

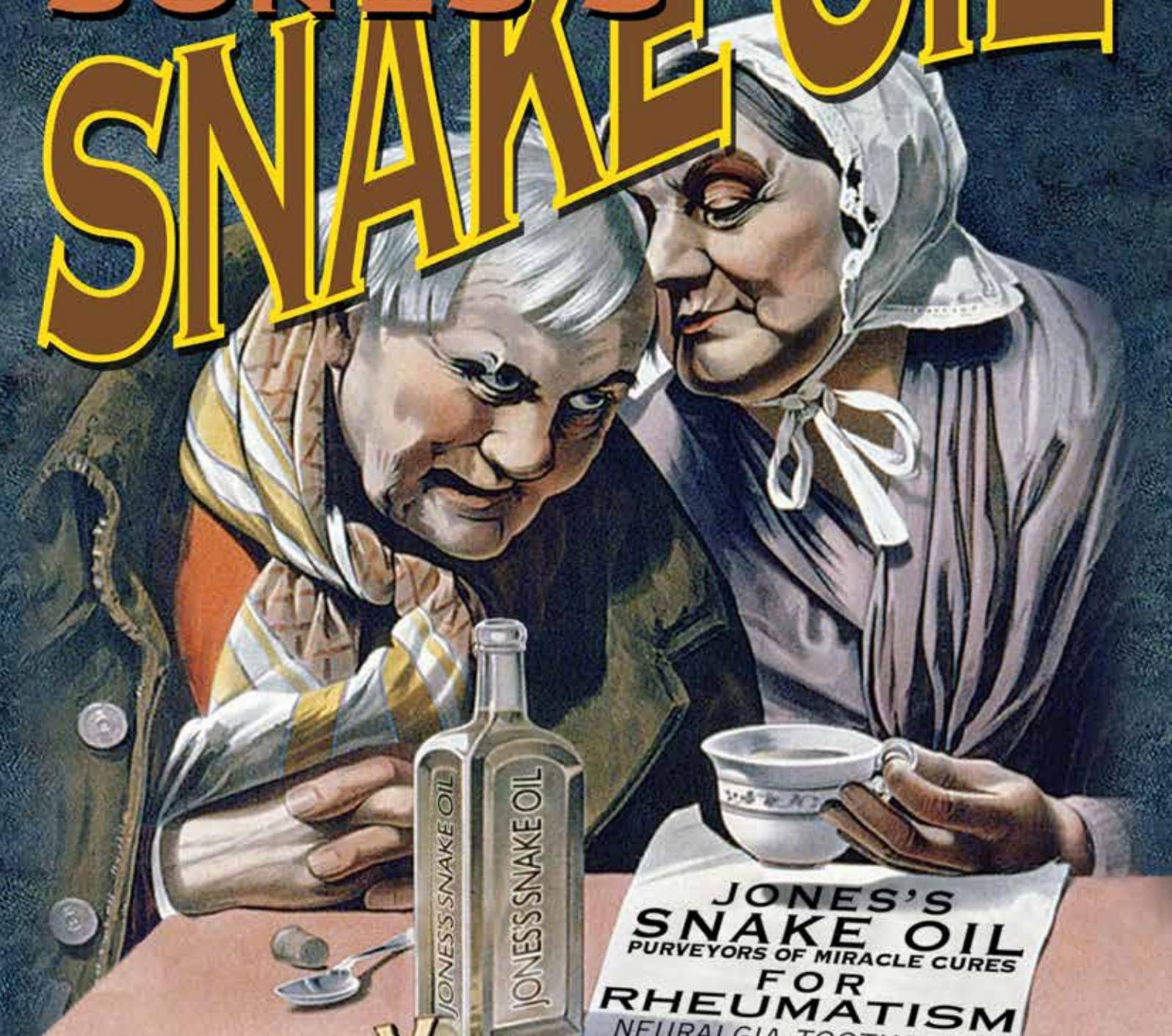


CROSSFIRE

The Magazine of the American Civil War Round Table (UK)

JONES'S

SNAKE OIL



**JONES'S
 SNAKE OIL**
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Additional information about the ACWRT (UK), and articles that have been published in the current and past issues, can be found on the Round Table's website, www.americancivilwar.org.uk

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- Forthcoming activities: Meetings Secretary
- Articles for publication, letters for correspondence page: Editor

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President's report

by Mike Somerville

Welcome everyone to my first Crossfire President's Report. Two weeks ago I sent my original text to Greg and life was normal and we were readying ourselves for Conference in April, now I am revising it to reflect the extraordinary events of the last fortnight as Europe and then the UK and most of the USA have gone into social and economic lockdown due to Covid-19. We had been contemplating alternative plans for our annual Conference if the epidemic worsened, and had already concluded that we needed to cancel a few days before the travel ban from America and the closure of venues by the British government then forced our hand anyway. The health of all concerned must of course come first. We will be monitoring the situation as it develops, and take further decisions on our future events and activities as the relevant facts become available. The future is uncertain, and I don't intend to dwell further on the subject here, all we can do is hope for normality to be resumed as soon as possible.

On the positive side, if you are practising social distancing then you have more time to spend reading 'Crossfire'. The magazine is one of our most important products, and one which sets us apart from many other Civil War Round Tables in the quality of its articles and production values under Greg's editorship. We do however live in

a digital rather than a paper age, and for some time now the Committee has been considering various options for making a digital version available. Making the extensive and excellent research in back issues more readily available represents a great opportunity for the educational part of our charitable remit. For the fiftieth anniversary of the Round Table we did look into making back issues of Crossfire available on CD/DVD. But many of the articles in the early issues were not perhaps of the quality we have now come to expect of Crossfire, and of course the news items not even of academic interest. We concluded that we were not sure whether enough members would buy a physical disk to cover the cost of production. Making a digital version of Crossfire back issues available online via our website seems to be a more attractive solution. One problem is that receiving the three issues of 'Crossfire' we produce each year is one of the key privileges of being an active member of the Round Table, and therefore not something we want to give away. An ideal solution would probably involve having some form of 'members only area' which would allow access to recent issues of Crossfire (and to Vedette our e-newsletter), while extending the quantity of older material available to the general public.

Neil Morley, our new webmaster, is investigating technical solutions to this, which would need some fairly extensive changes to our existing website. This has not been changed since originally developed nine years ago, so is perhaps overdue some refurbishment. Another feature we could consider introducing that our treasurer Brendan Meehan has looked into is a means of taking online payments for membership and meeting fees. There would need to be a small charge for this, but not that much more than the cost of a stamp and an envelope! In the modern world our website is a key asset, so my view is that we should invest in improving it, while making sure that the money is well spent. However, we would need a professional web designer to do the work, so there are not insignificant financial costs that will need to be approved. So you, the members, have an important part to play in this, and the Committee would very much like to hear your views on how the website should or could be improved, including your thoughts on digitising Crossfire. Please send your ideas to myself, Greg or Neil, our contact details are on the website.

Stay calm, keep safe, and enjoy the new issue

Mike Somerville

Meeting Dates for 2020



- 24-26 April** Conference: Gettysburg's Forgotten Battles. PLACES STILL AVAILABLE! Contact Peter Lockwood at Old Country Tours. Main speakers are Scott Mengis and Eric J Wittenberg, with Erick Bush and another (surprise) also speaking.
- 18 July** – Graham Whitham - Drawing the War: Correspondent Artists, Illustrated Newspapers & Authenticity
- 19 September** - Speaker To Be Confirmed.
- 16-18 October** -Field Trip. PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF DATE! Metz & Sedan Franco Prussian War 1870
- 14 November** - AGM. VOLUNTEERS TO SPEAK WELCOME!!!
- 19 December** - (Saturday) - Christmas Lunch at Union Jack Club.

Editors Report

Controversy reigns!!! by Greg Bayne

When Tony Daly submitted his Fort Pillow article, I nearly sent it back after the first run through. I disagreed and thought it was factually incorrect. In it he outlines the initial attack and then refutes the “massacre” theory. My understanding of the event is that there was a massacre. So what are my choices? Shout “Fake News” and move on or seek more information? Of course, I chose the latter and in true editorial spirit, I leave the reader with a cliff-hanger. Lack of time up to publication has not allowed me sufficient space to dig deep. And by digging I mean further than Wikipedia and the NPS websites. I have the greatest respect for Tony, if he is right or wrong then research will tell, but whatever the outcome I will always support his right to comment within these pages. I haven’t “trod the ground” there nor have I “read the book” so until I am ready to comment I cannot. Time to ask the big-guns for their views. 500 to 1000 words will suffice if you don’t mind.

Anyway welcome to the Spring issue of Crossfire. Hopefully you are surviving Covid-19. Our household is split, Mr B is in a panic and has scoured every chemist in a 20 mile radius for sanitiser. We have a spare room full of toilet rolls (actually bought for Brexit!) and enough beans to keep the AoP supplied for three days route march. I am a realist. It is coming and we will get it. My plan is to duvet down with whisky. If you can’t rub it on your hands to kill it, I plan to drown it. My thoughts have gone back to the many soldiers that died of disease in the ACW. Governments don’t seem to learn histories lessons do they? This issue continues to push our agenda. Articles by our members for our members plus a smattering of US contributors. And good they are too. I



The Fort Pillow Massacre, 1892 Chromolithograph, Kurz and Allison Fray Angélico Chávez History Library

asked John Murray if he had anything about Manxmen at Gettysburg and he had. Charles Priestley has come up trumps with a story sparked by an actual soldiers’ letter. He has been able to thread together a story and we bring it here for you. Maurice Rigby has been recovering from an operation but he managed to bring Alabama Crewman Gitsinger to life. I warned to him and felt that if he came into my local, he might just be one of my drinking chums.

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The Battle of Springfield, Missouri, January 8, 1863

by William Garrett Piston — *Professor Emeritus, Missouri State University*

During the American Civil War, President Abraham Lincoln's administration made opening the Mississippi River its highest priority in the West, a policy that directly or indirectly produced some of the most famous struggles of the conflict, including the battles of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and the siege of Vicksburg. Missourians played a continuing role in this effort, not only by supplying troops for the Union army, but also by developing St. Louis into a major manufacturing and supply center. In addition, the city had critical construction and repair facilities for the Union's formidable fleet of river ironclads. But there was a "back door" to St. Louis, a critical inland transportation corridor. A rail line connected St. Louis with Rolla, Missouri, 120 miles to the southwest. The tracks gave way to narrow unpaved roads and a traveler required several days to reach Springfield, Missouri, 122 miles further southwest. From Springfield the road led southwest into Arkansas to Fayetteville, another eighty miles. The route then crossed the steep Boston Mountains to reach Fort Smith on the Arkansas River, a distance of more than 160 miles. Fort Smith bordered the Indian Territory. Tens of thousands of soldiers tramped the corridor in a struggle to control it, a struggle that resulted in battles fought at Wilson's Creek in Missouri (August 10, 1861) and Pea Ridge in Arkansas (March 7-8, 1862). As 1862 drew to a close, Union forces had reached the region around Fayetteville. Then Confederates under Major General Thomas C. Carmichael advanced against them, fighting a desperate battle at Prairie Grove, Arkansas, on December 7, 1862. Hindman was badly defeated and withdrew. In an effort to distract the Federals, and perhaps panic them into withdrawing back to Missouri, Hindman ordered a portion of his cavalry to threaten the transportation corridor on which the Federals depended for supplies. The result was a battle at Springfield, Missouri on January 8, 1863.

Hindman chose Brigadier General John Sappington Marmaduke to lead the raid. A native Missourian, the twenty-nine-year-old Marmaduke was educated at Yale, Harvard, and the United States Military Academy at West Point. After brief service in the U.S. Army he resigned his commission and was a growing hemp, used to make rope and twine, when the war broke out. He earned his brigadier's star following the battle of Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862, and commanded the Fourth (Cavalry) Division in Hindman's Army of the Trans-Mississippi. "Marmaduke looked the beau ideal his name connoted," writes one historian. "A handsome six-footer with small hands and feet, he sat his horse with a consummate grace. His eyes were kindly and intelligent, his moustache and beard soft. Fine hair was brushed smoothly down on his head and flared in a glorious ruffle around the back of his collar."

The largest element in Marmaduke's raiding force was Colonel Jo Shelby's 1,600-man "Iron Brigade." A native of Kentucky, Joseph Orville Shelby was thirty-two years old. After attending Kentucky's Transylvania University, he moved with his family to Missouri and was an active participant in "Bleeding Kansas," the efforts to bring neighboring Kansas into the Union as a slave state. In 1861 he equipped a cavalry company

at his own expense, leading it at Wilson's Creek and Pea Ridge, as well as other engagements. Like Marmaduke, Shelby wore his dark hair long. His admiring adjutant, John Edwards, described him thus: "In his large grey eyes were depths of tenderness; and ambition, and love, and passion all were there. The square, massive lower face, hidden by its thick, brown beard was sometimes hard and pitiless – and sometimes softened by the genial smiles breaking over his features and melting away all anger suddenly. Extremes met in his disposition, and conflicting natures warred within his breast. He was all hilarity, or all dignity and discipline."

Shelby's Brigade consisted of three experienced cavalry units. The First Missouri (Lieutenant Colonel B. Frank Gordon), Second Missouri (Lieutenant Colonel Charles A. Gilkey), and the Third Missouri (Colonel Gideon W. Thompson). They were supported by a picked company of scouts led by Major Benjamin Elliott and by Quantrill's Cavalry Company. The later unit, commanded by the infamous William Clarke Quantrill, had enlisted in Confederate service on August 15, 1862, and was assigned to the Army of the Trans-Mississippi in November. First Lieutenant William H. Gregg led the men in Quantrill's temporary absence.

Colonel Emmett MacDonald's regiment

added another 270 horsemen to Marmaduke's force. Sometimes designated the Tenth Missouri Cavalry, the under-strength unit was more often labeled MacDonald's Regiment. The twenty-six-year-old MacDonald was a native of Steubenville, Ohio, who had moved to St. Louis in the 1850s. A veteran of fighting at Wilson's Creek, Pea Ridge, and Prairie Grove, the handsome, long-haired MacDonald was noted for his integrity. For artillery support the expedition had a section of two guns commanded by First Lieutenant Richard A. Collins.

Recent campaigning had so exhausted Marmaduke's horsemen that his expedition was a desperate gamble. Marmaduke warned Hindman that "the men were indifferently armed and equipped, thinly clad, many without shoes and horses, [and they] marched without baggage wagons or cooking utensils, carrying all they had on their horses. . . . The horses were worn by continued and active service of many months; were, for the most part, unshod, very poor, and unfit for any service." Despite these shortcomings, Marmaduke's men rode out of their camps at Lewisburg, Arkansas, on December 31, 1862. His total force numbered about 2,300 men. "I determined at least to threaten Springfield," Marmaduke recalled, "and operate in the country between there and

Rolla, and create the impression that the force was sufficiently large to take and hold the country." By striking the enemy "in the rear or flank," he might panic the Federals into withdrawing their "heavy masses (infantry, cavalry, artillery) . . . then moving toward the Arkansas River, back into Missouri." At almost the last minute, Marmaduke learned that he would be joined by Colonel Joseph C. Porter's 700-man cavalry brigade encamped at Pocahontas, Arkansas, some 100 miles northeast of Lewisburg. Marmaduke ordered Porter to meet him at on January 9 at Hartville, Missouri. From Hartville the raiders might threaten either Springfield or Rolla, the two major Federal supply depots on the inland transportation corridor.

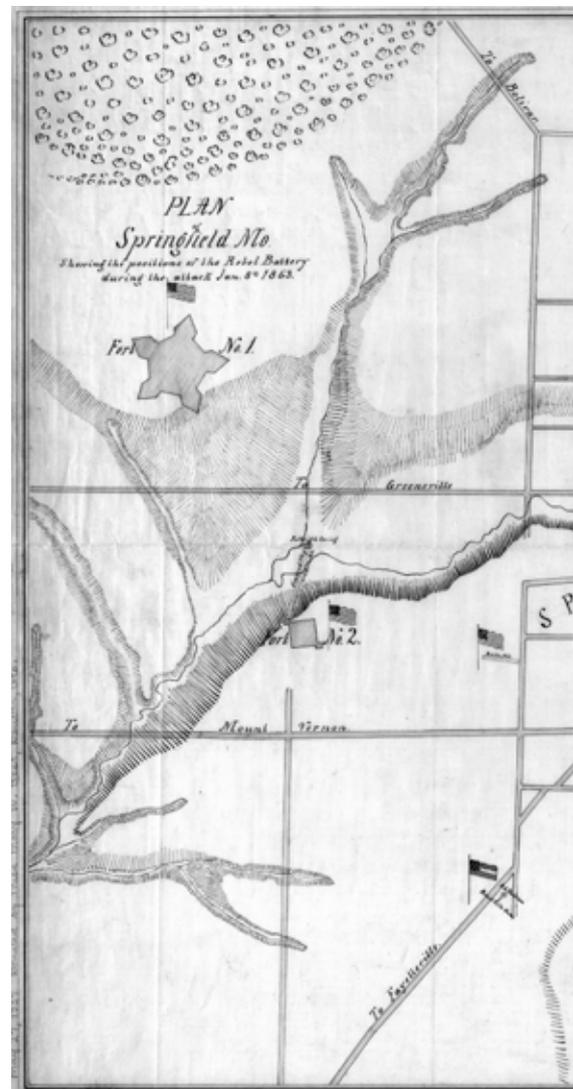
Marmaduke advanced in two columns, his own and Porter's, to fool the enemy about the size and destination of his force. This made it easier for the raiders to subsist from the countryside. Despite cold and rain, Marmaduke's column reached Forsyth, Missouri, on the evening of January 6. There he received valuable intelligence. "From scouts and other sources," he recalled, "I learned that Springfield, with its rich army stores, was weakly garrisoned, though strongly fortified, and if surprised, I thought it could be captured. I determined to attack it." Marmaduke's decision made sense. The supplies in Springfield were critical to Federal operations in Arkansas, and their destruction offered Marmaduke the best hope of causing a Federal withdrawal. He immediately sent couriers to locate Porter and redirect his column to Springfield as quickly as possible. But after consulting with his officers, Marmaduke also decided that he must first capture the Federal outposts his scouts had reported to be at Ozark and Lawrence's Mill, two key locations along the approach routes to Springfield. He accompanied Shelby against the former while MacDonald moved against the latter. Both were captured with little difficulty because their small garrisons fled, but the escaping Union soldiers spread the alarm. Word of Marmaduke's approach thus reached Springfield.

The seat of Greene County in the southwest corner of Missouri, Springfield had a very spacious town square. More than forty major buildings lining the main avenues. Springfield was a growing town with 1,339 white residents inhabiting 266 dwellings by 1860. Most of the white residents traced

their ancestry to Virginia, Kentucky, or Tennessee. Slavery did not dominate the economy, but it was a significant part of life in Springfield and Greene County. By the second winter of the war a large proportion of the town's menfolk were absent, fighting on both sides in the conflict. A majority of Greene County's residents were Unionists, but perhaps forty percent favored the Confederacy. Springfield changed hands several times early the war, causing half the structures in the town to be vandalized, abandoned, or destroyed. A Union soldier observed in a letter: "I learn from persons here that Springfield was a very nice place before the war broke out, and I presume it is correct as I see many evidences of destruction and desolation. Chimneys and foundations are all that are left of places that not long ago seem to have been good residences. It looks as though there had been a war here." Another Union soldier wrote: "No place that I have seen tells so fearfully of the dread effects of war as Springfield."

Despite its importance, the Federal authorities made no attempt to fortify Springfield until August 1862. Engineers designed a system of five numbered earthwork forts meant to be supplemented by trenches or rifle pits, but the system was far from complete as winter approached. Once construction began, the responsibility fell upon the commander of the District of Southwest Missouri, Brigadier General Egbert Benson Brown, whose headquarters were in the town. Brown was a forty-seven-year-old native of New York, who moved to Toledo, Ohio, where he served as city clerk, councilman, and mayor. Moving to St. Louis in 1852, he dabbled in railroad enterprises. Stocky in build and mostly bald, with a fan-shaped beard and a shaven upper lip, he joined the Union army at the conflict's outbreak. Brown had three types of forces to defend Springfield. First there were the United States Volunteers, the state-raised units that made up the vast majority of Union troops fighting the Civil War. He also had elements of the Missouri State Militia, a force raised by the state to combat guerrillas. Finally, Brown could call upon the Enrolled Missouri Militia, an emergency defense force made up of loyal Missouri citizens, subject to short-term service.

Prior to January 1863 there had been no serious threat to Springfield, but this changed on the afternoon of the 7th



Springfield

when messengers riding ahead of the fugitives from Ozark and Lawrence's Mill brought word that Marmaduke was on the way north with some 4,000 to 6,000 men. Brown may have suspected the numbers reported were exaggerated, but his situation was certainly dire. Springfield's garrison consisted of only one green volunteer unit, the Eighteenth Iowa Infantry, and two veteran militia regiments, the Third and Fourth Missouri State Militia Cavalry, for a total of only 1,120 men. Brown immediately alerted the military authorities in St. Louis of the situation and sent messengers call out the Enrolled Missouri Militia, whose commanding officers were already in Springfield. Brigadier General Colley B. Holland was in charge of the Fourth Enrolled Missouri Militia District. Colonel Henry Sheppard led the Seventy-second Enrolled Missouri Militia, while Colonel Marcus Boyd commanded the Seventy-fourth Enrolled Missouri Militia.

Crisis can spur creativity. Dr. Samuel Henry Melcher, the Army's medical director in Springfield noted that rifles and ammunition were stockpiled abundantly in the town. He therefore recommended arming any hospital convalescents able to fight. Another potential resource was



Wilson Creek. Should it fall, Confederate artillery firing from the high ground could render Springfield untenable. The fort was a large pentagonal earthwork with five bastions, walls twenty feet thick, and surrounding a ditch twenty feet wide. To defend it Brown dispatched five companies belonging to Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Z. Cook's Eighteenth Iowa Infantry. They were bolstered by a number of men from the Seventy-fourth Enrolled Missouri Militia and some armed civilians, bringing the total garrison to a strength of perhaps 300. But two field pieces were the only artillery available.

A much smaller structure protected Springfield's western flank. Square-shaped Fort No. 2 was situated on Walnut Street, five blocks west of the square, and a bit to the south. A soldier described it as "enclosed by piling on heavy timbers placed on the ground, eight feet long, and an embankment of earth placed against it to the top on one side, and within four feet of the other. The whole encircled by a ditch six feet deep and from 10 to 15 feet wide."¹¹ Here Brown placed two companies of the Eighteenth Iowa and members of the Quinine Brigade, the total force numbering about 100 men.

Brown stationed 238 men of the Seventy-second Enrolled Missouri Militia in the square as a reserve. Additional members of the Quinine Brigade occupied brick buildings there hastily prepared for defense. Four blocks south of the square itself was square-shaped Fort No. 4, with walls 160 feet long and bastions at the northwest and southeast corners. Brown placed two of the improvised field pieces there, together with a company of the Seventy-fourth Enrolled Missouri. Armed civilians and members of the Quinine Brigade filled out the ranks. Fort No. 4 commanded the open ground south of Springfield. Some 100 transient soldiers occupied nearby houses, as well as an incomplete line of rifle pits connecting Forts 1 and 4. Brown also gave instructions to fortify Springfield's military prison, which was some five blocks southwest of Fort No. 4. Originally school building, it was optimistically designated Fort No. 3 thanks to a wooden stockade that had been erected on three sides to create an exercise yard. The fifty Confederate prisoners housed there were removed, but for reasons that are not clear no Federal troops occupied the building. Brown did not place troops in Fort No. 5, a large star-shaped structure on the

eastern outskirts of Springfield, several blocks from the square, as it was still under construction. Instead, the Federal commander guarded his flank with his mounted troops, the Third, Fourth, and Fourteenth Missouri State Militia Cavalry, the latter unit being commanded by Lieutenant Colonel John Pound.

What Brown needed most was time for more militiamen to arrive, and he took action to gain it. Marmaduke's halted Shelby's Brigade on the timbered outskirts of Springfield early in the morning of January 8. There he waited for MacDonald's Regiment, which was bringing up the rear, and Porter's column, which he expected to arrive from the east. Unknown to the Confederate commander, none of his messengers had located Porter, whose men were still dutifully making their way toward Hartville, the originally designated rendezvous point.

When MacDonald finally arrived with his 270 men about 9:30 a.m., Marmaduke decided to attack without Porter. The Confederates advanced on Springfield from the south, MacDonald's Regiment on the left flank, Shelby's Brigade in the center, and Elliot's Scouts and Quantrill's Cavalry Company, under Gregg, on the right. But things did not go as the Southerners expected. When they emerged from the woods, still three miles from Springfield, they encountered the Federal Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry. Brown had sent these 453 troopers, commanded by Colonel Walter H. King, to locate and impede the Confederate their advance. When Shelby saw the Federals, he ordered Collins to unlimber his two artillery pieces and fire – the first shots of the Battle of Springfield. King disengaged when his flanks were about to be overlapped. But by making a series of temporary stands he slowed the Confederates' advance, giving Brown more time to prepare Springfield's defenses.

Brown believed he needed another two hours to prepare, and even then he doubted his chances of success. To gain additional time he risked sending Colonel George H. Hall's Fourth Missouri State Militia Cavalry, numbering 280 men, to extend King's right flank. The Federal line now numbered about 740 men, more than a third of Brown's total force. Should Hall or King become cut off, an invaluable portion of the Springfield garrison might be lost at the very beginning of the fight.

available -- three cannon barrels that for unknown reasons were lying in the yard of the local Presbyterian Church. Artillery ammunition was also plentiful. Melcher suggested that First Lieutenant Byron O. Carr, the post quartermaster, construct makeshift carriages for them, as even a few extra shots might make a difference. Some 300 hospital patients responded to Melcher's appeal. Soon nicknamed the "Quinine Brigade" after the standard palliative administered against fever, these men and the makeshift guns would play an important role in the upcoming struggle. They were joined by some 100 soldiers who had been discharged from the hospital but were still in Springfield, awaiting transportation to return to their respective units. Weapons were also distributed to Unionist civilians, as well as garrison soldiers whose assignment to the quartermaster, commissary, and ordnance services left them without long arms.

The morning of January 8, dawning clear and cold, saw Brown scrambling to complete his preparations. Fort No. 1, the largest and strongest element of Springfield's defenses, sat on a rise of ground northwest of the square, across the valley formed by a northern branch of

Because they had relied on speed, the Confederate raiders were attacking Springfield without making a detailed reconnaissance, and now the Federals were defending the outskirts aggressively rather than huddling in their forts. Shelby hesitated, halting his line on a ridge a half mile from the edge of town so that Gilkey's Second Missouri could dismount. Skirmishing continued while the Confederate leaders assessed the situation. Across a low depression to their front they could see Federal soldiers moving into Fort No. 4 and the rifle pits around it. Shelby directed his artillerymen to shell the enemy battle line before continuing the advance. By the time the Confederates forced the Third and Fourth Missouri State Militia horsemen back into Springfield it was 1:00 p.m. Brown had obtained the time he needed. His incoming militiamen, the Quinine Brigade, and Springfield's civilian volunteers were now fully armed and equipped.

Sources suggest that once the Confederate's closed on Springfield, Marmaduke left almost all decisions to Shelby. The reason for this is not known. As the Southern artillery and Gilkey's dismounted troopers engaged Fort No. 4, Shelby probed the Federals' flanks for weaknesses. About 1:30 p.m. Elliott's scouts and Gregg's men veered east, while MacDonald's horsemen swung west. Elliott and Gregg, who had perhaps 100 men between them, ran into 600 men of Pound's Fourteenth and King's Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry, were drawn up across St. Louis Street. The Federal troopers easily repulsed the Confederates and then charged, driving them back until their own right flank was exposed to artillery fire from the main Confederate line. Hall's Fourth Missouri State Militia Cavalry then advanced temporarily against the Confederate center, giving King's men a chance to retire safely. When the Confederates pressed the Union left flank a second time, Pound's men fended them off. By 2:30 p.m. the action on the east side of the town had ended in a stalemate.

A much sharper engagement occurred on the opposite side of the battlefield. MacDonald's horsemen, moving cautiously forward dismounted, located the Federal right flank, which was guarded by Sheppard's Seventy-second Enrolled Militia, crouching behind a rail fence. The odds were about even, MacDonald's 200 vs. Sheppard's 253,



Brigadier General John Sappington Marmaduke

but scattered trees and brush allowed MacDonald to approach the Federal's right flank undetected. Unfortunately, however, one of Marmaduke's staff officers then rode up. Seeing a gap between MacDonald and the main Confederate line, ordered MacDonald to close up. When MacDonald obediently shifted his men to the right oblique, his advance faced the Federals directly. It was after 2:00 p.m. when the Confederates finally attacked, MacDonald waving his sword and a plumed hat. They poured a hot fire into the Federal militiamen, the combat so close that MacDonald's troopers even used their revolvers. After about half an hour of combat Sheppard's citizen-soldiers gave way, falling back in some disorder toward Mount Vernon Street, leaving the Federal right flank in danger. The ever-vigilant Brown responded quickly, however, moving Pound's Fourteenth Missouri State Militia Cavalry from the quite left flank to the opposite end of the battlefield. Pound charged, forcing the Confederates back.

Meanwhile, the attack by Shelby's Brigade proceeded as dismounted cavalrymen from the First, Second, and Third Missouri Cavalry, supported by the two guns under Collins, exchanged fire with the Federals in and around Fort No. 4. Confederates occupied a wooded ridge which aligned them in a semicircular position facing the southeast bastion of Fort No. 4. When

Shelby noted MacDonald's initial success in pushing the Federals on the far left, he ordered all-out attack. Unfortunately, it proceeded piecemeal and failed, although the Confederates captured and retained control of the unmanned makeshift Fort No. 3. At this point, Brown benefitted once again from his interior lines of communication. As Fort No. 1 had not yet come under fire, he ordered one of its two brass 6-pounder field pieces brought into town. Captain John A. Landis of the Eighteenth Iowa commanded the gun. Brown sent it into line, supported by his last reserves from the town square, as well as and three-companies of the Eighteenth Iowa Infantry from works outside Fort No. 4, which appeared to be secure enough without them.

These actions helped, but the Union defense of Springfield remained in peril. Sometime after 3:00 p.m., the Confederates captured Landis's gun and pressed the Seventy-second Enrolled Missouri Militia and the dismounted Fourteenth Missouri State Militia Cavalry back to Walnut Street, which ran east-west along a slight ridge. Forced backwards across fences, past houses, and through yards, the Seventy-second Enrolled Missouri Militia simply fell apart. The remainder of the Federal line gave way more slowly, and as it struggled to reform the Federals were once again able to shift their forces to confront a crisis. Three companies from the Fourth Missouri State Militia Cavalry, five companies from the Third Missouri State Militia Cavalry, and two companies from the Eighteenth Iowa Infantry arrived and Sheppard succeeded in rallying the Seventy-second Enrolled Missouri Militia. Only a few Confederates had advanced as far as Walnut Street ridge.

And then, after making so many wise decisions throughout the day, Brown rode forward recklessly with his staff. A postwar account gives details: "Gen. Brown was severely wounded in the arm. He had ridden out South Street to the corner of state, to encourage the men, and while here with some of his staff was shot from his horse." Although the bone above his left elbow was broken, he remained conscious long enough to notify his second-in-command, Colonel Benjamin Crabb. Surgeon Melcher rushed to Brown's his aid, and his skill was such that Brown's arm was not amputated.



Main Gate, Springfield National Cemetery

Shortly after Brown was wounded the Federals on the right flank pressed forward to regain the ground they had lost. This was the finest moment for the men of the Seventy-second and the Quinine Brigade. Brigadier General Holland, the militia district commander, led the counterattack, forcing the Confederates to retire through streets and houses, a rare Civil War instance of urban combat. At this point Shelby ordered one of Collins's guns forward. The Southern artillerymen fired canister at musket range down streets and alleyways. Around 5:00 p.m., as the winter sky was visibly darkening, the Confederates launched their most coordinated assault of the day, and it nearly succeeded. Gordon's First Missouri, Gilkey's Second Missouri, and Thompson's Third Missouri rushed forward, striking Fort No. 4 and the already battered Federal battle line west of it. The fort remained secure, but after thirty minutes of intense firing the Federals outside it began to give way. In a scene worthy of a Hollywood movie, rescue came at the last minute from an unanticipated direction. Colonel Cook had decided to leave Fort No. 1 and join the battle with five companies of the Eighteenth Iowa. The Federals advanced, driving the Confederates to the outskirts of Springfield. As darkness closed in, both sides settled down to a cold night, not lighting fires for fear of drawing enemy fire.

The Battle of Springfield was over, but Marmaduke's raid was not. On January 9 the Confederates retreated east along the Rolla Road, finally joining Porter's column the next day, near Marshfield. On the following day, January 11, they engaged at Hartville some of the Union forces that had been dispatched to succor Springfield. The battle was a Union victory and the Confederates lost Emmett MacDonald, generally acknowledged as one of

their finest and most promising officers. Marmaduke's raiders then withdrew from Missouri, going into camp near Batesville, Arkansas.

The Confederates considered Marmaduke's a success. If judged by the disruption of Union plans, the conclusion is reasonable. Yet it was at best a minor success. Union forces rushed to Springfield, delaying plans to shift some Federal troops from Missouri to reinforce Grant's Vicksburg campaign. But there was no panic. West of the Mississippi the Federals focused on capturing Little Rock. The sketchiness of Confederate reports makes any analysis of Marmaduke's or Shelby's generalship problematic. Attacking piecemeal robbed Confederate attacks of their effectiveness, but simultaneous movements were notoriously difficult to achieve during the Civil War.

The Federals considered the battle an unequivocal victory, soldiers and citizens joining together in a literal defense of hearth and home. Although the Federals enjoyed advantages in position, Brown, Holland, or Crabb might have lost the fight with a single misstep. Brown made superb use of his interior lines of communications, and when responsibility fell to them both Holland and Crabb rose to the occasion. In hindsight, Brown's most significant move was his aggressive, forward defense. By sending the cavalry under King and Hall to confront the Confederates beyond the outskirts of Springfield, Brown bought precious time to equip the garrison's willing hospital patients and townsmen.

The Federal victory was relatively inexpensive. Brown reported 165 casualties, a figure constituting 7.9% of his total force. Eleven officers were wounded. Fourteen enlisted men were killed, while 135 were wounded and five were missing.

Controversy erupted over Federal treatment of wounded Confederates left behind. Shelby wrote to Brown on February 15 under a flag of truce. He had learned "from reliable sources" that the medical personnel he left behind at Springfield to treat the wounded had been arrested and sent to St. Louis as prisoners. This was "contrary to the usages of war." It is unclear whether Shelby's information was accurate or how, if at all, Brown responded. At least four Confederate surgeons remained behind, having established a hospital in the southern part of town. Federal doctors also provided care for wounded Confederates. According to one source, the Confederates left sixty wounded behind, of whom thirty-two died, for a total Confederate loss of at least eighty dead. Given the conflict among sources, a reasonable estimate of Confederate casualties would be forty-five killed or missing, and 105 wounded.

Springfield remained in Union hands throughout the rest of the war; it was never again seriously threatened. Following the battle, the Federals rushed to complete all of Springfield's forts, and they carefully inspected them thereafter. No remnant of these survived to the present, but a series of twelve historical, scattered throughout the town, commemorate the battle. The Battle of Springfield was miniscule compared to the struggles at Gettysburg or Chickamauga, but those who died there gave their last full measure of devotion as much as soldiers anywhere. Many of the Union dead from the battle rest in the Springfield National Cemetery, having been moved there after it was established in 1867. Some of the Southern dead lie in an adjacent Confederate burial ground, also established after the war.

Under a Sulphurous Sky – Manxmen and the Battle of Gettysburg

By John Murray

Several Manxmen took part in the Gettysburg campaign and the battle – some Manx-born, some born in North America of Manx parents and some whose Manx connections were a bit more remote but interesting nonetheless.

Newly-appointed commander of the Army of the Potomac George G. Meade made plans to fight Lee's Army of Northern Virginia along the line of Pipe Creek just inside Maryland's border with Pennsylvania. Meade set his engineers to work preparing defensive positions along Pipe Creek and these men included Manx-born Henry Edward Christian of the 15th New York Engineers. Henry was baptised on 2 August 1840 at Arbory, Isle of Man, the son of John and Charlotte (Quilliam) Christian. Busy at work near Pipe Creek, Henry would miss the battle of Gettysburg. Close to the middle of the Pipe Creek line is the town of Union Mills which has a namesake on the Isle of Man. Had Meade fought the battle where he had intended, history might have recorded, and thousands of books and articles might have been written about, the famous battle of Union Mills.

In the early hours of 1 July 1863, part of Lee's army advanced from the north-west towards Gettysburg. Waiting for them just west of the town were two Union cavalry brigades of Brigadier General John Buford's cavalry Division. At least four Manxmen served with three of the regiments of the brigades: Private John Qualtrough, Rushen-born, of the 6th New York; Sergeant John Kinley, born in Canada of Manx parents, of the 8th Illinois; Corporal John Kewley, born in the U.S. of Manx parents, also of the 8th Illinois; and Manx-born Private William Kewin, of the 8th New York. (John Qualtrough had been mustered-in as a Sergeant on 27 September 1861. On 14 January 1862, Qualtrough was reduced in rank to Private. On 11 May 1862, he deserted. He was eventually arrested in New York City on 13 September 1862. Qualtrough was restored to duty with his company on 17 January 1863.) The Union cavalrymen of Devin's and Gamble's brigades fought a successful delaying action until the infantry of I Corps arrived to continue the fight.

Around midday, the first brigades of Richard Ewell's Confederate Corps appeared north of the town more or less coinciding with the arrival of the Union XI Corps from south of the town. There were at least two Manxmen in XI Corps: Private James Daniel Quilliam of the 154th New York and Private Thomas Looney of the 136th New York. Thomas Looney was detached from his regiment as a member of the Provost Guard. While the afternoon saw continued fighting to the west and to the north of Gettysburg, Quilliam and the 154th New York were initially held in reserve on Cemetery Hill just south of the town. As both I and



Brigadier General John Buford

XI Corps started to fall back towards Gettysburg, the 154th, with the three other regiments of Coster's Brigade, was ordered north of the town to serve as a rear guard. The small brigade was overwhelmed by two larger Confederate brigades. Out of just over 250 men present, the 154th suffered around 80% casualties, mostly captured. James Quilliam was wounded in the face by a spent musket ball and taken prisoner.

A Union I Corps regiment, the 16th Maine Infantry, also acted as a rear guard before its survivors retreated to Cemetery Hill. Left behind, dead on the field, was William Cannell whose great grandfather had emigrated from the Isle of Man for a new life in the state of Maine. William Cannell has no known grave, the fate of most of the Union dead from the first day's fighting. However, in his book

The Last Full Measure, which records the burials in Gettysburg National Cemetery, John Busey suggested that William Cannell's remains might have been interred in the Connecticut plot. Inscribed on the gravestone of grave 10 in section B of the plot is the name 'William Gannells'. The 1865 Revised Report of the Select Committee Relative to the Soldiers' National Cemetery, sometimes referred to as the 'Book of the Dead', records the name as 'William Cannell' in one part and 'William Cannells' in another part. In my article in the Spring 2013 Issue (No. 101) of Crossfire, on Confederates inadvertently buried in the cemetery, I was persuaded by David G. Martin's suggestion (in the Editor's Preface to Busey's The Last Full Measure) that, whatever the deceased's name was, the body was likely to be that of a Confederate because it was found in possession of Confederate currency. Whether or not the grave is the final resting place of Cannell of the 16th Maine will remain a mystery.

Another I Corps casualty was George F. Christian of the 149th Pennsylvania. George was killed in action on 1 July and, like William Cannell, has no known grave. George was the great (x5) grandson of William Christian, Iliam Dhone ('Brown William'), the controversial former Governor of the Isle of Man who was executed by the English at Hango Hill, Castletown, on 2 January 1663. Every year Manx nationalists commemorate Christian on the anniversary date of his execution.

Other Union and Confederate forces converged on the town during the evening of 1 July as the fighting died

down. Adjacent to Cemetery Hill, to the east, is Culps Hill which was occupied by the Union army's XII Corps. Part of that Corps was the 7th Ohio Infantry of whom Manx-born William T. Callow was a Sergeant. He had enlisted in the early weeks of the war in July 1861. Callow had been seriously wounded in 1862 at the battle of Cedar Mountain and had spent some months at a military hospital in York, Pennsylvania. Also part of XII Corps was the 3rd Wisconsin Infantry among whose ranks was Corporal William W. Caine. William's parents came from Ballaugh, Isle of Man, and settled in Boston, Massachusetts, where William and his younger brother Robert were born. William was a fierce abolitionist and was a member of the infamous John Brown's Pottawatomie Rifles which took part in the strife in Kansas in the 1850s. In 1860, William went north to Wisconsin to join his brother Robert and take up farming. Robert too was a member of the 3rd Wisconsin but not present at Gettysburg. He had been wounded two months earlier at the battle of Chancellorsville and was invalided out of the army.

Directly south of Cemetery Hill, along Cemetery Ridge, the Union II Corps was placed on the flank of I Corps, which was positioned on Cemetery Hill. In II Corps was the 106th Pennsylvania Infantry, the regiment of Manx-born Robert Collister. Robert had enlisted on 1 November 1861. Another regiment in II Corps was the 108th New York, the regiment of James Caley whose father, also James, was born on the Isle of Man. Father and son were both blacksmiths. Extending the Union line, from the left flank of II Corps, further south down Cemetery Ridge, was Dan Sickles' III Corps.

Meade, somewhat reluctantly, accepted the advice of his subordinate generals and agreed to continue the fight at Gettysburg. Lee's plan for 2 July was for an attack on Cemetery and Culps Hills to be co-ordinated with an attack by divisions of generals Longstreet and A.P. Hill from west of Cemetery Ridge. Against orders, III Corps' commander advanced his force west of Cemetery Ridge to the Emmitsburg Road which runs between that ridge and Seminary Ridge. Sickles' Corps formed a salient which was attacked and nearly destroyed by Confederate forces. Both Culps Hill and Cemetery Hill were held despite fierce attacks by the Rebels. The Rebels attacked Little Round Top and a brigade of V Corps, under Colonel Strong

Vincent, fought hard to keep the hill. As events reached a critical stage, another brigade of V Corps, recently arrived on the battlefield, joined the desperate defenders. Leading that brigade was the 140th New York Infantry, a regiment with significant Manx connections.



Captain Henry Cribben

Principal amongst these Manx connections was Sergeant Major Henry Cribben, baptised, on 18 October 1835, at Rushen, Isle of Man as Henry Crebbin. (Cribben had a remarkable service in the Union army, participating in many important battles, being wounded, captured, held as a POW, escaping captivity and finally reaching home. He ended up as a Captain in his regiment.) Other Manxmen at Gettysburg with the 140th were Sergeant Charles Clague, a shoemaker, killed at the battle of Spottsylvania, the following year, and Adjutant William H. Crennell, discharged for disability in August 1863. Charles Clague's brother Daniel, also a shoemaker, was discharged for disability in April 1863 while their cousin Henry Clague, also a shoemaker, died of disease early in 1863. The 140th helped secure Little Round Top for the Union army. Sometimes overlooked amongst the fighting that day was the successful defence of the centre of Cemetery Ridge by forces which included Robert Collister's 106th Pennsylvania. The centre of Cemetery Ridge would be the focus of Lee's final attempt to defeat the Army of the Potomac on 3 July.

In the course of 2 July, the Union VI Corps arrived at Gettysburg. Most of the Corps would be held in reserve. Among

VI Corps was a detachment of the 33rd New York, attached to the 49th New York, which likely included Corporal John E. Mylacraine. Mylacraine, a painter by occupation, was born in Lezayre, Isle of Man, in 1839. Mylacraine enlisted in the 33rd on 22 August 1862 and was part of the 33rd assigned to the 49th on 14 May 1863. Both regiments were in Neill's Brigade. Also part of VI Corps was the 77th New York. It too was in Neill's Brigade. 18 year-old Douglas-born John Lewthwaite, enlisted in the 77th, on 30 August 1862, for three years' service. He too may have been present at Gettysburg. (Lewthwaite would later be wounded at the Wilderness and Cedar Creek but survive the war.)

On the evening of 2 July, a contingent of three officers and 100 men of the 102nd Pennsylvania arrived at the battlefield bringing much needed supplies. The names of these 103 men do not appear to have been recorded but the names of all of the men of the 102nd who took part in the campaign are recorded on the Pennsylvania State Monument at Gettysburg National Military Park. The names include Alexander P. Callow, whose father was born in the Isle of Man, and Joseph Lindsey whose father was also Manx-born. Following the death of his mother in England, Joseph was sent by his father to live with relatives in Port Erin and, after the war, Joseph returned to the island to spend the rest of his life at Port Erin. Uniquely, Alexander Callow's name appears twice on the monument: as a Private in Co. F and, because he was promoted with effect from 1 July 1863, as the Adjutant of the regiment. It is worth noting that Alexander's brother, William P. Callow, enlisted at the beginning of the war, in the 1st Mississippi Infantry, a Confederate regiment. This is a very poignant example of a Manx family split by the civil war. A few days after the battle of Gettysburg, on 9 July 1863, William P. Callow surrendered at Port Hudson on the banks of the Mississippi River. (He had previously been captured at Fort Donelson in February 1862.)

Lee considered that, as a result of his attacks on the right flank of the Union army at Cemetery and Culps Hills and against the left flank at Little Round Top, which Meade had reinforced, the Union army was now weakest in its centre, in the middle of Cemetery Ridge. Lee proposed a diversionary attack on Culps Hill with Longstreet commanding an attack against the centre of Cemetery Ridge. Longstreet's attack would be



Leister House, Meade Headquarters at Gettysburg

preceded by an extensive artillery barrage of over 100 guns. The attack is known to history as Pickett's Charge. Pickett's Division, which was supported in the charge by Pettigrew's Division and Trimble's Division, included the 53rd Virginia, the regiment of Robert Tyler Jones who featured in my article in the Winter 2019 issue of Crossfire. (It is possible that Robert's uncle, Tazewell Tyler, a son of President John Tyler, was also present at the battle. He had been appointed Regimental Surgeon of the 13th South Carolina Infantry in March 1863. Extant records, however, do not confirm if Tazewell was at Gettysburg.) The artillery barrage did not have the impact that Lee had hoped for. Few of the Union guns were disabled but casualties were inflicted on the Union infantry regiments. Badly hit was James Caley's 108th New York. Out of 202 men of the regiment present, the regiment suffered 100 casualties. Luckily, James Caley was spared. (Caley would be seriously wounded later in the year during the Bristoe campaign and invalided out of the army.) After an hour or so, the barrage was lifted and 12,000 Confederate troops advanced towards Cemetery Ridge. Union artillery and muskets opened fire on the advancing

Rebels.

On the Union right, Culps Hill was held by XII Corps including William Callow's 7th Ohio and William Caine's 3rd Wisconsin. In the Union centre, having suffered heavy casualties, including Robert Tyler Jones, Pickett's Charge failed. The last action of the battle was a futile charge by Union cavalry against Confederate infantry to the west of Big Round Top. That charge was supported by Battery E, 4th U.S. Artillery, of which Manx-born James Corkill was a Private. (Corkill had enlisted in February 1861, at Detroit, Michigan, for three years' service and was honourably discharged in February 1864.) Meade had secured an important victory for the North while the Confederacy had reached its 'high water mark'.

The retreating Confederate army left behind James Quilliam who recovered from his wound and avoided being held in a Rebel POW camp. 47 of those members of the 154th captured at Gettysburg would perish in Confederate prisons in Richmond and Andersonville. Quilliam spent a couple of months as a nurse at the XI Corps' hospital and at Letterman General Hospital before transferring west with XI and XII Corps. Quilliam would be badly wounded at

Pine Knob in the Atlanta campaign. He died after the amputation of his left leg at a General Hospital in Nashville. The American Civil War would continue after Gettysburg for two more bloody years. The South would never come so close to winning the conflict as they did on the fields, ridges and hills around Gettysburg, a battlefield upon which was spilled Manx blood.

Manx Mysteries

The final resting place of William Cannell of the 16th Maine, and whether or not Tazewell Tyler was even present at the battle, are not the only Manx-related mysteries connected with Gettysburg. The websites of the 3rd Wisconsin and Ancestry both assert that William Caine's eldest brother, John Cain (sic), was killed on 3 July at Gettysburg. The former website further alleges that John Cain served with the 7th U.S. Infantry, having enlisted in 1859, and was buried on the battlefield. Ancestry records this John Cain as having been born in Ireland. A search by this writer of John Cain's and Caine's has found none who served with the 7th U.S. Infantry. The two John Cain's listed in John W. Busey's *These Honored Dead – The Union Casualties*

at Gettysburg served in New York and Pennsylvania regiments and the latter's name was actually Kain. There was a John Cain, born in the Isle of Man, who enlisted in the 2nd U.S. Cavalry in June 1858, for 5 years' service. The 2nd U.S. Cavalry was at Gettysburg but that John Cain's service appears to have ended early sometime in 1862!

One of the III Corps soldiers killed on 2 July was Corporal Peter Kennish of the 72nd New York, part of Dan Sickles' Excelsior Brigade. Kennish is a Manx surname and it is somewhat uncommon.

Of the more than 6 million General Index Cards listing Union and Confederate soldiers, there are only four with entries for men named Kennish: three named William Kennish, the fourth being Peter Kennish. The three references to William Kennish are to one man (the English-born son of a Manxman) who served in the three units. There is also a Thomas Kennis (misspelling of Kennish) who served very briefly in the 37th New York. He was the Manx-born brother of William. Union naval records record two men named Kennish, both Manx-born. No trace of Peter Kennish can be found

in U.S. or New York Census Records and there is no evidence of the whereabouts of his birth to be found in his military service records. As Peter Kennish lived in a part of New York State with a Manx community and as he is listed as a member of a Methodist congregation, there are several indications, but sadly no proof, that this Gettysburg casualty was a Manxman. (The list of members of that Methodist congregation contains the rather sad remarks adjacent to Kennish's name: 'Widower. Gone to the war.') Another unsolved Manx mystery connected to Gettysburg.

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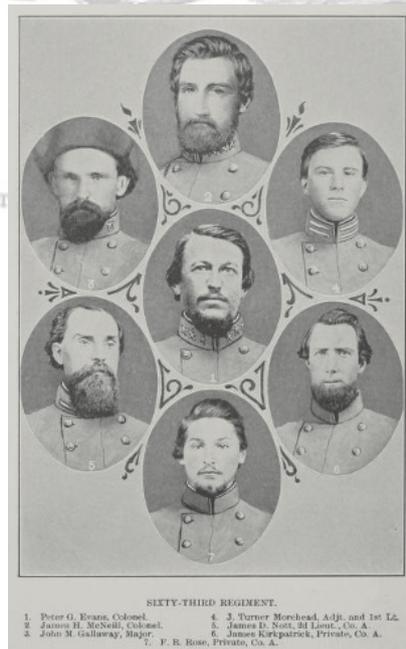
A POSTMASTER IN THE CAVALRY:

Private George R. Adderton of the 63rd North Carolina

by Charles Priestley

It is easy, at times, to forget how important the mail was to the Civil War soldier, North and South. Certainly paintings, prints and photographs occasionally show soldiers in camp reading or writing letters, but they give little indication of what a major part of the soldier's life this constituted. For this, we need to turn to the soldiers' letters themselves. When he was not drilling, marching or fighting, the Civil War soldier spent much of his spare time reading letters from home, waiting for letters from home and, of course, writing letters home. Those soldiers who could read and write read and wrote; those who could not read or write depended upon the help of their more literate comrades. Whether written or dictated, though, their letters show us clearly how vital this link with home was to them. Reading these letters, we find the same theme recurring again and again. In letter after letter, North or South, the soldier complains bitterly at not having received any mail and begs his family to write and write often.

Some of the officers may write rather more elegantly and spell rather more conventionally than the average common soldier, but they express exactly the same feelings as the men in the ranks, and their complaints about delays to the mail tend to be even stronger. Nor were things any different for those who, for whatever reason, had to seek work or service overseas after the Civil War; letters remained one of their chief preoccupations. Henry Clay Derrick of Halifax, Virginia, spent the Civil War as a captain of engineers in the Army of Northern Virginia. After the war, finding his prospects limited, he joined other veterans in the army of Khedive Ismail and served as Chief Engineer in the Egyptian expeditionary force which invaded Abyssinia in 1875. In his diary of his Egyptian service, which consists of two manuscript volumes of some 250 pages each, he lists and numbers every



Officers and Men of the 63rd N.C.
(Col. Evans centre)

letter written to his wife back home in Halifax and every letter received from her, and complains constantly about the slowness of the mail. A typical entry (December 26, 1875) reads:

"At 12½ a steamboat arrived; but, strange to say, brought us no letters. We have been here over two weeks, three weeks since we left Suez, & although more than 6 or 7 steamers have arrived here none of our letters has been forwarded from Cairo. We cannot but feel that we have been treated with shameful neglect & indifference when our letters could have been forwarded so easily & have not been sent."

Any Civil War officer reading this would have nodded in recognition.

It would be difficult, then, to overestimate the importance of letters to the Civil War soldier. From the point of view of the student of the Civil War, however, the problem is that all too many of these letters are in themselves of no

great interest. All too often, men who had experienced some of the most dramatic events of the Civil War make, at best, only passing reference to these, choosing instead to concentrate on more mundane details. An old friend recently sent me copies of a dozen letters written by a New York infantryman called John Helmer, an ancestor of her husband's. Helmer enlisted in Co. A of the 16th New York Infantry on September 13, 1862, at the age of 34. The regiment was mustered out on May 11, 1863, when the two-year men went home, and Helmer and the other three-year men were then transferred to Emory Upton's 121st New York in the same brigade, although he was temporarily attached to the 1st Independent Battery, Massachusetts Light Artillery. He lost an arm in Upton's attack on the Mule Shoe salient at Spotsylvania on May 10, 1864, and died in hospital. He must therefore have been present at Fredericksburg, taken part in Burnside's "Mud March" and in the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg campaigns and been in the bloody battle of Rappahannock Station. In his letters home, though, there is very little hint of any of this, apart from occasional reference to long marches ("i gess that Jo Hooker means to kill us for we have to carry 5 Days rasens...this is a big load a nough for a mule") or to being about to cross the Potomac after Gettysburg. Far more space is devoted to a description of his job as a volunteer laundryman, first washing the clothes of the men in his company and later graduating to laundering and ironing the officers' clothes, with a list of the money which he has been able to make; this may well have been of interest to his family, who were going to benefit financially from it, but it is less so to the military historian.

Nevertheless, there is still something thrilling about holding in one's hand an original letter written by a Civil War soldier, followed inevitably by the enjoyable challenge of first trying to decipher the



George R. Adderton's Grave

handwriting and spelling and then trying to find out something about the man himself. So it was that a few months ago I found myself the purchaser of a letter written to his wife on November 25, 1863, by George R. Adderton, a private in the 63rd. North Carolina and postmaster of Hill's Store in Randolph County.

In transcribing Adderton's letter, I have not attempted to correct his spelling or to add punctuation, preferring to keep the original flavour of the letter; I have merely inserted four words in order to make the sense clear (despite the number of letters passing through his hands, it does not look as if anything more than a fairly basic degree of literacy was required of a Confederate postmaster). The letter reads as follows:

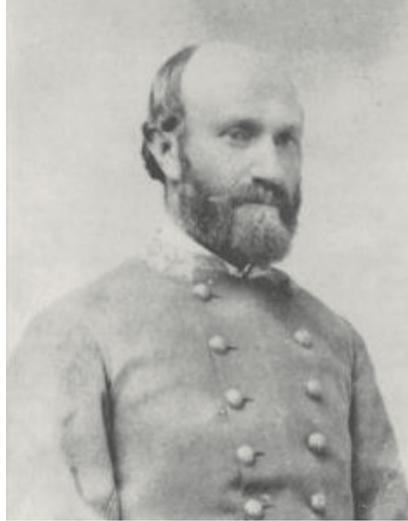
"Dear wife I resume my self this pleasant evening to rite you afew lines to inform you of my helth I am well an I hope when thes few lines come to han tha may fine you all well at home I am fare very well iamgit aplenty to eate you want to know if ihave drown over cot I hant drown yet I will drow one i nafew days I want to [know] how much wheat you have sode an how much oates you have sode an how much corn you made an how our hogs is fat ting Tel [me how] Joseph an Troy an sons an the baby [are] git tin along Tel them to rite soon I want you to rite soon an I want you to rite one aweak I reseve your leter was rote 20 November I was glade to her from you I will come to aclose by saing pray for me

I remai your husban

**G R Adderton
to A N Adderton"**

In other words, it seems on the face of it to be in every way a typical Confederate private soldier's letter, of no real interest to the historian whatsoever – except for one very curious fact, which is not immediately apparent but which will become clear later.

Fortunately, there is a surprising amount of information available on George Adderton. He was born on November 21, 1830, in

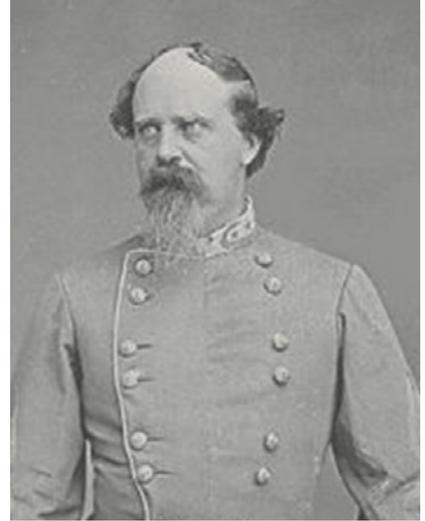


Brig-Gen Rufus Barringer

Davidson County, the son of Jeremiah Adderton and the former Abigail Coggin. Jeremiah Adderton died in 1844, and the census of 1850 lists George as a 19-year-old farmer living at home with his widowed mother, who in turn is listed as the owner of an 18-year-old male slave. By 1860, George had become the main householder. He was now married to Adaline Norwood Kearns (whose name also appears spelled variously as Adeline and Adline) and they had moved, together with his mother, to neighbouring Randolph County. He is listed on the 1860 census as the owner of three slaves – a 28-year-old male (presumably the 18-year-old of the earlier census), a 25-year-old female and a one-year-old male baby. His profession is shown as "F" (Farmer) and he is stated to own real estate worth \$3,000, with a personal estate of \$3,470.

On December 16, 1861, Adderton was appointed postmaster of Hill's Store, so called because the first postmaster had been Samuel Hill in 1823. Although postal clerks and mail-carriers were supposed to be exempt from the Confederate draft, postmasters (even in North Carolina) were not, unless appointed by the President and confirmed by Congress. Whatever the case, though, George Adderton enlisted for the war on March, 1863, leaving Adaline to take over the duties of postmaster and, with the help of the two slaves, to continue to run the farm. On March 23, he was mustered in to Company K of the 63rd North Carolina by Captain J. E. Wharton.

This regiment had been formed in October, 1862, by the amalgamation of a number of different elements. Companies A and C had been independent partisan ranger units. Companies B, D, E, F and G had all been assigned to Major Peter Gustavus Evans's Battalion, North Carolina Partisan Rangers. Company K, originally known as Captain John E. Wharton's Company of Partisan Rangers, together with Companies H and I, had been a part of Major Robert White's Battalion of Partisan Rangers.



Brig-Gen. Beverly H. Robertson

White, although apparently resident in North Carolina, was a Virginian, and his battalion consisted of both Virginia and North Carolina companies. The three North Carolina companies, however, objected as usual to having to serve with Virginians, with the result that the battalion never completed its organisation. Since the 63rd North Carolina in fact served as regular cavalry rather than as partisan rangers, its official title became 63rd Regiment North Carolina Troops (5th North Carolina Cavalry). Peter G. Evans was appointed Colonel, to rank from October 1, 1862.

Manarin's North Carolina Troops 1861-1865: A Roster contains a useful summary of the regiment's history (Volume 2, pages 367-372), while Volume 3 of Clark's Histories of the Several Regiments and Battalions from North Carolina in the Great War 1861-'65 has two separate accounts, a fairly short one by the regiment's Major John M. Galloway (pages 529-543) and a very much longer one (pages 545-657) by Paul Barringer Means, a private in Company F. Despite its somewhat melodramatic style, Means's "Additional Sketch" is of some value. Besides his own earlier writings, he was able to draw on the memories and reminiscences, written or otherwise, of a large number of former members of the regiment. He also quotes extensively from both Confederate and Union reports in the Official Records. Finally, (although he does not mention this) he was a nephew of General Rufus Barringer, who was the regiment's brigade commander for the last year of the war. Quite apart from what he may have learned from his uncle, Means served during the latter part of the war as a courier at brigade headquarters, and thus had the opportunity to see rather more of the battlefield than his comrades in Company F would have been able to do.

The regiment was organised at Garysburg, North Carolina, and brigaded with the 59th North Carolina (4th North Carolina Cavalry) under

Brigadier-General Beverly H. Robertson. Robertson, a West Pointer, was described by Major Galloway as "very strict, and sometimes irascible on military points", although "in social intercourse a pleasant, polished gentleman." Lee considered Robertson "a good organizer and instructor," and certainly he proceeded to drill and train his new command both vigorously and thoroughly. As Sergeant Daniel Branson Coltrane of Company I recalled, "It was our good fortune to be under his direction, for we were green country boys and it was necessary for us to have very strenuous drilling." The 63rd then spent the next six months or so in eastern North Carolina, either on picket duty or on various minor operations such as a successful raid on Union-held Plymouth in December. A portion of the regiment also took part in D.H. Hill's abortive move against New Bern in March, 1863, where Robertson's failure to cut the railroad gave Hill an opportunity to indulge his notorious dislike of the cavalry by unjustifiably blaming the "woefully inefficient" brigade for his expedition's lack of success. In this context, it is only fair to the 63rd North Carolina to quote the words of Colonel J. Richter Jones of the 58th Pennsylvania Infantry, who encountered the regiment near Kinston on March 7. "They are a different class of troops from those I have hitherto met," he reported the following day, "contesting successively every strong position and giving way only to my superior numbers." Robertson seems to have done his work well.

In early May, 1863, a few weeks after Adderton had joined the regiment, Robertson's brigade was ordered to Richmond for the horses to be shod and the men re-equipped before joining the Army of Northern Virginia. The brigade arrived with the army just in time to take part in the grand cavalry review before Lee at Brandy Station on June 8, where the newly-equipped men and horses stood out among "Jeb" Stuart's veteran regiments. It was not directly involved in the great battle of the next day, although Stuart reported afterwards that "General Robertson's command, though not engaged, was exposed to the enemy's artillery fire, and behaved well." It was not many days, however, before the regiment was very definitely engaged. On June 17, at Middleburg, Robertson's brigade came up against the French-born Colonel Alfred Duffié's 1st Rhode Island Cavalry. Duffié had dismounted his men and positioned them strongly behind

stone walls, leaving a small force in the road as a decoy. The leading squadron of the 63rd North Carolina fell into the trap, but the rest of the regiment, coming up, charged down the main street and, in Duffié's words, "surrounded the town and stormed the barricades." Most of his regiment was captured. The 63rd lost two men killed and some 20 wounded.

Skirmishing continued over the next two days. An attack on June 19 by three Union brigades under Brigadier-General David McM. Gregg was, as Stuart put it, "met in the most determined manner" by Robertson's and W.H. F. "Rooney" Lee's brigades. Gregg's commanding officer, Brigadier-General Alfred Pleasanton, claimed in his report of June 20 that "our cavalry is really fighting infantry behind stone walls. This is the reason of our heavy losses." There were, of course, no infantry with Stuart. At Upperville, on June 21, Pleasanton was able to throw five fresh brigades, including an infantry brigade under Vincent, against four Confederate cavalry brigades. As the Confederates fell back, "the enemy attacked Brigadier-General Robertson, bringing up the rear in this movement, and was handsomely repulsed." Part of this repulse involved a mounted charge by the 63rd North Carolina, in which the Colonel, Peter G. Evans, was mortally wounded and captured. Having successfully screened Lee's movements from the enemy, the Confederates then retired unmolested to Ashby's Gap, where Stuart placed Lieutenant Colonel James B. Gordon, of the 9th North Carolina (1st North Carolina Cavalry) in command of the 63rd. Gordon was to command it throughout the Gettysburg campaign.



Brig-Gen James B Gordon

When Stuart began his famous ride north on June 25, he left behind the two brigades of William E. "Grumble" Jones and Robertson. According to Longstreet, this was because Jones and Robertson were Stuart's least favourite officers. Although Stuart respected Jones as a soldier, he considered him prone to "opposition, insubordination, and inefficiency", while he described Robertson as "by far the most troublesome man I have to deal with." His dislike of Robertson may well have had a more personal basis. Robertson had served before the war under Philip St George Cooke in the 2nd U.S. Dragoons and at one point had been engaged to Cooke's daughter Flora, who later married Stuart. At any rate, Stuart's order of June 24 to Robertson read: "Your own and General Jones' brigades will cover the front of Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps, yourself, as senior officer, being in command. Your object will be to watch the enemy; deceive him as to our designs, and harass his rear if you find he is retiring..... After the enemy has moved beyond your reach, leave sufficient pickets in the mountains.... cross the Potomac, and follow the army." The brigade crossed the Potomac at Williamsport on July 1, reaching Gettysburg in the morning of July 3 and going into position on the army's right flank. At Fairfield that afternoon, Robertson's two regiments arrived in time to complete Jones's rout of the 6th U.S. Cavalry and to gather up prisoners.

The following day, as the army started to retreat, the 63rd North Carolina formed part of the rearguard. Robertson's instructions from Stuart were "that it was essentially necessary for him to hold the Jack Mountain passes" with his own and Jones's brigades, in order to protect the withdrawal of the wagon trains. When the lead company of the regiment reached the top of one of these passes that night, it met a Union cavalry regiment riding up with the obvious intention of occupying the pass. The rest of the regiment coming up then charged the enemy and drove them off, encamping on the pass. July 6 found the enemy cavalry in possession of Hagerstown, with the wagons at Williamsport, "congregated in a narrow space....near the river, which was too much swollen to admit their passage to the south bank." Robertson's North Carolinians, with Jenkins's Virginia brigade, secured the road to Williamsport by charging and routing the enemy, an attempt at a counter-charge being "gallantly met and repulsed by Colonel

James B. Gordon, commanding a fragment of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry." "Without this attack", Stuart reported, "it is certain that our trains would have fallen into the hands of the enemy." The 63rd North Carolina finally crossed the Potomac at Williamsport on July 14th, the last unit of Lee's army, according to Galloway, to do so.

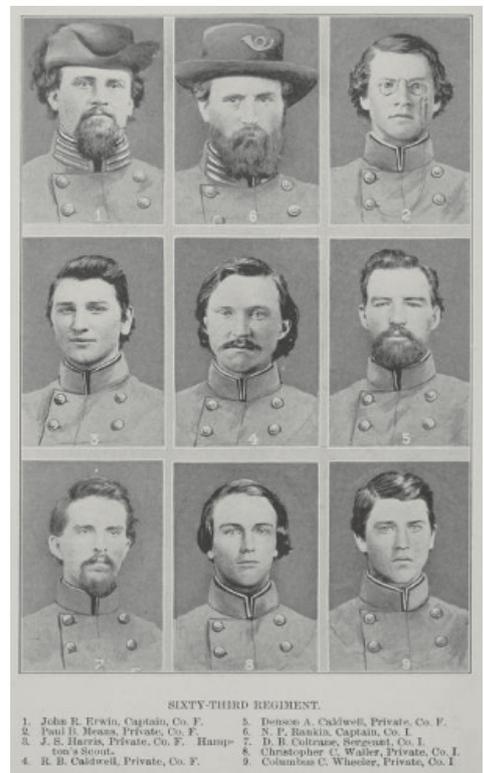
On July 15, immediately after the return to Virginia, Robertson asked to be relieved from command of the brigade, on the grounds that "in consequence of casualties, detached service, sickness &c" it was "reduced to less than 300 men", and that his services "would be of more avail elsewhere." Shortly after this, he fell ill. His request was granted on August 5, and he was ordered to report to the Adjutant-General for orders. On September 9, there was a major reorganisation of the cavalry. The 63rd North Carolina (5th Cavalry) and 59th North Carolina (4th Cavalry) were now joined by 9th North Carolina (1st Cavalry) and 19th North Carolina (2nd Cavalry) in a new North Carolina brigade, initially under Laurence S. Baker and then, in consequence of his wounds, under James B. Gordon, who was promoted to Brigadier-General. Divisions were formed at the same time, and the new brigade was assigned to Wade Hampton's. The brigade had its baptism of fire at Jack's Shop a few days later, on September 21, when Stuart's force, heavily outnumbered, was surrounded by Union cavalry under Buford and Kilpatrick. One of Stuart's staff rode along the lines calling out "Boys, it's a fight to captivity, death or victory!" A voice from the 63rd North Carolina answered him: "We'll get out of here if there isn't but one of us left!" And, with the aid of the six guns of Captain William McGregor's Battery, get out they did.

Then came the Bristoe Campaign. From October 9 to October 20, the regiment, with the rest of the brigade, was heavily engaged with the Union cavalry at Russell's Ford, James City, Culpeper Court House, Auburn Mills and Manassas Junction. At Culpeper Court House, it lost its Adjutant, Lieutenant James Turner Morehead, shot in the mouth and neck, the bullet narrowly missing the spinal column; the wound was thought to be mortal, but Morehead eventually recovered to serve in the Invalid Corps. The campaign ended with the "Buckland Races", where, as Gordon put it, "the enemy fled in great confusion and were pursued for several miles with unrelenting

fury." The regiment's only real fighting during the Mine Run Campaign, the last of the year, was on November 29 at Parker's Store, where part of the regiment was dismounted and, with the 19th North Carolina (2nd Cavalry), "ordered to charge the Yankee skirmishers, which was done in handsome style, driving them from the railroad cut....and scattering them through the woods, capturing a number of prisoners."

The army now went into winter quarters. As mentioned above, the regiment's final brigade commander of the war was Rufus Barringer. Many years later, when on the faculty of the University of Virginia, the General's son, Dr. Paul Barringer, wrote to his widowed stepmother from Charlottesville: "It is strange, but a fact, that of all the men of father's brigade buried at this place, the old Sixty-third furnished more than the other three regiments put together." These were the dead of the battles of 1863.

Meanwhile, what of George Adderton? The company muster rolls for the year list him as present throughout from the time of his enlistment in March. The roll for September and October, however, while listing him as present, has, under "Remarks", the phrases "No horse 40 days" and "Absent without leave 24 days". We know that the Confederate cavalryman had to provide his own horse, but perhaps we fail to think how often these horses had to be replaced. Horses could become sick or disabled, and of course horses could be killed; after all, a cavalry horse is a much bigger target than his rider. Nathan Bedford Forrest, for example, had no fewer than 29 horses shot under him (though, as he also killed 30 Union soldiers in hand-to-hand combat, he was able famously to claim that he was "a horse ahead at the end"). If a Confederate trooper lost his horse, he was expected to go home and find a replacement, and was apparently given 60 days to do this. It could be, then, that in this case Adderton simply stayed at home rather longer than the time allowed before returning with a fresh horse. He may also have used the time to return temporarily to his duties as postmaster. Certainly he is never again shown as being absent without leave. He had enlisted "for the war", and we know that he continued with the regiment right up to the last moment. Indeed, there is only one other, very small, piece of evidence to suggest that Adderton was in any way other than a sergeant-major's ideal soldier; the roll for November



and December 1863 records, rather censoriously, "one wooden canteen carelessly lost."

On February 18, 1864, the regiment was temporarily disbanded at Henderson, North Carolina, "that each man might go to his home for a new horse, or the recuperation of the one he had and himself", as Paul Means put it. The men were to rejoin their companies at one of three designated locations on April 10. This period of leave must have been welcome to Adderton, who is recorded on the roll for March and April as having had "no horse from Jan 20 to Feb 20 1864." The men reported at their various rendezvous on schedule, and then marched by companies to Richmond, where the regiment was reorganised. From there, they were ordered on May 2 back to the brigade, which on April 30 had been transferred from Wade Hampton's Division to that of Rooney Lee. On May 9, Sheridan started his great raid on Richmond. While Stuart moved to intercept the head of his column at Yellow Tavern, Gordon was ordered to attack the rear. Having burned the bridge over the South Anna near Ground Squirrel Church, Sheridan was confident that he was safe from pursuit. This was not the sort of thing to deter a man like Gordon, however. Shouting "Forward!", he plunged down the steep banks, through the river and up the hill on the far side, the 63rd and the rest of the brigade following him. Of this dangerous river crossing, Private Paul Means recalled later that "some were seriously hurt, but we were out there expecting to get hurt." Sheridan's rear guard was formed by the

1st Maine, which fired upon Gordon's men as they approached. Accordingly, Gordon dismounted the bulk of the 63rd and sent them in. The brigade returns for the Union Second Brigade record: "First Maine as rear guard. It became necessary to dismount the whole regiment to hold back a strong force of the enemy while the column moved on....The enemy charged, both mounted and dismounted, and caused the regiment to fall back with some confusion and considerable loss." David McM. Gregg, commanding the Second Division, reported: "On the 11th, near Ground Squirrel Church, the division, marching in rear, was attacked by Gordon's brigade of rebel cavalry. The attacks of the enemy were repeated during the entire day." In a series of charges, both mounted and dismounted, Gordon gradually pressed Gregg's men back until they reached the church itself, where they had artillery support.

Having found the defences in front of Richmond too strong for him, and with his rear under constant pressure from the Confederate cavalry, Sheridan realised that his only option was to attempt to cross the swollen Chickahominy in order to return to Union lines. In the morning of May 12, therefore, he set about repairing Meadow Bridge, which the Confederates had partially destroyed. At the same time, Gordon once again attacked his rear guard under Gregg, who now occupied a strong position on the Military Road near Brook Church, protected by artillery. Galloping out alone at one point to reconnoitre the enemy lines, the impetuous Gordon was shot and mortally wounded. His men continued the attack, nevertheless, but as soon as the bridge was successfully repaired Sheridan was able to disengage and to withdraw over the river across it. On June 4, Brigadier-General Rufus Barringer was assigned to the command of the North Carolina Brigade. Writing after the war, Major Galloway described him as very different from Gordon, "brave enough, but of a prudent, methodical, cautious temperament."

In the weeks following Sheridan's raid, the men were in action almost daily. George Adderton, however, missed much of this. On May 26, he was admitted to hospital in Richmond suffering from "dysentery chronic". He was finally returned to duty on June 17, and thus may have been back with his regiment in time to be present at the repulse on June 21 of Barlow's infantry division at the Davis Farm on the Petersburg & Weldon Railroad, in

which the 63rd North Carolina, fighting dismounted, played a key part.

The following day, June 22, saw the start of another Union cavalry raid. This involved the divisions of James H. Wilson and August V. Kautz, and the object was "to strike the railroad as close as practicable to Petersburg and destroy it in the direction of Burkeville and the Roanoke River." Rooney Lee at once set off in pursuit, taking with him Barringer's Brigade and the brigade of James Dearing, as well as McGregor's Battery. On June 23, at Blacks and Whites, what Galloway refers to as "a serious contest" took place. Kautz having gone on ahead, Lee caught up with Wilson, who had taken the wrong road. Dearing's Brigade, in advance, broke under the Union attack and retreated precipitately, leaving McGregor's guns dangerously exposed. Lee hastily ordered up the North Carolina Brigade, which went in with the 63rd, dismounted, on the right, drove back the advancing Unionists and saved the guns. Still pursued by Lee, the raiders then veered south and on June 25 attempted to attack and destroy the Staunton River Bridge on the Richmond and Danville Railroad, but were repulsed by Captain Benjamin L. Farinholt and a hastily gathered force of "some boys and old men and furloughed soldiers." By now, according to Galloway, "our force had been much decreased, chiefly by breaking down. It was decided to pursue with a few choice men and horses and let the others, a very large majority, proceed leisurely to camp." This force, however, was enough to drive the Federals towards Wade Hampton's waiting division and to their defeat and dispersal.

After this, Barringer's tired men enjoyed a 30-day period of rest, or "a few weeks comparative rest", as Galloway put it. From the end of July on, however, they were frequently called upon to help counter Union demonstrations north of the James or attacks on the Petersburg & Weldon Railroad. In mid-September, the 63rd North Carolina took part in Wade Hampton's celebrated Beefsteak Raid, which brought back almost 2,500 head of cattle, and in October it was on a number of occasions in "some very severe fighting", culminating on October 27 in the battle of Boydton Plank Road, described by Means as "one of the most important actions and greatest victories that the Sixty-third North Carolina was ever engaged in." This was Grant's last attempt of the year at a flanking attack on the Petersburg defences. Hancock was

sent with his Second Corps and elements from other corps, as well as Gregg's cavalry, to seize the Boydton Plank Road on the Confederate right and to destroy the South Side Railroad. Opposing him, though heavily outnumbered, were the infantry divisions of Heth and Mahone and the cavalry under Wade Hampton. Hancock succeeded initially in gaining a lodgement on the Boydton Plank Road, but the Confederates, infantry and cavalry, swiftly counterattacked. While Hancock was able finally to hold them back, his position was dangerously isolated and that night he withdrew, leaving the Boydton Plank Road in the possession of the Confederates for the rest of the winter. The cavalry pursued him until he "fell back behind his infantry lines." As for the 63rd North Carolina, Gregg, in his report, referred to "the enemy cavalry dismounted, attacking strongly", while Robert E. Lee, in a letter to Wade Hampton, repeated his "gratification at the conduct of the troops in general and the cavalry in particular."

Purely by chance, I discovered very recently that the Stuart A. Rose Library at Emory University had a copy of a letter which George Adderton had written to his mother on October 30, shortly after this battle. It turned out to be only on microfilm, and of fairly poor quality. In view of this, the Library does not normally supply copies, but Kathy Shoemaker of the Library staff very kindly made an exception and sent me a scanned copy of both the letter and a typed transcript. Much of the letter is indeed very faint, but by enlarging it and examining it very closely I was able in the end both to confirm that the transcript was in general very accurate and to fill in the only blank in it. This, as near as I can judge, then, is what it says:

*"Der muther it is throu the ten[der] mercey of god that iam permit[ted] to drop you a few lines to let you no that iam on the pled groun of mercy an iam well i hop when thes few lines come to han tha may fin you all well an hartey i want you to rite to me i hante herde from home lone time senc i lefft home i want you to rite soon i hante bin in no fight sen i lefft home isen[t] home bey Rusel one par pant an shert an draws an some apounes[?] of cofey will close
G R Adderton"*

If we can be reasonably sure that that is what Adderton wrote, what is less certain is what exactly he meant. First, there is

the question of the rather cryptic phrase "on the pled groun." This section of the microfilmed letter is in fact fairly clear, and there seems little doubt that this is what Adderton wrote, but what does it actually mean? "Pled" is an old form of "pleaded" and "groun" is obviously "ground." Is Adderton perhaps saying something to the effect that he had begged God to keep him safe and that his prayers had been answered? Secondly, when he says that he has not been in a fight since he left home, he clearly cannot mean since he originally joined the regiment in March 1863. The answer may well lie in the company muster roll for July and August, 1864, which lists Adderton as present but adds that he had had "no horse since Aug 25 1864." Possibly Adderton had been sent home to get a new horse. At any rate, we know that he was back with the regiment on September 26, since on that day he drew clothing for the third quarter of the year (he is also shown as having drawn clothing for the final quarter of the year on October 29). Whatever the case, he seems to have missed the battle for the Boydton Plank Road. Finally, there is the coffee – if it really was coffee. We know that coffee was almost impossible to obtain in the Confederacy, so if Adderton was indeed sending some home he can only have got it by trading with the Union pickets. Such trading was, of course, very common at periods of quiet. Daniel Coltrane of Company I records a typical instance from the winter of 1863: "When we were on picket duty on the Rapidan one day, I went down to where the Yankee pickets could see me and held up a paper. That was the signal which meant: "No fighting here now; trading at hand." They motioned for me to come over. Our army had issued tobacco to the soldiers that day, so I went over to trade mine for sugar and coffee. While I was sitting on a log talking, a fellow came dashing up to me and threw his blue overcoat around me. "The general is inspecting our pickets. Keep this coat on, and he won't notice you." I kept the coat on until the general passed. Then I went back over to my side of the river with my sugar and coffee and they had their tobacco." Adderton must have obtained his coffee in the same way. "Rusel", incidentally, by whom Adderton sent home these items, must be Sergeant Whitson Russell of Adderton's company, a neighbour from Randolph County.

The year ended with Gouverneur K. Warren's Belfield Raid. On December 7, 1864, Grant sent Warren with his V

Corps and Gregg's cavalry to destroy the Petersburg and Weldon Railroad as far as Belfield, just above the North Carolina state line. As soon as Lee heard of this, Wade Hampton was sent off in pursuit, with A.P. Hill's infantry following. Warren managed successfully to tear up some 16 or 17 miles of railroad, although the Confederates were eventually able to get this back into operation again. Unfortunately, many of the wreckers came upon a large quantity of apple brandy along the route, with the result that they got drunk and ran amok, looting and burning farms and houses and thus inadvertently giving the expedition one of its several other names, the Applejack Raid. Warren reached Belfield on December 9. The bridge over the Meherrin was guarded by a scratch force under Colonel John J. Garnett, consisting largely of boys from the North Carolina Junior Reserves. Strengthened by the 63rd North Carolina, which Hampton had sent on in advance, Garnett's force "opened fire rapidly and with effect, driving [the enemy] back promptly." With the arrival of the main Confederate force, Warren retreated back north in bitterly cold weather along the line of the railroad, pursued and harassed by Hampton's cavalry. The bulk of Hampton's men returned to camp on December 11, but the 63rd continued the pursuit until Warren had crossed the Nottoway.

That winter was a particularly hard one, and the cavalry suffered no less than the infantry. "Our cavalry has to be dispersed for want of forage," Lee wrote to Secretary of War James Seddon on February 8, 1865. Barringer's Brigade, for example, had been sent into winter quarters near Belfield, some distance from the army, so that when called upon to picket, the men had to travel for 30 miles. Evidence of the lengths to which the cavalry had to go in order to find forage can be found in a handwritten receipt dated January 2, 1865 at Guinea Station, signed by Captain Robert E. Cochrane, Assistant Quartermaster of the 63rd North Carolina, and George Adderton and showing that Adderton had been paid \$12.10 for supplying one bushel of corn and 270 bushels of fodder. Presumably Adderton – and, by implication, other members of the regiment – had been sent home for this purpose.

One final letter from Adderton survives somewhere, because a partial transcript of it, with the spelling and grammar corrected, can be found on the Olive Tree Genealogy website, having been

posted there on September 10, 2004. It was apparently dated March 2, 1865, "at Camp Near Stoney Creek Virginia" and reads (in the corrected version):

"I hear that all you in North Carolina are all scared to death about the Yankees. I don't think there is much danger. I recon the home guards are scared to death but I think they will hear the eleventh bellow before this war comes to a close. I hear there is a good many ? in Randolph County, but I think they will be caught and punished."

Whoever posted the partial transcript suggests, in the accompanying introduction, that by "the eleventh" Adderton is referring to the 11th Battalion, North Carolina Home Guard. This seems unlikely, first because of Adderton's previous remarks about the Home Guard in general and secondly because the 11th Battalion apparently operated in Watauga County, in the mountains of the west of the state. The 5th Battalion was Randolph County's Home Guard unit. Unfortunately, without seeing the original letter it is impossible to know what exactly Adderton wrote. I contacted Lorine McGinnis Schulze, who created the website, but unfortunately she was unable to tell me, at this distance, who had submitted Adderton's letter. A useful article by William T. Auman in Volume 61, Number 1 (January, 1984) of *The North Carolina Historical Review*, "Neighbor Against Neighbor", covers the subject of disaffection during the Civil War in Randolph County, which had a sizeable community of both Quakers and Germans. It is possible that Adderton wrote "seventh", since on February 26, 1865, at Governor Vance's request, Lee sent the 7th North Carolina, with a detachment from the 46th, into Randolph County "for the purpose of arresting and returning deserters from the army to their proper commands", as the regimental history puts it. The missing word in the transcript, then, could in that case be "deserters."

In the meantime, there had been a reorganisation of the command of the 63rd North Carolina. On January 5, 1865, Major James H. McNeill was promoted to Colonel, to rank from November 24, 1864, while in March Captain Elias F. Shaw of Company C was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel to rank from January 28. Then on March 31 came the battle of Chamberlain Run (Dinwiddie Court House), described by Means as "the most fearful and fiercest battle we were

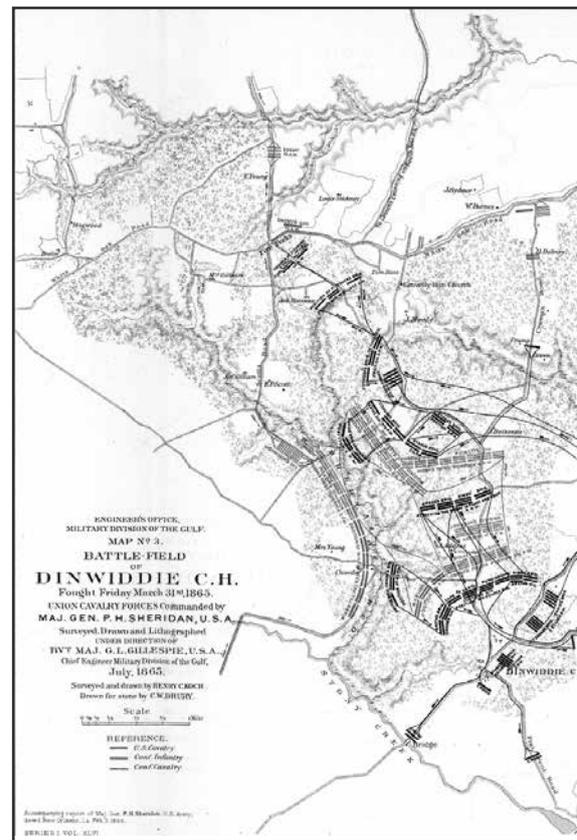
ever in.” A full description of this battle by Mark Crawford, largely from the Union point of view, can be found on HistoryNet. The battle is naturally also covered in some detail in Sheridan R. Barringer’s book on Rufus Barringer and his brigade, *Fighting for General Lee* (2016).

On March 29, Grant sent Sheridan and his cavalry off on a flanking movement towards Dinwiddie Court House on the Confederate right. To counter this, Lee swiftly ordered up Pickett’s Division to protect his right, while Rooney Lee’s men, including Barringer’s Brigade, were summoned from the Stony Creek area to unite with Fitzhugh Lee and the rest of the cavalry at the crossroads of Five Forks, a short distance north of Dinwiddie Court House. Having had to make a detour around Sheridan, Rooney Lee finally arrived at the rendezvous early in the morning of March 31. As the cavalry, on the right of the Confederate line, advanced at about 11 a.m., they discovered that a small advance force of the enemy had already crossed Chamberlain Run, in their immediate front. These they quickly drove back to the far side, where the rest of Sheridan’s left hastily began to dig in. Barringer had three of his four regiments with him. Together with the 63rd North Carolina were the 9th (1st Cavalry) and 19th (2nd Cavalry) regiments. With these he was ordered to attack. Chamberlain Run was normally no more than a small stream flowing south into Stony Creek. At this time, however, according to Colonel William H. Cheek of the 9th North Carolina, it was “very swollen by recent heavy rains, and at places was impassable by reason of briars and swamp undergrowth.” Sergeant Coltrane of the 63rd recalled being “dismounted with cartridge box in one hand and rifle in the other struggling to stay on our feet in the current.” Nevertheless, the two regiments waded through the water “by fours” and took up position on the far side, the 9th North Carolina on the left and Colonel McNeill and the 63rd on the right. While the 19th was waiting to cross and form up between them, through some error a small detachment of Virginia cavalry was ordered across the ford, mounted, ahead of it. The Virginians splashed through the water and up the hill on the far side, where they were swiftly driven back by Sheridan’s men, the bulk of whom were armed with 16-shot Henry repeating rifles. Rushing back down into Chamberlain Run in their haste to find safety, the Virginians became entangled with the 19th, which was just attempting

to cross. The men standing their ground on the far side, meanwhile, were rapidly running out of ammunition. In the 63rd, both Colonel McNeill and Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw were killed, and eventually the whole line was forced to retire and struggle back across the stream.

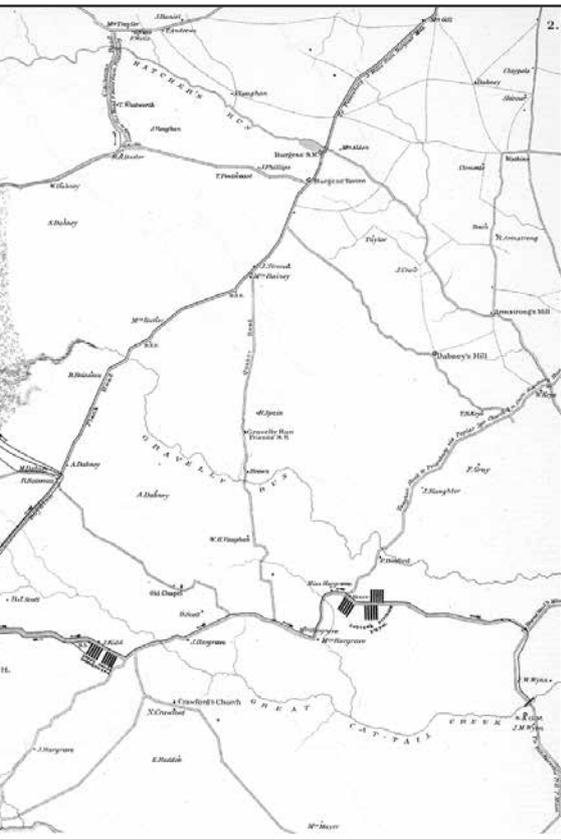
There was now a lull in the fighting, broken only by some sharpshooting across the creek from both sides. At one point, a regimental band appeared behind the Union lines and struck up “Yankee Doodle”, which the Confederates received, a Union soldier reported, “with yells and shouts of derision.” In the meantime, Pickett’s infantry had succeeded in crossing Chamberlain Run on the left, a mile upstream, threatening Sheridan’s right and centre. Barringer was now ordered to attack again, and at about 4 o’clock the men went forward once more. The 9th North Carolina crossed first on the left, in order to draw the enemy’s fire. The 19th then crossed at the ford, followed by the 63rd, now under the command of Captain John R. Erwin of Company F. As the North Carolinians stepped into the water, a Union officer heard one of them shout “Wind up them guns, Yanks!” This time, however, even the 16-shot Henrys could not stop Barringer’s men. The 19th deployed to the left and the 63rd to the right, and finally both swept forward and drove Sheridan’s men from their position and right back to Dinwiddie Court House, where his reserves were entrenched, in what one Ohio trooper admitted was “a pell mell retreat.” A member of McGregor’s Battery who witnessed the attack wrote later that he “never saw such a splendid charge. They simply swept everything out of their way.” Barringer himself described the battle as “the last marked victory won by our armies”, but it had been won at terrible cost; his three regiments had only two field officers left between them. George Adderton’s company commander, Captain Wharton, had been captured, and was not released from Johnson’s Island until June 17, when he finally agreed to take the Oath of Allegiance.

Learning that Federal infantry was advancing on his left, at about 3 o’clock the following morning, April 1, Pickett ordered the men back to their original position at Five Forks. Here the 63rd was dismounted and placed in shallow earthworks to the right of Pickett’s infantry, with the rest of Barringer’s Brigade, mounted, on its right. Late that afternoon, Sheridan sent the V Corps



Brig-Gen James B Gordon

against the left flank of Pickett’s infantry, while Pickett himself was unadvisedly absent at a shad-bake. The Union attack overwhelmed his division, capturing numbers of men and forcing the rest to retreat. McGregor’s artilleryman remembered it as “a stampede”. The cavalry on the right, however, mounted and dismounted, continued to resist until the last moment, thus allowing the remnants of the infantry to escape. They then withdrew in good order. Rooney Lee’s division, with Barringer’s brigade forming the rear guard, continued to cover the retreating column until it reached Namozine Church. Here, on April 3, Rooney Lee ordered Barringer to hold the position “to the last” while the remainder moved on. Barringer’s three regiments between them could now muster only 800 men. He placed the 9th North Carolina, mounted, on the left, the 19th, also mounted, in the centre and the 63rd, dismounted, on the right. A single gun from McGregor’s Battery was with them. Barringer’s men drove back the initial attacks by Custer’s Division but were finally overwhelmed, the 63rd, still under Captain Erwin, being the last to retire. Barringer said later that it “fought with obstinacy and seemed slow to give up the contest” when ordered to withdraw. Some of the men, recalled Captain Charles W. Pearson of Company H, “got into a large body of timber which shielded us. By walking all day, all night and all the next day, almost without stopping, we got out.” They were at Pannell’s Bridge on the Staunton River when they heard the news of Lee’s surrender. “We went



to Danville," wrote Captain Erwin later, "but without orders, and after we reached there each Captain took command of his company and inquired the nearest way to their respective homes." The war was over for the 63rd North Carolina.

Exactly how and when George Adderton returned to Randolph County we do not know, but we do know that he eventually reached home safely. The 1870 census shows him back on the farm, together with his wife and his mother. He was no longer postmaster of Hill's Store; the Confederate post office there had closed down by the end of April, 1865, and on February 14, 1866, Susannah L. Keenous had been appointed the new U.S. postmaster. The value of his assets had changed, too, since before the war; the census now lists him as worth \$2,500 in real estate, with a personal estate worth \$1,000. This was still a substantial enough figure, however, and he and Adaline were able to afford a cook, a 14-year-old white girl called Mariah Peacock. Living next door to him were Joseph and Troy Adderton and their, by now, four sons, and it is at this point that George Adderton's short letter to his wife of November 25, 1863 suddenly becomes interesting.

Having discovered initially from a brief entry on the internet that their surname was Adderton and that they were born respectively in 1832 and 1835, I had naturally assumed from the tone of George Adderton's letter that Joseph and Troy must be his younger brother and his sister-in-law. The 1870 U.S. Census, however, has a column headed "Color", the options given being "White

(W.)", "Black (B.)", "Mulatto (M.)", "Chinese (C.)" and "Indian (I.)". While "W" appears in this column against the names of George, Adaline and Abigail Adderton and their cook, opposite the names of Joseph and Troy Adderton and their sons is the letter "B". In other words, Joseph and Troy Adderton, now aged 38 and 35, are the 28-year-old and 25-year-old slaves shown in the 1860 census. What we have, then, in George Adderton's November, 1863 letter to Adaline, is a Confederate private soldier not just asking after the welfare of his two slaves and their children but asking them to write to him.

At the very least, this provides us with a glimpse of a rather unexpected side of Southern slavery. When we think of slavery, most of us probably have a mental picture of the big plantations like Tara in "Gone with the Wind". Yet the owners of these vast plantations represented only a tiny proportion of the total number of slaveholders. Far more numerous (although still a minority in the population as a whole, given that most Southern families actually had no slaves) were small farmers like George Adderton, owning just one or two slaves. Here, the family members would naturally have worked in the field alongside their slaves. It would not be totally surprising, then, if in these circumstances a feeling of mutual trust, and even almost of friendship, developed in time between master and slave. This in itself, of course, does not justify slavery, but it does remind us that nothing involving human relations is ever quite as simple and straightforward as it may appear on the outside. George Adderton's case is unlikely to have been unique.

In the 1880 census, George Adderton's profession, "Farmer" in the previous census, appears as the more specific "Grain Farmer". His mother, aged 77, was still living with him and Adaline. Living with them also at this stage were the two eldest sons of Joseph and Troy Adderton, Adam, aged 21, and George C., aged 16. George C. must therefore be the baby mentioned in George Adderton's 1863 letter. Their relationship to the head of the household is shown as "Servant" and their profession as "Farm Laborer."

George Adderton died on November 8, 1893, and was buried in Farmer United Methodist Church Cemetery. He had drawn up his will on March 8, 1888. In this, he left "to Joseph Adderton and his

heirs absolute and forever all the balance of the tract of land on which he now lives" and "to Adam S. Adderton and his heirs absolute and forever all that tract of land on which he now lives." These two tracts of land consisted of 150 acres and 115 acres respectively. The rest of the land, some 414 acres, he left to Adaline, but the bulk of this was to go on her death to the various other sons of Joseph and Troy Adderton "and their heirs, jointly and severally absolute and forever." In other words, George Adderton had left everything to the family of his former slaves.

Unfortunately, he had also left substantial debts. A sale of farm animals and equipment on March 2, 1894 raised \$121.09, of which a single mule accounted for \$60.00. A further sale of mainly household effects on June 24, 1898 produced only \$31.83. Since this and the proceeds of the sale of Adderton's interest in a mill left some \$1500 of debt still outstanding, Adaline and her co-executor, B.W. Steed, petitioned the Superior Court on May 5, 1899 for authority to sell the land by public auction. While the various individual tracts of land are listed specifically in the petition, the 150 acres bequeathed to Joseph Adderton are not mentioned; the executors' case is listed simply as being "vs Adam S. Adderton & Others."

We know that a Joseph Adderton died sometime before August 31, 1893 and that a G.R. Adderton bought an axle and some lumber at the sale of his personal effects the following month, so we can presume that this was the same man. What, though, happened to the land left to him and his heirs "absolute and forever"? Perhaps one of our colleagues in the United States may be able to enlighten us.

The Court having granted permission, the land was finally sold at auction on January 2, 1900, the Court stipulating that the executors use the proceeds to pay off the various debts and administrative charges "after first deducting the cost of this suit". Any surplus was to be "regarded as real estate" and "paid out under the direction of this Court, to and among the persons who would have been entitled to the land itself according to law." It would be good to think that the black Addertons received something in the end, as George Adderton had wished. Certainly, Adaline can have made no profit from the sale, because on July 6, 1908, now living in Asheboro, she applied for a Confederate widow's pension. She died in 1918.



Two Scouts of the Border Part 2

by Steve French

Steve French continues his article on the two Confederate scouts Redmond Burke and Andrew Leopold

Since May 29, 1864, the mortal remains of Confederate scouts Redmond Burke and Andrew Leopold have laid side-by-side in Shepherdstown, West Virginia's Elmwood Cemetery. Although a visitor's pamphlet available there gives a thumbnail sketch of the two men's wartime exploits, today even most local residents knowledgeable of their town's history are not aware of the pair's notable and sometimes notorious deeds during the great conflict. For scores of years after the war, however, those who knew them were quick to reminisce about the brief time in the fall of 1862 and then again in the late winter and spring of 1863 when Burke's "guerrilla band" held sway in the village and surrounding area. Their defenders were quick to point out that for some months the valiant soldiers were their only protection from Yankee depredations. Former Unionists, however, considered them not heroes but murderous thieves.

Continued from Crossfire Issue 121

Union men who love the flag and their country so fondly that they will not fight for them but take their chances refugeing [sic] when the Confederates come to town.... Not that the Rebels ever molested them, but they tell so many wild tales about the southern citizens to the Union soldiers that they instinctively feel that some punishment ought to be meted out to them, and they expect the Rebels to do it.

A few weeks later, Gordon returned to Boston on medical leave. Before departing, however, he turned brigade command over to Col. Silas Colgrove, of the 27th Indiana. Not long afterward, a serious incident occurred at Guard Lock 4, about a mile upstream from Dam Number 4, when a canal employee named Jim Dunn tried to move his family and belongings to Maryland. Dunn, a Virginian who worked farther upriver at Dam Number 5, had already received his superintendent's permission to make the move. On the morning of November 19, Dunn crossed the Potomac and walked down the canal towpath to meet with Colgrove at his headquarters. After showing the colonel a note from his boss, Colgrove approved the request but told Dunn that once his boat arrived in

Maryland, an officer that he was sending along would search it. Other soldiers at the lock included some pickets from the 27th, plus troopers from the 12th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Once he got back, four of his friends and Dunn's father helped him load the scow. By 11 o'clock, Dunn was ready to cast off. On board, were Dunn's wife, their children, a young black boy, an unidentified lady, and a few dogs and some chickens. Just as they were ready to cross over, Burke and his followers rushed out of the nearby woods and grabbed the helpers. But Dunn, despite being under fire, escaped capture, frantically crossing the river in a skiff. Safely reaching the opposite shore, he ran to find Colgrove. In the meantime, the raiders took the workers and disappeared leaving behind his father and the others.

After waiting about an hour for his son's return and figuring that the Confederates were now miles away, the old timer crossed the river in a skiff and started walking down the towpath looking for help. He soon ran into three refugees, Theodore "Mort" Cookus, William Colbert and Walter Ridenour. After telling them of his plight, the men agreed to help. Getting into the boat, they paddled

quickly across the 200-yard wide expanse. While Cookus remained in the boat, the others got on the scow, untied the ropes holding it, and prepared to cast off. Ridenour was just about to put a pole into the water when Burke, Leopold, Hipsley and O'Brien appeared unexpectedly and ran to the water's edge. "Halt you Yankee son-of-a bitch!" Leopold hollered. As Colbert raised his arms, Ridenour jumped back into the skiff. Just then, Cookus, armed with a pocket-pistol, fired a shot at the Rebels. Returning fire, Leopold squeezed of two rounds wounding Cookus with one. As Mort toppled into the water, the scouts grabbed Colbert, ran back into the brush, and gave him to Polk Burke. Colbert later said that both men then returned to the scene and Leopold shot Cookus, when the desperate swimmer was about fifty yards from the far shore.

Ridenour, however, related a somewhat different tale, saying, "After Cookus jumped out, he swam twelve or fifteen more feet and received three more shots. Every time the guns cracked, he dodged his head under the water. Capt. Burke says don't kill him, Laypole says I will kill the Son of a bitch." By this time, the infantrymen across the way had started firing at the Rebels. But as

Mort's body was sinking slowly beneath the waters, Burke called to the soldiers and warned to stop shooting or he would kill the prisoners. They did, but then the Pennsylvanians arrived and opened up with their revolvers. Retreating quickly out of range, Burke then started his men and prisoners for Shepherdstown. Along the way, according to Colbert, Leopold bragged that he had killed Cookus.

Once back in town, the scouts stopped at Julia Burke's house, a fine-looking brick dwelling situated on the western edge of the village. Julia, George's mother, soon got them something to eat. Staying there the remainder of the day and through the night, the Rebels did not pay too much attention to their captives and, just before dawn, Colbert slipped away and headed for Maryland. Once back at Mercersville, he found that the shooting had already stirred up the men so much that they were preparing to launch a fifty-man expedition to take care of the raiders for the last time. Not only were they incensed about Cookus's killing and the capture of his friend but also many believed a wild rumor that Burke had used Mrs. Dunn and the other lady to entice the men into a trap. In his war memoir, Gordon wrote. "The bitter hatred on our side of the river for this leader was increased by what happened to Dunn and his companions."

In a subsequent meeting with Capt.

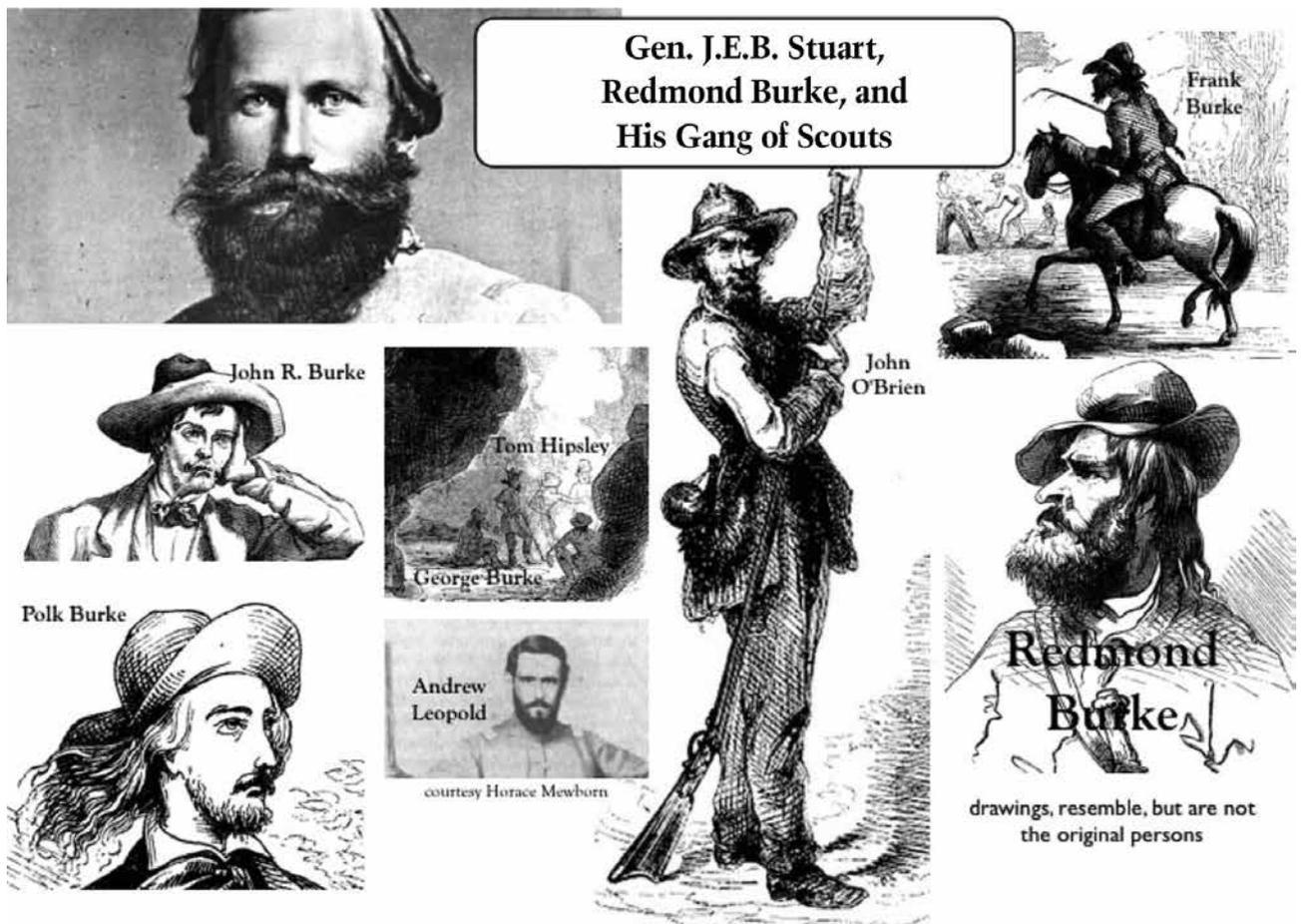
Henry Scott, Gordon's adjutant, tavern-keeper Chapline presented his plan to end Burke's depredations. Knowing that it was the habit of these so-called guerrillas to hang about Julia Burke's, he would lead his men secretly across the river at Guard Lock 4, go to Shepherdstown, surround the house, and seize the men and their horses. Once back in Maryland, Chapline would take his captives to army headquarters in Sharpsburg. All the man wanted was for the pickets at the lock to stand aside. Scott nixed Chapline's proposal quickly and suggested that the refugees and army combine forces. In the captain's plan, a small band of loyal Virginians would guide a company of picked soldiers into Shepherdstown and point out the Rebel lair. Chaplin agreed, and he and five spies eventually provided the Federals with what pertinent information on the Rebels they had and then Scott drew an accurate map of the town, highlighting Burke's hideout and the houses of important Southern sympathizers.

On the morning of November 24, Colgrove ordered Capt. William Cogswell, then commanding the 2nd Massachusetts Infantry, to lead the expedition. That afternoon, Cogswell gathered a seventy-five man squad of trusted veterans. Sgt. Henry Newton Comey recalled that they, "... were to

be ready at half-past nine, with the full number of cartridges and arms in perfect order ... and ready for some duty.

At the appointed time, the intrepid Bay Staters, accompanied by Capt. Scott, marched to Johnson's Lock, about a mile upriver from Bridgeport, and prepared to cross. Two guides were present along with some African-Americans who would pilot them to the far shore. Once there, Cogswell left a few men behind to guard the boats and then after marching a ways downstream, began a cross-country hike to Julia Burke's house.

Just after midnight, the soldiers approached the dwelling. Although its rooms were lit brightly, and they could see some horses tied up out front; the men did not spot anyone inside. Being careful not to scare the animals and cause a commotion, the bluecoats then split into two squads and quietly surrounded the house. Suddenly a man ran dashed out the front door trying to reach one of the horses. "Halt! Halt! Our Captain shouted, but he would not stop." Comey recalled, "Bang, Bang, ... the rifles rang out, and the notorious guerrilla chief, Redmond Burke was dead." In an instant, other soldiers burst into the dwelling and easily rounded-up John Redmond and Polk, plus Hipsley, Leopold and O'Brien. Completely surprised, the Rebels began cursing the Federals as some soldiers tied their



hands behind their backs. Soon outside and on their way to Sharpsburg, they caught a glimpse of the captain's corpse before Scott hustled them along.

After a quick search of his body, the men found Burke's captain commission, his weapons, some letters for Stuart and a dispatch from the general. Meanwhile other Federals barged into a few nearby houses owned by suspected secessionists and discovered some hidden arms and ammunition. Cogswell then ordered the men back to their boats. At five o'clock that morning, they arrived in Sharpsburg bringing not only their captives, but five first-rate horses as well. Some of the refugees were on hand and celebrated upon hearing the good news of the sudden demise of their nemesis. Writing to his sister, Comey said, "It would have done you good to see the rejoicing of the citizens who had been hunted and persecuted by Burke."

About two o'clock that afternoon, Scott led a force back to Shepherdstown to find Burke's horse, a magnificent thoroughbred stallion that Stuart had given his friend. Forging the chilly Potomac waters about a mile downstream from the town, this time thirty troopers from the 12th Pennsylvania came along to support the Massachusetts men. As they crested the hill and came into town, they spotted a girl proudly waving a U.S. flag. The men thought she was a friend but in reality, hers was a frantic signal for any lingering Rebels to hurry out of town. Once they reached Mrs. Burke's, Scott, Cogswell and the others noticed a lone horseman galloping south toward Kearneysville. It was George Burke astride the captain's charger. Stymied in their quest to capture the animal, the Yankees contented themselves by arresting two civilians, and after capturing, and then paroling some wounded Confederates, they left town. Two days later, Leopold and the others were on their way to prison at Fort McHenry. In a note to Stuart, Dr. Alexander Tinsley, who was caring for the Confederate wounded in town, wrote, "Capt. Burke's own riding horse is in the hands of Private G. F. Burke.... Who says he will report to you."

That morning, the doctor had examined Burke's corpse and removed the lead pill that had sent the gray-mane warrior's soul flying off to join the ranks of "The Great Majority." According to Tinsley, the captain had been "killed by a pistol shot passing through his right breast."

Tinsley's discovery led to many locals to believing that Burke was murdered by one of the guides. According to this popular version of the incident, Burke and son, Frank, had just rode up to the house. Burke then dismounted, handed his reins to the teenager and walked to his doom.

Soon, the news of Burke's unfortunate fate reached Stuart. To those around him, his friend's death seemed to have been one of the hardest blows the commander suffered to this point in the war. Aide-de-camp Channing R. Price noted that, "The General exhibits great feeling on the subject & cries almost every time allusion is made to it." In reporting Burke's death to Governor John Letcher, Stuart remembered Burke's sterling qualities, "He possessed a heart intrepid, a spirit invincible, a patriotism too lofty to admit a selfish thought and a conscience that scorned to do a mean act."

On December 16, the Richmond Whig notified its readers of Burke's killing. In its scribe's highly sensational, fictionalized version of the incident, Burke "... defended himself courageously, but could not escape. He fell pierced by many balls amid the yells of his betrayers and murderers." Finally, after recalling some of the fearless hero's exciting wartime adventures he writes, "The sharp crack of his carbine is stilled and the enemies of the South can rest more peacefully, but his fame will not be forgotten, his courage and patriotism will long be remembered."

But Burke's death was not the end of the story. While at Fort McHenry, the Federals held his five men as regular soldiers, not guerrillas. After a short stay there, the authorities paroled them, and they rejoined Stuart then camped at Hamilton's Crossing, near Fredericksburg. Since their paroles prohibited each man from fighting until exchanged for a previously captured northern soldier of the same rank, once there the men bided their time. Leopold received his exchange on January 6, 1863, and Stuart put him to work as a courier. Eight days later, however, the commander ordered him to take seventy men and head toward Berryville. From that locale, Leopold recalled, "My business there was to observe the Federal forces and report to General Fitzhugh Lee." According to Polk Burke, he also had Stuart's permission to raise a company. By this time, however, the

military situation had changed, with the bluecoats now controlling the lower-Shenandoah Valley. In Winchester, Major General Robert H. Milroy's division occupied the town and surrounding area, including an outpost at Berryville. There were also other smaller forces guarding important points along the B&O from Harpers Ferry westward past Martinsburg, while trusted civilians guided Union horsemen scouring the countryside for pesky guerrillas and other elusive Confederates.

Soon, Leopold and his followers were concentrating their efforts around Shepherdstown, and, according to Mary Lou Entler, the young officer was taking far too many chances. "His fault was reckless," she recalled, "He had run the gauntlet so often... that he became heedless of danger." Always on the lookout to even the score with Joseph Chapline, one evening in early March he tried, but failed to capture the refugee leader at his home, located a few miles upriver on Terrapin Neck. On March 6, however, he had better luck with another man he had a score to settle with.

Sometime after dark, Leopold and John O'Brien came into Shepherdstown to deliver some letters. About nine o'clock, the men rode over to a house where they hoped to find Jacob Hudson, a young man who had been spreading tales about Leopold. Although the scout did not know Hudson personally, he was determined to shut him up.

Arriving at the dwelling, the Rebels dismounted and walked to the front entrance. Inside, Hudson and a friend were talking when they heard a sharp rap on the door. Jacob walked over, opened the door, and came suddenly face-to-face with the two heavily armed men. Leopold, revolver in hand, asked him his name and when he replied, the scout told him that he had been talking about him long enough. Terrified, Hudson turned rapidly and dashed through the hallway toward the back door. Just then, a bullet struck him in the left shoulder blade and Jacob fell down and, despite the intense pain, played dead. Figuring he had killed the loud mouth, Leopold and O'Brien returned to delivering the mail, the scout even telling one recipient that he had just shot a man.

About two weeks later, between two and three o'clock on the morning of March 17, Leopold, Hipsley and three others arrived at the ferry office in Bridgeport. Earlier that night, they had

forded the Potomac, went to Sharpsburg and subsequently grabbed six horses hitched up to an oyster wagon. Now, they hurried to get back to Virginia.

At the time, nineteen-year-old ferryman Charles Entler and his teenage friend Samuel Jones were asleep in the building. Next door, Charles's brother Luther and his wife lived in the ferry house. When Leopold knocked on the door, Charles asked what the man wanted. When Andy replied that he wanted to cross the river, Entler refused his request. Whether or not he recognized the voice, Jones, who years before had worked on the canal with Leopold, certainly did, and he cowered in bed, petrified. Meanwhile, Leopold, angered by Entler's refusal to open up, started tearing a shutter off one of the windows. Finally, Charles went to the door and, calling out for his brother to come over, walked outside.

As Luther came out of his house, he saw a stranger confronting Charles. Suddenly the man shouted, "By God, I am Capt. Leopold and have been looking for you a long time." Then a shot and an astonished Luther rushed back into the house and reached for his revolver. Looking out a window, his brother's assailant was about fifteen feet away when, upon opening the gate, he turned around. Fortunately there was just enough light for Entler to recognize Leopold. In an instant, the raiders and their horses were on the ferry and headed to Shepherdstown. For some reason, probably fright, neither Luther nor Jones went outside to look for Charles. The next morning, however, the two made a quick search and found his body, shot in the back, lying in the road just up the hill from the house. At the subsequent inquest held in Sharpsburg, Luther testified, "I cannot swear positively that Andy Leopold killed my brother, but I think he was the man."

Entler's slaying and Hudson's near-fatal wounding caused both local civilian and military authorities to make his capture and punishment one of their highest priorities. In its March 20 edition, the editor of the Middletown (Md.) Valley Register described the cold-blooded murder and added. "This is the third person who had been shot-two of whom have died-by the heartless wretch, and we sincerely hope he may be caught soon and treated to a hempen collar."

It took over a month, however, to corner Leopold. On the afternoon of April 20, Lt. David Powell, 12th Virginia Infantry,

(Union) led a forty-four man force out of Berryville looking for guerrillas. After dark, the Federals reached the Shenandoah River and met a slave named Sam who informed Powell and Lieutenant Jesse Wyckoff, 1st New York (Lincoln) Cavalry, that Leopold might be at his master's house, located just across the river in the nearby Blue Ridge Mountains. Afterward Sam returned home but around midnight returned to the water's edge. There, using a prearranged signal, he alerted Powell that his prey was at the house. The Federals were soon across the river and on their way to surprise the Rebels. Nearing the dwelling, "The squad," a Wheeling Intelligencer scribe reported, "found the seven handsomely situated in a house, sleeping and consequently unconscious of the approaching danger."

In short order, the bluecoats surrounded the house, and then one of the officers stepped forward and knocked on the door. Upon hearing much commotion from inside, the man shouted that if a shot was fired, they would be burned out and then executed. Soon, Leopold and six others, including Frank and Polk Burke, came out with their hands raised. Their appearance impressed the newspaperman, "They are pretty fine-looking men." he wrote, "This compliment... may be attributed to their being out of the regular rebel army, for as a general thing, they are pretty hard looking cracklings." Once in Berryville,

post commander Brigadier General Andrew J. McReynolds held the scouts for two days until forwarding them to the Frederick County Jail in Winchester.

Soon Leopold's six followers were on their way to Fort McHenry, where, after a short stay of less than a week, the officials there paroled them. But for Andy, who was then calling himself Isadore Leopold, it was a different story. Since Washington County, Maryland authorities wanted to prosecute Leopold for Charles Entler's murder, Milroy decided to keep him in jail until some higher-ups could sort things out. In the meantime, he assigned a civilian spy named Michael Graham to talk to Andy and see what he could find out. In a few days, Graham's work paid off. He sent the general a note saying that the prisoner was ready to give him some important information. Upon reading this, Milroy ordered his guards to bring Leopold to headquarters. 58

At their April 25 meeting, Andy surprised the general by offering to identify some of his former comrades and switch sides. In his report to VIII Corps Middle Department commander Maj.Gen. Robert "Fighting Bob" Schenck, Milroy noted, "He wrote out a list of Scouts and Spies for each rebel Genr. And description of where they operated... I think he intimated that he would take service on our side." Leopold also authored a more detailed written statement that Milroy immediately



Aerial Fort McHenry



Harpers Ferry Virginia

telegraphed, along with his report, to Schenck's Baltimore headquarters. In this statement, however, Andy said, "I am tired of fighting and wish to take the oath of allegiance and retire into Ohio." Not long afterward, Leopold even convinced two other prisoners to provide Milroy with even more important military information.

If the scout thought that his wholehearted cooperation with Milroy and Schenck would prove beneficial to his plight, he was mistaken. Although Milroy wanted to turn Leopold over to the Maryland authorities, Schenck favored keeping him in military custody and sending him to Fort McHenry. On May 4, Milroy had Leopold taken to the Harpers Ferry B&O station and sent off to Baltimore. According to the *Baltimore Sun*, upon reaching "The Charm City," Leopold heard ... "that a court-martial had found him guilty of being a guerrilla, and he was under sentence to be shot. He replied that he was a regular commissioned officer of the Confederate army and knew not why he should be shot." Once at Fort McHenry, the authorities, following instruction from the commanding general, placed him in the inner fort's high security Sally Port Prison. Held in irons, a clerk wrote of Leopold, "He is a Guerrilla chief and a spy and a murderer of the blackest die." By this time, word of Andy's dire situation had reached Polly Zittle in Sharpsburg. The worried mother, however, soon came up with a plan. Although it might prove to be just a forlorn hope, she

would send her daughter Sallie through the lines in an attempt to contact General Stuart to see if he could help. Sallie readily agreed and, after stopping in Shepherdstown and convincing Mary Lou Entler to help her, headed south. But they only got as far as Berryville before a Federal officer arrested them and dispatched the duo to Winchester. After Milroy questioned the feisty pair, he forwarded them to Harpers Ferry, where Brig. Gen. Benjamin F. Kelley ordered both girls held under guard in Stipes' Hotel as civilian detainees. Although their mission failed, over the next six weeks the pretty, young ladies had a great time as handsome young officers vied with each other to escort the lovely secessionists on walks throughout the town. Finally, with Lt. Gen. Richard S. Ewell's Second Corps attacking nearby Winchester, on Sunday June 14 "Old Ben" evacuated them and other prisoners by rail to Baltimore where Mary Lou and Sallie eventually took the loyalty oath and then returned to their homes.

From May until December, Leopold idled away his time in prison while awaiting his upcoming trial. In an August 9 letter home commenting on the prisoners he was in charge of, Capt. Joel Baker, 8th New York Heavy Artillery, described Leopold to his wife. Baker, the current Officer of the Interior Guard, knew him well, writing, "Another is A. F. Leopold who was a guerrilla chief and is a hard-looking customer for a young man, and is despised by his fellow prisoners as being a man without any principle and

one who would sell the life of his best friend for a few cents."

Leopold's court-martial began at the fort on December 16. Lt. Col. W.W. Bates, 8th New York Heavy Artillery, served as president of the military commission, which consisted of Bates and five other officers. Lt. Roderick Baldwin, also from the 8th New York, was Trial Judge Advocate. Although under court rules Leopold could represent himself, Andy chose Milton Whitney, Esquire, former state's attorney for Baltimore City to assist him. The five serious charges against Leopold included that from November 1st, 1862 until April 20th, 1863 he "did... carry on a partizan and guerrilla warfare against the Government of the United States and against the good, loyal citizens... of Maryland and Virginia... robbing-murdering-plundering- molesting-wounding and killing the good loyal citizens."

With a number of postponements and a break for Christmas, the trial dragged on for over a month. During the course of the hearing, Baldwin produced a number of eyewitnesses, such as William Colbert, Luther Entler, Jacob Hudson, Samuel Jones, and Charles Ridenour, who testified to Leopold crimes. In his defense, Leopold, however, maintained that he was just a soldier following Stuart's orders. His witnesses included some compatriots he had served with and even Gen. Milroy. The general recalled that Leopold "... had some papers from General Stuart and some orders about the duties he was

to perform." In addition, when cross-examined by Baldwin, though, he spoke of Leopold's willingness to sell out his former comrades for his own freedom.

On January 11, 1864 lawyer Whitney read Leopold thirty-five page prepared statement to the commission. In it, he said the death of Cookus resulted from a nothing more than a skirmish and that despite what Entler and Jones said, he did not murder Charles Entler. "I had nothing more to do with the shooting of Entler," Leopold declared, "than any one of the members of this tribunal." As to the Hudson wounding, neither the man nor his friend George Brantner, who was staying with him that night, could say who fired the shot. Commenting on being labeled a guerrilla, the scout wrote, "If impounding horses with the service constituted being a guerrilla... then there are many on either side who stood in great peril..." In closing, Whitney called upon the officers to find the defendant innocent of the charges.

Three days later, Baldwin read his reply to Leopold's written defense. Calling the scout an assassin and guerrilla who preyed on civilians, the Judge Advocate slowly went through each incident using sworn testimony to prove the accused was guilty of the particular crime. Commenting on the Cookus killing, Baldwin said, "We see the accused walking coolly down to the bank of the river and deliberately shooting at a man in the water who was unable to help himself, much less resist." As far as the Entler and Hudson shootings, Baldwin noted, "Compare the manner in which Hudson and Entler were shot, and see if we do not recognize the trademark of the same artist." Baldwin ended his presentation by calling for the tribunal to avenge the loyal people of the border who had suffered at the hands of Leopold and other vicious outlaws.

When Baldwin concluded his remarks, Bates ordered the room to be cleared. Then, after a short deliberation, the commission found Leopold guilty of all remaining charges, two "Being a Spy" and "Violating an Act of War" had been dropped earlier, and Bates sentenced him "To be hanged by the neck until dead, at such time and place that the commanding general directs."

Since this was a capital case, the verdict passed up the chain of command until finally reaching President Lincoln's desk. In a April 21 meeting with Judge Advocate Gen. Joseph Holt to discuss

his opinion of the verdict. Holt in his four page trial summary concluded that all of Leopold's crimes ... were violations of the Laws of War"... and that such atrocities should be... adequately punished." Lincoln concurred with view and signed the scout's death sentence.

Back in his cell at Fort McHenry, the shackled prisoner passed the long days by reading the Bible and talking with Prison Chaplain Dr. A. A. Reese. By May, the young man was now a committed Christian. Although he and his family hoped that the Confederate government would exert pressure on Lincoln by threatening to execute a captured Union officer if Andy's sentence was carried out, nothing happened.

On the evening of May 22, an officer arrived at Leopold's cell door and informed him that he would hang at sunrise. Soon, Chaplain Reese arrived and, for a time, consoled him with the promises of Christ and life hereafter. He then administered Holy Communion. Before Reese left, Andy gave him a small book entitled "Glimpses of Heaven," and asked him to send it to his mother. Inside its covers was his last letter to her.

Dr. Reese returned at 3:30 a.m. At five o'clock, some infantrymen arrived with a wagon, led the prisoner outside, and put him atop his coffin. Soon the wagon was out the Sally Port gate and headed to the nearby execution site. There, VIII Corps Middle Department Commander Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace, Fort McHenry commander Brig. Gen. William W. Morris, some Rebel officers, and a large contingent of soldiers standing in a hollow square awaited him. Once on the ground, Leopold started up the scaffold's thirteen steps "... bounding or tripping up them," according to the Baltimore Clipper, "in a very firm manner." Then, flanked by Dr. Reese and his hangman Pvt. Elijah Brown, he listened as Captain Andrews read the execution orders.

Capt. Robert W. Baylor, 12th Virginia Cavalry, was one of the Confederate officers who witnessed the execution and heard Leopold's final statement. He wrote:

He said that he died in defense of his country, for which he was willing to part with his life without a murmur. He trusted that God would yet give her independence and liberty. He then pointed to General Morris... and said that the old gray-haired gentleman there was the cause his death; that he was about to suffer a felon's death, but God

was the judge, not he; he then forgave General Morris and hoped to meet him in heaven. He waved his handkerchief twice to the Confederate officers, offered a prayer to God, and then told them that he was ready.... at five-thirty he was launched into eternity.... Leopold died as a brave man should do, praying first for his country, then for his widowed mother and family, and, lastly, for himself.

Andy's body hung between heaven and earth for about fifteen minutes before a soldier cut him down. Wallace had stayed the whole time, but Morris rode off as soon as Leopold fell through the trap door. Not long afterward, a few of Leopold's friends claimed the body to take it back to Sharpsburg. Once there, Polly decided to bury her son in Shepherdstown, beside Capt. Burke.

On Sunday afternoon May 29, approximately 400 mourners gathered at Elmwood Cemetery awaiting the arrival of the funeral procession. Once news of Leopold's nerve while on the gallows reached Shepherdstown, many townfolk forgave Andy of his past misdeeds. They showed their respect for the memory of the scout by walking calmly by a band of angry local Unionists who were loudly threatening them.

Meanwhile, in an ironic twist of fate, the family and the hearse carrying Leopold's corpse crossed the Potomac on the ferry. Whether Luther Entler or Samuel Jones was the ferryman that day is unknown. While passing by Shepherdstown's Entler Hotel another crowd of hostile men began harassing the group and telling the undertaker to turn around. He ignored them and soon was at the graveyard. "All ages, conditions and positions of life were there...." a attendee remembered, "and not an eye wept but bitter tears for this brave young soldier when the wreathes, crosses, and bouquets were placed upon his coffin by his many lady friends."

As the mourners drifted away slowly, others started shoveling dirt into the grave. Suddenly, several of the Unionists carried through with one of their threats and made off with the undertaker's horse and hearse, maybe bringing a fitting ending to the saga of "Burke's guerrilla." In closing, not long after Burke's death, Stuart had sent a letter to Lily Parren Lee, the lovely, young widow of his friend, Lt. Col. W. F. Lee. In it, the general said that after the war, he would erect a monument over the scout's grave. Unfortunately, the cavalier's mortal wounding at Yellow Tavern, Virginia, on May 14, 1864 ended any hope of that.

Barnacles

Alabama crewman George Gitsinger

by Maurice Rigby

George Arthur Gitsinger/Getsinger, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, around 1837, and was the son of the Printer Benjamin Russell, and Elizabeth Arthur Gitsinger, nee Fairley.

Very little is known of his early life, as the 1850 Charleston, South Carolina census, and the one preceding this too, gave no information other than just their names, ages, and place of birth. The earliest known information which gave an inkling to the career of Gitsinger, came on March 12, 1860, at the custom house in the Port of Philadelphia, where he signed an affidavit stating his trade as a seaman, and declaring his American citizenship. These seamen's protection certificates were originally brought about through an act of congress in 1796, and would have been used specifically to protect American seamen from being impressed into any British man-of-war of the Royal Navy. Later the certificates became more useful as a form of identification, though leading up to the civil war it was criticised as having its faults, as anyone finding it or being in possession of it, could easily match the description on the document. With the affidavit duly sworn, dated, and signed, in the presence of the deputy collector at Philadelphia, it went on to describe Gitsinger as twenty two years old, from Charleston, South Carolina, with a light complexion, brown hair, and grey eyes, standing five feet eleven, and three quarters.

Gitsinger had once confided to a fellow sailor that he had been a mutineer on the high seas, and at the outbreak of the war he had been a prisoner in irons, with a charge of murder against him, but was given the offer of release if he joined the Confederate Army. He would later go on to desert the army, and found a port where he joined the crew of the United States ship 'Louisa Hatch'. His eldest brother Benjamin, however, enlisted as a private in Company 1, South Carolina, 1st (McCleary's) Infantry Regiment (1st Provisional Army) and lost his life at the age of 38 in 1863. He was buried in the family plot at the first Baptist Churchyard, in Charleston, South Carolina.

At the time of writing, it's uncertain when or where he joined the crew of the 'Louisa Hatch', of Rockland, Maine, but under the command of Captain William Grant, his ship of 853 tons left Cardiff, Wales, on March 5, 1863, for Point-de-Galle, Ceylon, with over a thousand tons of Cardiff coal in her hatches. The cargo being the property of the French, was destined for the Messageries Impériales steam ship company, but after Semmes had captured the Hatch and examined her papers, it was found that the ships bill of lading hadn't been sworn to, or had shown any such order to ship coal to this company. The Hatch also hadn't been chartered by any agent of this company to ship coal, so therefore Semmes concluded that she was an American ship, carrying American cargo. The 'Louisa Hatch', and that of her cargo, was condemned by Semmes on April 4, and with a prize crew on board, the Hatch was taken to the island of Fernando de Noronha, a penal settlement off the coast of Brazil.

Anchoring the prize a few miles off shore, it took the crew of the 'Alabama' many days and nights, with great difficulty, in removing around three hundred tons of her coal and then transferring it to the 'Alabama'. The work was finally completed on the morning of the 15th. On the evening of the 17th, the 'Louisa Hatch', with its remaining cargo of coal still aboard, and the recently captured whaling brig 'Kate Cory', of Westport, Massachusetts, were put to the torch four to five miles outside the territorial waters of the island. The whaling barque 'Lafayette' of New Bedford, the second vessel of this name to be captured, and which had accompanied the 'Kate Cory' into the bay for fresh provisions, was put to the torch on the 15th. From the 'Louisa Hatch', four seamen joined the crew of the 'Alabama', James Wallace, Robert Owen(s) of Holyhead, Maurice Britt of Waterford, Ireland, and George Gitsinger.

During the capture of the 'Louisa Hatch', Gitsinger, a powerfully built sailor, had flatly refused to accept surrender, and



Big Gus ensuring fair portions all round

stood by the ships rail "shaking his fists" at the 'Alabama's crew threatening to knock out any of their two best men that they could pick to fight him. Eventually, having finally relented to his capture by the 'Alabama', Gitsinger joined the vessel as an ordinary seaman on April 18, and remained on board until the 'Alabama's arrival at Simon's Bay, where he, along with another seaman, were invalidated from the service on August 12, 1863. The causes of their injury is not known, though his injury clearly wasn't severe enough to rob him of his livelihood. During a trip to the National Archives at Kew, I managed to find him registering on board the 1,010 ton sailing ship 'Sarah M', of St John N B, at the Port of Philadelphia in late September, 1864,

as a substitute member of the crew. However, when Captain Magnus Flett sailed for Quebec on its journey back to Liverpool, it had been noted in the crew agreement by the captain that Gitsinger had in fact failed to join the ship when she left port.

A few years had passed by since the end of the civil war, when a small band of sailor's while out on liberty from the ship 'H.L.Richardson' of Boston, discovered Gitsinger lying in a drunken heap in one of the streets in Liverpool. Taking pity on him, they thought he would be a welcomed addition to their ship, and so they picked him up and took him on board where he could safely sleep it off. Once at sea, the mate of the Richardson instructed the seaman Albert Dana Castle, to rouse the shanghaied Gitsinger from his sleep, and to stand watch with him that night. The crew, who had nicknamed Gitsinger 'Big Gus', went on to describe him as being very dark skinned, with a "long pointed mustache" (sic) and "a little goatee", and one of the things the seamen quickly learnt about him, is to never wake the big man up without his ale beside him.

As Castle went below, the five feet eight inches tall seaman for a brief moment had forgotten the warnings from his fellow shipmates, and so predictably, upon being woken up, 'Big Gus' immediately grabbed the surprised sailor around the throat leaving his legs swinging in the air, and swearing profusely at him, demanding to know where he was and where's his ale. Managing a few strained words, seaman Castle carefully explained what had happened to him, and told him that his jug had been left behind. In a desperate attempt to calm the big man down, the sailor told him he had a flask or two in his bunk and if he was willing to put him down he would go and get it for him. 'Big Gus' agreed, and on his return Castle gave the burly seaman the bottle which he immediately took possession of, and before handing it back to him, had drunk half the contents of it leaving the rest for another occasion. He told Castle that next time he asked for the bottle to be brought to him to "don't let me have but one good pull at a time". But fearful for his condition, the sailor nervously asked 'Big Gus', "but suppose you'd want more and I tried to stop you, you'd maul the life out of me". "That's so" he replied, then adding "you might bring the allowance in a dipper, and then run". "Before I had time to finish it, you'd be safe".

Meal breaks, during the voyage of the Richardson, enabled the crew to queue up with their tin bowls in hand, and have their meals of hash and bread ladled out from a big pot by the cook. A small minority of the crew had figured out a scam in getting double helpings, by simply telling the cook that to prevent a large queue forming at meal time, that if he put more in his bowl he could then give it to his mate. Naturally, this caused problems for Castle, who generally discovered the pot empty by the time it came round for his turn. This went on for several days, and 'Big Gus' had noticed it too. So when the sailor's queued up for their meals around the pot requesting "for me and my mate", in stepped 'Big Gus' who sent half a dozen of them, with their bowls and hats alike, flying in all different directions like rag dolls. Looking around the deck at the floored sailor's who had literally formed a circle around him, 'Big Gus' growled at them, "don't let me hear that for me and my chum business again". The sailor's slowly picking themselves up, remained quiet, hardly daring to argue or disagree with him.

In one of the many early voyages of the Richardson in which Gitsinger might have been a member of her crew, occurred in February 1866, when the Richardson left New Orleans for Liverpool with a cargo of around four thousand and eighty nine bales of cotton. It was at that time the largest cargo ever shipped from a southern port, bar one. The weight of the cotton was around 1,859,082 pounds, or an average of 453 pounds a bale. A rough estimate of the value of the cargo on board was around one million dollars, and worth in Liverpool at over seven hundred thousand dollars in gold.

After leaving the 'H.L.Richardson', 'Big Gus' and seaman Castle went their

Today, as for the past hundred years, men enjoy the mellow goodness of this famous whiskey.



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AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES
There is in Old Crow a matchless quality and taste which only rigid adherence to time-honored methods and standards can preserve.

BOTTLED-IN-BOND.

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 National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

Old Crow Whiskey advertisement

separate ways, never to meet again. Albert Castle never forgot his mate, and one day meeting up with an old fellow sailor, had found out what became of his old friend, and sadly learn of his rather untimely death. Hardly ever sober on shore, some of the sailor's that had suffered badly from his tyranny over the years, got a can of nitroglycerin and re-labeled it 'Old Rye', before carefully placing it on the ground. When he showed up they offered Gitsinger the wager of a full can of 'Old Rye', depending on how far he could kick this can across the lot. Taking up the offer willingly, he threw off his cap, and spat on his hands before rubbing them eagerly together. Then, making a short run up to the can, keeping his eyes focused on it, he raised his foot and with one mighty k.....

Lonesomepine

Fort Pillow

by Tony Daly

Fifty miles north of Memphis, General Gideon Pillow surveyed a sand bar extending out into the Mississippi river. Opposite stands an elevation



General Gideon Pillow

and he rightly perceived that to build a fort would funnel all shipping to within musket range and so control the waterborne traffic; thus Fort Pillow was to enter history. Ceded to Union forces with the withdrawal of the confederate army, it fell into Federal hands and also appreciating its strategic position, was heavily garrisoned. The fort also served as a sanctuary for runaway slaves, a recruiting centre for federal sympathisers and a port for sutlers to import their goods for sale to the soldiers.

In 1864 Nathan Bedford Forrest planned to seize the men, their supplies and horseflesh for his own use. A feint on Memphis, by Colonel Neely of Forrest's 1st cavalry, using only 150 men, fixed Union forces in place as Forrest closed in on his prey. He assigned General James Chalmers to assault the outer works and bottle up the Fort's personnel. This consisted of the storming of the 2 miles of outer works and a middle set of defences that largely 'stood in the air'. As directed Chalmers paused, awaiting his superior to arrive. The actual fort was a horseshoe with an open side facing the river with rifle pits to each side. In addition there were buildings external to the main fort for supplies and the accommodation of the white troops; the coloured troops were in tents within the fort. A slope of 75 to 1000 yards led to the waterline. To the north was Cold creek, with some covered way to aid any attackers and the trees felled before the fort had not been removed, offering

additional shelter to any assault.

The garrison consisted of 557 soldiers plus a number of civilians; 295 white, 262 black soldiers. The confederates had been aided by civilian W.J. Shaw who had been held in the fort until escaping and so providing detailed and up to date information on the target. When Forrest arrived he immediately increased the number of sharpshooters deploying them 'backwoodsmen style' in the shrubs and behind the undisturbed timber and brush. The snipers paid a heavy toll particularly amongst the opposing officers. Forrest then ordered the seizing of the external barracks which shielded the shooters and disallowed the 6 guns from firing at them, as the muzzles could not be sufficiently depressed. He then had to wait for the resupply of ammunition.

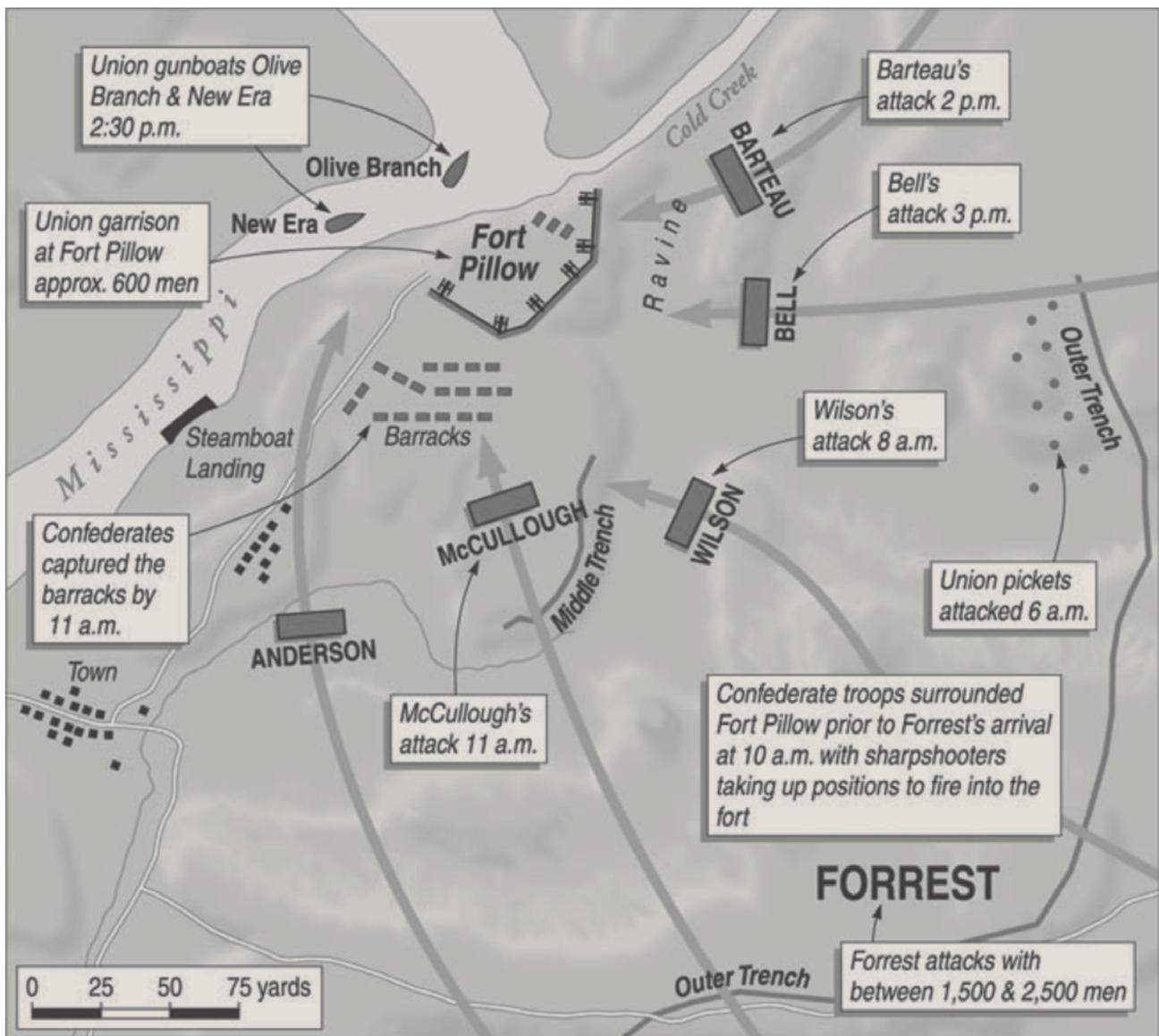
A flag of truce with the customary threats was presented to the fort's commander who had, unknown to the Rebels, been killed in the early assaults. A very inexperienced Major Bradford asked for time, but spying arriving troops on an approaching steamer, Forrest declined. He had also noted the steam of two

vessels approaching from the south. In the river, the USN New Era had fired blindly at the original attack and a plan had been hatched between the navy and the fort. When the confederates attacked, the garrison would flee to the waterside and the gunboats cannon would blast the invaders with canister. Bradford had ammunition placed on the beach awaiting any survivors; it was all planned.

1200 confederates assaulted in two waves. Cavalrymen unused to such work, stormed over the last parapet and having fired a volley into the greybacks' faces, the defenders were ordered to fall back. Major Bradford had failed to strike the tents and after hand to hand fighting, the bluecoats were channelled through the avenues of tentage, being shot like fish in a barrel. Forrest had deployed sharpshooters in the rifle pits flanking the rear of the fort and they awaited events. The flag left flying, the garrison rallied round Bradford expecting the volleys of death from the gunboat; and nothing happened. It is possible the vessel had simply run out of ammunition to protect the soldiers who had ceded



Fort Pillow massacre – Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly

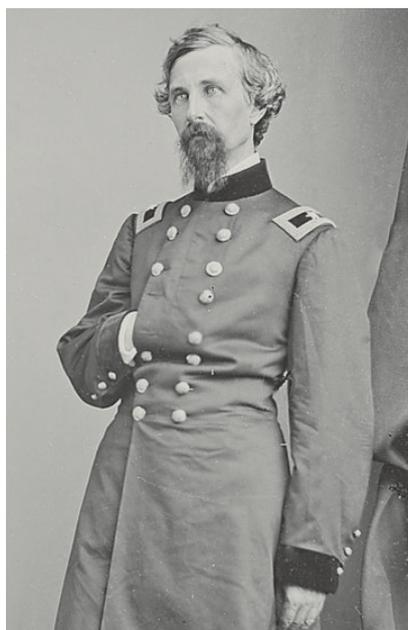


the vital advantage of the high ground.

From above, the confederates poured down fire. The Federals, now became a panic stricken mob. Fleeing south, they met the men in the rifle pits, turning the same to the north, running the deadly gauntlet to their flank. Some tried to swim for the Arkansas shore opposite and were shot or drowned. 250 had died in the fort alone and one can imagine the terror. The splendid show by the senior officers in the assault was in bleak contrast to those in blue. And so we come to the aftermath; the alleged 'massacre'.

Some of the illustrations suggesting the victors manufactured frames to secure and then kill the black soldiers are laughable to modern readers; why go to all that trouble?

The suggestion Forrest broke the truce, occupying the rifle pits, when



Brig. Gen. George F. Shipley

the steamer carrying reinforcements approached was disavowed by aboard, General George Shipley, who stated the intention was to land his men. Suggestions were made that the union troops were drunk, but that is impossible to verify. What is certain is that Federal troops buried their own dead and that if as stated, wounded were buried alive, then it was by their own side! Indeed Forrest requested the New Era take off the wounded, which the ship's captain declined to do. It was the next day that a union officer was led to the river to negotiate the evacuation, assisted by southern fighters in their boarding. The hysterical words of absent journalists was good propoganda for this loss. It was a hard fight with few of Forrest's men killed for the many of the enemy, but it was never a massacre.

Tony Daly

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We've all gone Quackers

by Greg Bayne

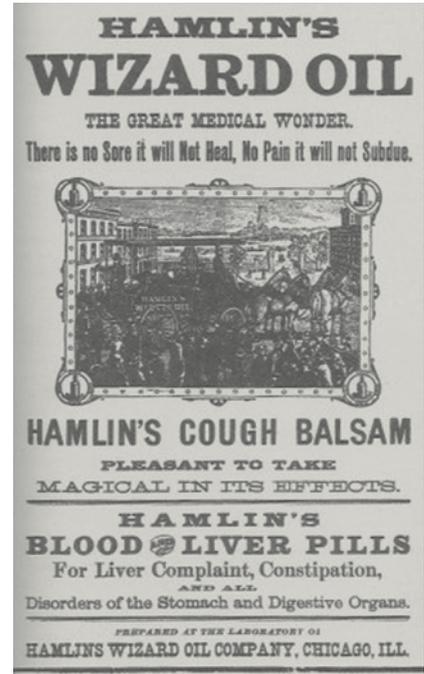
says "Well if you are so fired up, I will go and have a word with General McClellan."

I then remembered that whilst researching period newspapers, the adverts in them comprised numerous cures. IT has provided an interesting diversion with parallels from today.

The above quote comes from an 1858 book, "Quackery Unmasked" by Dr Dan King. In it he identifies the various quackeries that, rather than cure the patient, were dangerously harmful. "Snake oils" and other remedies were sold all around the country by unlicensed pedlars who often came into a town and exited just as quickly once their wagon was empty. The American Medical Association, which was founded in 1847, had always looked down on such secret proprietary treatments, and it saw as an important part of its mission the suppression of quack medicine. However, it was powerless to stop the cancer doctors, bonesetters, inoculators and abortionists, who operated without any professional qualifications or sanction. Routine health care was often providing from the mother of the

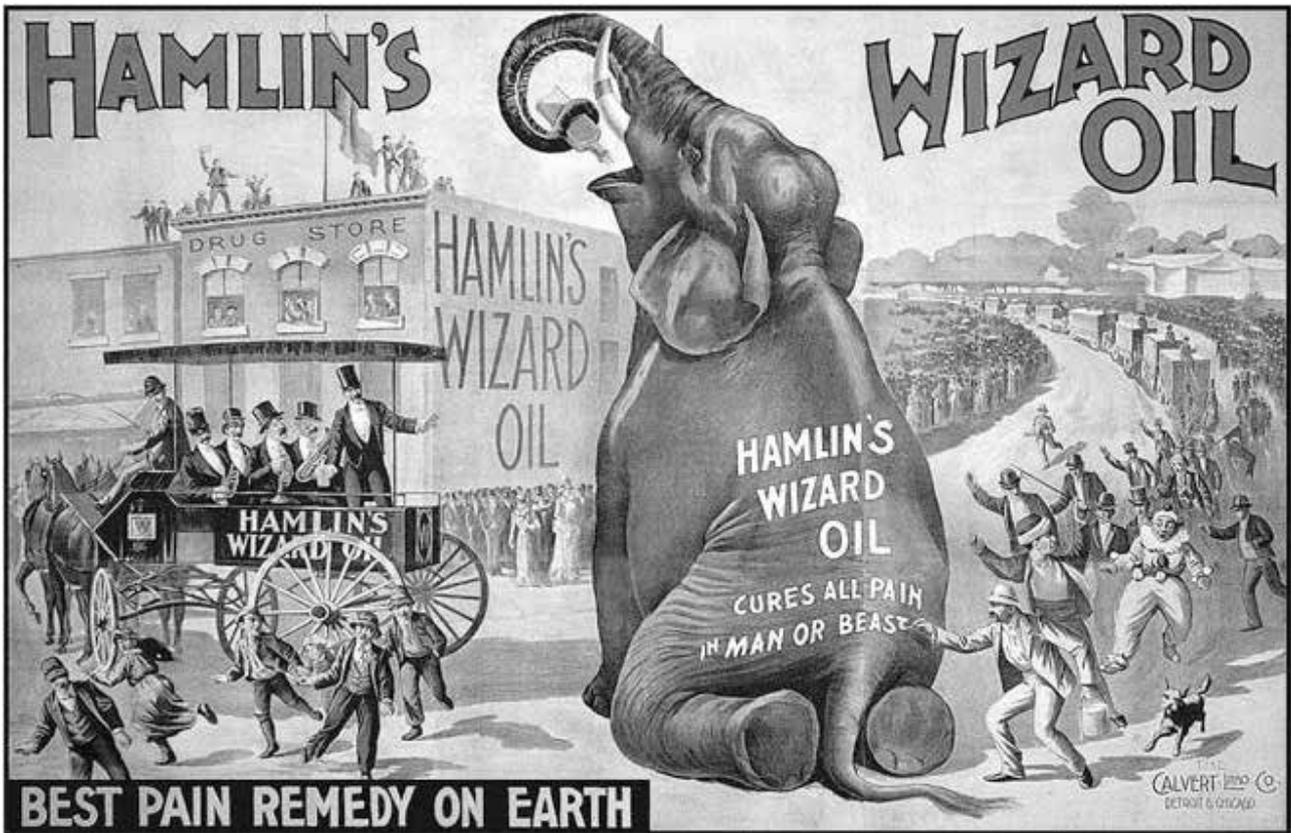
Although quackery is everywhere acknowledged to be a crying evil, some appear to think that it should not be opposed. You can do nothing, they say, to suppress or diminish it; it is useless to try... Will any physician who regards the honor and usefulness of his profession, or any intelligent citizen who values the good of society, stand still and look on in culpable apathy whilst the tide of empiricism rolls on, prostrating at the same time the honor of the profession and the best interests of humanity? ... It is idle to say that nothing can be done." Dr. Dan King, M.D. (1858)

I will be the first to agree that the current pandemic is no laughing matter. But I had to chuckle at a missive from the Civil War Humour Twitter feed. Two Union soldiers were sitting around a campfire in February 1861. The first soldier says "Damn this virus, I want to die a glorious death in battle", The second soldier



family. Recipes could often be found in cookbooks were passed down the maternal line. Traditional medical treatment itself was often unable to cure a large numbers maladies, especially those brought on by war, and the





treatments were often painful, expensive and risky. Medicine looked backwards at bleeding and purging with a leaning towards powerful herbal imbibing. Normal patient survival rates were not high.

Among the most mundane malady was “dyspepsia,” the 19th century’s most common disease. Symptoms were varied and vague as those advertised for Dr. E. Rowell’s Invigorating Tonic and Family Medicine - “For impure blood, dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, loss of appetite, biliousness, headache, jaundice, loss of memory, piles, eruptions of the skin, general debility, rheumatism, and all diseases arising from disordered liver, bowels or kidneys”. Dyspepsia was the usually direct result of a poor diet, something many Americans suffered from at that time (and perhaps now?).

The Civil War distracted the medical profession and legal process from taking action and the dubious activity continued. Nearly every newspaper carried an advert proclaiming miracle cures from baldness to cancer. Companies were able to get their message out to a mass market that were buying papers eager for war news. Newspaper sales climbed and adverts drove up revenues. Drug companies soon found this an ideal way to sell their wares. These adverts acted

<p>SNAKE OIL LINIMENT</p> <p>THE STRONGEST AND BEST LINIMENT KNOWN FOR PAIN AND LAZINESS.</p> <p>USED EXTERNALLY ONLY FOR</p> <p>RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA SCIATICA LAME BACK LUMBAGO CONTRACTED CORDS TORTICOLIS SPRAINS SWELLINGS ETC.</p>	<p>CLARK STANLEY'S SNAKE OIL LINIMENT TRADE MARK REGISTERED</p>	<p>—FOR— FROST BITES CHILL BURNS BRUISES SORE THROAT BITES OF ANIMALS INSECTS AND REPTILES.</p> <p>GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST</p> <p>IT GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF.</p> <p>IS GOOD FOR EVERYTHING A LINIMENT OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR</p> <p>Manufactured by CLARK STANLEY Snake Oil Liniment Company Providence, R. I.</p>
<p>Clark Stanley's Snake Oil Liniment</p> <p>Is for sale by all druggists. If your druggist fails to have it tell him he can get it for you from any wholesale druggist or it will be sent to you to any part of the United States or Canada upon the receipt of fifty cents in stamps by addressing the</p> <p>Clark Stanley Snake Oil Liniment Co.</p> <p>PROVIDENCE, R. I.</p>		

mainly on fear, mainly on what would happen if you didn't take their cure. They also acted on patriotism. Within a month of Lincoln's inauguration, an ad for Bellingham's Ointment appeared on the front page of the New York herald claiming credit for the President's new beard. No affliction was spared.

There was no indication of the contents of these cures. Most mixtures contained alcohol, morphines, opium, cocaine,

heroin, cannabis, alpha or beta eucains, chloroform, choral hydrate plus the odd addition of eye of newt and toe of frog. Any drug could be sold on the open market and any claim could be made

They also exploited the soldier. Brandeth's Pills claimed to cure the “prevailing difficulties” of diarrhea and dysentery by using the testimony of “Sixty voices of the Army of the Potomac”. These were “patent” remedies, not patented in law but surrounded by the mystic of a secret formula.

Of course, the cure was sold in bottles as well as pills as advertised by Dr Giddings

Many families that received news of their sons and husbands on their sick beds in hospitals would have been desperate to try anything to help them. Many “medicines” would have been bought up and sent to the hospitals in the vain hope that it would aid recovery. If a patient died, it was due to complications, not the attempted cure. Profits overcame science and by the end of the Civil War medicine making became big business.

Dr King noted in 1858 that “the quack”, “the Shyster” and the “sheep in wolf's clothing” would always exist. With the shenanigans of the current administration, Dr King must be spinning in his grave.

Letter From Civil War Alabama:

Alabama In The Battle of Gettysburg

By Erick Bush

The soldiers from Alabama who were part of General Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia must have felt a certain amount of invincibility before the Battle of Gettysburg. Under the seminal leadership of Lee, the Army of Northern Virginia had pulled off a string of stunning victories at Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. This momentum propelled Lee into Gettysburg, with Alabama leaders such as William Oates, Cadmus Wilcox, and Birket D Fry who would play central roles. With proven forces such as these, Lee planned to take the war to the enemy in Pennsylvania to relieve pressure on Vicksburg, and to gain a decisive victory on Union soil that would bring the long sought official British recognition of the Confederate States of America.

The troops of the 15th Alabama Infantry Regiment, largely recruited from Barbour County, Alabama, must have felt like they were going to the moon as they crossed into Pennsylvania. Led by Lieutenant Colonel William Calvin Oates, the 15th Alabama at Gettysburg was a part of Law's Alabama Brigade (which had five Alabama regiments) and Hood's Division. Oates was given the task to take the high ground of Little Round Top, which was held by Lieutenant Colonel Joshua Chamberlain's 20th Maine Infantry Regiment. Oates commanded one of the storied engagements at Gettysburg. His unit was rushed into action, marching 25 miles in 11 hours, to take up position at the extreme right of Lee's Army at Gettysburg. Oates led his Alabamians in five separate charges up Little Round Top, and was finally compelled to withdraw after Chamberlain's famous bayonet charge, when the 20th Maine ran out of ammunition. Lieutenant John A. Oates, the brother of William Oates, was mortally wounded during one of the charges up Little Round Top. Both Oates and Chamberlain have the distinction of being

post-war governors of their home states, Alabama and Maine respectively.

The Wilcox Brigade under the command of General Cadmus Wilcox included several Alabama units. Although Wilcox was not originally from Alabama, he first came to command the 9th Alabama Infantry Regiment earlier in the Civil War, which was now a regiment in his brigade at Gettysburg. Two of my relatives were also in the Wilcox Brigade at Gettysburg, Private Robert Bush and Private John Bush of Coosa County, Alabama. This unit was part of a hard fought advance against the 1st Minnesota on July 2, 1863. The 8th Alabama was then in the second echelon of Pickett's Charge on July 3, 1863.

Colonel Birkett Davenport Fry, who attended both VMI and West Point, was commander of the 13th Alabama earlier in the Civil War, and had been severely wounded at Seven Pines, Antietam, and Chancellorsville. He showed exemplary leadership in command of Archer's Brigade at Gettysburg, and was severely

wounded again during Pickett's Charge. The 13th Alabama reached the Union position along at Cemetery Ridge, where the regimental standard bearer speared a Union soldier with the unit's flag staff.

Finally, there are two interesting Englishmen connected to Alabama and Gettysburg. The first was Lieutenant Frank Mundy, who was born in Great Britain and immigrated to Eutaw, Alabama in 1855. He was in the 11th Alabama during Pickett's Charge, and was captured as the Wilcox Brigade pulled back. The second was Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Freemantle on his famous tour of the Confederacy at Gettysburg. He witnessed General Wilcox describe to General Lee the poor state of his brigade after Pickett's Charge. Freemantle observed the mark of a great commander when Lee said "Never mind, General, it is all my fault – it is I who have lost this fight..." The Alabama forces engaged at Gettysburg made many gallant attempts to win this battle for Lee and for the Confederacy.



Buddy can you spare a dime?

by Greg Bayne

Collecting taxes has been a problem since the dawn of time. The Confederate States had their share of trials and tribulations as this extract from the Report of Commissioner of Taxes delivered in November 1863 shows.

"A serious obstacle has been encountered in the effort to secure the tax on a large amount of tobacco stored in the public warehouses of Virginia, on the first of July (1863). These warehouses belong to the State, and are under the control of the State officers called inspectors. When tobacco is stored there, by farmers or others, a ticket or tobacco note is issued to the person storing, and this ticket or note is negotiable, and passes from one holder to another when the tobacco is sold, which is often done without removing it.

A lot of tobacco, thus stored, may pass through half a dozen hands before it is delivered, and the person presenting the ticket is entitled to receive the tobacco. There is a statute of the State requiring its delivery, under heavy penalties, within ten days after demand and presentation of the ticket. The tobacco in these warehouses on the first of July, has been enumerated and assessed to the agent in charge, that is the inspector, under the provisions of section fifteen of the tax act. According to the act, the Government has a lien upon the tobacco itself from the date of assessment, but the difficulty is to be found in the fact the lien cannot be enforced, without coming into direct conflict with a law of the state, The inspector contends that he is bound to deliver the tobacco in obedience to a State law, without regard to the lien or the payment of the taxes due upon it. The consequence is, whenever a holder of the ticket presents

it, and demands the lot of tobacco it calls for, the same is delivered and the Government deprived of the lien. But for this State law, the inspector would be held responsible for the taxes under section fifteen, and he would thus be forced to secure the payment of the tax before he delivered the tobacco. It will at once be seen that it is utterly impossible for the assessors to ascertain who were the owners of the tobacco on the first of July, because, in nine case of ten, it may have changed hands since the time it was stored.

This subject demands the immediate consideration of Congress.

Department of the Treasury CSA Secretaries of the Treasury

21 Feb 1861 - 18 Jul 1864 Christopher Gustavus Memminger (b. 1803 - d. 1888) (provisional to 17 Feb 1862)

18 Jul 1864 - 27 Apr 1865 George Alfred

Trenholm (b. 1807 - d. 1876) (acting to 22 Nov 1864)

27 Apr 1865 - 10 May 1865 John Henninger Reagan (acting)

Treasurers of the Confederate States

6 Mar 1861 - 1864 Edward Carrington Elmore (b. c.1826)

10 Oct 1864 - Apr 1865 John N. Hendren (b. 1822 - d. 1898)

Comptroller of the Treasury

1861 - 1865 Lewis Cruger

Chief Clerk of the War Tax Bureau

1 Oct 1861 - 2 Jul 1863 Thompson Allan

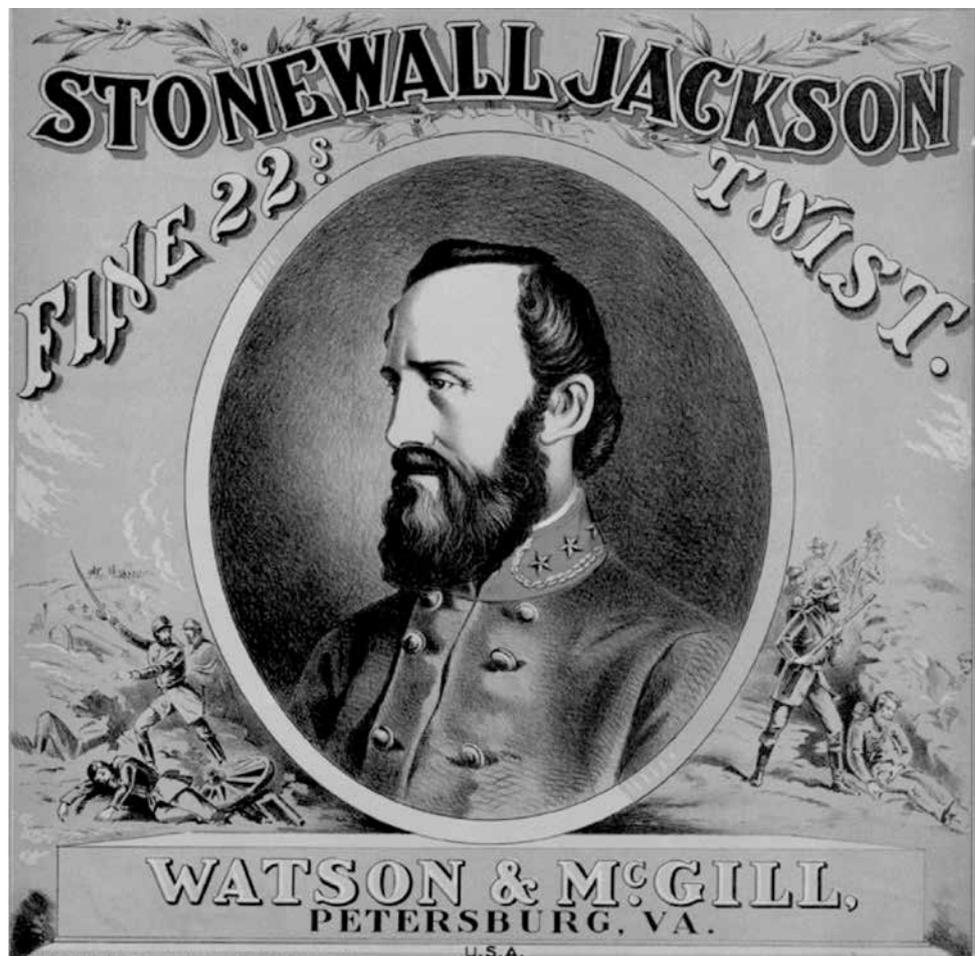
Commissioner of Taxes

2 Jul 1863 - 1865 Thompson Allan

Chiefs of the Lighthouse Bureau

4 Apr 1861 - 18 Apr 1861 Raphael Semmes (b. 1809 - d. 1877)

c.1862 Thomas E. Martin (acting)



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