



THE CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P. O. BOX 5028, CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

APRIL 1975

Vol. 18 No. 8

153rd Meeting

DATE: TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1975

SPEAKER: Dr. Benjamin Franklin Cooling

SUBJECT: "A Civil War Deterrent:
Defending Washington 1861-1865"

PLACE: THE POTAN GARDENS, MAYFIELD ROAD

PRELIMINARIES: 6:30 PM DINNER: 7:15 PM

Dr. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN COOLING

This will be Dr. Cooling's second appearance before the Cleveland Round Table. His previous talk was on the Henry-Donelson Campaign of 1862.

A brief biographical sketch reveals that Dr. Cooling was born on December 8, 1938 in New Brunswick, New Jersey. He attended Rutgers University for his B.A. in History and the University of Pennsylvania where he received his M.A. and Ph. D. in History. His career highlights are: Park Historian, Fort Donelson National Military Park, Dover Tennessee, National Park Service, Historian, Office of the Chief of Military History; Assistant Instructor at the University of Pennsylvania; Instructor and Assistant Professor at PMC Colleges. His present official title is "Assistant Director of Historical Services at the U.S. Army Military History Research Collection in Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania."

Dr. Cooling is the author of "History of Bull Run Regimental Park, Virginia, 1971; Editor, "Soldiering in Sioux Country, 1865," 1971; Contributor to "American Military History," 1969; Contributor to "Additional Highlights of Tennessee History," 1969; Author and Contributor to staff studies by Office of the Chief of Military History including U.S. Army and Civil Defense 1945-1966," 1966, Author of articles on Civil War topics, pre-World War II Maneuvers, and the Army and Civil Defense which have appeared in "Military Affairs, Tennessee Historical Quarterly, Civil War Times Illustrated, Nebraska History, Alabama Historical Quarterly, Arkansas Historical Quarterly, West Virginia Historical Quarterly, Delaware History, and Journal of the Confederate Historical Society of Great Britain, and Parameters." He is the review editor of "Military Affairs, 1967-; Curator-Historian and Director of Research, Cruiser Olympia Association, 1965-; Fellow, Company of Military Historians.

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DUES

Forgive the harping gentlemen, but there are still a few of you who have not paid your 1975 dues. It's \$16 (\$1 to cover the new name badges). Make checks payable to the Cleveland CWRT and mail them to Robert Bayless on Morewood Parkway or to our Post Office Box.

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SPACE FILLERS

Lincoln was the only president who never served as a governor, U.S. Senator, cabinet minister, vice-president or general before entering the White House.

In the 1860 presidential election Lincoln received \$39.87 per cent of the total popular vote. In the 1864 election Lincoln received 55.09 per cent.

The first Union officer killed in the Civil War was Colonel Elmer E. Elsworth, who was shot in Alexandria, Virginia, on May 24, 1861. His Confederate counterpart was Captain John C. Marr, killed at Fairfax Court House, Virginia on June 1, 1861.

At the start of the Civil War, the United States maintained a standing army of only 16,000 officers and men.

There were 504 photographers in the United States in 1860 according to the census taken that year.

Galena, Illinois had 8 general officers in the Civil War. They were U.S. Grant, John A. Rawlins, August L. Chetlain, Ely S. Parker, William Rowley, John E. Smith, John C. Smith, Jasper Maltby, and John Duer. All except Duer attained some prominence after the war. Duer was an officer of the "Illinois Lead Mine Regiment."

The estimated cost of the Civil War to the Union was \$6,190,000,000 and to the Confederacy, \$3,000,000,000.

There were two units in the Union Army known as the "Iron Brigade." The more famous one was composed of the 19th Indiana and 2nd, 6th, and 7th Wisconsin, with the 24th Michigan added later. It was first known as the "Black Hat Brigade." The less remembered one was an eastern unit made up of the 2nd US Sharpshooters and the 22nd, 24th, 30th and the 84th New York. Both Brigades were part of King's Division at the Second Battle of Bull Run.

Stephen Mallory, secretary of the Navy was the only member of the Roman Catholic faith in Jefferson Davis' cabinet.

Albert Sidney Johnston, a graduate of West Point served a year as a private in the Texas Republic Army. Later he became a general, and then was appointed secretary of war of the young republic.

The highest ranking Jewish officer in the Civil War was Brig Gen Frederick Knefler of the Indiana volunteers. He was born in Hungary and fought later under General Kossuth. His family moved to the United States in 1850 and later he became a citizen and settled in Indianapolis, working as a carpenter, then became a lawyer. He was a lieutenant in Shoup's Zouaves when the group became a part of the 11th Indiana volunteers. Knefler fought in West Virginia, at Fort Donelson, Sailoh, Perryville, Stone's River and Chickamauga. He died at Indianapolis in 1901.

In the Vicksburg campaign from March 29 to July 4, 1863, Union forces had 1,581 men killed; 7654 wounded and 1,007 missing for a total of 10,142. The Confederates had 1,413 killed, 3,878 wounded, 3,800 missing for a total of 9,091.

General Sheridan presented to the War Department 51 Rebel flags captured by his gallant cavalymen.

THE CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE OF CLEVELAND, OHIO

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GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON'S PHYSICIAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: Member Earl Hoover spotted this article that appeared in the Congressional Record of May 22, 1974, which was introduced into the Record by United States Senator Harry F. Byrd.

Mr. Harry F. Byrd Jr., Mr. President, General Thomas J. Jackson, "Stonewall Jackson," General Robert E. Lee's strong right arm, died on May 10, 1863. He died in Virginia near Chancellorsville where had been shot a few days before. The death of General Jackson had a profound effect on the military history of the War Between the States.

The Winchester Evening Star of Monday, May 13, 1974, published a very interesting account of the last days of General Jackson. The article was written by a staff writer, Mrs. Shirley Byrd. It is of considerable interest.

The attending physician to General Jackson, the first one to see him, was Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire of Winchester, Virginia. He was the great uncle of Dr. William Province McGuire who is today one of the outstanding physicians in the United States. He is a citizen of Winchester, Virginia. Indicative of his standing in his profession he is now the president of the American Ophthalmology Society.

I might say, too, that Dr. William Province McGuire, the present president of the American Ophthalmology Society is the son of Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire who, likewise was president of the American Ophthalmology Society some years ago.

The present Dr. McGuire is the fourth generation of doctors in his family.

I mentioned the doctor who attended General Stonewall Jackson as being Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire. His brother was Dr. William Province McGuire and his son was Dr. Hunter Holmes McGuire, and his son is currently a resident of the city of Winchester and a close and dear friend of Dr. William Province McGuire.

Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent to have this very interesting article printed in the Record.

There being no objection, the article was ordered to be printed in the Record as follows:

ROLE OF DR. HUNTER MCGUIRE
DEATH OF A GENERAL

(Editor's Note: Returning to Confederate lines near Chancellorsville, Va., on a moonlit night 103 years ago, General Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jackson was wounded when fired upon by his own troops who apparently mistook him for the enemy. The first physician to see the general was Dr. Hunter McGuire, great uncle of Dr. William P. McGuire of

Winchester, a former city councilman. Here is the story of the wounding of Jackson and the role played by Dr. Hunter McGuire until the general's death.) by Shirley Byrd, Star Staff Writer

When he was 19-years-old, Hunter Holmes McGuire had graduated from the Winchester Medical College with the degree of M.D. The year was 1855. Eight years later, Dr. McGuire's fate was to be linked with an incident that changed the course of the Civil War.

On a moonlight night near Chancellorsville on May 2, 1863, Gen. Jackson with members of his staff and signalmen and couriers, was riding towards the enemy, having passed his own front lines. Shortly before, he had sent a message to General A.P. Hill to press on, as the enemy was retreating.

Having heard sounds of the enemy relocating themselves, General Jackson turned back to ensure that his orders to advance were being carried out.

He was greeted by a volley which killed two members of his staff. The volley had been fired by General Hill's men who, confused by the darkness, did not know they were firing on their own comrades. In spite of orders from Hill himself to cease firing, the soldiers continued, thinking it was a trick.

Jackson's horse had bolted into the woods at the first volley, and the general, still mounted, was hit twice in the left arm and once in the back of the right hand by musket balls.

Jackson managed at last to control his horse with his wounded right hand. His left arm hung useless at his side, the gaiter full of blood. Two of the officers who had been with him caught up with the wounded general and lifted him off his horse. They sent for Dr. Hunter McGuire.

Dr. McGuire had first met General Thomas Jonathan Jackson at Harper's Ferry in 1861. McGuire had enlisted as a private, but was soon made medical officer, and then appointed chief surgeon of Jackson's command.

McGuire encountered the wounded general and his aides after the general has been carried under fire, in a stretcher, through the woods. Jackson had insisted upon trying to walk, but had proved to be too weak. At one point, one of the stretcher bearers had tripped and the general had fallen out of the stretcher heavily, landing on his unwounded arm.

Finally, it was decided to risk taking him by the open road, rather than struggling through the woods. There, they came upon an ambulance, and a place was made for the general.

The ambulance brought Jackson to the house where his friend and the personal physician, Dr. McGuire, was waiting to meet him.

Dr. McGuire briefly examined his patient, noting his calmness and politeness in spite of his intense suffering. Then the general embarked on yet another journey, this time to the field hospital at Wilderness Tavern.

At 2 AM on Sunday, May 3, after some two-and-a-half hours rest at the hospital to enable his patient to recover from shock, Dr. McGuire judged that Jackson was ready for a more thorough examination.

Before proceeding, the 27-year-old doctor warned General Jackson that he might have to amputate the left arm. "Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire," came the reply. "Do for me whatever you think best."

To the patient's very evident relief, chloroform was administered for the examination. A musket ball, which was indeed Confederate, was removed from Jackson's right hand, and two other doctors present agreed with McGuire that there was nothing to be done for the left arm but to amputate. This was done and, after the operation, the general slept for several hours.

He was disturbed once, shortly after the operation, by Major Sandie Pendelton, who had come from Jeb Stuart seeking military advice.

They had conferred shortly, and Jackson had asked some questions, but ultimately had left it up to General Stuart to make his own decisions.

When he awoke the next morning, General Jackson's condition was encouraging. However, at about 10 AM he developed severe pain in his right side. McGuire could find no evidence of an injury, and the lung seemed healthy, and during the course of the day Jackson improved--ordering his attendants back to their posts and listening with enthusiasm and pride to accounts of his brigade's performance in the battle which still raged. By 8 PM on Sunday night the pain in his side had disappeared, and the general slept peacefully. He spent Monday and Monday night resting at the hospital, and on Tuesday morning, at Gen Lee's insistence, he was moved to Guinea's Station, accompanied by Dr. McGuire (editor's note: the distance was approximately 25 miles).

Lee feared that there was danger of Jackson's capture at Wilderness Tavern. Apart from some nausea, Jackson's journey was uneventful and he slept comfortably on Tuesday night in a small office building in the grounds of Mrs. Chandler's house at Guinea's Station.

Dr. McGuire dressed his wounds on Wednesday, and was pleased with their healing progress. At 1 AM on Thursday, Jackson was nauseated, but refused to send for McGuire, knowing that the doctor had had almost no sleep for three nights.

When the doctor did see his patient at dawn on Thursday, he diagnosed pleuro-pneumonia on Jackson's right side, brought on, he felt by the fall from the stretcher.

Specialists' were sent for, and General Jackson's wife arrived. Her husband, a Presbyterian, and a very devout man, asked her to pray for him, ever omitting "Thy will be done." Friday was a bad day.

Jackson said he was not afraid to die, but that he did not feel his time had come. His wounds seemed to be doing well. Yet the surgeons were all pessimistic. The patient was restless and exhausted, and was having difficulty breathing. At times he was delirious.

An authority on the treatment of pneumonia, Dr. David Tucker, arrived from Richmond on Saturday, but was unable to suggest any treatment that had not already been done.

General Jackson realized, from the number of doctors present, that his condition must be serious, but he refused to give up hope.

On Sunday, May 10, 1863, the gallant patient at least began to accept his fate. His wife, who had been brave until the last, finally broke down and threw herself weeping on his bed.

Jackson asked McGuire if it was indeed true that he was to die. The doctor told him that everything that could be done had been done.

Jackson tried to comfort his wife.

"Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees," he said. They were his last words.

At 3 PM he died.

* * * * *

THE CONFEDERATE CREED

W.B. Jones

With unfaltering trust in the God of my fathers, I believe, as a Confederate, in obedience to Him; that it is my duty to respect the laws and ancient ways of my people, and to stand up for the right of my State to determine what is good for its people in all local affairs.

I believe that I should love my fellow man with all my heart, give devotion to truth and justice, and do with the patience and courage of Davis and Lee the duties which God puts before me each day.

I believe in respect and honor for womanhood, in love of home,

devotion to my church and loyalty to my school.

I see in the Stars and Bars, the glorious banner of the Confederacy as it waves in the Southern breeze, a symbol of freedom and devotion to constitutional rights, an emblem of honor and character.

I believe that veneration for the ideals held sacred by the Confederacy will make us a better people and a stronger state.

from the "Rebel Yell"
newsletter of the Jackson
Mississippi CWRT

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THE DEATH OF THE G-A-R
by
MacKinlay Kantor

Now they are gone from Webster City.
Mr. Lee was the last to go
(Coffin damp with the snowball's snow,
Coffin damp with the lilacs' pity),
E.N. Lee was the last to go
To narrow quarters with flag above,
And the soft tattoo of the mourning dove. . .
He lies at ease in the burying ground,
While a comrade tells of his Vicksburg wound.

And another matters of Malvern Hill
Or Shiloh Church or Andersonville,
Musket or tent or rebel shout--
But the tardiest soldier is mustered out.
They are gone, they are gone, and more is the pity
For the great-grandchildren of Webster City.

Daughters and sons of the chromium age,
Grasp this moment and hold this page,
And let me describe the homely ration
That fed the belly of half our nation.
There was something about them you cannot know--
But it lived before you began to grow,
And it made the soil that we rear you in.
(The shrill machines have shredded it thin.)
It was sweet as maple and gold as wheat
And it lived every Northern street;
It gave us manna we cannot give
No matter how long God lets us live.

It is past, it is vanished and cut clean off,
And only a relic stays to cough
And remind us all of the sundry riches
We stowed in our early childhood niches.
This story stemmed from a buggy wheel
And a pacing mare and a shaving mug
And the keen straight edge of a razor's steel
And it lived in every tobacco plug--
In an argument in the courthouse yard--
In the horehound candy at Kearn's store,
In cubebs and laterns and buckets of lard--
In the lovely things that are here no more,
The things we thought were ugly before.

I am talking about the G.A.R.,
That some of you think is a big bronze star
Kept in a desk that grandpa used,
And by worthy sentiment thrice-abused.
But the G.A.R. was more than that--
More than a cord on a battered hat--
More than a ghost or a rural fairy
That sleeps up there in the cemetery.

It was stuff that we who witness its death
Will miss as long as God Gives us breath:
The frosty cheek and the black molasses,
And the fudge that grandfather always stole--
And where did you put my fishing pole?
And hurry along to our Sunday-school classes'
The Templar charm and the celluloid collar,
The Cross of Gold and the silver dollar,
And Teddy will run for another term.
And I won't support Bill Bryan again.
And I was always a Cleveland man!
Here lay the ripe dissension's germ,
But all forgotten and washed away
Whenever the Comrades met in May,

We count the tracks of the tribal old
Over the windy ridge of time
Through fire that burned on a piltdown wold
To the first man stirrings within the slime,
There is worship for Chinese ancestors,
There is blessing for elder sainted monk . . .
Shall we who gazed at the harness stores
Lock our past in a haircloth trunk?

Partly legend and partly lie,
And partly pure as the Maytime sky--
This was the Army that we had.
It was saved and shriven and could not die,
And it had a song that would drive you mad:
Limping under the shade of oak
With picket fences to hem it in,
Its drummers beat and its fifers spoke
(And the beard grew out of the shrunken chin).
The song of the Army comes to mind,
Telling the tale we never find
Now that the drums no longer din. . .
These are the things that we will miss:
The big bear hug and the whiskery kiss,
The room with a sagging, painted shutter,
The asthma sound and the midnight mutter,
And the trousers hanging across a chair,
And the thought that grandfather sleeps in there--
The Odd Fellow pin and the Indian story,
And the grave in Washington Territory.

Sons and daughters of radio,
E.N. Lee was the last to go!
You knew not him or his shaggy brother
But they were kinder than many another.
Wesley Martin and George S. Neel---
They were a dream you cannot feel. . .
Captain Landers and Parker Banks
Gone to manage the mystic ranks. . .

Sons and daughters, award your thanks
To the black cigars and the oyster suppers,
To the coffee mills and the leather cruppers
And all of the worn American treasure
That you and your age can never measure.

Now they are gone from Webster City
And most of the other towns as well.
Daughters and sons, to you our pity,
For we have a story you cannot tell.

(Editor's Note: This poem appeared in THE LADIES HOME JOURNAL, June 1939, p. 104. Thanks to member Bob Monroe for spotting it for us.)

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"LET'S EXPLORE OHIO"

"Twenty-seven regiments of Ohio soldiers were in General Grant's Army at the battle of Shiloh. These men were from the farms and towns in every corner of Ohio. They followed Ohio generals whose names illuminate the history of the Civil War; Grant, Sherman, Buell, Lytle, and other officers of lower rank. Not the least of these was Ralph P. Buckland from Fremont, who led "Buckland's Brigade" at Shiloh. Maj Gen Buckland had moved to Ohio as a child when his family settled in Portage County. He was educated at Kenyon College and practiced law at Canfield and Fremont.

In 1861 he was appointed Colonel of the 72nd O.V.I. regiment. General Buckland commanded a brigade in Sherman's Division at Shiloh. Later he commanded a brigade in Sherman's Corps at Vicksburg and Memphis. He resigned from the army in January, 1865 to take his seat in Congress. From 1867 to 1873 he was president of the Ohio Soldiers and Sailors Orphans Home and Government Director of the Pacific Railroad.

General Buckland was allaw partner of President Rutherford B. Hayes at Fremont. Ohio Civil War Veterans at their reunions had reason to recall the scene at "Bloody Pond at Shiloh" where many crawled under fire to fill canteens with water."

R.E. Pairan, editor
Gen Joshua W. Sill CWRT

* * * * *

*RATIONS AT CAMP MORTON - 1863

Prisoners were still receiving sufficient rations in November, although lack of fresh vegetables induced some scurvey. The daily issue was 3/4 pound of bacon or a 1 pound of fresh beef, good wheat bread, hominy, coffee, tea, sugar, vinegar, candles, soap, salt, pepper, potatoes, and molasses. The food was of good quality, but each man cooked for himself, or with a small group of friends, and in this haphazard preparation wasted food and fuel, and ruined his digestive system. Hoffman undertook to reduce the losses by installing huge kettles called "Farmers' boilers," in which from 30 to 120 gallons of soup or stew could be prepared at once, but as usual the reform was accomplished slowly. The prisoner who had credit at the commandant's office could vary his diet with purchases from the camp sutler. He was also allowed to receive boxes of food from friends and relatives. On Dec 1, 1863, both these privileges were suddenly cut off by Stanton's order. The deprivation of tobacco caused more discontent than the short allowance of clothing, and Hoffman recommended that it be supplied from the prison fund rather than risk disturbances. Altogether, this experiment in retaliation was proving more awkward than anyone had anticipated. Sutlers had supplied postage stamps, letter paper, some underclothing, and other articles in constant demand.

* CAMP MORTON 1861-1865 by Lou Winslow & J.H. Moore