

Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia

Civil War Roundtable Congress
The Wallace L. Rueckel
Innovation Award
presented to OBCWRT

The Society For Women
and the Civil War
for Service to the Society
presented to OBCWRT

April 13, 2023

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

“Lee Invades the North: A Comparison of the Antietam and Gettysburg Campaigns”



Brad Gottfried



The two major battles, Antietam and Gettysburg, that ended Lee’s invasion of the North are among the most studied conflicts in the American Civil War. However, no full treatment comparing the two campaigns has been published. This work attempts to rectify that deficiency.

Dr. Gottfried reviews and compares of all aspects of the two campaigns, including: The military and political environment at the beginning of each campaign; Why Lee undertook the invasions; The armies and their leaders; The condition of the armies; Military intelligence; Getting to the battlefield; Battles along the way; Battlefield terrain; Initial encounters; The three phases of battle in each campaign; The armies and their commanders-in-chiefs; and Post-campaign events and Final thoughts.

After receiving his doctorate in 1976, Brad Gottfried worked in higher education for over 40 years, retiring as the President of the College of Southern Maryland in 2017. He has written 13 books on the Civil War, including *Brigades of Gettysburg*, *Kearny’s Own: The History of the First New Jersey Brigade*, *Hell Comes to Southern Maryland: The Point Lookout Prisoner of War Camp for Confederates*, and the iconic *Maps* series of battlefields. Brad became an Antietam Battlefield Guide in 2019 and also serves as a Gettysburg Town Guide.

Notes from the President

As we start the second quarter of the year, the NBA playoffs and baseball season have begun, the weather warms and OB CWRT continues its rise. This month marks 162 years since the War began and our mission of education and preservation carries on. We thank the members who have stepped up to keep our round table moving forward. Let us know how you would like to assist us on our journey. Read about our current projects in this newsletter and tell what else we should be doing to share our message.

Last month **Dan Casella** came up from Cedarville to enlighten us on the men of the 7th New Jersey. Dan had visited last May when **Drew Gruber** presented on Williamsburg. The in-person crowd packed the room. It was great to see so many friends in person, with more online. Remember if you miss all or part of a meeting presentation, recordings are available on our website and YouTube page. This month **Brad Gottfried** will visit to review and compare the Antietam and Gettysburg Campaigns. Join us for this interesting analysis of the Battles and bring someone with you. In May **Walt Lafty** will tell us about Walt Whitman.

Meeting Notice

Join us at 7:15 PM on Thursday, April 13, at Camden County College William G. Rohrer Center 1889 Marlton Pike East Cherry Hill, NJ 08003

The program will also be simulcast on Zoom for the benefit of those members and friends who are unable to attend. Please email oldbaldycwrt@verizon.net at least 24 hours prior to request Zoom access.



Rich Jankowski
President, OBCWRT

- President’s Notes Page 1
- Congratulations OBCWRT Page 2
- Williamsburg Page 2
- Member Profile Page 3
- New Member/Awards Page 3
- Today in History Page 4
- Book Review Page 4
- McClellan’s Saddle Page 6
- White Roses Page 7
- I Will Not Die Here Page 12
- March Meeting Review Page 15
- Raffle Winners Page 15
- Hetty McEwen Page 16
- Seventeen Men Page 17
- SWCW Conference Page 19
- OBCWRT Annual Picnic Page 20
- Meeting/Speaker Schedule Page 20

Our annual picnic will be held on May 13th so be sure to let **Jan Wilensky** know what you are bringing to this fun outdoor social event. Read about our 25 years of support to the Battlefield Trust and our recent donations to support the Civil War community. The South Jersey History Fair at the Gabreil Daveis Tavern House in Glendora will be on June 10th, please sign up to for a shift to staff our display to get our message out to the public. Thank you to **Frank Barletta** for stepping up to coordinate our Boscov Friends Helping Friends project this year. Still a few more tasks looking for an arranger. Thank you to Vice-president **Kathy Clark** for getting the word out to area round tables and organizations about the Society of Women and the Civil War Conference in July. OB CWRT is serving as their Organizational Partner for the event this year.

The Williamsburg Civil War Trails sign fundraising campaign has collected over half of the funds for the matching grant (58%) and about half of the total (49%) it is seeking. Read more about it in this newsletter, follow the progress of the campaign on our Facebook page and make a donation on our website. Pick up additional Old Baldy blue bags for summer travel or to give to friends and acquaintances. If you have rack cards that are not updated with the Rohrer Center address, trade them in for labeled ones. Make plans to be at the wreath laying at the tomb of General Winfield Scott Hancock on May 27th.

Review the details about the "Seventeen Men" exhibit in West Chester and visit it if you can before it moves on in July. Flat Old Baldy found it to be impressive. FOB recently went down to Southport, NC and paid a visit to our 2022 Innovation Award namesake, **Wally Rueckel**, Bald Head Island and the Brunswick CWRT. Watch for the story in a future newsletter. If you have an adventure coming up that you would like Flat Old Baldy to be a part of, let his Social Secretary know.

Come meet Brad Gottfried and his wife by joining us at 5:30 for a premeeting meal at the Cherry Hill Diner on the 13th.

Rich Jankowski, President



Through the generosity of one of our members, we are making our fund raising efforts more exciting by having a drawing to thank all current contributors and for those planning to make a donation. The drawing will be conducted for a Signed William McGrath Limited Edition Lithograph of the CSS Hunley, Sinking The USS Housatonic, off Charleston, SC, February 17, 1864. We have the best members, Thank you again.

**By Frank Barletta,
Treasurer, OBCWRT**

Congratulations, Old Baldy Members

Certificate of Acceptance to the 25-Year Club Exclusively For Old Baldy CWRT of Philadelphia

We have just received recognition of our support from the American Battlefield Trust for the last 25 YEARS. This is a tremendous honor for our Round Table, that has been made possible by the continuing support of our members, from your dues and generous donations. You may remember in 2021, the Old Baldy Round Table raise over \$1,000.00 for the maintenance and upkeep of the Battle of Slaughter Pen Farm, which was part of the Battle of Fredericksburg, December 1862. The preservation of our Civil War Battlefields is a cornerstone of our Roundtable mission. Just this month the Board had approved a donation for a new campaign to save 343 acres spanning five battlefields in four states across the Western Theater; Chickamauga, Georgia, Brice's Cross Roads, Mississippi, Wyse Fork, North Carolina, Bentonville, NC and finally Shiloh, Tennessee. More importantly, knowing the importance of education, last December, Old Baldy donated to "The Field Trip Fund" which provides funding and assistance to K-12 teachers, who are planning field trips to battlefields. As always, we could not achieve our goals and mission, without your continued support. *Thank you.*

Congratulations Again, Old Baldy Members

I am proud to announce that we have reached the 58% plateau of meeting our fund raising goal of \$2,500.00, for the underwriting the cost for the installation of a Civil War Trail Sign in Williamsburg VA. When installed, it will provide the recognition to those brave members of the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th New Jersey Volunteer Infantry Regiments and the long overdue appreciation of the Battle of Williamsburg, fought May 5, 1862.

We have accomplished this through the generosity of our great membership. You should be immensely proud of all of those who have contributed to date.

The goal is within reach and we can achieve it with your continued support. Remember, that we have a matching contribution from a generous donor, so when we reach our goal, this campaign will have achieved a total \$5,000.00. We can make this happen. *Thank you again for your generosity and support.*

February 9 Profile
by Kim Weaver



Bob Russo

Member Profile - Bob Russo

An eighth grade Catholic nun in South Philly walked into a classroom wearing a full Union uniform when she introduced the Civil War to her students. A history-loving father handed his 16-year-old hospitalized son Bruce Catton's *Gettysburg: The Final Fury* and a second book on the history of the Confederacy. These two impactful experiences true to then teenager Bob Russo were the beginning of his lifelong appreciation of the Civil War. "Those books, on top of my eighth grade experience and a visit to Gettysburg a couple years later, left me hooked for a lifetime."

Bob was first interested in battles and troop movements, even visiting battlefields (Antietam is a favorite) to better understand the carnage, and in the process recognized that every person on or near the battles, both military and citizen, had an experience. "The strength, courage, and perseverance exhibited by people is truly impossible to imagine." Later, he became interested in Civil War medicine and was surprised to learn – despite Hollywood's depictions to the contrary – that anesthesia was used in operations and that medical care was state of the art for the times. As a trusted historian, Bob needs to know all sides of the past – the good, the bad, the sad, the ugly.

Dedicated to pursuing his passions, Bob shares his knowledge of the nation's history with Saturday morning visitors to Independence National Historical Park. Since 2015, he has been conducting tours of Independence Hall, Congress Hall, and giving talks at the Liberty Bell and other sites within the Park. "The most special thing for me is to stand on the delegates' side of the railing in the Assembly Room of Independence Hall to talk about those momentous events." Bob would like to have a sit down with John Dickinson, the man he believes to be the most misunderstood Founding Father because he did not vote for independence. "That is true but extremely misleading."

Bob is a member of numerous historical organizations including the Gettysburg Foundation, Surratt Society, the National Constitution Center and others. He also received the Certificate of Completion from the Civil War Institute at Manor College, where he once attended an Antietam class run by the Delaware Valley CWRT and Jerry Carrier. Impressed by the class, Bob went to the group's meeting in Trevoise, Pennsylvania and "Rich Jankowski, the eternal recruiter for Old Baldy CWRT, was in the audience. Rich didn't even wait for the end of the meeting; he turned from a few rows in front of me and shouted, "I have a group that meets much closer to you! We will talk! That's the thing about OB, DV, and every historical organization I belong to. Great people, great camaraderie, and great experiences." He is a nine-year member of Old Baldy and past vice president.

Born in 1958, Bob is a true believer in the old adage, "those who forget their history are bound to repeat it." With that in mind he has written and presented "The Wounded Knee Massacre" and "Arlington National Cemetery – Garden of Stone." After two years studying the December 29, 1890 Native American tragedy (hundreds of Lakota dead at the hands of the U.S. Army), Bob and his wife, Carol, visited the site on the Lakota Pine Ridge Indian Reservation in South Dakota. "During that entire study, I found myself often deeply saddened by what was done to all native American tribes, which in my opinion is the attempted annihilation of a people and a culture by the United States government. The entire story is incredibly sad."

After 20 or so visits to the military cemetery that contains the remains of approximately 400,000 people, "I still feel humbled just thinking about it. The biggest thing that people do not realize about Arlington is, beyond the immense service of those in eternal rest below those headstones, and the dignity and importance of the Tomb of the Unknowns, Arlington through a couple hundred memorials and monuments offers a history of the United States."



Awards and New Members



Flat Old Baldy presents Lynn Cavill her 10 year award pin.

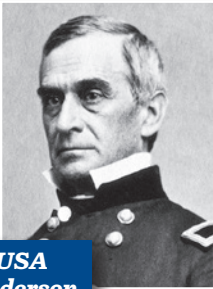
New Members

Paul Schultz
Haddon Heights
Roger Schnare
Haddonfield, NJ



FOB and Paul Schultz

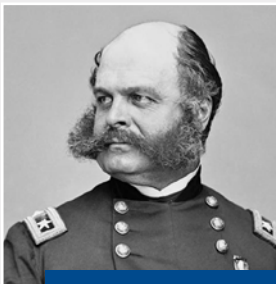
A graduate of the Pennsylvania Institute of Technology, Bob is the senior vice president of Central Metals, Inc., and Roma Steel Erection, Inc. He and Carol live in Cherry Hill and have been married 35 years. Between them they have three children and four grandchildren. Bob recently introduced his grandsons to model railroading. "They are mesmerized and seeing them that way is a great joy for me. I look forward to introducing them to fishing in a nearby lake in a couple years."



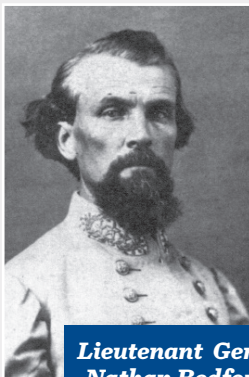
**Major, USA
Robert Anderson**



Fort Sumter



**Major General, USA
Ambrose Everett Burnside**



**Lieutenant General, CSA
Nathan Bedford Forrest**

**By Jim Heenehan,
Member,
OBCWRT**

Today in Civil War History

1861 Saturday, April 13

Major Robert Anderson surrenders the Federal Garrison at Fort Sumter. Undermanned, and with no food, he has no other option. In spite of more than 40,000 shells having been fired, casualties on both sides are light, with no lives lost.

1862 Sunday, April 13

Far West

The Union advance in New Mexico, arising from the battles near Santa Fe, continues. Confederate troops are almost driven from the territory, being forced back to El Paso on the Texas border.

1863 Monday, April 13

The North

General Burnside publishes his infamous General Order 38, threatening the death penalty to anyone found guilty of treasonable behavior.

Western Theater

Banks' troops debark behind Taylor's positions. The troops are ashore by 4.00 p.m. but the 2nd Louisiana and 4th Texas Cavalry take advantage of the thick woods and undergrowth to obstruct the Union advance. Meanwhile, Taylor retreats, fighting a brief engagement at Fort Bisland. During the night he falls back on Franklin.

1864 Monday, April 13

Western Theater

Forrest's cavalry are again in action, this time at Columbus, Kentucky.

Traits-Mississippi

Admiral Porter reaches Grand Ecore with most of his river fleet.

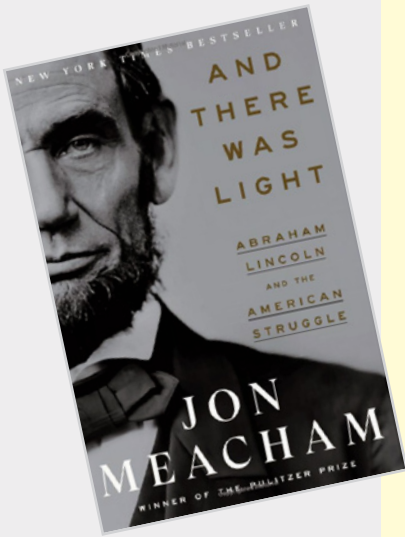
1865 Thursday, April 13

Eastern Theater

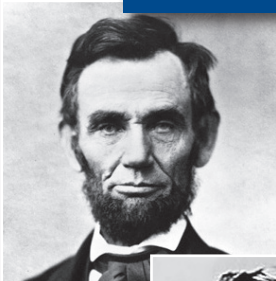
Sherman's army enters Raleigh, North Carolina, while Kilpatrical's cavalry race ahead some 25 miles further on near Durham Station.

"Book Review" *And There Was Light: Abraham Lincoln and the American Struggle* by Jon Meacham

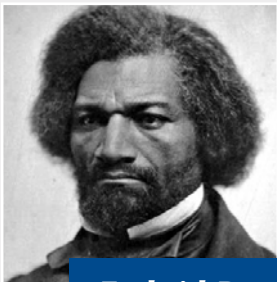
Jon Meacham has written a well-researched, informative book on Abraham Lincoln's life through the lens of his opposition to slavery. From a young age, Lincoln disliked slavery and Meacham follows Lincoln's career as he wrestles with his moral opposition to slavery juxtaposed against the constraints of the U.S. Constitution (which condoned slavery where it existed at that time) and the prevailing racial biases of his era.



**President, USA
Abraham Lincoln**



**Major General, USA
George McClellan**



Frederick Douglass



**Lincoln and McClellan
Antietam**

However, despite several reviews calling Meacham’s book a biography, it is not. The only review I read that mentions this is Rick Beard in the Spring edition of America’s Civil War, when he notes that the book does not delve into the complexities of Lincoln’s cabinet, his home life or the Civil War. Beard gives Meacham a pass, as he assumes Meacham believes others have already covered these matters in detail. Nonetheless, that omission is a flaw.

The Civil War barely comes up in *And There Was Light*, which is a little weird. It’s like writing a book on LBJ and focusing on his Great Society programs while hardly mentioning the Vietnam War. Lincoln’s efforts to end slavery are intertwined with how the war was going. They don’t occur in a vacuum.

Moreover, just because much has been written about these other aspects does not mean your readers are familiar with them. At a minimum, Meacham needs to give enough details to tie things together. For example, on page 281, Meacham writes that the answer to Lincoln’s questions of whether and when to issue the Emancipation Proclamation “...came at Antietam. After bloody fighting, the Union turned back Lee’s forces in Maryland. ‘I now consider it safe to say that General McClellan has gained a great victory over the Rebel army in Maryland between Fredericktown and Hagerstown,’ Lincoln wrote on the afternoon of September 15, 1862.”

Yet Meacham’s next reference to McClellan is three pages later when he writes, “Nearly everything was working against the president in the fall and winter of 1862-63, a time of great dissatisfaction with Lincoln’s war leadership. In early November, the president removed General McClellan from command.”

What?? How do we go from Lincoln praising McClellan for winning a great victory to removing him from command two months later without any explanation for Lincoln’s change of heart? There is not a single word about Lincoln prodding McClellan to pursue Lee’s beaten army or his post-battle visit to McClellan to underscore this point. Ironically, Meacham includes the famous Lincoln-McClellan Antietam photo without identifying it.

Also, Antietam was fought on September 17. The battle Lincoln refers to in his September 15 letter is the battle of South Mountain which took place the day before. This is not the only mistake like this in the book (Meacham says the anniversary of Fort Sumter is April 14, instead of April 12) which is unfortunate, as Meacham’s book on Lincoln and his views on race relations and actions to mitigate, then eliminate, slavery is very good.

Meacham explains that Lincoln’s anti-slavery views started as a young boy when he attended a church which opposed slavery. He was taught, if God made everyone, how can slavery be moral? And for Lincoln, this point is underscored in the Declaration of Independence, “All men are created equal...”

Which is not to say that Lincoln was a saint. As a product of his time, Lincoln considered African Americans to be inferior to Caucasians. But while Lincoln may not have been as progressive as the Radical Republicans, he was still ahead of his time. And, as Meacham notes, Lincoln had to lead a country with very conservative racial views to accept the idea that slavery must be ended, and that even if one believed Blacks were not the equals of Whites, they deserved to be treated as equals under the law. This was a difficult task, but Lincoln pulled it off.

Frederick Douglass initially did not like Lincoln but came to admire Abe after meeting him and after Lincoln held true to his word and issued his final Emancipation Proclamation on January 1, 1863. Meacham relates an incident where Douglass went to congratulate Lincoln at the White House after his Second Inaugural Address. White House security staff tried to evict Douglass but Douglass managed to get word to Lincoln of his predicament and the guards backed off. “Here comes my friend Douglass,” Lincoln announced. “I am glad to see you.”

As Meacham writes, “Douglass’s contrasting experiences at the White House said much about race in America. The near-denial of entry spoke to the old order; Lincoln’s respect for Douglass hinted at the hope of a new one.” And on this issue, Meacham’s book is excellent. Still, if you want a traditional Lincoln biography, Eric Foner recommends David Herbert Donald’s *Lincoln*.

McClellan's Saddle: comfort for man and horse

By Len Jensen,
Civil War Times
January 1983

The McClellan Design



Soldiers depend upon the proper functioning of their arms and equipment as their last line of defense. For the Civil War cavalryman, this equipment included not only his weapons, but his horse gear as well, for an unhorsed trooper in a chaotic cavalry engagement was nearly as vulnerable as a turtle turned upon its shell.

Of the horse gear, the saddle was perhaps the most important element. An improperly fitted saddle could create sores on a horse's back or withers, and the animal could give out at a critical moment. It was considered a vital matter that the saddle be of a type that was simple, rugged, and above all, comfortable for man and horse. The U.S. Model 1859 McClellan Saddle fit that description. And while other patterns did see service during the war, it was the McClellan that was the most typical.

Jefferson Davis, secretary of war from 1853 to 1857, took an avid interest in military matters and in 1855 dispatched a three-man military commission to Europe to observe the Crimean War. One of its members was Captain George B. McClellan of the 1st U.S. Cavalry, who made horse equipment a particular feature of his studies. While the commission arrived too late to observe much action in the Crimea, it did spend time observing the British, Sardinian, and Turkish forces camped in the area before touring military facilities in Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, and England.

On their return, the commission members settled in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to prepare reports. On October 3, 1856, McClellan wrote to Davis asking permission to have a model set of cavalry equipment constructed at public expense. This set he intended to submit to the War Department as a replacement for the current issue Grimsley horse equipment. Of the saddle, he had this to say: . . . I have shown to several officers . . . the Prussian Cavalry Equipment; all agree that, with certain quite essential modifications, it would be a better equipment than any we have yet in our service. The tree is that known as the Hungarian; I would remove all the unnecessary iron with which the Prussians have encumbered it, reduce the height of the cantle, & adopt very nearly 'Nolan's' tree. For my own regiment, armed with the revolver, there need be no holster, for the men should follow the Russian system, & always carry the pistol on the waist belt. . . Instead of a valise there would be a pair of small saddle bags, in the style of the Chasseurs d'Afrique."

Obviously, McClellan felt that Davis would understand all that he was talking about, although modern readers might not. In way of explanation, it might be said that the "tree" is the wooden base of the saddle seat, and that the Hungarian was one style and the Nolan was an English version. It was common practice in the U.S. Army at that time to carry pistols in saddle holsters, rather than on the waist belt, so the "Russian system" was something new. Beyond that, the Grimsley equipment carried a saddle valise on the cantle (rear) of the saddle in-stead of saddle bags.

McClellan's letter is important, because it has often been cited by historians as evidence that his saddle had European, in particular Hungarian, ancestry. But it is now clear that sometime between this first letter and a second one written to the War Department on Christmas Day 1856, McClellan almost totally reversed his ideas. In this second letter he noted that his saddle was "not a copy of any European model." The discovery of one of his initial trial models in the Danish Royal Arsenal Museum in Copenhagen, sent there in 1858 as part of an equipment exchange with the Danish Government, shows that the prototype model was essentially the same as the subsequent production model. Neither the trial nor the production models bear much resemblance to either the Hungarian or Nolan tree. Instead, it appears that the McClellan saddle had an American ancestry—it was nothing more than a military version of the western saddle. The tree is the same, minus the horn; the girthing system is identical; and the bent wood stirrups are of a type favored in the American west during the 1850s.

John Reynolds' Saddle
(McClellan design)



The Jennifer Design



McClellan had had ample opportunity to gain familiarity with the western saddle. He had seen campaign and occupation duty in Mexico and in western explorations and surveys. Beyond that, the army experimented with one version of the western saddle in the 1850s, known as the Hope Saddle, and many army officers found it to their liking. Among them were McClellan's lieutenant colonel in the 1st Cavalry, Joseph E. Johnston, and his fellow engineer from commanding General Winfield Scott's staff in Mexico, Robert E. Lee. And among the reasons McClellan may have offered a western design, perhaps not without significance, was the fact that his superior, Jefferson Davis, had ridden a western saddle in the Mexican War. It was Davis who objected to McClellan's initial idea of steel, rather than wood stirrups.

After trial in 1858, the saddle was approved by a board of officers and designated the Model 1859 McClellan. Its production model used in the Civil War proved to have only one defect. The seat was covered with rawhide. This shrunk when wet and split along the seams, producing a hard, raw edge that could chafe or tear the legs or seat of the rider. The rawhide was an attempt to improve upon the thin, varnished leather used on trial models, which had shown a tendency to wear through. But for the Civil War trooper, rawhide the "cure" was worse than the disease. Beyond that, however, the saddle proved simple, durable, and comfortable, at least for the horse.

With the coming of the Civil War, the Confederates initially adopted the Jennifer pattern saddle as their official model. But complaints from the field about raw backs and withers caused them to switch to the McClellan in 1863. Variant versions of the saddle were also seen, primarily purchased by officers, and often with extra skirts, padded seats, or other amenities. However, the basic McClellan Saddle was firmly established and more than proved its worth through the War Between the States and through out the rest of its long career as the official U.S. Army saddle. It came between many an American horse and rider until the horse cavalry was discontinued in 1943.

"Those White Roses"

Nurses were not part of the Armies, There was no Nursing Corps. These were women who went off to contribute their efforts to helping the wounded, dying and ill. They helped in Hospitals, Battlefields and Camps. There are very few records and photographs of these brave women so the accounts are few.

We would like you to meet some of these heroic women.

**By Frank Moore,
Women of the War,
1866**

Mrs. Mary W. Lee

This name will recall to the minds of ten thousand, of our brave soldiers who fought in the army of the Potomac the face and the figure of a cheerful, active, efficient, yet tender-hearted woman, herself the mother of a soldier boy, who for month after month, and year after year, while the war continued, moved about the hospitals of the army a blessing, a comfort, and a hope to thousands of weary sufferers.

She came to America from Great Britain when a mere child, and grew up with intense national pride and loyalty to the government which has given an asylum and opportunity to so many millions.

Her first efforts in behalf of the soldiers in our great war were in the hospital of the Union Refreshment Saloon, in Philadelphia. Here she labored with constancy and zeal during the greater part of the first year of hostilities ; but when the conflict, assumed the serious and bloody proportions that we saw in the summer of 1862, Mrs. Lee felt that she could do more good nearer the field of action. In August opportunity favored her, and she went down to Harrison's Landing on the Spaulding, a hospital transport, and there, with others, she found that enterprising and



**Union Refreshment Saloon,
Philadelphia**

indefatigable army worker, Mrs. Harris, with whom she cooperated in the arduous duties and melancholy scenes that attended the disastrous finale of the Peninsular campaign.

No sooner was the mutilated wreck of that grand army brought away from the sickly bottoms of James River, than all fit for service, and thousands of new recruits, were pushed forward in the relentless and deadly campaign which ended in disaster and repulse for the rebels at Antietam. In this great battle Mrs. Lee was one of the first on the field; and her labors, commencing among the first wounded, continued, without weariness or abatement, till the last poor, mutilated hero of the "crutch brigade" was moved from the general hospital late in December.

Although it was her first experience in a great battle, Mrs. Lee prepared for the awful scenes that were to follow with the coolness and judgment of a veteran. She had two large buckets filled with water, one for washing wounds, the other for quenching thirst. As the action grew hot, the first tub grew of a deeper and deeper crimson, till it seemed almost as red as blood itself; and the other was again and again replenished, as the men came in with faces black with powder, and clothes stiff with gore. The hunger, too, in many cases, was clamorous. Many of the men had eaten nothing for more than twenty-four hours. Mrs. Lee found a sutler, who, with enterprise that would have been becoming in anything less purely selfish, had urged his wagon well to the front, and was selling at exorbitant rates to the exhausted men. She took money from her private purse, and again and again bought his bread and soft crackers at his army rates. At last such repeated proofs of generosity touched the heart of the army Shylock, and he was determined not to be outdone so entirely by a woman. About the third or fourth time she pulled out her purse he exclaimed, "Great God, I can't stand this any longer. Give that woman the bread!" The ice was now broken, and from giving to her, he began to give away, himself, till his last cracker had gone down the throat of a half-famished hero, and he drove away with his wagon lighter and his heart softer for having met a noble hearted woman.

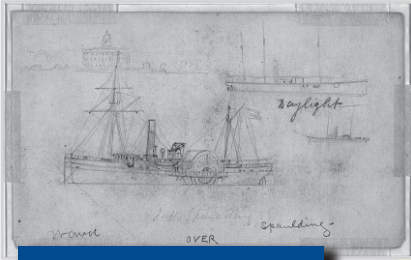
While she was thus working just in the rear of the awful thunder, Sedgwick was brought to the rear, with his severe wound, and then Hooker, with his bleeding limb.

Mrs. Lee was probably nearer the front than any other woman on the day of the battle, and certainly much nearer than the commander-in-chief himself.

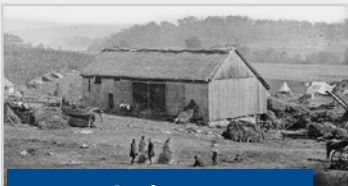
Among the fatally wounded was one named Adams, from the Nineteenth Massachusetts, whose brother brought him to Mrs. Lee, and said, "My good lady, my brother here will die, I think; the regiment is ordered to Harper's Ferry. Will you promise to look after him, and when he dies, to see that he is decently buried, and mark the spot, so I can find his body and take it on to our home in Massachusetts?" Mrs. Lee promised the heavy-hearted soldier that all his wishes should be respected; and he buckled on his sword and marched back to the front. A few days after, he sought out Mrs. Lee, and she gave him a full account of the last hours of his brother and his dying words; and then taking him out among the thick and fresh heaped mounds, pointed out a grave better rounded than the rest, and distinctly marked, and told him his brother was buried there; and so he found it. Such was her fidelity and perfect reliability at all times and in all trusts committed to her.

Immediately after the battle there was that confusion and delay in the supply trains inevitable in the best-conducted army at the time of a great action. At one of the field hospitals where Mrs. Lee was doing the best she could for the crowd of sufferers, there was found nothing in the way of commissary supplies but a barrel of flour, a barrel of apples, and a keg of lard. To a practical housekeeper, as she is, this combination seemed to point to apple dumplings as the dish in which they could all be employed to the best advantage; and the good-natured astonishment of the poor fellows, who looked for nothing but black coffee and hard-tack, was merged in admiration for the accomplished cook who could there, almost on the battle-field, serve them with hot dumplings.

While the battle was still raging, and orderlies were galloping past where Mrs. Lee was at work, she asked one of them if Sumner's corps were yet engaged.



**Hospital Transport,
Spaulding**



**Antietam
Field Hospitals**



**Smoketown
Field Hospital**



**Major General, USA
John Sedgwick**



**Major General, USA
Joseph Hooker**



**Nurse, USA
Arabella (Fanny) Barlow**



**Nurse, USA
Elizabeth (Eliza) Harris**



**Nurse, USA
Martha Maria Hall**

"Yes," was the reply; "they have just been double-quickened into the fight." For a few moments her heart sank within her, and she grew sick, for her son was in that corps, and all her acquaintances in the army. Her anguish found relief in prayer; after which she grew so calm and cheerful that a wounded boy, who lay there on the grass beside her, said, "Madam, I suppose you haven't any one in the battle, or you couldn't be so calm."

The night after the battle she went to Sedgwick's division hospital, and while preparing some food for the sufferers, was greatly annoyed by some worthless camp-followers, who would not carry food to the wounded, and when she left to carry it, they stole everything she had cooked. She went up stairs, where most of the wounded were, and asked if any one was there who had sufficient authority to detail her a guard. A pleasant voice from one of the cots, where an officer lay bleeding, said, "I believe I have, Just take the first man you can find, and put a gun in his hand." It was General John Sedgwick; and she had no more annoyance from camp thieves.

In a day or two after the battle she went, with Mrs. General Barlow, in an ambulance, to see if some poor fellow had not been overlooked on the field. They found two boys in a deserted cabin, who had never had their wounds dressed, and had been living on a few crackers and water. They were, of course, brought in, and tenderly cared for. Mrs. Lee was very much interested in a very brave little fellow, from Company B, Seventy-second Pennsylvania volunteers, named Willie Morrow. He had fought all day with uncommon bravery, acting as a sharpshooter. He and his companion, at one time, came marching in six rebel prisoners, captured by only those two, and Willie was the smallest boy in the regiment. As he was going back to the front, a cannon ball hit him, and carried off both his legs. When brought to the rear, he asked the surgeon if there was any hope of his getting over it. "No, Willie, there is no hope," said the doctor. Turning to his companions, he said, "Tell them at home that I died happy, —that I was glad to give my life for my country." The blood continued to run from the severed arteries, and he grew weaker. "Tell them I died happy," were his last words; and in death his pale young face wore a smile.

Not long after the battle, all the field and regimental hospitals were merged into one general hospital at Smoketown; and here Mrs. Lee was aided by a noble and efficient corps of army workers—Miss Maria Hall, Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Husband, Mrs. Harris, and others, most of whom labored through the war, and enjoyed the utmost confidence of the surgeons and all who observed the superior character and spirit of their work.

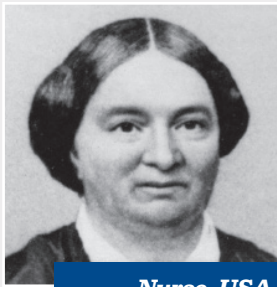
During the fall many touching instances of noble youths dying of their wounds, and making the last sacrifice for their country, occurred among those daily visited by Mrs. Lee. Among others was the case of Henry Cole, of the Nineteenth Massachusetts. He had been wounded in the leg, and strong hopes were entertained that he might recover. His mother came on from Massachusetts to nurse him. He was her only child. As she bent over his cot, and saw him gradually becoming weaker and more pallid, tears fell fast on the coverlet, and she would exclaim, "O, if money could restore you, I'd gladly give all I have in this world."

He was a Christian, and a well-educated young gentleman; everything that a mother's heart, in its pride and its unfathomable love could hope for in a son. "O Henry, my son," she would say, amid her tears, "when you are gone, my light is gone out. I've nothing to live for." "Mother," he would answer, "I am only going a little while before you; we shall meet again" Then, just before he died, repeating these farewells, he added, "Tell all the boy's good-by for me, and tell them never to give up our noble cause."

This hospital was blessed with the attendance and service of a superior surgeon-general in Dr. Vanderkief, and a most excellent and praiseworthy chaplain in Rev. Mr. Sloan. Hardly a soldier in the Smoketown Hospital but loved him as a brother. Many a face tortured with pain grew smooth when his cheerful countenance entered the tent.

When the hospital was fully established, the tents were divided between Mrs. Husband, Miss Hall, and Mrs. Lee; and their labors, thus systematic and

persistent, continued till some time in December, when the wounded at Fredericksburg demanded attention.



**Nurse, USA
Mary Morris Husband**

Among Mrs. Lee's patients was one poor fellow who was so weak and reduced that no food would remain in his stomach. She tried every dish for which the hospital supplies afforded materials, but without reaching his case. One day, in overhauling some stores, she discovered a bag of Indian meal. "O, I've found a prize!" she exclaimed. "What is it?" asked the little fellow, who had been detailed to act as her orderly. "Indian meal, to be sure." "Pshaw! I thought you had found a bag of dollars." "Better than dollars now," was her reply, as she hurried away to the tent where her poor patient lay.

"Sauburn," said she, "could you eat some mush?" "Don't know what that is— don't like any of your fancy dishes." A boy on the next cot said, "Why, it's pudding and milk."

"O, yes," said the starving soldier, "I could eat a bucketful of that!" She made him some, and brought it to him in a cup with milk, sweet milk, and it agreed with him. Then he ate it three times a day, and soon could take with it a little broiled squab, and began to gain strength very fast.. The discovery of that little sack of corn meal had saved his life.

The religious exercises at this hospital were often deeply interesting. Mr. Sloan was as much respected for piety as he was beloved for his kindness. Miss Hall commonly led the singing; and many a touching, fervent, and wholesouled prayer for the Union and the army was offered by men who would hobble in on crutches. The more they suffered in the cause, the more they loved it.

"While thus occupied at Antietam, Mrs. Lee heard with alarm of the great explosion of powder at Harper's Ferry, by which so many of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania were killed or wounded. Her son was in that regiment. She hurried up there, and labored some time among those sufferers, compounding for their burns a salve that was found very grateful and healing. Her boy was fortunately not injured in the explosion.

From Antietam the hospital workers next went to Falmouth, on the Rappahannock, where the army was encamped, after Burnside's unfortunate attack at Fredericksburg. Upon leaving Antietam, Dr. Vanderkief expressed his opinion of the character and worth of Mrs. Lee, and her labors there, in the following terms:—

"It is with great pleasure that I bear witness to the invaluable services of Mrs. Lee in this hospital. She knew no rest while there were any who needed her assistance. Her unwearied activity was a subject of universal comment, among officers and men, and her untiring efforts in behalf of patriots have won the love and esteem of all to whom she has ministered. I commend Mrs. Lee to the highest position that a noble and Christian woman can fill."

Chaplain Sloan, also, in a letter from Antietam, in which he speaks of the workers there, says of Mrs. Lee: "None of the newspaper notices tell half the story of her good works. Many a poor boy, that suffered here, will long remember her kindness. She labored harder, and did more to alleviate the pains and sufferings of the wounded at Antietam than any three others."

This describes her labors at the Falmouth hospitals, and all the others with which she was connected during the three years of her army life. She was regular, persistent, thorough, and obedient to the surgeons in all she did, and all she gave to the soldiers. Her wards were always found in perfect order, and well supplied. For a great part of the time she was placed in charge of the light diet and special diet department, where her duties were laborious, and often vexatious.

The rickety old stove upon which she prepared her food for the sick was often in a wretched condition. When set up in a tent it generally smoked, and fuel was not always abundant, or of a good quality. Notwithstanding all these discouragements, her temper was always cheerful, her health perfect, and her duty performed with thoroughness and punctuality.

After a temporary absence from Falmouth, with her sick son, in March, she



**Doctor, Colonel, USA
Bernard Albert Vanderkief**



**Christian Commission
Antietam**

returned, and was on duty among the wounded at Chancellorsville.

She was at the Lacey House Hospital, and had a full view of the storming of Mayre's Heights, by Sedgwick's corps, on the 2d of May.

When that fierce engagement was at its height, the men that had been wounded in the skirmishes of the days previous all dragged themselves to the galleries and terraces of the house, Mrs. Lee helping them, and watched the conflict with eager forgetfulness of their own sufferings. When at length Sedgwick, and the brave Sixth corps, after two repulses, made the final and triumphant charge, sweeping over the battlements from which Burnside had been so terribly repulsed in December, everybody that had a well arm raised it, with ringing cheers, over his head, and shouted, till their brave companions on the other side heard and answered back their triumph. Mrs. Lee stood by her little cooking tent, wiping dishes, and joined in the general delight by waving her towel, as a flag, and shouting with the rest. She did more than this. She fell upon her knees, and thanked God that those formidable lines, from which the Union forces had been so often repulsed with frightful carnage, were at last carried, and the national flag waved in triumph over them.



**Lacey House, Hospital
Falmouth**

But the eight thousand wounded that came pouring across the Rappahannock soon engrossed the attention of every one who could do anything for their relief, and Mrs. Lee, with the other ladies, labored all day, and a considerable part of each night, striving to mitigate some of the accumulated suffering and pain.

Some of her patients at the "Lacey House" interested Mrs. Lee very deeply. One, Frederick Allen, from Kendall's Mills, was very sick with typhoid pneumonia, and the doctor ordered stimulants. Frederick refused to take anything containing alcohol, saying he had given his mother a solemn promise that he would not take any while in the army. No inducement could prevail, until his father came down, and told him his mother released him from his promise, as she knew it was to save his life. He recovered health, and was in all the battles with his regiment. At Bristow Station he was color guard, and the regiment captured several guns. In the battle of the Wilderness he was wounded slightly in the arm, and went to the rear, but returned very soon, and received a severe wound in the head, and was disabled for several weeks. Returning to his regiment, he fought around Petersburg, till again attacked by typhoid pneumonia, of which he died only a few days before Lee's surrender—a brave and noble youth as ever shouldered arms; a soldier of the Cross no less than of the starry flag.

Mr. Allen and his family became greatly attached to Mrs. Lee on account of her kindness to Frederick and other soldiers. Upon his return home, he begged of Miss Amanda Lee the photograph of her mother, and acknowledged the receipt of it in the following terms:—

"I can think of no better title than friend to address you by, for it seems to me that one having so good a mother as you have must be a friend to God and humanity.

"But to the question of your mother's picture: we received it the next day after it was mailed; it did not stop in Massachusetts at all. The postmaster had written under Mass., 'Troy, Maine,' and it came right along; and a beautiful picture it is, too. We have got a nice oval frame for it, and then we had her name and residence printed at the bottom of the picture; and I tell you it is a splendid thing. Then we have hung it in the centre of the mantel piece, with a soldier boy on each side, and our own dear son, Fred, in the middle; and, as they are arranged, your mother seems to be watching over them, as I have seen her in the hospital, on the Rappahannock. I wish you could step in and see them thus arranged: you might well feel proud of your mother."

Mrs. Lee was at Gettysburg as soon as the cannon smoke had cleared away from the blood-stained hill-side, and labored in the Second corps hospital, and also at Letterman General Hospital, for three months following the great battle.

One of the patients who died here, on her hands, was Aaron Wills, color corporal in the Seventy-second Pennsylvania volunteers, the regiment in which her son was serving. A ball struck the flagstaff, and shattered it. Aaron

wrapped the flag around his arm, and shouted, " Don't let the cold's fall, boys!" The next moment a ball struck him in a vital part, and he fell, yet held the flag up so that it would not touch the ground, till it was taken from his faithful hands, and carried on at the head of the regiment.

Continued in the next month issue (May)

See page 19 for the Women in the Civil War Conference July 28 -30

I Will Not Die Here!

Over 420,000 Civil War soldiers spent time as a prisoner of war. One Union soldier holds the distinction of surviving captivity longer than any other prisoner.

***By Joe Wilson,
Member,
OBCWRT***

A captured soldier could face many months languishing in a seedy prison down south or up north. Official reports list 30,000 Union prisoners died, while 26,000 Confederate captives lost their life. Weak minded soldiers despondent over their plight went to the burial pits early. Only the strong-willed ever saw home again. Count Corporal Newell Burch among the latter.



Andersonville

The New York farmer lived an idyllic life before the war working on the family farm near the shores of Lake Erie in Northern New York. On August 25, 1862, a patriotic Burch enlisted as a Corporal in the 154th New York Infantry. Less than a year later, Newell marched at the point of a bayonet as a prisoner of war. A nightmare that lasted 661 days.

Only a fierce determination carried the tough farm boy through two of the worst prisons of the war. On Belle Isle in Richmond, a battle to survive lasted 7 months. Burch faced his most severe test struggling to stay alive for another 13 months in the infamous Andersonville Prison

Camp in Georgia. Family had given Newell up for dead.

The 154th N.Y. faced their first combat in May of 1863 at the Battle of Chancellorsville. General Stonewall Jackson's furious flank attack swept over General Oliver Howard's 11th Corps that included the 154th regiment. Being a swift runner, Newell raced like a deer through the woods with musket balls whistling past his ears. One ball struck the fleeing corporal directly in the upper back. Only his knapsack saved Burch from a cemetery plot. Two months later at Gettysburg, there wasn't anywhere to run.

On the 1st day's fight, the 154th went to the aid of the federals retreating through town. A stiff fight developed in a brick yard with the Confederates surrounding the New Yorkers. Over 150 of the regiment marched back to Virginia as prisoners along with many other captives. Newell's odds of ever seeing his farm or family again just plummeted.

In Richmond, authorities paraded their Yankee trophies through town. People lined the streets screaming and spitting at "Lincoln's Assassins." All the captives then crossed over to Belle Island in the middle of the James River. A blazing hot sun marked the summer months. With the coming winter, the cold winds sweeping up the river ushered in a season of death.

Without adequate shelter, men dug holes in the colder months to escape the elements. After severely cold nights, lifeless cadavers filled the holes. Many froze to death and never crawled out of their pit. Newell laid out on the open ground for a month before being issued a raggedy tent that offered little protection.

By volunteering to register new prisoners, a scheming Newell received an extra ration to keep from starving. All the southern prisons had trouble securing food. Food riots already rocked southern cities. Any available food went first to Lee's Army, and then to the citizens. Prisoners received what was left.

Newell's tent mate, Pvt. Truman St. John, was his first friend to perish. He



**Corporal, USA
Newell Burch**



154th Monument
Gettysburg

wouldn't be the last. Truman left the island for a Richmond hospital where few of the sick ever recovered. Burch watched many of his friends in the 154th surrender to disease, exposure, and starvation. Each death strengthened Newell's oath to make it back home.

Following Truman's death, Newell bonded with Corporal Ebin Ely. Ely secured a plum position ferrying over supplies on a boat from Richmond. In town, Ely bartered with black women to gain trade items. Burch and his partner then engaged in trading with guards and fresh prisoners for greenbacks and more rations. Burch wrote, "In this way we kept our company at an advantage over others in the way of grub."

Being flush with greenbacks and rations didn't keep Newell's health from failing on the cold and crowded island. Newell's health declined over the winter months, but he feared going over to the hospital. In his diary Burch recorded, "Am somewhat down today with diarrhea, headache, and fever. Pretty much sick. Am quite unwell." In December, an infection inflamed his arm after a smallpox vaccination didn't heal well. Burch seemed destined for the cemetery.

In February, the prisoners welcomed news of a transfer. Confederates reported that the new camp in Georgia featured a lovely shaded stockade with cool fresh water flowing through the center. Men happy to be leaving the cold Island for a warmer climate marched for the train depot. All thought leaving Belle Island was a blessing. Nobody heard of Andersonville. Soon, they'd all be cursing both governments for leaving them to die inside the enclosure.

The State of
New York Monument
Front/Rear
Andersonville



Newell's health continued to worsen. Ely cradled the sickly Newell in his arms in the crowded cattle cars heading south for the newly constructed Andersonville Stockade in Georgia. Stepping off at the Andersonville depot, Corporal Ely physically supported the ailing Burch who couldn't make the half mile walk to the stockade on his own. To enter Andersonville already sick usually didn't end well for prisoners. But a determined Newell vowed he'd see

Lake Erie again.

Andersonville hadn't been completed when Newell arrived on the first day of March. Slaves still worked to finish the 16 acre stockade. Running through the center of the stockade, a stream proved acceptable for drinking. Overcrowding still hadn't happened yet. In the next few months, 400 prisoners entered the stockade every day. With the south funneling all Union captives to Andersonville, things quickly deteriorated.

What had been a suitable source of drinking water soon received excrement and filth from dirty prisoners. Outside the stockade, a cook house and Confederate camps up stream polluted the stream before it entered the stockade. In his diary, prisoner Eugene Forbes stated, "the stream wasn't fit for washing your clothes, much less drinking."

By the end of June, 25,000 prisoners inhabited a 16 acre plot of ground. Prisoners had little protection from the hot summer days or the cold chilly nights. Conditions demanded the stockade be expanded to 26 acres in July. Disease claimed victims on a massive scale. By August, 100 men went to the burial pits every day. Meanwhile, Newell added scurvy to his list of ailments.

Failing health became critical for Burch. Everyday Ely lifted Newell to his feet and helped him to the South Gate where hundreds of sick prisoners gathered daily to see a doctor. Only a small number were chosen. The stronger of the sick pushed and shoved their way to the front. Weaker men crawling or walking with the help of a comrade had no chance of getting near the gate. Every morning Ely tried to get Newell help without success.



Andersonville National
Cemetery

With death all around, Burch watched as many gave up and died. He noted, "They gave up, and when any man gave up in a rebel prison, he was dead already." Burch chose hope over despair. The present day New York monument in the cemetery illustrates his conviction with a soldier of hope sitting opposite the woeful despairing figure waiting for death.

Finally, on August 22, Ely succeeded in getting Burch medical help. A doctor saw the ailing Corporal and admitted him to the hospital. Newell said good bye to his friends. Before leaving the stockade, Burch and Ely divided their money. It was the last time he ever saw Ebin Ely. Suffering stiff joints from scurvy, Burch wrote, "I had just enough strength to crawl around on one leg and a stick." Newell later credited Corporal Ely for his survival.

In September, Sherman captured Atlanta causing Confederates to evacuate Andersonville. Burch managed to drag himself to the train depot with two crutches made from tree branches. The commandant, Captain Henry Wirz, ordered the invalid back to the hospital. Wirz believed he'd never survive the trip. Burch later admitted that Wirz likely saved his life.

While in the hospital the cunning Newell used his greenbacks to barter for supplies to treat his maladies. Turpentine rubbed into his scurvy stiffened joints worked well. Trading for vegetables aided the scurvy. Soap and fresh bandages cleared up the scorbutic ulcers. A daily dose of nitric acid burned out the festering infection from the smallpox injection. Newell slowly began to recover.

Surprised Doctors approached Newell to investigate how he regained his health. After explaining the methods, the doctors made him ward master in the hospital. Till the very end, a compassionate Burch nursed countless soldiers back to health. Corporal Burch was one of the first to arrive at Andersonville and one of the last to leave. He departed Andersonville on March 24, 1865.

Along with other prisoners, Newell took a rail car to Jackson, Mississippi. From there, they had to walk 45 miles to the waiting steamboats at Vicksburg to be transported home. Sick men too far gone died along the way. Burch received his parole on April 21, 1865. It had been a long and trying 661 days since his capture.

Private Burch got lucky once more. On April 21, he boarded the steamboat "SS Olive Branch." If delayed by a few days, his group would have boarded the steamer "SS Sultana." The doomed Sultana exploded on April 27 sending over 1700 frail prisoners into a raging Mississippi River and certain death. Prisoners survived Andersonville only to be swept away in a maritime tragedy greater than the Titanic.

All of Newell's friends departed Andersonville in the mass evacuation in September. Never hearing any news after Burch entered the hospital, they all assumed he perished in the sick bay like most who entered the medical facility. Family back home got word from his comrades that he was dead. But Burch still walked among the living.

Against all odds, Newell strolled up the dirt road leading to his family farm by Lake Erie. Shocked family members came running out to greet the former prisoner they all thought was dead. Newell married after the war and fathered six children. Fate granted him another 43 years of life after leaving Andersonville. Most of his comrades in captivity remain buried in the Andersonville National Cemetery. Burch passed away at the age of 66 in 1908.

Fortitude, ingenuity, and a bit of good luck all helped earn the gritty Corporal Newell Burch the title of "the longest held prisoner of the Civil War."

Joseph F. Wilson lectures on Andersonville Prison and is a member of the General Meade Society and the Old Baldy CWRT. His Civil War films are available on his YouTube channel "Joseph F. Wilson."

Contact - joef21@aol.com



**Newell Burch Grave
Evergreen Cemetery,
Wisconsin**

Old Baldy's March Meeting Review

"We Are Not Soldiers, But Bulldogs: Cedarville Men In The 7th NJ" by Dan Casella

By **Kathy Clark,**
Vice President,
OBCWRT



Dan Casella

Early December 1861 a group of infantrymen dressed in sky blue overcoats came to have their picture taken by a Washington City Photographer. They were a group that were related or friends who enlisted a month ago after a call for volunteers was announced. Like many other young men, they knew nothing about war and did not know what to expect during their three-year enlistment.

These men were part of Company H the 7th NJ Infantry. They came from Cumberland and Gloucester County in Southern NJ, in the small town of Cedarville and Fairton close to the Delaware Bay. Their names were Joseph H. Diver, Benjamin F. Odgen, Joseph Burt, Elmer B. Odgen, and Lorenzo Dow Paynter. There are many questions concerning this group but what we do know is only three came home from the war.

Our presenter, Dan Casella, began his discovery of these fine men in 2017 after moving his family to Cedarville and began exploring the town. When visiting the First Presbyterian Church and cemetery he used his own research to find the gravestone of Captain Benjamin F. Odgen.

**AUGUST 27th, 1839-DECEMBER 20th, 1915:
Co. H & Regt. NJ Vol.
3rd Corp 2nd DIVISION
HE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT.**

Dan was told there were living relations in the area including one of the attending members of the historical society. As the weeks went by more research was discovered by the historical society. The words on a faded piece of paper from "Washington D.C. Campe, Cassee Meridian Hall, October 22,

1861" was a letter transcribed by Dan signed by "Joseph Burt". It was a letter to his Aunt Susan which talks about missing home as well as mentioning Elmer B. Odgen and Lorenzo Paynter, two men from the photo. Dan looked for

his grave and found the site in town snapped in half and laying on its side.

While continuing research of the "Jersey Boys" Dan came across a pile of "scrapbooks". To Dan's surprise there were firsthand accounts from local NJ men during the war starting with the May 5, 1862, Battle of Williamsburg with George McClellan's Peninsula Campaign. There was also the obituary of Elmer Odgen.

A box from home was very appreciated and the men received one box at Camp Revere in Lower Potomac, MD. Items such as sausages, chicken, turkey, cakes, bread, butter was part of the inventory of their box. Benjamin Odgen wrote about the Williamsburg battle fought in a rainstorm, losing their knapsacks and possessions, fighting all day and night.

The NJ Brigade was out-numbered many times in the Williamsburg Battle but were proud of their heritage and the battle they fought. They fought to win and were overjoyed of what they accomplished. For the second campaign along with the 7th NJ the Battle of Williamsburg was the worst. The 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th NJ became the 3rd Brigade in Hooker's 2nd division of the Army of the Potomac, 3rd Corps. Their nickname was the "Second NJ Bridge". For the Jersey Blue Regiments, they learned that "this is what war is really like". During this battle Elmer B. Odgen was killed, and two men were hospitalized. Sergeant Stiles and Benjamin Odgen dug a grave and buried Elmer. Benjamin Odgen did finish the battle on a more hopeful note when General Hooker said,

Raffle Book Winners -

**Harry Jenkins, Robert Hahn, Jan Wilensky,
Gabriel Glisson, Paul Schultz, Lynn Cavill,
Jerry Jennings and Hugo Gobbi**



Continued from page 15 - "March Meeting"

"he had been whipped by not Soldiers, but Bulldogs".

Dan continued his search for more information about these men through the Library of Congress finding maps of where each man lives. Then he went to ancestry.com finding more information about each man:

Joseph Diver was born in Maryland in 1843 to his father who was a Presbyterian minister and mother Amanda. By 1860 Joseph was 17 years old and oldest of seven children. He served with his regiment from September 1863 until October 1864. After the service he went to Salem, NJ married Sarah Stretch, raised three children. Joseph passed away in 1892 at the age of 49.

Benjamin Odgen was born on August 27, 1839, to George and Martha Odgen. Benjamin, the youngest son, and his friends fought in over two dozen battles including the Battle of Kettle Run, VA on his 23rd birthday in 1862. He survived the war and by 1880 was working as a "Waterman". His wife, Martha and Benjamin had five children. Benjamin passed away December 1915 at the age of 76. He is buried in the Brick Church Cemetery in Cedarville.

Joseph Burt was born sometime in 1831. He married Mary Odgen on March 11, 1852, and had six children. Joseph was a "house carpenter". On February 10, 1863, Joseph passed away from disease.

Elmer Odgen was one of eight children of David and Martha Odgen, born in 1841. Elmer was struck on the forehead and killed instantly at Williamsburg while standing in the front rank, shoulder to shoulder with his friends. He was buried in the field. Elmer was 22 when he died.

Lorenzo Dow Paynter was born in 1842 to Lemuel, shoemaker, and Susan his mother. He was one of two children. In 1860 was 17 years old. Lorenzo was wounded in his arm in Williamsburg. When he recovered, he continued to fight in every battle of the 7th. In 1877 he married Lynda and had two children and became a "Waterman". He passed away in 1912 at the age of 69 and is buried at the Old Stone Church in Fairton.

The NJ Infantry was a three-year regiment in the Army of the Potomac. The regiment lost 485 men killed and wounded fighting in all major battles in the Eastern Theater. The costliest battle was that of Williamsburg with 40 men killed and mortally wounded. Cumberland County was the only county who had more volunteers for the Union Army than any other in NJ. We honor and thank the men who served and sacrificed their lives fighting with the men of the NJ regiments.

Old Baldy was honored to have Dan Casella talk to us about the NJ Infantry fighting in Williamsburg. As we are sponsoring a Civil War trail sign for the NJ soldiers fighting for the North in Williamsburg we come to know five of the many men who sacrifices their life for this cause. It is a fascinating story and one of which Dan is still investigating. We look forward to his book and continued stories of the seventh NJ men.

Hetty M. McEwen

Mrs. McEwen is an aged woman of Nashville, Tennessee, of revolutionary stock, having had six uncles in the revolutionary war, four of whom fell at the battle of King's Mountain. Her husband, Colonel Robert H. McEwen, was a soldier in the war of 1812, as his father had been in the revolution. Her devotion to the Union, like that of most of those who had the blood of our revolutionary fathers in their veins is intense, and its preservation and defense were the objects of her greatest concern. Making a flag with her own hands, she raised it in the first movements of secession, in Nashville, and when through the treachery of Isham Harris and his co-conspirators, Tennessee was dragged out of the Union, and the secessionists demanded that the flag should be taken down, the brave old couple nailed it to the flag-staff, and that to the chimney of their house. The secessionists threatened to fire the house if it was not lowered, and the old lady armed with a shot-gun, undertook to defend it, and drove them away. She subsequently refused to give up her fire-arms on



Hetty McEwen



the requisition of the traitor Harris. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper has told the story of the rebel efforts to procure the lowering of her flag very forcibly and truthfully:

Hetty McEwen

*Oh Hetty McEwen ! Hetty McEwen !
What were the angry rebel, doing,
That autumn day, in Nashville town,
They looked aloft with oath and frown,*

*And saw the Stan and Stripes wave high
Against the blue of the sunny sky;
Deep was the oath, and dark the frown,
And loud the shout of "Tear it down !"*

*For over Nashville, far and wide,
Rebel banners the breeze defied,
Staining heaven with crimson bars;
Only the one old "Stripes and Stars"
Waved, where autumn leaves were strewing,
Round the home of Hetty McEwen.*

*Hetty McEwen watched that day
Where her son On his death-bed lay ;
She heard the hoarse and angry cry-
The blood of "76" rose high.
Out-flashed her eye, her cheek grew warm,
Up rose her aged stately form;
From her window, with steadfast brow,
She looked upon the crowd below.*

*Eyes all aflame with angry fire
Flashed on her in defiant ire,
And once more rose the angry call,
"Tear down that flag, or the house shall fall !"
Never a single inch quailed she,
Her answer rang out firm and free:
"Under the roof where that flag flies,
Now my son on his death-bed lies;*

*Born where that banner Boated high,
'Neath its folds he shall surely die.
Not for threats nor yet for suing
Shall it fall," said Hetty McEwen.*

*The loyal heart and steadfast hand
Claimed respect from the traitor band;
The fiercest rebel quailed that day
Before that woman stern and gray.
They went in silence, one by one
Left her there with her dying son,
And left the old flag floating free
O'er the bravest heart in Tennessee,*

*To wave in loyal splendor there
Upon that treason-tainted air,
Until the rebel rule was o'er
And Nashville town was ours once more.*

*Came the day when Fort Donelson
Fell, and the rebel reign was done ;
And into Nashville, Buell, then,
Marched with a hundred thousand men,
With waving flags and rolling drums
Past the heroine's house he comes;
He checked his steed and bared his head,
Soldiers ! salute that flag," he said ;
"And cheer, boys, cheer I-give three times three
For the bravest woman in. Tennessee!"*

**See page 19 for the Women
in the Civil War Conference
July 28 -30**

"Seventeen Men" at the Chester County History Center

If the eyes are the window to the soul, what happens when you can't even make them out? When the vivid colors and expressions are lost to history, downsized and put away for safekeeping, the photos and their accompanying stories curling around the edges. Bringing these figures back to life is a challenge for historians, genealogists, and, sometimes, curious artists. In **Seventeen Men**, an **exhibition opening at the Chester County History Center February 10th and on view through July 1st, 2023**, illustrator Shayne Davidson invites viewers to truly see the people behind the history.

Davidson was indulging her love for amateur genealogy, working on a family tree for a friend, when she came across a miniature photo album which had belonged to William A. Prickitt, the friend's great-grandfather. Prickitt, a white man who was captain of the 25th Infantry Regiment, U.S. Colored Troops (USCT), Company G, during the American Civil War, had 113 enlisted men under his command. The album, which would fit comfortably in the palm of your hand, held small photographs of seventeen men from the regiment.

"I found them fascinating, but I knew very little about the history," says Davidson. "When I noticed that each man was identified by name on the mat around the photo, I decided to try to research them using genealogical records." Most photographs are accompanied by the name of the soldier, and all were from the mid-Atlantic region, but no other identifying information was included.

By Victoria Rose,
Editor, Writer,



Davidson delved into history to find out more about their lives. "Though what I discovered varied from man to man, overall I found out quite a lot of information."



"The photos in the album are about the size of a postage stamp," Davidson explains. "Partly due to limitations in the way photos were made at that time, and partly due to deterioration over time, some of the photos are of poor quality." Davidson turned to her artistic skills, creating color illustrations of each of the seventeen men. "By enlarging them to life size, my goal was to create a compelling portrait of each man that could be viewed in a gallery setting."

The resulting exhibition has been traveling the country, and found a welcoming home at the Chester County History Center. "It is everyone's historical society," says Ellen Endslow, Director of Collections and Curator at the CCHC. This exhibition is a chance to explore not only the portraits of the Seventeen Men on display, but the

collections of the CCHC themselves. An interactive display is included in the exhibition where visitors can search the archives of the CCHC for Chester County residents who fought in the Civil War, including in the USCT.

"It gives nuance to people who have a monolithic view of the past," says Endslow, letting them "have their own 'AHA!' moments" as well as digging into their micro-community. There will also be a selection of curated objects from the extensive CCHC archives on display to give more context to the exhibition. Information from Davidson's research accompanies each illustration, detailing the lives of the soldiers above.

By illustrating the images, rather than simply enlarging the original photographs, Davidson "wanted to help viewers visualize each man and appreciate the leap of faith he took for his country when he signed up to fight." She notes, "It's given me a much greater appreciation for the courage it took to sign up to serve and fight in a war in which the outcome was far from certain—A fact we tend to forget." The danger these soldiers faced was beyond what most can imagine: "If they had been captured at any point, such as during the journey to Florida, where they served, they most likely would have been killed."

Using art to illustrate history can create a sense of intimacy and understanding in the right context. "There is a sharp interconnection between art and history," says Conor Hepp, President of the CCHC. Both, he notes, can "pinpoint a moment in time." Viewing colorful, vivid images creates a different impression than when seen through the lens of history. "Now that I see them in person, it feels like we are staring at each other," says Pachy Banks-Cabral, Director of Development at CCHC. It creates a "special and engaging" experience, she says, as we view the life-scale images arrayed around the room.

Interactive Display at CCHC

There is a "capacity to engage" with the soldiers shown in the exhibition "by the way the artist depicted their eyes," Endslow notes. When it came to picking one image to use as the face of the exhibition at CCHC, almost unanimously those asked chose the image of Bayard Sorden, a soldier from Kent County, Delaware. The illustration, Endslow notes, conveys "the dignity of someone who had seen it all."

The original miniature album is now on view at the National Museum of African American History & Culture as part of the Double Victory: The African American Military Experience exhibition. The album and the photographs can be viewed online in the Smithsonian's digital gallery (NMAAHC.si.edu). In *Seventeen Men*, viewers are invited to consider the lives behind the photographs. As Davidson says, "I hope viewers will come away with a better understanding of the considerable hardships the men faced in their lives."





**The Society
for Women
and the
Civil War**

**“Recognizing
Women’s
Efforts,
1861-1865”**

Breaking News:

The Society for Women in the Civil War 23rd Annual Conference

“Women in Government Service”

July 28-30, 2023 in Carlisle, PA

Website: www.swcw.org.

Email contact: swcw1865@gmail.com

**Conference Hotel Location: Comfort Suites Hotel
Downtown Carlisle. PA**

Members - Full registration \$325.

Non-members - \$375.

Register before July 15, 2023

To get the conference rate must register before June 17, 2023.

Reserve by phone or by email:

<https://www.choicehotels.com/reservations/groups/D102L8>

***Some of the topics to be discussed are Civil War dresses,
Richmond spies, Black nurses, Unknown Women of the War,
Dorothea Dix, and Harriet Dame and more to come.***

***There will be more information in the next newsletter.
We are honored to be a conference partner.***

The Society for Women and the Civil War (SWCW) is dedicated to recognizing the lives and contributions of women who lived through, or participated in, the American Civil War, as well as supporting those who research, reenact, or otherwise honor these women of the past. The society sponsors an annual conference and two publications: the monthly “Calling Card”, which provides announcements of events of interest, and “At Home and in the Field”, a quarterly e-journal which features the research interests of members.

SWCW sponsors the National Registry of Women’s Service in the Civil War. The Society offers scholarships to college and high school students. It supports the research of members, provides opportunities for cooperation in that research, and mentors author members.

SWCW encourages members who are reenactors and living historians. It offers presentations and networking to assist them in researching their subjects and in establishing and strengthening their impressions. Annual memberships for individuals (\$25.00), for individuals (plus one) (\$40.00), for students (\$15.00), and for organizations (\$55.00), are available and provide discounts for registration for the annual conference and access to members-only benefits. Dues for the calendar year may be paid via PayPal at SWCW’s website or via postal mail.

SWCW Contact Information

Website: www.swcw.org

Facebook: **Society for Women and the Civil War**

eMail: SWCW1865@gmail.com

Postal Mail:

Society for Women and the Civil War, Inc.,

P.O. Box 3117

Gettysburg PA 17325



Old Baldy Annual Picnic

**OUR ANNUAL PICNIC
MAY 13, 2023
12:00**

**PLACE:
JAN AND MARTY'S HOUSE
3 Birchwood Park Dr. So.
Cherry Hill**

RSVP at jawilensky@yahoo.com

By May 10th

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

Schedule of Old Baldy CWRT Speakers and Activities for 2023

**May 11, 2023 - Thursday
Walt Lafty
"Walt Whitman"**

**June 8, 2023 - Thursday
Steven Knowlton
"Thirteen Months in Dixie, or, the Adventures
of a Federal Prisoner in Texas"**

**July 13, 2023 - Thursday
Randy Draais
"Women at Gettysburg"**

**August 10, 2023 - Thursday
Derek Maxfield
"Man of Fire:
William Tecumseh Sherman in the Civil War"**

**Questions to
Dave Gilson - 856-323-6484 - dgilson404@gmail.com**

**WEB Site: <http://oldbaldycwrt.org>
Email: oldbaldycwrt@verizon.net
Face Book: Old Baldy Civil War Round Table**

**Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia
Camden County College
William G. Rohrer Center
1889 Marlton Pike East
Cherry Hill, NJ
oldbaldycwrt@verizon.net
Founded January 1977**

**President: Richard Jankowski
Vice President: Kathy Clark
Treasurer: Frank Barletta
Secretary: Mike Bassett
Programs: Dave Gilson
Membership: Amy and Dan Hummel**

**Trustees:
Paul Prentiss
Dave Gilson
Jim Countryman**

Editor: Don Wiles - cwwiles@comcast.net