He chose five places on the bayou where he thought Sherman would particularly want to cross, and he then reinforced three of these most vulnerable places. All the advantage lay with the Confederate defenses under Lee.

Sherman's men had almost insurmountable barriers. As Porter put it: "Sherman at every point encountered obstacles of which he had never dreamed." In order to get to the hills from the Yazoo River, Union soldiers had to cross deep water and navigate sucking swamps. Then they had to cross a Confederate abatis, felled-trees which only made the geography of the place even more impassable. Then there was another

SWAMPERS

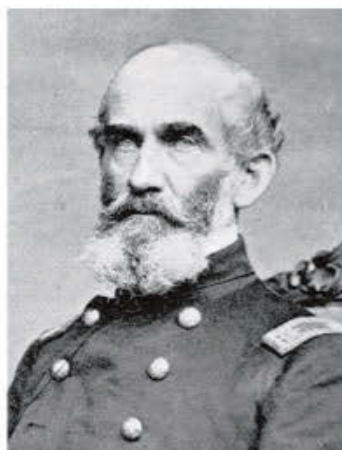
Some of the Union commanders who tried to press through the meandering, boggy bayous north of Vicksburg. The generals found the terrain as challenging an enemy as the Confederate troops atop Walnut Hills.



George Morgan



Morgan Smith



A.J. Smith



Frederick Steele

abatis beyond the bayou and just in front of the hills. Confederate cannons and rifles covered the area, and signal towers at both ends of the hills allowed the Confederates to see everything that the Federals were doing.

Sherman believed he understood the topography, but Confederate engineer Major Samuel H. Lockett noted that the area was a “series of irregular hills, bluffs, and narrow tortuous ridges apparently without system or order.” Sherman had some 30,000 men to attack the roughly 6,000 Confederate defenders, which would increase to 14,000 with reinforcements from north Mississippi. Confederate morale increased as they realized how difficult a task the Federals had. Lockett had already strengthened the natural defense by building “a system of redoubts, redans, lunettes, and small field works, connecting these by rifle-pits just so as to give a continuous line of defense.”

Meanwhile, Sherman’s boats had tied up at Milliken’s Bend on December 24, 1862. His troops sang holiday carols and patriotic songs far into the night to deal with their jitters. On Christmas Day, Sherman began his attack. He ordered one of his subordinates, Maj. Gen. A.J. Smith, to use Brig. Gen. Stephen Burbridge’s brigade, to cut the 90-mile long Vicksburg, Shreveport & Texas Railroad west of the Mississippi River. The brigade left at dawn, accomplished its railroad raid, and rejoined Sherman at Milliken’s Bend the day after Christmas.

Meanwhile, Sherman’s army and Porter’s navy used this time to move downriver from Milliken’s Bend to Young’s Point, so that the vessels would

SHERMAN HAD SOME 30,000 MEN TO ATTACK THE ROUGHLY 6,000 CONFEDERATE DEFENDERS

be able to anchor opposite the mouth of the Yazoo River. Sherman and Porter enjoyed Christmas Day together on Porter’s boat, *Black Hawk*, making final plans for the attack the next day.

Sherman had organized his 30,000 soldiers into four divisions under Generals A.J. Smith, Morgan L. Smith, George W. Morgan, and Frederick Steele, and he included eight batteries of artillery for these units. Crowded on the transports, the Federal army left Young’s Point at about the same time that Burbridge’s brigade was returning from its raid. Transports carrying Morgan’s division led the attack force. Then came Steele’s division, which joined Morgan at the Johnson plantation house, two miles away. Morgan Smith brought up the rear. Before it could join the attack, A.J. Smith’s division had to await the return of Burbridge’s brigade.

Stephen D. Lee worried that the Federals would attack his troops before he received reinforcements. He ordered Colonel William T. Withers to take two Louisiana regiments, two Mississippi companies, and two howitzers to confront the four Federal divisions and six artillery pieces. The Confederates established themselves in some woods along Chickasaw Bayou, and the Federals had to fall back. Shortly after, the Confederates had to retreat, too. The Southern artillery force, however, had slowed down the Federal advance, so it had accomplished its mission. Unfortunately for both sides, the weather quickly turned cold, it began to rain. Neither army could light fires, so the men suffered through a horrible night.

The next day, December 27, beginning at 7 a.m., Sherman’s three divisions slowly moved forward. Colonel John F. DeCourcy’s brigade of George W. Morgan’s division put so much pressure on the Confederates in the center that Withers had to fall back into the main line, and Morgan and the other Federal units consolidated their positions during the night.

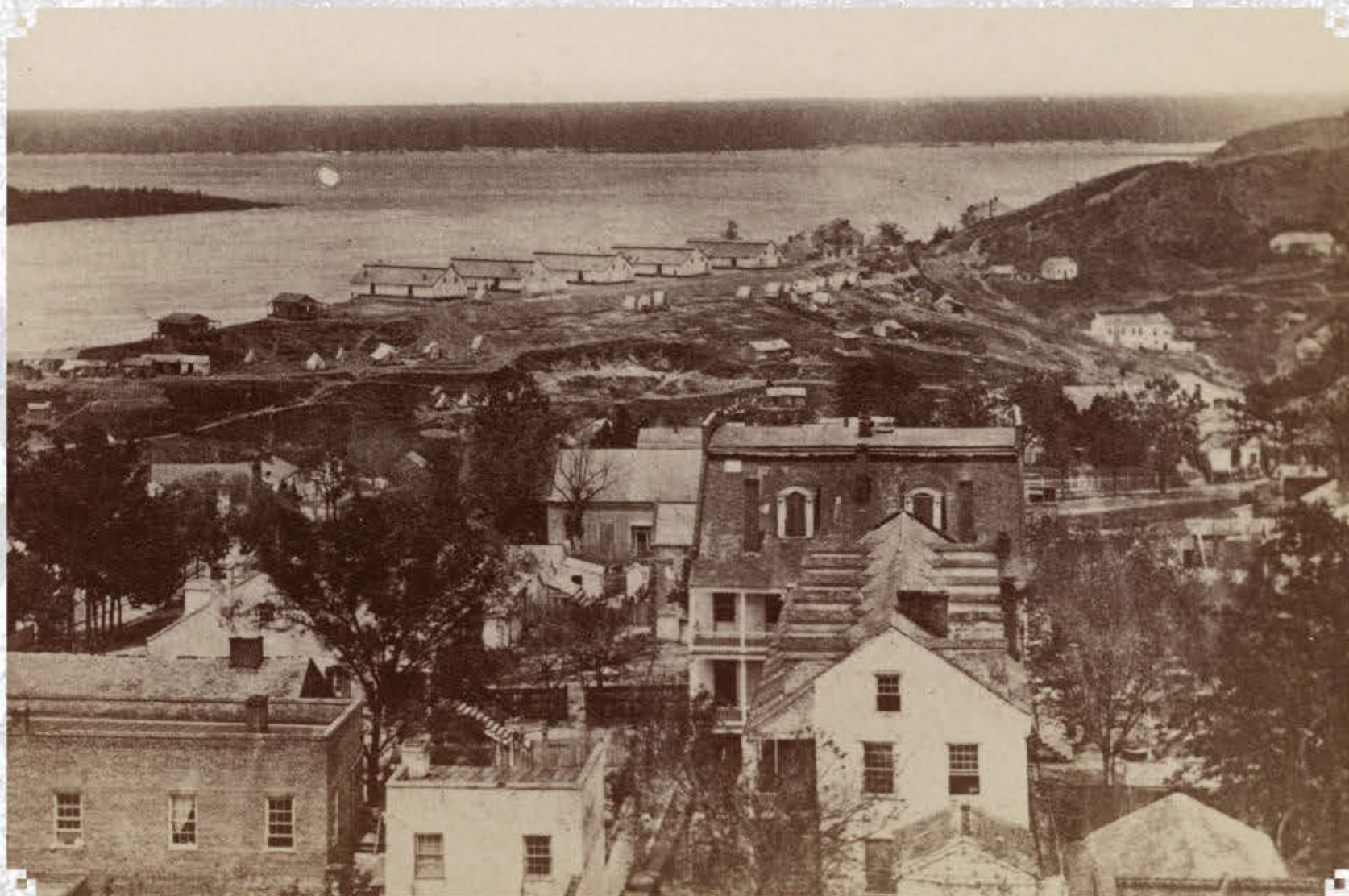
Sherman’s force made little progress; they never even reached the Vicksburg bluffs.

Sherman noticed that the trees had water stains on them, 12 feet high, warning him what heavy rain could do to his attack. He could also hear trains delivering Confederate reinforcements from northern Mississippi to Vicksburg, some 8,000 Confederate soldiers. By dawn December 27, these additional men had filled gaps in the Walnut Hills line.

On Sunday December 28, a blinding fog rolled in. “It was so thick that vessels could not move; [and] men could not see each other at ten paces.” It cleared, and DeCourcy’s brigade of Morgan’s division went on the attack, but stopped short before a substantial field opposite Chickasaw Bayou. DeCourcy was taken aback by formidable abatis, and he stopped his advance and fought an artillery duel with the Confederates.



THE HILL CITY



Vicksburg had a population of some 4,500 people (including 1,400 Blacks), in 1861. It was the second largest metropolis in Mississippi and the state's commerce center. Built upon the Walnut Hills, Vicksburg overlooked the Mississippi and Yazoo rivers. These waterways embraced a flat land filled with watery swamps, that turned into rolling hills as one headed to the east from the 200–300 foot high hills along the rivers.

The Mississippi provided the city's economic livelihood. The boats brought manufactured products to the city on the bluff, and purchased cotton and corn produced in Vicksburg's rich topsoil that, in some places, was 20 feet deep.

Vicksburg's residents came from all over the South as well as a few New Englanders and people from all over Europe, some 80% of whom came from Ireland, England, and Germany. In fact, one out of every three Vicksburg residents were non-southerners. The 1,400 Black people who lived in Vicksburg were kept on society's fringes. Hundreds of the enslaved stayed with their masters when the war began, having no place to go.

Railroads also helped the city boom. The Southern Rail-

AFTER THE FALL

This image of Vicksburg was taken after Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant captured it on July 4, 1863. Federal barracks and tents can be seen along the riverbank.

road of Mississippi connected Vicksburg to Jackson, the state capital, some 47 miles to the east. By the time of the Civil War, Vicksburg was a major supplier of Confederate armies, with much of those goods coming from west of the river. Should Vicksburg and the Mississippi River be closed to the South, the Confederate cause would be lost. By 1862, the direct railroad connection between the Mississippi Valley and the Confederate capital of Richmond was already broken.

In the 1860 presidential election, Unionists held an edge in the city: 816 voted for the Old Whig-Conservative John Bell; 518 for Southern Democrat John C. Breckinridge; and 83 for the Northern Democrat Stephen A. Douglas. Abraham Lincoln was not even on the ballot.

As those numbers demonstrate, Vicksburg inhabitants believed that remaining in the Union was the best way to maintain their economy, but after much argument and debate, the city reluctantly supported secession. Most Vicksburg residents were confident that the city could never be captured. Its geography was too formidable. But a hard-driving Union commander would prove them wrong. —J.M.

Chickasaw Bayou December 26-29, 1862

XX

2

Union Division

G.W. MORGAN

(LINDSEY & SHELDON)

Divisional commander

Brigade commanders

Confederate delaying positions

Confederate retreats

Union camps

DECEMBER 26

Movements

Action/skirmish

DECEMBER 27

Movements

Action/skirmish

DECEMBER 28

Movements

Action/skirmish

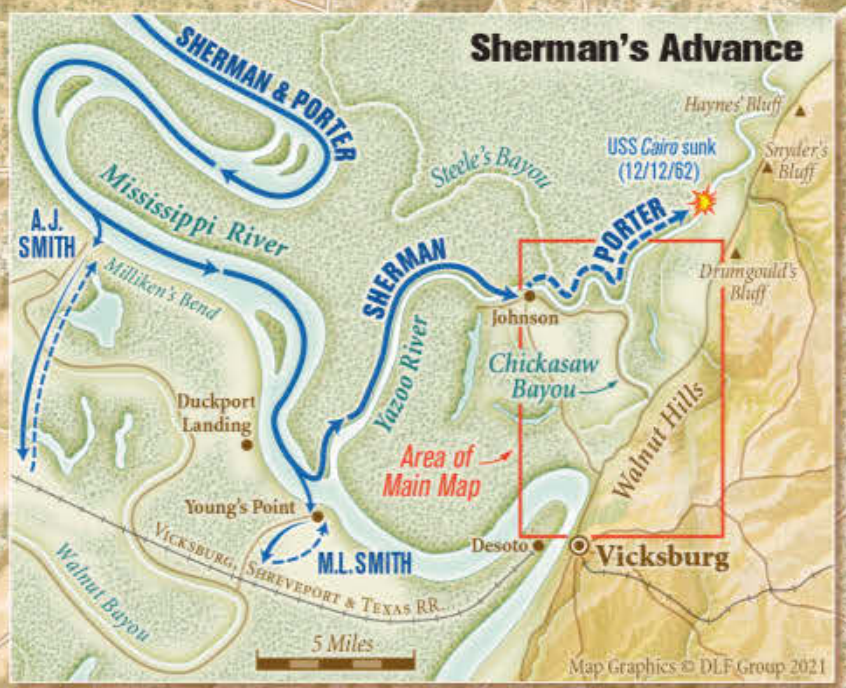
Union positions

DECEMBER 29

Movements

Union/Confederate positions

Failed main Union attacks



Confederates reinforced by brigades of Vaughn, Gregg, and Barton during the night of Dec 27.



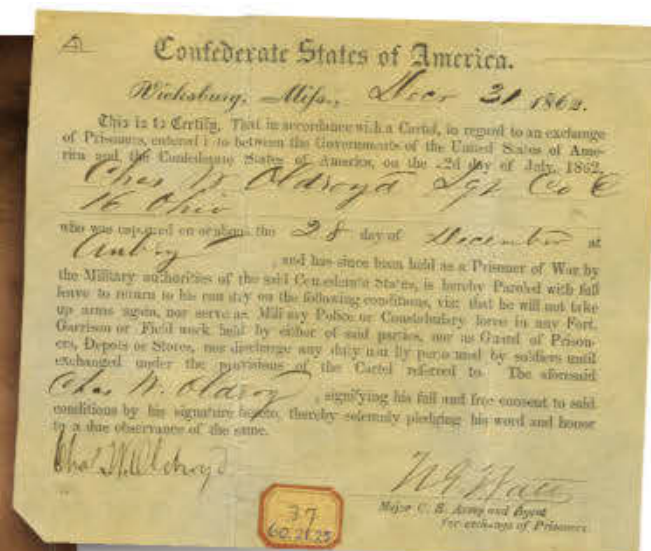
NO EASY TASK

The map clearly shows the difficult topography and twisting waterways that stymied Sherman's attacks at Chickasaw Bayou.

Morgan Smith's division, meanwhile, was busy trying to open paths through the felled-trees when he took a shot in the hip, serious enough to keep him out of action until October 1863. General David Stuart took his place saw the impossible nature of attacking the bluff to his front. Stuart told Smith how evaluated the situation as desperate, and Smith agreed. He stopped the attack.

That night, Sherman completed his final attack plan. Morgan's division was to attack at the Chickasaw Bayou, while Morgan L. Smith's division, now under A. J. Smith, would attack the center of the Confederate defense line at Indian Mound. George W. Morgan was thrilled when he learned that his unit would be making the main attack, responding boastfully to Sherman: "General, in ten minutes after you give the signal, I'll be on those hills."

Morgan, though, now made a major mistake. He determined to establish a bridge across Chickasaw Bayou. He put some Kentucky troops to work on this task only to realize that they were not bridging the bayou but another nearby body of water. It was almost dawn before the Kentuckians actually began building the correct span, but in the light of day, the Confederates could see what was happening and began to shell the Union soldiers. His surprise lost, Morgan



LUCKY BUCKEYE

Confederates captured Sergeant Charles Oldroyd, later an officer, of the 16th Ohio at Chickasaw Bayou on December 28, but quickly paroled him. He survived the war.

decided he had to move from the bridge and attack down the nearby Lake House Road.

This attack began December 29 at 7:30 a.m., with a noisy artillery duel that had little effect on either side. Morgan called Sherman to the front to tell him that the attack was hopeless. Sherman said nothing, but then he pointed forward and grimly said; "This is the route to take." It was the same attack route he had ordered before.

Sherman had made his decision, and his subordinates needed to obey. Sherman said: "Tell Morgan to give the signal for the assault; that we will lose 5,000 men before we take Vicksburg and we may as well lose them here as anywhere else." Morgan ordered DeCourcy and political general Frank Blair to organize their brigades and told Frederick Steele to send another brigade to help with the attack.



SHOT IN THE BACK

Private Monroe Barnea of the 1st Michigan Light Artillery, part of Brig. Gen. George Morgan's 3rd Brigade, was shot in the back while servicing his cannon during the fighting at Chickasaw Bayou. He was wearing this coarse wool military issue shirt at the time. The bullet hole, as well as his own bloodstains from the wound, are clearly visible on the garment.



HELL AND HIGH WATER
Troops of the 6th Missouri of Colonel Giles Smith's brigade waded through water and muck as they go up against the 52nd Georgia at the left end of the Confederate line.

At noon, after an artillery barrage, DeCourcy's and Blair's soldiers broke into a run, but their lines quickly fell apart from the Confederate artillery and musket fire. The Federals went into the bayou's freezing waters with their rifle-muskets held over their heads to keep them dry. Blair's men crossed the bayou and forced the Confederates out of their two forward skirmish lines. DeCourcy's force tried to cross the bayou, but found it too deep and had to use the imperfect bridge. Both DeCourcy's and Blair's men suffered frightening casualties.

One Federal soldier in the attacking force later described the gruesome tragedy of that day's combat. He called it a "dreadful slaughter, too ghastly to describe...the terrible screams of the wounded drowned out every command, as they writhed about in the mud with heartrending cries." The Federals were being disastrously decimated, with the Confederates capturing 21 Federal commissioned officers and 311 noncommissioned officers and men.

The Confederate success did not just take place in the Union middle. Everywhere along the

THE BATTLE ENDED WITH THE CONFEDERATES STILL IN PLACE IN THEIR DEFENSES

attacking line, Sherman's men took a savage beating. The battle ended with the Confederates still in place in their defenses. To make matters worse, it poured after sunset. The wounded suffered enormously, and many died lying exposed on the now quiet battlefield. The Federals lost 208 men killed and 1,005 wounded. Confederate losses were only 63 killed and 134 wounded.

Sherman bluntly wrote his wife, "Well we have been to Vicksburg and it was too much for us, and we have backed out." Meanwhile Jefferson Davis saw Sherman's defeat as proof that his strategy of maintaining control of the Mississippi River was splitting the old Northwest apart.

With the battle of Chickasaw Bayou over, Sherman went back to Admiral Porter's flagship, cold, upset, and worried about the terrible bloodbath his troops had just suffered. He kept hoping his soldiers might be able to make some sort of further attack, but on January 2, he realized that there was no hope. The only good out of all this carnage for Sherman and Grant

was Henry W. Halleck's decision, as Federal army commanding general, that John McClelland would not have an independent army but would become a corps commander in Ulysses Grant's force.

After Chickasaw Bayou, Vicksburg and the Mississippi River remained in Confederate hands. However, the battle demonstrated just what lay ahead for the city after. After Chickasaw Bayou, Sherman wanted Grant to return to Memphis and begin his Vicksburg Campaign once again from there, but Grant recognized the political problems such a move entailed. He kept his troops near Vicksburg, hoping to find a way to capture the city from where he was, on the watery levees. It was another six months before Vicksburg fell, however, and it took brilliant maneuvering on Grant's part to make it happen, and it took a successful siege of the city to have it fall on that most significant of all American days: July 4, 1863.

Chickasaw Bayou demonstrated that both the Army and the Navy indeed had to work together on the rivers of the nation, the highways into the Confederacy, in order to attain Union victory. Grant and Sherman had realized early in the war just how important the rivers and control of them were to the Federal effort. The two leaders also saw that, as with the railroads, Federal troops, as they had been doing since the beginning of the war, would have to take over steamboats from civilians and use them for moving troops and supplying goods. Because they needed wood to fuel the boats, they were also ready to use soldiers, sailors, civilians, and slaves to cut the lumber into the appropriate size to feed the hungry steamer furnaces.

The Chickasaw Bayou campaign also demonstrated something that was going to create problems for the Confederates throughout the rest of



LOOKING FORWARD

General Grant, above, finally captured Vicksburg by siege. He was also open to the use of Black troops, as this modern monument to the 1st and 3rd Mississippi Infantry (U.S.) of the "African Brigade," for their role in the Vicksburg Campaign attests.



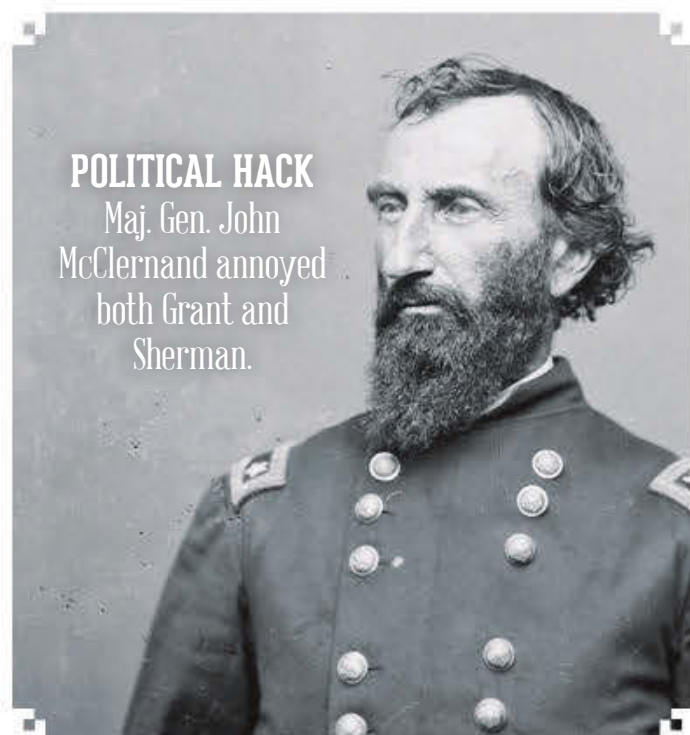
the war. The political and military relationship among their leaders was constantly troublesome. Pemberton, Johnston, and Davis could not agree on how to defend Vicksburg. The argu-

mentative military-political relationship exemplified the basic weakness of the entire Confederate war effort.

Before the final capture of Vicksburg in July 1863, Grant revolutionized the war by incorporating Black soldiers. Their presence meant that, for the first time, Whites heard about Blacks in a capacity other than as slaves. The result was that Southern Whites were frightened, while Southern Blacks were encouraged to see greater possibilities for themselves in the future. The social and economic way of life in the South underwent a new challenge.

The Confederates also realized that they would have to utilize guerrilla warfare against the Federal army on land and on the waters. Sherman and Grant considered such warfare to be unprofessional and retaliated accordingly. Sherman, for example, leveled the town of Randolph, Tenn., in retaliation for Confederate guerrilla activity. Confederates were appalled at that, but were powerless to stop Federal retribution.

One modern historian, James T. Currie, expressed it well: "[T]he War had caused a tremendous upheaval in all that existed within the city." Of course, some of this change did not take place until after Vicksburg's capture in July 1863. Other problems developed as a result of the Union victory, the Federal occupation, and later Reconstruction. As historian Bradley R. Clampitt has phrased it: "The war and occupation transformed the daily lives of all Vicksburg residents." The city was never the same again, nor was the war itself.

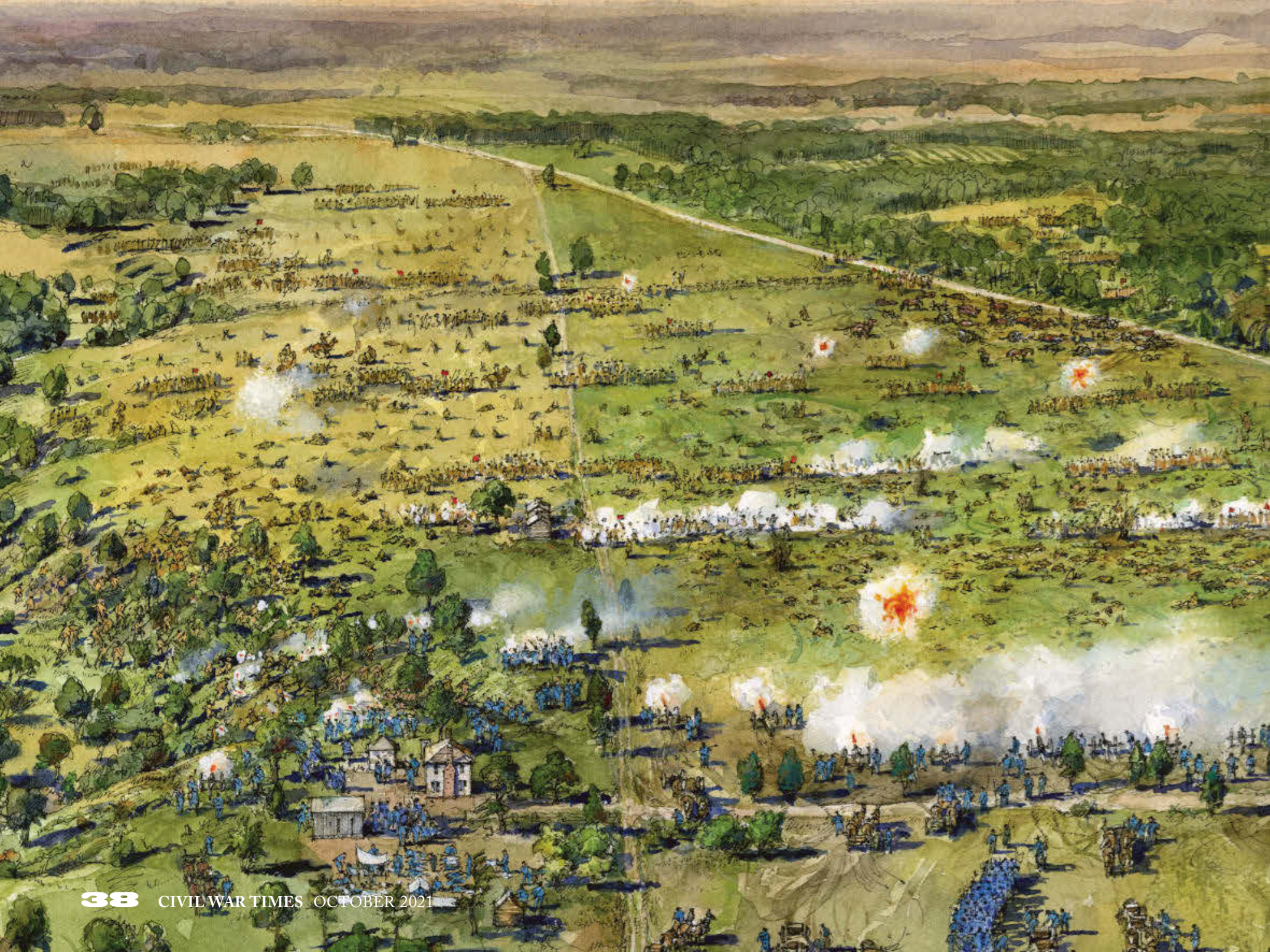


John F. Marszalek is the executive director of the Ulysses S. Grant Association. He has authored Sherman: A Soldier's Passion for Order and Commander of All Lincoln's Armies: A Life of General Henry W. Halleck.

A MOMENT OF TRUTH

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, ROBERT E. LEE,
AND A WATERSHED CAMPAIGN

— BY GARY W. GALLAGHER —



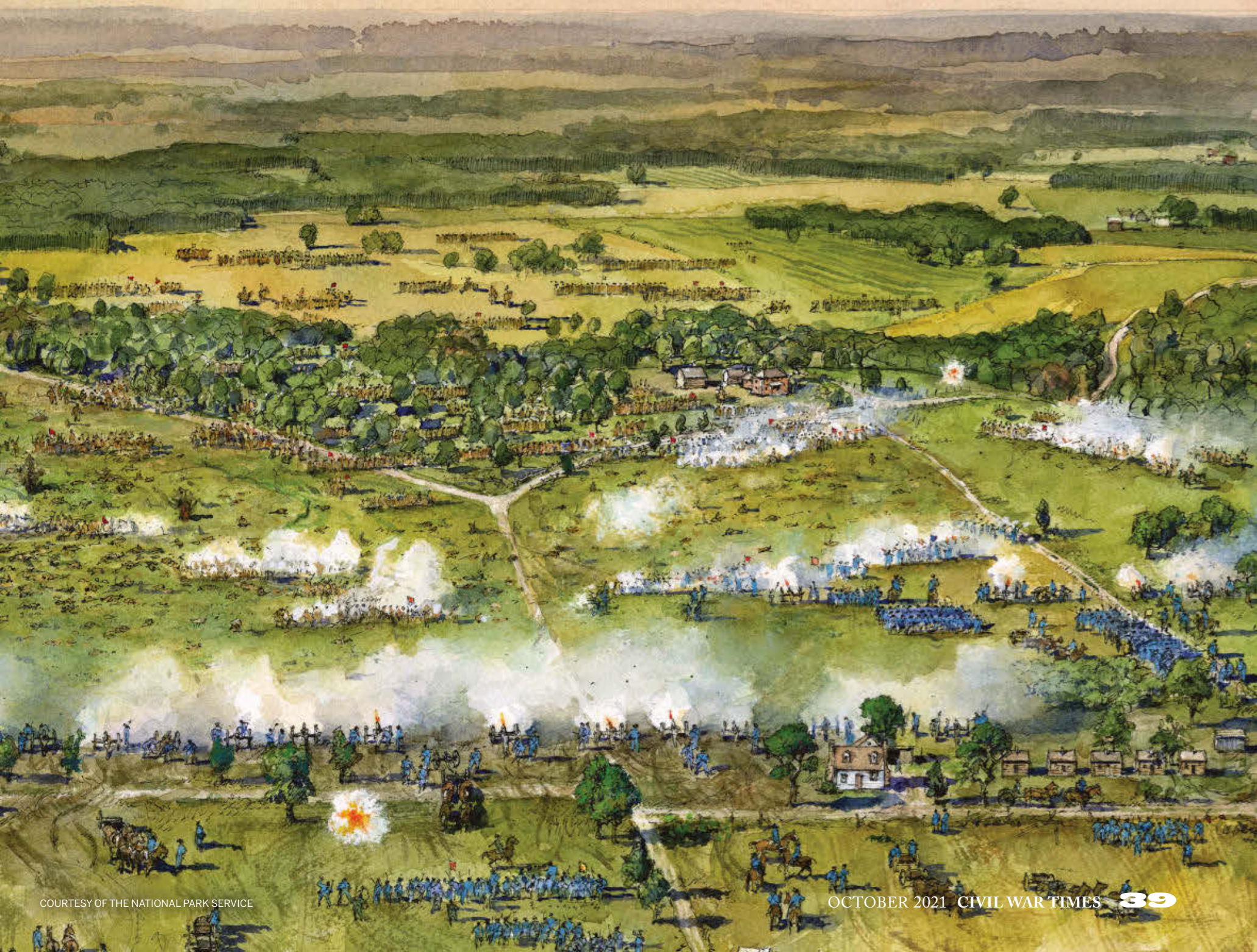
Readers might assume from the title that this article will explore the Battle of Antietam. After all, Antietam, together with Gettysburg and Vicksburg, often appears on lists of the war's crucial turning points. The arguments for all three are well known. Antietam brought emancipation to center stage via Abraham Lincoln's preliminary proclamation five days after the battle, Gettysburg marked the "High Water Mark" of the rebellion and sent Confederate fortunes tumbling toward Appomattox, and Vicksburg dealt a fatal blow to the Rebels by closing the Mississippi River. But this article addresses a turning point more important, though far less often acknowledged, than any of those three—the Seven Days Campaign of June–July 1862. In the broader sweep of the conflict, George B. McClellan's failure and Robert E. Lee's successful effort marked a decisive moment in the Eastern Theater that in turn profoundly shaped the larger direction of the conflict.

A brief narrative of the campaign will set up an assessment of its consequences. Between March and the end of May 1862, McClellan led the Army of the Potomac,

THE END

Smoke billows from the Union artillery line at the Battle of Malvern Hill. The July 1, 1862, engagement ended the major fighting of the Seven Days Campaign.

approximately 100,000 strong, up the Virginia Peninsula to the outskirts of Richmond. On June 1, Robert E. Lee replaced Joseph E. Johnston, who had been wounded the previous day at Seven Pines, in command of the Confederate army defending Richmond. The next four weeks provided a striking contrast between the two commanders. No general exhibited more aggressiveness than Lee, who believed the Confederacy could counter the Union's superior numbers only by seizing the initiative. When "Stonewall" Jackson's troops arrived from the Shenandoah Valley and other reinforcements arrived, Lee's army, at more than 90,000 strong, would be the largest ever fielded by the Confederacy. By the last week of June, the Army of the Potomac lay astride the Chickahominy River, two-thirds of its strength south of the river and one-third north of it. Lee hoped to crush the portion north of the river and then turn against the rest.



Heavy fighting began on June 26 at the battle of Mechanicsville and continued for the next five days. At Mechanicsville, Lee expected Jackson to hit Union Maj. Gen. Fitz John Porter's right flank. The hero of the Valley failed to appear in time, however, and A.P. Hill's Confederate division launched a futile assault about mid-afternoon. Porter retreated to Gaines' Mill, where Lee struck again on the 27th. Once again Jackson stumbled, as more than 50,000 Confederates attacked along a wide front. Late in the day, Porter's lines gave way, and he withdrew across the Chickahominy to join the rest of McClellan's army. By this point, both Lee and McClellan had made their most important decisions: Lee to press the offensive relentlessly; McClellan to abandon all momentum and think only of retreat.

In the wake of Gaines' Mill, McClellan changed his base from the Pamunkey River to the James River, where U.S. naval power could support the Army of the Potomac. Lee followed the retreating Federals, seeking to inflict a killing blow as they withdrew southward across the Peninsula. The Confederates mounted ineffectual attacks on the 29th at Savage's Station and far heavier ones at Glendale (also known as Frayser's Farm) on the 30th. Time and again

ALMOST DOESN'T COUNT

Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan, left, got oh so close to Richmond before General Robert E. Lee drove him away from the Confederate capital. Little Mac's artillery, right, saved him at Malvern Hill.

they failed to act in concert. By July 1, McClellan stood at Malvern Hill, a splendid defensive position overlooking the James. Lee resorted to unimaginative frontal assaults that afternoon, leaving more than 5,000 Confederate casualties littering the slopes of Malvern Hill. Although some of McClellan's officers urged a counterattack against the obviously battered enemy, "Little Mac" retreated down the James to Harrison's Landing, where he hunkered down, awaited Lee's next move, and issued endless requests for more men and supplies.

Confederate losses at the Seven Days exceeded 20,000 killed, wounded, and missing, while the Union's surpassed 16,000—only Gettysburg produced more casualties in a single battle. The campaign's importance, however, extended far beyond setting a new standard of carnage in the war. Lee had seized the initiative, dramatically altering the strategic picture by dictating the action to a compliant McClellan.

Four questions provide a helpful framework to gauge the importance of the Seven Days. The first involves military context: How did the campaign shaped by choices McClellan and Lee made in June and July figure in the entire tapestry of war during 1862? The first months of the year proved decidedly favorable to United States forces. Along the Mississippi River, they made excellent progress toward the strategic goal of taking control of the great waterway and dividing the Confederacy into eastern and western parts. Well before the first shots at Mechanicsville on June 26, Federal land and naval operations had seized Confederate strongpoints on the upper and lower Mississippi from Columbus, Kentucky, to New Orleans. The stretch of river between Baton Rouge and Vicksburg remained in Rebel hands, but as a conduit for transporting goods and as an outlet to the Gulf of Mexico for exports, the Mississippi had ceased to be a Confederate river.

Federal gains in the Western Theater rivaled those along the Mississippi. Ulysses S. Grant's forces captured Fort Henry on February 6 and Fort Donelson 10 days later, opening the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers respectively, and stopped a Confederate counteroffensive at Shiloh on April 6-7. Don Carlos Buell's army occupied Nashville, with its crucial manufacturing, transportation, and distribution facilities, on February 25; just more than three months later, Henry W. Halleck led 100,000 Federals into the



BETTMANN/GETTY IMAGES; PAINTING BY DON STIVERS



railroad center of Corinth, Miss. In less than four months, the United States had seized control of a vast swath of the Confederate heartland between Kentucky and Mississippi, a region rich in iron, industry, agricultural products, livestock, and other vital resources.

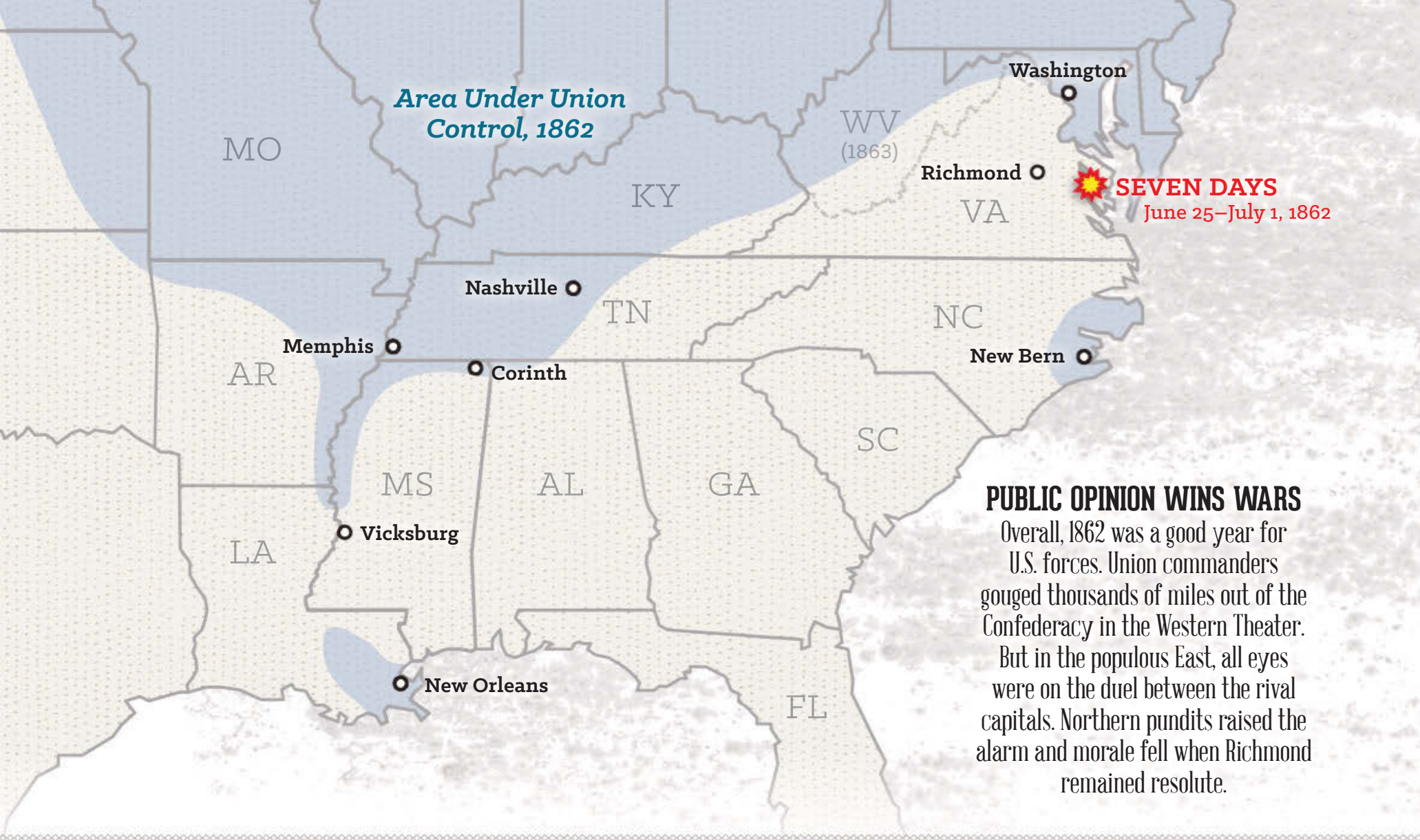
No part of the strategic puzzle loomed larger than Virginia, and Confederates could find little there to counter depressing news from west of the Appalachians. Joe Johnston's army abandoned its lines near Manassas Junction early in March and retreated from a second position along the Rappahannock River a month later. The action shifted to the Peninsula, where McClellan's Army of the Potomac landed at Fort Monroe and moved slowly toward Richmond. Confederates gave up Yorktown on the 3rd of May, Williamsburg on the 5th, and Norfolk on the 9th. By the last week of the month, McClellan had reached the environs of Richmond, more than 30,000 troops under Irvin McDowell stood at Fredericksburg, and thousands more lay in the Shenandoah Valley and western Virginia. The Battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks) closed the month with yet another Confederate failure, as Johnston's ill-executed assaults produced several thousand casualties but left intact the strategic status quo. Stonewall Jackson's small victories in the Shenandoah Valley between May 8 and June 9 cheered Confederates hungry for good news from the battlefield but in no way offset the larger reality that McClellan's army was closing in on Richmond. Had Richmond fallen in June or July, the Valley Campaign would be no more than an insignificant footnote in Civil War history.

DOUBLE VISION

Union troops detailed to build Woodbury's Bridge are reflected in the Chickahominy River. The sluggish waterway split McClellan's force.

One last point about the military situation in the first half of 1862 bears mention. Operations in the Eastern Theater probably carried more weight than those elsewhere. This is not to say everyone looked to the East as the theater of decision—that surely was not the case. But a majority of civilians in the United States and the Confederacy, members of the U.S. Congress, and foreign observers almost certainly formed their primary impressions about how the war was going by reading accounts of Eastern operations. Several factors explain this phenomenon. The centers of population clustered in the East, as did newspapers with the highest circulations. The largest and most prominent armies commanded by the most celebrated generals fought in the East, and they campaigned in the shadow of the

**OPERATIONS IN THE
EASTERN THEATER**
== ALMOST CERTAINLY ==
**CARRIED MORE WEIGHT
THAN THOSE ELSEWHERE**



PUBLIC OPINION WINS WARS

Overall, 1862 was a good year for U.S. forces. Union commanders gouged thousands of miles out of the Confederacy in the Western Theater. But in the populous East, all eyes were on the duel between the rival capitals. Northern pundits raised the alarm and morale fell when Richmond remained resolute.

respective national capitals. Some observers at the time, including Abraham Lincoln, lamented what they considered an undue focus on the East, as have a number of modern historians. Yet the fact remains that what happened during the Seven Days would exert all the more influence because of where it occurred.

The second framing question concerns civilian expectations as the armies prepared for their collision at Richmond. People in the United States envisioned success from the Army of the Potomac. This expectation derived from the triumphs on Western battlefields that had prompted newspapers to indulge in lavishly optimistic projections about McClellan's prospects for

fighting. "It seems pretty certain that the *military power* of the rebellion will be soon broken," he wrote to the Duchess of Argyll on June 9. "What then? That is the great question. [Secretary of State William H.] Seward assured me yesterday that it would 'all be over in 90 days.'"

Sentiment in the Confederacy contrasted sharply with that in the United States. Every Union military success promoted war-weariness among the Rebels. Shortages of food, territory lost to U.S. invaders, and stringent governmental actions, most notably the Conscription Act of April 16, 1862, added to a gloomy situation. In mid-May, a bureaucrat in Richmond aptly described deteriorating morale: "Our army has fallen back to within four miles of Richmond.... Is there no turning point in this long lane of downward progress? Truly it may be said, our affairs at this moment are in a critical condition."

The absence of an army commander around whom the Confederate people could rally deepened the crisis. Four officers had stood out during the first stage of the war: P. G. T. Beauregard, the "Hero of Sumter" and co-victor at First Manassas; Joseph E. Johnston, co-commander at First Manassas and then head of the primary army in Virginia; Albert Sidney Johnston, who directed affairs in the sprawling Western Theater; and Robert E. Lee, who brought to his Confederate service a reputation as Winfield Scott's favorite soldier. By the time of the Seven

HOW DID THE SEVEN DAYS INFLUENCE MORALE IN THE ARMIES AND ON THE HOME FRONTS?

a decisive victory. Many editors across the loyal states claimed that Confederate morale had plummeted, as when a *New York Times* headline in late April described "A PANIC THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH." A few weeks earlier, Benjamin Brown French, the commissioner of public buildings in Washington, recorded that "news of victory after victory over the rebels has come and over them we have all rejoiced, and appearances indicate that the game of secession is nearly played out." Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, a Radical Republican who did not wish the war to end without emancipation, similarly predicted an early termination of



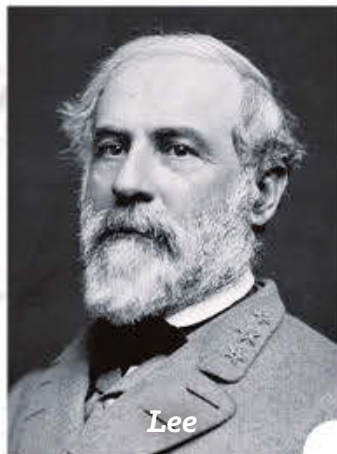
Beauregard



J. Johnston



A.S. Johnston



Lee

Days, A.S. Johnston lay dead of wounds at Shiloh, and Beauregard had fallen out of favor with Jefferson Davis and gone into temporary exile after the loss of Corinth. In Virginia, Joe Johnston had retreated so often that many had come to question his abilities before Seven Pines. Lee stepped into Johnston's position with his public image tarnished because many Confederates thought he had performed timidly in western

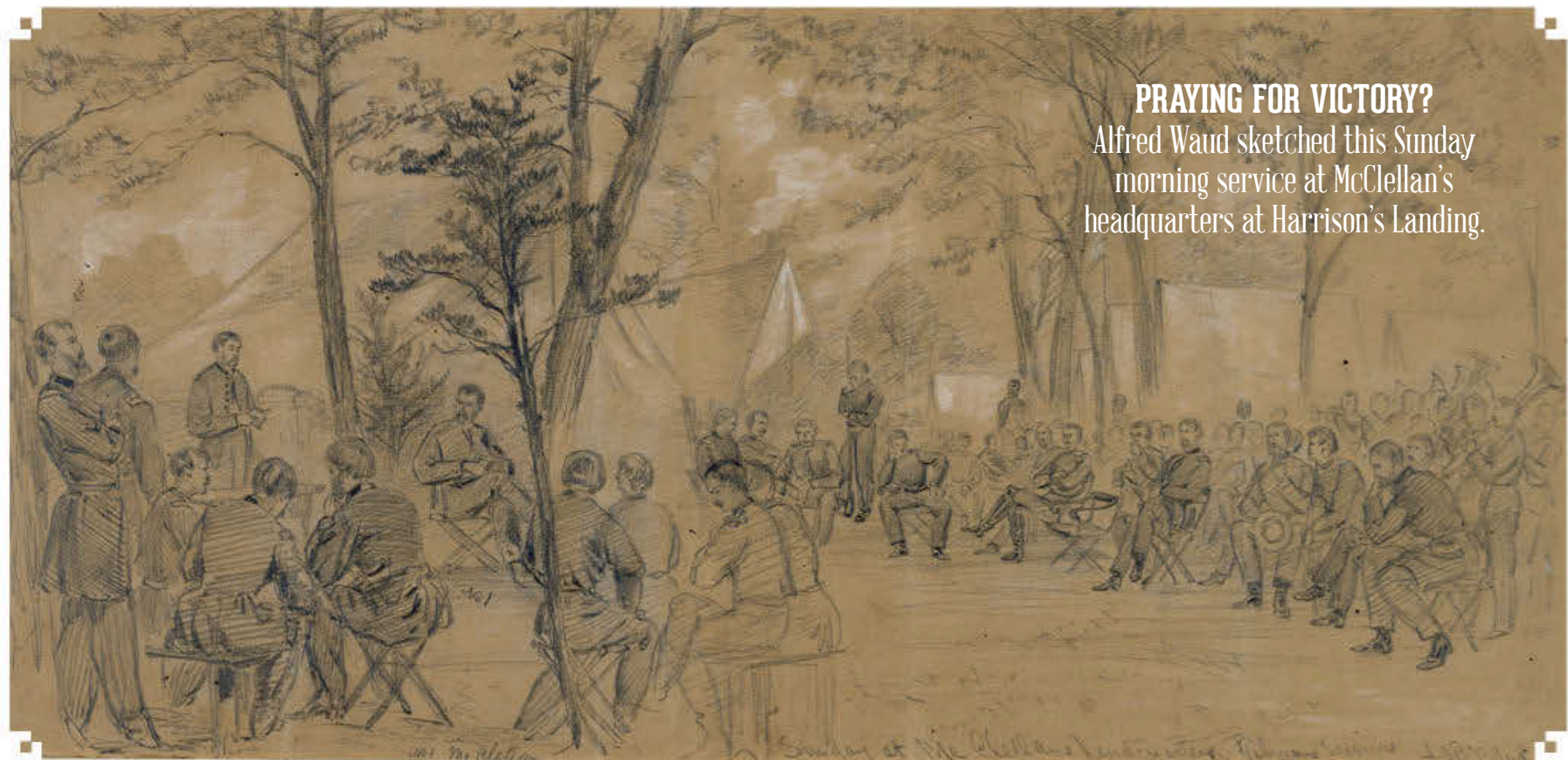
Virginia during the autumn of 1861 and while in Charleston during the winter of 1861-62. Upon Lee's assignment to replace Johnston, one Confederate staff officer recalled, "some of the newspapers...pitched into him with extraordinary virulence, evidently trying to break him down with the troops & to force the president to remove him."

This brief review of events and opinion indicates how much was at stake as the armies prepared for a climactic contest outside Richmond—and raises the third question; namely, how did the Seven Days influence morale in the armies and on the home fronts? The Army of the Potomac is a good place to begin. McClellan's reputation suffered among those who believed he had retreated unnecessarily, given up favorable ground after repelling Lee's attacks at Malvern Hill, and fumbled a brilliant opportunity to capture the enemy's capital. Months of hard work had come to nothing because the powerful Union host withdrew to Harrison's Landing. Mixing sarcasm with disgust, a junior officer in the engineers noted how some of McClellan's admirers "deify a General whose greatest feat has been a *masterly* retreat."

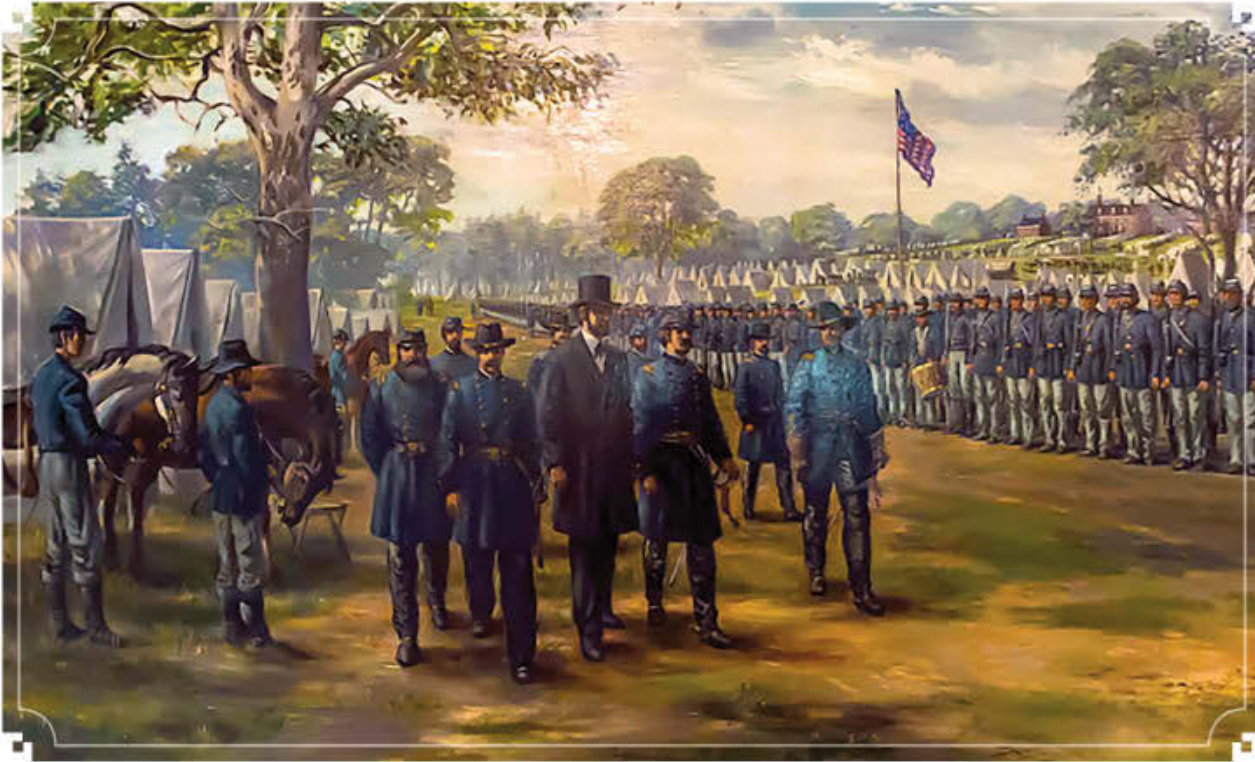
Yet Little Mac remained immensely popular among the majority of his men. Speaking for this element of the army, a private in the 15th Massachusetts credited Rebel generals with movements that compelled McClellan to retreat from the Chickahominy to the James, adding, in the type of language mocked by the junior engineer, that the withdrawal "was one of the most brilliant achievements of the War." Frederick Law Olmsted, general director of the U.S. Sanitary Commission, conversed with officers and enlisted men at Harrison's Landing immediately after the Seven Days. He concluded that the soldiers "believe that by the sacrifice of their lives they have secured an opportunity to their country" and with reinforcements would be eager to go after the Rebels again.

The Seven Days exacerbated the already poisonous distrust between Democratic generals in the Army of the Potomac and Republicans in Washington. Radical Republican Senator Zachariah Chandler of Michigan, a member of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, attacked McClellan unsparingly in the committee and on the floor of the Senate. Privately, Chandler called McClellan "an imbecile if not a traitor" who had "virtually lost the Army of the Potomac."

Abraham Lincoln journeyed to army headquarters at Harrison's Landing



PRAYING FOR VICTORY?
Alfred Waud sketched this Sunday morning service at McClellan's headquarters at Harrison's Landing.



on July 8-9, where he learned that McClellan had prepared what later became known as the “Harrison’s Landing Letter.” Little Mac called for a restrained form of warfare against the Confederacy. “Neither confiscation of property...,” he insisted, “or forcible abolition of slavery should be contemplated for a moment.” Lincoln did not need a lesson in politics from McClellan, and the general’s failure to capture Richmond in fact pushed the president toward the kind of conflict his general sought to avoid. The Seven Days had halted the surging momentum of Union military operations and seemed to foreclose the possibility of suppressing the rebellion through a restrained type of warfare.

Deeply affected by the outcome of the Seven Days, Lincoln moved closer to abolitionists and Radical Republicans who demanded seizure of slaves and other Rebel property. On July 22, he informed his Cabinet that he intended to issue a proclamation of emancipation. The Seven Days, therefore, not Antietam, is the key battle in terms of Lincoln’s decision to take this extraordinary step. Congress, meanwhile, had put the finishing touches on the Second Confiscation Act, passed on July 17 and designed to free all enslaved people held by Rebels. Senator Sumner explicitly tied this

POLITICS, POLITICS

The painting above shows President Lincoln reviewing the troops at Harrison’s Landing. Zachariah Chandler, right, Republican senator from Michigan, loathed McClellan. The general was a Democrat, and had few friends across the aisle.

act’s passage—five days before Lincoln spoke to his Cabinet about emancipation—to Union military failure in the Seven Days. “[T]he Bill of Confiscation & Liberation, which was at last passed, under pressure from our reverses at Richmond,” wrote Sumner in early August 1862, “is a practical act of Emancipation.” Had McClellan been the victor in July 1862, he certainly could have pressed his case for a softer policy. The war could have ended in the summer of 1862 with slavery largely intact—the institution scarcely had been touched in any significant way at that point in the war, and most of the White loyal citizenry surely would not have demanded eman-

cipation in addition to restoration of the Union as a condition for victory.

McClellan’s retreat hit civilians in the United States especially hard because hopes had been so high. They understood that the campaign had failed, though few of them believed it presaged Confederate independence. Overall, they confronted the unpleasant fact that escalating sacrifice and loss likely lay ahead. New Yorker George Templeton Strong, a staunch Republican, noted in his diary on July 11: “We have been and are in a depressed, dismal, asthenic state of anxiety and irritability. The cause of the country does not seem to be thriving much.” Democrats tended to blame the Lincoln administration and Congress rather than McClellan, stressing that the army should have been reinforced before the final battles around Richmond.

In the realm of foreign affairs, the Seven Days carried far more clout with French and British observers than any of the Union successes west of the Appalachians. On August 4, Lincoln answered a French diplomat who sug-

LINCOLN MOVED CLOSER TO ABOLITIONISTS AND RADICAL REPUBLICANS WHO DEMANDED SEIZURE OF SLAVES

gested the Confederacy might be winning the war. “You are quite right,” the president conceded about the Seven Days, “as to the importance to us, for its bearing upon Europe, that we should achieve military successes; and the same is true for us at home as well as abroad.” But Lincoln bridled at the importance given events in Virginia compared to those farther west: “[I]t seems unreasonable that a series of successes, extending through half-a-year, and clearing more than a hundred thousand square miles of country, should help us so little, while a single half-defeat should hurt us so much.”

The Union’s “half-defeat” at Richmond profoundly affected the Confederacy’s war for nationhood. The Seven Days thrust Lee into the limelight, and his leadership in June and July 1862 began an 11-month process by which he created a finely tuned military instrument that won notable victories. The Army of Northern Virginia rapidly became the most important national institution in the Confederacy and helped sustain morale in the face of mounting odds and hardships on the home front. Fellow citizens began to compare Lee to George Washington, which made sense because he and his army came to function much as Washington and the Continental Army had during the American Revolution. Beginning with the Seven Days, Lee shouldered an increasing share of the bur-

den of sustaining morale among the Rebel citizenry. Long before Appomattox, most Confederates considered him and his army the fullest expression of their national project—and thus his surrender marked the effective end of the conflict.

The Seven Days also began the phenomenon of Confederates focusing progressively more on the Eastern Theater to determine prospects for independence. Lee had given them their first major victory in nearly a year, helping to erase some of the sting from losses in the Mississippi Valley and Middle Tennessee. Over the next ten months, Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville spread the impression that all good news emanated from the theater where Lee and his army operated. For the rest of the war, with the single exception of Chickamauga, Confederate field armies won no major victories anywhere west of the Appalachians. Under these circumstances, and with the additional importance of Richmond as a psychological, industrial, and governmental colossus, it should come as little surprise that Confederates fixed their gaze, as well as their hopes, on Virginia.

This brings us to the fourth and most important question: Did the Seven Days significantly alter the trajectory of the war? The foregoing discussion surely suggests that the answer is an emphatic yes. In terms of broad-scale impact, the Seven Days stands as one of the great turning points of the conflict. Counterfactual speculation about what might have happened under different circumstances is usually pointless, but Lee’s rise to command offers a clear exception. It is easy to imagine the war taking a very different path if Joe Johnston had escaped his wound at Seven Pines. He almost certainly would have retreated into Richmond, there to be besieged and eventually conquered by McClellan. The avalanche of bad news from other theaters already had threatened to smother Rebel hopes for victory; the loss of the capital might well have destroyed the Confederacy. Lee’s

successful defense of the city reversed a downward trend and virtually guaranteed a much longer and increasingly revolutionary struggle. Had McClellan captured the city, the war likely would have ended in the summer of 1862—with slavery largely intact and relatively little destruction across the South.

Much of the campaign’s impact already was apparent by the end of July 1862. Observers on both sides could see the imprint of McClellan’s and Lee’s decisions on political connections to military affairs, on debates over war aims and policy (including emancipation), on civilian morale and attitudes, and on the diplomatic front. During that second summer of the war, people could only guess at some of the longer-term effects that stand out in retrospect. Students of the war should use that retrospective advantage to appreciate the full context within which the campaign was waged and the astonishing range of its immediate and far-reaching influence.

WHO WAS HE?

In this Peninsula image of captured Confederate Lieutenant J.B. Washington and his friend, Captain George Custer, the unknown African American boy is often overlooked. But his presence speaks to evolving war aims.



*Gary W. Gallagher taught for more than 30 years at Penn State University and the University of Virginia. His most recent book is *The Enduring Civil War: Reflections on the Great American Crisis*. (LSU Press, 2020).*



OUT OF THE HAZE

A prewar image of Emergildo Marquis when he was living in the home of James Nagle. The youth was a Mexico City orphan who literally followed his American dream by tagging along with a column of U.S. troops during the Mexican War.

MEXICO CITY TO HEADQUARTERS ➤ MUSICIAN ➤

YEARS OF RESEARCH REVEAL
THE FASCINATING STORY
➤ OF A UNION BUGLER ➤

— BY JOHN DAVID HOPTAK —

It is estimated that more than 20,000 Hispanics or persons of Hispanic descent served in the American Civil War. To serious students of the conflict, the names and stories of some of these individuals are relatively well-known. There was, for example, Lt. Col. Henry Pleasants of the 48th Pennsylvania, who in the summer of 1864 masterminded the Petersburg Mine. Pleasants was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, the son of an American father and Hispanic mother.

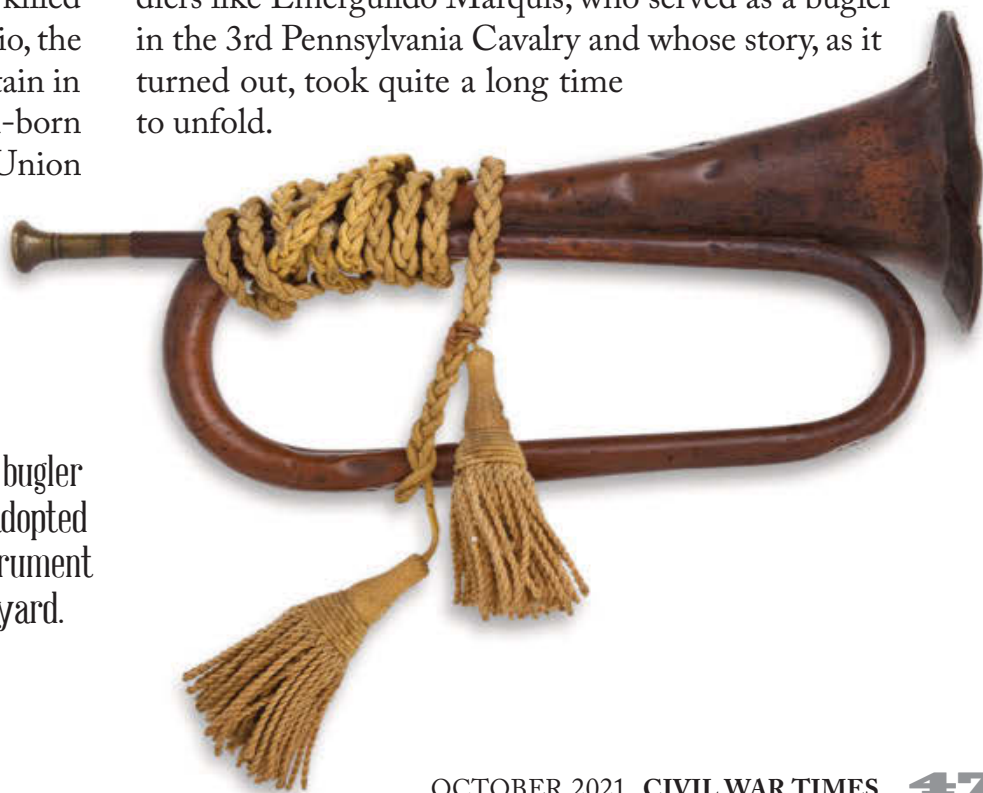
Other famed soldiers of Hispanic descent included Cuban-born Lt. Col. Julius Peter Garesche, chief of staff to Maj. Gen. William Rosecrans, who was killed in action at the Battle of Stones River; Luis Emilio, the son of a Spanish immigrant, who served as a captain in the 54th Massachusetts Infantry; and the Cuban-born Cavada brothers—Adolfo, an aide-to-camp to Union Maj. Gen. Andrew Humphreys, and Federico, lieutenant colonel of the 114th Pennsylvania who was captured near the Peach

Orchard at Gettysburg and later confined in Richmond's Libby Prison.

John Ortega of Spain and Philip Bazaar of Chile, both seamen in the U.S. Navy, received Medals of Honor for meritorious service—the latter for bravery during the assault on Fort Fisher and the former for his daring while serving onboard USS *Saratoga*. But while the stories of these individuals may be better known, most of those of Hispanic descent who served in the Civil War were neither commissioned officers nor Medal of Honor recipients, but enlisted men whose stories remain to be discovered and yet to be told, soldiers like Emergildo Marquis, who served as a bugler in the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry and whose story, as it turned out, took quite a long time to unfold.

FREEDOM'S HERALD

Gifted with musical ability, Emergildo became a bugler in the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry and later at his adopted father's headquarters. He would have used an instrument similar to this one, complete with a cavalry lanyard.



I first happened upon his name many years ago while I was researching a Union general named James Nagle who hailed from Pottsville, in my native Schuylkill County, Pa. During the Civil War, Nagle, a wallpaper hanger and house painter by profession, raised no fewer than four volunteer infantry regiments and as a brigadier general, led his men in attacks against the Unfinished Railroad at Second Bull Run, at Antietam's Burnside Bridge, and against Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg. Being well familiar with his military record, I was hoping, all those years ago, to learn more about Nagle the man and not the soldier, and so I began my search by examining the Census records of 1840, 1850, and 1860. And that is when I first happened upon the name Emergildo Marquis.

In the Census records of 1850 from Pottsville's Northwest Ward, I located the entry for James Nagle, identified then as the "Head of Household," 28 years old; his wife, Elizabeth, was 29, and their three (of eventually seven) children were named Emma, age 7, George, age 5, and the baby, James Winfield Nagle, age 1. But then, much to my surprise, I saw the name of yet another child living in the home, an 11-year-old boy named Emergildo Marquis, born in Mexico. My curiosity piqued, I could only then wonder who exactly was this boy and how did he end up living in the Nagle home in Pottsville, in the heart of anthracite coal country Pennsylvania?

Knowing that a young James Nagle had served in the Mexican War as Captain of the Washington Artillerists, a militia company that became Company B, 1st Pennsylvania Volunteers, my first thought, naturally, was that Emergildo had journeyed to Pottsville with Nagle when the company



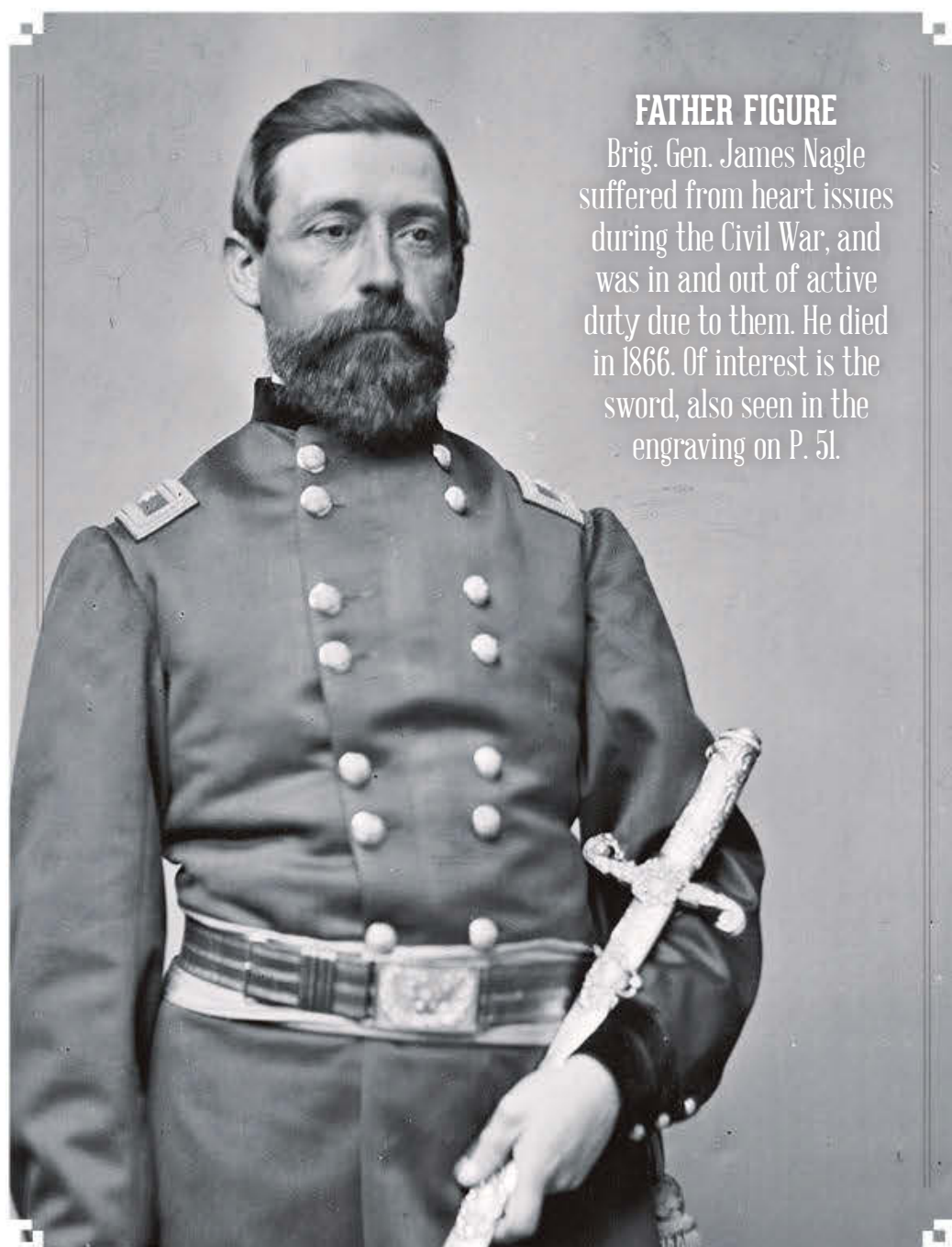
OF HISPANIC DESCENT

Lt. Col. Federico Cavada, left, was captured at Gettysburg. Lt. Col. Henry Pleasants, right, oversaw the digging of the mine at Petersburg, Va., that led to the notorious July 1864 Battle of the Crater.

returned home in the summer of 1848. Nagle had originally formed the Washington Artillery in 1842, had trained it and drilled it, and then, in December 1846, had set off with it to war in Mexico. With Nagle in command, the company formed part of General Winfield Scott's force as it fought its way from Vera Cruz to Mexico City in the spring and summer of 1847, seeing action at such places as Cerro Gordo, Puebla, and Huamantla. Surely, I thought, Nagle and Emergildo had happened upon one another somewhere along the way. Naturally, though, I wanted to find out for certain and this led to a many years' journey to discover more about this Mexican-born boy named Emergildo.

Because of Nagle's extensive Civil War service record, the thought crossed my mind that perhaps Emergildo, who would have been about 22 years old in 1861, had served in that conflict but I knew for a fact that I had never before come across his name while studying any of the company rosters of the 48th Pennsylvania Infantry, the regiment Nagle raised in the summer of 1861. But perhaps, I thought, Emergildo served in one of Nagle's other regiments.

Nagle's first command in the Civil War was the 6th Pennsylvania Infantry, a three-month regiment, which in the spring of 1861 was assigned to George Thomas' brigade in Maj. Gen. Robert Patterson's small army in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley. Examining the muster rolls of this 90-day unit I discovered in the ranks of Company G, 6th Pennsylvania, a private named not Emergildo Marquis, but "M. Emrigeuldo" instead. This had to be the same person, I thought. Convinced now that he had served in the Civil War, my next step was to contact the National Archives in Washington and request copies of his service records. Several weeks later, and hopeful that I had included enough possible variations of spellings of his name (Marquiz,



FATHER FIGURE

Brig. Gen. James Nagle suffered from heart issues during the Civil War, and was in and out of active duty due to them. He died in 1866. Of interest is the sword, also seen in the engraving on P. 51.

Marquis, Marquese), a copy of Emergildo's file arrived at my door.

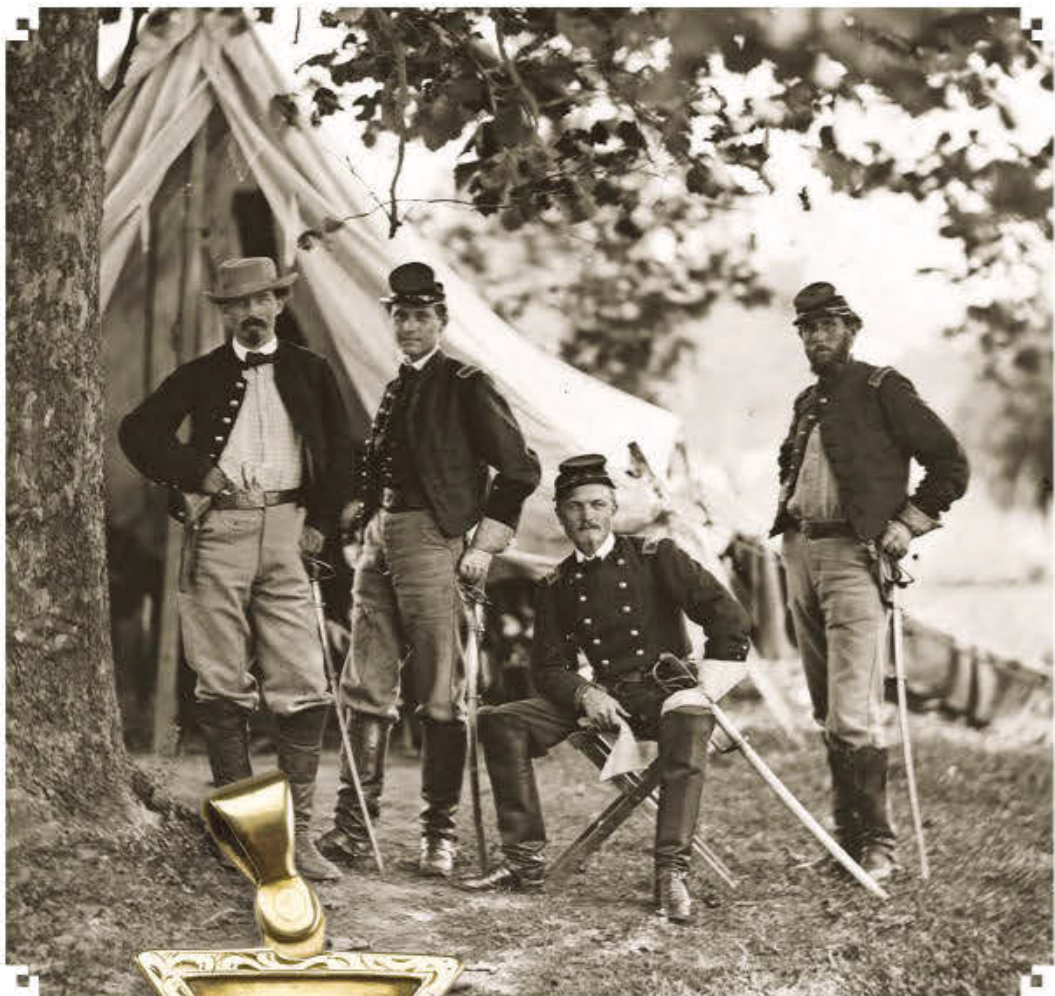
His service records did much more than simply confirm that he had, indeed, served as a private in the 6th Pennsylvania Infantry, for along with his records for his three months' service with the 6th Pennsylvania were records from his service as a bugler in the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry, a "three-years or the war" regiment. This was the first time I discovered that Emergildo had also served in the cavalry, as a company bugler. Also contained in his service records was a letter written by James Nagle. The letter was dated December 22, 1862, and by then Nagle had been promoted to brigadier general, and placed in command of the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 9th Corps.

Wrote Nagle: *"I have the honor to make application to have Emergildo Marquis, Bugler in Captain White's Company 3rd PA Cavalry, detailed as bugler and orderly, for these Hd. Qrs. He is a Mexican Boy that I brought along from Mexico. He was with me in the three months service, after that he enlisted in the Cavalry, and he is now desirous of joining me in some capacity, and I only have three mounted orderlies, and need a bugler at Head Quarters to sound the General Calls."*

So, there it was, confirmation of my initial assumption that Nagle had brought Emergildo home to Pottsville from his service during the Mexican War. Nagle's request was granted and Emergildo became a member of General Nagle's staff. I was struck by the fact that Emergildo was a bugler, for the Nagle family was very much musically inclined. In his younger days, James Nagle was a fifer; his brother, Daniel, was the drummer of the militia company James had organized and led off to Mexico, and his other brothers, Levi and Abraham, were both musicians who both served in the regimental band of the 48th Pennsylvania. Music must then have been an important part of the Nagle family upbringing and household and one can only imagine the family teaching a young Emergildo how to play.

For a long time thereafter, this was all the

EMERGILDO BECAME A MEMBER OF GENERAL NAGLE'S STAFF



KEYSTONE CAVALRY

Emergildo first served in the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry. This image shows unit commander Colonel William W. Averell (seated) and his staff at Westover Landing, Va., in 1862. Averell would go on to attain the rank of brigadier general.

information I was able to compile on Emergildo but, still, his story intrigued me. I thought that perhaps someday I would discover more about him. As it turned out, that *someday* was in April 2007, when I met John Nagle, the Civil War general's great-great-grandson. He and I had been in contact via e-mail for years prior to this, but this was the first time we had met and when we did on that April day, he very kindly brought along with him numerous old documents: letters, diaries, etc., all related in some way to James Nagle, a veritable treasure trove. "The General and his family never threw anything away," he joked.

Included among the many documents was Emergildo Marquis' original discharge certificate. As it turned out, Emergildo was discharged from the service on August 24, 1864, upon the expiration of his three-year term of service with the 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry. The document also stated that Emergildo had been born in Mexico, that he was 26 years of age, stood 5'1" in height, had a dark complexion, black eyes, and black hair. And his occupation? A painter. A *painter*, just like General James Nagle.

Most revealing, however, was a handwritten account of James Nagle's service in the Mexican War, penned by his youngest daughter, Kate, which at last answered the question about just where Emergildo came from and how he ended up in Pottsville with the Nagle family. As Kate Nagle recorded, the summer of 1848:

"...was a long sad time for folks at home, but great rejoicing when word came that the war was over and the Army was waiting for orders to move;

A NEW HEADSTONE FOR EMERGUILDO



I first wrote about Emergildo's fascinating story as it unfolded to me over the years on my website (www.48thpennsylvania.blogspot.com) and in late 2020, the story was happened upon by Frank Jastrzembski, a historian who also heads a nonprofit organization called Shrouded Veterans. Recognizing that there are thousands of veterans from the Mexican War and Civil War buried in unmarked graves, or whose tombstones are "sadly in disrepair," Jastrzembski and Shrouded Veterans works to ensure that these veterans "are no longer neglected." Noting the condition of Emergildo's original tombstone, Jastrzembski, coordinating with Tom Shay from the Pottsville Presbyterian Cemetery and the United Presbyterian Church, secured a new headstone from the Department of Veterans Affairs (above), which in the spring of 2021 was placed at Emergildo's final resting place.

and greater was the joy when a telegram came saying Come to Philadelphia with the children to meet us....A number of the wives of the Soldiers went to Philadelphia to meet their husbands. When they met them, they saw three persons who were not Soldiers, but little Mexican boys about 9 or 10 years of age. They were very small, dark skin, no shoes....They learned to love the Soldiers, and when they broke Camp the little boys followed them (stole their way, so to speak). When they were discovered the Army was miles out of the City of Mexico. They would not go back. They were little orphans, and the Officers took charge of them and landed them at home in Pottsville. Captain [James] Nagle, Lieut. Simon Nagle, and Lieut. Frank B. Kaercher, each took a little Mexican boy to their homes. The one Captain Nagle cared for was, by name, Emergildo Marquis, known as 'Marium.' He was treated as one of the family. He was sent to school, sent to learn a trade....He was away from home to work, but never forgot the family; he came home very often over the week ends. He... grew up with the family. He loved Father & Mother Nagle, and the Children all loved him."

I could hardly believe what I was reading. After years of searching, it felt like the end of a long, long journey to read these words, written by General Nagle's own daughter about Emergildo and confirming what I had initially assumed years back when I first came across Emergildo's name: that Nagle must have brought him back from Mexico and raised him in Pottsville in his home, as one of his own; and now I knew that he must have also taught him music and the painter's trade. For me, it felt like quite the "discovery." Little did I know that just a few days later, I was to make yet another discovery about Emergildo Marquis.

After meeting with General Nagle's great-great-grandson, I took a trip up to Schuylkill County to visit my family and to gather some photographs of gravestones in Pottsville's Presbyterian Cemetery. For years I had wondered where Emergildo had been laid to rest since I had never before happened upon his grave in all my cemetery wanderings. The caretaker of the Presbyterian Cemetery, Tom Shay, told me that Emergildo was, in fact, interred therein, as had been John Nagle. As I wandered around the graveyard, I came across the gravesites of General Nagle's parents, Daniel and Mary, who are buried next to two of their daughters, Eleanor and Elizabeth. Two of the four of these Nagle family headstones were knocked over, and a third was severely leaning. Then I noticed at the foot of the grave of the Nagle sisters was a stone sunken deep into the ground. With the assistance of my family who were with me that day, we removed the dirt and grass that was covering the stone. And there it was, inscribed upon the stone and underneath years of dirt and grass was the name "Emergildo Marquis." Within the course of just one week, Emergildo's story was at last told and his grave "found." The grave also revealed something else; that Emergildo had died in 1880 at the much-too-young age of 42; the cause of his death, however, I have not yet been able to ascertain. He was buried with the rest of the Nagle family, another testimonial that he was, indeed, considered a member of the family.

After carefully setting the stone upright, I left to purchase a small American flag to place at his grave; he was, after all, a soldier who had served his country in the three-month 6th Pennsylvania Infantry, the three-year 3rd Pennsylvania Cavalry, as well as on General Nagle's staff. And of his service, Emergildo was justly proud. In July 1862, while encamped at Harrison's Landing with the 3rd PA Cavalry, Emergildo was shocked to read of his own death in an issue of Pottsville's *Mining Record* newspaper, and was infuriated, it seems, that the



article had referred to him as a “servant” of company commander Captain J. Claude White. He was determined to set the record straight in both respects, by writing to the editors of the *Record’s* rival newspaper, the *Miners’ Journal*:

Harrison’s Landing, Va, July 22d, 1862,

Editors *Miners’ Journal*: I wish to state, that having read a copy of the *Mining Record* this evening, I was greatly surprised at seeing the statement of my death, and that I am a servant to Captain White. Both these statements are utterly false. I did not enlist to be a servant, except to the country of my adoption. I wish also to state, that servants generally do not go so close to the mouth of cannon as to incur the risk of being killed by balls from rebel guns. I would state, also, that the gallant Colonel Nagle never brought me to this country to be a slave, sooner than be which, I would go home again to my native country, and assist my brave countrymen to drive the French invaders from the soil.

The truth is, that Daniel Wehry, of Donaldson, a private in our Company, was killed by a solid shot, and that the Captain’s horse was killed in the same shot.

Emriguildo Marques
alias The Young Mexican Bugler, of Co. L,
3d Penna. Cavalry

With the information found in the Census records, upon his tombstone, from his service records, and from the notes left behind by family members, I felt comfortable that the story of Emerguildo Marquis could be fully told. But even after all the years of searching, and waiting



BABY FACES

The remarkable ca. 1861 image above shows Emerguildo in his uniform with his brother, James Nagle. Father James is seen, engraving upper left, in his handsome prewar militia officer’s uniform.

for his story to unfold, still, in the back of my mind, there was another piece of this puzzle missing. I naturally wondered if any photographs of Emerguildo existed and so I asked John Nagle, the general’s great-great-grandson, if he had ever seen any image of Emerguildo and if any still existed. *Yes*, he replied. He was certain of it. He just had to find them, wherever they might be.

Weeks went by, then months, and ultimately years; and, then, an e-mail arrived: he had found them! Pictures of Emerguildo Marquis, including one in uniform, standing next to James Winfield Nagle, one of General Nagle’s sons. For someone who searched all those years, trying to “discover” Emerguildo Marquis, seeing his face was quite the remarkable moment.

John Hoptak is the author of several books, including The Battle of South Mountain, Confrontation of Gettysburg, and Dear Ma: The Civil War Letters of Lt. Curtis C. Pollock.

The war in their words

EMBEDDED ARTIST

UNION ENGINEER GILBERT THOMPSON
DOCUMENTED HIS SERVICE
WITH AN ILLUSTRATED DIARY

BY MARK A. SMITH

Gilbert Thompson was an exceptional young man. Raised in the experimental, reformist community of Hopedale, Mass., he received a thorough education that included at least some artistic instruction. It was likely his skill at drawing that prompted him to join a planned company of topographical engineers in November 1861 when he was 21. Because of poor recruitment results, though, that company was never fully organized, and Thompson and fellow recruits were transferred to Company B of the

U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, which later became part of the U.S. Engineer Battalion that served with the Army of the Potomac throughout the war.

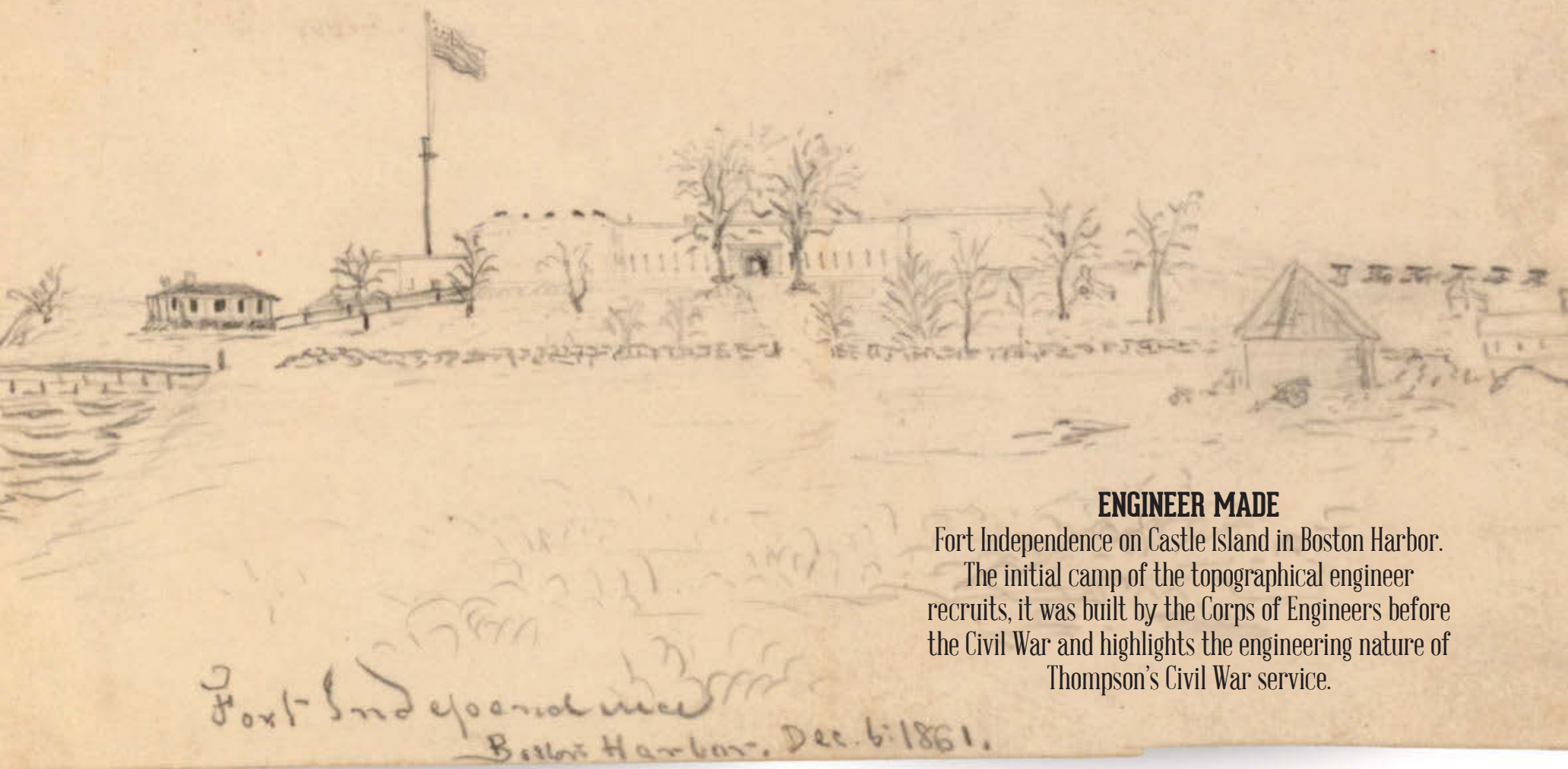
Thompson kept at his artwork during his service and used it to illustrate written journals of his wartime experience. About 15 years after the conflict, he went back to his journal and added material, producing a hybrid of wartime writings and recollections, though it is possible to differentiate the eras from another. Some of Thompson's wartime entries and sketches, many produced during the Army of the Potomac's camp at Brandy Station, Va., in the winter of 1863-64, are presented here. Spelling has been left as found, and brackets have been inserted around material added for clarity.

UNION ORGANIZERS

Gilbert Thompson, left, as sketched by a comrade. At right, proud Army of the Potomac engineers in a Virginia woods, 1864. Some wear the castle badge of their corps and one holds an extraordinary pipe.







ENGINEER MADE

Fort Independence on Castle Island in Boston Harbor.

The initial camp of the topographical engineer recruits, it was built by the Corps of Engineers before the Civil War and highlights the engineering nature of Thompson's Civil War service.

Fort Independence
Boston Harbor, Dec. 6, 1861.



CRIMSON SWALLOWTAIL

Thompson's watercolor painting of the U.S. Engineer Battalion flag. The engineers' motto was "Essayons"—French for "Let Us Try!" By the time the battalion received its flag, Thompson was serving as a corporal in Company D.

Nov. 1861.

Thurs. 21.

Too-morrow morning I am for Boston, thence to Fort Warren [corrected to "Fort Independence"] as a soldier. I was down yesterday and was examined. I am to go in the Topographical Engineers (Co. A).

Nov. 22. 1861.

Off to the wars with other intelligent men. I have joined the Topographical Engineers (Co. A) sworn in today, A fine day in prospect; Hopedale never seemed so gay as last night. Two weddings and light and mirth, music and song.... Though I am going away to encounter I know not what, yet I feel a buoyancy, an exulting spirit; whether I am possessed or not I am happy.

FORT INDEPENDENCE, BOSTON HARBOR.

Dec. 1861.

Sun. 29th

On the opposite side of the table (pine table) from me is a pleasant-looking young man, a tailor by trade, putting a pocket into a great-coat, others are reading Dickens Dave. Copperfield in nos. and if my chirography is this and that way, it must be attributed to keeping time with the foot to a lively tune our drill-corporal is playing on the accordion accompanied by another with bones that a few days ago probably graced a soup dish. A couple of Maine boys are gazing into the bright coal fire, thinking perhaps of bright fires at home, while others are sitting in the bunks looking on at the various attractions of this room. Altogether, friend Jour[nal]. it is a queer scene for you, and did you ever think the boy who used to bend over the preceding pages, writing of this and of that, should ever write a page or two in a plain old room on Castle I[slan]d. [on] the sunny side of Fort Independence, Boston Harbor? Eh!

Soldier's life here at present, or rather what it was, is as easy as possible. Our only duties are cooking, policing and three hours drill a day. Sunday morning at 11 o'cl'k we have Inspection, and in the afternoon, at least today, instead of attending service in Hopedale Chapel, we stood

three-quarters of an hour or so hearing the very agreeable Articles of War.

There are at present 13 of us, and we have (only) notice of leaving here soon, perhaps too-morrow, for West Point, what we are to do, we can only surmise, but hope for the best, and are determined to be cheerful under whatever circumstances may be granted to our term of enlistment.

CAMP NEAR FALMOUTH, VA.

April, 10th, 1863.

Friday.

Delightful. Wind S.W. Yesterday was pleasant though cool, wind N.W. roaring round to S.W. at noon to-day. I think we will have a storm, as it is hazy to-night with light fleecy clouds. Came off Guard to-night at Retreat; and if there is any military duty I hate, it is this. I had rather walk post [at] night along thick and thin than be 1st Corp[ora]l of the Guard. I actually dread it. We had Inspection and Muster to-day to find the actual number of men, &c. The Battalion made a fine appearance. The note-worthy incident of the day is the receiving of our color—a fine silk Regular Flag. Co. D doing escort duty to the color-guard. Serg't [Barnard] Carney [of Company A], color serg't. Long may it wave.

WASHINGTON,

Feb. 6th 1862

Thurs.

Had some pleasant days, but to-day is dull again.

Received some letters from home, all in one, good, good. I could have one a day and not be tired of them. Mother is getting along nicely. We have been going through the Bayonet Drill a little, but will see more of it. The besetting sin of a soldier in quarters is one I hardly thought

SOLE OF AN ENGINEER

This sketch of a pair of army shoes is incredibly detailed for its size, which is no longer than two ruled writing lines in height. There seems to be little connection with the entry whose margins it graced (transcribed here), but these are also likely the type of shoes Thompson, when bored while in winter quarters, threatened to borrow from his messmate to bridge a small stream in camp. This sketch and the following entries together provide insight into a soldier's life between campaigns.



COFFEE IS READY!

This illustration, which Thompson called "Soldier's Kitchen," shows a small campfire and kettle in the foreground and the boats of the engineers' pontoon train in the background. While this illustration appears in the margin of Thompson's May 25, 1863, entry, he had described the pontoon train earlier in his journal while his unit was still training in the Massachusetts capital. The spider he mentioned in the entry below was a frying pan, possibly mounted on a tripod, that he would have used in a setting very much like the one depicted here.

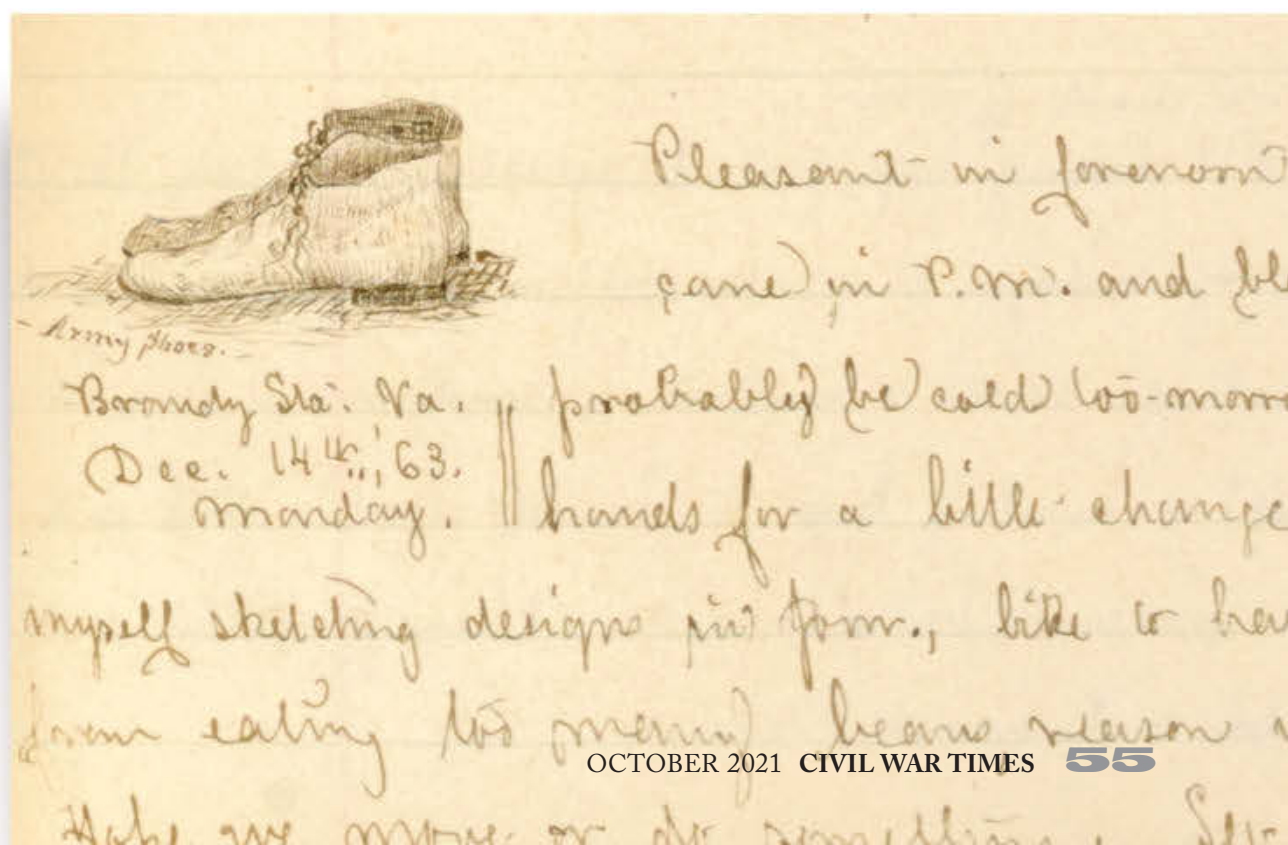
of contending against, viz, Idleness. We have actually got Lazy, we growl at even a drill-call, complain at even five minutes duty, this will wear off, by & bye, I guess. The sight of those huge Pontoon Bridge boats over on the Parade Ground, make my shoulders ache in sorrowful prospective. [Atkins] Higgins and I have copartively bought a spider, much to the envy of all around, and we talk grandiloquently about "Our Spider!" I have a little bottle of Syrup, which puts a good edge to the bread, and once and awhile I purchase a quantity of milk (1 ct's worth, Marm) of an old lady who comes to Our Pizarro, mornings, sir! which makes real coffee out of our stuff, sir!

BRANDY STA[TION]. VA.

Dec. 14th, '63.

Monday.

Pleasant in forenoon, W[in]d. S.W. with a little hurricane in p.m. and blowing to-night briskly from N.W. probably be cold too-morrow. Wrote





AT HOME IN THE 'HOOD

Together these three images provide insight into the time soldiers spent in quarters during the winters. The first, “Camp at Brandy Sta. Jan. 1864,” shows the exterior of the huts built for shelter at the Army of the Potomac’s massive 1863-64 winter camp, and the second sketch, which Thompson labeled “Interior View of Quarters, Winter 1864,” depicts the decorated interior of those same huts. The last sketch, “Our Alley 1864,” depicts the outside of the same huts, showing their chimneys. The “Our” in the title refers to the Engineer Battalion’s Company D, in which Corporal Thompson served.

to mother to-day. All hands for a little change were va[c]cinated; amused myself sketching designs in Jour., like to have had an acke in stomach from eating too many beans, reason why, “bunky,” don’t eat em. Hope we move or do something. Lt. [George L.] Gillespie and [Private] Johnny Carr at Knoxville, Ten.

CAMP AT BRANDY STA. VA.

Jan’y. 14th, ’64.

Thurs.

Cloudy, and warmer. Puttered round kitchen to-day, dived into Arithmetics, went to Fractions, that is my “start” too-morrow. Had roast duck for dinner, letter from mother to-night, surely I ought to be a happy mortal.

Jan. 15th. 1864.

Dived into Fractions and built a little bridge across brook for recreation, threatened to use [William] Shibley’s Bootees for Pontons. (14th) Felt a little qualmish about the stomach in afternoon; been eating too many nice things contained in box lately received [from home].

Jan. 16th, ’64.

Pleasant; engaged in a little civil engineering—making sink [a latrine]. Puzzled over Fractions; it is astonishing how poorly mathematical works are written; I wonder that children do as well; the why is neglected entirely. Went in to [John] Bishop’s, had a pleasant chat, went to [Alonzo] Rice’s to hear some music; all so-so.

BRANDY STA. VA.

Dec. 25th, 63.

Friday.

Pleasant and Christmas! Oh! what memories of good times come teeming in upon my thoughts. Home and Christmas are almost one to me; today years ago, was the inauguration [of] the culminating effect and result of all the rehearsals, in aid, trimming with evergreen the old chapel at home; how young declaimers said their “You’d scarce expect &c.” mingled with the exercises of those of maturer growth; here to-day—while those at home are enjoying all this, I with others labored on our new quarters, and after “Taps” bunky and I will make a milk

(Condensed) punch of our whiskey ration and drink to “Auld Lang Syne,” he leaves me too-morrow [Thompson’s bunkmate, Ned Coolidge, had been busted from corporal to private and could no longer share a tent with the other non-commissioned officers]....

BRANDY STA. VA.

Dec. 29th, '63,

Tuesday.

Stormy last two days; cleared away to-day. Quite a little thaw occurred of course, and our Company Parade glories in as much mud as ever at Falmouth. To-day moved into new house; built according “to Order,” four in each hut, two bunks &c., all alike and regularly laid out; “Ours”—how often this “Ours” has occurred in my Jour. and different ones it includes and means—“Ours” having a good drawing fire-place, a good blessing; two bunks, one above the other; the hut being built of logs, about 5’ high 11’ l’g inside, 7’ wide; our floor is mud mud—but I and “bunky”—a new one, [Joseph] Cummings—Ned and I broke up house-keeping to-day, this “bunky & I” means some one else. I am decently satisfied. The “renowned four” are [Shibley], Thompson, Cummins, [and Decatur] Blake—now come on old muddy Winter. A Virginia artist should by experience and knowledge represent Winter covered with mud, his locks dripping with chilly dampness rather than icicles and frosty breath.

BRANDY STA. VA.

Jan’y 5th, 64.

Tuesday.

Pleasant. In woods to-day; had a grand theological pow-wow after supper which has all subsided, and all are writing but Blake who is enjoying a quiet smoke by the fire. There was something in the wind last night, as our teams were drawing rations at the depot as well as the 6th Corps. [Confederate Lieutenant General Richard S.] Ewell is up the valley I understand; perhaps a reconaissance in force was in view. Anyway a tramp just now would be a little disagreeable, especially as our quarters are quite comfortable. The Company Parades are being graded, kitchens constructed, &c., and the regularity of the huts give a substantial character to the camp. Express boxes came, more next time.

BRANDY STA. VA.

Jan’y 12, '64.

Tuesday.

Somewhat cloudy. Thatched Kitchen to-day. Our winter-quarters are yet uncompleted entirely. The Officers’ houses yet unfinished, as usual all this is quite interesting to me, as I learn

much that is practical. The lack of certain kinds of material and the availability of [others] renders necessary such modus operandi as find their prototypes in the days of the colonists and pioneers. Our huts are of uniform style covered with two Shelters, but the cook Houses differ, B has roof of oak shingles, calling in play the skill of a pioneer, to cut and rive them, C has one that reminds you of old times with pine worked into the form of tiles; ours [Company D’s] smacks of Ireland being pine-bough thatch laid on “mud,” solid and rain-proof too; and the camp while in the elevated position “Charge de Affairs” on our cook-pot appeared like some mimic town in regularity, only missing the gay equipages of fashion and the places of commerce.

**THE BLUE RIDGE HAS A
FINE AND INTERESTING APPEARANCE
JUST AT PRESENT BEING
COVERED WITH SNOW**

CAMP N’R BRANDY STA. V[A].

Jan’y 20th, 1864

Wednesday.

Pleasant to-day. The 18 & 19th stormy and chilly. On G’d [Guard] 19th, Miserable time; rec’d Photographs, sold all, am quite successful in this spec[ulation]. of mine. Gave the huts a little fixing up, covering the logs with paper and the door with canvas; making a cupboard out of my Express Box, its door rejoicing in the ornament of a quite fine picture “Under the Flag,” from Harper’s Weekly; an old man with a wee darling holding a U.S. Flag over his head, it is an English picture changed, being originally “Under the Mistletoe.”

Jan’y 22nd, '64.

Usual weather, warmer. Washed, fried some chef-de-overs of buckwheats; rec’d a letter from mother, all well. I have tacked papers over the logs, giving the room quite a cheerful aspect, and when eating I entertain the mind by reading from them, and it would not be a terrible stretch of the imagination to consider myself the host of all the literary characters that ever flourished....

Jan’y 28th, 1864.

....

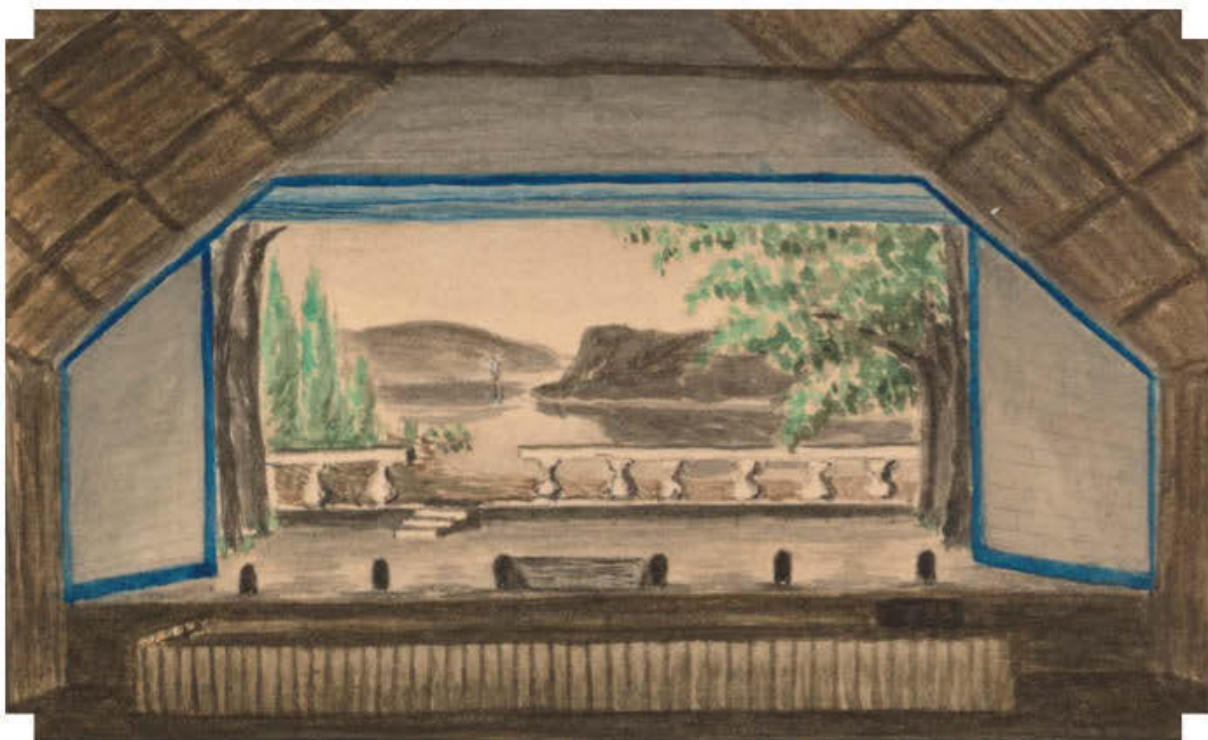
Have made a couple of sketches, “Our Alley,” “Our Tent.” Capt. [George H.] Mendell [the battalion commander] wishing me to make a sketch of the camp. Have a diagram to draw for Capt. [Charles N.] Turnbull [commanding Company D of the battalion].

CAMP AT BRANDY STA. VA.

Feb. 1st, '64.

Monday.

Clearing away. Puttered on a picture of Interior of hut, half done. Am lonesome to-night. “Shib” [Corporal William Shibley] kept us interested until 12 last night, telling about the Indians on the Plains, very amusing. He has gone to Catlet’s [Station] to work on Stockade, such as I drew. Read [Walter] Scotts “The Lady of the Lake,” just been narrating its plot to Blake & Cumming’s. Am going to read some good letters I have saved up for such occasions, full of genial cheerfulness.



Jan'y 28th, 1864.

Very Pleasant indeed the last few days. I cannot realize that it is January. Some thirty of us have organized a Dramatic Club, Capt. Mendell encouraging; We'll see. I am of the Orchestra [Thompson had procured a cello]. Rec'd letters from M. A. Blunt [his former employer], and mother. The former telling me the agreeable fact that an old friend of mine [is now married]....

Jan'y 29th, 64

Cooler, and foggy, prospect of rain. Out in woods cutting corduroy for the Theatre. All progressing finely; Yesterday made some diagrams for Capt. Turnbull, of a blockhouse, having Sibley Tents on each angle on stockade, serving for a living-place and flankers.

Feb'y 9th, '64.

Tuesday.

Pleasant, copied a few tit-bits of heads, I am an artist by nature, I believe. Helped raise rafters to theatre in afternoon. Dress Parade. This page is graced by a laurel flower from Occoquan, one of the lovely places of Virginia [editor's note: an impression remains on the original page of this entry where Thompson had saved a laurel flower]. A Mass[achusetts]. band played while we were laying the bridge, and never had Music a more fitting Amphitheatre, it sounding magnificently.

The Blue Ridge has a fine and interesting appearance just at present being covered with snow, thus showing them more distinctly, and in a practical point of view being a good study for an artist. Were it not for their range of mountains, the scenery would be very tame indeed. I heard a negro say "he'd gathered corn on [one] side of the mountains and snow on the other."

SHOWTIME

"Interior of the Essayons Theater."

This watercolor depicts the interior of the Essayons Theater that members of the U.S. Engineer Battalion built for their own recreation while in winter quarters in early 1864. Thompson painted the West Point inspired landscape backdrop, and was pleased that it was "standing out finely."

quite a self-gratification, it was our work and something that is a credit to the Battal'n. The stage appeared quite neatly and pretty, my landscape scene standing out finely,—stage scenery is very simple, if one knows how. The boy's are rehearsing [The] Toodles, which will go pretty well I guess. It made me think of old times.

BRANDY STA. VA.

Feb'y 25th, '64.

Thurs.

....

The evening of the 22d we had an impromptu "gander dance," at the Theatre. I acted as sort of Manager. We had Cotillions, S[c]hottisches, Polkas, Waltzes. It was a success, all having a grand good time, Capt. Mendell kindly postponing Tattoo. No Salutes were heard. The Theatre is now completed, and too-morrow evening, [The] Toodles will be produced, &c. I am only scenic artist. My Violincello not yet arriving; a number of musicians are expected from elsewhere. Rec'd letters from mother and M. A. Blunt, my old boss. I sent my watch away to be cleaned. We are Studying Tactics, with Company Drill. On G'd.

BRANDY STA. VA.

Feb'y 16th, '64.

Tues.

Blowing like a pack of wolves. On G[uar]d yesterday. Painted a scene for our Theatre,—largest sized work of art I ever was engaged upon. Received box from home, rather in poor shape, they open things shamefully at Provo[st]' H'd Quar[ter]s., though mine was probably done on the road. Worst of all an old pitcher which mother had put some pudding in was broken, I am sorry as it was a favorite one of mine; I have a great way of thinking much of such familiar objects from association alone; why, I wouldn't take a mine for my little watch, that has done so well since leaving home, and I hope sometime to hear it ticking as of old over the old cat bed at home.

BRANDY STA. VA.

Feb'y 21st, 64.

Sunday.

Pleasant; Inspection; Sunday Service. All so-so. Since last date, one evening in our Theatre, a Mr. Rockwell lectured on "There and There in Europe," it was quite good, but the best of it all was that it seemed like times at home, and I really felt



BUILDER'S BADGE

An example of the distinctive cap badge worn by U.S. Engineers. The turreted castle was adopted as the engineers' insignia in 1839.

A BRIEF BREAK FROM THE GORE

Thompson produced this ink sketch showing a soldier on the banks of the Pamunkey River on June 10, 1864, during the operations in the vicinity of Cold Harbor, Va., and the accompanying journal entry demonstrates how the mundane and the deadly were often intertwined for the men in the ranks.

BRANDY STA. VA.

Feb'y 26th, '64.

Friday.

The event of the day is the opening of the Theatre, &c. [The] Toodles being produced, with songs, &c. The Officers were all in, and also some ladies. All went off well. The scenery looking well. This is a little different from last winter; and it is indeed a credit to the Batt'ln. All being quite well pleased.

BRANDY STA. VA.

Feb'y 27th, 64.

Sat.day.

Pleasant. Paid to-day. The Performance of last evening gave good satisfaction; all I cared was the scenery appeared well. Had a dance at Theatre.

March 3rd, '64.

Thursday.

Pleasant. Co. Drill. Theatre Night last evening, very good, "Box & Cox," "Will[iam]. Tell." "Toodles."

BRANDY STA. VA.

March 16th, 64.

Wednes.

Quite cool this morning. Last evening we had "Irish Assurance" at the Theatre. Everything went in a quiet, pleasant manner; the reason of it being the exclusion of the quartermaster's men (citizens) except those with Passes. It seemed like some family gathered together, charitable towards error, and warmly praising success. The music was better than before, but I shall veto Fritz Vogel's Flute, he plays horrible, spoiling the rest. My part is liked very well, in fact, I "played all the music," but Jake does very well, Rice is coming back with his flute, then I shall be relieved of Directorship, and be only Assistant. I am writing my Play, "Bag of Gold," not thinking of having it acted here but to amuse myself.

BRANDY STA. VA.

April 3d, '64.

Sunday.

Quite pleasant to-day. Inspection in morning, [religious] service at Theatre as usual. Arranged some music, that's all.

WOOD'S FARM.

Friday.

June 10th, '64. (7 p.m.)

Pleasant; nice little breeze. Been engaged in the very agreeable process of rejuvenation. Our late diet of pork for a few days is a little unsettling; and will continue; I hope we will have fresh beef and especially if we can cook it ourselves, take it right along. I had rather cook for myself, so had the rest. No news, as usual at the front, as far as I know. I hear less picket firing; understand the R.R. is being destroyed—which is an odd way of keeping a base of supplies in order. I guess a great deal but know nothing.



Amused myself working up the "View on the Pamunkey," will make a neat picture.

The 7th while surveying I was bullet-bound in one rifle-pit, over whose crest I was obliged to go to get into another I wished, so I resigned myself and found a good seat and watched affairs about me, and the birds interested me as much as anything, they commencing to sing in a wild and unnatural, yet gleeful way as the bullets embedded themselves in the trees or cut with a sharp spat the leaves near them; as though experiencing the same feeling as humans under fire, neither wanting to stand[,] lay down or move away, laughing in a queer way as the missiles flew past....

Mark A. Smith, a professor of history at Fort Valley State University, recently published A Volunteer in the Regulars: The Civil War Journal and Memoir of Gilbert Thompson, US Engineer Battalion. He is also the author of Engineering Security: The Corps of Engineers and Third System Defense Policy, 1815-1861. Corporal Gilbert Thompson's full journal is held at the Library of Congress (<https://www.loc.gov/item/mm81095752/>).



TO THE POINT

CIVIL WAR BAYONETS CAME IN SEVERAL SHAPES AND HAD MANY UNOFFICIAL USES



Pattern 1856 Enfield sword bayonet



Sharps & Hankin Navy Rifle sword bayonet



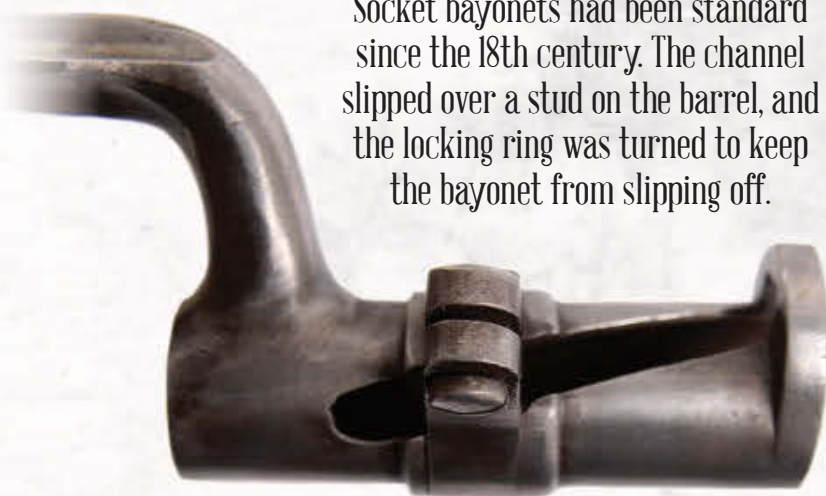
U.S. Model 1855 socket bayonet

WORDS

Saber bayonets were most often used on shorter two-band rifles, and were meant to double as weapons that could be wielded by hand if necessary. A groove in the top of the hilt, or handle, aligned with a stud on the underside of a barrel, and the muzzle ring also held the bayonet secure. Impressive to look at, but heavy and expensive to produce, saber bayonets were neither popular with the rival rank and file nor their war departments.

SOCKETS

Socket bayonets had been standard since the 18th century. The channel slipped over a stud on the barrel, and the locking ring was turned to keep the bayonet from slipping off.





IN THE 18TH AND EARLY 19th centuries, during the flintlock era, bayonets were considered a primary weapon. By the time of the Civil War, however, the percussion cap accelerated the volume and rate of fire, and bayonets lost a level of importance. It was simply much harder to get close to an enemy and use the weapon, and estimates based on available hospital records indicate less than 1 percent of wounded Civil War soldiers were injured by bayonets.

Troops were still trained in the use of the bayonet, however, and in his fictionalized memoir of Army life, *Corporal Si Klegg and His Pard*, author Wilbur Hinman humorously recalled that during a drill, “Si dexteriously managed to stick his bayonet into the eye of his comrade.”

Bayonets still could be effective weapons, as the mere sight of an oncoming line of infantry brandishing their glittering blades could cause opponents to break. Joshua Chamberlain’s 20th Maine bayonet charge on Little Round Top is a famous example of that.

And there are examples of cold steel being put to its grim purpose. Colonel Harrison Jeffords of the 4th Michigan was bayoneted to death in Gettysburg’s Wheatfield, and a Confederate at Spotsylvania grimly recounted how he and his comrades “pitched” many Union soldiers “with the bayonet right over into the ditch.”

But in general, bayonets lost their gleam during the war, and became ersatz multi-tools used to stake tents, roast meat, hold candles, or most grimly, drag the dead to their graves.



PLENTY OF STEEL

Private Parris P. Casey, 19th Alabama, has a sword bayonet affixed to his Mississippi Rifle, and his belt sags from the weight of a D-guard Bowie knife. Casey was mortally wounded at Chickamauga in 1863.

STAB AND SNAP TENT POLE

As this illustration shows, a simple way to pitch a shelter tent was to fix a bayonet, then drive it into the ground. A soldier would then pin the tent cloth under his musket’s hammer.



LIGHTSABER

Sutlers sold candle holders that could slip into a bayonet socket, above, but troops more frequently stuck a candle right into the socket.



BAYONET
EXERCISES
FOR THE
ARMY

To Capt. J. J. O'Neil

SHARP DANCING PARTNER

George McClellan's bayonet manual was first published in 1852. A New Hampshire soldier said his regiment looked like a "line of beings made up about equally of the frog, the sand-hill crane, the sentinel crab, and the grasshopper...all gone stark mad," when put through the manual's various commands.

MANUAL

OF

BAYONET EXERCISE:

PREPARED FOR THE USE OF THE

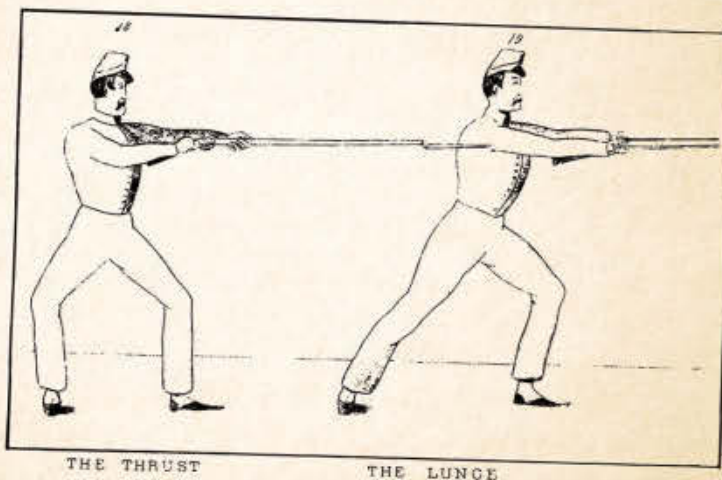
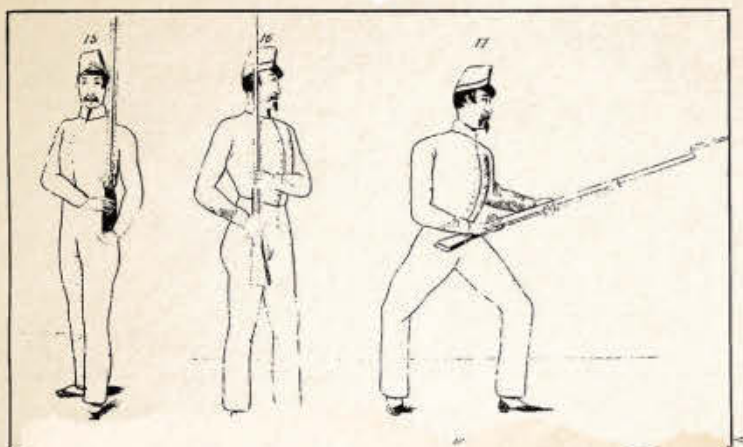
ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF U. S. ARMY.


Printed by Order of the War Department.

PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
MDCCCLXII.



CANDLES AND CORPSES

This bayonet has been bent into a hook. It may have been used to hang over a barracks bed, for example, with a candle in its socket. Soldiers on battlefield burial details would also bend cast-off bayonets into hooks in order to grab onto the accoutrement belts of dead soldiers and drag them to hastily dug graves.



TEDDY ROOSEVELT SPORTED A LARGE TATTOO ON HIS CHEST THAT DEPICTED...

His famed horse
'Little Texas,'
the Roosevelt
family crest, a U.S.
flag planted atop
San Juan Hill or
a trio of entwined
mermaids?

For more, visit
[WWW.HISTORYNET.COM/
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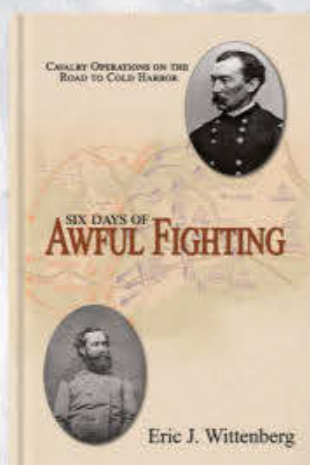
ANSWER: THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY CREST.
OTHER PRESIDENTS PURPORTEDLY HAD
TATTOOS. ANDREW JACKSON WAS SAID
TO HAVE HAD A TOMAHAWK TATTOOED
ON HIS THIGH, WHILE JAMES POLK
REPORTEDLY HAD A TATTOO OF THE
CHINESE CHARACTER MEANING "EAGER."



NO REST FOR MAN OR BEAST

REVIEWED BY JAMES R. JEWELL

Due largely to the titanic conflict that raged almost continuously between Union forces commanded by Lt. Gen. U.S. Grant and Confederate General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia during the Overland Campaign, little has been written about the cavalry operations between the Battle of Yellow Tavern on May 11, where Confederate Maj. Gen. J.E.B. Stuart was mortally wounded, and the Battle of Trevilian Station a month later. This is especially true, according to author Eric Wittenberg, for the six days leading up to the slaughter at Cold Harbor on June 1. During those six days the opposing cavalry corps "slugged it out at places like Hanover Court House, Matadequin Creek, Hanover Court House, and the first encounters at Cold Harbor. The largest encounter, the Battle of Haw's Shop, which occurred on May 28, receives the most coverage in Wittenberg's book—62 pages—for good reason.



Six Days of Awful Fighting: Cavalry Operations on the Road to Cold Harbor
By Eric J. Wittenberg
Fox Run Publishing,
2021, \$19.95

The author set out to put those "largely overlooked cavalry battles" in the context of the coming battle at Cold Harbor, which he argues cannot be understood "unless one also understands how the armies got there." A theme effectively woven throughout this book is how the nature of cavalry fighting changed during the six days referred to in the title. The arrival of Maj. Gen. Phil Sheridan and Brig. Gen. Alfred T.A. Torbert, among other former infantry officers, meant the Union cavalry's metamorphosis had already begun before the Overland Campaign started. Stuart's death and the ascendance of Wade Hampton to command of the Army of Northern Virginia's Cavalry Corps meant it would follow suit, out of necessity. Much of the fighting that took place between May 27 and June 1 saw both sides using their cavalry more as infantry.

Wittenberg effectively demonstrates Sheridan's "troopers performed admirably, fighting

CRACKING PISTOLS, SLASHING SABERS

Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton's troopers slam into Brig. Gen. George Custer's cavalry during the June 11-12, 1864, Battle of Trevilian Station. Custer was surrounded and nearly lost his command.

and marching constantly and getting the better of their foes in all of the engagements discussed in this book" in part because he and some of his officers "thought more like foot soldiers than they did cavalrymen." However, "his tactics were unimaginative and relied heavily on the combination of an advantage in manpower and the superior technology of the Spencer carbines."

As the narrative unfolds, these limitations resulted in Sheridan failing at his primary mission "to find the main body of the Army of Northern Virginia"—in no small part because Confederate cavalry under Hampton "became extremely effective at fighting dismounted. While Sheridan's cavalry had gained the upper hand on the Rebel troopers in general, Hampton's men remained a dangerous force, quite capable of defeating their foe, as became clear later at Trevilian Station.

Two technical observations worth mentioning: First, Wittenberg makes maximum use of footnotes over endnotes by including roughly two dozen biographies of varying length of lesser-known participants in the events of those six days. Doing so supplements rather than detracts from the narrative, as endnotes would have done. Second, there are 25 detailed maps that are, with one minor exception, very helpful for tracking unit movement. The absence of any compass on the maps, however, does make it unnecessarily challenging to match the author's east-west, north-south descriptions on the maps.

Six Days of Awful Fighting delivers the expected from Eric Wittenberg; admirably researched first-person accounts used effectively to show the chaos and violence of cavalry warfare and its impact on the movements of both armies leading to the bloodbath at Cold Harbor.

SEABOARD CIVIL WAR

REVIEWED BY GORDON BERG

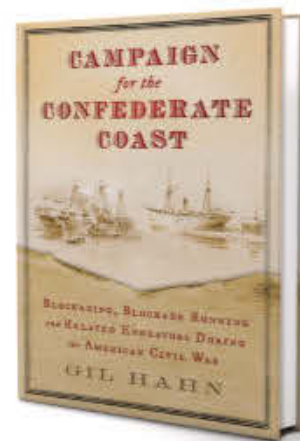
The Civil War was primarily a land war. But from the outset, Union planners knew that control of the Atlantic and Gulf coastlines of the Confederate states would be crucial if the war was to be brought to a successful conclusion. Trade with foreign countries was vital for the Confederacy because of its limited industrial capacity and dependence on cotton exports for revenue. Indeed, President Lincoln quickly ordered that "the plan for making the Blockade effective be pushed forward with all possible dispatch."

Independent historian Gil Hahn has brought his enthusiasm for all things nautical to bear on how the Union sought to gain hegemony along the southern coastlines and the ways the Confederacy tried to overcome Federal blockading efforts and keep its commercial lifelines open. Indeed, he maintains, "If the Federals failed to mount the blockade or had maintained it less rigorously, the Confederates might have become more capable of resisting the Federal invasions, and the Confederate population generally might have been less burdened by the hardships of war, which could have prolonged a military stalemate and led to a negotiated peace—meaning a Confederate victory."

Hahn argues that blockade running went through different phases "distinguished by the types of vessels that were running the blockade and the places from which those vessels came." He breaks these phases down to a continuance of coastal traffic that was active before the war; sailing ships carrying cargo into major Southern ports before the Federal blockade became effective; and finally "steam vessels that were built for the purpose of running the blockade." Many of these shallow draft, low profile, steam powered craft were built in England specifically to run an ever-tightening Union presence along the Atlantic and Gulf coastlines. Two of Hahn's most interesting chapters deal with planning and maintaining the blockade and the blockade-running tactics employed by enterprising captains engaged in an increasingly lucrative occupation.

The Confederacy employed a variety of strategies to blunt the effectiveness of the Union blockade. Hahn details four of them: Improving coastal defenses to keep major southern ports open; employing privateers and merchant raiders to prey upon Union commerce on the high seas; commissioning the construction of ironclads to counter a similar buildup of Federal vessels; and the use of torpedoes, torpedo boats, and, of course, the *Hunley*, the first submarine to actually sink an enemy ship. But because of the Confederacy's limited industrial capacity, Hahn concludes "they started many more projects than they completed."

The war on the water inevitably brought both belligerents into potential conflict with foreign, neutral, powers. "Various international issues," Hahn asserts, "arose throughout the war and threatened to alter its course." In addition to the obvious issues that arose with Great Britain over interpretations of international law, Hahn includes problems that arose with Mexico because southern cotton was also being exported through the port of Matamoras.



Campaign for the Confederate Coast: Blockading, Blockade Running, and Related Endeavors During the American Civil War

By Gil Hahn

West 88th Street Press,
2021, \$21.95

HEART OF A REGIMENT

REVIEWED BY GORDON BERG

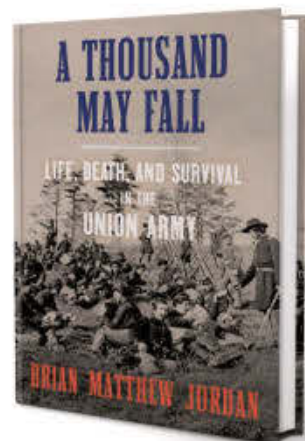
This is the story of the 107th Ohio Infantry, just more than a thousand men in an army of just over two million, and mainly composed of ethnic Germans from northeast Ohio. It's the story of fear, perseverance, and dedication to duty. Brian Jordan crafts a saga faithful to the reality lived by the men of the 107th. "Tracking a single regiment," Jordan maintains, "shifts our angle of vision, allowing us to measure the Civil War on a more intimate, human scale."

Their story consists of the unit's training at Camp Cleveland in the fall of 1862; its arrival in the Army of the Potomac just in time for Ambrose Burnside's ill-fated Mud March and the bitterly cold winter camp that came after; its infamous rout after the famous flank attack by Stonewall Jackson's roaring rebels at Chancellorsville; another pumeling on Blocher's Knoll at Gettysburg; and, finally, its exile to a side stage of the war in the swamps of Florida and the mosquito-infested sandbars of South Carolina. While the armies of Grant and Sherman smashed the Confederacy into submission and paraded down Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C., the 107th ended their war camped in a small rice swamp on the banks of the Cooper River near Charleston, S.C.

That's the bare-bones skeleton of any good regimental history. But Jordan digs deeper and gets beyond the familiar descriptions of camp life, campaigns, and casualties. He resuscitates the regiment's beating heart by resurrecting the individuals who inhabited the unit's blue uniforms. And that's what makes this regimental history great. From the treasure trove of military records in the National Archives to a singular diary in the

Wayne County Public Library in Wooster, Ohio, Jordan has constructed a humanistic history of how ordinary men became soldiers under extraordinary circumstances none could have foreseen. Jordan introduces them to us by name; we learn their backstories and their unique experiences during two years and ten months of service. And we learn of the struggles of the survivors, many maimed in body and soul, to reintegrate into the civilian world after their life changing experiences of war.

Jordan has an unfailing eye for the appropriate anecdote. When necessary, he incorporates information from sister regiments brigaded with the 107th, and he writes with a respect that honors the lives he chronicles. In the decades after the war, Jordan concludes, "popular narratives lost sight of the human and emotional realities of combat—the doubt, fear, exhaustion, guilt, and a sense of betrayal that animated the rank and file during and long after the Civil War." Jordan keeps these realities in precise focus. In giving the men of the 107th their hard-earned place in history, Jordan has set a high bar for future historians to meet and a template for exceptional historians to follow.



A Thousand May Fall:
Life, Death, and Survival
in the Union Army

By Brian M. Jordan
Liveright, 2021, \$28.95

WHAT ARE YOU READING?



JOE LAFLEUR

VOLUNTEER EXTRAORDINAIRE FOR THE FRIENDS OF THE WILDERNESS BATTLEFIELD, AVID BATTLEFIELD DOG WALKER.

I'm reading War Stuff: The Struggle for Human and Environmental Resources in the American Civil War, by Joan E. Cashin. She corrals this vast topic into such basic material resources as food, timber, and housing along with the skills of white Southern civilians. It's sobering to read about the annihilation of towns near and dear to me and all the civilians becoming corpses or refugees. Both armies snatched what they needed from humans and the environment, and in this battle between armies and the civilians (spoiler alert), the civilians lose miserably. The result of this competition for resources: home invasion and total destruction, stark deforestation, extensive hunger and starvation, and the tearing and dissolution of the very fabrics of Southern society. There's a lot of important stuff within War Stuff. Cashin has both given us a new perspective and a much fuller picture of this grappling between soldiers and civilians to provide a better understanding of the war as a whole.



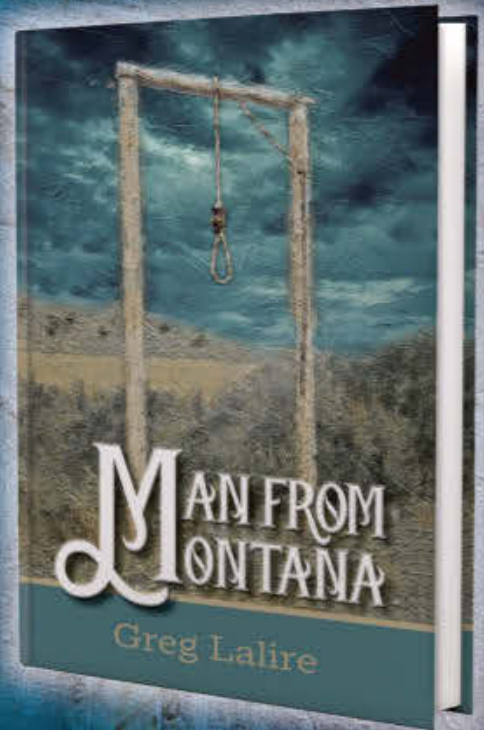
War Stuff: The Struggle for Human and Environmental Resources in the American Civil War

By Joan Cashin
Cambridge University Press, 2018

From Gregory Lalire,
the editor of

WILD WEST

MAGAZINE



MAN FROM MONTANA

BY GREGORY J. LALIRE

This historical novel follows adventurer Woodie Hart to the violent goldfields of what would become Montana Territory. Woodie discovers the boomtowns of Virginia City, Bannack and Hell Gate and faces the twin terrors of road agents looking to get rich quick and vigilantes intent on dishing out cruel justice.

PRICE: \$25.95 / 370 PAGES
HARDCOVER (5.5 X 8.5) / ISBN13: 9781432871178
TIFFANY.SCHOFIELD@CENGAGE.COM
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TROOPER IN THE SHADOWS

REVIEWED BY GORDON BERG

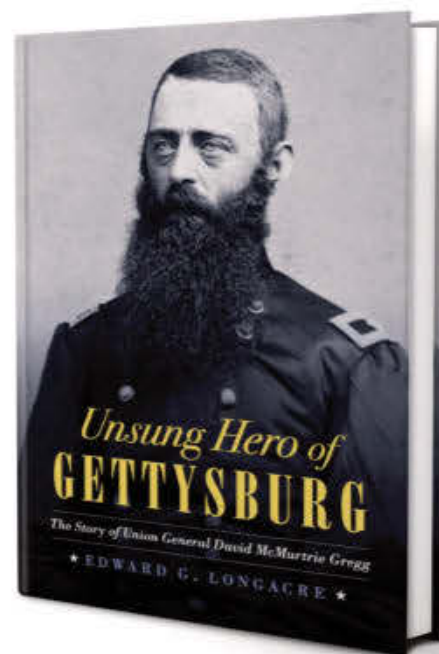
“Come on, you Wolverines,” has come down through history as the iconic cry associated with a cavalry action behind Union lines on the final day of the Battle of Gettysburg. While vainglorious George Armstrong Custer will forever be linked to that pivotal engagement in East Cavalry Field, the man whose cool, steady leadership ensured the Federal victory that day has long been overlooked by history. But no longer.

Thanks to veteran Civil War historian Edward Longacre, David McMurtrie Gregg will finally get his deserved day in the spotlight. According to Longacre, Gregg “stands today as the *beau ideal* of a Civil War cavalryman.”

So why has a figure as accomplished as Gregg eluded detailed historical examination? Longacre posits that “Gregg’s modesty and disdain for self-promotion factored into his being overlooked by those who furthered the careers of Civil War commanders.” A professional soldier, Gregg graduated West Point in 1855 and established a solid record in the prewar army. Like hundreds of other officers, Captain Gregg resigned his commission at the outbreak of the Civil War to accept a higher rank as an officer of volunteers. He was commissioned colonel in the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry and, according to Longacre, “transformed the underachieving unit into one of the most proficient mounted units in the Army of the Potomac.” Just before Gettysburg, Gregg was appointed brigadier general to lead the 2nd Cavalry Division.

On the morning of July 3, Gregg’s 2,500 horsemen, augmented by 1,800 Michigan troopers from Custer’s brigade, found themselves behind the Union right flank, guarding the intersection of the Hanover and Low Dutch roads, critical escape routes should the Army of the Potomac need to withdraw. With Confederate cannons signaling the beginning of Pickett’s Charge, Gregg’s command was suddenly set upon by 4,500 gray riders under J.E.B. Stuart, Robert E. Lee’s most accomplished cavalry commander. When dusk finally brought an end to the desperate fight, Stuart withdrew. “David McMurtrie Gregg,” Longacre concludes, “more than any other man on the field, including George Custer, had seen to it.”

Controversies beset Gregg during his career and Longacre carefully dis-



Unsung Hero of Gettysburg:
The Story of Union General
David McMurtrie Gregg

By Edward Longacre

Potomac Books, 2121, \$34.95

sects them, including possible tactical mistakes during the battle of Second Brandy Station. Also, army headquarters held him responsible for failing to warn General Meade of Lee’s attempt to turn his left flank and interpose his army between the Federals and Washington, D.C., during the Overland Campaign. Longacre also documents Gregg’s commendable work in the Wilderness at Todd’s Tavern and Haw’s Shop; also his command of cavalry during the Petersburg Campaign while the cream of the Union’s cavalry corps was in the Shenandoah Valley with General Philip Sheridan.

In February 1865, Gregg abruptly resigned from both the regular and volunteer army; he never fully explained why. He died on August 7, 1916, at age 83. Longacre concedes that Gregg was no military innovator—“he pioneered no body of tactics, created no new formations—but he absorbed and exploited the full lessons he and other mounted leaders learned in action.” Gregg would probably have considered that an appropriate epitaph.



FOOTNOTE

During the advance to Gettysburg, Gregg came across a Pennsylvania heavy artillery unit that had been at Frederick, Md., and had fled as J.E.B. Stuart approached. Gregg ordered the unit, commanded by Captain William Rank and outfitted with two 3-inch Ordnance Rifles to guard a Baltimore & Ohio Railroad junction, to come with his cavalry. The gunners performed admirable service on July 2 east of Gettysburg, and helped keep the Stonewall Brigade out of the evening attack on Culp’s Hill.

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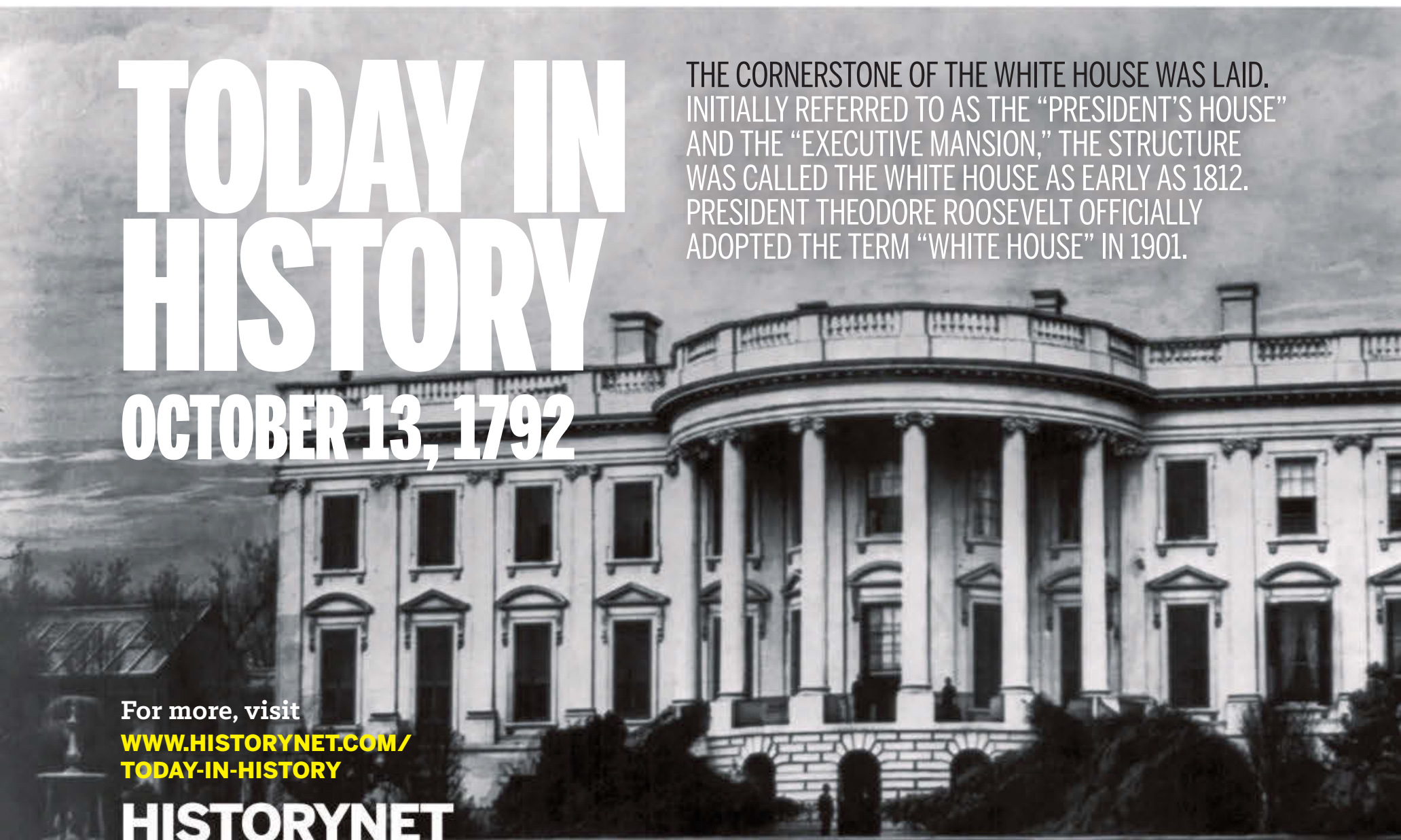


TODAY IN HISTORY OCTOBER 13, 1792

THE CORNERSTONE OF THE WHITE HOUSE WAS LAID. INITIALLY REFERRED TO AS THE "PRESIDENT'S HOUSE" AND THE "EXECUTIVE MANSION," THE STRUCTURE WAS CALLED THE WHITE HOUSE AS EARLY AS 1812. PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT OFFICIALLY ADOPTED THE TERM "WHITE HOUSE" IN 1901.

For more, visit
[WWW.HISTORYNET.COM/
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HISTORYNET





*The 6th Michigan Infantry leaves
Kalamazoo, Mich., on August 26, 1861.*

ONE TOWN'S STORY

REVIEWED BY GEORGE SKOCH

Author Gary L. Gibson sets out to close a gap he has detected in the voluminous literature of Civil War history. “Unfortunately,” he writes, “there have not been very many books about what went on in the small, close-knit communities of the Midwest.” With his diminutive volume, *Kalamazoo County and the Civil War*, in under 200 pages, Gibson succeeds admirably in filling this void.

His recent addition to the library of books published by The History Press checks the boxes for profusely illustrated hometown narratives that are the hallmarks of this series.

Gibson has mined a wide range of sources to produce his concise, well-documented account. Though he freely admits his disappointment “to learn that there is very little in the way of letters and diaries kept by county residents that are accessible....”

To make up for this lack of personal memoirs, Gibson scoured government records and archives, local newspapers, and other periodicals. As a result, all nine chapters of his book are spiced with a satisfying blend of human interest stories. We learn, for instance, that Abraham Lincoln’s only visit to Michigan was in Kalamazoo, where he spoke on behalf of presidential candidate John C. Fremont on July 24, 1856. Gibson includes the full text of Lincoln’s address.

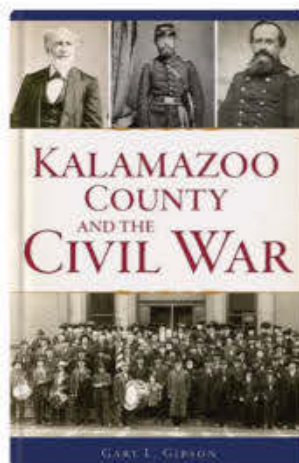
This book is not without humor. In a chapter titled *The Home Front*, Gibson gives an account of the State Agricultural Fair held in Kalamazoo in September 1864. Among the many booths erected to raise funds for soldiers aid was one that included a ballot box. “For twenty-five cents,”

writes Gibson, “a patron could cast a straw ballot for President of the United States. The result of the election was 260 for Republican Abraham Lincoln, 116 for Democrat General George McClellan...and one for Confederate General Robert E. Lee.”

In his chapter titled *Stories of the Veterans*, Gibson entertains readers with a baker’s-dozen stories, each with a unique twist. And his chapter on *The Postwar Years* mingles an array of what Gibson calls “interesting details” about veterans buried at the G.A.R. lot in Kalamazoo’s Riverside Cemetery. One fellow, for instance, had died while sitting in a downtown bar. “He was dead for an hour,” notes Gibson, “before it was discovered that he had died.” Another veteran was buried “holding an urn containing the cremated remains of his beloved wife.”

Without doubt the homespun nature of this book is rewarding and “relevant on a local and personal level.” This attribute, however, can also be a restriction for readers who live beyond the borders of Kalamazoo County. This Ohio-based reviewer, for one, was left to puzzle each time the author cited a specific address, or highway intersection. This occurs on more than a dozen pages. A map(s) to guide the reader along these byways would have helped.

“Sometimes,” writes Gibson, “we forget the human side of great events.” His current volume does honor to the “More than 3,000 Kalamazoo County men [who] served in the Union forces during the Civil War...and 396 [who] did not return home.” We can hope his book will be the model for other Civil War books “about the small, close-knit communities of the Midwest.”



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