
The UNION STANDARD

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The Newsletter of the 1st United States Infantry, The Regulars

From the Field

Gentlemen,

The summer lull is hard upon us, and this year that's a shame because the temperatures are almost decent for wearing wool, and what with all the rain we've consistently had, it's almost as though nature has it in her head that we *are* in the field every weekend! I have often remarked in the past if the state would fund more re-enactments, droughts would become a seldom experienced phenomenon.

Too, I little realized how much I was going to miss the Old City Park (now officially Dallas Heritage Village) gathering when they cancelled the 4th of July celebrations there at the end of last year. It's always made a pleasant relaxing interlude to our combat oriented events, especially for McFuddy with his "no officer" gathering plans.

For those who didn't make it to Tribbey I should like to report that McFuddy was finally quite successful in seeing that plan come to fruition as Sgt. Blair Rudy, acting as senior sergeant led a merry few into combat without any officers from the 1st in sight. Privates McLeash and McFuddy were both in attendance and although Lesser Pvt McFuddy DID drive over his tent polls in the wagon (quite effectively splintering one to flinders) as they were packing to rush back to "Chicago", little damage seemed to have been done overall, despite the dearth of officers to keep the men in line. The weather was, well, okay, it was hot, but it could have been hotter, at least it wasn't Molten Springs hot, and for all that it's a volunteer fire department running the show, they certainly did put on an awesome fireworks display on Saturday evening. The battles were okay, we had a little hand to hand on Saturday with the 9th over some Federal cannons who had lost their crews, and managed the 1st for the 1st of having Bruschetta with dinner on Saturday evening (No Bugler Rudy, there are no chilly peppers, Tabasco sauce, jalapenos or otherwise spicy additions to the dish, it is NOT picante sauce....stop thinking like we're stuck in Veracruz). As August rolls around we have the unit Social to pass the time, and the featured location is the Bavarian Grill restaurant in Plano Texas, on the 18th.

After that the schedule picks up I'm trying to get the God fearing people of Farmers Branch to allow us to camp overnight and drill on a Friday/Saturday at the Farmers Branch Historical Park. Then in October we have a 1 day event in BenBrook on October 6th a (jam festival, heritage, please join the Union gathering) heritage festival. That's for the beginning of the month, and then we'll be moving north to Bentonville Arkansas to re-enact the battle of Pea Ridge. I

have been told they're actually going to have an 'Elkhorn tavern' built. I suspect we know where McFuddy will accordingly be found for the bulk of the fighting for that event.

The last time we did Bentonville (2003?) we built a long breastwork midway up a ridge under the direction of a certain Major "Hadrian". We helped a mountain howitzer crew demonstrate why they're called 'mountain' howitzers, and we shocked the rebs who were justifiably surprised when a large bore gun opened fire on them from the midst of our breastwork line. When fighting on the flat Major Benefiel managed to make our smaller force look much larger by rapidly marching us from place to place, in the hope perhaps that the rebs would think they were surrounded (at one point, I thought they were *too*, so maybe there was something to all that marching at the double-quick after all).

For this Bentonville even we'll be doing the calling tree to verify participation, so expect a call from (or to be making calls for!) the company.

It seems to me we have some great events this fall. I hope to see many of your smiling faces very soon.

See you in the beer hall!!!!!! And don't drink MY Kostrotzer!

Pvt. McFuddy

September Events:

It is time to shake off the rust once again and don the wool and polish the brass. We will be Drilling and not for natural gas at the Farmers Branch Heritage Village on September 22nd. There will be an optional overnight stay and dinner on Friday, September 21st. More details to be sent out in the next few weeks.

Did you know???:

During the American Civil War, over 200,000 native Germans served in the Union Army. **German-Americans in the American Civil War** were the largest contingent to fight under the Union with New York and Ohio both providing 10 divisions dominated largely by native-born Germans.

1st U.S. Calendar

2007

August

18th Unit Social, Bavarian Grill, Plano. (You must have already sent an RSVP to Captain Prendergast.)
(d1stus@gte.net)

September

21st-22nd Farmers Branch Heritage Park. Overnight (optional) Drill and Board Meeting

October

6th Benbrook Heritage Festival, Recruiting Event
27th -28th Bentonville Arkansas, Battle of Pea Ridge

November

10th Dallas Heritage Village at Old City Park, Civil War Days

17th- 18th Liendo Plantation, Houston, Texas Area

December

8th (???) Dallas Heritage Village at Old City Park, Candlelight Evening

*Note: **Bold** are scheduled maximum effort events. Italicized dates are available events or recruiting activities. **See website for full event calendar***

"This war was never really contemplated in earnest.

I believe if either the North or the South had expected that their difference would result in the obstinate struggle, the old-blooded Puritan and the cock-hatted Huguenot and Cavalier would have made a compromise."

George E. Pickett: Letter to his fiancée, 27 June
1862

"The troops on both sides were Americans, and united they need not fear any foreign foe."

U.S. Grant: Personal Memories I, 1885

Who We Are and Why We Remember

The sentiments expressed by the above combatants remind us who we are and why we remember.

In the who-we-are category, while it's natural to think ourselves as a peaceful, kind, and generous (and we are), the War proved that we can be down-right brutal and persistent in the cause of right. We can also be a force to be reckoned with.

In the remembrance category, the War wasn't fully contemplated. Some would say that it couldn't have been—not knowing that the tactics would be obsolete with the weapon technology of the time. Yet, General Pickett was on to something, namely, had we understood ourselves better and thought about the viciousness that we could muster, we might have had pause to reconsider. The folks who he was talking about were—in many cases—our own 3rd great-grandfathers and grandmothers. That is, we are made up of the same sinew and memory as they.

Each generation of Americans needs a lesson on what went before them. The lessons of courage and leadership should inspire us but lessons of the carnage that occurred should have us shaking our head in disbelief.

As reenactors, we bring a portion of these lessons to those who view the battles and to those who visit us in Camp. As U.S. Regular Infantry, we specifically portray professional soldiers whose drill, marksmanship, and performance under fire were among the best.

Let's pause to review who we are, why we reenact, who we represent, and rededicate ourselves to the importance of the hobby and support to one other.

Paul Mattoon
1stSgt, 1st U.S. Infantry

Notable incident with German-Americans in Texas during the Civil War

Nueces massacre – In the spring of 1862, German Texans from Central Texas and the Texas Hill Country, mostly Unionist were neutral in their political views and were drafted in the Confederate army over their strong objections. Confederate authorities took this refusal to serve as a sign of rebellion, and sent in troops. A violent confrontation between Confederate soldiers and civilians on August 10, 1862, in Kinney County, Texas, led to the deaths of 34 German Texans who were fleeing to Mexico.

A Cavalryman's Story

by Bob Zebian

My great-grandfather Cornelius (Condy) Galligher was born in Lettre-McElward Parish, County Donegal, Ireland, in 1840. He immigrated to the United States in 1853, settling in the Appalachian Mountains of eastern Pennsylvania, where he worked as a laborer in the booming anthracite coal mining industry. He was about 5 ft. 11 in. tall and had black hair.



Condy Galligher

When the Civil War began he enlisted as a Private in the Company D, 16th Pennsylvania Infantry, also known as the Jackson Guards of Tamaqua. Apparently they guarded Tamaqua very well. The unit did not come under fire during its three month existence.

He reenlisted in Company A, 64th Pennsylvania Cavalry in August 1861. He accompanied the regiment on the Peninsula campaign, where he contracted dysentery and spent a month in the hospital.

In early 1863, Company A was stationed in the Fredericksburg area. Condy was on picket duty on February 25, when the pickets were surprised by a Confederate cavalry unit led by Fitzhugh Lee.

Condy was captured and sent to Richmond, but he was paroled on March 7. He reported back to his company two days later.

In July, Company A participated in the Gettysburg campaign. Condy claimed that he was not at Gettysburg, although his name is recorded on the Pennsylvania monument. Company A was often used for provost and dispatch duty, so it's possible that he was on detached service during the battle.

In autumn 1863 he was with the company as they moved into Virginia. On October 12, he was captured, along with 11 other company members, at the battle of Sulphur Springs, when the 64th Pennsylvania was cutoff by Ewell's corps near a small winding creek.

(Several years ago I drove through the Sulphur Springs area. It is still open, rural country, far removed from the suburban D.C. sprawl. The narrow road from Warrenton to Sulphur Springs is surrounded by pastures and large estates - horse country. The sky grew ominously dark and a heavy rain started to fall, as I looked over the fields where Condy's life took a sudden turn, and propelled him into the most severe of tests.)

The captives were marched to Richmond and placed in a large tobacco warehouse, in Libby Prison No. 4. About 400 men were housed there. They were fed a daily ration of one-half pound cornbread and occasionally some meat "of inferior quality. Punishments for the most minor rule infractions were severe, with beatings commonplace.

In November, the remaining men from Company A (a few had fortunately escaped) were moved to Belle Island, where they spent the winter

of 1863-64 in freezing conditions. The first prisoner from Company A died here.

In spring, Condy and other men were to be moved to Andersonville by train. During an overnight stop in Charlotte, North Carolina, he and six other men from Company A escaped in the dark by running past the guards, who apparently were not the most alert. The men made the way through North Carolina towards eastern Tennessee. They traveled by night, being helped by slaves. However over time, they relaxed their guard and became less careful, believing they could pass themselves off as rebel soldiers on furlough. After about 30 days (Condy's account is very vague about time) they were discovered roasting chickens alongside a stream by some North Carolina militia. The militia quickly determined who they were and sent them back to Charlotte to complete their trip to Andersonville. Of the seven men, only Condy would leave Andersonville alive.

They suffered the full range of abuses at Andersonville. There was "no shelter but the skies above and no couch but the earth beneath, exposed to winds, rains and storms, the searching scorching suns and the drenching dews of a far southern latitude." One by one, they were "starved, abused, insulted almost beyond human endurance, wasted in strength, sunk in spirits," until "each welcomed . . . the release which the pale figure of death bore."

His Company A comrades died. Condy grew sicker. According to his pension claims he suffered from severe rheumatism and dysentery in Andersonville, so badly "that his life was despaired of for some time." He resolved that he would not die in Andersonville. On September 9, 1864, he escaped

captivity for the third time. Details are maddeningly scarce; he only ever admitted to "slipping the guard at the gate during the evening." After 18 days he reached Sherman's lines. He rejoined Company A on October 16, 1864, just over one year after his capture. Captain William Hyndman's *History of a Cavalry Company* tells of his return:

"On the evening of the day the Company was destined to be agreeably surprised, by the sudden and unannounced arrival of Conday Galligher, an old member of the Company...He appeared before us on Oct. 16th, creating both surprise and delight, for in all actions he had been a good and efficient soldier, and we had long numbered him among the dead."

Condy's escape was truly remarkable. Although several hundred men escaped from Andersonville, Robert S. Davis in *Escape from Andersonville* estimates that only two dozen men actually returned to freedom, the rest being recaptured or dying on the way. The Gallagher (and Zebian) family tree would have been very different had Condy not been so resilient.

His enlistment had expired during his imprisonment. There is a family story that he was offered re-enlistment, but replied "To Hell with that. I'm going home." And so his career as a cavalryman ended.

But not as a soldier. Incredibly enough, on November 25, 1864, he reenlisted a third time as a Private in Company B of the 3rd United States

Infantry. What could have made someone who survived Andersonville enlist again? Economic need? Love of military life? Perhaps he knew that the 3rd performed security duty in Washington, and thought there was little chance of seeing combat. At any rate, he was a soldier again. And a Regular, by God! But not for long.

Here is the most baffling part of his record. On my study wall are his discharge papers from the 3rd US. They are effective July 25, 1865, at Washington. But they are signed October 2, 1889 (by Arthur MacArthur), effective under the Act of Congress of March 2, 1889. This act was a general amnesty to deserters, men whose discharges were contested or lost, etc.

So why was Condy discharged under this act? Was his paperwork lost in the confusion of orders at the end of the war? Did he become ill again? Did he jump bounty? Or did he simply decide that he really had enough of soldiering, and the war being over, said "To Hell with that. I'm going home?" No one has been able to provide an answer.

Condy returned to the anthracite regions where he worked as a watchman for the coal company. Family history says that he was not a person to mess with (no doubt!). He spent much of his remaining life requesting a pension for disabilities suffered in prison which the government, showing its usual concern for ex-soldiers, continually denied. (They cited his reenlistment in the 3rd US as proof that he must have been in blooming health after Andersonville!) In his later life he was quite crippled with rheumatism and arthritis. Yet despite his physical problems, he lived

to be over 90, dying in his daughter's home near Philadelphia in 1931.

Few traces remain of Condy Galligher's life. His discharge papers, an occasional mention in a newspaper, his official military records, and a mountain of pension appeals are the only physical remains. My Mother told me that, as a little girl, she remembers seeing his cavalry saber. Some relative absconded with it years ago, and no one knows its present whereabouts. I hope that wherever it is, its owner is treating it with the respect and honor due to a "good and efficient soldier."

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1st U.S. Infantry

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