

Old Baldy Civil War Round Table of Philadelphia

April 11, 2024

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

“Agents of Empire: The 1st Oregon Cavalry and the Opening of the Interior Pacific Northwest during the Civil War”



by James Robbins Jewell

Agents of Empire expands the historiographical scope of Civil War studies to include the war's intersection with the history of the American West, demonstrating how the war was transcontinental in scope. Much more than a traditional Civil War regimental history, James Robbins Jewell's work delves into the operational and social conditions under which the First Oregon Cavalry Regiment was formed. In response to ongoing tensions and violent interactions with Native peoples determined to protect their way of life and lands, Colonel George Wright, head of the military's District of Oregon, asked the governor of Oregon to form a voluntary cavalry unit to protect white settlers and farmers. By using local volunteers, and later two additional regiments of infantry from the region, the federal government was able to draw from the majority of Regular Army troops stationed in the Pacific Northwest, who were eventually sent to fight Confederate forces east of the Mississippi River.

Had the First Oregon Cavalry failed to fulfill its responsibilities, the federal government would have had to recall Union forces from other threatened areas and send them to Oregon and Washington Territory to quell secessionist unrest and Indigenous resistance to land theft, resource appropriation, and murder. The First Oregon Cavalry ensured settlers' security in the Union's farthest northwest corner, thereby contributing to the Union cause.

James Robbins Jewell is a professor of history and co-chair of the Social and Behavioral Science Division at North Idaho College. He is the editor of *On Duty in the Pacific Northwest during the Civil War: Correspondence and Reminiscences of the First Oregon Cavalry Regiment*.

Dr. Jewell is an active scholar, with a primary emphasis on military history. Through his more than two dozen published works he has focused on topics as wide ranging as the role played by Chinese immigrants in the Pacific Northwest economy in the late 1800s and early 1900s, contemporary Native American dance, the Civil War, the American West, WWI, WWII and the First Iraq War.

Notes from the President

Happy spring and welcome to our new members. Good things are popping up at Old Baldy. If you have not yet reserved your seat on the bus going to Williamsburg for the Civil War Tails sign dedication in May, contact **Frank Barletta** soon. Invite a friend to join us for what will be a memorable event. April 16th friend of our round table **John Zinn** will present “New Jersey Base

Meeting Notice

Join us at 7:15 PM on Thursday, April 11, 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.

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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 (2022)

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

Civil War Roundtable Congress Sustainability Challenge presented to OBCWRT (2023)

Kevin M. Hale Award for best Historical Newsletter in New Jersey (2017, 2022)

Ball 1855 to 1880" at the Rohrer Center (see the details in this newsletter).

Last month **John Reeves** shared his interpretations of how the pre-war life of Ulysses S. Grant led to his ascent to general in chief of the Union Army when he spoke about his book "Soldier of Destiny: Slavery, Secession, and the Redemption of Ulysses S. Grant." The presentation generated several interesting questions. **James Robbins Jewell** will be visiting us on Zoom from North Idaho College in Coeur d'Alene, ID this month. He will tell us about his book "Agents of Empire: The 1st Oregon Cavalry and the Opening of the Interior Pacific Northwest during the Civil War." Join us for an enlightening presentation about events in the Pacific Northwest during the War.

As the attendees heard at the March meeting, after a three-and-a-half-year journey I successfully defended my dissertation to earn a **Doctor of Organizational Leadership** from Stockton University. Thank you to all who assisted, and provided support, and the opportunity to practice the skills and knowledge gained in the program. Am awaiting graduation on May 7th.

Upcoming events include the fourth session of the Winter of Meade series on April 25 by Jeffrey Hunt on the Battle of Bristoe Station and the opportunities to learn offered by our sister round table Inland Empire CWRT in the middle of this month. Please mark your calendars for our wreath placement at **General Winfield Scott Hancock's** grave at 11 AM on May 25th at the Montgomery County Cemetery in Norristown.

With our 50th anniversary just 32 months away, let vice-president **Kathy Clark** know of your interest in working with the planning committee. One of the first projects being considered is visiting 50 round tables. Let us know which round tables you have visited to add to the list. Another is designing the logo for the materials to be distributed during the celebration. If you have any suggestions, please let us know. The Civil War Round Table Congress and the McCormick Civil War Institute are offering a workshop to aid round tables on July 25th in Winchester, VA. If you are interested in representing Old Baldy at the event, tell **Frank Barletta**.

See the note from **Anita Schwartz** about feedback on the South Jersey Civil War Sites map. **Jim Countryman** is finishing the details for our Fall Common Soldier lecture series. Watch for the details soon. **Paul Prentiss** will have an update on our picnic at the meeting on the 11th. The **Michael A. Cavanaugh Book Award** team will announce the topic of the books they will be reading for this year's award next month. The round table will also be getting a newsletter coordinator next month to work with the newsletter editor in gathering the items for the document. The South Jersey History Fair will be on June 8th, plan to staff our display table for a session.

Join us at the Kettle and Grill at 5:30 on April 11 for a pre-meeting meal

Dr. Rich Jankowski, President

Presenting...
Dr. Richard S. Jankowski, Jr.
 Certified Nonprofit Professional
 Cohort 6 - Ed.D in Organizational Leadership

"This qualitative study on leadership, motivation, and communication sought to understand how the recent COVID-19 pandemic combined with social issues affected volunteer collaboration and retention in nonprofit organizations. Using the Self-Determination Theory with a diverse selection of participants across different regions and nonprofit services, the findings centered on relationships, defined roles, culture, appreciation, and communication as the leaders remained purpose-driven to fulfill their mission while continuing to learn and grow."

Ed.D in Organizational Leadership
 stockton.edu/grad

STOCKTON UNIVERSITY
 GRADUATE ADMISSIONS

Dr. Rich Jankowski
President, OBCWRT

Member Profile - Dietrich Preston

by Kim Weaver
Member, OBCWRT



Dietrich and Ellen Preston

Political science is the scientific study of politics. It is about looking at the world and understanding how and why it operates the way it does.

As a student of political science and government at the University of Pittsburgh in the early 1990s Dietrich Preston discovered, among other things, how politics is made at the local, national, and international level, and how political culture shapes our thoughts and attitudes. "I was always concerned about the future of this country, so I always had a fascination with government, politics, and history. By learning from history, we can avoid future mistakes and avoid confrontation."

That is precisely what Woodrow Wilson thought in 1917 when he came up with the idea for a League of Nations. Dietrich is an admirer of the 28th President of the United States and credits him with seeing a need for global government and global rules, and a forum for resolving international disputes before they lead to war. But the U.S. and other countries did not join Wilson's League, and although it resolved some international conflicts, it ultimately failed to prevent the outbreak of the Second World War. "After WWII, the idea of having a League of Nations was taken more seriously and the United Nations was formed at the close of the war."

Dietrich's appreciation of government and politics was almost overshadowed by his appreciation of sci-fi and human spaceflight. To be sure, Dietrich, a senior paralegal, wanted to be an astronaut and explore what lies beyond the earth's atmosphere, that fragile coat that is wrapped around the planet. "I always enjoyed science fiction and the exploration of space. Some of my favorite movies include "2001: A Space Odyssey" as well as the Star Wars and Star Trek series."

In 2011, Dietrich made his first trip to Antietam. It was also his first visit to a Civil War battlefield, and he was captivated. Since then, he has been to Gettysburg, Fort Sumter, and all major Virginia battlefields. Sometimes he visits battlefields as a reenactor with the 12th New Jersey Infantry, Co. K. When Dietrich attended Mullica Hill Civil War Days eight years ago, he ran into the Old Baldy group and subsequently signed up for membership, as did his wife Ellen.

As a history buff, Dietrich has a go-to list of fascinating reads and one of those is "Team of Rivals" by Doris Kearns Goodwin. "It delves into Lincoln's brilliance of balancing his cabinet with different political views. Not all northerners had the same political views at the time of the Civil War, and Lincoln was very skilled at finding balance."

Dietrich was born in Newport, RI and raised in Woodbury, NJ; North Olmsted, OH; and Hatboro, PA. He graduated in 1990 from Hatboro-Horsham High School and from Pitt in 1994 with a bachelor's degree in political science and government. He lives in Woodbury and is the proud father of Liam and Remy.

Williamsburg Update - 6

By Frank Barletta,
Treasurer, OBCWRT



Company H,
7th New Jersey
Volunteer Infantry. Of the men
pictured, two were killed or
wounded here during the battle
and only two would
survive the war unscathed.



Everything is in place for the trip to Williamsburg. I hope anyone who has not signed up will do so soon. We have such a terrific trip planned. You are going to have a wonderful time learning about the Battle of Williamsburg and spending some time with your fellow roundtable members.

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The Williamsburg Battlefield Association has done a great job putting together a memorable experience for us. During the week of the 15th, e-mails will be sent out to all participants, bus and non-bus goers, for making your selection for Saturday's dinner and sandwich choices for the bus trip. Please respond as soon as possible.

Thank you to my fellow committee members Lynn Cavill, Walt Lafty and Tom Scurria, who gave freely of their time in the planning of this trip. A very special thanks to Drew Gruber, Civil War Trails, Don Kline, The Williamsburg Battlefield Association and Bill Miller, The Williamsburg Civil War Roundtable, without their work none of this would happen.

See updated
Flyer at the end of
Newsletter.

THE JERSEY BOYS

★★★

"Not soldiers but bulldogs"

1862 PENINSULA CAMPAIGN

In the ravine before you, three New Jersey regiments experienced their bloodiest day of the Civil War, losing more men in this battle than any other.

On the mid-morning of May 5, 1862, the soldiers of the four regiments in the New Jersey brigade turned off the old Hampton Road in a driving rain and pushed through where you stand toward the ravine (where the landscape drops down). They were rushing to reinforce other Union regiments that were out of ammunition and falling back.

Gen. Francis Patterson ordered three of his four regiments forward, leaving the 5th New Jersey just behind you to support artillery pieces. As shot and shell flew overhead, the other three regiments plunged into the tangled undergrowth, slipping and sliding into a hail of Confederate musketry.

The ravine echoed with the sounds of gory hand-to-hand fighting, with troops mistaking friend for foe. The men from the 6th, 7th, and 8th regiments were outnumbered. Gen. Patterson recalled "a heavy fire in front ... was spreading around our left flank." Exhausted, out of ammunition, and facing a dozen Confederate regiments, the Jerseyans were forced back in this direction.

The Union artillerymen positioned behind you held their fire until the oncoming Confederates got closer. That, and the timely arrival of fresh Union soldiers commanded by Gen. Philip Kearny pushed the Confederates back.

That night, the Confederate army quietly abandoned Williamsburg, retreating towards Richmond.

To learn more about this battle visit the other Civil War Trails sites.

As Confederate reinforcements poured into the ravine, Union Gen. Joseph Hooker commented that the New Jersey men were "whipped three times but did not know it. (They) are not soldiers but bulldogs."

Company H, 7th New Jersey Volunteers Infantry. Of the men pictured, two were killed or wounded here during the battle and only two would survive the war unscathed. Courtesy Library of Congress.

Today in Civil War History

1862 Friday, April 11

The North

The House of Representatives pass the bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, which has been passed by the Senate eight days before.

Eastern Theater

After a bombardment of 18 hours, Fort Pulaski surrenders. The Federals take 360 prisoners and capture 47 guns.

Western Theater

General Halleck, in command of the armies of Grant, Buell, and Pope, begins preparations for the Union to move upon Corinth, Mississippi. The town of Huntsville, Tennessee, is captured by Federals, who are now almost astride the Memphis and Charleston railroad.

Naval Operations At Newport News there is another confrontation between the Monitor and the Virginia, but no shots are exchanged.



Fort Pulaski



Major General, USA
Joseph Hooker

1863 Saturday, April 11

The North

Lincoln confers with the Cabinet. Hooker, mindful of security, has briefed the president only on his future plans, and even the formidable secretary of war does not know exactly what the general intends.

Eastern Theater

Longstreet begins a month-long siege of Suffolk, Virginia. Hooker is aware of this further reduction in Lee's strength and gleefully anticipates a major victory.



**Major General, USA
Nathaniel Prentice Banks**



**Major General, CSA
Dabney Herndon Maury**

1864 Monday, April 11

Trans-Mississippi Theater

Banks reaches Grand Ecore and entrenches, throwing a pontoon bridge over the river and asking for reinforcements from New Orleans. Porter's fleet is now in dire peril as the waters of the Red River are falling, threatening to maroon his warships in Confederate territory. A pro-Union state government is inaugurated at Little Rock, Arkansas, with Dr Isaac Murphy as governor.

1865 Tuesday, April 11

Eastern Theater

Sherman's army is marching on Raleigh, planning to intercept Johnston's Confederates.

Western Theater

The small defensive works, Forts Tracy and Huger, are blown up during the night at Mobile. General Maury prepares to evacuate the city.

First to Flee Andersonville

by Joseph F. Wilson
Member, OBCWRT



**Private
Sidney Moore**

Only a handful of Union prisoners escaped the notorious Andersonville Prison in Georgia. Nearly every successful escape took place after September of 1864, when the scaled down prison served mostly as a hospital with reduced security.

Private Sidney Moore, 154th New York Infantry, defied tremendous odds by successfully escaping in early July at the peak of the prison's existence. Moore raced for the woods in a mad dash for freedom when guard strength and tracking dogs made an escape from Andersonville nearly impossible. Records indicate that Sid's departure marked the first time a captive escaped from Andersonville and rejoined his regiment. Sidney shouldered a musket once again to continue fighting in General Sherman's quest to capture Atlanta.

National Park Service records indicate that 351 prisoners escaped from the stockade with practically all of them being tracked down by the bloodhounds and brought back. According to the NPS, only 32 prisoners who escaped the prison made it back to Union lines. Dates and available records show that all 32 came after Moore bolted from the stockade. And almost all of those escapes came in the fall, when Confederate didn't have the manpower to chase after them.

Many former prisoners who claim to have escaped from Andersonville did so by absconding from trains while being transferred to other prisons after Sherman forced a mass evacuation in September. Prison population dropped from 33,000 prisoners in August to approximately 5,000 captives in October. Men also ran away between October of 1864 and April of 1865 when security eased at the stockade as General Johnston's CSA army needed every man that could fire a musket.

Before Moore's capture, every soldier knew that if captured in 1864 their final destination would be the dreaded Andersonville Stockade. And all knew some would never make it out alive. On May 8, 1864, the 154th attacked the heights at the Battle of Rocky Face Ridge north of Atlanta. Ten of the regiment fell into Confederate hands, including Moore, and landed in Andersonville. Four of the ten captured never made it out alive. They claimed a plot in the burial pits inside the Andersonville National Cemetery.

While being escorted to Andersonville, fellow captive Corporal Thomas Aldrich observed Sid arguing with a Confederate officer. Aldrich later recorded the incident, revealing Sid's stubborn disposition, when he later wrote, "they wanted to know how we felt in regard to the war, as we gave it to them left and right. I thought at one time a Reb officer would shoot Sid Moore. He drew his revolver and ordered Sid to shut up, but that was not what Sid was known to do, and I believe he would have shot him if I didn't interfere and spoke to the officer." Sidney's obstinate character would serve him well during his imprisonment and audacious escape.

Sid was a carpenter by trade. When a call went out for volunteers to build a bakery in exchange for extra rations, the New Yorker offered his service. Receiving additional rations likely never figured into the equation. Moore had other ideas. He had

already concluded that the southern hospitality wasn't to his liking. The lodging arrangements and culinary offerings simply didn't meet his expectations. Watching comrades perish from disease and starvation only added more incentive. So the disgruntled prisoner decided on July 8, 1864, it was time to leave.

In many failed attempts, prisoners managed to crawl through dozens of tunnels in exchange for a few days of freedom before being captured again. Most escapees ran away from various work details once outside the stockade, but to no avail. All returned to punishment in the stocks or fitted with a ball and chain. That didn't discourage Moore. Returning to the vile prison with an ankle bracelet attached to a 12 pound ball wasn't in the plan.

Sid Moore must have had a better strategy. In the early morning of another scorching hot day in July, Sidney Moore passed out the gate to resume working on the bake house outside the prison. It would be the last time he saw the inside of the stockade. At some point, the moment came when the rambunctious New Yorker sprinted like a deer in full flight and disappeared into the pine forest surrounding the prison. The daring yank never looked back. Moore lit out for more friendly confines despite southern horsemen, bloodhounds, a bounty on his head, and being 125 miles from Sherman's lines.

Escaping the bloodhounds was no easy task. Many returned escapees can attest to the dog's skill. Most important in escaping the dogs was to put as much distance as possible between yourself and the pursuing hounds. Since Sidney spent only 7 weeks inside the prison, it's reasonable to assume that he still possessed adequate health. Being strong and determined allowed the fugitive to run great distances for extended periods of time. Poor health deterred most prisoners from ever attempting to escape.

Sid probably knew that dogs have trouble following the scent in water. It could be that Moore travelled by the waterways, creeks, and rivers to throw off the dogs. Not far from Andersonville, the Flint River travels north and south. The fugitive New Yorker may have found the shallows of the river an ideal highway to cover his scent and guide him north away from the baying dogs.

Still, the runaway Yank needed a lot of good luck to reach Sherman's lines. Sid had to dodge numerous bounty hunters, rebel cavalry, and pickets at every turn. Roads and towns had to be avoided. Traveling by day wasn't an option. Concealed in the darkness, only the moonlight guided his every step. When the setting sun dipped below the horizon, the rested Yank was on the move again.

Along the way the fugitive received help from an unlikely source. Moore found friends among black folks. Befriending a slave meant getting something to eat. Running for your life can stimulate quite an appetite. While roaming through the heart of Georgia, stumbling onto a plantation had to be easy. What proved difficult was sneaking around in the bushes trying to get the attention of a black slave toiling in the field. If the white overseer spotted the prisoner, returning

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A drawing of Andersonville Prison
by Thomas O'Dea,
former prisoner



Living in Andersonville

the runaway to Andersonville came with a monetary reward.

It became well known in post war narratives that black people helped escaping Yankees by giving them a bite to eat or an article of clothing in their bid to make it north. Slaves knew what the Yanks were fighting for, so black folks gladly lent a hand. Their risky actions created an unusual "reverse underground railroad" that saw black people helping white people make their way north to freedom. If caught helping a Yank, a severe beating awaited. With a little food from a friendly slave satisfying Sid's hunger, the wayward traveler kept on running.

Without knowing it at the time, Sid's good fortune began unfolding in Sherman's camp. At the same time Sid wandered desperately through the woods of Georgia far south of Atlanta, Sherman's army still battled General Johnston's army well north of Atlanta. In a plan to cut off Atlanta's supplies, Sherman put together a plan to send General Edward McCook and General George Stoneman on a daring raid to destroy the rail lines south of the besieged city. Sidney Moore's chances just got a little better. Luck swung considerably in his favor when the Union cavalry received their orders to mount up.

On the morning of July 27, "boots and saddles" sounded throughout the Cavalry camp from Yankee buglers. McCook and Stoneman's troopers mounted their horses with their repeating rifles and shiny sabers dangling by their sides. The plan called for the two Generals to split their forces and meet at Lovejoy's station south of Atlanta. But plans often go awry. Stoneman and hundreds of his troopers fell into the hands of General Joseph Wheeler's cavalry before ever connecting with McCook. Andersonville gained hundreds of new residents. Stoneman landed in the Macon camp for officers.

When McCook realized Stoneman wasn't coming, he burned Lovejoy's depot and galloped west for the Chattahoochee River to escape the pursuing Wheeler. Once across the river, the barrier offered a natural defensive position. At about the same time McCook and his troopers destroyed the depot and tore up the tracks, a tired and hungry Sidney Moore resumed his hike north under cover of darkness. Moore may have followed the Flint River. The northern course would have taken him west of

Lovejoy's Station directly into the path of McCook's cavalry.

It's not known if Moore followed the Flint River, but it would have made sense. Whatever trail he followed, the errant hiker's good fortune carried him straight into the McCook's cavalry somewhere south of Atlanta on July 28. Seeing the glorious American flag flapping in the breeze had to be a grand sight. After tramping through miles of woodlands in Georgia, Sid was back among friends. Stumbling into the midst of the Union cavalry after hiking over 125 miles must have brought shouts of joy from the elated New York private.

Private Moore rejoined his regiment on August 6, 1864.

Being a known talker, Moore likely huddled around the campfire with fellow soldiers entertaining them with his bold exploits through Georgia. Back at Andersonville, death swept through the stockade in August carrying away even the strongest men at a rate of 100 per day. Every day wagon loads of dead bodies went to the cemetery that quickly grew to be much larger than the 26 acre prison.

All the survivors of Andersonville Prison exulted at finally being free after the war. Thoughts of comrades buried among the 13,000 dead in the red clay soil of Georgia always brought tears. Every prisoner, including Sid, had friends who went out of the stockade feet first to the trenches in Andersonville National Cemetery. Records show a total of 90 boys from Sid's 154th NY Infantry died in prison. The plucky private from New York decided from the moment of capture that he wasn't going to be one of them.

With a few meals, some rest, fresh clothes, and a new musket, Private Sidney



**Andersonville National
Cemetery**

Moore took up the march again with Sherman driving to take Atlanta. Moore picked up right where he left off at Rocky Face Ridge exchanging gunfire again with Johnny Reb. The Union army captured Atlanta on September 2. Seeing Atlanta again as a captor instead of a captive had to be satisfying for Moore. On October 30, officers detached Moore for service with the 20th Corps to guard wagons of ammunition in Sherman's infamous "March to the Sea" across Georgia.

A fascinating journey through the Civil War came to an end for Private Moore after more fighting in the Carolinas. Sid proudly marched with his regiment in the Grand Review in May. With the war finally over, Moore mustered out on June 11, 1865. At reunions following the war, veterans often enjoyed sharing stories of their experiences in the war. Sometimes even stretching the truth a bit.

Sidney Moore had an authentic tale to tell that rivaled any war story and needed no embellishment!

Joseph F. Wilson is a member of Old Baldy CWRT and The General Meade Society. The writer lectures on Civil War topics and is the writer and producer of the documentary "Civil War Prisons – An American Tragedy" available on Amazon. His YouTube channel is – "Joseph F. Wilson." Contact - Joef21@aol.com

"Those White Roses"

*Our Army Nurses
Mary Gardner Holland
1895*



Mary J. Boston

I was born in Philadelphia, Pa., July 17, 1837, but at the breaking out of the war, in 1861, was living at the home of my husband's parents, in Baltimore. Father Boston was one of the "Eagle Artillery," one of Baltimore's defenders in 1812. My own father, James Butler, was also an old defender in 1812, on the United States ship "Independence." On April 19, 1861, I inquired of both brave parents on which side they stood. Both answered: "The Government we fought for! Our flag can never be conquered!" My reply was, "Beneath the same sheltering folds I shall stand, and if I can be of any assistance to our Union soldiers I will do what I can." Well, the opportunity came.

In June, 1863, Gettysburg was to be the scene of fierce struggle, and great preparation must be made. Orders were sent from headquarters for every hospital to be put in readiness, convalescents were transferred to other points, and a temporary hospital was secured on Central Avenue; while on account of the railroad coming directly from Gettysburg, a long row of two-story houses close at hand was vacated, and here the soldiers could be washed and dressed before being sent to the different hospitals. Then came a call for physicians and nurses. A brother in-law had been used up and discharged at Fredelicksburg, and a brother would be at Gettysburg; so my heart went out to poor mothers, wives, and sisters: whose loved ones would be exposed to shot and shell in that fierce struggle, and I said, Yes, I will go; and just as I bind up the wounds of strangers, perhaps some one will care for my dear brother." An appeal for supplies was next published in the daily papers, and received a hearty response. In a few days everything was in readiness, and some one placed over each department. One took charge of the lint, another of bandages, others the giving of supplies. Some of stronger nerve were the nurses. I was on hand to wash and dress wounds, though wholly inexperienced. I am sorry to say there was no one to book the names. Such a thing was not thought of in those hurried and exciting scenes. I worked with others, sewing bandages and preparing places for supplies. At night my very dear friend and co-worker, Mrs. Wallace, and myself went soliciting cake, jellies, and fruits. All promised a large supply when our men arrived, and the promise was faithfully fulfilled.

July 1st, 2d, and 3d, 1863, will never be forgotten by me. Dispatches came: "The great and terrible battle has begun! Many have fallen!" July 4th freight trains loaded with wounded arrived. Oh what a sorrowful scene it was! Guards were stationed at each of those houses, to prevent sightseers from entering. All workers wore a miniature flag, pinned on the left breast. Three of these were given to each, so if one was lost another was at hand. A physician came to me

on the arrival of the first. train and said, "Can you dress wounds?" "I instructed I can," was my reply. He then sent me for two buckets of water, two sponges, shirt, drawers, handkerchief, stockings, bandages, pins, and lint. Off I went, trembling and nervous at the first sight of the horrors of war, and procured the supplies. "Now, Mrs. Boston, give particular attention to the cleansing of the wound;" and the doctor showed me just how much blue-stone to drop into a bucket of water. The other bucket was for bathing the face and hands and cleansing the person. Our first patient was wounded on the foot; and when the medical treatment was over and a sheet thrown over him, he thanked me so kindly! I had an assistant, who was then to bring a sandwich, slice of cake, and cup of coffee; and while he ate she was to fan him. I thought the men had eaten "salt-horse and hardtack" long enough to have something better on their arrival in Baltimore. As we turned away, the doctor said, "Now, Mrs. Boston, I have initiated you into the work." Then to the soldiers awaiting their turn: "I leave you in this lady's care. May God bless: you! Now don't any of you. fall in love with her, for she has a husband and children." Everything was said to cheer the poor sufferers. In a few short days blood-poison had done its work, and they were laid to rest. Rebel bullets were poison.

On recovering from my first trial dressing wounds. my nerves were strong, and I washed and dressed them as quickly as possible, day and night. Always on leaving a very weak patient I gave him a glass of brandy or wine, bathed his face and hands in bay rum, and put a sheet over the stretcher. With tears in their eyes they would thank me, and ask me to go to see them. I often promised, and meant to go, but my time was so occupied I could not, though I sometimes heard from them. They would often inquire my name and residence, and give me their; but in my haste I kept no list, though I remembered many a long time. They sometimes kept a memorandum, so I have no doubt some have my name now; if not, reading this may freshen the memory of some one who will remember me.

I was called to one who said, "I don't want to be taken to the hospital." "Where are you wounded?" "In the leg." "Can you lift it?" "No." "I will send for the surgeon." "Oh no!" he cried; "send for my brother." So I saw a friend who had her parlor furniture removed, and he was taken there. His brother arrived the next day, and the poor soldier's joy was great at having home attention, and a dear brother at his side. Soon that brother had to take his lifeless body to his parents. I also attended J. Edward Lawrence. He, too, was anxious to have private care, so a good home place was secured. He was wounded in the side, and the doctor had probed, but could not find the ball." "If that man has any family," he said, "notify them at once. He cannot live many hours." I inquired for his wife, and finding out her address, telegraphed for her. Speedily came the reply, "Shall leave immediately." "Mrs. Boston, did you ask the doctor about my case?" he soon inquired; and I had to tell him his true condition, and that his wife was on her way to see him. By the time she arrived his remains were in the cemetery. I invited Mrs. Lawrence to Father Boston's, informed the authorities at West Hospital, secured the necessary clothes for the burial, and on his left side pinned the little flag I had worn; another I tacked on the coffin, so there should be no mistaken identity, and gave the third to his poor broken-hearted wife, who died in less than two years.

Oh, how many times I have been called upon for deeds of mercy! As Mrs Wallace and I were leaving the cemetery, after Mr. Lawrence's body was put in the vault, a gentleman came to us and said: "Ladies, I belong in Georgia. This body is my brother." Then to Mrs. Wallace, "Won't you stand by the grave to represent my mother?" and to me, "Won't you come and represent my sister?" So that brother, the minister, the grave-digger, Mrs. Wallace and myself stood together a few minutes beneath the beautiful trees in the grounds apportioned to the Confederate dead. I can never forget such scenes, though I forget hundreds of names.

One of our ladies took her daughter with her, who, having pricked her finger while pinning a bandage, contracted blood-poisoning while washing a wound. The hand was amputated, but to no avail, and she died.

I assisted a physician in one severe case. A soldier had been without attention for his wounded arm for ten days, and it was in a terribly decomposed condition. As he stood up and I removed the blanket from his shoulders, the

odor was something terrible. The doctor cut the flesh from the arm and it fell to the pavement. It soon cleared the crowd away from in front of the hospital. By standing beside the doctor I inhaled the full odor, and was attacked by fainting. The doctor ordered brandy, but I did not take it. A soldier took my place, and I went home a very sick person, but soon returned to my duty, though I continued to feel a stinging sensation in my nose, and it swelled at times. After all had been removed from the scene of carnage at Gettysburg, orders came to take the names of the workers, but it was too late. Some had already gone home; others did not consider it important, as the work there was done. Then followed a very sick time for me; my nose and face were a sight? The doctor attending me said, "You have contracted blood-poisoning, while dressing wounds, and must stay away now." Nevertheless I went to Patterson Park Hospital, and worked there and for the superintendent in charge. When asked for my name, to enter on his books, I said: "No, I do not want any pay for my services. I only try to do all I can for the soldiers." "You had better give me your name," he said; "it may be of use to you sometime." "No, sir! I don't work for pay or popularity, but I am always ready to do anything I can for a sufferer." So although my name does not appear on the roll in the War Department, it is engraved on the memory of hundreds of wounded men who will never forget those trying scenes. And my prayer is that when the soldiers of the G. A. R. shall have their hearts cleansed by the precious blood of Jesus, when they have taken their last march on earth, and entered victorious the City of God, that army Nurses, soldiers, their families and friends, may meet to rest "forever with the Lord."

*I am, very respectfully,
Mrs. M. J. Boston.*

Old Baldy's March Meeting Review

"Soldier of Destiny: Slavery, Secession, and the Redemption of Ulysses S. Grant"

By John Reeves



John Reeves

By Kathy Clark,
Vice President,
OBCWRT

Grant was the greatest General of the Civil War. Many men who fought with Grant felt he was kind, quiet and had genuine feelings for those around him. Grant was greatly respected and esteemed by all his fellow officers especially those who fought with him in the Mexican War. "Grant was honest as a man as God ever made" Lieutenant Hodges believed. Grant's ability later as a Civil War commander made timely and intelligent decisions while in the middle of a battle. It was believed that this was a very important skill to have as commander of his troops. He understood the lives of the normal person and first-time soldier for managing the troops was very important. Grant was an outstanding horseman while at West Point and while in the Mexican War. He was also very good at interpreting maps.

Grant's experience at Fort Humboldt in California commander of Company F of the US Fourth Infantry Regiment. Grant and his troops were there to offer protection for White settlers against the Indians. Grant enjoyed working on the Pacific Coast. Julia was not with him although he felt that there were a lot of economic opportunities at that post. Grant knew that the amount of pay he was making was not enough to take care of his family. If Julia and his children had decided to come to the fort Grant may have felt differently. As a result, he resigned his post on July 31, 1854, and came home to his family. Julia was very happy to see him home again.

Grant boarded a steamboat to New York. He stopped in Bethel, Ohio to visit with his parents and asked his father, Jesse Root Grant, for money to pay his expenses. Then he went to St. Louis to see Julia and the boys. Grant became

involved in a wide variety of schemes and enterprises that started out with some success but then failed. Grant's father was not happy that his son came home from Fort Humboldt and that he could not support himself. Jesse claimed, "West Point spoiled one of my boys for business." Jesse operated tanneries and leather shops throughout Ohio, Kentucky, and Illinois. Grant would do anything but work in a tannery. In 1861 Grant and his two brothers worked in their father's store in Galena, Illinois. He did not make a lot of money and really did not like working selling leather goods.

There were some good things that came from working in the store. First it was a free state. Grant enjoyed having the chance to talk to other men which helped develop his people skills. Grant was always on the side of the Union and did not like the idea of enslaving people as was happening in the south. Julia and his two boys, Frederick and Ulysses, Jr. were very important to his success. Grant professed a desire to work in the field as a farmer. "Colonel Frederick Dent (Julia's father) would help him reach his goal.

Julia's parents, "Colonel" Dent and Ellen Wrenshall Dent, owned White Haven plantation along the Gravois Creek. He managed the estate with thirty enslaved African Americans. Julia had five enslaved individuals: Dan, John, Eliza, Ann, and Jule. Colonel Dent was not very fond of Yankees and abolitionists. He served on the St. Louis anti-abolition society. Before owning this plantation, he made a lot of money fur trading. Then when he bought White Haven, he wanted the life of a gentleman farmer. The Dent family also owned a property in St. Louis for the Winter months.

Julia and Ulysses married on August 22, 1848, after Grant came back from the Mexican War even though Colonel Dent was opposed to the marriage. Julia's father did everything he could to stop this romance, but Julia's mother liked Grant and she encouraged the relationship. Grant came home to White Haven and worked in the fields alongside the many slaves. He was not used to having slaves do all the work on the plantation or in the residence. Grant would be in the fields helping to bale wheat and haul wood, working with crops during all seasons. Julia, on the other hand, relied on her slaves like Mary Henry who took care of her children from the time they were born. She had a special maid and nurse, Jule, who went everywhere Julia, and her children went for many decades. During the Civil War she was present in Union camps and where Grant was stationed. Jule nursed all of Julia's children. Julia and Jule were with Grant to many camps and that helped him stay on the straight and narrow. Grant was very happy when Julia and the children were with him.

At this time Abraham Lincoln ran for the presidency and won, soon after the battle of Fort Sumter began. This became the start of the Civil War and recruiting men to be soldiers in the battles that were ahead of them. By this time Grant told his brother Orvil that he should go back into the service. Grant explained to his father in a letter, "...we have a government, and laws and a flag and they most all be sustained. There are two parties, some Traitors and Patriots and I want hereafter to be ranked with the later, and I trust the stronger party...."

Bridger General Grant entered the Civil War and fought at the Battle of Fort Belmont. His troops were fighting Major General Polk as the Union Army of Tennessee. Grant and his troops then went along the Tennessee River to the site of Fort Henry and then fought at Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River. This was a Union victory which forced the Confederate forces to give up Kentucky and much of Middle and West Tennessee. The railroad became a vital Federal supply line and Nashville a huge depot for the Union Army in the West.

At the Battle of Shiloh or Battle of Pittsburg Landing was a Union victory. It was the best of Grant and the worst of Grant. On April 6 the Confederate troops pushed the Union soldiers back to Pittsburg Landing, losing ground. In the afternoon Johnston and his troops were at the left end of the Union's Hornet's Nest when Johnston got shot in the right knee, bleeding to death. Overall, Grant was victorious although the press felt that he was caught unprepared at Pittsburg Landing. People wanted Grant dismissed but Abraham Lincoln declared, "I cannot spare this man, he fights."



**General of the Army, USA
Ulysses S. Grant
(Hiram Ulysses Grant)**



**First Lady, USA
Julia Boggs (Dent) Grant**

On April 16th, Rear Admiral David Dixon Porter got his Union fleet past Confederate troops at Vicksburg to meet up with Grant. By April 29th Union troops will try to cross the Mississippi at Grand Gulf. For five hours Grant's troops bombarded Confederate defenses. Grant's troops moved further south and crossed at Bruinsburg, Mississippi. The Battle of Vicksburg was a Union victory after a 47-day siege and at the same time there was a Union victory at Gettysburg. This was a turning point for the Union Army. Grant became Lieutenant General and General-In-Chief of the Armies of the US.

Julia and Jesse had faith in success that helped Grant during his many battles of the war. Grant's faith was his belief in the United States of America. Grant could not think of losing because he knew the US would preserve no matter what happened. Grant believed his troops would win and that would win the war. It was Sherman who thought he should retreat at some point but instead Grant says, "we will lick them tomorrow."

John Reeves' book was a very important read. There are many parts to Grant's early life and many stories that are new to learn. This is an important book and one that should be part of any Civil War library. We were glad John was part of our Old Baldy meeting and enjoyed his presentation. Thanks, John Reeves, for writing about this important General of the Civil War.

"Hospital Life in the Army of the Potomac"

*Hospital Life in the Army
of the Potomac*
William Howard Reed
1881

Rappahannock and Pamunkt.

Port Royal, an unimportant post village in Caroline County, Virginia, twenty-five miles below Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, was, for two or three days, a temporary base of the army. Its quiet harbor was filled with transport steamers and barges, waiting orders to move up the York and Pamunky Rivers, where a new base was to be established nearer Richmond. Here we rested, enjoying the beauty of the river, — its calm, full current flowing smoothly on, reflecting the rich foliage of its shores, which gently rose into the highlands, now lost in the purple haze of evening. Upon the wide plateau with out the town our forces were drawn up in line. The bugles were sounding and drums were beating, while, as the sun went down behind rich masses of clouds that were bathed in a flood of glory, the bands struck up their grand national airs, which were wafted to us on the still breath of this beautiful evening. We landed on the pontoon pier, which was crowded with negroes unloading forage for the twelve hundred and fifty wagons soon to start for the front, and walked up through crowds of soldiers, picking our way among cavalry horses, ambulances, and army teams. The town is one of the quaint old Virginia settlements, the houses embowered in magnificent shade trees, the gardens full of creeping vines and flowers, which peeped through every crevice of the fences, and clambered over windows and verandas, while rich, dark ivy clung to tree and wall, and hung in graceful luxuriance everywhere. The rarest exotics grow here profusely in the open air; and there was a tropical fragrance in the air, a delicious feeling of luxury and repose, which only needed a righteous peace to make the place a paradise. The Virginia mocking birds exceed even the nightingale in the rich variety and sweetness of their notes. Their joyous trill is never repeated, and they seem to combine in the treasury of their throats the music of all the birds. Evening was coming on. The long twilight of June was very beautiful. The air was calm and still, and the serenity of the night was most impressive. Cool, quiet, and tender, the moon shone upon us ; the river was like a mirror, and we floated along with the tide, only steadying our course with the oars, while Venus, the beautiful emerald evening star, kept its quiet vigil over our pleasant hour of rest and recreation.

At midnight the cry of fire started us to our feet, and but a few rods away was a barge of hay burning. The heat of the flames was even then felt upon our decks. The paint would blister, and the wood begin to char, unless we could drop immediately down the stream. Bales of burning hay were dropping off the

barge and floating towards us. Our fires were out. Here were forty helpless men depending upon us for succor. The fire soon enveloped the barge, and shot up red and lurid in hot forks of flame. The heat became intense, and it was soon an impossibility to face it. For a time our fate seemed inevitable; the officers of the boat were at their posts, the fires under the boilers were kindling, the steam was slowly rising, and, at the moment when our position seemed to be the most critical, the beam of the engines moved, and in half an hour we were anchored out of danger. The next day our wounded were transferred to the hospital transport "Connecticut," and were taken to Washington, and our decks were cleared.

As our armies swept through Spottsylvania, Caroline, King William, and Hanover Counties, the negroes, by instinct, swarmed to the banks of the rivers. Leaving the old plantations, their masters, and their servitude, dressed as for a festival, and each with his bundle, their only property, they made their way in companies through the desert, like the children of Israel, coming out, as they thought, into the promised land. As we passed down the Rappahannock and up the York and Pamunky Rivers, squads of families could be seen for miles along the banks, making their way they knew not whither, but hoping for escape. As our steamer sped rapidly along, the poor creatures would beg by every gesture of appeal, holding their bundles up, raising their hands as if imploring sympathy, and calling upon us not to pass them by. At Port Royal they flocked down in such numbers that a government barge was appropriated for their use. A thousand were stowed upon her decks, negroes of all ages, helpless children, and old men and women, all seeking to be free. All their lives long they had dreamed of the day of deliverance. Their rude devotions had expressed it with the wild fervor of their excitable natures; and now the door was opened, and they felt that "de Lord was leading dem along." They were dressed as for a day of jubilee. Freedom was to them an idea. They did not know that it meant opportunity, hardship, and privation; they did not dream of education, development, responsibility. They only knew that it was freedom, and that, in breaking their old relation, there would be no more auction blocks, and no more cruelty.

Our steamer was anchored in the river. A hundred vessels were there waiting orders to move. Night came on. There were gleaming signals all about us, and a thousand colored lights were reflected in the water. In the distance we could hear, loud and soft, the first notes of the negroes' evening hymn. Impassioned and plaintive it came on, increasing in its volume, until the whole chorus broke out in one of those indescribably wild, fervid melodies, of which it is impossible to resist the impression, until it melted away into the subdued moanings of a few who were charged with the refrain.

Our boat was soon lowered and filled with an eager company, who wished to reach the barge before their service was over. Clambering up the sides of the great steamer, we found them just settling down to sleep. As we moved about among them, we found enough who were willing to repeat their hymn. Their old preacher addressed them a few words of exhortation, telling them "dese am solemn times," and led them in their song. Like wildfire it spread among them, and soon a thousand voices blended into one. Under the flickering of our single light it was a picture indeed. Their countenances were all aglow with the passion of their song; and as I stood looking upon that sea of uplifted faces, I thought that there was hardly an emotion which could be awakened by intense religious feeling that did not find expression there.

There was the rapture of some clear vision, the anguish of some unforgiven sin, the penitence of a lowly spirit; there was the wrestling of some self-accusing soul, or the aspiration of one to whom perfect love had cast out fear; and there they stood in all their untutored simplicity. When their song had ceased, Miss Gilson addressed them. She pictured the reality of freedom, told them what it meant, and what they would have to do. No longer would there be a master to deal out the peck of corn, no longer a mistress to care for the old people or the children. They were to work for themselves, provide for their own sick, and support their own infirm; but all this was to be done under new conditions. No overseer was to stand over them with the whip, for their new master was the necessity of earning their daily bread. Very soon new and higher motives would come; fresh encouragements, a nobler ambition, would

grow into their new condition. Then in the simplest language she explained the difference between their former relations with the then master and their new relations with the northern people, showing that labor here was voluntary, and that they could only expect to secure kind employers by faithfully doing all they had to do. Then, enforcing truthfulness, neatness, and economy, she said, —

“ You know that the Lord Jesus died and rose again for you. You love to sing his praise and to draw near to him in prayer. But remember that this is not all of religion. You must do right as well as pray right. Your lives must be full of kind deeds towards each other, full of gentle and loving affections, full of unselfishness and truth : this is true piety. You must make Monday and Tuesday just as good and pure as Sunday is, remembering that God looks not only at your prayers and your emotions, but at the way you live, and speak, and act, every hour of your lives.”

Then she sang this exquisite hymn by Whittier : —

“ O, praise an’ tanks, — de Lord l»e come To set de people free;
An’ massa tink it day ob doom, An’ we ob jubilee.
De Lord dat heap de Red Sea wabes, He just as ’troug as den;
He say de word, we last night slabea To-day de Lord’s free men.
We pray de Lord, — he gib us signs Dat some day we be free;
De norf wind tell it to de pines, De wild duck to de sea.
We tink it when de church bell ring, We dream it in de dream;
De rice bird mean it when he sing, De eagle when he scream.
We know de promise nebber fail, An’ nebber lie de word;
So, like de ’postles in de jail, We waited for de Lord.
An’ now he open ebery door, An’ trow away de key;
He tink we lub him so before, We lub’ him better free.
De yam will grow, de cotton blow, He’ll gib de rice and corn;
So nebber you fear, if nebber you hear De driver blow his horn.”

Here were a thousand people breathing their first free air. They were new born with this delicious sense of freedom. They listened with moistened eyes to every word which concerned their future, and felt that its utterance came from a heart which could embrace them all in its sympathies. Life was to them a jubilee only so far as they could make it so by a consciousness of duty faithfully done. They had hard work before them, much privation, many struggles. They had everything to learn — the new industries of the North, their changed social condition, and how to accept their new responsibilities.

As she spoke the circle grew larger, and they pressed round her more eagerly. It was all a part of their new life. They welcomed it; and, by every possible expression of gratitude to her, they showed how desirous they were to learn. Those who were present can never forget the scene — a thousand dusky faces, expressive of such fervency and enthusiasm, their large eyes filled with tears, answering to the throbbing heart below, all dimly outlined by the flickering rays of a single lamp. And when it was over, we felt that we could understand our relations to them, and the new duties which this great hour had brought upon us.

As the campaign progressed, and the army moved towards Richmond, there took place the fiercer conflicts of Spottsylvania Court House and Cold Harbor, with the lesser skirmishes and counter attacks upon alternate lines day by day. Up the Pamunky and York Rivers to White House, and through the poisoned atmosphere of the swamps, the hospital department followed on the great movements of the army, which sent daily its wagon and ambulance trains of wounded to the rear. The variety of high and low lands, the abandoned plantations, ruined houses, and crumbling chimneys, all bearing the marks of the desolations of war, gave a sad picturesqueness to the scenery, which in other days might have been called beautiful.

We reached White House at sunset on the 30th of May. The open plain was filled with troops, which proved to be a part of the army of General Butler, under the command of General W. F. Smith, consisting of the Eighteenth Army Corps and a part of the Tenth. They were just going into camp, having but then arrived on their way to join the Army of the Potomac, which at that moment was not at a greater distance than fifteen miles* It was a brilliant sunset, lighting up with floods of mellow light this great camping ground, and reflected from thousands of glistening arms. The dress parade was over, and the army was seeking its rest. The camp fires were blazing as night came on ; the colored lights from the river fleet were reflected in every dancing ripple, while the sentries moved on their lonely beats, and the din of the camp was hushed and still. Through the night the Medical Director, Dr. Dalton, was upon the ground, selecting a site for the hospital. The highest ground, with a proximity to good water, was the first necessity. Several ample springs were found, an open field was secured near by and easily accessible from the river.

While we were waiting the arrival of the wounded, we went in search of the Fortieth Massachusetts Regiment. The headquarters were under a thick bower of magnolia leaves, and we received a cordial welcome from Lieutenant-Colonel Marshall. The men were resting on their arms, their knapsacks being merely unstrapped, and their guns lying within reach, ready for marching orders. The men were full of spirit and enthusiasm, although in the midst of a severe campaign. They were to enter upon their work again to-morrow, few of them probably realizing that the setting sun of that day was to be the last that many of them would ever look upon. As we sat in this cool, shady spot, a staff officer rode up with orders to have the regiment prepared to move at a moment's notice, and we left the column ready for its march.

The skirmishing previous to the battle of Cold Harbor had begun. The heavy guns were distinctly heard during the morning — that desultory firing, ominous of the coming engagement. The regiment joined its brigade, marched to Cold Harbor, and, before another sun had set, the colonel and one hundred of his brave men were dead and buried on the field. The fire of a genuine patriotism burned in the heart of Colonel Marshall. Bold as a lion, he was as sensitive as a girl. With utter fearlessness in danger, nothing could touch so quickly those finer sensibilities of honor as the slightest intimation of reproach that from any cause he was as neglectful of his duty. The life of a skilful officer, of a devoted, earnest, and faithful man, was thrown away in rashly vindicating himself from an aspersion as unjust as it was inconsiderate ; and when the noble fellow fell, the tears of his men watered his grave. The brown, haggard soldiers, with powder-stained hands, placed him reverently under the sod, with their comrades who fell at his side.

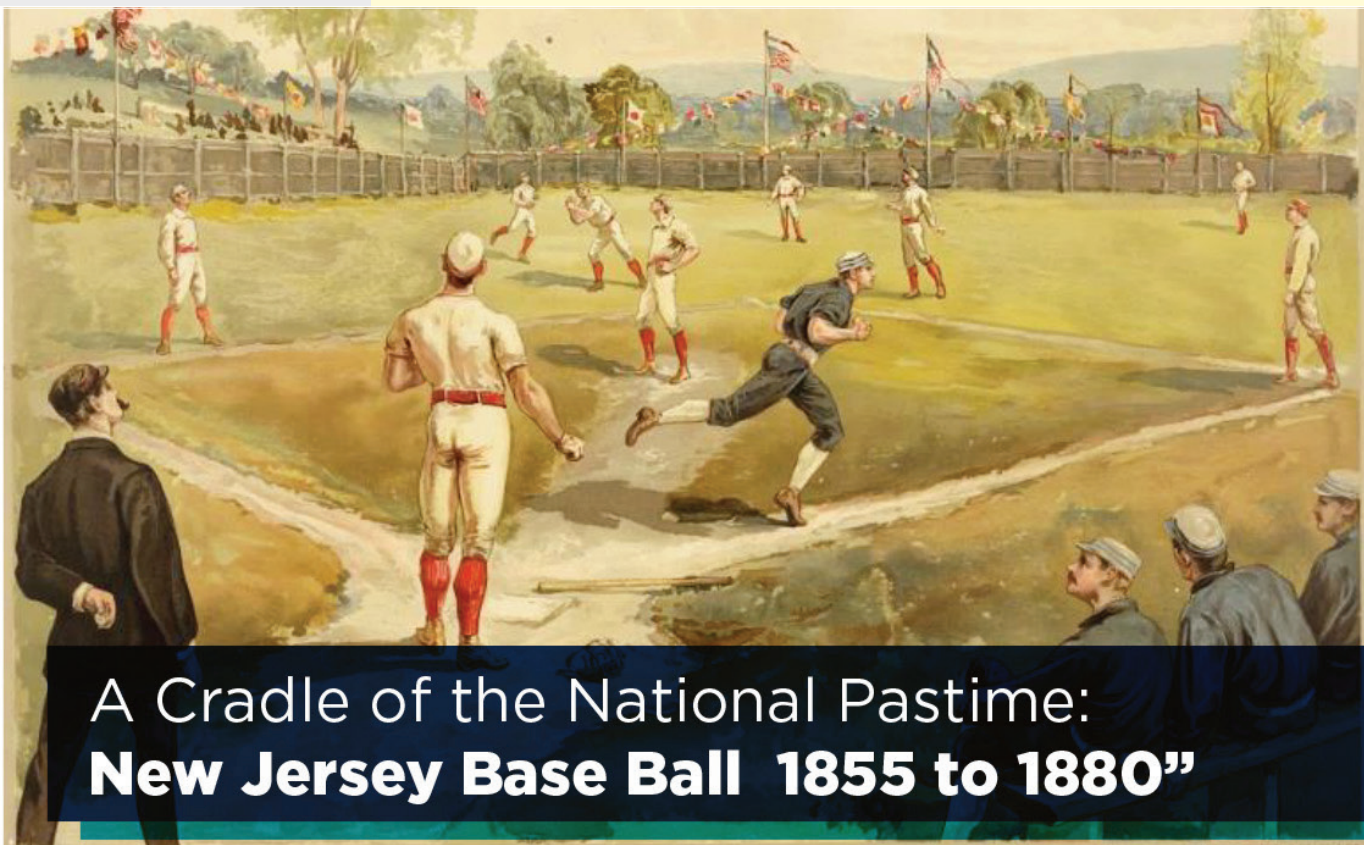
The sights of a field of carnage must not be described. But in the rear of it we can see groups of men sitting under trees, or lying in agony, having crawled to some shady spot, to a brook-side or ravine, where they may bathe their fevered wounds or quench their thirst, while waiting their turn to be removed in ambulances to the hospital. The Sanitary Commission's supply wagons, which have been pushed forward to the field, are stationed where they can afford the most relief. Many sufferers are necessarily passed by; but how many an exhausted man has lived to tell the story of the Commission's timely ministry, but for which he would have been numbered with the dead. In the ambulances are concentrated probably more acute suffering than may be seen in the same space in all this world beside.

To be Continued in next Issue

New Jersey Civil War Map

We are in the process of reviewing/editing the NJ Civil War map. Please send you suggestions for these edits to Anita Schwartz at SchwartzAA@aol.com.

The next time we have the map printed, these edits will be included. Thank you. Anita



A Cradle of the National Pastime: New Jersey Base Ball 1855 to 1880”

PRESENTED BY JOHN ZINN

6 p.m.

Visit the exhibits for the South Jersey Baseball Hall of Fame and A League Apart – the Legacy of Philadelphia and South Jersey Negro League Baseball.

7 p.m.

Join author and historian John Zinn as he explores the important part New Jersey played in early organized baseball, while also debunking some of the popular myths about the game’s past.

Presented by the **Old Baldy Civil War Roundtable** in conjunction with the **South Jersey Baseball Hall of Fame** and **A League Apart**. Funding provided by the Camden County Cultural & Heritage Commission at Camden County College, the officially designated county history agency of the New Jersey Historical Commission.

L. Prang & Co. and Henry Sandham. Base ball / aquarelle print by L. Prang & Co. Photograph.
Retrieved from the Library of Congress, www.loc.gov/item/93515576/

193138

ANNUAL PUBLIC NOTICE www.camdencc.edu/public-notice

Tuesday, April 16, 2024

Camden County College,
William G. Rohrer Center
1889 Marlton Pike East,
Cherry Hill, NJ 08003

www.oldbaldycwrt.org

www.hotstovers.com

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CAMDEN
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MAYOR DAVID FLEISHER, CHERRY HILL TOWNSHIP COUNCIL, AND THE HISTORICAL COMMISSION PRESENT



LIGHTHOUSES of NEW JERSEY

PRESENTED BY: NEW JERSEY LIGHTHOUSE SOCIETY



This in-person presentation will provide details on lighthouse history, structure, & different characteristics. Topics include keepers, governance, purpose, & how weather affects lighthouse structures. Marilyn Dunning & Alan Jacobson are volunteer presenters for the Society who have years of sailing experience to share!

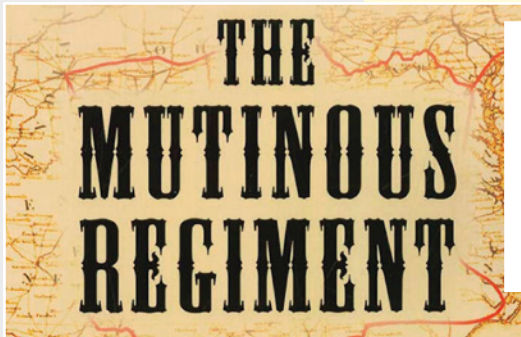
APRIL 17 | 7 PM

**CHERRY HILL PUBLIC LIBRARY
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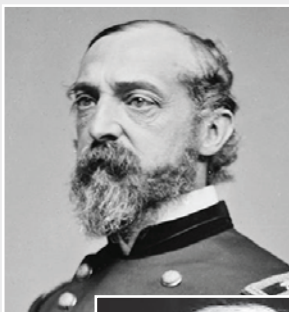
NAS WILDWOOD Aviation Museum

The Thirty-Third New Jersey in the Civil War with
Author & Historian John G. Zinn

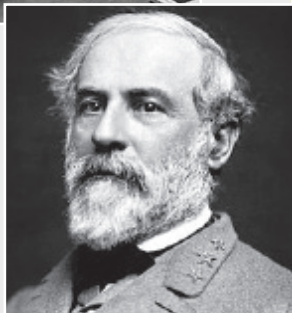
Wednesday, April 24, 2024, 7 PM
Author and Historian John Z. Ginn
presents The Mutinous Regiment!

Formed in 1863 amidst protests over the proposed implementation of a military draft, the Thirty-third New Jersey had a controversial beginning that led to the unit being dubbed "The Mutinous Regiment." Unlike most New Jersey regiments, the 33rd served in what was considered the west, taking part in the Atlanta Campaign as well as Sherman's March to the Sea. After their difficult start, the officers and men of the 33rd served with distinction in these and other important campaigns. The program will describe the regiment's founding and provide an overview of their service.

NORTH JERSEY CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE OLD BALDY CIVIL WAR ROUND TABLE GENERAL MEADE SOCIETY



**Winter Of
General Meade
Series II (2024)**



This program is presented as a public service by the North Jersey Civil War Round Table and is part of a four-part series The Winter of Gen. George Meade (2024) This program is co-sponsored by the Bucks County Civil War Round Table

Lecture 4

"THE Battle OF BRISTOE STATION":

General Meade and General Lee

Presented by Jeffrey Wm Hunt

Thursday, April 25, 2024

Time: 6:55 PM EST

Chat Room Opens at 6:30 PM EST

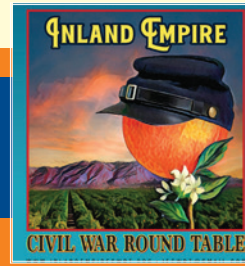
Zoom: Please request link at: NJCivilWarRT@aol.com

Despite losing one-third of his strength via Longstreet's departure, Gen. Robert E. Lee took advantage of the Federal countermove by launching a daring offensive against Maj. Gen. George Meade's Army of the Potomac, located inside a treacherous sideways 'V' created by the Rappahannock and Rapidan rivers. What followed was a fast based campaign of maneuver as Lee sought to land a crippling blow on his opponent, while Meade strove to avoid the thrust by rapidly withdrawing toward Centreville. For a week the two armies engaged in a race, with violent cavalry actions taking place almost daily as Lee tried to head off Meade's infantry before it slipped beyond his reach. The campaign climaxed in a bloody rearguard action a place called Bristoe Station.

This campaign, never before studied in depth by Civil War historians, is the subject of the second book in author Jeffrey William Hunt's Meade and Lee series of books examining the war in Virginia between Lee's retreat over the Potomac after Gettysburg and the end of active campaigning

Jeffrey William Hunt is the Director of the Texas Military Forces Museum at Camp Mabry in Austin, Texas, which is the official museum of the Texas National Guard, and an Adjunct Professor of History at Austin Community College, where he has taught since 1988. He holds a Bachelor's Degree in Government and a Master's Degree in History, both from the University of Texas at Austin. Jeff is the recipient of the Chicago Civil War Round Table Edwin Cole Bearss Award for Outstanding Civil War Scholarship (2022). Mr. Hunt, a prolific author, is the author of Meade and Lee After Gettysburg: The Forgotten Final Stage of the Gettysburg Campaign: From Falling Waters to Culpeper Court House (Savas Beatie, 2017, named Eastern Theater Book of the Year by Civil War Books & Authors)

Our Sister Round Table Inland Empire Upcoming events



"The Life of Charles Myers Jenkins"

Monday, April 17, In-Person & Zoom at 6:15 p.m.
Louis Di Donato, IECWRT Board Director

"A Discussion of Constitutional Issues in the Civil War"

Monday, April 18, Zoom at 6:15 p.m.
Mark A. Graber, PhD, JD, MA

For Zoom links, and regional Round Table program times
& locations, go to:
inlandempirecwr.org and socialcwr.org.



Save the Date!

**The 24th Conference on
Women and the Civil War
will be held July 26 - 28, 2024
in Atlanta, Georgia**

(More Details to follow)

**The Society for Women and the
Civil War is dedicated to
recognizing the efforts of women
who lived through or
participated in the American Civil
War and those who research,
reenact or otherwise honor these
women of the past. The society
sponsors an annual conference and
a quarterly e-journal.**

Please contact us for information
Society for Women and the Civil War
PO Box 3117

Gettysburg PA 17325

For speediest response, send email to SWCW1865@gmail.com

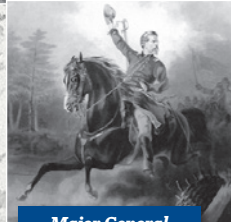
Please include your email address
www.swcw.org

The Old Baldy Civil War Round Table Invites You On A ... Williamsburg Trail Sign Dedication Trip



**Save the Date...
May 4 - 5, 2024**

Jersey Boys



Major General
Philip Kearny Jr.

Williamsburg Dedication Trip Schedule

Saturday, May 4, 2024

6:00 Bus Departs

12:30 - 5:00

Tours of Williamsburg Battlefield,
Fort Magruder & Redoubt Park

5:30 Check in

Best Western Williamsburg Hotel

6:30 - 9:00 Dinner with speaker

Sunday, May 5, 2024

6:30 - 8:30 Breakfast at Hotel Included

9:00 - 10:00 Dedication of Civil War Trail
Sign at Location

10:00 - 1:00 Tour of Lee Hall Mansion

1:00 Board Bus for return trip

The cost for this exciting weekend will be \$175.00 per person, exclusive of hotel rooms. Hotel, Best Western Williamsburg Historic District, (757-229-4100) When making reservation advise that part of Old Baldy Group for special rate. Non-bus attendees for \$55.00 can enjoy the Guided Tours, The Speaker's Dinner, Dedication Ceremony and Lee Mansion Museum Tour.

To secure your seat on the bus, please submit a deposit of \$50.00 Checks (Refundable) should be made out to Old Baldy Civil War Round Table and forward to

Frank Barletta,
44 Morning Glory Drive,
Marlton, NJ 08053

Send Questions to
frank.barletta@comcast.net
Phone: 215-605-6830

Upcoming Events that the Old Baldy CWRT is Participating In...

Saturday-Sunday, May 4-5: Williamsburg Civil War Trails Trip
Saturday, June-8 (Rain Date June 9): South Jersey History Fair
Saturday, October 12 (Rain Date October 13): Mullica Hill Fall Festival
Late October: Glassboro Civil War Weekend
Tuesday, December 31: Meade's Birthday at Laurel Hill

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



New Members

Kevin Sekula
Lansdale, PA

Member with Old Baldy

Calvin Kinsel
Sewell, NJ



Schedule of Old Baldy CWRT Speakers and Activities for 2024

April 16, 2024 - Tuesday

John Zinn

**"A Cradle of the National Pastime:
New Jersey Baseball 1855 to 1880"**

May 9, 2024 - Thursday

Victor Vignola

"Contrasts in Command: The Battle of Fair Oaks"

June 13, 2024 - Thursday

James Scythes

**"Letters to Lizzie: The Story of 16 Men in the Civil
War and the One Woman Who Connected Them All"**

July 11, 2024 - Thursday

Scott Mingus

**"Unceasing Fury: Texans at the Battle of
Chickamauga"**

Questions to

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

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

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Programs: Dave Gilson

Membership: Amy and Dan Hummel

Trustees:

Paul Prentiss

Dave Gilson

Jim Countryman

Editor: Don Wiles - cwwiles@comcast.net

Editor's Note:

**A mix up on the author of the Article/Photos in last months newsletter on the Civil War Model Railroad.
Randy Acorcey was the Author and I apologize for the mistake. It was a excellent article.**