

THE FUGELMAN

**THE NEWSLETTER OF THE SECOND
WISCONSIN VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
ASSOCIATION**

**THE BLACK HAT BRIGADE---THE IRON BRIGADE
1861-1865**

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**FU-GEL-MAN: A well-drilled soldier placed in front of a military company as a model or
guide for others.**

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PASS IN REVIEW

From the quill of Lt. Colonel Pete Seielstad



The time has come to say fair well to the 2017 campaign season. It has been a wonderful ride. Shiloh Tennessee, Heritage Hill, Wade House, Norskedalen as well as all the other events that the boys of the 2nd Wisconsin found themselves are in the books. For us there is a special feeling of accomplishment and sincere gratitude for all of the event organizers whose efforts produced wonderful experiences for the spectator and the participants. To all of you, thank you.



Photo: Barb & Kristina Thyren

To summarize the event at Norskedalen's American Civil War Experience, it truly was an immersion weekend. The rain came early the week before and soaked the already saturated ground. For the school day, the rain held off till the last school bus had left and a constant drizzle made it difficult to set up camps and prepare for the event's weekend activities. Saturday's schedule was worked around Mother Nature's watering schedule and

surprisingly cooperated enough to let us proceed with the day's scenario.

The scenario played out well, although to a small number of spectators. Federal and Confederate soldiers met the challenge of the weekend and (if I'm correct) came away satisfied at the end result.



It truly amazes me the dedication of our members & friends. Weathering the rain & cold while wearing our ponchos & gum blankets, walking in water soaked shoes, nursing our cook fires through the day and at night, and all the while there was little signs of discontent. After all, “this is Norskedalen”.

Photo: Barb & Kristina Thyren

Enjoy your winter camp with your loved ones. Until we meet again on the field or on the old campground, take care my friends.

Your obedient servant,

Lt. Col. Pete Seielstad

CAMPAIGN SCHEDULES OF THE COMPANIES AND ASSOCIATION

Nov. 4, 2017 Veterans Day parade (Everyone welcome)

Milwaukee, WI

THANKSGIVING MESSAGE TO THE TROOPS

By the Editor

1863 had been a good year overall in the North. Looking back over the year much had been accomplished. Lincoln would report in his annual message

delivered to Congress on December 8, 1863, that the overall picture of Federal success economically, politically, and militarily had been very fortunate indeed. Lincoln would point to a number of treaties that advanced the interests of the United States. One of the most important was a supplemental treaty, executed in February, with England ending the international slave trade once and for all time. Lincoln commended the trans-Atlantic telegraph cable for Congressional support, pointing to diplomatic and military advantages to such a project. Another positive subject was the fact that mineral deposits in Colorado, Idaho, Nevada, New Mexico, and Arizona were far richer than originally anticipated. A booming economy and the large numbers of men serving in the Union armies created a shortage of laborers. In his message to Congress he asked its members to take steps to encourage immigration to meet the need for workers. During 1863 Congress adopted a new national banking law that Lincoln reported was a huge success. Another positive end of the year analysis showed that the government actually ended with a budget surplus of \$5,329,044.21. And to further fill the nation's coffers the government had sold 3,841,549 acres of public land. For most Northerners the overarching concern was the war that was ending its third year. Here again the totality of the news was the successful efforts of Union arms. In Lincoln's message to Congress he described the situation as follows:

. . . . Eleven months having now passed, we are permitted to take another review. The rebel borders are pressed still farther back, and by the complete opening of the Mississippi the country dominated by the rebellion is divided into distinct parts, with no practical communication between them. Tennessee and Arkansas have been substantially cleared of insurgent control, and influential citizens in each, owners of slaves and advocates of slavery at the beginning of the rebellion, now declare openly for emancipation in their respective States. Of those States not included in the emancipation proclamation, Maryland and Missouri, neither of which three years ago would tolerate any restraint upon the extension of slavery into new Territories, only dispute now as to the best mode of removing it within their own limits.

Although there was little mention of the Emancipation Proclamation in Lincoln's message, the President did point to the drastic change brought about in the Union armies by the enlistment of black soldiers.

Of those who were slaves at the beginning of the rebellion full 100,000 are now in the United States military service, about one-half of which number actually bear arms in the ranks, thus giving the double advantage of taking so much labor from the insurgent cause and supplying the places which otherwise must be filled with so many white

men. So far as tested, it is difficult to say they are not as good soldiers as any. No servile insurrection or tendency to violence or cruelty has marked the measures of emancipation and arming the blacks.

<http://www.let.rug.nl/usa/presidents/abraham-lincoln/state-of-the-union-1863.php>

All in all, it had been a remarkable year! Armed Northern soldiers had achieved victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. The rebels were being pressed on all fronts. Prosperity reigned on the home front. Crops had been abundant during the past year. Peace with foreign nations had been achieved, particularly with France and England who had been threatening to recognize the Southern rebellion. Lincoln saw God's hand in the Union's successes and determined that a proclamation declaring a day of thanksgiving and praise should be executed and distributed throughout the North. The President called upon his people to reflect on the many blessings and successes and offer their prayers of Thanksgiving to God whose gracious hand had authored these beneficent gifts to our people.

PROCLAMATION 106—THANKSGIVING DAY, 1863

October 3, 1863



By the President of the United States of America

A PROCLAMATION

The year that is drawing toward its close has been filled with the blessings of fruitful fields and healthful skies. To these bounties, which are so constantly enjoyed that we are prone to forget the source from which they come, others have been added which are of so extraordinary a nature that they cannot fail to penetrate and soften even the heart which is habitually insensible to the ever-watchful providence of Almighty God.

In the midst of a civil war of unequalled magnitude and severity, which has

sometimes seemed to foreign states to invite and to provoke their aggression, peace has been preserved with all nations, order has been maintained, the laws have been respected and obeyed, and harmony has prevailed everywhere, except in the theater of military conflict, while that theater has been greatly contracted by the advancing armies and navies of the Union.

Needful diversions of wealth and of strength from the fields of peaceful industry to the national defense have not arrested the plow, the shuttle, or the ship; the ax has enlarged the borders of our settlements, and the mines, as well of iron and coal as of the precious metals, have yielded even more abundantly than heretofore. Population has steadily increased notwithstanding the waste that has been made in the camp, the siege, and the battlefield, and the country, rejoicing in the consciousness of augmented strength and vigor, is permitted to expect continuance of years with large increase of freedom.

No human counsel hath devised nor hath any mortal hand worked out these great things. They are the gracious gifts of the Most High God, who, while dealing with us in anger for our sins, hath nevertheless remembered mercy.

It has seemed to me fit and proper that they should be solemnly, reverently, and gratefully acknowledged, as with one heart and one voice, by the whole American people. I do therefore invite my fellow-citizens in every part of the United States, and also those who are at sea and those who are sojourning in foreign lands, to set apart and observe the last Thursday of November next as a day of thanksgiving and praise to our beneficent Father who dwelleth in the heavens. And I recommend to them that while offering up the ascriptions justly due to Him for such singular deliverances and blessings they do also, with humble penitence for our national perverseness and disobedience, commend to His tender care all those who have become widows, orphans, mourners, or sufferers in the lamentable civil strife in which we are unavoidably engaged, and fervently implore the interposition of the Almighty hand to heal the wounds of the nation and to restore it, as soon as may be consistent with the divine purposes, to the full enjoyment of peace, harmony, tranquillity, and union.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 3d day of October, A. D. 1863, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-eighth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State*

This editor has always viewed the time between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day as one long holiday period. As I suspect many of my colleagues here do as well. Immediately after Thanksgiving Day we begin the decorating for Christmas. The Advent season begins at church and the singing of those old beloved Christmas carols commences! There are parties, sending of Christmas cards, buying gifts, planning the Christmas Eve or Christmas with our family, planning and preparing the family dinner and the opening of gifts on Christmas Eve or Christmas morning. But it all begins with the Thanksgiving holiday.

Essentially two concurrent elements run through the Thanksgiving holiday. The first (not in order of importance) is the gathering of family and friends for the traditional holiday meal and sharing the excitement of special events around the table. Thanksgiving is the holiday with the largest travel numbers during the year. There is a reason for this unique activity this editor supposes. It is the joy and pleasure gained from being together with family to catch up on what has been going on with our lives since the previous year and to remember those pleasant memories of family trips, events, and special occurrences in the past. The love and warmth of these holiday gatherings will linger for another year and encourage the gathering once again next year!

The second element is that Thanksgiving causes us to pause and look to the author of all good things in our lives and in our nation. Read Lincoln's proclamation, especially the second half of the document. It was true then and remains true to this very day. Our nation has problems. It is true we have incessant wars in the Middle East, a sluggish economy, a vital threat to our Constitutional system, a sharp divide among Americans in politics, a rise in racial issues, and others; but can you think of another country that debates these issues and struggles to resolve them in a democratic fashion as we do? God has indeed blessed us as a people. This is a time to recognize that truth and to thank Him from whom all blessings flow. This is the one time of the year that the task of giving praise for our many blessings becomes tantamount in our lives. It is a time to take stock and express our gratitude, each in our own way, to the author of those blessings.

So it is fitting that your officers, corporate and military, take this opportunity to not only wish you a happy Thanksgiving, but to share with you the grateful acknowledgement of God's many blessings. It need not be said, but your leaders are truly grateful for your comradeship and endeavors on behalf of the Second Wisconsin. Without you the process of sharing the history of the men and times of the civil war would fail miserably. But it is not just the sharing of historical reality that makes us grateful for your presence, but the idea that we are in many ways a large family. During the editor's years as a reenactor he personally has never been closer to any group of people than his comrades in the camps. We share family stories, educational backgrounds, aspirations, and humor (lots of humor). On behalf of the leadership of the Second Wisconsin and the companies that make up our Association, we want to wish you a wonderful Thanksgiving holiday. We ask that you remember the purpose of Thanksgiving and that you enjoy the society of family and friends as you break bread together!

REGIMENTAL DISPATCHES

A THOUGHTFUL MOMENT

The following missive was drafted by John Thielmann from Company K. John included this thought provoking piece in his October issue of the Company K Gazette. The writing is very good and the Editor endorses the ideas expressed therein! It also induced me to think about the religious representation found in Company K. Company K has a Catholic priest, a Baptist minister, and three men trained in religion at seminary! That strikes the Editor as something extraordinary!

In the aftermath of tragedy, the question is often asked, "Why did God allow this to happen?" Often the answers offered are unsatisfying. Just as often, we cannot discern any reason at all for good people to suffer. We can be left feeling frustrated, or even angry with God. The difficulty might not lie with the answer, or lack thereof, but in the question. We do not, indeed cannot, always know or understand "Why?".

Ancient peoples often asked a different question in the face of calamity or tragedy. That question was, "Where is our God?" Put another way, they wondered if they had been abandoned, and searched for a sign that their God was with them. If we ask this question in the face of hurricanes, earthquakes, mass shootings, or personal losses/afflictions, I believe the answers are much more obvious and reassuring. Wherever you find first responders, God is there. Wherever you see people assisting their neighbors, God is there. Wherever you find people putting the needs of others before their own, God is there. Wherever you find people sharing the sorrow of those who have lost someone they love, God is there. Wherever you find people striving to prevent tragedies from being repeated, God is there. Any time we care for, support, or defend each other, whether in big ways or small, God is there. Maybe we can't always prevent evil from impacting our lives, but with God's help, as carried out by the hands of his creatures, we can endure and overcome it.

Yours, John Thielmann, M.Div.

1992, Sacred Heart School of Theology

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART AND AN EMPTY STOMACH!

The Fugelman received the following dispatch from Amy Zimmerman. It was composed after thinking on a humiliating incident in camp. It is a cute little ditty and I hope you enjoy it. Thank you Amy for sharing the song with the Second Wisconsin!

Recently at the Norskedalen event, there was quite an adventure involving a rooster who didn't want to be caught and turned into dinner. Guys from the 10th Tennessee and the 2nd WI ended up chasing it through the hills and around the farmstead. Saturday night I started writing some lyrics to commemorate the struggle, and a couple days later I finished the song. Friends of mine thought the readers of the Fugelman would also enjoy this little song, so if you believe it is appropriate feel free to add it to the next issue. Enjoy!

**"Oh! Tasty Rooster"
(Sung to the tune of "Oh! Susanna" by Stephen Foster)**

Chorus:

**Oh tasty rooster, don't you run from me.
My cook pot's all ready, and I'm getting real hungry**

Verse 1:

**Some Johnny boys woke up
With their stomachs awful sore,
When they heard a little crowing
From the cabin next door.**

**They snuck around to see
What all the fuss was all about
And they spied a tasty rooster
Clucking all about.**

**Oh tasty rooster, don't you run from me.
My cook pot's all ready, and I'm getting real hungry**

Verse 2:

**Ever so carefully
Johnny crept up near
And just like that the rooster
Ran and showed him his rear.**

**Round and round the house they ran
Racing up and down
So under the porch the rooster dove
In a single easy bound.**

**Oh tasty rooster, don't you run from me.
My cook pot's all ready, and I'm getting real hungry**

Verse 3:

**Johnny Reb paced back and forth
Sharpening his knife
Waiting ever patiently
Till the timing was right.**

**But that rooster was smarter
Than Johnny Reb thought
And snuck away from the porch
Without getting caught.**

**Oh tasty rooster, don't you run from me.
My cook pot's all ready, and I'm getting real hungry**

Verse 4:

**The rooster ran away real quick
Up onto the hillside,
And soon the whole company
Was chasing his behind.**

**Back and forth and up and down
The boys kept chasing round
And bayonets and muskets
Couldn't bring the creature down.**

**Oh tasty rooster, don't you run from me.
My cook pot's all ready, and I'm getting real hungry**

Verse 5:

**For hours they ran after him
Through the brambles and the brush,
But getting their hands on him
Had gotten rather tough.**

**Tonight the boys will fall asleep
With their bellies awful sore
For this daring, sneaky rooster
Had won the chicken war!**

**Oh tasty rooster, don't you run from me.
This rooster got the best, of the boys from Tennessee!**

**Sincerely,
Amy Zimmerman**

VETERANS' DAY

On November 11th, we will again commemorate the service of Americans in the armed forces of the United States. The members of the Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry would like to take this opportunity to thank all our veterans for their service. It seems somehow trite to say this. We often say this as a reflex when we meet veterans, but it represents a truly heartfelt sense of gratitude for the sacrifice you have given for one of the greatest nations on earth. Not only have you served this nation, but you have worked to advance freedom around the globe in many other countries whose people are also grateful for your service!

Lincoln said the United States was the "last best hope of earth" and a beacon for freedom everywhere. The American ideals have become a

standard in a dangerous world and American men and women in uniform have been a bulwark for the preservation of those ideals. So while these words cannot express our true feelings, on this special day we simply say "Thank You"!

ATTENTION TO ORDERS

MEMBERSHIP DUES AND COMPANY REPORTS

GENTLEMEN:

It is that time of the year again. It is time to pay one's dues. Beginning in November and running through until January the various companies of the Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry Association will be conducting their annual meetings. It is the time most members pay their annual dues. Please see to this administrative duty as soon as practical. According to the by-laws of the Association all dues are supposed to be paid on or before January 1st. By promptly "rendering unto Ceasar" your dues it will facilitate record keeping and reporting by the company secretaries to headquarters for the Association.

Company secretaries are hereby commanded to prepare their membership roles for their companies. That includes the names, addresses, phone numbers and e-mail addresses for each member. You are also called upon to submit a list of corporate and military officers that includes their contact information and the office that they hold.

Company secretaries should also provide the Association secretary with the scheduled events approved by the various companies for 2018.

Finally, company commanders/presidents, if they are not planning to attend the Association annual meeting, should submit an annual report on the status and activities of their units during the past year. These reports should be provided to the Lieutenant Colonel and Association secretary prior to the date of the annual meeting.

In order to alleviate the stress level for our long suffering Association secretary please submit the required reports as early as possible, but certainly prior to the scheduled annual meeting.

MILWAUKEE VETERANS' DAY PARADE

The following dispatch was received at our office from John Thielmann. As in the past few years, John is organizing the presence of reenactors for the Milwaukee Veterans Day Parade. What a great way to honor our veterans and extend our gratitude for their sacrifices on behalf of our beloved nation. Lend Mr. Thielmann your support for this event! Below you will find a map of the parade route and the veterans who will be honored during this years parade.

Once again, a multi-era unit is being organized to march through downtown Milwaukee on November 4th to honor our veterans.

Reenactors of all eras, whether military or civilian, are welcome, as are modern civilians. The unit coordinator is John Thielmann, and I can be contacted on facebook, by email at jthlmnn@milwpc.com or by phoning (414) 931-8145.

If you cannot make it, you can still support this unit, and the parade by sharing this info with reenactor friends/organizations. *

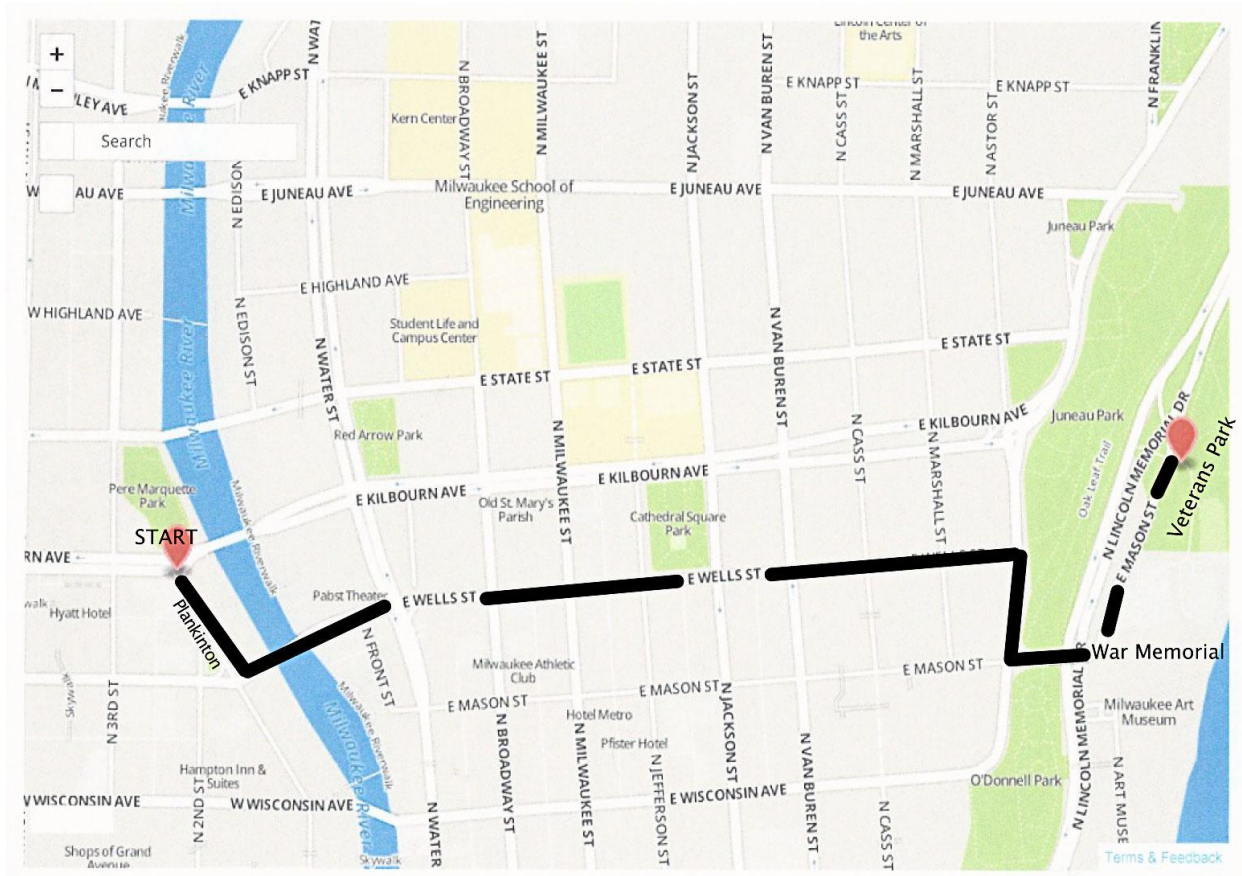
Note for WW II reenactors: This year the parade does not conflict with the "Wade House Fall Tactical".

- Date: Saturday, November 4th (Always the Saturday before Veterans Day)**
- Time: Assemble by 10:30 am, first unit steps off at 11 am (we are at the back end)**
- Parking: Henry Maier (Summerfest) Festival Park lots (Go to E Chicago St. & N Lincoln Memorial Drive. They will direct you from there.)**
- Staging Area: Gate "G" - N 3rd St. & W State St.**
- Heated Shuttles: From parking to staging area, and return from parade end**

• **Uniform:** Anything appropriate to any era of U.S. History, dress or fatigue.
For Co K, classic Iron Brigade is recommended

• **Gear:** Light marching order – knapsacks & tinware are optional

Please join us on Saturday, November 4th, at 11 am, for the 54th Annual Veterans Day Parade.



**54th VETERANS DAY PARADE
NOVEMBER 4, 2017**

**SPECIAL GUESTS OF HONOR
COMBAT MEDICS AND CORPSMAN**



A combat medic serves in the Army and a corpsman serves in the Navy. They have different insignia, training, and MOS. However despite the differences there is one striking similarity, they both do pretty awesome things (like saving lives) under some pretty severe conditions and you can call them both "Doc".



**54th VETERANS DAY PARADE
NOVEMBER 4, 2017**

**GRAND MARSHALL
*George Banda***

As you might expect, selecting a Grand Marshall for the parade with this group in mind was very difficult. We had many worthy "Docs" nominated for this honor. After careful consideration we are happy to report that **George Banda** was selected and accepted the honor of Grand Marshall 2017.

George was a combat medic who served with the 101st Airborne Division Screaming Eagles 2/501st Echo Company "RECON" in Vietnam. As a member of the 101st Airborne Division George was awarded many distinguished commendations including the Silver Star Medal for Gallantry in Action. George continues to serve as the commander of Purple Heart Chapter 818, Past State Commander of the American GI Forum and a member of Vietnam Vets Chapter 1.

**FROM THE CAMPS OF THE
COMPANIES OF THE SECOND
WISCONSIN**

INFANTRY



COMPANY K

COMPANY K GATHERING AND REUNION

Two years ago a reunion of members of Company K was organized by this editor. It turned out to be a popular event. A number of people have

requested that such an event be conducted again. And so we shall! The event is tentatively scheduled for March 31st, 2018. It is open to current and former members of Company K, military and civilian, who would enjoy a time of sharing and remembering colleagues and experiences from the past.

There would be a lunch (Dutch Treat) and the editor is looking for suggested locations. If you have a place you would like to recommend let the editor know. I am thinking of a location between Madison and Milwaukee for the convenience of all our members. The last event was at a wonderful Irish restaurant and pub.

If you would like to attend or have a suggestion for a location contact Jim Dumke at jamesdumke@sbcglobal.net and if you know a former member pass along this information to them so they can join us.

HOARD MUSEUM LIVING HISTORY EVENT

On October 14th, 2017, members of Company K conducted a living history event at the Hoard Museum in Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. The weather was very incooperative, it rained steadily all day, and so the surgeons and infantryman set up outside the museum. Despite the inclement weather we had good crowds through most of the day. Josh Juarez did infantry presentations and Jim Dumke and Stan Graiewski conducted a field hospital scenario during the day. On two occasions there were surgeries where we had children remove a bullet from a chest wound (bloody work).

It was a good time and it is always nice to be appreciated. The museum staff were overwhelming in their gratitude for our presence. Jim Dumke took the pictures appearing below, although I have to say I don't know who took the photo where I appear talking with a visitor.

AFTER ACTION REPORT BY STAN GRAIEWSKI

**CIVIL WAR DAY
HOARD HISTORICAL MUSEUM**

FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN

OCTOBER 14, 2017

Company K members Josh Juarez, Jim Dumke and Stan Graiewski represented Company K at the Hoard Historical Museum on October 14th.

Josh planned the event. He also represented a Union infantryman. He displayed a Union infantryman's uniform and equipment. When he was busy, Jim and Stan helped him.

Jim and Stan displayed the Second Wisconsin's Regimental field hospital. Two operations were performed. Both patients survived. The hospital had an operating table with numerous instruments on display.

The three reenactors were busy throughout the day.

The event was well attended.



Josh Juarez did an infantry station. When I went to take this photo Josh stepped back behind the pillar



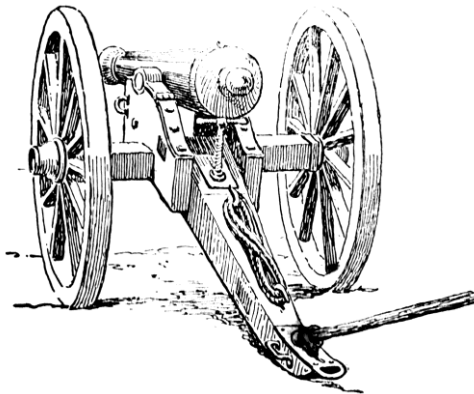


Josh, Stan and Josh's mother before the day began taking a break after setup. Josh's parents were very gracious hosts for the event!





ARTILLERY



AFTER ACTION REPORT—THE BATTLE OF NORSKEDALEN

*The following after action report comes from Lyle Laufenberg of the
battery:*

While the weather left something to be desired, the Norskedalen event was located in a beautiful spot. Due to the weather the smoke of battle and artillery firings seemed to hiver over the field but that did not deter a spirited fight on the battlefield.

The event kicked off with a school day event on Friday. It was repted that 600 student attended the school day presentations not including 100 adult chaperones for a total of 700 people. Two new schools also made their appearance for the event. The reenactors rubbed elbows with some great people who attended the event. The Poor Boys Mess crewed an artillery piece during the event under the command of Wally Hlaban.

On Saturday night there was a delicious family potluck for members of the Second Wisconsin.

The pictures inb the following photo essay came from Kristina and Betsy Thyren and Lyle Laufenberg. Thank you on behalf of the Fugelman for sharing them with all of us!



Betsy Thyren carved these pumpkins. The one on the left is three rebels in great coats with bayonets fixed on their rifled muskets and the one on the right is the Dunker Church at Antietam with a cannon limber in the foreground. A very well done and artistic effort!



Rebel wounded







A Union casualty



A photo from the school day on Friday at the Norskedalen event during the battery presentation with Wally Hlaban

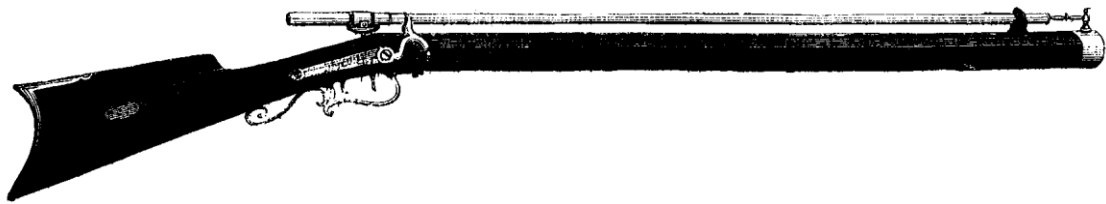








SKIRMISHERS



2nd WISCONSIN REGIMENTAL FIELD HOSPITAL

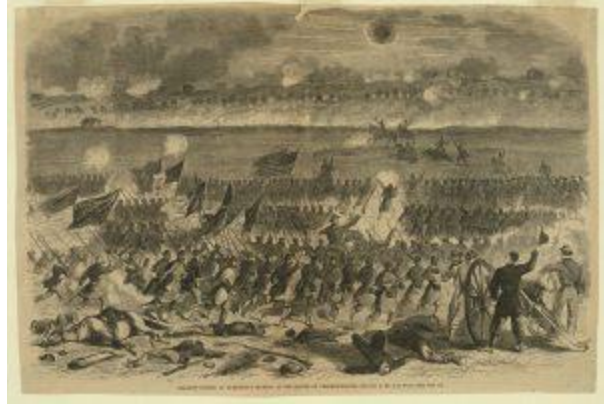


“PROPER CARE AND THE EXERCISE OF A LITTLE PATIENCE” – THE MEDICAL TREATMENT OF PRIVATE WILLIAM MCCARTER

POSTED ON: SEPTEMBER 14TH, 2017

William McCarter had a relatively short American Civil War experience. He enlisted with the Union Army’s 116th Pennsylvania Infantry in August 1862. Within five months he received severe wounds at the Battle of Fredericksburg resulting in the end of his service. McCarter’s story is often repeated in literature on the Irish American experience during the Civil War due to his service with the Union’s famed Irish Brigade. McCarter’s post-war memoir, *My Life with the Irish Brigade*, goes into extensive detail about the battle and the horror of being left on the field surrounded by dead and dying men. As he described it, “death, havoc, and carnage was visible at every step on the ground fronting Marye’s Heights.”^[1]

McCarter was shot in his left shoulder and ankle, and more severely in his right arm around his shoulder and armpit, “inflicting a very serious wound” that rendered him unconscious.^[2] The bullet that injured him scattered into seventeen parts: McCarter was fascinated by the “curious courses these little messengers of death took after entering the body.”^[3] Lying wounded on the battlefield for hours, he watched subsequent failed Union assaults and avoided Confederate sharpshooter bullets before eventually struggling back into the town. Even when he wrote of his experiences over fifteen years later, McCarter realized he had a near-miraculous escape from death.^[4]



McCarter witnessed several assaults like this one during the Battle of Fredericksburg
(Courtesy of the Library of Congress)

McCarter’s story is certainly valuable in providing an eyewitness account of the events at Fredericksburg and Marye’s Heights on December 13, 1862, and in detailing life in the Irish Brigade at its peak regimental strength and fame. Often overlooked, however, are his memoir’s final sections detailing “Life in the Hospital” as he recuperated. For five months, from December 1862 through to May 1863 when he was discharged from hospital and army service, McCarter recorded his experiences as a patient of war. His account provides both a personal and broader insight into soldiers’ medical treatment and care.

In the aftermath of Fredericksburg, as the wounded were transported away from the front, McCarter described his initial medical treatment and the atmosphere of tented military field hospitals. One particular aspect stuck in his mind: the presence of doctors, their surgical equipment and how it was being used. At one point he noted seeing “three army surgeons... from the appearance of their uniforms and the instruments they carried, I judged that they had seen hard service during the night in the line of their profession.”^[5] McCarter was referring to amputation, a subject matter that played on his mind and reappears throughout the final passages of his wartime memoir. Further on, he recalled passing by tents “used for surgical operations.”

There were many amputations then going on... lying around were cases of ugly looking surgical tools, including the saw and knife. In the back end of each tent, a hole was made. Through it, amputated arms or legs were thrown out upon the ground.

Such a sight made McCarter deeply suspicious of amputation practices during the Civil War. To his mind “the amputations were very numerous and... in many cases entirely uncalled for.” He blamed young and inexperienced doctors for being too enthusiastic in removing limbs without giving the practice much thought. “These appendages could have been saved

by proper care and the exercise of a little patience” he believed. In reality, amputation was often the only course of action for many Civil War injuries. The sooner one was amputated, the better their chance of survival. However, that did not make the idea any more pleasant.

McCarter was almost an amputee himself. During his preliminary treatment after Fredericksburg, one doctor came to him – holding “in one hand a bloody knife or saw and in the other a newly amputated leg or arm dripping with human gore” – and asked if he wanted his arm removed as the shoulder injury was causing him great pain. McCarter declined and the doctor “turned away in disappointment” when he “refused to be a subject for his knife”[6]

One wonders whether McCarter ever regretted that decision as “for three weeks... my wound in my right arm refused to heal and became more painful. It gradually grew worse, causing me constant uneasiness and suffering,” particularly when he tried to sleep.[7] Even though care and time paid off and McCarter received treatment for his wound, it never fully healed. At the very end of his memoir he noted that for several years after the war, bits of the bullet and broken bone “worked their way out of the wound at intervals of about one piece every three months”[8] Perhaps amputation would have spared him that.



A battle as seen by a reserve – Harper’s Weekly illustration of field hospital scene similar to one McCarter witnessed (Courtesy of the Library of Congress)

McCarter’s arm was saved thanks to a fortuitous development in his personal patient care. During his time with the 116th Pennsylvania he had served as a secretary for the Irish Brigade’s commanding General Thomas Francis Meagher. When Meagher learned of McCarter’s ordeal and injury on Marye’s Heights, he had him transferred to the small Eckington Army Hospital by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad close to Washington D.C. Here McCarter was treated like an injured officer by a Dr. Edling of New York, “a gentleman in every sense of the term” who did not believe amputation was the best course of action.[9]

McCarter was well fed and looked after at Eckington, and far away from the bloody field hospitals he had previously experienced. The evenings sounded particularly restorative. He described spending them:

Smoking, seated on comfortable arm chairs around bright, cheerful fires... Our sources of evening amusements... included chess, cards, and dominoes. We were frequently entertained with beautiful and thrilling music on the clarinet, violin and its bass companion... often kept up until 11 to 11:30 at night.[10]

President Lincoln went to the hospital while McCarter was there, and he and his recovering soldiers “received many visits from the good ladies of Washington and its vicinity”[11] However, there was one group of ladies in particular that McCarter was most grateful for receiving attention from. He wrote fondly about the Catholic Sisters of Mercy who acted “as nurses... doing everything in their power to alleviate the terrible sufferings of the cargo of our wounded, sick and dying soldiers” as they were transported from Virginia’s battlefields to the capital. Breaking from his memoir’s narrative, McCarter explained how

I cannot proceed without paying my humble tribute of profound respect and praise to these women, ladies... their noble, heroic and unceasing exertions, many of them self-sacrificing in the extreme, were certainly wonderful and beautiful to witness. They did everything to ease the pain of the wounded, comforting and satisfying their cravings of the men.[12]

McCarter was lucky to survive the Battle of Fredericksburg in 1862, but his injuries ended his time as a Union Army soldier. When he recalled his experience, it was clear that the aftermath of the battle, the sights of wartime hospitals and the careful treatment he received lived long in his memory. His account is a valuable source of study for exploring the nature of medicine and treatment during the Civil War.



Footnotes

[1] *My Life in the Irish Brigade: The Civil War Memoirs of Private William McCarter, 116th Pennsylvania Infantry*, ed. Kevin E. O’Brien (Da Capo Press, 1996), 181.

[2] Ibid., 179.

[3] Ibid., 197.

[4] McCarter credited a bundle of blankets he placed behind his head as the reason he was protected from further injury and death. When he reached safety and unfurled them, “the receptacles of thirty-two other bullets were dropped out,” which he noted had passed through “some ten or twelve folds of thickness.” McCarter, unsurprisingly, described it as “a wonderful blanket,” *Ibid.*, 183; 200.

[5] *Ibid.*, 197.

[6] *Ibid.*, 207.

[7] *Ibid.*, 212.

[8] *Ibid.*, 222.

[9] *Ibid.*, 212.

[10] *Ibid.*, 215; 217.

[11] *Ibid.*, 217.

[12] *Ibid.*, 210.

About the Author

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<http://www.civilwarmed.org/mccarter/>

CIVIL WAR MILESTONES

NOVEMBER

Nov. 1, 1861

Gen. George McClellan replaces Gen. Scott as commander in chief of U. S. forces

Nov. 3, 1813

Gen. Jubal A. Early, CSA, born

- Nov. 4, 1862** **Mid-term election in which the Republican party lost dozens of House seats and two governorships, but did gain seats in the Senate**
- Nov. 5, 1862** **Gen. Geo. McClellan removed from command after he failed to pursue Lee's army after the Battle of Antietam**
- Nov. 6, 1861** **Jefferson Davis elected as president of the CSA. This was the second election for the post as he was elected to serve as provisional president when the CSA was being formed in Montgomery, Alabama**
- Nov. 6, 1862** **Direct telegraphic communication is established between New York and San Francisco**
- Nov. 6, 1862** **Thomas J. Jackson (Stonewall) and James Longstreet are promoted to Lieutenant General rank**
- Nov. 7, 1861** **Union forces capture Port Royal**
- Nov. 7, 1862** **Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside assumes command of the Army of the Potomac**
- Nov. 7, 1864** **Confederate Congress convenes in Richmond for what turned out to be its last session**
- Nov. 8, 1861** **Capt. Wilkes seizes Confederate Commissioners aboard a British ship**

- Nov. 8, 1864** **Voting day, 1864. Lincoln wins Presidential election over George McClellan**
- Nov. 9, 1825** **Gen Ambrose P. Hill, CSA, born**
- Nov. 9, 1864** **Lincoln re-elected for a second term; the death knell for the CSA**
- Nov. 9, 1864** **In Kingston, Georgia, Gen. Sherman issues orders for a long march with minimal supplies**
- Nov. 13, 1814** **Gen. Joseph Hooker, USA, born**
- Nov. 14, 1864** **Lincoln accepts resignation of McClellan from the army . . . also appoints Phil Sheridan as a Major General of the regular Army**
- Nov. 16, 1864** **Sherman's army leaves Atlanta cutting off all communications**
- Nov. 15, 1864** **Gen. Sherman begins his "March To The Sea"**
- Nov. 19, 1863** **PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN DELIVERS THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS**
- Nov. 21, 1864** **Gen. John Bell Hood moves his army from Alabama towards Tennessee, hoping to lure Sherman to follow**
- Nov. 23, 1863** **The Battle of Chattanooga**

Nov. 23, 2017	THANKSGIVING
Nov. 24, 1863	The Battle of Chattanooga
Nov. 25, 1863	The Battle of Chattanooga
Nov. 28, 1861	Missouri formally admitted to the Confederacy
Nov. 29, 1815	Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, USA, born in Charleston, S. C.
Nov. 30, 1864	The Battle of Franklin, Maj. Gen Patrick Cleburne one of a number of generals killed during the battle

THANKSGIVING IN WASHINGTON, 1861

While Thanksgiving was not yet universally observed throughout the country, it was widely observed in many Northern states on November 28, 1861. As Union soldiers in camps along both sides of the Potomac enjoyed Thanksgiving feasts in camp, Washingtonians, including the First Family, marked the holiday at home with family and friends. (For a great description of Thanksgiving in several Washington area army camps in 1861, please see this posting on *All Quiet Along the Potomac.*)

Although Thanksgiving was not a Federal holiday, President Lincoln issued a proclamation on November 27, 1861 giving federal workers the next day off to participate in Washington and Georgetown's observance of Thanksgiving: "The Municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown in this District, have appointed tomorrow, the 28th, instant, as a day of

thanksgiving, the several Departments will on that occasion be closed, in order that officers of the government may partake in the Ceremonies."

The weather on Thanksgiving was unusually warm, though rainy. Most Washington businesses, including the Centre Market, shut down for the Thanksgiving observance. The Centre Market did stay open late the previous evening for last minute shoppers procuring items to place on their dinner table. Horatio Nelson Taft, a Patent Office examiner, noted in his diary that turkeys were very scarce and "we shall have rather slim Thanksgiving without one." The going price for turkeys was 14 cents per pound in Washington markets.

***The Washington National Republican* did note that while most businessmen and "churchgoing people" of Washington suspended commercial activity, "we could not fail in noticing the fact that all the restaurants were in full blast, dealing out their poisonous drugs to soldiers and citizens... as large numbers of them were seen drunk on the public streets." Ironically enough, *The Washington National Republican* published an edition on Thanksgiving day while the *Washington Evening Star* chose not to publish a paper that day in observance of Thanksgiving.**

At the Executive Mansion, the Lincolns hosted a Thanksgiving meal with several guests, including the President's longtime friend Joshua Speed and his wife who were visiting from Kentucky. Other dinner guests at the White House included General Sumner, General Banks, Assistant Secretary of State Frederick Seward, and Colonel Ramsney, the Commandant of the Washington Arsenal (now Ft. McNair). A guest described champagne being served with the meal, but noted that Lincoln, as was customary for him, did not partake in the champagne.

PROCLAMATION.

**MAYOR'S OFFICE,
Washington, Nov. 23, 1861.**

Whilst the present year witnesses a phase of our national affairs startling to the world, and a crisis in our country as deplorable as it is unparalleled, which has already paralyzed one section and prostrated sister cities, the citizens of Washington should especially be not unmindful of the failure of these causes to produce like effects in the metropolis of the Union, or from whence this dispensation sprang, and, in humble acknowledgment, render thanks that, as this same year approaches its close, our city is peculiarly blessed in abundant employment for all its labor, unusual mercantile prosperity, and all that ordinarily renders a community contented and happy.

For these reasons, and in compliance with the following concurrent resolution of the City Councils, I request my fellow-citizens to abstain from secular employment, and, assembling in their respective places of worship on Thursday, the 28th instant, to unite in grateful expressions to Almighty God.

RICHARD WALLACH, Mayor.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION ISSUED BY THE MAYOR OF WASHINGTON AND PUBLISHED
IN *THE WASHINGTON NATIONAL REPUBLICAN*. (LIBRARY OF CONGRESS)



This photograph of Lincoln was taken sometime between March and June 1861. Lincoln signed the photograph for Fanny Speed, the wife of his close friend Joshua Speed, and presented it her on Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1861 when the Speeds dined with the Lincolns.

Sources:

Clinton, Catherine. *Mrs. Lincoln: A Life*. Harper Collins: 2003.

***Diary of Horatio Nelson Taft, 1861, 1865*, (available [online](#) from Library of Congress)**

***The New York Herald*, November 29, 1861**

***Washington National Republican*, November 25, 1861.**

***Washington National Republican*, November 29, 1861.**

THE CIVIL WAR IN NORTHERN VIRGINIA & BEYOND

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 2011

Thanksgiving 1861 in Washington and the Camps Across the Potomac

At the start of the Civil War, Thanksgiving had not yet become a national holiday. Earlier Presidents issued Thanksgiving proclamations, but this trend did not continue after James Monroe's Administration. Instead, each state set aside a day to give thanks. In 1861, the majority of states, including New York, Pennsylvania, and Vermont, fixed Thursday, November 28, as Thanksgiving. Massachusetts and Maine established a date of Thursday, November 21.

The governors' Thanksgiving proclamations were inevitably marked by talk of war. In Pennsylvania, Governor Andrew Curtin beseeched God that "our beloved country may have deliverance from those great and apparent dangers wherewith she is compassed, and that the brave and loyal men now battling in the field for her life may have their arms made strong and their blows heavy." Curtin also prayed that the "rebellious people" would "see the error in their ways" and "obediently walk in His holy commandments, and in submission to the just and manifest authority of the Republic." (*Phila. Press*, Oct. 25, 1861.) Governor Edwin Morgan of New York began his proclamation by recalling that "[a]mid the tramp of armies, the sound of fratricidal strife and lamentation for the fallen, we still behold the merciful arm of the Ruler of the

Universe made bare for our protection." The governor reminded his fellow New Yorkers:

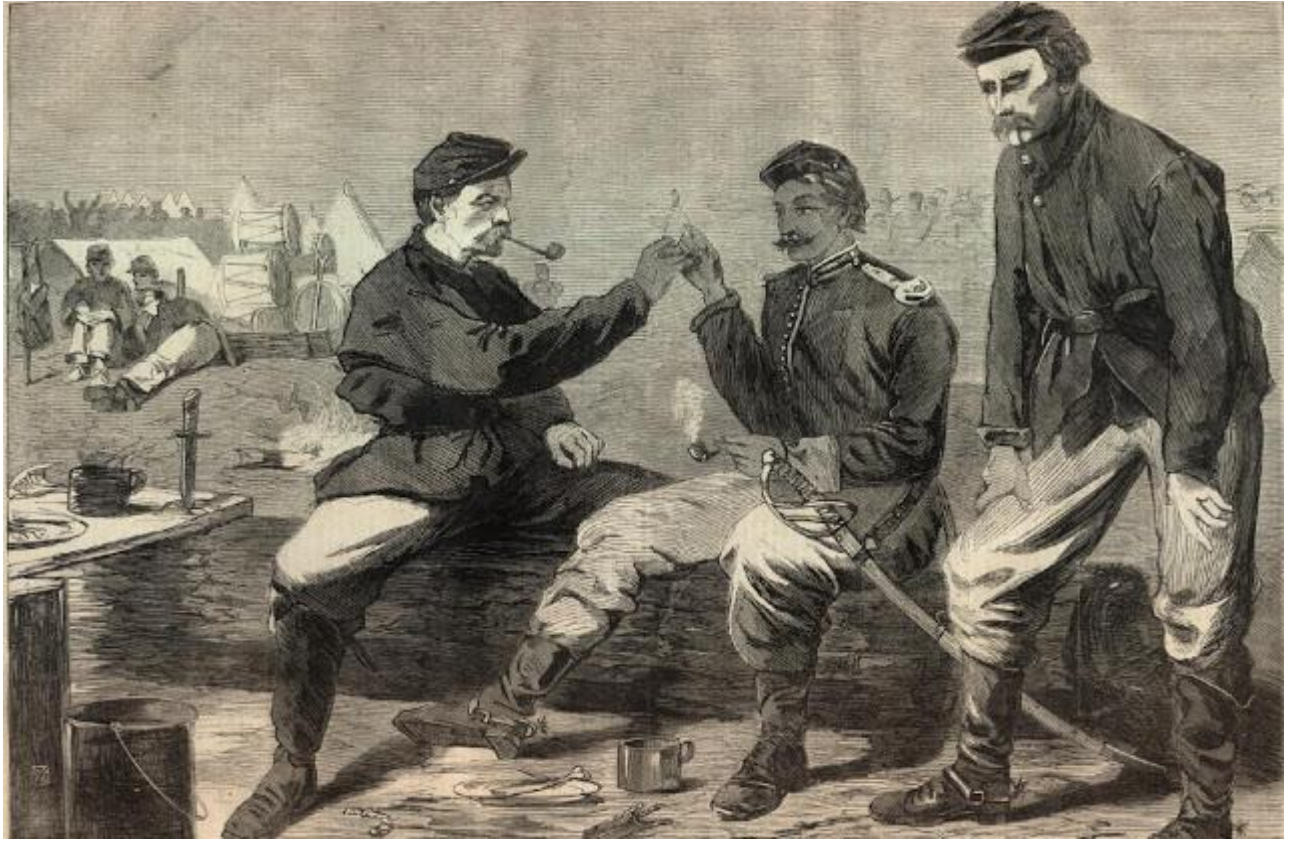
We believe that, in the wondrous plan of God, if we but humbly bow before Him and acknowledge our National sins, Infinite Wisdom will work out from this great tribulation a marked and permanent good . . . that this noble Union, the work of men inspired by the loftiest patriotism, the wonder of the world and the glory of this nation, will be preserved.

The government workers in Washington may have had less lofty thoughts in mind as the holiday approached. According to the November 21, 1861 edition of the *Philadelphia Press*, although the "City Councils" had selected November 28 as a day of thanksgiving in the District of Columbia, "the Departments will not be closed." The paper noted, however, that "mercantile business generally throughout the city will, it is said, be suspended after noonday." President Lincoln soon came to the rescue of government employees. On November 27, he issued the following order:

The Municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown in this District, have appointed tomorrow, the 28th. instant, as a day of thanksgiving, the several Departments will on that occasion be closed, in order that the officers of the government may partake in the ceremonies.

The workers in Washington took full advantage of the day off. As the *Press* reported, "the stores are closed, the churches are filled, and the streets present a holiday appearance." Then, as now, the inhabitants of the nation's capital did not pass up the opportunity to imbibe. The *Press* noted that "[t]he saloons and barrooms [were] well patronized."

Even with all the festivities, the war was never too far away. Rumors abounded that Thanksgiving Day. According to the *Press*, some people believed that "our advanced guard has taken up the line of march towards Fairfax and Centreville." Others spoke of the flight of Confederate sympathizers from Alexandria. The *Press* rightfully considered all of these tales "absurd."



"Thanksgiving-Day in the Army. After Dinner: The Wish-Bone," by Winslow Homer (courtesy of sonofthesouth.net)

Across the Potomac River, the Union soldiers in the camps around Lewinsville and Langley, near present-day McLean, observed the holiday as best they could. Some men made out pretty well given the normal state of affairs in camp. According to a private from the 2nd Vermont at Camp Griffin, "in most companies enough extra rations had been disposed of to buy potatoes, fresh pork, chickens, turkeys, and other such luxuries as could be got, and all ate their *fill*." (in Zeller 50.) The men assembled later in the evening and "cooked their oysters, drank cider, and smoked a '*mild Havana*,'" while reminiscing and telling stories. (in Zeller 50.) All told, this soldier considered that "it was a day of joy, and thanksgiving to us Vermonters." (in Zeller 50.) Others, who spent the day on picket duty, or whose regiments were less well supplied with victuals, may have taken exception.

The famed Bucktail Regiment (1st Pennsylvania Rifles) of the Pennsylvania

Reserves passed a fun Thanksgiving at Camp Pierpont. According to an officer's account in the December 11, 1861 *Philadelphia Press*, "the soldiers enjoyed themselves eating oysters and shooting at a target." As might be expected, the crack marksmen held a contest to show off their skills with a gun. The prizes consisted of "a turkey, two bbls. of apples, and twelve pairs of socks, which had been presented to Colonel [Thomas] Kane by an old lady ninety years old." The winners of the apples split their bounty with other men from their companies. The socks got divided among three privates. According to the prideful officer, "many of the shots would have plunked a rebel's eye at one hundred yards."

The next day would bring a return to the normal routine of camp life. At least for a little while, the soldiers from Pennsylvania, Vermont, and other states had enjoyed the holiday and perhaps gotten a break from the everyday diet of hardtack and salt pork. Surely they would rather have been at home with loved ones, and many men must have fervently hoped that they would be back with family in a year's time. Meanwhile, the business of war, both in the nation's capital, and in the hills and fields across Northern Virginia, would continue.

Sources:

Graz Historical Society, Graz, Pennsylvania, "Thanksgiving 1861--Preparation." *Civil War Blog*; Abraham Lincoln, Order for Day of Thanksgiving, *Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln, Vol. 5* (1953), Plymouth Plantation, "Thanksgiving History:" "Thanksgiving Day: Proclamation." *New York Times*, Oct. 3, 1861; Paul G. Zeller, *The Second Vermont Volunteer Infantry Regiment, 1861-1865* (2002).

All Pennsylvania news articles can be found on the extensive Pennsylvania Civil War Era Newspaper Collection maintained by the Libraries of Penn State University.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP

FORT TILLINGHAST, ARLINGTON VA.

THURSDAY, NOV, 28, 1861

It has been one of the loveliest days possible for this season of the year, although it is raining delightfully now and earth and sky are overcast with clouds and darkness.

We have had cold, bleak days, and stinging, frosty nights already here in old Virginia since we pitched our tents between Fort Tillinghast and Arlington Grove and once the fleecy flakes of snow made the whole earth white and beautiful for the earth is always beautiful when robed in spotless white - but this day seemed as one made on purpose and set apart for Thanksgiving. There was not a breeze to shake the few remaining dry brown leaves upon the old forest trees, nor a cloud to obscure the bright face of the sun.

It was such a day as we often have in dear Wisconsin, in the months of September and October when Indian Summer makes her welcome visit to brighten the face of Nature and gladden the hearts of the people. What a lovely delightful day we have had for a holiday - the first holiday we have had for the six long months we have been in the service.

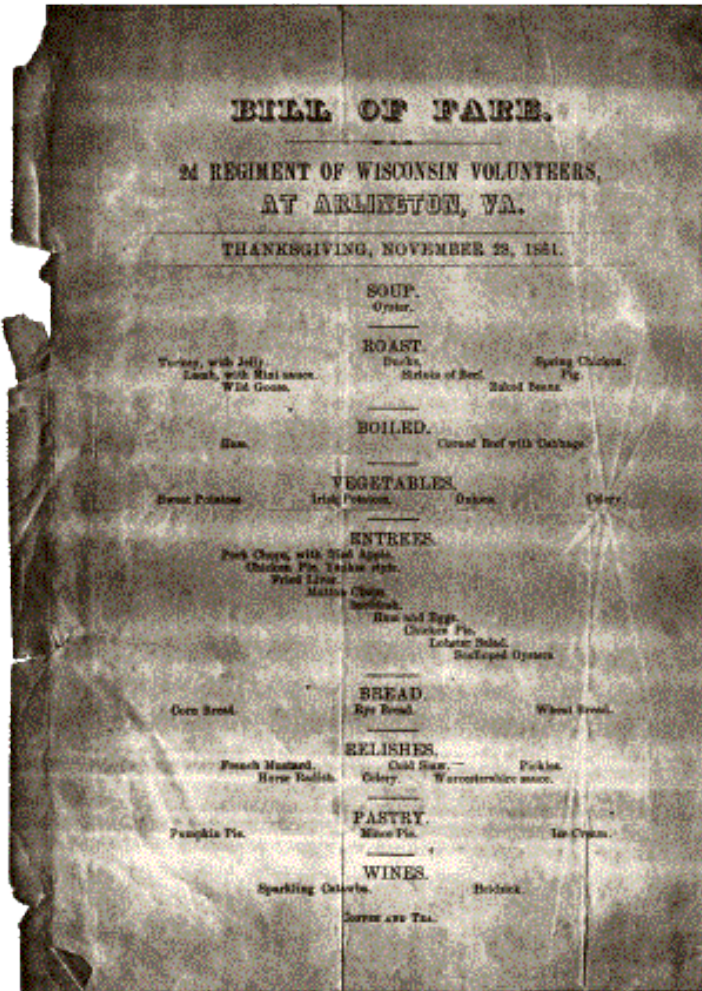
Governor Randall was here and made a short speech to King's brigade. This is probably the last visit he will make us and therefore the last time we shall see him in the capacity of governor of the State of Wisconsin.

We have had our Thanksgiving, and though far away from our State we have had our Governor with us. He will probably return to Wisconsin in a few days but he will never be forgotten by the soldiers for whom he has so diligently labored. May the man who shall be entrusted with the responsibilities of the office that he has filled with such honor to himself and glory to his State be as faithful in the discharge of his duties, as faithful to the government and the people, as he has been and his reward will be great, for he shall live long in the hearts of those whose confidence he has not betrayed.

We have had a pleasant jovial time. Those of us who were not content with the plain ration furnished us by Uncle Samuel, purchased from the Sutler such other things as we wanted and prepared a Thanksgiving dinner good enough for a King, therefore, good enough for a soldier. I hope our friends in Wisconsin enjoyed their Thanksgiving as well as we did.

R.K.B.

THANKSGIVING DINNER OF THE SECOND REGIMENT



An officer in the Second Wisconsin Regiment in a private letter dated Washington Nov. 29, gives an enthusiastic account of the Thanksgiving Dinner of his regiment. He says:

"Perhaps you think, because we are away from home, living in tents with nothing but tin cups and plates that we suffer for the want of the necessaries of Life. Now that you may not grieve away your life and flesh, I enclose you a Bill of Fare which we had to select from on Thanksgiving - yesterday. GOV. Randall was present at our table in our tent and ate off our tin dishes, drank champagne from our borrowed glasses and coffee from our tin cups. So was Gov. Seward, so was Senator Wilson, so was Gen. King and staff some of Gen. McDowell's staff and sundry other distinguished officers and individuals too numerous to mention beside some who were not. The President intended to come but was interrupted just at the time of starting. Golly! weren't we proud

of the day and the occasion and the dinner and company?

So we ate and drank and talked and talked and drank and ate and sung and toasted and joked and joked and toasted and sung until the flesh which was weak gave out while the spirit was still willing . But the best of it was we adjourned in good season and departed in quietness and peace leaving the largest share of the eatables to the men and music and others who had assisted us. The were about fifty and officers and guests at the table and as the Apostle says it was

"A feast of reason and a flow of soul"

THE BILL OF FARE WAS AS FOLLOWS:

SOUP

Oysters

ROAST

Turkey with Jelly, Ducks, Spring Chickens, Lamb with Mint sauce, Sirloin Beef, Pig, Wild Goose, Baked Beans

BOILED

Ham, Corned Beef with Cabbage

VEGETABLES

Sweet Potatoes, Irish Potatoes, Onions, Celery

ENTREES

Pork Chops with Fried Apple, Chicken Pie

Yankee style, Fried Liver, Mutton Chops,

Beefsteak, Ham and Eggs

Chicken Pie, Lobster Salad

Scalloped Oysters

BREAD

Corn Bread, Rye Bread, Wheat Bread

RELISHES

French Mustard, Cole Slaw, Pickles, Horse Radish, Celery, Worcestershire Sauce

PASTRY

Pumpkin Pie, Mince Pie, Ice Cream

WINES

Sparkling Catawba, Heidsieck

COFFEE AND TEA

Our Washington correspondence
Washington, Dec 2, 1861

FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT

Thanksgiving was duly honored throughout the camps of the Wisconsin regiments and in King's brigade it was a gala day indeed. At 11 o'clock the brigade was drawn up in a semi-circle, four deep in front of the Arlington House, Gen. King's headquarters; the 6th Regiment on the left, the 7th (for the first time in their new uniform) and 2d in the centre and 19th Indiana on the right; when the General introduced Governor Randall, who addressed them saying to the Wisconsin soldiers that it was the last time that he should appear before them as the Executive of the state; commending them for their good behavior and soldierly conduct; congratulating the Indiana regiment on the glorious achievements and high honor of their state, etc. His speech was most excellent and I had intended to give a full report of it but have not the means if I had the time. As he closed his eloquent address, Col. Sol. Meredith, whose tall form towered in front of his division called for "three cheers for the Governor of Wisconsin" which were given with a will by the gallant Indianans and responded to most heartily by the Wisconsin boys; when the Governor gracefully returned the compliment of Col. Meredith, by calling for "three cheers from the Wisconsin boys for the gallant sons of Indiana," which were promptly and heartily given.

The morning was a delightful one and the scene most cheerful and inspiring. The band of the 19th, one of the best in the service, stationed at the right of the portico, discoursing martial strains; upwards of three thousand were in solid column just below the point of the commanding height on which the old baronial mansion stands as the relic of a decayed aristocracy; the broad Potomac and the splendid capitol lying below, with the intervening stretch of woodland variegated with splendid evergreens and with the tents and horses of camps of cavalry all added inspiration to the occasion.

The review, speech, &c., occupied about one hour, when the troops filed off around the Arlington House to their various camps preparatory to Thanksgiving dinner which was served at the various officers messes, as well as in many of the companies in a style worthy of our gallant men who carry with them their home, institutions and glory in the recollection and associations of home. Passing through the camps of the Sixth and Seventh where I was pressed to partake at table that for luxury and adornment were

equal to the best among the homes of Wisconsin went to meet a prior engagement with Col. Fairchild and dine with the Second. There were assembled the Brigadier General's staff, Secretary Seward, Senator Wilson, Governor Randall and others, and at about three o'clock all were invited to a large tent upon entering which we were greeted at a table as neatly spread and as luxuriously and bountifully loaded as you will ever find at the Newhall and the like of which is never found at a public table in Washington.

How it was got up amid the narrow accommodation of camp or how cooks could be found to provide such a variety and get it up in such exquisite taste, was a mystery. The flags of the regiment hung over the entrance, The table occupied three sides of the large tent and about fifty officers and guests partook of the ample repast. And lest you should fail to appreciate the realities of the affair, I send you one of the bills of fare a copy of which was found in hotel style of each plate. Not only was every article named actually on the table but all in as perfect order and as well prepared as if served from the cook-room of your first class hotel; and here were the fancy trimming of flowers, evergreens and bouquets, &C.

(We omit the bill of fare having already published it - Eds. State Journal.)

After discussing the solids to the satisfaction of all with out making any sensible impression upon the profuse amount supplied, the Heidsiek and Catawba were introduced and Lieut Meservey arose and read the proclamation of Gov. Randall for the observance of the day, which was followed by a toast of the Governor, drank with three rousing cheers, to which the Governor replied with a few words of thanks and congratulation, Maj. Allen then arose and read a letter from Gen. McDowell, expressing his deep regret that circumstances prevented his presence and closing by giving as a toast, Brigadier General King, and characterizing him as an officer and a civilian worthy of the highest confidence &c.

This was received with great applause and briefly responded to by Gen. King, who proposed the health of their honored guest, Secretary Seward. Mr. Seward responded by saying that as a minister of the Government he was precluded from making speeches and must simply thank them for the compliment and give as a sentiment the Union, &c. I did not get the entire sentiment but it was happily expressed and cordially responded to by deafening applause. Next followed a toast of Gen. Wilson who responded in a brief and happy manner - Then Col. O'Connor, Lieut. Col. Fairchild, Major Allen and others were toasted. When Col. Fairchild was proposed, the officers gave an outburst of applause that very nearly overturned the tables, and it was repeated, with the most unbounded enthusiasm. Col. Fairchild made a brief and happy response saying the in his present position with the 2d Regiment "he was perfectly happy--happy as he ever expected to be while a sinner - and wanted nothing more or better."

I was not able to remain till the festivities closed as I was compelled to visit

the camp of the Fifth Wisconsin, ten or twelve miles distant and roads were bad and the night was approaching. In company with Gov. Randall and Col. Mansfield I left and our Thanksgiving evening was spent in the quarters of Col. Cobb. near Lewinsville, in company with Him, Lieut. Col. Emery, and Major Larabee. I partook of their hospitality for a couple of days, and returned to the city on Saturday evening .

*We shall meet, but we shall miss him
There will be one vacant chair
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our evening prayer.
The Vacant Chair, printed in The Milwaukee Sentinel, Thanksgiving, 1861*

THANKSGIVING WITH THE SEVENTH

CAMP ARLINGTON, VA., NOV 28, 1861

Messrs. Editors: - we beg the privilege to say a few words to our friends and relatives through the medium of your valuable paper. As today is Thanksgiving and as we are not compelled to drill, we have a little time to spare to write and feeling that our Annual feast day will be, this year, to many households an unusual solemn occasion, the empty chair telling a story of devotion, of courage, of determination to shield the remaining ones in the enjoyment of the blessings they are singing praises for and tenderly will the prayer ascend for the absent one's protection and guidance. We hope the day through out the land will be observed as it never was observed before. A portion of the day might well be devoted to the preparation of a fitting tribute to our country's defenders.

Today the weather is fine, the sun shines bright and warm as at a June noonday. At half past eleven we, Gen. King's brigade, were assembled in front of the Lee mansion - Gen. King's headquarters - where His Excellency, Gov. Randall, addressed us. He spoke at some length, paid us many compliments and bade us farewell - yes, I fear a last farewell to many of us. We then returned to our quarters to partake of our noonday meal which, I may say, was almost a feast; and, as there is a good deal of doubt on the part of our friends at home as to our having enough to eat, I will mention the bill of fare which is not an uncommon thing with us; we seated ourselves at a pine

table covered with a white muslin cloth. After returning thanks to the Giver of All Good, the thought occurred to us whether our friends and loved ones at home had as good a dinner to eat - but I am digressing. We commenced with mashed potatoes, roast beef, warm biscuit, fresh butter, pickles, tea and cream, winding up with apple pie, sweet cakes and crackers, fresh peaches, plum sauce, tomato sauce, oysters, fried nut cakes, green apples and good sweet cider. Considering that we are in the midst of enemies and in a soldier's tent almost on the field of battle, you may well imagine that, as it was all prepared by a sister's experienced hand who was seated at the head of the table, that it had a look of homelike ness; and, as I said before, having good appetites, we did ample justice to our repast.

The health of the regiment is generally very good and being as it is a holiday the time passed off pleasantly.

While on dress parade, Hon. W. H. Seward and Senator Wilson drove up in front of our line and halted to see the regiment manuever, the men, having all received their new uniforms, felt well and performed their exercises with spirit.

The day closes with a gentle rain showering on us and the same on our enemies a few miles beyond, verifying in a singular manner the scriptural saying that it rains the same on the just and unjust. Before another Thanksgiving, probably before another holiday, we may have the opportunity of showering a rain of fire on their heads which we hope will annihilate them as effectually as Sodom and Gomorrah were annihilated. Let us hope and pray that when another Thanksgiving rolls about it may be such an one as will see our country rescued from its present dangers and that we will again be a united people joining in a general Thanksgiving to him who holds our destiny in his hands.

<http://holidays.bfn.org/thanksgiving/>

INOCULATION AND VACCINATION 19th CENTURY

INTRODUCTION

Inoculation introduces disease agents into the body to produce a mild form of the disease, usually by using pus or scabs from infected persons and administered through small cuts made in the skin. Inoculation was intended to confer immunity by producing a mild case of the disease. Unfortunately, not all cases were mild and deaths were associated with inoculation, but at a far lesser rate than among those naturally acquiring the disease. Inoculation was widely used by the 1720's. Despite its danger, inoculation was widely practiced throughout the eighteenth century.

Smallpox was one of many diseases challenging medical personnel during the Civil War. Unlike other diseases, surgeons could effectively prevent smallpox with vaccinations and controlling outbreaks by isolating victims.

Vaccination was developed in 1798 by Edward Jenner. For smallpox, cowpox serum was used, since cowpox is a closely related disease and created a resistance to smallpox. Like inoculation, the vaccine was administered through a series of small cuts in the skin, usually in the arm. The cowpox virus was obtained from animals infected with cowpox either naturally or by intent. By the 1830's, vaccination was widely accepted, especially among physicians. Inoculation was still practiced in some places until it was outlawed by individual states. New York banned inoculation in 1816, and Maryland in 1850. Bans were based on the fear of spreading the disease through inoculated persons since they were infectious, unlike vaccinated persons. By 1861, inoculation was illegal in most places, but still occasionally practiced.

Vaccination and isolation drastically reduced the occurrence of smallpox during early to mid-nineteenth century. By the 1840's, vaccinations were neglected. A generation of Americans had never been exposed to the disease. As a result, the incidence of smallpox increased during decades prior to the Civil War.

SMALLPOX AND VACCINATION DURING CIVIL WAR

From May 1861 to June 1866, there were 12,236 reported cases of smallpox among white troops in the Union Army, or 5.5 per thousand men annually. In addition, there were 6,716 cases among the U.S. Colored Troops, or 36.6 per thousand men annually. Death rates from the disease were approximately 23 percent for the white troops and 35 percent for the colored troops. Quarantine, vaccination, and the destruction of infected clothes and bedding were primary tools used to control the spread of smallpox in the armies. Most hospitals had a separate ward, or even a

separate hospital for isolating smallpox patients since the disease was known to be contagious.

Both Union and Confederate regulations required vaccinations, and re-vaccinations for all troops. This objective was not always met since most regiments were raised by individual states and regulations were disregarded in the rush to send large numbers of men into battle. Since there had been no systemic vaccination of civilian populations, many recruits had not been vaccinated or exposed to smallpox. Re-vaccination was recommended after seven years from the last vaccination or when men were directly exposed to the disease.

The best and purest source for vaccine was from cows or calves. The crust from the cowpox pustules were used as the source of the virus. Pressing demands of war often led authorities to institute programs that obtained the scabs from vaccinated humans. Union medical dispensaries of the northern cities supplied vaccine virus in the form of crusts taken from vaccinated infants, each with a certificate listing the dispensary and the child's name. Crusts were also supplied from cows, in at least one instance from calves infected with the "humanized" virus, not naturally occurring cowpox.

Many programs within the Confederacy were designed to assure adequate supplies of vaccine scabs for the army. All hospitals had a medical officer whose job was to search the surrounding populace for children on whom they could propagate the virus. Newspaper advertisements offered free vaccinations to children if the crusts were allowed for harvesting. Both White and African American children were used to supply scabs, and in at least one instance a small group of African American children were kept vaccinated to provide usable material. Children were vaccinated in six places in each arm. In two weeks the crusts were removed, wrapped in tin foil, and shipped to army surgeons. Late in the war, a shortage of virus material led to an authorization to pay private physicians five dollars per usable scab.

Children and cows were the safest sources for crusts, but there were many documented instances where other methods were used. Surgeons often used scabs from recently vaccinated men to vaccinate other soldiers. Soldiers did the same among themselves, sharing the crusts and using knives to make the incisions in their arms. Some men even sent scabs home for the use of their families. In most of these cases, the appearance of the scab and the proper number of days from the initial vaccination were not considered.

SPURIOUS VACCINE

Unfavorable results from vaccinations were all too common. Even pure vaccines, obtained from official Army dispensaries, were contaminated. Faulty preservation of crusts made them ineffective. Occasionally, the vaccine did not “take” and did not produce the major reaction at the vaccination site that was expected from a successful vaccine. In other cases, the site of the vaccination became overly sore and swollen, and abnormal pustules developed. These uncharacteristic developments made the surgeons question whether the vaccine had been effective.

Complications from using a scab from a recently vaccinated adult were even more deleterious. Since many vaccinations took place in the hospitals, crusts from men who were sick with other conditions were occasionally used, spreading disease rather than preventing it. Surgeons noted that vaccinating men who were in poor condition due to other illnesses led to a higher number of patients suffering constitutional effects, some even fatal. Many times, vaccination was not done until smallpox appeared in a hospital or prison. While vaccinating was effective, chances for spreading disease in already indisposed populations increased.

Perhaps the worst, and unfortunately common, form of spurious vaccination was the use of scabs that were syphilitic in nature. This occurred both in the hospitals and among the soldiers who self-vaccinated. Misdiagnosing a scab, or harvesting crusts from the arm of a soldier who had syphilis, would spread this disease to everyone vaccinated from that source. In one notable case, two brigades were affected by a vaccination infection that was thought to be syphilitic in nature. The men were so sick that the brigades were unfit for military service. The epidemic was traced to a single soldier who had obtained vaccination material from a young lady of possibly questionable character.

The Confederate States Medical Department attempted to prohibit soldier-to-soldier vaccinations to limit deleterious effects. Harmful results were much less likely with crusts harvested from children or cows. Even civilians were discouraged from self-vaccination, as the consequences of spurious vaccine had spread to the general population as well, leading to a mistrust of the vaccination process.

CONCLUSION

Research into the history of smallpox vaccinations led to the discovery that the actual virus used in vaccinations was the *vaccinia* virus, of the same family as smallpox (*variola*) and cowpox viruses, but genetically distinct.

Origins for *vaccinia* virus were unknown. Origination theories were proposed during the nineteenth century.

Preventive measures of vaccination and isolation taken by Union and Confederate Medical Departments curbed the occurrence of smallpox during the war while averting major outbreaks. Success of the vaccination of soldiers during the Civil War lead to widespread vaccination of the civilian population after the war, further helping to control this serious disease.

Information based on an article written in Winter 2004 edition of Surgeon's Call.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S FAVORITE WRITERS

Abraham Lincoln was noted for his love of a good story or joke. One of his favorite sources for comedic relief was Artemus Ward, whose real name was Charles Farrar Browne. Lincoln owned a copy of Ward's book and its well worn condition speaks effectively as to the degree that Lincoln enjoyed his work.

ARTEMUS WARD (April 26, 1834 – March 6, 1867, born Charles Farrar Brown[e]) was one of America's greatest humorists of the nineteenth century. He was patronized eagerly from coast to coast in his writings and stand-up comedy "lecture" performances. During a tour of the West in 1863-64, he befriended the somewhat younger Samuel Clemens (as yet a relative unknown), and then nearly died of a fever in Salt Lake City where admiring residents nursed him back to health. Thenceforth, his principal topics and entertainments centered around his experience among the Mormons, whom he caricatured fondly to full houses, and in large publication runs of his various books. Ward was enjoyed by Abraham Lincoln and applauded in crowded halls across the nation. He was ultimately praised and courted by sophisticated readers and audiences in London, where he gave his final performance on January 23, 1867, dying soon afterward before reaching his thirty-third birthday.



Some of Artemus Ward's favorite witticisms!

It ain't so much the things we don't know that get us in trouble. It's the things we know that ain't so.

He is dreadfully married. He's the most married man I ever saw in my life.

Trouble will come soon enough, and when he does come receive him as pleasantly as possible ... the more amiably you greet him, the sooner he will go away.

I have given two cousins to war and I stand ready to sacrifice my wife's brother. Artemus Ward

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

BY ARTEMUS WARD

You hav perhaps wondered whareabouts I was for these many dase gone and past. Perchans you sposed I'd gone to the Tomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't know what those is. It's a popler noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here I've been among the Seseshers, a earnin my daily peck by my legitimit perfeshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Grate Komick paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your truthful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthren hossipitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made two much of me. They was altogether two lavish with their attenshuns.

I went among the Seseshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loftiest desires which can swell the human Buzzum, viz.--to giv the people their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots, which I venter to say air onsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a liar and a hoss thief, but bring him be4 me and I'll wither him with one of my scornful frowns.

But to proseed with my tail. In my travels threw the Sonny South I heared a heap of talk about Seceshon and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prahayrie flower) shouldn't never be noggerated. They also made fools of theirselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continued for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Malty and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Malty, an I sposed these fax would secoor me the infloonz and pertectiun of all the fust families. Alas! I was dispinted. State arter State seseshed and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things came to a climbmacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premtorally

ordered to haul down the Stars & Stripes. A deppytashun of red-faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the arternoon exhibishun had commenst, an' my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes.) "We air cum, Sir," said a millingtary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin threout this sunny land--proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

"What's the matter with him?" sez I; "don't his vittles sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, Sir, will continner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him SCREAM. If your Eagle can amuse hissself by screamin, let him went!" The men anoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We are cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty--"

"You're right, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," said I.

"We air cum--"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd giv him sum of my sparklin eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled Banner, and hist the Southern flag!"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beests is then confisticated, & you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whisky in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive floodid can you individoally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confisticated. I axed them if that was ginerally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but said I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to

Montgomery in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin "Hang the baldheaded aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent--that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amosment had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head--and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty-faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massiv brow, and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a varity of reasons, as I readily obsarved.

The Seseshers confisticated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confisticated all the loose change therein contaned. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animils loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his ginerall conduck that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could get at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I see that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inardly exclaimed. "I forgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has bin inwaded by Seseshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after, sum miles distant, with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd been havin sum vilent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceeve that they didn't confisticate him much.

I was carried to Montgomery in iuns and placed in durans vial. The jail was a ornery edifiss, but the table was librally surplied with Bakin an Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbige.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothin to talk about, howsever, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailer parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevild a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyyuck, I eride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad, but soon shall be if you don't

bring me suthin to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Conthieveracy. He was quite perlite, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and said his gallunt men had been a little 2 enthoosiastic in confisticatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confisticated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confisticated in the same way onct, but the confisticaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison in Injinnapylus."

"Wall, wall Mister Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you air friendly to the South, I know. Even now we hav many frens in the North, who sympathize with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's your grate mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frends, and thought certin parties among us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much. But J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry-goods called the Star-Spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals,--not agin the South even--but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by, and saw this glorus Govymnt smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-harted mother hates to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wallup you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egrejus mutton-hed of herself!"

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're two small powder for me!" sed the President of the Southern Conthieveracy.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsville Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Captin of that Corpse, I am, and J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you! Farewell my gay Saler Boy! Good-bye, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

**My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy on my way home was
thrillin enuff for yeller covers. It will form the subjeck of
my next. Betsy Jane and the projeny air well.**

Yours respectively,

A. Ward.

