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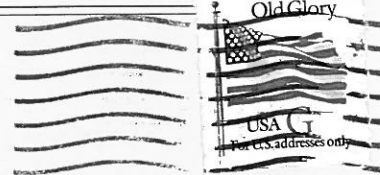
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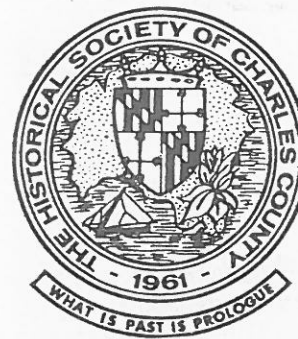
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Dr. Lloyd S. Bowling, President

Mr. Phillip Griffith, Editor

Charles County's Georgetown Alumni During The Civil War

By Garth Bowling, Jr.

With the advent of civil war in the spring of 1861, thousands of men made decisions that would affect their lives forever. Many of these were educated men with well planned careers who were the pride of their families. When war broke out, however, many chose the sword instead of the pen. One of these groups of erudite men was comprised of the students and alumni of Georgetown College.

Of about 1,500 students and alumni of military age when the war began, 1,141 joined military service, 925 for the Confederacy, 216 for the Union. Many Marylanders attended this venerable Roman Catholic institution, especially from Charles and St. Mary's Counties, evidently because of Southern Maryland's strong Catholic ties. In commemoration of the Civil War Centennial, in 1961, the Georgetown University Alumni Association published a book entitled *Blue and Gray: Georgetown University and the Civil War*. This book lists one Charles Countian who served the Union Army. He was Richard C. Croggon, an alumnus of the medical school, class of 1860. He served as Acting Assistant Surgeon of U. S. Military Hospitals. On the Confederate side, however, sixteen alumni are listed as being from Charles County. Their names and units are as follows:

Brigadier General Joseph Lancaster Brent, Army of the West and Gulf, Class of 1840.

Lt. Dent Burroughs, M.D., Louisiana Light Artillery, Class of 1859.

Pvt. Charles Coombs, 1st Maryland Infantry, Class of 1860.

Lt. Eugene Diggs, 1st Maryland Infantry, Class of 1857.

Pvt. John T. Diggs, M.D., 1st Maryland Light Artillery, Class of 1869.

Pvt. John S. Gibbons, 2nd Maryland Infantry, Class of 1845.

Pvt. Alexander C. Hamilton, 43rd Virginia Cavalry (Mosby's Rangers), Class of 1839.

Pvt. William Campbell Hamilton, 2nd Maryland Cavalry, Class of 1832.

Lt. George Clarence Merrick, 1st Maryland Cavalry, Class of 1857.

Pvt. Augustine Wills Neale, 2nd Maryland Infantry, Class of 1860.

Pvt. Charles A. Neale, 1st Maryland Flying Artillery, Class of 1864.

Pvt. Francis Neale, 1st Maryland Cavalry, Class of 1855.

Chief Musician Edward Pye, 22nd Louisiana Infantry, Class of 1840.

Pvt. James B. Pye, 35th Texas Cavalry, Class of 1867.

Pvt. William H. Pye, 1st Maryland Cavalry, Class of 1842.

Lt. Joseph Harris Stonestreet, 1st Maryland Artillery, Class of 1843.

Although some Georgetown graduates from Charles County did not join the military, the Civil War still had a tremendous impact on their lives. One such example was Samuel Mudd. Dr. Samuel A. Mudd was an 1855 graduate of Georgetown College finishing his program of study at age 21. By modern standards, some might compare old Georgetown College to a prep school. Some students furthered their education after attending this institution, as did Samuel Mudd. After leaving Georgetown, he studied medicine and surgery at the University of Maryland in Baltimore.

Another Charles Countian, William Matthews Merrick, followed a similar education pattern. He graduated from Georgetown in 1831 at age 13 and later studied law at the University of Virginia. Like Dr. Mudd, even though he did not fight in the Civil War, it greatly affected his life. Merrick served as a circuit court judge in the District of Columbia during the war. Because he tried to defend the civil rights of citizens whose liberties were violated by the heavy hand of military rule, the federal military commander of Washington placed armed guards in front of Merrick's house. The result of this action was that he was publicly labeled as disloyal to the Union, and forced to leave the nation's capitol.

Of course the story we are most familiar with concerning a Charles County Georgetown alumnus during the Civil War is that of Dr. Mudd. What most of us are not aware of, however, is that David E. Harold, the lackey of John Wilkes Booth, attended Georgetown briefly with the class of 1863. Also, Samuel B. Arnold, an alleged co-conspirator in the Lincoln assassination, who was sentenced to life at hard labor with Dr. Mudd, was at the college briefly with the class of 1843.

We know that Dr. Mudd was pardoned after about four years of imprisonment largely as a result of his taking over the medical supervision of the prison after the death of the medical director, Dr. Joseph S. Smith. Coincidentally, Dr. Smith was also a Georgetown alumnus, class of 1857.

WALLACE BOWLING—An Oration

by Garth E. Bowling, Jr. (Great-Great-Grandson)

*Delivered 16 October 1988 at Trinity Episcopal Church, Newport, Maryland
At Wallace Bowling's grave on the occasion of the dedication of his tombstone*

Shakespeare wrote: "Every man's life is a history." If this is true, the life of Wallace Bowling represents the most crucial period in our nation's history. When he was born in 1835 our country was still young. California and the Southwest still belonged to Mexico, gold had not been discovered, wagon trains had not begun their trek west, and Andrew Jackson was President.

At Wallace Bowling's death, around 1904, we were beginning the modern age. The first airplane had been flown, the West had been won, and Teddy Roosevelt was President.

William Wallace Bowling was the oldest of four children born to Anne Locke and Charles Bowling of St. Mary's County, Maryland. Wallace, his sister Mary Jane, and his brothers Frank and Ben were raised on the west side of St. Clements Bay in an area known as Milestown.

Wallace was raised when Southern Maryland was very much a part of the "Old South." Wallace's great-great-great-grandfather, William, had settled in Gloucester County, Virginia, in the 1600s and had obtained a land grant.

Over the years his ancestors had migrated up the Potomac River, and at the time of the American Revolution, were living in Fairfax County, Virginia. Wallace's grandfather, Charles, moved to St. Mary's County from Fairfax County in the late 1700s. He served in the War of 1812 and became an important and respected member of the community.

Wallace's father was the first of his branch of the Bowling family to be born in Maryland. He, too, became a pillar of the community and was well known.

The advent of the War Between the States found Wallace, Frank and Ben in their twenties. In 1862 they said goodbye to their mother, father, and sister and skipped across the Potomac to Virginia.

On 25 August, 1862, the three Bowling brothers enlisted in Company A of the 1st Maryland Battalion of Infantry which eventually became known as the 2nd Maryland Regiment.

Their first serious engagement with the enemy was at Winchester, Virginia. After defeating Union forces there, General Lee's army of Northern Virginia moved northward, and in June, 1863 the three brothers crossed into their native state. They did not stay on Maryland soil for long, however, because the army quickly pressed northward into Pennsylvania.

We all know what happened at that little Pennsylvania town known as Gettysburg. The North and

South met there for three days, fighting the most devastating battle ever fought in the Western Hemisphere.

On the evening of the second day, 2 July, Wallace, Frank, and Ben ascended Culp's Hill and helped drive the Union forces from their trenches.

On the third day, 3 July, they were ordered to continue their assault and to drive the enemy forces completely off the hill.

The odds were unbelievably high against the brave band of Marylanders. They were outnumbered many times over; they faced artillery without any support for them; and they were receiving fire from elevated ground, not only in their front but also on their right.

As Wallace, Frank and Ben marched forward, they knew what faced them. Some Confederate units lay down on the ground and refused to advance any farther, but not the brave Marylanders.

Onward they marched amongst the hail of shot and shell. They refused to stop and some Marylanders actually reached the Union trenches before they fell.

The signal was finally given to fall back, but only one of the Bowling brothers was still standing. Frank had to retreat, knowing that his brothers had been shot. One can only imagine how Frank must have felt as he was forced to leave his brothers behind.

Records at the National Archives show that Wallace and Ben were captured on 3 July, 1863. Both men had been shot in their right thighs and, coincidentally, both received fractures of their right cheek bones.

When the list of casualties reached Southern Maryland, Wallace and Ben's father, Charles, wasted no time in arranging to visit his sons. Charles, who was in his late fifties, traveled to Gettysburg and requested that the Federal authorities allow him to see his sons.

His request was approved, and on his return to Milestown, he reported to family and friends that the Yankees were taking good care of his sons and that they were alive. He even brought back the bullet dug out of Ben's leg.

Wallace and Ben were kept at Gettysburg for a while, but eventually were transferred to a Union hospital in Baltimore. Later that year both were released in a prisoner exchange at City Point, Virginia, just east of Richmond. Wallace and Ben were immediately sent to the Confederate hospital in Richmond.

As fate would have it, a pretty young nurse with dark hair and brown eyes, by the name of Ellen Doleman, tended to Wallace, and they quickly formed an attraction for each other.

Ben's wound was more serious than Wallace's, so Ben remained in the hospital many months. Wallace, however, was released on furlough.

Being a Confederate Marylander, he had no place to go. If he crossed the Potomac to visit with his sister and parents, he likely would be captured by Union forces in Southern Maryland. Ellen offered that Wallace come with her to her mother's home in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and Ellen would help nurse him back to health.

Wallace accepted this offer and their love for each other continued to grow. In February, 1864, they were married in Ellen Doleman's mother's home. They had little money and their future was questionable. Wallace made \$11 a month as a soldier, and Ellen made 25 cents a day as a nurse. They had little more than their love.

As winter was drawing to an end, Wallace returned to his regiment. He never again fought with his brother Ben, but he was reunited in the ranks with his brother Frank. Wallace continued to go in and out of the hospital in Richmond suffering from a variety of ailments. He fought with

Frank at the Battle of Cold Harbor, Virginia, and defended the city of Petersburg. In April, 1865, he and Frank were involved in a desperate clash with the Yankees known as the Battle at Hatcher's Run, south of Petersburg.

Both brothers were captured and sent to Point Lookout Prison Camp in their home county of St. Mary's. While in prison, they were compelled to eat rats to stay alive.

To keep himself busy, Wallace developed his sewing skills and became an excellent tailor. After being in prison a couple of months, they were released. In the meantime, Ben had been captured near Raleigh, North Carolina and then paroled.

The three brothers returned home to Milestown, but things were not the same. Their mother had died during the war; perhaps her broken heart had affected her health.

Wallace crossed the Potomac and headed for the Doleman farm to be reunited with his young bride. As he approached the house, a little girl was standing at the gate to meet him. She was Bell, his daughter whom he had never seen. She had been born while he was fighting for the Confederacy.

Wallace and Ellen built a house at one end of the Doleman farm, where they raised corn. They also grew vegetables and sold them at a nearby store.

They had eight children: Bell, Charles, Washington, Robert, Frank, Shakespeare, Tom, and Abby.

Eventually, all the children moved to Maryland and all the boys bought farms in Charles County. Bell and Abby made their homes in the Baltimore area.

Ellen died at age 45 from a sickness called "bloody flux." She is buried in Westmoreland County, Virginia. Wallace moved to Charles County and lived with his sons. He died in 1904 of consumption. At the time he was living with his two oldest sons, Charles and Washington, on a farm not far from here, called "Charlesborough Hills."

Courageous, loyal, patriotic, devoted—these are just a few adjectives that describe the man known as Wallace Bowling. He risked his life for his beliefs. He fought for principle and not for personal gain.

He was a descendant of the ancient Celts, who always have been known for their love of liberty and their bravery in battle. Wallace Bowling wore a scar on his right cheek and walked with a limp—visible reminders of his courage at Gettysburg. Appropriately, a Celtic cross is carved at the top of his tombstone.

He was a tremendously strong man, but at the same time a gentle man. As an old man, it is said he was stronger than his sons. He loved his grandchildren and enjoyed having them sit in his lap.

He was a talented craftsman and could make just about anything—from a tongue on an oxcart to a kitchen table for his daughter-in-law, or clothes for his grandchildren.

It is said he was very close to his wife, Ellen, and even though he outlived her by about 20 years, he never stopped loving her.

As we stand here today, we can see Wallace all around us. Look at the faces

around you. Some have his eyes, some his physical stature. Some have the shape of his head and some his nose.

In the grand course of human events, the significance of one man's life would seem to be nothing more than a leaf in a forest. But Wallace Bowling is proof that even one humble man can affect an eternity of lives.

Today, we give honor to an honorable man. After resting in this grave for 84 years, his family has finally marked it with a stone. No one is alive who remembers what was said here on the day his coffin was lowered in the ground. Someone probably said a prayer and someone probably shed a tear. As Christians, we know not to grieve over such matters, for life is eternal for those who believe in Jesus, our Saviour.

Perhaps Wallace Bowling somehow knows what we are doing today, and is smiling with pleasure and pride at all of his children.

Headstone Inscription

"Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more. You should never wish to do less."

—Gen. Robert E. Lee

Words by which Wallace Bowling lived.