

# Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia



May 11, 2006, The One Hundred and Forty-Fifth Year of the Civil War

## “Scandals of the Civil War”

### May 11th Thursday Meeting

The May 11th Meeting of the Old Baldy Civil War Round Table will start at 7:30 pm on Thursday at the Civil War and Underground Railroad Museum at 1805 Pine Street in Philadelphia. The program will be “*Scandals of the Civil War*” by **Doug Gibboney**. A behind-the-scenes look at the bad behavior, off-duty antics, and sexual shenanigans of soldiers on both sides, with stories of deadly duels, heavy-duty drinking, assorted adulteries, and other outrageous escapades not usually found in Civil War histories. .



A lifelong student of the American Civil War, **Douglas Lee Gibboney** is the author of *Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg* and *Tragic Glory: A Concise, Illustrated History of the Civil War*. He also edited *Littleton Washington's Journal: Life in Antebellum Washington, Vigilante*

*San Francisco* and *Confederate Richmond* and is the author of a mystery, *Murder at Cleaver Stadium*. Gibboney's writings have appeared in a number of publications including *The Washington Post*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and *Civil War Times Illustrated*. He has taught as an adjunct professor at Shippensburg University. He and his wife live near Boiling Springs, Pennsylvania, in a stone farmhouse that was raided by Confederate cavalry during the Gettysburg campaign.

### The President's Letter

Our hats are off to **Matt Borowick** for a most interesting program last month. We now have a clearer understanding of economics during the Civil War and how the Union and Confederate governments raised money for the great struggle. I usually can tell if a program went over well by the questions and comments after by those attending. Last month there were many. Thanks Matt!

We have another winner in May. Author, historian and teacher **Doug Gibboney**, of Boiling Springs, PA., will talk about his latest book, *Scandals of the Civil War*. Articles by Doug's have appeared in the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, the *Washington Post*, and *Civil War Times Illustrated*.

Most of the major players of the Civil War are mentioned in *Scandals of the Civil War*, with some interesting and unknown facts about them that will surprise and amuse.

Old Baldy CWRT came through with flying colors. Donations to help Gettysburg NMP raise money to repair the recently vandalized monuments we raised \$400! With a \$100 donation by our round table we are able to send the park a check for \$500. With less than 60 members that is quite a impressive feat. It shows how committed our membership is to Civil War preservation.

We are all looking forward to Memorial Day weekend to relax, spend time with the family, and eat a lot of barbecue. But we must remember why Memorial Day was created. It is a time to remember those who have fallen in service to our country. Not only in the past but right up until today in the Middle East. One good way is to visit your local cemetery and pause at our veteran's graves and give thanks. Another way is to attend the Memorial Day service at the tomb of Major General Winfield Scott Hancock in Norristown, PA. A wonderful service is held each year by the General Winfield Scott Hancock Society. There is usually an honor guard of Civil War re-enactors along with the placing of wreaths at the tomb. This includes the Old Baldy CWRT - thanks to member **Bill Holdsworth** and his wife **Debbie**. This is a great opportunity to bring the youngsters in the family along and teach them what Memorial Day is all about. Program begins at 12 noon and the location is the Montgomery Cemetery in Norristown. *For directions contact me at chief96pbi@rcn.com or (610) 867-8231.*

Speaking of **Bill Holdsworth**, a salute to Bill for bringing in a new member last month. We welcome **Neal Ginsburg** to the ranks and hope to see him at the next meeting. Several times in the past Bill has brought guests to our meetings. If we all did this now and then our membership would soon approach what it was a few years ago. All are welcome to our meetings. In your friends and family you may be surprised at who would be interested. Talk it up!

SEE YOU ALL NEXT MEETING. REMEMBER DINNER AT THE MARATHON, 19TH AND SPRUCE STS. AT 5:30 P.M. AND THE MUSEUM OPENS AT 6:30 P.M.

Regards,

Mike Cavanaugh  
President

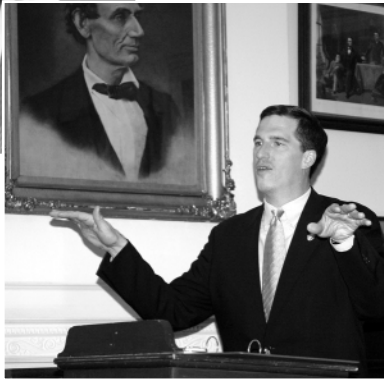
Bring a friend, neighbor and another Civil War buff to enjoy a fascinating subject and to support our speakers at Old Baldy.



**Matt Borowick**

## “Financing the Civil War”

**Matt Borowick** gave a great presentation on how the Civil War was financed by both governments. The North had the advantage of having some of the top money men in the country. The North also consolidated currency from the states regulating and issuing money to a single national currency as we have today, while the South kept it's currency regulated and issued by each state and bank. The North had such men as Samuel Chase and Jay Cooke, a Philadelphian, to run the war financially. The South had no such standouts as these. Once again we had a very informative meeting, thanks to Matt.



## Today in Civil War History

### *The Battle of Yellow Tavern May 11, 1864*

On May 8, 1864, 10,000 Union horsemen slipped away from Spotsylvania Court House and rode south toward Richmond looking for a fight. Their belligerent commander, General Phillip Sheridan, had boldly asserted that he could whip Confederate General J.E.B. Stuart if given the chance, and General Ulysses S. Grant decided to let him try. Stuart promptly detected Sheridan's move and detached General Fitzhugh Lee's division to harass Sheridan's rear. Stuart rode south with Generals Lunsford L. Lomax and William C. Wickham's brigades to get ahead of the Northerners.

Stuart's cavalry won the race to the northern outskirts of Richmond traveling night and day on exhausted horses. The jaded troopers reached the strategic crossroads at Yellow Tavern around 10:00 a.m. on May 11 and assumed a blocking position. Stuart formed his line in two wings. His right, under Wickham, took position west of the Telegraph Road, facing south. the left, under Lomax, formed at a right angle to Wickham's brigade and ran along the Telegraph Road, facing west.

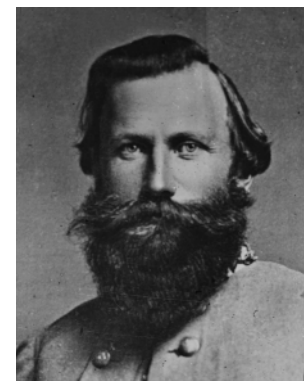
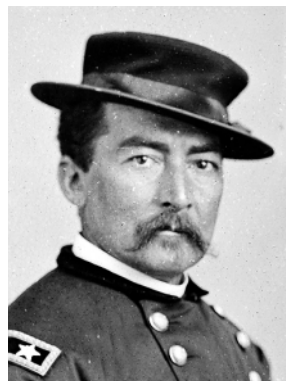
The van of Sheridan's column reached Yellow Tavern within an hour of the Confederates' arrival. Sheridan's lead division under General Wesley Merritt, immediately attacked Stuart's left, which paralleled the Telegraph Road. Both sides took heavy casualties particularly the troopers on the Union left who engaged Lomax's brigade in front and caught a terrible flank fire from Wickham's brigade to the north. When federal troopers edged around the southern flank, Lomax relinquished his position along the Telegraph Road and fell back on Wickham's line.

Stuart put Lomax's men back into position, directing them to extend Wickham's left on a straight line facing south. The two Southern brigades formed on either side of the Telegraph Road by 2:00 p.m.

A two-hour lull fell over the fields around Yellow Tavern. In the interim, Phillip Sheridan repelled a sharp assault on his rear by General James B. Gordon's Confederate cavalry. Meanwhile, Sheridan brought up the remainder of his force and reconnoitered Stuart's new line. The Southerners availed themselves of the quiet to catch some more needed rest.

General George A. Custer deployed his Union brigade on Sheridan's right. Custer spied several Confederate cannons placed on Stuart's line and planned to capture them by flanking their position. He dismounted half of his brigade in preparation for an attack while Sheridan readied the rest of his command to assist. A bugle sounded the charge, and the dismounted soldiers closed in on the Confederate front. At the same time, Custer's mounted troopers moved in a wide sweep to their right. The Southerners immediately divined Custer's intention and turned their guns on the Federal horsemen. Custer's men thundered toward the resounding guns, crossing five different fences before they encountered a bridge over the narrow span and up the hill, while Confederates poured a severe fight on them from the heights above the creek.

The Federal horsemen punctured Lomax's brigade and pushed the Confederate left flank backwards. General Stuart rushed among his men and tried to rally them. Some of Custer's men swirled past Stuart, but a timely counterattack by a portion of the 1st Virginia Cavalry stopped their progress and drove them back. As the Federals withdrew, Private John A. Huff of the 5th



*The Opposing Generals: Phil Sheridan and J.E.B. Stuart*

Michigan Cavalry hurriedly fired his pistol into a group of mounted Confederates by the Telegraph Road. J.E.B. Stuart clutched his side. His head dipped and the general's plumed hat fell in the dust. he calmly whispered, "I am shot." A trooper supported Stuart while another led his horse to the rear.

General Fitzhugh Lee assumed command upon Stuart's wounding. he tried to maintain his lines under increasing Federal pressure, but parts of his division crumbled and fled the field. Stuart chided some of those, who raced past his ambulance. "Go back! Go back!" he cried, "Do your

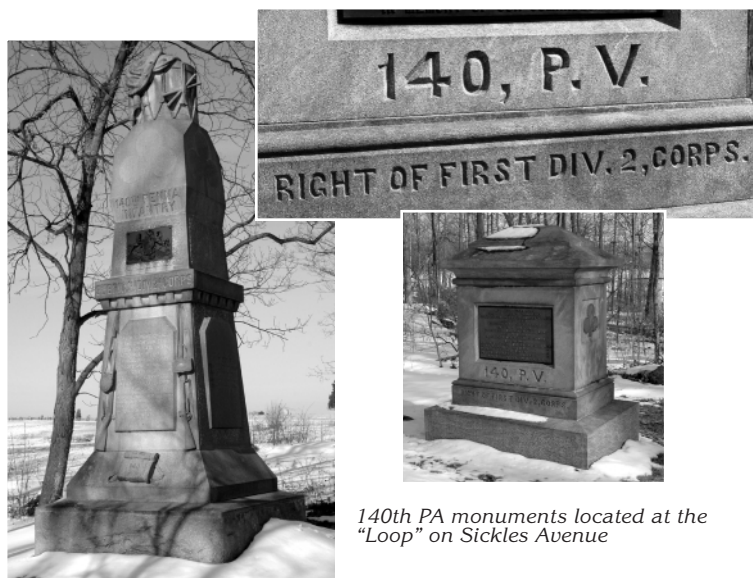
duty as I've done mine." He ended with bloody emphasis, "I would rather die than be whipped." Fitzhugh Lee simply lacked the strength to stop Sheridan. The two Confederate brigades held briefly against two Union divisions and then retreated across the north fork of the Chickahominy River and into the evening darkness.

Sheridan had wrestled the Yellow Tavern battlefield from the Confederates and mortally wounded their leader. He had instilled a sense of victory among his troopers and dispelled some of the doubts about his abilities. J.E.B. Stuart had been badly outnumbered and outgunned, and the results were predictable. The Confederates, however, held their positions for a considerable time under length-

ening odds. their efforts bought the Richmond defenders an opportunity to man the fortifications and discourage any Union attacks on the capital.

On May 12, Sheridan maneuvered his forces around Richmond and headed for Haxall's Landing on the James River. That same day, J.E.B. Stuart died of his wounds at the home of his brother-in-law, Doctor Charles Brewer. Crowds had thronged outside the house on Grace Street and Confederate President Jefferson Davis had visited briefly before Stuart slipped into delirium and death. general Robert E. Lee received notice of Stuart's end and remarked, "I can scarcely think of him without weeping."

National Park Service



140th PA monuments located at the "Loop" on Sickles Avenue

## How I Won Medal of Honor for Gallantry at Battle of Gettysburg July 2, '63

Story of Dr. J. J. Purman, 1st Lieut. 140th Pa. Infantry, Who Married Gettysburg Girl.

(From the Gettysburg Compiler, August 23, 1911.)

The events of this story occurred over forty-eight years ago at Gettysburg. Nearly all the actors in the drama have passed to the Great Beyond. I was a lieutenant in the 140th Pennsylvania Infantry, Colonel R. P. Roberts, of Beaver, Pa.; General Zook's brigade, Hancock's corps. Our brigade received the shock of the charge of General Wofford's brigade of Georgians, Longstreet's corps, on the afternoon of July 2, 1863, at the wheatfield. After fighting for nearly two hours with the loss of all of our field officers and with 241 out of 340 of my regiment placed hors du combat and surrounded by the enemy on three sides, we fell back in some disorder.

My orderly sergeant, now Captain J. M. Pipes of Washington, D. C., and myself retreated together, and to recover our breath sat down a moment on a boulder at the southwest side of the field. In a few seconds I descried the enemy coming through the woods at a double quick, and said to the sergeant, "We must get out of this, or we'll be gobbled up." "Yes," he replied, and off we

started toward our reserve force. We had not gone far before we came upon an unknown comrade badly wounded in the legs, who cried to us, "Comrades, carry me off!" I replied, "We can't do that; I doubt if we can get away ourselves, but we'll do the best we can for you." Suiting the action to the word with the assistance of the sergeant, I carried and placed him between two rocks sheltered from the enemy's fire. Grasping his hand, I said, "Goodbye, comrade," and started on a run to put as much distance as possible between me and the enemy. But my delay was fatal to me. When I halted in response to the cry for help they had a point-blank fire on me. Emerging from the woods into the wheatfield they shouted, "Halt, you d—d Yankee, halt!" The broad wheatfield was before me, the enemy behind me. Visions of Libby and Andersonville fitted through my brain. If I halt, some careless or brutal fellow may shoot me after I have thrown up my hands. They can't hit me, anyhow, on a double-quick. These thoughts determined my will, and I refused to halt.

In less time than it takes to write this sentence I was brought down with an ounce of lead through my left leg. I called out to the sergeant, who was about a rod ahead of me, "I'm struck!" and went down among the tangled wheat. A moment after he was also hit. Many have attempted to tell how it feels to be shot. At first there is no pain, smarting nor anguish. It is very like the shock of an electric battery. But that delusion soon passes, and the acute pain follows, and you know that a missile has passed through the tender flesh of your body. When hit I was brandishing my sword, which I involuntarily threw some feet from me, where, pointed downward, it fell, and remained sticking in the ground. The Confederate regiment charged over me, and as it passed I read from the floating colors, "Twenty-fourth Georgia." I now examined my wound, and found that I was hit about four inches above the ankle, the ball passing through, crushing in both bones.

Stragglers were passing over the fields and shots were being exchanged. A member of the Pennsylvania "Bucktails" came by on a run. I called to him, "Come and cut my boot off my foot." He knelt down and commenced cutting, but his knife was dull, my boot thick and the pain great, so, begging him to desist, he rapidly disappeared. The sun was now sinking behind Seminary Ridge, and as dusk came on all grew quiet around me. The dead and wounded of both armies lay thickly strewn over the field, which was still disputed ground. Placing my



wounded leg in as easy position as possible, I realized that "the night was left to darkness and to me."

Never shall I forget that midsummer night. The almost full moon was shining, with drifting clouds passing over her face. At intervals a cloud obscured the moon, leaving in deep darkness the wheatfield with its covering of trampled and tangled grain, boulders and wounded and dead men, then passing off revealed a ghastly scene of cold, white upturned faces. It was indeed a field.

*Covered thick with other clay, heaped and pent,  
Friend and foe in one red burial blent.*

The night wore on with no sleep for me. Its quiet broken occasionally by the cries and groans of the wounded. One man not far away called repeatedly for his regiment, "Oh, Seventh Michigan!" As the streakings of light gradually merged into morning there could be seen both the Union and Confederate skirmish lines. Soon the occasional shot, first on the one side then on the other, multiplied into a desultory fire. The wounded near each other began to converse. The Michigan man was a sergeant, wounded in the legs, and seemed to suffer intensely.

As the sun rose higher the firing grew hotter, our wounds more swollen and thirst more intense, and the prospect of our relief became exceedingly hopeless. The Michigan sergeant asked me, "Have you any water?" I replied, "No, but I have a little whiskey." "For God's sake give me some. I am dying from thirst." "I will if I can," and rising on my sound leg I threw my canteen with all my force, but it fell midway between us. After this I heard a ball make that peculiar thud, and the sergeant cried out, "I'm struck again! My right hand was resting on my left arm and the ball passed through my hand and arm." He then asked, "Are you a praying man?" I replied, "I am." "Then pray for me." I prayed as best I could, and I heard the sergeant say "Amen!" If ever thee was an earnest, sincere petition sent up to the Throne of Grace it was then.

Growing tired lying so long in one position, I frequently rose on my sound leg and hands to rest and look around. Nothing could be seen except a line of blue on one side and gray on the other, and nothing heard but the crack of the rifles and the zip of the bullets in the wheat, or their well known thud in the ground or the body of a wounded man. I had drawn my right leg up at an angle exposing it somewhat when a ball struck me, passing through between the knee and ankle. I shouted to the Michigander: "I've got it again through the other leg."

Being much nearer the Confederate line than ours, I could see their movements clearly. Soon after I received my second wound, I saw a soldier in front of their lines. I called to him: "I am twice wounded and am dying out here. Won't you bring me a canteen of water?" The Confederate replied: "I can't do it. If I attempt to come out there your sharpshooters will think I am trying to rob you and pick me off." I answered, "Crawl through the tangled wheat, and you will not be seen from our side. At Chancellorsville I save[d] the lives of many of your men, who would have died from thirst."

Moved by my pleading the Confederate filled his canteen at Plum Run, a small stream that flows through the Valley of Death, near their lines, and cautiously crawled toward me. When he reached me I drank and drank, and thought

it was the sweetest water I ever had tasted. He then poured some on my wounds and cut the boots off my legs. After this I began to feel that I had a chance for life, if I could get out of the hot sun and from under the fire then constant over the field. I said:

"This is a pretty hard place for a man to lie, between two fires. Can't you carry me out to where your line is posted in the edge of the woods?" "The way the balls are flying, if I should attempt to lift you up we would both be killed," he replied. "Well, let me get on your back and you crawl off the way you came." He agreed to this and started for their lines, crawling on hands and knees with me on his back. When about half the distance to the woods in which their line was posted, feeling my hold relaxing, I said: "I can't hold on any longer," and from pain and loss of blood fell unconscious from his back.

The Confederate crawled back out of the wheatfield, refilled his canteen at Plum Run and, dashing the water in my face, brought me to life again. Awaking from my swoon, I asked, "Where am I? What is the matter?" He explained, and getting on his back again I held on till we reached the woods. Placing me under a tree on a rubber blanket, he gave me a canteen of water and some Confederate biscuit, and I gave him my watch as a souvenir. I had some money and other valuables, none of which were disturbed. I said: "Please don't take my sword belt, as it is a gift from friends at home," and he replied, "It shall not be taken."

After lying in the shade and drinking copiously from the canteen, I began to feel much relieved and said to one of the officers who had gathered around to see the wounded Yank, "Won't you have your stretcher bearers carry me to your hospital and let your surgeons look at my legs?" He replied, "Our men are very tired," and, while I was not refused, the answer implied that I was past surgical aid. Not long after this I saw a movement among the Pennsylvania Reserve brigade under Colonel William McCandless on the opposite side of the field.

I saw that they were massing into columns by division for a charge, and said: "You need not trouble carrying me off—our boys are coming." The Reserves poured heavy volleys as they crossed the field, while the Confederates, after returning a few shots, rapidly fell back through the woods. Although the balls rattled among the rocks and trees about me, I enjoyed that charge hugely, for it meant victory. I recall it now as one of the most sublime sights I ever witnessed. One wounded man lying near the edge of the woods was very much afraid of being hit the second time. He shouted to the brigade, at least 200 yards away, "Fire high! Fire high!" And [in] all that din of musketry his voice could not reach more than a few yards. The thing was so ludicrous that I, an almost dead man, could not refrain from laughter. The Confederates were now beaten at all points, and this charge across the wheatfield was the last fighting of the Battle of Gettysburg.

It was now nearly sundown, and as the evening shades come on the sounds of battle grew farther and farther away as the Confederates were driven beyond Sherfy's peach orchard. About 9 o'clock I heard the distant hum of voices and the trampling of feet; it was the detail with torches coming to gather up the wounded. Captain E. M. Robinson, Fifth Maine Infantry, of Phillips, Me., was in

charge and personally put me on a stretcher and helped carry me to a barn used as a hospital at the foot of Round Top. Here the next morning I celebrated the Fourth of July by the loss of my leg. Charles Robinson has several years since answered the last roll call.

On the morning before the battle I had a presentiment. I was much impressed, and spoke to Sergeant, afterward Captain, John A. Burns of my company about it, making him my executor. He laughed at my forebodings, but did not dispel them. I was wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, a conspicuous mark, and so before going into the battle exchanged my hat with James A. Woods, the drummer of my company, for his cap. I never met him again until at a reunion at Gettysburg, twenty-six years afterward. His first salutation was: "Lieutenant, where's my cap?"

The unknown comrade I placed between two rocks to shield from the fire of the enemy, and in doing so received the shot which took off my left leg, I have since learned was John Buckley, Company B, 140th Pennsylvania Infantry, from Mercer county, Pennsylvania, who afterward died on the field from his wounds and exposure. For going out of the line of duty to save a comrade's life the Congress granted me a medal of honor, which is inscribed: "For gallantry at the Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863."

When the cruel war was o'er I thought one day I would find my Confederate friend. I had just two facts to guide me. As the Confederate regiment charged over me I read on their flag: "Twenty-fourth Georgia," and while I was being carried on his back, I noticed one bar of lace on his collar. So I was reasonably certain that a lieutenant of the Twenty-fourth Georgia regiment was my savior. Through the kindness of Hon. Garnett McMillan and Hon. Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, I found the man who did this heroic and self-sacrificing service. He was Thomas P. Oliver, the adjutant of the Twenty-fourth Georgia Infantry, and for many years a resident of Athens, Ga. Many times since the war we exchanged letters, and planned to meet each other and talk over "the times that tried men's souls," but never met until in June, 1907, when he, with a delegation of Georgians, visited the Capital. I then had the pleasure of entertaining him at my house, and presenting him and his friends to President Roosevelt, who greeted us with great warmth of feeling, and with his usual emphasis informed us that he was "delighted" to see us. On December 7, 1908, the Great Reaper claimed this brave and noble man. He had just been elected Alderman of his town, Athens, Ga., and died amid his honors and his friends.

Article supplied by Ginny Gage, Editor, Camp Griffen Gazette  
Green Mountain CWRT

## President-Elect Abraham Lincoln at Philadelphia A Night Journey to Washington

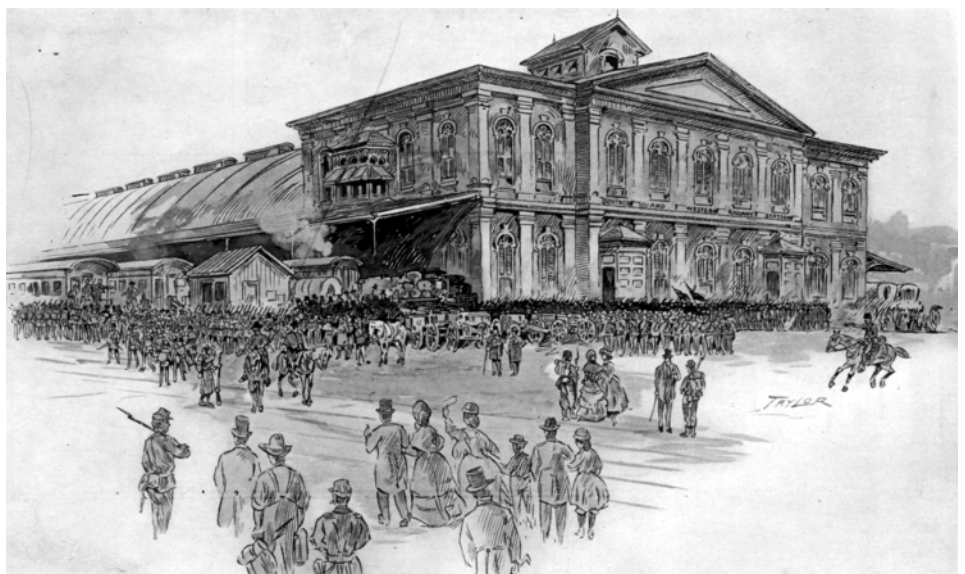
*"Philadelphia in the Civil War"*  
Published in 1913

MANY and widely different accounts of the journey through Baltimore to Washington, undertaken on the night of February 22d, 1861, by the President-elect have been published.

The following story has been written after a careful study of the formal statements left by the officials who were participants in the event.

Upon January 30th, 1861, President S. M. Felton, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company, summoned Allan Pinkerton, a well-known detective of Chicago, to Philadelphia, engaging his services to assist in safe-guarding the railroad against threatened injury in Maryland. Mr. Pinkerton placed a number of his men along the line. One of these detectives, Timothy Webster, joined a disloyal company of cavalry at Ferryman's, Maryland. It was through this source that Pinkerton learned the details of the proposed murder of Mr. Lincoln while en route through Baltimore. When Mr. Lincoln arrived at Philadelphia, from New York city, upon the evening of February 21st, a messenger summoned Mr. Norman B. Judd, of his party, to a conference with Mr. Pinkerton. Later in the evening the latter was introduced to Mr. Lincoln and told him of the plot. A simi-

lar warning was brought by Mr. Frederick Seward from his father in Washington. It was difficult to convince Mr. Lincoln that the danger was real. He insisted upon proceeding, with his entourage, to Harrisburg at once after the ceremony of raising the flag upon Independence Hall early upon the following morning. At the conclusion of the reception at the State Capitol a consultation was held at the hotel, where Mr. Pinkerton urged his story upon Judge David Davis, Capt. John Pope, Col. Ward H. Lamon, John G. Nicolay and David Hunter. There were also present G.



Station of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore R.R., Broad Street and Washington Avenue, 1861

C. Franciscus, General Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and Henry Sanford, of the Adams Express

Company. These officials finally induced Mr. Lincoln and his advisers to abandon the Northern Central Railroad train, scheduled for the journey to Baltimore, and to return to Philadelphia. Governor Curtin called at the hotel in a carriage, ostensibly to carry Mr. Lincoln to his residence. The only member of his traveling party who entered the carriage was Col. Ward H. Lamon. Unobserved, the President-elect boarded a special train which was hurried eastward. The persons with him were Mr. G. C. Franciscus, John Pitcairn, Jr., General Baggage Agent; T. E. Garrett, Col. W. H. Lamon, General Superintendent Enoch Lewis, and Allan Pinkerton. At Harrisburg, two officials of the American Telegraph Company, Messrs. W. P. Westervelt and Captain Burns, with Andrew Wynne, an employee, drove two miles out of the city and grounded the wires of the Northern Central line. No dispatches went out of Harrisburg that night.

Mr. Lincoln's "special" reached West Philadelphia late in the evening, but too soon for close connection with the train for Washington. The closed carriage containing Mr. Lincoln and Col. Lamon, together with Allan Pinkerton and General Superintendent H. F. Kenny, of the P., W. and B. Railroad, the latter on the box with the driver; proceeded slowly down Market Street, up Nineteenth Street to Vine Street and thence down Seventeenth street to the P., W.

and B. Depot. Chairs for the party had been arranged for by "Mrs. Warne," one of Pinkerton's agents. It was represented to the chair car conductor that one of the passengers was an "invalid gentleman" who must be admitted at the rear of the coach, and have a rear chair. The other engaged seats were occupied by Allan Pinkerton and his agents.<sup>1</sup> Two officials of the Company, Messrs. George Steams and William Steams, remained on guard throughout the night. So carefully were the plans consummated that none of the train employees of either road were aware that Mr. Lincoln was aboard. Col. Thomas A. Scott,<sup>2</sup> waiting anxiously through the night at Harrisburg in company with Col. Alex. K. McClure, was rejoiced to receive, soon after six A. M. upon the 23d, a dispatch from Washington assuring him of the safe arrival of Mr. Lincoln.

<sup>1</sup> This narration has been read and approved by Comrade Wm. B. Spittall, a surviving Pinkerton who was one of the guards upon the car.

Allan Pinkerton was delegated by Gen. McClellan to organize the Secret Service Corps of the Army. He held a commission as "Major E. J. Allen," this being the maiden name of his wife.

<sup>2</sup> Col. Thomas A. Scott, then Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, acted for a time upon the staff of Governor Curtin. On April 27th, 1861, he was appointed, by the Secretary of War, Superintendent of Railways and Telegraphs, his immediate duties being the restoration of transportation between Annapolis and Washington.

## May ...a deadly month in the East

### May 5-7, 1864 Wilderness

Other Names: Combats at Parker's Store, Craig's Meeting House, Todd's Tavern, Brock Road, the Furnaces

Location: Spotsylvania County

Principal Commanders: Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and Maj. Gen. George G. Meade [US]; Gen. Robert E. Lee [CS] Forces Engaged: 162,920 total (US 101,895; CS 61,025)

Estimated Casualties: 29,800 total (US 18,400; CS 11,400)

The opening battle of Grant's sustained offensive against the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, known as the Overland Campaign, was fought at the Wilderness, May 5-7. On the morning of May 5, 1864, the Union V Corps attacked Ewell's Corps on the Orange Turnpike, while A.P. Hill's corps during the afternoon encountered Getty's Division (VI Corps) and Hancock's II Corps on the Plank Road. Fighting was fierce but inconclusive as both sides attempted to maneuver in the dense woods. Darkness halted the fighting, and both sides rushed forward reinforcements. At dawn on May 6, Hancock attacked along the Plank Road, driving Hill's Corps back in confusion. Longstreet's Corps arrived in time to prevent the collapse of the Confederate right flank. At noon, a devastating Confederate flank attack in Hamilton's Thicket sputtered out when Lt. Gen. James Longstreet was wounded by his own men. The IX Corps (Burnside) moved against the Confederate center, but was repulsed. Union generals James S. Wadsworth and Alexander Hays were killed. Confederate generals John M. Jones, Micah Jenkins, and Leroy A. Stafford were killed. The battle was a tactical draw. Grant, however, did not retreat as had the other Union generals before him. On May 7, the Federals advanced by the left flank toward the crossroads of Spotsylvania Courthouse.

Result(s): Inconclusive

### May 8-21, 1864 Spotsylvania Court House

Other Names: Combats at Laurel Hill and Corbin's Bridge (May 8); Ni River (May 9); Laurel Hill, Po River, and Bloody Angle

(May 10); Salient or Bloody Angle (May 12-13); Piney Branch Church (May 15); Harrison House (May 18); Harris Farm (May 19)

Location: Spotsylvania County

Principal Commanders: Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and Maj. Gen. George G. Meade [US]; Gen. Robert E. Lee [CS] Forces Engaged: 152,000 total (US 100,000; CS 52,000)

Estimated Casualties: 30,000 total (US 18,000; CS 12,000)

After the Wilderness, Grant's and Meade's advance on Richmond by the left flank was stalled at Spotsylvania Court House on May 8. This two-week battle was a series of combats along the Spotsylvania front. The Union attack against the Bloody Angle at dawn, May 12-13, captured nearly a division of Lee's army and came near to cutting the Confederate army in half. Confederate counterattacks plugged the gap, and fighting continued unabated for nearly 20 hours in what may well have been the most ferociously sustained combat of the Civil War. On May 19, a Confederate attempt to turn the Union right flank at Harris Farm was beaten back with severe casualties. Union generals Sedgwick (VI Corps commander) and Rice were killed. Confederate generals Johnson and Stuart were captured, Daniel and Perrin mortally wounded. On May 21, Grant disengaged and continued his advance on Richmond.

Result(s): Inconclusive

### May 11, 1864 Yellow Tavern

See Today in Civil War History

### May 24, 1864 Wilson's Wharf

Other Names: Fort Pocahontas

Location: Charles City

Principal Commanders: Brig. Gen. Edward Wild [US]; Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee [CS] Forces Engaged: Brigades

Estimated Casualties: 165 total

On May 24, Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry division (about 3,000 men)



attacked the Union supply depot at Wilson's Wharf and was repulsed by two black regiments under Brig. Gen. Edward Wild (about 1,800 men).

Result(s): Union victory

### May 28, 1864 Haw's Shop

Other Names: Enon Church

Location: Hanover County

Principal Commanders: Brig. Gen. David M. Gregg [US]; Maj. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and Maj. Gen. Wade Hampton [CS] Forces Engaged: Divisions

Estimated Casualties: 744 total (US 344; CS 400)

Gregg's cavalry division, supported by Torbert's division, advanced to cover the Army of the Potomac's crossing of the Pamunkey River and movement toward Totopotomoy Creek. Fitzhugh Lee's and Hampton's cavalry divisions, later reinforced by Butler's South Carolina brigade, met the Federals at Enon Church. After seven hours of mostly dismounted cavalry fighting, the Federal advance was stopped. Both Confederate and Union infantry began arriving in the vicinity as the cavalry fighting raged.

Result(s): Inconclusive

### May 23-26, 1864 North Anna

Other Names: Telegraph Road Bridge, Jericho Mill (May 23); Ox Ford, Quarles Mill, Hanover Junction (May 24)

Location: Caroline County and Hanover County

Principal Commanders: Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and Maj. Gen. George G. Meade [US]; Gen. Robert E. Lee [CS] Forces Engaged: Armies

Estimated Casualties: 4,000 total

## Schedule of Old Baldy CWRT Speakers for 2006

May 11, 2006 - Thursday

### Doug Giboney

Historian and Author

Topic: Doug will discuss his book, "Scandals of the Civil War"

June 8, 2006 - Thursday

### Alice Smith

Historian, Researcher and Author

Topic: The USS Alligator, Union Civil War Submarine

July 13, 2006 - Thursday

### Jerry Carrier

Actor, Teacher of Civil War history at Manor College

Topic: The Siege of Vicksburg

August 10, 2006 - Thursday

### Mike Cavanaugh

Author, President of the Old Baldy CWRT

Topic: The Death of Turner Ashby

All meetings, unless otherwise noted, begin

at 7:30 PM at the

Civil War Library and Underground Railroad Museum,  
1805 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Questions to Mike Cavanaugh at 610-867-8231 or  
chief96pbi@rcn.com

Members go out to a local restaurant for dinner between  
5:30 & 6 P.M.

You're Welcome to Join Us!

Description: After the fighting at Spotsylvania Court House, Grant continued his Overland Offensive against Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. He was brought up short on the North Anna River by Lee's widely studied "hog snout line," which forced Grant to divide his army into three parts in order to attack. On May 23, 1864, one of A.P. Hill's divisions assaulted the V Corps which had crossed the river at Jericho Mill, resulting in bloody see-saw fighting. On the 24th, Union infantry was repulsed at Ox Ford (the snout) but advanced to near the Doswell House on the Confederate right. Lee hoped to strike an offensive blow, but he was ill, and the opportunity for defeating an isolated part of the Federal army passed. Once the threat of Lee's position was revealed, Grant withdrew both wings of the army back across the North Anna River. Grant outflanked the position by moving downstream and continued his advance on Richmond.

Result(s): Inconclusive

### May 28-30, 1864 Totopotomoy Creek

Other Names: Bethesda Church, Crumps Creek, Matadequin Creek, Shady Grove Road, Hanover town

Location: Hanover County

Principal Commanders: Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant and Maj. Gen. George G. Meade [US]; Gen. Robert E. Lee [CS] Forces Engaged: Corps

Estimated Casualties: 2,200 total (US 1,100; CS 1,100)

Description: Operations along Totopotomoy Creek opened with cavalry combats at the Pamunkey River crossing at Dabney's Ferry (Hanover town) and at Crump's Creek on May 27. During the cavalry fight at Haw's Shop on May 28, Union and Confederate infantry arrived in the vicinity. The Confederates entrenched behind Totopotomoy Creek. On the 29th, the Union II, IX, and V Corps probed Lee's position along the creek, while the VI Corps felt its way toward Hanover Court House. Early on the 30th, the VI Corps turned south to come in on the far right flank of the Union line (II Corps) but bogged down in swampy Crump's Creek without getting into position. The II Corps forced a crossing of Totopotomoy Creek in two places, capturing the first line of Confederate trenches, but the advance was stopped at the main line. The IX Corps maneuvered into position on the left of the II Corps, driving back Confederate pickets on the Shady Grove Road. In the meantime, the V Corps, moving near Bethesda Church on the far left flank of the Union army, was attacked by Early's corps. The Federals were driven back to Shady Grove Road after heavy fighting. Confederate Brig. Gen. George Doles was killed by a sharpshooter near Bethesda Church on June 2.

Result(s): Inconclusive

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## Freedom's Soldiers The Faith and Freedom Series



Mother African Zoar United Methodist Church, 1204 Melon Street,  
May 21, 2006 @ 3:00 PM - Community Building

First African Baptist Church, 1608 Christian Street,  
June 25, 2006 @ 4:00 PM - Legacy

All programs are free and open to the public

For Information: Call: 215-735-8196

Website: www.cwurmuseum.org

## Seminary Ridge Symposium 2006

October 6-7, 2006

**Grant and Lee**

Sponsored by the Seminary Ridge Historic Preservation Foundation  
held at the Lutheran Theological Seminary at Gettysburg  
For information: Call 717.338.3030  
E-mail: Director@seminaryridge.org  
WEB: www.Seminaryridge.org

### Blue & Gray Education Society 2006 Schedule

BGES is Proud to Announce its 2006 Schedule for Tours and Seminars: Details of programs and registration forms will be available from December 1st. To be added to the mailing list for any particular program please email bgesbill@aol.com . Make sure to provide your snail mail address and phone number . Registration forms will be available on line from December 1st and as completed.

June 1-3: Steele's Arkansas Expedition in the Red River Campaign: Staff announcement pending: Based in Shreveport, Louisiana

June 9-14: From Fort Kearny to the Little Big Horn through the eyes of Sitting Bull: with Ed Bearss and Neil Mangum based in Billings, Montana

July 20-24: America's Cradles of Revolution: Jamestown, Williamsburg and Yorktown with Ed Bearss and other staff to be announced. Based in Williamsburg, Virginia

July 26-29: Great Issues of Gettysburg: Was Stuart a Scapegoat? with Greg Mertz, Mike Miller and Andie Custer based in Leesburg, Virginia

August 28-September 1: Bleeding Kansas with Ed Bearss, Nicole Etcheson, Kendall Gott and other staff pending based in Kansas City, Missouri

September 13-16: Great Issues of Gettysburg: The Sickles-Meade Controversy. Staff announcement pending. Based in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

September 25-29: America's Cradles of Revolution: Charleston, SC with Ed Bearss and Rick Hatcher based in Charleston, South Carolina

September 30-October 1: 5th Annual Massachusetts School of Law and BGES Annual Symposium, The North in the Civil War: Lincoln and His Generals. Staff announcement pending, based in Andover, Massachusetts

October 13-15: Gettysburg FOCUS Weekend 2006 Part 1: Five different four hour tours with some of the best of Gettysburg Licensed Battlefield Guides, based in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

October 18-21: The Vicksburg Campaign Part 4: Grant Disposed of Johnston (Grindstone Ford to Jackson) with Parker Hills and Len Riedel, based in Vicksburg, MS.

November 10-12: Gettysburg FOCUS Weekend 2006 Part 2: 5 more different four hour tours with some of the best of the Gettysburg Licensed Battlefield Guides, based in Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

November 16-18: BGES Staff Ride of the Battle of South Mountain, Crampton's Gap and Maryland Heights with Dennis Frye, Tom Clemens, Corky Lowe and Al Preston based in Hagerstown, Maryland

December 11-16: Cajuns, Coonasses and War with Ed Bearss and others based in New Orleans, Louisiana.

blue-grayedsoc@mindspring.com  
www.blue-and-gray-education.org 888-741-2437

Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia  
1805 Pine Street  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19103  
215.735.8196  
Founded January 1977

President: Mike Cavanaugh

Vice President: Herb Kaufman

Treasurer: William George

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