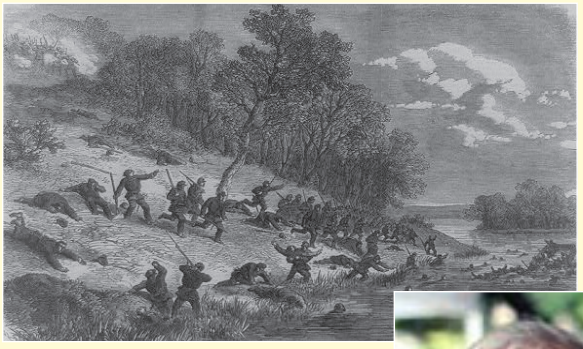
Old Baldy
Civil War Round Table
of Philadelphia

Kevin M. Hale Award
for
best Historical Newsletter
in New Jersey

October 8, 2020 The Civil War: April 12, 1861 - August 20, 1866

"Swim, Surrender or Die: The Union Army at the Battle Ball's Bluff"



Mark R. Brewer

Join us at **7:15 PM** on **Thursday, October 8th on Zoom**. This month's topic is ***"Swim, Surrender or Die: The Union Army at the Battle Ball's Bluff"***

The Battle of Ball's Bluff, fought October 21, 1861, near Leesburg, Virginia, was an early, small battle that left a major impact on the entire Union war effort.

The operation was planned as a minor reconnaissance across the Potomac to establish whether the Confederates were occupying the strategically important position of Leesburg. Brigadier General Charles Pomeroy Stone commenced a raid, which resulted in a clash with enemy forces. A prominent U.S. Senator in uniform, Colonel Edward Baker, tried to reinforce the Union troops, but failed to ensure that there were enough boats for the river crossings, which were then delayed. Baker was killed, and Confederate reinforcements routed the rest of Stone's expedition.

The Union Army forces under Major General George B. McClellan suffered a humiliating defeat. Although modest by later standards, the losses alarmed Congress, who then established the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, a body that would provoke years of bitter political infighting.

Mark Brewer holds an M.A. in U.S. History from Temple University, and taught history for many years at the public school, county college, and university levels. Though his ancestors all fought for the Union, and one was killed at Ball's Bluff, Mark was a Confederate re-enactor from 1983 to 1990 (nothing to do with politics, rather that Confederate re-enactors are more laid back and a lot more fun!). He has published five books; two fantasy fiction novels and three works of history. His 2019 book on Ball's Bluff is entitled Swim, Surrender or Die: The Union Army at the Battle of Ball's Bluff. Mark and his wife Laurie reside in Pitman, NJ.

Notes from the President...

The weather has cooled and the daylight shorten, yet our programs continue to sizzle and in the last quarter of the year we have more fine topics and discussions. Thank you to all who are supporting our Zoomcast and newsletter. If you know others who are interested invite them to join us at a future broadcast. Let them know they can watch past presentations on the Old Baldy YouTube channel.

Last month **Dr. Amy Murrell Taylor** visited us on Zoom from Kentucky with another fresh topic when she shared her research on "journeys through the Civil War's Slave Refugee Camps" in her Embattled Freedom presentation based on her award-winning book of the same title. All in attendance enjoyed her stories and descriptions.

This month we get our last double header of the year. On the 8th **Mark Brewer** will visit our Zoom room to tell us about the Union Army at the Battle of Ball's Bluff. I hear **Steve Newcomb** will visit the battlefield before the meeting to better understand what Mark will tell us. On the 22nd **Ronald S. Coddington** will visit to show us the fifth volume of his "Faces of Civil War" series on "Nurses." You can find more information on these presentations in this newsletter.

Don Wiles and **Frank Barletta** celebrated birthdays last month. Hope you had a chance to send them greetings. The Civil War Trails sign we are sponsoring at the Ox Hill

Continued on page 2

Continued from page 1 Presidents Notes

Battlefield is moving along. Don has included a picture of the sign with the text in this newsletter for all to see it. Unfortunately, we had to cancel our member outing last month at the last minute, we are grateful to **Paul and Susan Prentiss** for offering to host it. We will give it another shot in the Spring to celebrate Old Baldy's birthday in the park.

Boscov's Friends helping Friends program will be happening this year on October 14th and 15th both in store and on-line. You just need to indicate that you want Old Baldy to receive 5% of your purchase when you pay. See the flyer for more details. Please share this information with your friends, family, neighbors and folks you run into.

With the election coming in December we will be naming the Nominating committee this month. They will name the slate and take additional nominations in November then run the election in December. Be prepared when they contact you about your interest in serving the round table to continue our programs. Review the By-Laws to see the positions that will be elected.

The theme for the 2021 History Day will be *"Communication in History: The Key to Understanding."* Watch for information soon about serving as a judge. It is always a rewarding experience. Please let us know if you learn of any events in the Spring where we might set up our display to share our message.

Continue to stay safe, wear your mask and enjoy the season.

Let's see how many happy faces we can get on the Zoom screen on the 8th.

Rich Jankowski, President

Today in Civil War History

1861 Tuesday, October 8

Western Theater
General Robert Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumter. is suffering from nervous strain and cannot effectively carry out his duties as commander of the Union's Army of the Cumberland. He is relieved,and retires from active duty, being replaced by General William T. Sherman. He to suffers a nervous breakdown, but has the confidence of his immediate superior. General U.S. Grant. "(Grant stood by me when I was crazy," Sherman is later to recall, "and I stood by him when he was drunk." It is out of some unlikely material that a war-winning partnership will be forged. In a skirmish at Hillshorough, Kentucky, Confederate and Union home guards clash, with three Union soldiers killed compared with 11 Confederates.

1862 Wednesday, October 8

Eastern Theater
There is a minor skirmish at Fairfax, Virginia.

Western Theater
General Buell catches up with General Bragg at Perryville. Gilbert's corps has been harassing the Confederate rear since the previous day. Bragg decides to give battle. McCook"s corps has been on the march since 2 a.m. and make contact with Gilbert at Perryville at about 11 a.m. Bragg mounts his attack just after noon, and the Federal left flank, manned largely by raw recruits, is quickly driven back. However, some of Rousseau's division are also on this flank and they stand fast in the face of strong Confederate pressure. The rest of the divison are on MeCook"s right flank, and are also pushed back. In spite of the pressure, the corps hold on to the field, and at night fall the Confederates fall back. Although Gilbert's corps of some 20,000 men lie to the right of McCook, they play virtually no part in a desperate fight.

Perryville is a particularly bloody battle for the troops involved: Union losses are 916 killed, 2943 wounded, and 489 missing. Most of these losses are in MeCook's 1 Corps, which had started the day some 15,000 strong. Confederate losses are estimated at over 500 killed, 2635 wounded and 251 missing out of a total strength of some 16,000.

1863 Thursday, October 8

Western Theater
Food is running out in Chattanooga. Poor diet and the cold, wet weather causes a steep increase in sickness among the Union troops. Most of the army's draft animals have been eaten and the daily 4-inch square piece of hardtack is christened "Lincoln's Platform."

1864 Saturday, October 8

Naval Operations
The last great Confederate commerce raider, the Shenandoah leaves London, England, to rendezvous with her supply ship off Madeira, where she will be commissioned into the Confederate Navy on October 19.

Lady Liberty's Best Kept Secret

By Joe Wilson, Member OBCWRT

Well before the Covid virus hit, my better half and I ventured out for a day trip to the iconic Statue of Liberty. It came as quite a surprise to Gerri and myself to learn that an important fragment of history regarding Lady Liberty's little island had been conveniently left out of the account.

Throngs of people crowded our boat for the short ride to Liberty Island for a close up experience with the prominent statue. A rich history permeates the 14 acre parcel, but few know the hidden storyline of the island's past. An honest and complete telling of the story would surely make Liberty Island a more fascinating place for history lovers. In the 1800's, the tract of land we know as Liberty Island was called Bedloe's Island. Fort Wood dominated the island as protection from enemy invaders. When the Civil War broke out in 1861, the granite fort took on a darker function.

The War Department thought the star shaped fort on

Continued on page 3

Continued from page 2 - "Lady Liberty"

Bedloe's Island offered an ideal location for housing Confederate prisoners. Federal authorities proceeded to hold southern soldiers captive at the fort in 1861 and again in 1864. Today, the island that once locked up Confederate Civil War soldiers features the Statue of Liberty with Lady Liberty holding aloft her beacon of freedom atop a former prison.

After France gave the statue as a gift to the American people long after the Civil War, engineers had to figure out how to support the massive figure. It was decided Fort Wood made an excellent base for the statue. Simply filling in the structure provided an ideal support. The star fort is quite evident whether looking at a photo or gazing at Lady Liberty in person. Most eyes lock onto the impressive 151 foot statue and totally ignore the fort. For park officials, that may be just fine.

So the supreme statue representing Liberty throughout the world sits on a base where Americans once confined other Americans as prisoners of war and denied them their LIBERTY. An ironic situation indeed! But I can personally guarantee you that no matter how hard you look you won't find any mention of the fort's sinister incarceration history on any of the islands many interpretive signs or placards. I already meticulously investigated. Any information regarding the former Civil War prison is entirely nonexistent on the island.

After reading many of the interpretive signs on arrival, the idea of the prison's whitewash slowly took hold. So a new mission had Gerri and I canvassing the island like hired gumshoes searching for any reference to her prison days. We scoured the entire Island reading every single interpretive sign hunting for any evidence. Our operation had us split up to cover more ground. Not a single sign inside the museum or outside the statue went ignored by our amateur sleuthing. Our methodical detective work didn't find a shred of history regarding the prison. No mention of a prison anywhere! Visitors have no idea they're strolling on Civil War history. Most states and cities trumpet their Civil War connection no matter how small. All to bring tourists. Not here!

Only on the ride back home did the deleted past finally make sense. The island's sordid Civil War history of detention simply didn't fit the narrative. The Statue of Liberty is the foremost statue in the entire world representing liberty to all who come to our shores. And any mention of imprisonment had no place in the current fanciful rendering of the tale. Denying anyone liberty goes totally against the grain of the romantic depiction of our most celebrated symbol of freedom.

For the National Park Service to purposely leave out the island's history of confinement is to deny history. Most people probably wouldn't think less of the grand old dame and her torch just because her feet are resting on a structure that held Americans captive. It certainly makes the story a bit more interesting for me. And despite it all, I still love her so!

Any legitimate story or anecdote involving Liberty Island and the Statue of Liberty should be out there for all to read and understand. At the very least, the stark contrast would be thought provoking. We shouldn't hide our history. Any history of the island, especially one so riveting, makes for a richer experience for the visitor.

The mountain of irony is dwarfed only by the colossal statue itself.

This war story is one of many in the writer's upcoming book, "Obscure Tales of the Civil War." Joef21@aol.com

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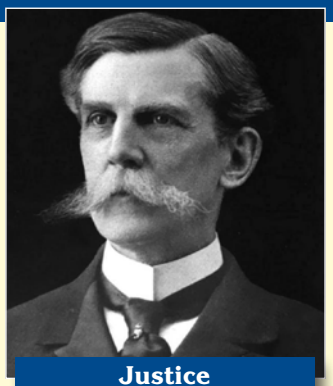
Face Book: Old Baldy Civil War Round Table

Oliver Wendell Holmes... The Civil War

Wikipedia



Justice
Oliver Wendle Homes, Jr.

Lieutenant
Oliver Wendle Homes, Jr.

During his senior year of college, at the outset of the American Civil War, Holmes enlisted in the fourth battalion, Massachusetts militia, then received a commission as first lieutenant in the Twentieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. He saw much action, taking part in the Peninsula Campaign, the Battle of Fredericksburg and the Wilderness, suffering wounds at the Battle of Ball's Bluff, Antietam, and Chancellorsville, and suffered from a near-fatal case of dysentery. He particularly admired and was close to Henry Livermore Abbott, a fellow officer in the 20th Massachusetts. Holmes rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel, but eschewed promotion in his regiment and served on the staff of the VI Corps during the Wilderness Campaign. Abbott took command of the regiment in his place, and was later killed.

Holmes is said to have shouted to Abraham Lincoln to take cover during the Battle of Fort Stevens, although this is commonly regarded as apocryphal. Holmes himself expressed uncertainty about who had warned Lincoln ("Some say it was an enlisted man who shouted at Lincoln; others suggest it was General Wright who brusquely ordered Lincoln to safety. But for a certainty, the 6 foot 4 inch Lincoln, in frock coat and top hat, stood peering through field glasses from behind a parapet at the onrushing rebels. ... ") and other sources state he likely was not present on the day Lincoln visited Fort Stevens.

Holmes received a brevet (honorary) promotion to colonel in recognition of his services during the war. He retired to his home in Boston after his three-year enlistment ended in 1864, weary and ill, his regiment disbanded.

On August 11, 1902, President Theodore Roosevelt nominated Holmes to a seat on the United States Supreme Court vacated by Justice Horace Gray, who had retired in July 1902 as a result of illness. The nomination was made on the recommendation of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, the junior senator from Massachusetts, but was opposed by the senior senator and chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, George Frisbie Hoar. Hoar was a strenuous opponent of imperialism, and the legality of the annexation of Puerto Rico and the Philippines was expected to come before the Court. Lodge, like Roosevelt, was a strong supporter of imperialism, which Holmes was expected to support as well. As a result of Hoar's opposition, there was a delay in the vote for confirmation, but on December 2, 1902, Roosevelt resubmitted the nomination and Holmes was unanimously confirmed by the United States Senate on December 4, receiving his commission the same day. Holmes was known for his pithy, short, and frequently quoted opinions. In more than twenty-nine years on the Supreme Court bench, he ruled on cases spanning the whole range of federal law. He is remembered for prescient opinions on topics as widely separated as copyright, the law of contempt, the antitrust status of professional baseball, and the oath required for citizenship. Holmes, like most of his contemporaries, viewed the Bill of Rights as codifying privileges obtained over the centuries in English and American common law, and was able to establish that view in numerous opinions of the Court. He is considered one of the greatest judges in American history.

William C. Kent's eyewitness account of the Seven Days' Battles

By William C. Kent, CWTI, May 76

Continued from the September issue

On the higher part of the plain which formed a curved line was posed the artillery, so placed as to command every part of the woods. I think I could see about forty pieces. On the edge of the bluff, to the left, was the "House" [the Crew House] of the plantation, a tall, large, old fashioned, wooden building, a perfect gem of a place but deserted, and used for the headquarters of the commanding gens. and in the early part of the day as a hospital. I have tried to give a good idea of the field, but of course a good deal will be blind enough. If I were at home I could draw a map I think.

As soon as our regiment came to the ground, we were separated into details and started forward. We were under Seaton. We marched down the road till we came to the woods, which extended a little more to the front on the left of the road, than on the right. Here we saw the last of Col. Berdan for the day. He gave us some in-coherent orders which, if obeyed would have rendered this letter an impossibility, and then muttering some- thing about sending forward ammunition, rode to the rear. We waited for Col. Ripley who soon came and set all right with a few calm words, and we deployed to the right of the road. Then coming to a front, we felt our way cautiously along for a quarter of a mile more. Then we halted, and waited for the rebels whom we heard carefully coming

Continued on page 5

Continued from page 4 - "Kent"

through the underbrush. How we watched, starting at the breaking of every twig, and the rustling of the dry leaves. Finally a shot at the other end of the line where there was a clearing, and the house of some poor white, then a popping like corn in a pan coming nearer and then a good sight of gray uniforms coming through the bushes. We saw them, and they us, about the same time. We had the advantage, having chosen our cover. Three or four shots apiece, and the bugle called us in. They wanted to shell the woods. As we broke cover, the rebels came out like bees, and poured volley after volley, as they chased us through the woods, but they fired mostly too high. Only a few of our men were hit. A quarter of a mile was soon passed over and as we came out of the woods we were sufficiently in a hollow for our artillery to fire over us, which they did, putting a stop to the rebel's pursuit, and we slackened our pace, filed to the right over the road, and advanced once more till we were about 400 yards from the woods in front. We halted in our favorite position, on the brow of a hill, back far enough, so that by rising a little, we could see the entire line of woods at their base. The elevation of the artillery was just sufficient to reach the woods and clear our heads by a foot or two. Here we sat down and let the artillery have their time shelling the left. A rebel battery of 4 guns, was talking and two or three of ours were answering. The rebel battery was a spunky one, and did not seem to mind the odds. We sat down in the corn- field and a glaring sun which was insupportable. The time then passed till noon, or nearly noon when the gun boats which were hitherto silent opened up and did the thing up brown [the Battle of Malvern Hill]. A dozen shells used up the battery and all was silent. Our line was near enough for us to hear the word of command from the rebels, as they drew off and for an hour all was still. I took off my haversack and made a respect- able dinner of sugar and garlic, all the while keeping a lookout for rebels. None came and I took a long quiet smoke. The men were too anxious to see the rebels to talk much. While smoking I could hear every now and then a rebel order from the woods in front and the rumble of artillery. A report being made to that effect, the batteries began to get the range of the woods by apparently careless shots here and there but which were of great use when we were finally attacked. I had just put up my haversack and pipe and girded up my loins when two or three shots from the left where they were on higher ground, brought every man to attention. I fired once before I well knew what I was about, when I saw a line of grey coats rush out of the woods towards us. I guess I didn't miss though, for it was only 400 yards, and clear as ever it could be. Apparently a large brigade of 3 or 4 thousand men had come out. I wish I could give some idea of the crash occasioned by the simultaneous discharge of 50 of our guns, beside those of the enemy's; but I can't. In a minute of time, the air was full of missiles of some sort of other. Our line did well, though only a few against a brigade. We stood up, and fired just as fast as we could and with good effect. The line which was perfect when it came out of the woods was broken up in little groups, which acted entirely independently of each other, some rushing for- ward, and others taking cover in the woods. A force of cavalry, which rushed down the road to cut us off, were soon finished, the riders falling off and the horses coming over to our side. I helped two or three men to dis- mount, which I thought very kind of me, as the cavalry are always the most exposed. The few who were left dis- played the better part of valor.

This wartime photograph shows William C. Kent (seated), the author of this memoir Standing is his brother Evarts.

We were at length ordered to retire and turned our backs on the enemy only while we loaded, facing them, and firing. I had fired so rapidly that my gun was too hot for me to hold it, and I waited a little while for it to cool, in the meantime, being out of range in the little hollow. When I could use it I started again, and as I got where they were in sight, commenced a "masterly re- treat". We were now 800 yards from the enemy and they opened on our line with grape and cannister. Their infantry also kept up a lively but ineffectual fire. Our road lay across a cornfield, dry and dusty in which the bullets and grape struck making it look like a dusty road when heavy drops of rain strike in it. As far as I can remember I was perfectly cool, though sometimes I had a most ardent desire to try my legs, instead of my eyes, and I would have to pray most earnestly for strength, to do my duty. I did not exactly like to say "Oh God, help me to shoot that man" but substituted "to do my duty" and shot at men as well as I knew how. Our regiment did well I think.

When we came on to the rising ground where our artillery was, we had to keep a look out not only for ourselves in front, but also from behind as we rose, till the shots hardly cleared our heads. The batteries paused a moment, and we rushed in between them, and so ended the first part of the fight as far as it related to us. General Griffin collected a few of us and sent us to watch the woods on the left flank, for any appearance of the enemy in that direction. We sat down in the garden a little way from the battery on the extreme left, and did not much of anything but watch the enemy's shells and dodge the ones from our gun boats, which were very badly ranged, and struck very near us. I don't wonder at the dread the rebels have of our gunboats. A six inch shell which struck behind us and bounded over, did not explode and I went to see it. It was nine- teen inches long, six inches through, polished as smooth and bright as a silver teapot. I wish I could have picked it up but as it weighed a hundred pounds I thought I would leave it.

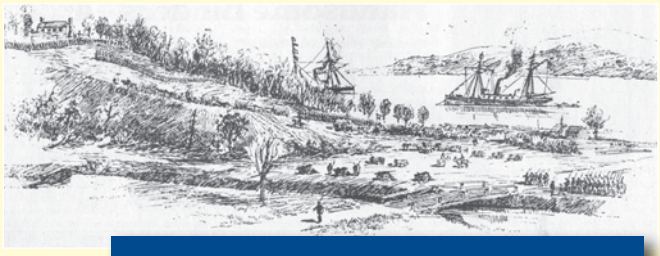
Fighting in the Wheatfield

But I am growing tired, as no doubt you will be when you get this far, and I will hasten to the end. At 3 P.M. the

Continued on page 6

Continued from page 5 - "Kent"

firing had almost ceased and I thought the fight was over. This showed how much I knew about it. Long columns of rebels moved up and the infantry fight commenced. Personally I did not do a great deal in this. We stayed at our posts till the General called us off, though the bullets made the trees look like worm eaten briars. When we started we did it with our might, and we dashed by the old house, the bullets pattered like rain against the upper part of it. I went down into the infantry re- serve and joined the l4th New York and intended to go back with them. While we were waiting, the spent balls came thick enough, and I was hit in the shoulder quite hard, rendering my arm paralyzed for a little while. At the same moment the man next to me was hit in the head, spattering the blood all over my arm and I supposed I was hurt pretty badly, not having much experience. I started for a brook but by the time I got there I found out my mistake, my arm quite recovered and I was still more relieved in mind. I came across one of our fellows who had an arm shot off, and borrowed his cartridges. I had only two or three left. Then I went back and in on my own hook. It was too smoky to aim much but it was growing dark and the flashes were very plain. I stayed around to see the thing out, and I was fully satisfied. I am not particularly afraid, but at the same time I have not any great desire to see another fight, though I am anxious to see the rebels well flogged. What I have omitted here—it is a good deal—I will make up when I get home. I will also skip the next day's proceedings which were carried on for the most part just under water as it rained all day—it never rains at the North. I came across Child and the Vermont Brigade in the course of my travels—have spilled my ink and leave the rest blank. My love to everybody and don't say again that I don't write letters which are long enough.



Turkey Bridge behind Malvern Hill , showing Federal gunboats whose 6" shells endangered friend and foe.

Middling well at present but might be better we hope the regiment will be put on garrison duty somewhere. Lt. Seaton was not very badly wounded and I received your last letter in due time with the tea and pepper, you forgot the mustard.

Your affectionate son
William C. Kent

"Mother of the Confederacy"

Article courtesy of the Society for Women and the Civil War

First Nurse of the Confederacy and "Mother of the Confederacy

Born August 27, 1805, in Wilkes County, North Carolina Died June 28, 1894, in Memphis, Tennessee
Sallie Chapman Gordon was born the daughter of Revolutionary War veteran Chapman Gordon and his wife, Charity King. She married Dr. John Sandiford Law on January 25, 1825, in Eatonton, Georgia. The couple had eight children together and operated his medical practice in Georgia and Tennessee until his death in 1843. The widowed Sallie moved her family to Memphis, as she believed the city offered better opportunities for the education of her children. With the prospect of Civil War looming, Sallie led a group of women of the congregation of Memphis' Second Presbyterian Church in forming the Southern Mothers Association (SMA). Meeting in Mrs. Miles Owen's house at Madison and Third Street, they sewed uniforms for family members serving in Tennessee units even before their state's secession. As their numbers swelled, SMA moved their activity to the basement of their church.

In April 1861, the women of the SMA organized the Southern Mothers' Hospital, with Sallie elected as president and Mary Pope serving as secretary. In their 12-bed hospital, located in the home of Mrs. W. B. Greenlaw, they began caring for the sick, wounded, and dying Confederate soldiers in Memphis. Sallie is recorded as the first nurse serving the Confederacy.

Needs soon outgrew the capacity of the original hospital building and, in August 1861, the women relocated it to the north building of Irvington Block, a row of large commercial buildings on Court Square. The use of the multi-story building was donated by the owner, but operations were solely funded by the SMA.

Sarah "Sallie" Chapman Gordon Law

The facility served as a general hospital accommodating 2000 soldier patients. In her memoir, Sallie wrote that "at one time we had three hundred measles patients." As the patients reached the convalescent stage, they were moved into the homes of SMA members, and cared for under the direction of members' personal physicians.

Learning of the needs of a Confederate hospital in Columbus, Kentucky, Sallie travelled to that location to deliver excess supplies which had been gathered for the hospital in Memphis. From the steamboat Prince on the Mississippi River, Sallie observed the Battle of Belmont, Missouri, on November 7, 1861. Sallie's only son, Confederate soldier John Gordon Law, fought in this battle.

The Southern Mothers' Hospital was taken over by the CSA medical department and consolidated with Overton Hospi-

Continued on page 7

Continued from page 6 - "Sallie"

tal. Overton served both Confederate military patients and wounded Federal prisoners of war. The SMA nurses continued their work in the consolidated hospital, and until the 1862 loss of Memphis to Federal forces, Sallie continued both nursing at the Overton Hospital and transporting medical supplies to Confederate field hospitals.

The June 1862 Federal occupation of Memphis forced the removal of Confederate military patients to a facility run by Dominican nuns at St. Agnes Academy, which was outside the city. The SMA smuggled out medical supplies from their stores in the Irving Block until the location was commandeered by Federal authorities for a prison.

The occupation of Memphis made the continued nursing of Confederate patients difficult. While some SMA nurses remained to care for Confederate POWs, Sallie led a SMA contingent to the La Grange, Georgia, Confederate hospital complex. $2500.00 in Confederate currency remained in the SMA's treasury, and Sallie spent those funds on medical supplies, including opium and quinine, personally smuggling them through Federal lines to the La Grange hospitals, one of which was named Law Hospital in her honor. Sallie spent the duration of the war in Georgia, nursing and caring for the wounded; organizing the efforts of aid societies to support soldiers; and gathering and delivering clothing and supplies to Confederate forces.

Following the war, Sallie served until 1889 as president of the Southern Mother's Association, when it transformed into the Confederate Historical Association. The CHA was one of the first Confederate memorial societies and, presided over by Sallie, helped erect monuments and mark soldiers' graves.

For her humanitarianism and philanthropy, Sallie Law was referred to by Confederate veterans as "The Mother of the Confederacy." Her 16-page pamphlet memoir chronicling thirty years of service, Reminiscences of the War of the Sixties between the North and South, was published by the Memphis Printing Co. in 1892.

Member Profile

Priscilla Gabosh

By just about any standard Priscilla has had a full and interesting life.

Born in the Midwest outside of Chicago, she also attended college in a rural area and subsequently has lived on both coasts. We are fortunate that her husband's job led to a relocation to the Delaware Valley and that she likes the East Coast best.

Priscilla went to Blackburn College where she received her B.A. degree with a major in English and a minor in languages.

In addition to her formal education Pat has taken advantage of the Center for Learning and Responsiblity—including two course on the Civil War. She is currently engaged in an Opera Appreciation class as well.

After college, Priscilla went to work for the Pennsylvania Railroad (after her move here to the Delaware Valley from San Francisco) and having aptitude for technology, she was chosen to participate in the company's program for training in computer programming, which has put her in good stead for her further work in the insurance and banking areas. At retirement, she was working as a Business Systems Analyst in IT at a bank involved in Mutual Fund management.

Priscilla and her husband have been breeding and showing Rhodesian Ridgebacks since 1983. From this, she has become involved in the AKC as a licensed judge and has been involved with several dog clubs, serving in a number of positions, including Chairman of one, AKC delegate, Treasurer, Past President, Recording Secretary and Chief Steward.

Priscilla is also an avid reader with, as she puts it, eclectic tastes..

Her interest in the Civil War was sparked after taking several courses at CCLR about generalship and battles of the Civil War. She particularly enjoys strategy, not only of the Civil War, but other conflicts as well—she lists "Zulu" as one of her favorite movies and was impressed by how a small group of soldiers could hold off a large attacking force. The subject of slavery and the WWII genocide has also moved her to learn more about these topics.

While she has many and varied interests and accomplishments, Priscilla feels particularly proud of her being chosen to judge the National Specialty of the Rhodesian Ridgeback Club of the United States in 2005—selected by her peers. She has also been awarded the AKC's Good Sportsmanship Medallion not once, but twice. In addition She has been Gloucester County Show Chairman for 20 years.

All in all –a very accomplished life that most of us can aspire to.

The Conference on Women and the Civil War Register Now!

Our 21st Conference,
The Women of the Shenandoah Valley, will be held July 23 - 25, 2021, in Harrisonburg, Virginia.

For conference details,
http://www.swcw.org/2021-conference-details.html
To register for the conference:
http://www.swcw.org/2021-conference-details.html

"Embattled Freedom Journeys Through the Civil War's Slave Refugee Camps"

Presentation by Amy Murrell Taylor **September 10 Meeting**

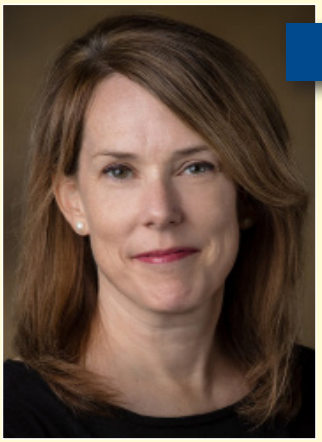
By Kathy Clark,Member OBCWRT

Southern slave population beginning in 1861 were leaving the plantations following the Union Army to establish protection for themselves and their families. By 1862, Fort Monroe, commanded by General Benjamin Butler were seeing long lines of slave families going to various forts to get the protection they needed. Butler was interested in winning this war, protecting these slaves became one aspect of the Union's answer to the problem as they became "Contraband of War". The Union troops helped build refugee camps, going to areas that could be used as tent cities and built more permanent buildings like Camp Nelson in Nashville.

Employed by the Union Army these former slaves became cooks, washer women, helped buried the dead and even became spies for the cause. Some camps became more like small villages with schools, churches, and more permanent housing. By 1864, the refugee camps were being targeted by the military leaving former slaves and their families to look for other places to live. At this time, the experiences of incoming refugees were included in the fort system by Union Army clerks who recorded this information. There is a record book of laborers, a register of the dead, and Quartermaster's record of wages paid at Fort Monroe. These records are extremely valuable information that is still used today to investigate Civil War refugee camps.

Some slaves like Edward and Emma Whitehurst were able to accumulate their own property. When they were still part of the plantation system, Edward was never sold but was a "hired out" slave by the plantation owner. The money that Edward made was stored in a chest. Eventually the plantation property was taken by the Union soldiers and the Whitehurst's followed their fellow slaves to the refugee camps. They worked as laborers in the camp hospital with Edward as a steward and Emma as a cook or laundress. As time went by, they went to live at Fort Monroe with bigger aspirations to increase their income. Buying provisions from the sutler, returning to their prior property to harvest food items, claiming a store in burned-out Hampton, became a "Country Grocery Store" and side yard with half a dozen pigs. Union solders patronized the store with their Union Army pay. All was good for the Whitehurst's until the Union Army was not paying their soldiers and a new group of soldiers from the Peninsular Campaign came to the fort. To get more room the Union hierarchy started closing homes of black settles and Whitehurst's store. McClellan's men stripped the store of everything, and the Union officers commanded contraband men to join the Union Army.

July 1863 in Helena, Arkansas Eliza Bogan's husband was in the Union Army and she had seven children still on the plantation. Her husband, Silas Small, was working in a neighboring plantation so seeing each other became a huge problem. Eventually Silas became part of Union fighting. At this time Eliza heard news that Silas maybe dying so went to nurse him back to health. Silas joined the Union Army's combat soldiers while Eliza stayed to help with nursing and laundry. January 1, 1863 brought the Emancipation Proclamation which came and went with no change to the region. Black men could now enlist in the army. Eliza and the rest of the refugees went to Helena where the soldiers help rebuild the camp as best, they could although conditions were not ideal for living. On July 4, 1863 Confederate forces were on their way to Helena but were successfully stopped by Union soldiers. It left the settlement in ruins. Eliza left again to find her husband's troops and found them after they had surrendered to the Confederate troops at Mount Plantation, LA. She stayed there again becoming a launderess and nurse but this time she could not help him recover. Eliza witnessed the death of her husband.



Amy Murrell Taylor

By 1865-66 the Union Army continued to try to protect the camps. The problem was these lands had been previously confiscated from the Confederate Army. When Andrew Johnson became president, he was sympathetic to the Confederate plight and wanted to give the land back to the Confederates if they took an Oath of Loyalty to the United States. This ended the refugee camps. Lost were the homes, stores, and points of employment with which the slaves had experienced as part of the army.

Emancipation was not always free or equal. Many of the camps were destroyed. It was the American Missionary Association which helped pay for the camp buildings that the slaves built and then rebuilt after everything they had was destroyed. The slaves from the plantations continued to fight for their freedom. They took risks to make freedom a reality for themselves and their families. Starting with the word "Emancipation" that was the starting point in their quest for freedom.

This presentation opens our eyes to the refugee camps and the system that made it all happen. It started with the "Emancipation Proclamation" but the fight for freedom was just beginning for the African American in the United States. "Thank You" Amy Murrell Taylor for an excellent experience learning about the refugee camps and what they stood for during the Civil War. What came after the battles that were either won or lost is a continuing story.

"Catching Harry Gilmore"

By John Bakeless CWTI, April, 1971

It wasn't easy but late in the war an imaginative young officer found a way to remove this thorn in the side of the Union

Confederate cavalry officer Major Harry Gilmor had been a thorn in the side of the Union Army— and especially a thorn in the side of Major General Philip Sheridan—for a long, long time. He had penetrated Union lines again and again, and had always slipped back to the Confederate Army with a great deal of information the Confederates should never have been al- lowed to get.

No one seemed able to detect him. Sometimes he wore his legitimate Confederate gray, sometimes the Union blue. He had even done something worse than simply disguising himself as a Northern soldier. He had also disguised him self, not as an ordinary Union soldier, but as a Union soldier disguised as a Confederate—with a secret identifying mark to prove to disguised Yankees that he, too, was a Yankee, even if he was wearing a gray uniform!

Somehow, the inquisitive major had stumbled on one of the most important secrets of the Union Army's espionage. He had learned the secret mark that proved to a disguised Yankee that this apparent Confederate was really another disguised Yankee—and a friend! It was the kind of thing that saved a hard working Rebel spy a great deal of trouble and (better yet) made a great deal of trouble for the Yankees. No doubt all this sounds confusing, but Major Gilmor meant it to be contusing—to the Yankees!

This double disguise in Confederate uniform, plus the recognition mark that told all who were in the secret that the wearer was really a Union spy, was probably invented by General John C. Fremont's "Jessie Scouts." Early in the war Fremont had set up a special force of picked men, half spies, half scouts, who soon became kn0wn—more or less officially—as the "Jessie Scouts," in honor of Mrs. Fremont, whose maiden name had been Jessie Benton. The scouts were not, as is sometimes stated, named for a mythical Colonel Jessie. Indeed, so far as can be discovered, there never was a Colonel Jessie in either the Union or the Confederate Army.

For Frémont, the Jessie Scouts did all sorts of military odd jobs. They scouted in their own uniform. They spied in Confederate uniform. They raided- probably in any uniform that happened to be convenient, or in none. They were armies or in occupied territories.

Frémont had established the Jessie Scouts when he commanded in the West. He used them again when he came to the Shenandoah in a disastrous attempt to cross swords with Stonewall. Then, after his refusal to serve as a corps commander under Pope, Fremont disappeared from active duty. But the name "Jessie Scouts" stuck to these troops and was probably applied to a good many other ir-

Major Harry Gilmore

regulars who had no relation to the original group.

Moving frequently about the theater of operations in Confederate uniforms, these Union spies soon found they were likely to mistake each other for genuine Confederates. To prevent this, they began to wear white scarves, knotted in a peculiar way. To any genuine Confederate they might encounter, this would mean nothing. But any of their own number would recognize the wearer at a glance. It was always possible that some ordinary Union soldier might shoot them before they could explain themselves. But that was a chance they had to take.

In addition to their scarves, the Jessie Scouts had a verbal recognition code——a series of innocent remarks, with apparently innocent replies, which enabled them, in case of chance encounters in the field, to test each other further. One series ran like this: "Good morning [or evening]." "These are perilous times." "Yes, but we are looking for better." "To what shall we look?" "To the red and white cord."

Artificial as this seems when written out, it was carefully arranged so as to sound natural at the beginning and to become more artificial as the conversation proceeded. The first remarks any one might make, casually. But the last sentence was a complete identification of the speaker. No one could accidentally complete this carefully planned conversation. No one would ever just happen to make that remark about the red and white cord. Almost the same dialog was used by the "Order of Heroes of America," a loyalist organization in the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee. It was used especially by members engaged in espionage for the Union, when approaching Southerners the knew were pro-Union. The Jessie

Continued on page 10

Continued from page 9- "Gilmore"

Scouts may have taken over their dialog from the Order, or vice versa.

Both sides trained scouts to be familiar with the names, ranks, and commands of officers on the other side. Thus, when challenged or suspected, a dis- guised Union soldier could toss off casual but exact references to lieutenants and captains, giving their correct names and their companies and regiments. Any one might know the name and command of a general, but a spy who knew all about an obscure subaltern, inevitably seemed to belong to the same army.

Gilmor discovered the secret of the white scarf, but it is by no means certain that he ever learned any of the arranged dialogs that confirmed identification. His use of the white scarf, however, led to tragedy for at least one Union soldier a few days before Gettysburg. Gilmor, wearing proper Confederate uniform, but with the white scarf added, was scouting ahead of the Confederate column as it advanced down the Shenandoah. As he rode north, he met another "Confederate"—also with the white scarf. They paused to chat. The Federal asked to what organization Gilmor belonged: "To the same crowd you do—to Captain Purdy's scouts." "Why," said the Federal, "I don't re- member seeing you, though I haven't been detailed long myself." "That is just my case," replied Gilmor To what organization had he been as- signed before Purdy's scouts? Company F, 12th Pennsylvania, Captain Fenner commanding. Regiment, company, and the captain's name were all correct. Gilmor was careful about details.

Once he had gained the man's confidence, Cilmor threw him further off his guard by a question about his equipment —then, as the man bent to loosen it, stabbed swiftly with his saber. Having disabled the Yankee, Gilmor tried to staunch the wound and save him, but "my blade had gone too near the heart." "You sold me well, but I don't blame you," gasped the dying man—the ulti- mate in sportsmanship.

Another of Major Gilmor's annoying tricks was to send his own Confederate troopers, sometimes in their own legitimate gray uniform but with a poncho covering it, into a Federal column with a generous offer to fill the canteen of a boy in blue with enlivening fluids- if he would drop out of the column for a minute.

Perhaps this offer should have stirred suspicion, but it rarely did. Any soldier who has found more liquor than he can carry himself is likely to offer some to the nearest comrade. Marching is thirsty work. Canteens are, somehow, rarely so full as their owners would like them to be. March discipline in the improvised Union Army was likely to be sketchy at best. Of course, the confiding Union soldiers who rashly accepted this generous offer invariably found themselves prisoners the moment the blue-clad column was out of sight.

In addition to ponchos, captured blue U. S. Army overcoats were also popular with Gilmor's men. They were Warm and comfortable, which to shivering, ill-clad Confederates was reason enough for wearing them, and they were also an excellent disguise. If grey trousers showed below the overcoats, high cavalry boots concealed them. Once, posing as an officer of the 21st New York, Gilmor led a detachment of his Marylanders within a hundred yards of Sheridan's quarters, "visited several of their main camps," and having completed his reconnaissance mission, which was to make sure Grant had detached no troops to join Sheridan's army, rode happily home.

A day or two later, still in blue overcoats, Gilmor's men caught four of Captain Blazer's scouts—who also had a reputation for adroitness—during the Presidential election of 1864. The Union soldiers had ballots in their hands and were on their way to the polls. Still posing as a New York officer, Gilmor made conversation. He "supposed they would vote for Lincoln," and was told they would. Gilmor gave "a dumb signal" to his men, who closed and captured all four. Taking away the Union men's ballots, Gilmor and his Confederates again entered Sheridan's camp where they cast their captured ballots—for Abraham Lincoln! (They might have helped the Rebel cause by voting for McClellan; but apparently it seemed a better joke to vote for Old Abe himself.)

Major Henry Young

Soon after this, he paused to call on some Confederate ladies within the Union lines, with Union soldiers passing only a few feet away. Finding the Federals' presence made his hostesses nervous, Gilmor strode out, halted the next detachment, received the respectful salute of its officer, and sent it off with orders to the Union officer of the guard.

On November 11, 1864, he had the misfortune to ride into sixty of Blazer's Scouts, ran for it, was knocked senseless when he jumped a fence and was crushed under his horse. Luckily, some of his own men came up to carry him off and hide him till he recovered consciousness. Next day he recovered sufficiently to slip through the Union lines and take General Early an order of battle of the Union forces, which located every one of Sheridan's divisions.

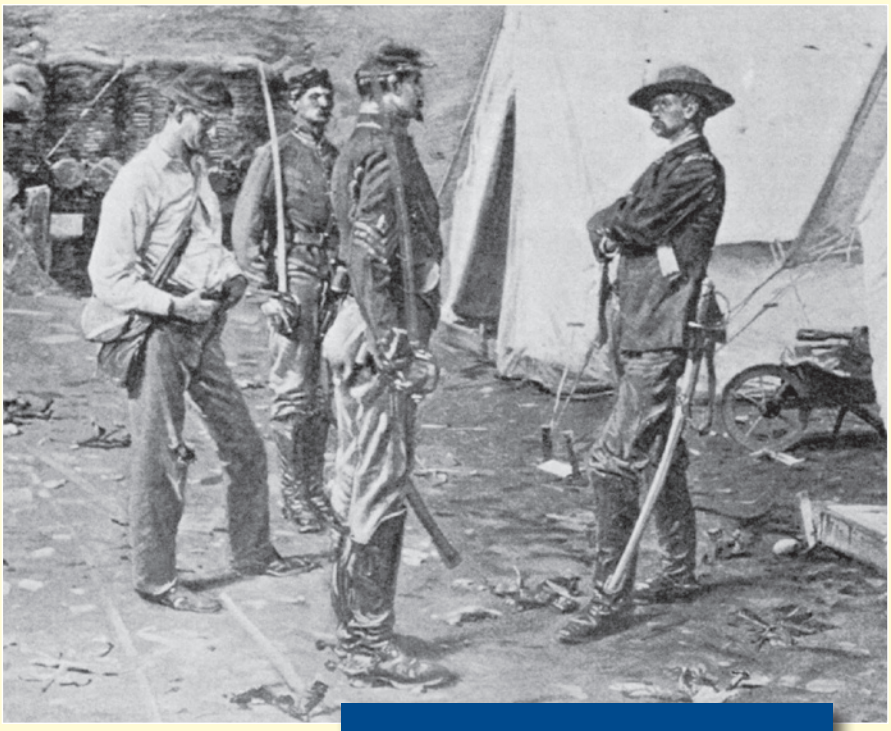
After recuperating in South Carolina, he returned to the Shenandoah and in late December or early January 1865, Major H. H. Young, chief of intelligence there, was soon reporting to a disgusted Sheridan that the troublesome fellow was back in Hardy County, trying to disguise his men as a camp meeting, near Moorefield, West Virginia. On Sheridan's own orders, Major Young's men had been shadowing Major Gilmor and knew that, with the pretended camp meeting as "cover," he meant to collect enough troops to raid the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

They also learned that the notorious guerrilla, Captain

Continued on page 11

Continued from page 10 - "Gilmore

George Stump, was in the vicinity. Captain Stump may have been religiously inclined—he was later caught by making inquiries at his church. But the Union Army knew to its sorrow that where Gilmor and Stump were gathered together at a camp meeting, godly exhortations were not going to be their sole activity. Major Young got his orders from Sheridan himself: Catch that fellow Gilmor and bring him in.



Calvary Officer questioning a suspicious character

Young had a choice collection of daredevils, who spent most of their time in Confederate uniform and were even reckless enough to ride about openly with Sheridan's staff without changing back to their legitimate blues. This is only one example of these daring fellows' dangerous indifference to the ordinary security rules—rules that ought to be ingrained in all intelligence personnel. One of the ablest of these spies, for example, invariably wrote a long letter home detailing his adventures in espionage, when he returned from a secret mission. It was enough to chill the blood of any modern G-2; but curiously enough this blazing indiscretion never did any harm. Indiscreet though he was, this garrulous secret agent was never caught, returned alive from the wars, and lived to a ripe old age!

Young was, however, careful to make sure that his men spoke a dialect that would attract no attention in the Confederate Army. The Confederates them- selves sometimes took the same precaution. Their star agent, Colonel John Burke, who, like Sheridan's Sergeant McCabe, carried passes from both Union and Confederate headquarters, was a devoted Confederate soldier. Though he was a Texan, he had been brought up in the North and found his ability to speak a flawless Yankee dialect very useful on secret missions in Confederate scouts disguised as Federal soldiers bragged of voting in a Union camp in 1864. This drawing by James E. Taylor shows General Sheridan and officers voting at a ballot wagon. (Western Reserve Historical Society, Cleveland, Ohio) Washington and New York. Northern secret agents were sometimes put into Southern uniforms and sent into pris- oner-of-war cages to study Southern speech. One of Major Young's star spies was a Pennsylvanian who had grown up in South Carolina with, of course, a Southern accent. Others were West Virginians who had no trouble passing as Virginians.

Major Young's men first learned that Gilmor was in Harrisonburg, Vir- ginia;"»then that he was farther north, in Hardy County, West Virginia; then that he was in Moorefield, just west of the Hardy County line. Sheridan himself says casually in his memoirs that Young "sent to Moorefield two of his men who early in the war had 'refugeed' from that section and enlisted in one of the Union regiments from West Virginia." But the operation was not nearly so simple as Sheridan thought.

Agents up and down the Shenandoah Valley had probably been watching Gilmor from early January; but there is no way of fixing the dates of their observations earlier than January 31, 1864, when Archibald Rowand, the spy who always wrote home about his espionage, told his father he had started to Romney in disguise, with one companion. Two days later Rowand was back, reporting to Young that Gilmor was living in a house three or four miles from Moorefield, though he was not sure which of two houses it was. Gilmor was lodged either with a Williams family or a neighboring Randolph family.

At about the same time, probably February l, 1865, a woman agent went into the town of Romney, northwest of Moorefield, and on the 4th brought back a report that went on to Sheridan. Some- time later in February a certain Nick Carlisle (who had the advantage of being a native Virginian, with the proper accent) and Sergeant G. D. Mullihan, Co. D, 17th Pennsylvania Cavalry, entered Moorefield or its vicinity and returned to report that both Gilmor and Captain Stump were somewhere near. They also discovered a Rebel plan to raid the Union quartermaster supply dump at New Creek Station (modern Keyser, W. Va.) on the West Virginia bank of the Potomac, north of Moorefield.

Once he knew where Gilmor was, Major Young lost no time. In the early morning of February 5, 1865 he and a group of Union soldiers, all in Confederate uniforms, clattered into Moore- field, after a ride of nearly fifty miles. No one in Moorefield knew exactly who they were, but they were in the right uniform and attracted no attention. Con- federate cavalry was a familiar sight, and Gilmor's scouts were usually on the move at all hours, though not on this one night when their commander needed them most.

The original plan had been to explain, as a cover story, that they were Maryland recruits, coming to join Gilmor, who was a Maryland officer. Perhaps they did tell that tale, but they added an additional fabrication. They were a detachment from a Confederate outpost at Lost River, a few miles south- west of Moorefield. They were very much afraid that Federal cavalry raiders were close behind them and would soon appear.

The pseudo-Confederates, in fact, were perfectly sure that about 300 Union cavalry, in their own blue uniforms were only a few miles behind them. Sheridan and Young

Continued on page 12

Continued from page 11 - "Gilmore"

had arranged the Whole “pursuit.” Sheridan knew this would make it easy for Young's little detachment to reach Moorefield without interference. Confederate troops pursued by Federals were sure of all the help they needed in the Shenandoah Valley in those days, even in the northern, West Virginian end. “I knew this would allay suspicion and provide him help on the road,” Sheridan said afterward.

In fact, it made things a little too easy for the imitation Confederates. Their Union “pursuers” could find no trace of their passing. No one would admit having seen Major Young and his men; and, said Sheridan, “the trail would have been lost had the pursuers not already known their destination."

Sunday, February 5, 1865, was a cold, snowy day in the Shenandoah, the kind of day on which—as Gilmor after his capture ruefully surmised—all his own Rebel scouts “must have been housed in some comfortable log huts in the mountains.” Gilmor’s outguards might have been deceived by Young’s men in Confederate uniforms and with a plausible story, since many of them had probably been passing Confederate lines repeatedly. But Gilmor's men were so eager to shelter from the weather that they also failed to detect the 300 Union cavalry-men, properly uniformed in Federal blue, even when they halted outside Moorefield to wait for Major Young and his prisoner.

As soon as Young’s disguised scouts approached Moorefield they threw an unobtrusive “Confederate” guard around the sleeping town, to give the alarm if real Confederates approached. For this purpose Young had brought ten extra men not needed for actually seizing the sleeping Gilmor. As they came in sight of the Williams and Randolph houses, Rowand and the five men with him started toward them at a gallop, but a messenger from Young caught up with them. Rowand was to take his men to the Williams house. Gilmor might be sleeping there. (He wasn't, but they did catch a disgusted member of Rosser’s cavalry.)

Major Young himself, with another group, started for the Randolph house. The 300 cavalrymen took cover in a woodland near the town, with orders to dash out to the rescue if they heard firing.

Young was still not quite sure where Gilmor Was, but he believed he was lodged in the house of William Moray Randolph. Thanks to his spies, however, he knew positively that Gilmor had been in Moorefield a day or two earlier and he guessed (correctly, as it turned out) that his proposed victim was enjoying Randolph’s, not Williams’, hospitality. So, with seven companions, he went to the Randolph house, entering only after posting a five-man guard around it.

As Young approached the Randolph stable, he encountered a little Negro girl, who stopped when she saw his Con- federate uniform. Whose horses were those in the stable, he inquired. Did they belong to soldiers? Oh, no, said the child, those were not soldiers’ horses; they be- longed to Major Gilmor. (Most intelligence officers were so constantly in the saddle that they required several mounts.)

With this gratifying information, Young proceeded to the house, being met at the door by a lady whose insistence that no one was in the house except the family was hardly convincing. Gently, the Union men opened a bedroom door on the second floor. Luckily, Gilmor was still asleep, sharing a bed with his cousin, a Confederate recruiting officer. Experienced soldiers though they were, both men had foolishly left their arms at a distance when they went to sleep. Some weapons, probably their sabers, were on a center table. Gilmor had placed both pistols on a chair and had laid his uniform over them. The Confederates woke suddenly as the five men entered—in Confederate uniform, but with drawn pistols. “Are you Colonel [sic] Gilmor?” demanded one of the intruders. Without answering, Gilmor, who had sworn never to be taken alive, glanced around the room. Did any chance of escape remain? Not one! The cold muzzle of a Union pistol touched his head. “Are you Colonel Gilmor?” the stranger asked again. “Yes,” snarled the captive. “And who in the devil's name are you?” “Major Young, of General Sheridan’s staff." “All right,” said Gilmor. “I suppose you want me to go with you." As that seemed fairly obvious, Major Young’s reply, though courteous, was a little ironical: “I shall be happy to have your company to Winchester,” said he, doubtless with a grin, “as General Sheridan wishes to consult you about some important military affairs." Thus Gilmor himself reported the conversation about a year later.

Archibald H. Rowand, Jr. in Confederate Uniform. Became Senior Scout on the Staff of Sheridan and won a Medal of Honor

This atmosphere of elaborate chivalric courtesy, quite worthy of a pair of jousting medieval knights errant, continued till Gilmor was safely imprisoned in faraway Boston.

Usually, in the Civil War, neither side had many scruples about the property of prisoners of war. (It is hard enough to get frontline troops to respect them in our own day.) Confederates who needed boots or shoes habitually took them from one prisoner (or corpse) after another, till they got footgear that fitted. Federals did not lack footgear, but were likely to seize anything else that took their fancy. Once Gilmor had been caught, a Federal soldier, as a matter of course, started going through the prisoner's pockets. An intelligence detail, to be sure, ought to search its prisoners at once; but all this man wanted was loot. Prisoner or not, Gilmor “flung him aside.” The chivalrous Young, seeing what was happening, at once ordered his men “in the most peremptory manner not to touch a thing.”

Hoping that there might still be a res- cue since he knew

Continued on page 13

Continued from page 12 - "Gilmore"

many of his own men were not far away, Gilmor tried to delay matters by dressing as slowly as he could, in spite of several exhortations from Young to “be lively.” Young knew he would have to take his prisoner fifty miles or more to safety and had no time to lose.

At last, a few Confederate soldiers- real ones—realizing what had happened, opened a desultory fire. But the only result of this was to bring the Union cavalry riding into town. When Gilmor saw two or three hundred troopers lined up outside, he abandoned hope and pulled on his clothes.

Meantime, Sergeant Mullihan, seeing that Major Young had everything in hand, slipped quietly out of the room and hurried to the stable, where he saddled Gilmor's prize black and, apparently, any other horse that took his fancy. As Young brought out his prisoner, the ever alert Mullihan met them at the door with fresh horses. Gilmor did manage to save his faithful dog, which had followed the party out of the house. Knowing soldiers’ habitual eagerness for mascots and feeling sure it would be confiscated, he kicked the poor brute—Cilmor was not the kind of man who kicks dogs—and “sternly ordered him into the house, as if he belonged to the establishment."

Sergeant Mullihan suggested to the major that it was risky to let so skilled a horseman as Gilmor ride his own surous mood, let the prisoner keep his black. Almost at once, the prisoner tried to escape, but Mullihan, suspicious and alert from the start, seized his bridle. Before they had gone half a mile, Gilmor tried again. This perseverance was too much, even for Young’s good nature. The Confederate was forced to change horses with one of the raiders.

“I cannot trust you,” Young told his prisoner, “on such a splendid animal, for you know that you will leave us if you get the smallest chance." The major turned to his skeptical sergeant. Was he satisfied now? Mullihan said he was. “You may guard him then," said Young, “as you are so afraid he will get away.” The sergeant’s suspicions were, however, even more completely justified than either he or his commander knew. For that night the tireless Cilmor made another attempt at freedom about which neither Young nor Mullihan knew anything until Gilmor published his book, Four Years in the Saddle, the year after Appomattox.

Young’s men and their prisoner had halted at the home of a family named Bean, at Big Capon, West Virginia. Young could hardly have picked worse lodgings, for the owner’s son had at one time served with Gilmor. The prisoner waited till every one was asleep except the owner, to whom he tried silently to signal his intention of escaping. Knowing the consequences to himself, Bean hesitated to help him; but just as Gilmor was ready to make the attempt anyway, the door opened and Major Young's orderly, very wide-awake, entered, took post by the fireplace, and stood guard till dawn.

Next day Gilmor was handed on to the cavalry, while Young and his gray uniformed men rode on ahead, perhaps to keep up the fiction of “pursuit,” though they were now riding north. Presently Archibald Rowand saw a Confederate soldier on the doorstep of a house by the road.

“I'm going to get that fellow," he said, and rode over. As he approached, he recognized a Confederate soldier he himself had captured two years before, now an exchanged prisoner, who had returned to active duty in the Confederate Army. Luckily, Rowand remembered his name.

The Confederate, who did not recognize his former captor, was not disturbed by the approach of another soldier in Confederate uniform. “Sergeant Richards,” said Rowand, “Major Gilmor wants to see you." “Wait till I get my horse," said the unsuspecting Richards.

Together, they rode back to Young and his men, all of whom were still in gray. “This is the man Major Gilmor wants to see,” Rowand told his commander. Gilmor was not there at the moment, the disguised Federal officer replied. Round a bend in the road at that moment came the blue-uniformed cavalry with Gilmor, disarmed, riding as a prisoner among them. Poor Richards knew in that instant that the trap had closed upon him—for the second time.

“Youve got me," he said disconsolately to Rowand. “But what I want to know is, how did you know my name?“ Rowand explained. “For two years I've been in prison where you sent me," exclaimed the disgusted Rebel. “Now, less’n a month after I'm freed, along you come again and send me back.” It was too much for Archibald Rowand. “I don’t want to send that fellow back again," he said to Major Young. It was a situation not foreseen in Army Regulations, but Rowand was a nearly price- less scout and secret agent, and deserved to be humored. Besides, very little that Young and his men were doing was in accord with any regulations at all. Major Young saw the point. “All right,” he said, either because he was sorry for Sergeant Richards or because he was eager to keep up Rowand’s morale—or because he was both. Rowand rode back to the prisoner’s guard. “I want this fellow," he said. Then to the prisoner: “Ride aside, Richards.” The two rode off together. Safely out of sight, Rowand “paroled” his prisoner. Now, the parole of a prisoner of war was a very formal affair, never undertaken in modern warfare. Besides, it was not in the least within the competence of an enlisted man, as the major, Rowand, and the Confederate sergeant all three knew very well. Rowand had no right to do it and was well aware he had no right to do it. He “just did it any- how." The war was nearly over. Appomattox was only a few weeks in the future. What did one prisoner more or less matter to General Sheridan?

Major Gilmor, less fortunate than Sergeant Richards, was sent via Baltimore to Fort Warren in Boston; but Major Young, who escorted him, provided excellent meals en route, and when they reached Boston, took his prisoner on a shopping tour of the city so that Gilmore could buy articles he needed before the prison gates clanged shut. Apparently Gilmore had enough U.S. currency of his own to buy what he wanted, which is not so surprising as it seems, since Confederate raiders habitually seized all the Federal bills they could get, for use on intelligence missions.

For some reason Archibald Rowand, who had done so much to make the exploit possible, was not decorated, though he soon did receive the Congressional Medal for another feat of equal daring. One of Young’s other men, Private William E. Hart, 8th New York Cavalry, received the medal for “gallant conduct and services as a scout in connection with the capture of Harry Gilmore [sic], and other daring acts.”

It is characteristic of Major Young that, though several of his men received this highest of American decorations (which would have been quite impossible without his recom-

Continued on page 14

Continued from page 13 - "Gilmore"

A monument to Major Henry Harrison Young in Burnside Park, Providence, Rhode Island

mendation), the major himself remained undecoraed. Certainly, the merest hint to Sheridan, who thoroughly appreciated what he was doing, would have won him the medal, which was, in fact, the only official American decoration of the period. At the close of the war, he was given one grudging bit of recognition—a lieutenant colonelcy—but only by brevet. Sheridan did, however, shower flowery and well deserved praise upon him in dispatches.

Schedule of Old Baldy CWRT Speakers and Activities for 2020

October 8, 2020 – Thursday
Mark Brewer
"Swim, Surrender or Die: The Union Army at the Battle Ball's Bluff"

October 22, 2020 – Thursday
Ronald S. Coddington
"Faces of Civil War Nurses"

November 12, 2020 – Thursday
Carol Simon Levin
"Reclaming Our Voice: NewJersey's Central Role in the Fight for Woman Suffrage"

December 10, 2020 – Thursday
Bob Russo
"The Wounded Knee Massacre"

Questions to
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