

Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia

June 8, 2023

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

“Thirteen Months in Dixie, or, the Adventures of a Federal Prisoner in Texas”



Steven Knowlton

Thirteen Months in Dixie tells a rollicking tale of adventure, captivity, hardship, and heroism during the last year of the Civil War—in the protagonist’s own words. After being hidden away for decades as a family heirloom, the incredible manuscript is finally available, annotated and illustrated, for the first time.

Steven A. Knowlton is Librarian for History and African American Studies at Princeton University. His historical research has been published in many peer-reviewed journals. He is the recipient of the William Driver Award from the North American Vexillological Association and the Marshall Wingfield Award from the West Tennessee Historical Society and has won the Justin Winsor Library History Essay Award twice. This is his first book.



Meeting Notice
 Join us at 7:15 PM on Thursday, June 8, 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.

Notes from the President

Welcome to June! Hope everyone had a safe and enjoyable Memorial Day Weekend. I spent it going from Sitka to Valdez and on to Seward. Flat Old Baldy will have some tales to tell from what he has learned about Alaska. We have been meeting at the Rohrer Center for one year. We lost **Rick Marine** suddenly, early last month. See the tribute to him in this newsletter. Our annual picnic was a success with 25 attendees. Thank you to **Jan and Marty Wilensky** for hosting and coordinating the event. Thank you to those who attended the General Winfield Scott Hancock wreath laying in Norristown and a special thank you to **Debbie Holdsworth** for preparing the wreath. Keep telling others of your experiences with our round table and invite them to check us out.



Rich Jankowski
President, OBCWRT

Last month **Walt Lafty** provided a superb presentation on Walt Whitman that was enjoyed by all in attendance in person and on Zoom. If you missed it, watch for the video recording to be posted on our YouTube page. This month, **Steven A. Knowlton**, from Princeton University, will visit to tell us about a lost manuscript of a Massachusetts artilleryman recently found and published. The story includes the Red River Campaign, Camp Ford (prisoner camp in Tyler, TX) and several escapes. Join us on the 8th when Steven will share “Thirteen Months in Dixie” and invite your friends to enjoy the tale of Oscar Federhen.

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OBCWRT Awards

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

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

American Battlefield Trust for 25 Year Service to the Trust presented to OBCWRT

Civil War Roundtable Congress Sustainability Challenge presented to OBCWRT

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

By Frank Barletta, Treasurer, OBCWRT



The sign up sheet was sent out to staff our display at the South Jersey History Fair on June 10th. Pick a slot to come and share our message with friends of history who will be there. Our Williamsburg CW Trials sign campaign is moving along, nearing the matching amount with more to be raised to complete the project. Review Frank's message in this newsletter. If you have won a book in our book raffle or read a good one lately, consider writing a review for an upcoming newsletter. Best wishes for a speedy recovery to **John Galie** after his recent medical challenge, see you on Zoom, John. Be sure to share a write up of your summer adventures with **Don Wiles** to be published in our newsletter.

Have a safe and enjoyable Independence Day Weekend and travel safely if you venture away.

Meet us at the Kettle & Grill (Crispin Square Shopping Center) Marlton at 5:30 for a pre-meeting meal.

Rich Jankowski, President

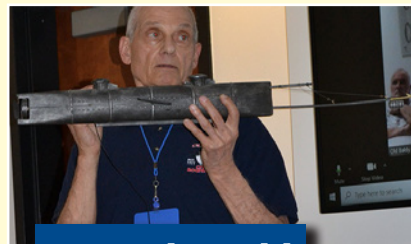
Update on the Williamsburg Challenge



CSS Hunley Print

We are so close to achieving our goal. As you know, an anonymous donor has challenged the Roundtable to meet or exceed their offer to make a donation of \$2,500.00, as a matching grant. This funding will underwrite the fabrication cost, installation and upkeep of a new Civil War Trail Sign, featuring where the "Jersey Brigade" fought during the Battle of Williamsburg. I cannot express how proud and frankly overwhelmed I am by the quickness and generosity of our

members in responding to this challenge. We currently have raised 81% of the matching amount needed. We cannot let this generous challenge go unmet; we can push this over the top.



CSS Hunley Model

You should remember that each person who makes a donation will have their name entered into a drawing for the Limited Edition CSS Hunley Print and the CSS Hunley Model. As well as a third name, for a paid trip to the planned, May 5, 2024

dedication ceremony. But almost as important is the hope that each and every member could make a donation, no matter how small. This shows that our membership are very actively involved in our activities. When we apply for grant funding with charitable organization, this is an important factor in determining backing from these groups.

Thank you all for your donations to date.
You are the best.

Obituary Richard "Rick" A. Marine,

Age 76, long time resident of Woodbury, NJ, peacefully entered Heaven on May 1, 2023. Devoted father of Matthew (Rachelle) Marine and Rebekah (Jared) Paster; treasured grandfather of Liam, Giada, Jackson and Gavin; and beloved brother of Robert (Mary Lou) Marine and Randy (Carla) Marine. Rick is also survived by Maria Ortiz-Sanchez and many nieces and nephews. Rick was raised in Wenonah, NJ with his two younger brothers, mother (Dora) and father (Antony).

In his young adult years, he enjoyed playing guitar in a folk band known as



"The Trade Winds" and was also an avid model train builder. After graduating from Woodbury High School in 1963, he attended Glassboro State College, and later joined the US Navy. Rick served in the Navy on the USS John F. Kennedy (CV-67) in aviation maintenance, during the Vietnam War. After returning to and finishing his time in college, Rick began his career with Sears and ultimately the US Postal Service, where he retired after 23 years. In the years devoted to raising his family,

Rick purchased a pre-Civil War home in Woodbury, NJ that most historians would know as the "Garwood House." He restored and preserved the home, furnishing it in period pieces. Another notable project was a train guard crossing station for the city of Woodbury with his brother, Randy, now located at Evergreen Avenue and Cooper Street.

A Civil War reenactor since 1979, Rick participated in many reenactments such as the Battle of Gettysburg and Shiloh. He enjoyed speaking to the public about the Civil War and belonged to many historical societies and local round table discussions, sharing his extensive knowledge of different times of the war.

If you think Rick's busy life stopped there, you must also know he also had a passion for British sports cars. He owned a 1959 Triumph TR3 and 1960 Austin-Healey Sprite and was very active with his British Sports Car Club.

Above all, Rick's selfless love and dedication for his children was obvious to anyone who knew him. His proudest moments were of his children's successes and watching them grow up to be amazing parents themselves. Thank you for everything you did for us, Dad. We love you.

Memories may be shared at www.buddfuneralhome.com. To send flowers to the family or plant a tree in memory of Richard, please visit our floral store.

Old Baldy remembers "Rick"

Rick Marine and I became good friends through Old Baldy several years ago. He and I shared looking into history of pertaining to New Jersey regiments. Any time I needed a CW reenactor for the Vineland Historical Society- Rick was there. As I was researching vet records and came upon the 12th New Jersey info, his favorite, I shared it with him. He and I both have note books filled with individual records and photos of our favorite regiments that we enjoyed sharing. He will be a big loss to me as a friend and as a 12th New Jersey historian.

Bill Hughes

I was in the middle of writing a member profile for Old Baldy in July 2022 when I got an email from Rick agreeing to be my next interviewee. What little I knew about him suggested to me that he was a dedicated Civil War reenactor and equally dedicated living historian. Since I knew next to nothing about either one, I thought I'd better get to studying before our upcoming phone conversation. Rick and I had never met, but that didn't matter. We talked for nearly two hours that day, he schooling me on the politics of the 1860s, monuments, the 12th NJ boys, tents, anti-slavery newspapers and.....wool. (I had asked him if all the wool-wearing during the heat of summer drove the troops crazy, and then I said: "From a sheep's perspective, they wear the stuff in extreme heat with no complaints!") Rick put up with my comedy until I, confused, asked him to clarify something he had told me earlier and this was his reply: "I'm sensing that you are unfamiliar with the hobby of reenacting, and how it advances the teaching of the Civil War of 1861-5." I wanted to hang up. I thought I had studied! In all seriousness, Rick, bless his heart, was very kind to me and answered all of my questions. He said he was serious about educating people on the Civil War because learning about the past would hopefully improve our future. I wish Rick and I could have met in person. He was my new friend, and I'm very glad for it. He was the best history teacher I have ever had.

Kim Weaver



Rick Marine



Rick Marine was always willing to share his knowledge and experiences as well as brag about his house (it was once owned by a Civil War Veteran). He loved to educate people at events and in conversation as well as show off his collection of original Abolitionists newspapers. In recent years he was working with the folks at Camp William Penn to ensure their message reached more of the general public. In his ten years with us he was a supportive member who always found a way to promote Old Baldy CWRT. Those who knew him and talked with him will miss him and the joy he brought to sharing Civil War History.

Rich Jankowski

I Knew of Richard from the Car events thru the South Jersey British Car Club I own and drive Jaguars 1985, 86 and 99 Xj6 and XJ8L, the other members drove and owned MG's Minis Triumphs, Morgan etc

I also go to Historical Re-enactors events held at Ft Mott, Mullica Hill and Glassboro after a while you see the same people there and Richard was one of them, I also saw the Old Baldy Table at these events and finally went to one of their meetings held at Camden County College on my Very First meeting I Took a seat in the back, Richard came up to me and asked what car I drove over I said my 85 Jaguar XJ6 of course he just looked over the top of his glasses and smiled the way he did and of course he said AHHH Jaguars that's not a Real British Car.

So at every event both Old Baldy or British car events was the same what car did you bring Sometimes I'd change things up and bring one of my Show Mustangs of course Richard would Smile and say AHH Mustangs not a Real Car

The next to the last time I saw Richard was at Mullica Hill during the Civil War Event at that event he had more Union than Confederate Richard changed sides that day and asked what did I drive at that time I thought I was moving to Florida (which I will do) so I bought a car to drive once I moved I bought a Yellow 1994 Mustang GT Convertible

Richard just looked over the top of his glasses Smiles and said Ahhh when are you going to buy a Real car

The Last time I saw Richard was at Glassboro Same Question what did you drive I did not need it but I could not pass up a 1999 Jaguar XJ8 low mileage garage kept and at a low price

I said that Red Jag Parked just outside the Fence I just looked over the top of his Glasses Shook this head Smiled and said See you later

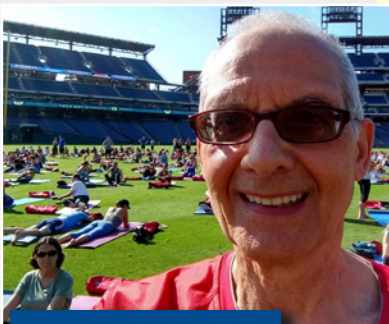
That was the last I saw him I'll miss him at events

on another note I did not know he was a Navy vet. I am Retired Army I wonder how that would have gone especially on Army Navy Game day

Robert Hahn

Member Profile - Frank Barletta

*by Kim Weaver
Member, OBCWRT*



Frank Barletta

In 2015 Frank Barletta went on a road trip to middle Tennessee to retrace the steps of the 101st Ohio Volunteer Infantry and one of its men, then Private George S. Myers, from Stone River to Chickamauga, Georgia, where the regiment fought September 19-20, 1863 in the second bloodiest battle of the Civil War. For his actions on the 19th - he "saved the regimental colors by great personal devotion and bravery" - Sergeant Myers, promoted May 1, 1865, was awarded the Medal of Honor. (Frank wrote a lengthy story about his trip for the November 11, 2015 issue of the Old Baldy newsletter.)

Since the journey South, Frank has been fascinated with the life of Sergeant Myers, so much so "I'm going to write a book. I don't know if I'll ever finish." He is trying to find information about the before and after of the Sergeant's time in the Civil War (1862-1865) by reading newspapers, diaries of the regiment soldiers, and maps. "I'm a maps guy. I love studying maps. Every step that George made, I followed along." Given where Frank spent the early part of his life, his book could very well be about the Revolutionary War.

Born in 1943 in Boston Massachusetts, Frank spent 35 years in New England and the rest of his time in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. When he was ten,

Frank worked during the summer at his father's heavy construction company and his job was to fill the kerosene "bombs" or lanterns used to alert drivers of nearby construction work. His mom used to make him wear rain gear because it was a dirty and smelly task. Frank picked up another skill on the job - cleaning lumber or taking the nails out of planks. A kid being a kid, Frank decided to hammer the nails back in instead and he could do it with two or three strikes of the hammer. The neighborhood kids found out how fast he was and would give him twenty-five cents to hit nails at the town carnival and win them a prize. Frank won every time.

Grown-up Frank graduated in 1961 from Catholic Memorial High School, and then went on to St. Anselm College in New Hampshire where he earned a BA in Economics. He worked 37 years for Collier International; head of facilities for 30 years, selling churches for seven.

Away from real estate, Frank has been a seven-year volunteer for the New Jersey Office of the Long-Term Care Ombudsman. His primary job is to advocate for people living in long-term care facilities by investigating and resolving complaints made by them or by others on their behalf. "The work is critical. Covid showed that some of these places are not great."

With a love for history, Frank is or has been involved with numerous related organizations and projects. In 1976, Frank, with his American Revolution living historians group, recreated a British Army Grenadier with the 3rd Regiment of Foot to serve as an honor guard for Queen Elizabeth II when she visited the Concord and Lexington Battlefield site for our nation's Bicentennial. He made his own clothing, even his own bearskin hat.

As a 10-year member of the Old Baldy CWRT, Frank has served as a board member and is currently treasurer, a position he has held for the past five years. In October 2018 Frank spearheaded the Civil War Naval Symposium on board the Battleship New Jersey in her berth at Camden (Delaware River). It featured several well-known experts in the history of the Civil War navies, sixteen exhibitors, and period songs. "I'm very proud of putting that together. It was a grand affair. The first time a Civil War Naval symposium was onboard the ship."

Frank is on the advisory committee for Homecoming 250 Navy Marine Corps, a charity created to host the main celebrations of the Navy and Marine Corps 250th birthdays in 2025 in Philadelphia and on the Delaware River. (Speaking of history, Frank's grandfather is a second cousin to Harry S. Truman!)

Horseshoes, bowling, pickleball, Tai-Chi - they all keep Frank feeling fit and younger. Oh yeah, and he is a BIG Phillies fan. Frank's wife, Sandy, bought him in July 2017 a gift certificate to take a yoga class at the ballpark. On the field. With hundreds of other people. A free ticket to the Phillies evening game was the reward. "The best gift my wife ever gave me! It was the coolest thing! Even the Philly Phanatic did yoga!"

Frank and his wife, Sandy, share 41 years of marriage. They live in Marlton, New Jersey with their two rescue dogs, Shiloh and Wally.



Awards and New Members



Flat Old Baldy presents Joe Wilson 10 year award pin.

New Members



FOB and Gary and Sue DeSiver

Hancock Wreath Laying: May 27, 2023



Debbie Holdsworth

Old Baldy's May Meeting Review

"The Real War Will Never Get In The Books – The Civil War's Poet Patriot Walt Whitman"

by Walt Lafty

By Kathy Clark,
Vice President,
OBCWRT



Presenter's Book Winner - Jim Mullen

**Raffle Book Winners - Michael Kalichak,
Frank Barletta, David Zia, Lynn Cavill,
Dan Hummel, Bill Binzel, Ted Leventhal
and Marty Wilensky**

Walt Whitman was a man of compassion and humility. With his mother by his side, growing up, Walt learned how to become a man with deep emotion as he wrote his poetry and visited patients in the Civil War hospitals. His family started with the Revolutionary War with his great-grandfather, John Williams, the first generation of American activists. His mother, Louisa Van Velsor Whitman, and grandfather were quakers. Walt's father was more social and outgoing in activities he did with Walt. Walt's parents raised nine children with Walt being the second child.

By age 11 Walt ended his formal education to look for a job to help his family economically. During his early years he found various jobs and by the 1840's was in newspaper work serving as publisher, editor, pressman, and distributor. While he was a printer or a typesetter, Walt liked to write editorials and sentimental stories in the newspaper. When Walt wrote a story, he liked putting his own thoughts and usually was always speaking his mind. The work did not always agree with him or with the owner of the newspaper and he was fired many times. While working with a New Orleans's newspaper, Walt finally saw slavery and the African American men, women and children who were affected by slavery in the New Orleans area. When he could not get newspaper work, Walt taught in various schools until the spring of 1838 but was not a satisfying job as teacher. He published a series of ten editorials in three different newspapers. By 1846-1848 Walt found a love of Italian opera by writing performance reviews. This writing was done in free verse, and he claimed if it was not for the opera he would never have written "Leaves of Grass".

Walt got involved with the Free Soil Party and was a delegate in 1848 concerned about the threat slavery would impose on white labors and Northern business men moving into the colonized western territories. Walt did not like Franklin Pierce, Millard Fillmore, and James Buchanan because they were affiliation with the Free Soil Party and their view of slavery. Walt wrote "Leaves of Grass" in 1865 to express his views on slavery as mans inhumanity to man. Many of his friends Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau, Nast, and Amos Bronson Alcott gave Walt high praise for his work. Walt opposed the extension of slavery to other states in the Union.

The starting of the Civil War Whitman published his poem "Beat, Beat, Drums" for a call to the Union to join the war effort. His brother George joined the Union Army in the 51st New York Infantry Regiment but on December 16, 1862, it was reported that a First Lieutenant G. W.

Whitman was on a wounded soldier's list. Walt made his way south toward Fredericksburg, Virginia, walking all day and night, eventually finding George in Chatham Manor with a superficial wound to the cheek. Seeing George, Walt was looking at the reality of war. Families torn apart, mangled bodies, heaps of body parts. Walt decided to stay in Washington, DC, visiting many

hospitals to see patients, talking to them, writing letters home, or just holding their hand as they pass onto their next life. While in the Armory Square Hospital in DC he met his class friend William Douglas O'Connor. He was at the hospital wanting to get artifacts to preserve to use in teaching new doctors.

Walt went on to write "Come Up from the Fields Father" which was the only poem he used a first name and "The Wound Dresser" talking about those who served. Walt went on to write about phantom limb syndrome while

working with patients in the hospital. "The Artilleryman's Vision" and "Old War Dreams" both writing about PTSD after seeing death and war close on the battlefield. "O Captain! My Captain!" a poem of the death of Abraham Lincoln, "Ethiopia Saluting the Flag" about slavery, and "Drum Taps" a group of Civil War poems.

After the war Walt came home to live with his brother in Camden, NJ at 431 Steven Street. His health was not good for by 1873 Walt had three strokes and needed help. Mary Oakes Davis moved in and became his housekeeper. As time went by, he bought his own house at 328 Mickle Street and with his housekeeper he lived there until he died on March 26, 1892, age 72. Walt Whitman's greatest gift was the empathy he gave to all the men he helped in the Washington DC hospitals.

Walt Lafty presented Walt Whitman as a compassionate person with much humility toward his fellow man. All his work with the injured and dying soldiers was a gift Walt Whitman gave to every man he met in the DC hospitals. He was there for each patient, holding their hand at the end of their life when family members, friends, or relatives were not able to be by their side. Thank you, Walt Whitman, for your help in making sure these soldier's lives were not forgotten. Thank you, Walt Lafty, for bringing the humility and compassion of Walt Whitman to our attention. Old Baldy's members are very pleased that you were able to bring Walt Whitman's Civil War story to our roundtable.



Campbell's Tomato Soup



"Old Baldy's Birthday"

Members of the Old Baldy Civil War Roundtable came together at Jan and Marty's lovely home for our annual Old Baldy Birthday Celebration and Picnic. For a second year in a row weather was gray skies and drizzles all day. But the weather did not stop us from having fun. For the most part we ate inside and ended up finding members to talk to in various rooms of the house. Everyone brought something to add to the dining room table or the dessert table in the kitchen. No one went hungry and everything was delicious.

Paul brought a unique birthday cake that Old Baldy would be so pleased. His face was designed on the top of the chocolate cake. If Old Baldy was there, he would be prancing around the room overjoyed. How many times does a horse ever get his face on a birthday cake or any cake in general? We know how special he is to all our members. Before cutting the cake we all sang "Happy Birthday" to our favorite horse and Rich started cutting the cake.

Everyone enjoyed themselves and had a leisurely afternoon of chatting with other members that we might not always see at a meeting or elsewhere. It was a great way to make new friends. Let's hope that next year will be sunny and bright so we can enjoy the outdoors. We counted about 25 members attending and said they enjoyed themselves. Despite the weather it was a great day!

A huge THANK YOU to Jan and Marty for inviting us to their home and extending their hospitality to all. They made us all feel welcome and glad to be at their home on this special day. We appreciate all the work it takes to get the picnic together and all it takes to cleanup. The day was one to remember. We are already looking forward to next year with another great event.



Today in Civil War History

1861 Saturday, June 8

The North

The United States Sanitary Commission is established in Washington. It is one of the first official bodies to have been set up to look after the health of the troops, and is a major innovation in nineteenth-century warfare.

The Confederacy

Tennessee's secession from the Union is confirmed by a state referendum.

1862 Sunday, June 8

Eastern Theater

In the Shenandoah Valley Jackson is in danger of being caught between the two Federal forces of Fremont and Shields. He cannot allow them to combine against him, so he leaves Ewell with 8000 men to engage Frémont's army of 18,000 at Cross Keys, while he continues a further four miles to Port Republic. The fight at Cross Keys lasts from eleven in the morning till four in the afternoon, until Ewell disengages and rejoins Jackson during the night. In the meantime, Jackson has been skirmishing with Shields, whose main force is on the far side of the South Fork of the Shenandoah.

1863 Monday, June 8

Eastern Theater

"Jeb" Stuart's cavalry are reviewed by General Lee, but they are soon to have a rather different audience. The Army of the Potomac's cavalry, now under the command of General Alfred Pleasanton, plan a large-scale raid for tomorrow.

1864 Wednesday, June 8

The North

Lincoln is nominated for president, with Andrew Johnson, military governor of Tennessee, as the vice-presidential candidate. The party platform calls for no compromise with the South and a constitutional amendment to end slavery.

Eastern Theater

In the Shenandoah Valley, Hunter's Federals are joined by columns under Crook and Averell, bringing their combined strength to 18,000 men. John Imboden's Confederates fall back to Waynesboro, 11 miles east, occupying the Rockfish Gap where the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad passes through the Blue Ridge Mountains.

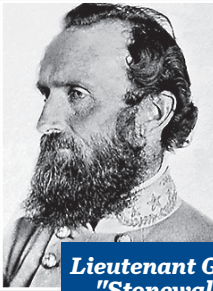
Western Theater

John Morgan's raiders capture Mount Sterling and its Federal garrison. Some of the Confederates also rob the local bank of \$18,000. The complicity of their leader has never been established. Sherman's army marches on Marietta to face Johnston's latest line of defenses. Mexico Emperor enters Mexico City. Benito Juarez refuses an invitation to peace talks, vowing to fight on against the French and their imperial regime.

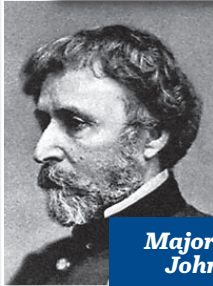
1865 Thursday, June 8

The North

The Federal VI Corps, which had not been able to join the previous grand parades in Washington, has its own review in Washington.



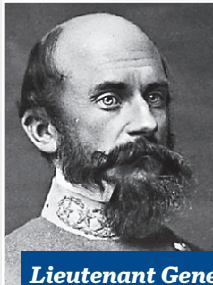
**Lieutenant General, CSA
"Stonewall" Jackson**



**Major General, USA
John C. Fremont**



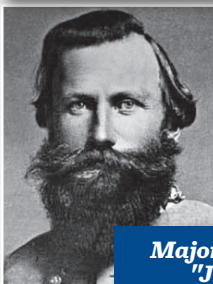
**Brigadier General, USA
James Shields**



**Lieutenant General, CSA
Richard S. Ewell**



**Major General, USA
Alfred Pleasanton**



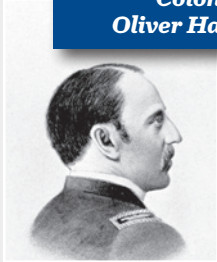
**Major General, CSA
"JEB" Stuart**

Finding Love In The Ruins Of War

By Joe Wilson,
Member, OBCWRT,



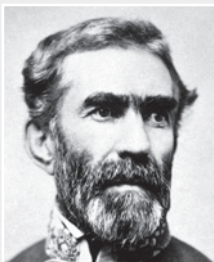
**Colonel, USA
Oliver Hazard Payne**



**Major General, USA
William Starke Rosecrans**



**Major General, USA
William Starke Rosecrans**



**General, CSA
Braxton Bragg**

A large lead ball fired from a musket inflicted a horrific injury when crashing into the human body. All of the unfortunate soldiers who suffered such a gunshot wound likely wished they had never marched off to war. James Connell might be the exception. After suffering the misfortune of a being struck by a Confederate musket ball, the Ohio native found the love of his life.

Like most young men from Ohio, James Connell enlisted in the Union army after President Lincoln called for 300,000 volunteers to put down the rebellion. James signed on as a corporal to fight with the 124th Ohio Volunteer Infantry in September, 1862. Already 25 years old, his older age may have been a factor in entering the regiment with rank. Ohio provided the Union with a higher percentage of men from the ages of 18 to 45 than any other state. A total of 60% of eligible Ohio men joined the army to support the war effort.

The Buckeye state filled 198 infantry regiments with 320,000 patriotic boys ready to serve their country after Father Abraham's plea to save the Union. From all over the state they answered the call to arms. Mostly from the Northeastern parts of Ohio, the 124th gathered at Camp Cleveland along the shores of Lake Erie to be assembled into a fighting force. All the drilling and training would serve them well in the bloody action that awaited. By January 1, 1863, the entire regiment was mustered into Federal service.

Led by Colonel Oliver Payne, the 124th proudly marched out as a fine body of armed and uniformed troops. Attached to the Army of the Cumberland, the regiment fell under the overall command of General William Rosecrans. After a stop at Louisville, Kentucky, Corporal Connell boarded a ship along with his Ohio comrades for a long trip down the Ohio River that carried them closer to the seat of war in Tennessee.

Much of the spring brought the mundane activities of marching, picket duty, and guarding wagon trains. Come summer, General Rosecrans began his campaign of driving General Braxton Bragg out of Tennessee. All felt pleased that a battle was brewing. A feeling that quickly dissipated. Soon, they'd be before the enemy muskets questioning why they were so eager.

Rosecrans succeeded in chasing Bragg from Chattanooga and followed the southern army into Georgia. The Union general finally caught up with rebels along the banks of the Chickamauga River. General Bragg had no intention of running any longer. In a fight that had casualties second only to Gettysburg, the Union army suffered a devastating defeat.

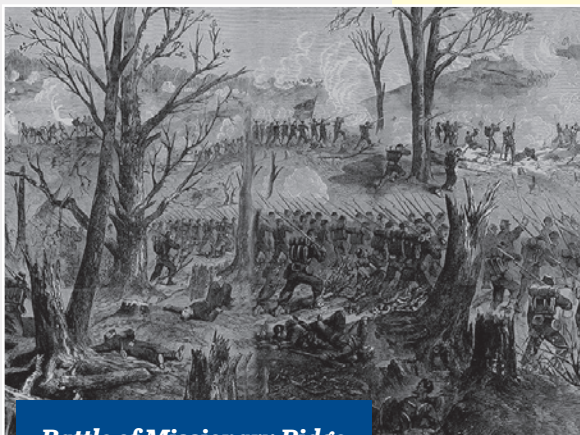
At the Battle of Chickamauga, fought on September 19/20, James and the Ohioans felt the terror of battle for the first time. Any Ohio soldier anxious to fight had their fill. The 124th suffered heavy casualties in Farmer Brock's field, including a severely wounded Colonel Payne. James survived his baptism under fire unscathed and felt fortunate to have escaped intact. But the taste of defeat didn't sit well with the Buckeye boys in their first real fight.

Regimental historian, Captain George Lewis later wrote, "It was, indeed, a sad hour. Two days before we had gone into this conflict with full ranks and high hopes of victory. Now we were silently stealing away under cover of the darkness." It didn't take long for the 124th to redeem themselves.

In 8 weeks, the sweet taste of victory replaced the demoralizing sting of defeat for the 124th Ohio. On November 25, at the Battle of Missionary Ridge, the Ohio regiment was one of the lead units that charged the heavily defended ridge unrestrained and without orders to capture the ridge. The pride felt by the regiment when departing Camp Cleveland had been restored.

Captain George Lewis stated, "Every soldier of the 124th was instantly in position, and as the silvery notes of the bugle sounded the forward, the 124th, with clutched muskets, rushed forth to the charge of death. As soon as we

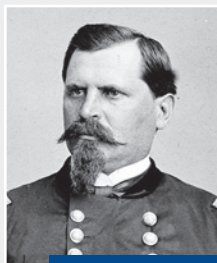
emerged from the line of timber the rebel guns opened on us, and the whole ridge blazed like a volcano." By securing Missionary Ridge the Federals controlled Chattanooga. Once again, Corporal James Connell dodged the Confederate shot and shell.



Battle of Missionary Ridge

Chattanooga served as a strategic base for General Sherman's upcoming surge into Georgia. In the spring of 1864, the 124th marched into Georgia with Sherman's army while attached to General William Hazen's brigade of the 4th Corps. Connell now marched with sergeant's stripes on his sleeves.

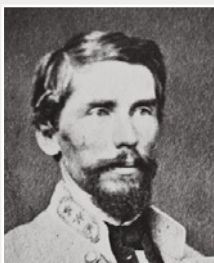
All the boys in the regiment remembered fighting in Georgia at places like Rocky Face Ridge and Resaca. But it was the Battle at Picket's Mill on May 27, 1864, that the survivors remembered the folly of an ill-advised charge. Unbeknownst to Union officers, 10,000 Confederates entrenched under the command of General Patrick Cleburne waited for Hazen's 1500 man brigade to move forward for the attack. The poorly planned action resulted in a humiliating rout.



**Major General, USA
William Babcock Hazen**

The regiment suffered their greatest defeat in the charge against Cleburne's superior numbers. Hazen's brigade, including the 124th Ohio, had been carelessly sacrificed. Casualty reports listed 4 officers killed, 14 enlisted men killed, 44 wounded, and 10 missing. One of those casualties was a severely wounded Sgt. James Connell. For Connell, fate and a musket ball intervened at Picket's Mill to dramatically change the course of his life.

With darkness falling over the Picket's Mill battlefield, a counterattack by General Cleburne pushed back the Union line leaving the Confederates in possession of the battlefield. Injured Union soldiers cried out in vain to fleeing Union soldiers to carry them off the field, but to no avail. All the wounded men fell into the hands of the enemy. Sgt. Connell was now a prisoner of war still bleeding from the wound inflicted by a Confederate musket ball.



**Major General, CSA
Patrick Ronayne Cleburne**

James was loaded onto a wagon bound for Atlanta where he received treatment for his injuries. Many wounded Confederate soldiers and Union men fell under the care of Dr. Samuel Stout's hospital system. Doctors were in short supply, but many young women of Atlanta served as nurses in caring for the soldiers. Being both wounded and a prisoner should have been a depressing and a debilitating experience for any soldier. But for one Union sergeant in Atlanta, suddenly being a captive and wounded didn't seem so bad.

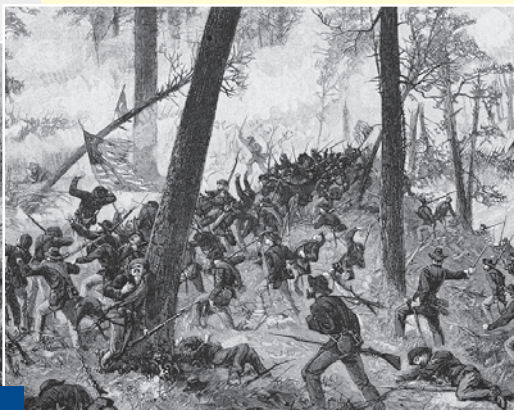
While James waited for treatment in a makeshift hospital, she walked into his room. Her name was Cassandra and she served as one of the caregivers to tend to James. The young nurse made quite an impression on the wounded Yank. Cassandra was a 24 year old orphaned girl whose father was killed early in the war. Her mother already had left with another child on a ship bound for England. Cassandra stayed behind along with her younger

brother and sister. All three siblings were now alone in Atlanta. Being resourceful, she found a means of support caring for the wounded.

The fortunes of war never seem to fall to the enlisted men. For James, a treasure seemed to be at hand. Times spent with Cassandra proved to be the best medicine. A kind word and a tender touch offered daily can make the spirit soar. Emotions seem to be stirring in the heart of a bed ridden Yankee. Cassandra had also taken a liking to the Sergeant.



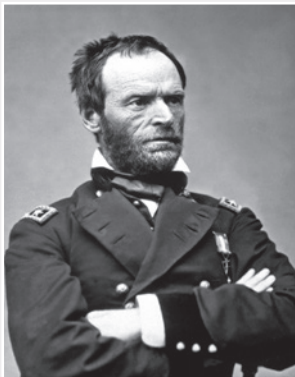
Picket's Mill



Days and weeks passed with a bond forming between the nurse and her patient. Their budding relationship may have been a secret affair. A woman in the south romantically involved with a scorned Yank may have been frowned upon by southern men. A stolen kiss



Major, CSA
Samuel Hollingsworth Stout



Major General, USA
William Tecumseh Sherman

likely transpired behind closed doors. One can imagine the glee James felt when Cassandra entered the room. Love was taking hold in two individuals unexpectedly drawn together by the misfortunes of war.

With Sherman moving closer to the capture of Atlanta in early September 1864, Dr. Stout moved all the wounded Confederates out of Atlanta. Left behind were any Yankees in prison or in the hospital system. Cassandra now had fewer patients and more time for James. She had additional time not only in treating his healing wound, but also idle time for talking and laughing.

Feelings blossomed in the hearts of two youthful souls touched by the irresistible power of love. Connell's health was steadily growing stronger. So was his affection for Cassandra. Thoughts of being a prisoner didn't matter anymore. Information circulating around the city suggested Sherman's capture of Atlanta was imminent. With the wound nearly healed, a forced separation from Cassandra wasn't far off. James realized he still had an obligation to the Federal Government.

General Sherman's army liberated Atlanta on September 1, 1864. Connell was now a free man, but he still belonged to the Union army. To stay in Atlanta may not have been an option. Now able to travel, he left Atlanta for his hometown of Cincinnati. Boarding the train and leaving his new love had to be devastating for the love-struck soldier. But Sgt. James Connell promised never to forget his beloved Cassandra.

During the final months of the war Connell rehabbed back home and wasn't fit for service. Thoughts of Cassandra never strayed far from his mind. Plans for returning to Atlanta reigned supreme. After the war ended, Connell's records show he was "discharged" on July 9, 1865. Most of the remaining boys of the 124th Ohio received the proper "mustered out" designation on the same date. It's likely Connell's discharge came with a surgeon's certificate.

Once free from the constraints of army obligations, James hurried back to Atlanta to be united with his precious Cassandra. A long awaited reunion brought two hearts together never to be separated again. The absence only carried their love to new heights. Their adoration for each other flourished in a country without war. Wasting no time, the loving couple married in Atlanta.

Cassandra brought into the marriage a readymade family counting her younger brother and sister. James packed up his new family and traveled back to Cincinnati. Eventually, three more daughters joined the family. In his hometown, he established himself in a successful steam boat fitting business. Veteran soldiers had to turn to business ventures as old war wounds prevented many from engaging in any kind of physical labor.

With his success in the business world he was able to buy a large tract of land on Peachtree Ave. in Atlanta. It was the same ground saturated with the sweat and blood of both Confederate and Yankee soldiers who clashed in Sherman's campaign to capture Atlanta. It wasn't long before the Connell family packed up again and headed south back to Atlanta.

Perhaps Cassandra and her siblings longed for friends back in Georgia. Whatever the case, James and Cassandra made their permanent home in Atlanta. With James no longer a prisoner, the husband and wife freely continued an enduring love in Atlanta after a tumultuous war had finally ended. "Till Death Do Us Part" proved to be a promise kept. The couple had attained a love sought after and envied by every young man and woman.

From war comes great tragedy. Too many families found sorrow and pain in the Civil War. The Sergeant and his Nurse found each other!

Joseph F. Wilson is a member of the General Meade Society and the Old Baldy CWRT. He lectures on various topics of the Civil War. YouTube channel - "Joseph F. Wilson." Contact joef21@aol.com

“The Lincolns and Spiritualism”

By Peggy Robbins,
CWTI,
August, 1976



Mary Todd Lincoln died 1892; this is one of the last photos taken of her in the 1870s. Said to have been taken by an unidentified spiritualist.



Mary's half sister Emily Todd Helm disapproved of Mary's interest in Spiritualism

Mary Lincoln's preoccupation with the occult soon brought most of Washington – including her husband – under the spell of the mystics.

Spiritualism first took hold in the United States in the spring of 1848, when two young sisters in Hydesville, New York, Margaret and Katherine Fox, began the “spirit conversations” that in time made them internationally famous. Generally, spiritualists believe that an individual's personality survives after death and is able to communicate with the living by means of physical phenomena, usually manifested through a medium.

During the decades after the “Hydesville rappings,” spiritualism developed into a widespread craze, particularly fostered—and turned from a popular pastime into a very serious movement—by the sad events of the Civil War, which prompted many bereaved wives and parents to seek communication with lost loved ones. People of every economic and social level, including countless highly respectable and prominent persons, flocked to séances, where spirit rappings, table tapping, eerie voices, mystical music, flickering lights, fleeting veiled figures, and speaking in trance were the order of the hour. And among those prominent believers was President Abraham Lincoln's wife Mary.

Mary Todd Lincoln's highly troubled, deeply grieved mind was a fertile field for spiritualism. The stress of the war, the public abuse of her husband and his—to her—vexatious habit of ignoring it, the malicious accusations that she was a Southern sympathizer and perhaps even a Rebel spy, the death of relatives in the Confederate Army, and particularly the death of her son, 11-year-old Willie, in February 1862, combined to play havoc with her always unstable nature. Mrs. Lincoln's White House seamstress, friend, and closest confidante was Elizabeth “Lizzie” Keckley, a Negro and former slave who had previously served Mrs. Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas as dressmaker. She knew all the mediums practicing in the Washington area, and she encouraged her employer to take up the occult. Once Mary Lincoln started delving into the supernatural, she proceeded with her usual emotional determination in her earnest quest to reach beyond the grave to her beloved Willie.

Mary's widowed half-sister, Emilie Todd Helm, during a visit at the White House after Willie's death, became quite alarmed at the extent to which Mary was concerned with spiritualism, and she talked to President Lincoln about it. But he, as usual, was disinclined to judge Mary's actions. Always a sympathetic husband prone to cover up his wife's sometimes very erratic behavior, Lincoln was very conscious of all she had been through and was apparently anxious for her to have any help she could get from any source.

Mary told Emilie that her “visitations” with Willie and Eddie, the Lincolns' child who had died in 1850 before reaching his fourth birthday, afforded her great comfort. Willie, she said, had conveyed to her that he was with her half brother, Confederate Captain Alexander Todd, who had recently been killed at Baton Rouge. Later, she insisted that Emilie attempt to communicate with her husband, Confederate Brigadier General Ben Helm who, at age 32, had died in battle at Chickamauga. But Emilie, eighteen years younger than Mary, stronger physically and far more emotionally stable, firmly refused to consort with spiritualists on any of her “sorrowful visits” to the White House. The Lincolns' oldest son, Robert, in his 19th year and a student at Harvard at the time of Willie's death, was another who resisted attempts to include him in séances.

During 1862 Mary Lincoln was involved with a succession of mediums, several of whom were outlandish charlatans. One whom she met through Lizzie Keckley was a handsome, self-assured, fluent Englishman who called himself “Lord Colchester” and who claimed to be the illegitimate son of a British duke. Mary attended Colchester's séances faithfully and was

Continued on page 13

convinced that through him she received messages from Willie.

Historians disagree as to whether President Lincoln believed in spiritualism, and there is no way to answer that question with finality, because he never allowed himself to be cornered into a real commitment on the subject. On one occasion in 1861, after listening to a lengthy dissertation on spiritualism by the distinguished author, Robert Dale Owen, Lincoln wryly commented, "Well, for those who like that sort of thing I should think that is just about the sort of thing they would like." There is ample proof that the President did attend a number of séances, but it may be he did so not as a believer but as a detached observer, there to look after his emotionally overwrought wife. However, there seems little doubt that he was at least quite curious about the supernatural, because he was a very superstitious man who had long been subject to dreams, visions, and premonitions.

Here is the way he told about a "mysterious and uncomfortable something" that had happened to him just after his election to the presidency in November 1860: "It was after my election, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day—I was well tired out and went home to rest, throwing myself upon a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it; and looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler, say five shades, than the other.—I told my wife about it—She thought it was a 'sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the second term."

Whatever the trend of Lincoln's persuasions relative to the occult, as President his name became linked, mostly by suggestion, to spiritualism, and that both lent prestige to the spiritualist movement and encouraged mediums of all kinds to make Washington their mecca.

The Lincolns received Lord Charles J. Colchester at the White House once or twice in the spring of 1862. Then after they moved to the Soldiers' Home—the Lincoln family used a cottage on the grounds of the home as a summer residence—they allowed the medium to hold several séances on the premises. There, in a pitch-dark room, he produced "messages from Willie" in scratchings on the wainscoting and in rappings on the floor, walls, and furniture.

President Lincoln asked Dr. Joseph Henry, a scientist and superintendent of the Smithsonian Institution, to arrange for a Colchester séance and give his opinion of the origin of the "messages." Dr. Henry reported that the medium himself was creating the sounds that seemed to come from various parts of the room, many of them by an instrument strapped around his arm, which, as he contracted and expanded his muscles, made peculiar tapping noises.

But Mrs. Lincoln continued to welcome Colchester at the Soldiers' Home. Among those she invited to one of his séance exhibitions was Noah Brooks, a journalist and intimate friend of the Lincolns. Brooks had come to Washington in 1862 as correspondent for the Sacramento, California Daily Union, but he had known the Lincolns since their Illinois days, and he visited them almost daily. He had the utmost contempt for imposters such as Colchester who were preying on Mary Lincoln's bereavement, and he declined her invitation. But soon thereafter, hoping to expose the medium, he took a friend with him and they attended, for the one-dollar-each admission fee, "a Colchester sitting" in a Washington home. In a dark room, where a large group, including the medium, sat in a circle holding hands, weird music—a combination of drum thumping, banjo twanging, and bell ringing—broke the silence.

Brooks suspected that Colchester had somehow freed his hands and was himself creating the "mystic spirit sounds"; the journalist slipped his own hands from his neighbors', leapt in the direction of the drumbeat sounds,



Dr. Joseph Henry



Noah Brooks

caught Colchester with drumstick and bells in his hands, and held him until Brooks' friend got the gas jets lit. In the confusion that followed, the exposed medium slipped out along with his fast-departing assembly, and Brooks got a bad cut on his forehead from the metal edge of the drum, swung by someone.

Two days later Brooks got a note from Mrs. Lincoln asking that he come to the White House immediately "on a matter of the most distressing importance." When he got there, the journalist wrote later, the distraught lady showed him a letter from Colchester, "in which he requested that she should procure for him from the War Department a pass to New York, and intimated that in case she refused he might have some unpleasant things to say to her."

At Brooks's suggestion Mrs. Lincoln sent the medium word to come to the White House the next day. When Colchester arrived he was met not by the First Lady-, but by a furious Noah Brooks. "You know," Brooks said to him, "that I know you are a swindler and a humbug. Get out of this house and out of this city at once. If you are in Washington tomorrow afternoon at this time, you will be in the old Capitol prison." Brooks said he "never saw or heard of him afterward." But Colchester continued to stay in Washington and to stage séances in private homes—séances quietly attended by women, of whom Mary Lincoln was not one.

During the last months of 1862 Mary Lincoln attended several séances held by Nettie Colburn, a 21-year-old medium of some reputation. She was known as the "child medium" because she had been left small and frail by a childhood bout with typhus. In order to keep Miss Colburn in Washington, Mrs. Lincoln obtained her a position in the Interior Department, and in December 1862 invited her to hold a séance at the White House.

Famous psychic investigator A. Conan Doyle, creator of Sherlock Holmes, termed this, the first of a number of meetings between medium Nettie Colburn and President Lincoln, "one of the most important events in the history of spiritualism."

It was a time when Lincoln was very concerned about the tide of the war, then running heavily in favor of the Confederacy, and about the rankling controversy over his declared plans to issue the Emancipation Proclamation. According to a book Miss Colburn wrote in 1891 (she was then Mrs. Nettie Colburn Maynard) entitled *Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?*, on that December night in 1862, while she was in a trance in the White House's "Red Parlor," she relayed a message from "the spirit world" to the "tall and kindly President." It urged him to free the slaves at once, and insisted that "he must stand firm to his convictions and fearlessly perform the work and fulfill the mission for which he had been raised up by an overruling Providence." The spirit message went further, including a warning "not to abate the terms of the Emancipation Proclamation and not to delay its enforcement as a law beyond the opening of the year."

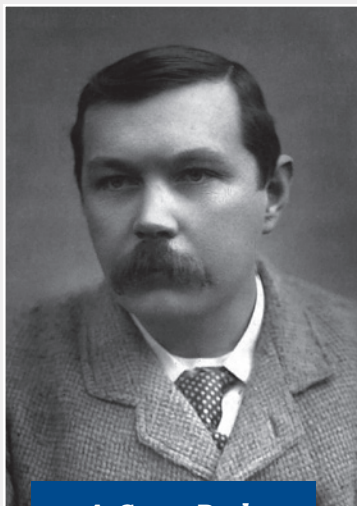
President Lincoln officially issued his Proclamation on New Year's Day, 1863. It was A. Conan Doyle's deduction that the spirit message relayed through Miss Colburn "strengthened the President in taking a difficult step to which he was not yet firmly committed," so making it "one of the most important events in the history of the United States" as well as a highlight of psychic phenomena.

The medium in her book claimed that Lincoln said to her, "Child, you possess a very singular gift," and that he acted upon later messages transmitted by her, such as instructions to make regular visits to army camps to improve soldier morale. But she admitted that, although Lincoln was obviously "deeply interested in the great mysteries," she was never able to determine "exactly" how he felt about spiritualism.

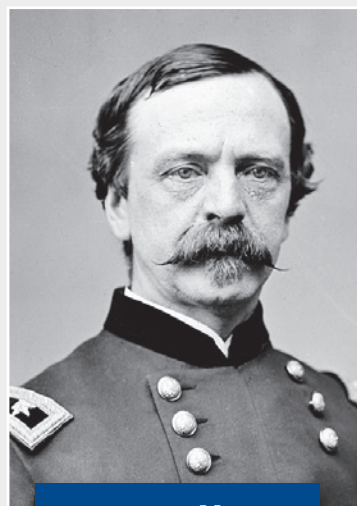
In a "test case" set up by Mrs. Lincoln, probably in the fall of 1863, Nettie Colburn was "challenged" to identify a military figure wrapped in a long cloak and with concealed face. The medium, through one of her controls, "a little Indian maid named Pinkie," promptly identified the cloaked soldier as "Crooked Knife." A sickle being a curved knife easily translated into General Daniel Sickles, which correctly named the figure. General Sickles was a small, cocky, 44-year-old friend and frequent associate of the Lincolns; a very



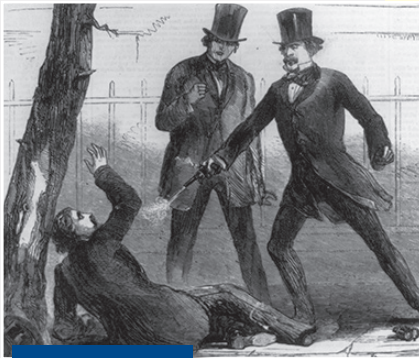
Nettie Colburn



A. Conan Doyle



Dan Sickles



Sickles killing Key

Sickles after Gettysburg



courageous, though controversial, military figure who had lost his right leg in the Battle of Gettysburg in July 1863. He was a man whose political and personal life had made him the target of much publicity and considerable criticism; he was so well known in Washington it may be assumed that Miss Colburn needed little assistance from Pinkie in the spirit world to conclude that the cloaked figure was he.

When word of this test of the medium spread about Washington, wags began making jokes about Dan Sickles being a qualified "key" to the secrets of the world beyond the grave. In February 1859 Sickles had shot and killed deliberately, at point-blank range before witnesses, his wife's lover, Philip Barton Key, Washington's district attorney and the son of Francis Scott Key, in Lafayette Square, just a block from the White House. The general, who was the first defendant in the history of American jurisprudence to plead temporary insanity, had been acquitted by a jury, judging the deed justifiable homicide.

Nettie Colburn was one of several mediums who warned Lincoln that "dark shadows" were hovering over him. He remarked that he had received letters from mediums all over the country warning him that an attempt would be made on his life. These warnings did not frighten him, but they may have been the object of some reflection because of his own strange dreams. In one dream he saw a funeral in the East Room of the White House, with a soldier on guard whispering, "The President was killed by an assassin."

Mrs. Lincoln did not limit her participation in séances to one medium at a time. Between sessions with Nettie Colburn, she had "sittings" with Mrs. Cranston Laurie in Georgetown. On New Year's Day of 1863 while riding in her carriage she chanced to see Lincoln's old friend, Illinois Senator Orville H. Browning and invited him to ride with her. Browning wrote of their conversation in his diary:

"Mrs. Lincoln told me she had been the night before . . . out to Georgetown, to see a Mrs. Laury, a spiritualist and she made wonderful revelations to her about her little son Willy who died last winter, and also about things on earth. Among other things she revealed that the Cabinet were all enemies of the President, working for themselves, and that they would have to be dismissed." Mrs. Lincoln had attended the Georgetown séance with a Mr. Newton, who was probably Jesse Newton, an Interior Department official, an ardent spiritualist and a friend of Mary Lincoln.

A séance held in the White House in April 1863 by a noted medium named Shockle was the most widely publicized of the "sittings" then, not because it included any particularly unusual psychic phenomena, but because it was attended by a newsman, Melton Prior of the Boston Gazette, who reported it in detail. The fact that a metropolitan reporter was invited to the sitting, by either the President or his wife, indicates the Lincolns made no attempt at secrecy regarding their attendance at spiritualistic meetings.

Prior, a friend of the medium, in an article datelined April 23, 1863, began, "A few evenings since, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was induced to give a spiritual soirée in the Crimson Room at the White House, to test the wonderful alleged supernatural powers of Mr. Charles E. Shockle." Those present included President and Mrs. Lincoln, Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, and gentlemen from New York and Philadelphia.

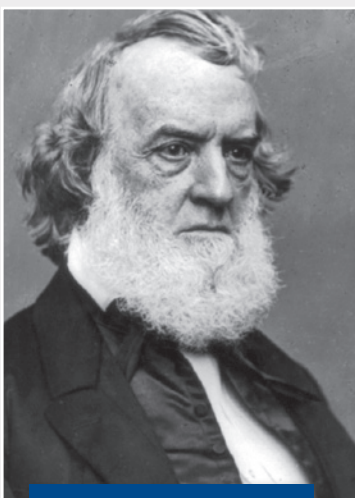
The first part of the demonstration by the "spirits" was of a physical nature: Mr. Stanton's ears were pinched, Mr. Welles's beard was twitched, ". . . tables were moved, and the picture of Henry Clay, which hangs on the wall, was swayed more than a foot, and two candelabras, presented by the Dey of Algiers to President Adams, were twice raised nearly to the ceiling."

Most of the session was taken up with advice about the conduct of the war from the spirits of prominent men long dead, advice which prompted Lincoln to comment that "the celestials" differed in their opinions and sounded very much like his Cabinet.

Melton Prior's account of the séance was reprinted in newspapers



Orville Browning



Gideon Welles

throughout the nation, usually under the heading "Spiritualism at the White House." Although President Lincoln was the object of harsh criticism in many areas of his activity, there was almost no adverse editorial comment about his holding "a spiritual soiree" in the White House, probably because so many other prominent people were also dabbling in the occult.

After President Lincoln's assassination in April 1865, Mrs. Lincoln attended one of Kate Fox's séances and attempted to communicate with her husband's spirit, but there is no record of what took place during the sitting. In July 1865 Mary Lincoln wrote her friend, Massachusetts Senator Charles Sumner, that she believed "a very slight veil separates us, from the 'loved & lost' —that though unseen by us, they are very near."

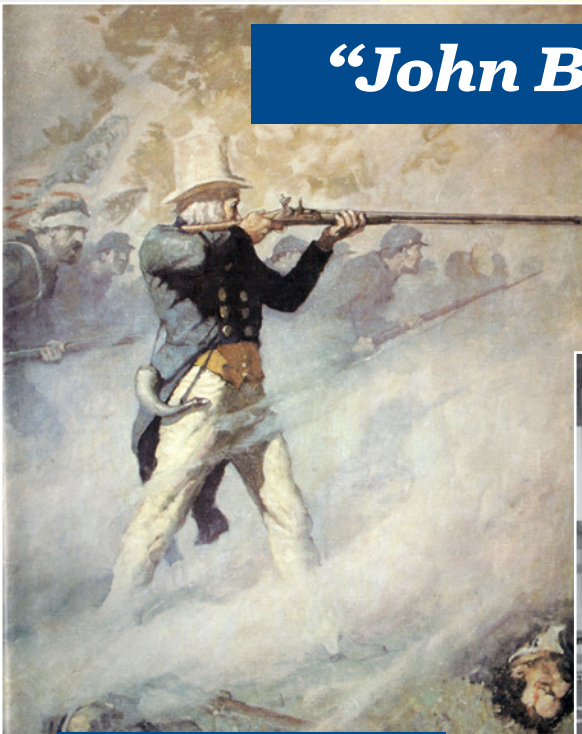
In November 1869, by which time there had been enough mediums exposed as frauds to give spiritualism at least a temporary setback, Mary wrote a friend that she was "not either a spiritualist," then continued, "but I sincerely believe—our loved ones, who have only 'gone before' are permitted to watch over those who were dearer to them than life." And in 1872, the year after her son Tad died, she was, according to newspaper reports, again consulting mediums. She attended séances in Illinois and Europe, in addition to some in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Lincoln's history of participation in spiritualistic procedures greatly strengthened the case against her in the 1875 legal hearing in which she was judged insane and committed to a sanitarium. Her deep belief in spiritualism, which President Lincoln undoubtedly had not tried to curb because he hoped it might afford her some emotional relief, was in the opinion of one of her medical judges, both a cause and a manifestation of her severe mental instability.



Edwin Stanton

"John Burns at Gettysburg"



John Burns by N. C. Wyeth

Several years ago I came across a copy of a painting of John Burns at Gettysburg. It kind of intrigue me in what the artist imagined what he may have looked like. The monument looks close to the painting but still they looked a little different. Several Union soldiers gave this description: He had on a Blue Swallowtail coat with Brass buttons, a yellow vest, a tall white hat, and carried a

flintlock rifle and powder horn... an 1812 military look. A little more detail then the monument.

Military Artists today have a great desire to be accurate in the uniforms, equipment, the scene and what is taking place. N. C. Wyeth (Newell Convers Wyeth) was no exception to detail. He was a well known artist/illustrator for book publishing illustrations. You can pick up copies of the old standards, like Treasure Island, Robin Hood, Last of the Mohicans, The Saturday Evening Post and so on..... He was the father of Andrew Wyeth and lived in Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania. If you want a real treat check out the Internet on N. C. Wyeth or take a trip to the Brandywine Art Museum in Chadds Ford..



Newell Convers Wyeth (N. C. Wyeth)

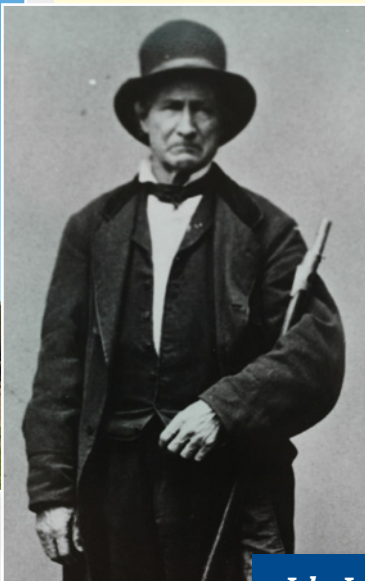
By Don Wiles,
Member, OBCWRT

In 1922, N.C. Wyeth was commissioned by Charles Scribners'

Sons to illustrate a new edition of Brander Matthews' "Poems of American Patriotism", a compilation of poems by American authors, first published in 1882. The set of paintings depict immortal moments in American history



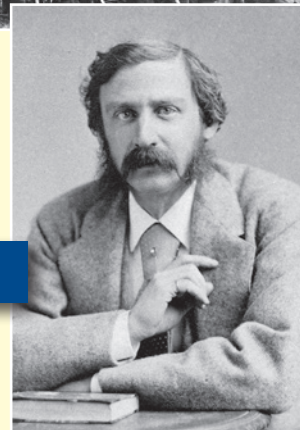
John Burns Monument



John Lawrence Burns



John Burns with the 150th Pennsylvania



Francis Bret Harte

Poem by **Francis Bret Harte**

John Burns of Gettysburg

Have you heard of a story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well:
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won reknown,--
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,--
The very day that General Lee,
Flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field,

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage-door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell like a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood!
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,
Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heady fight,
Thundered the battery's double brass,--

Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left--where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept--
Round-shot ploughed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there,
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And the brooding barn-fowl left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.
How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron,--but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast,
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons--size of a dollar,--
With tails that the country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quiltings" long ago.

Close at his elbow all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,

John Burns' Original Grave and his newer one in Evergreen Cemetery, Gettysburg



Original Photo



John Burns and Friend

John Burns and Friend

Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,--
Clerks that the Home-Guard mustered in,--
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him, from out their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire:
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level!" and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy,"--begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,--
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest:
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns--a practical man--
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white or a feather.

Burns became a celebrity after the battle. Timothy O'Sullivan took his photograph. When President Lincoln came to dedicate the National Cemetery he asked to meet Burns at the Presbyterian Church. John Burns died in 1872 and is buried in Evergreen Cemetery.

My encounter with John Burns occurred on an Old Baldy bus tour to Gettysburg on the First Day's fighting several years ago. (Maybe 1980s or early 90s). We had stopped at the McPherson Barn and the 150th Pennsylvania Monument. I walked over to the Burns Monument and was taking some photos and a woman came by walking her dog. She stopped for a second and let go of the dog's lease. The dog took off and jumped up on the base of the Burns Statue and sat down. She said she walks the dog every day along Stone Avenue and the dog always stops and gets up on the Monument base. She also said the dog does not bother any other monument on the Battlefield. He sits there for a while and then they move on. So I took a photos of the dog on the monument while Mike Cavanaugh is yelling at me to get back on the bus. When I got home I looked at the photo and decided to do a watercolor of the monument with the dog and sent it to the woman in Gettysburg. I often wondered if the dog had a real friend in John Burns. I did make a photo copy of the watercolor to remember the encounter.

Another interesting fact is the monument is the only monument to be erected to a civilian who fought with the Army against an enemy on an American Battlefield. Sculptor Albert George Bureau created the six foot bronze statue, which stands on a boulder from the battlefield. The State of Pennsylvania dedicated it on July 1, 1903.

The words on the bronze plaque on the base of the monument.

My thanks are specially due to a citizen of Gettysburg named John Burns who although over seventy years of age shouldered his musket and offered his services to Colonel Wister One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers. Colonel Wister advised him to fight in the woods as there was more shelter there but he preferred to join our line of skirmishers in the open fields. When the troops retired he fought with the Iron Brigade. He was wounded in three places."

-Gettysburg report of Maj.-Gen. Doubleday.

175 Shots Per Minute-- "Requa Rifle Battery"

*By Dr. Francis A. Lord,
CWTL,
June, 1962*

On, Sept. 16, 1862, the day before the Battle of Antietam, William Billinghamurst and Josephus Requa of Rochester, N. Y., patented their "rifle battery" or machine gun. Patent Number 36,448 was described technically as an "improvement in platoon battery." Actually it was the answer to a search by Federal military authorities for a caliber .58 machine gun capable of volley fire. The new weapon, known as the "Requa battery," was produced late in 1861 by the Billinghamurst Company of Rochester. In the Civil War a rifle battery usually consisted of a row of rifle barrels fixed side by side and fired in volleys.



The Requa and Billinghamurst rifle battery was publicly demonstrated in front of the Stock Exchange Building in New York City in the hope of interesting private investors. It was known as the "covered bridge" gun. During the war many of the important crossings over streams were in the form of wooden bridges with roof and sides. As these covered bridges were usually long and narrow, one of the Requa machine guns in the hands of an alert crew could break up a quick advance over such a bridge by the enemy, either on horse or foot. The 25 barrels could be adjusted to the necessary height and width of the bridge. With a crew of three men, the weapon could be fired at the rate of seven volleys or 175 shots per minute.

In the field the Requa battery had its limitations. Dampness in the unprotected powder train would render it useless. It was not adaptable for offensive service, but it was very effective in defense of restricted fields of fire.

This machine gun was crude but did have some interesting features. Its barrels were mounted flat on a light metal platform.

Charging the gun was done by means of cartridges held in special clips. These cartridges were of light steel with a base in which there was an opening in the center for ignition. They were spaced in the 25-round clip so as to mate with the open rear end of the barrels. The sliding breech mechanism was operated by a lever. After the breech was locked, each cartridge came opposite a channel filled with priming powder. All 25 barrels were fired simultaneously by a single nipple and percussion cap, which ignited the powder train, passing the rear hole of each cartridge. A single hammer, manually cocked and released by a lanyard, served as the firing mechanism. The Requa did not use paper cartridges inserted in the steel cases; instead, loose powder was loaded by hand into the cylinders.

The gun saw considerable use during the siege operations against Fort Sumter and Morris Island in 1863. In fact, up to August 23 Requa guns constituted the

only artillery in advance of the second parallel. On several occasions they were used with good effect against enemy sharpshooters and working parties Employed chiefly at the flanks of lines of field works they were called the "mosquito batteries" by the soldiers. Often infantry regiments, like the 3rd New Hampshire Volunteers, detailed as many as 20 men for duty with these "death producers."

On July 20, 1863 the three emplacements for Federal troops besieging Fort Sumter were finished and occupied. One, on the extreme left of the line, fired so as to enfilade the parallel and defend the entire obstacle. Two, on the right, were placed between the parallel and obstacle for economy of space, and so arranged as to enfilade the beach and fire on the defenses in general. These advanced pieces were protected from hostile fire from the parallel by a traverse in their rear. The Requa guns were in an embrasure, protected by a splinter-proof parapet of timber and sandbags. The fire of these guns enfiladed the beach perfectly. As additional protection, a lookout of sandbags was constructed on top of a large magazine, and a splinter-proof latrine was also provided.

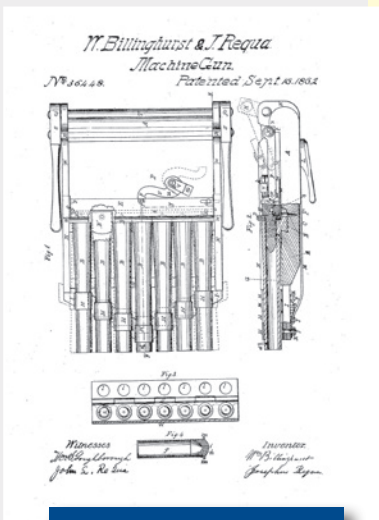
Maj. T. B. Brooks, Assistant Engineer, Department of the South, who was stationed on Morris Island during the siege, considered the Requa machine gun to be the equivalent of a 6-pounder field gun when ever grape and canister were needed. Major Brooks included spherical case shot, along with grape and canister, in the categories of projectiles which were even surpassed by the Requa which, he claimed from personal observation, "possessed greater precision and much less liability to fail in producing desirable results" In his report on the performance of Requa guns at the siege of Sumter, the major gave additional details on the novel gun's performance. Each gun, complete, weighed 1,382 lbs. It did not foul. At a 9-degree elevation it was effective for 1,200 yards, at which range, the barrels being separate, the bullets fanned out into an excellent cone of fire. The maximum effective range was about 1,300 yards, although the gun's backers claimed 2,000 yards. During the siege, a total of 19 positions were constructed for Requa rifle batteries. These positions were built successively as the approaches advanced, and were occupied by the Requa guns. The gun platforms, displaced with the weapons, were of boards, eight feet square, and well nailed to five sills, also of wood.

Often the Requa guns were used with good effect against concentrations of enemy personnel, as, for example, on August 25, when, with three infantrymen per gun, they participated in a brisk skirmish. Only one gun was damaged during the siege and it was quickly repaired. Although the gun was not really tested in defensive operations, Major Brooks believed it to be adapted to defense of earthworks, particularly in flat terrain, "where the horizontal line of dispersion [of the Requa] is more effective than the cone of dispersion of the howitzer." Major Brooks pointed out that the angle of dispersion could be varied with the Requa, but not with the howitzer. These properties, together with its short recoil, its light weight, and the fact it was a breechloader, made it ideal for boat service, as well as siege operations.

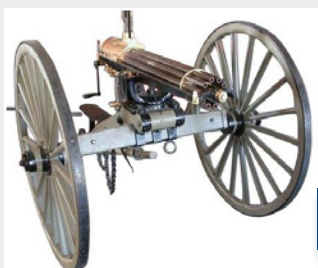
Five of these guns were used at Morris Island during the siege, each taking the place of 25 infantrymen. More-over, because of the method of loading, the gun crew did not have to expose themselves, in marked contrast to the infantrymen of the line units. The Requa gun was an effective weapon, it performed well, was mobile, and should have been used extensively on the other fronts as the war progressed. However, the adamant refusal of the Federal Chief of Ordnance to be interested in new ideas doomed the Requa, along with other new weapons, to oblivion.

Note:

The battery was never officially accepted into service, yet it saw action at the Siege of Port Hudson, Fort Wagner, Fort Sumter and Siege of Petersburg as well as the Battle of Cold Harbor.



Patent Drawing



The Gatling Gun



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Presented by the Society for Women and the Civil War

in partnership with the Old Baldy CWRT

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

Schedule of Old Baldy CWRT Speakers and Activities for 2023

July 13, 2023 - Thursday
Randy Drais
"Women at Gettysburg"

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

September 14, 2023 - Thursday
Brett Gibbons
**"The Influence of the Crimean War
on the American Civil War"**

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

Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia
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William G. Rohrer Center
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