

THE CHARGER



CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUNDTABLE

APRIL 2020

VOL. 43 #4

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Message from the President – April 1, 2020 – C. Ellen Connally

As you should all be aware, the April 8 meeting of the Cleveland Civil War Roundtable has been canceled due to the coronavirus. We were advised at the close of the March meeting that Judson Manor has shut down its facilities to outside visitors until at least the end of April. Our speaker for April, Todd Arrington – from the National Park Service – was advised and graciously offered to address the group on some future date. Please check the Roundtable's website (www.clevelandcivilwarroundtable.com) and Facebook page where I will keep you abreast of the status of our May meeting. As soon as I hear anything from Judson regarding the availability of the room during the month of May, I will notify the membership via email.

To my knowledge, this is the first time that the organization has been forced to cancel a meeting. But this is also the first time that our nation has faced such a serious challenge to our health and safety. Considering the demographics of our members, who for the most part fall into the most vulnerable category for the disease, I would prefer to err on the side of caution when deciding on the feasibility of a meeting in May. If things do not work out for a May meeting, we look forward to seeing all of you in September. Incoming President, Steve Pettyjohn has a great list of speakers for the 2020- 2021 calendar.

On the positive side, the quarantine will give us all a chance to catch up on our Civil War readings and dust off all the books that have had sitting around for years waiting to be read. There's a positive side to everything!

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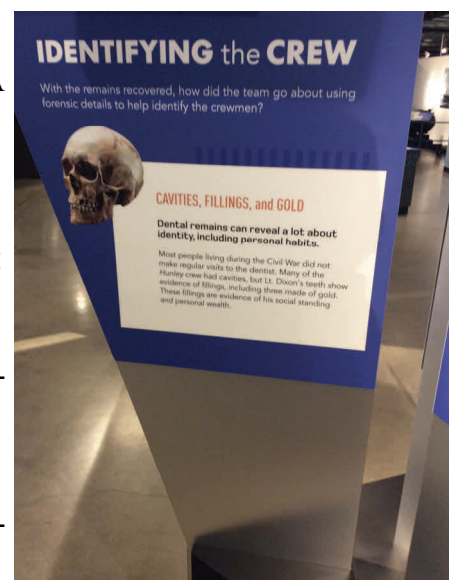
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While the Roundtable is prevented from meeting there for awhile, you might be interested in the history of Judson Manor - from its opening as a hotel in 1923 to its change to ownership by Judson in 1983. Go to: <https://www.judsonsmartliving.org/about/history-2/> From Dennis Keating

Notes on the CSS Hunley

It was with some consternation that I recently read of the death of Mr. Clive Cussler. Mr. Cussler was an accomplished author, adventurer and dedicated history buff. His novels such as **Mediterranean Caper**, **Iceberg**, and **Raise the Titanic** all made it to the New York Times best seller list. One of his greatest accomplishments was however the financing of the search for and the final discovery of the “CSS Hunley” off the coast of Charleston, South Carolina.

Mr. Cussler was born in Aurora, Illinois but grew up in Alhambra, California. He developed a love of the outdoors and of naval history which soon overwhelmed him, and he would never loose interest. In 1979 he organized a search to discover the wreck of the “Bonhomme Richard” the famous ship of John Paul Jones which had gone down off the coast of Scotland. Although he was unsuccessful, this expedition gave birth to The National Underwater Marine Agency (MOMA), and it was under this organization’s auspices that the search for the wreck of the “H.L. Hunley” was conducted. The Hunley had mysteriously disappeared on February 17, 1864, and her remains and those of her crew had never been found. Throughout the years Cussler employed such experts as Alan Albright at The National Institute of Archeology, and they in turn sent Ralph Wilbanks to monitor the expedition. Most people thought the search was nothing more a pipe dream and that The “Hunley” was under a jetty that had been built after the War. So this group of dedicated underwater explorers financed by Mr. Cussler rented a small boat called “The Coastal Explorer,” and year after year they never gave up, going over such wrecks as the ‘USS Housatonic” The “USS Weehawken,” and the “USS Keokuk,” all lying buried there in Charleston harbor, many of which had been picked clean by souvenir hunters over the years. If the “Hunley were discovered it would be a challenge to keep the same thing from happening to her. The “Hunley” however eluded his organization. Then in 1994 two members of MOMA found what they thought was an old boiler underneath five feet of sand at the bottom of Charleston harbor. It took the team a full year to organize a search of the area, but on May 3, 1995 they finally became convinced that they had come upon “The Hunley.” According the Brian Hicks in his book, **Sea of Darkness**: “the wreck was lying at about a 45 degree angle, listing to the starboard and covered in shell and hardened sand, what archaeologists call concretion.” They had come upon one of the hatch covers. After nearly fifteen years of searching they had discovered the Holy Grail of Civil War artifacts. The city of Charleston went wild, TV Stations broadcast the event, and the **Charleston Post and Courier** ran full page articles on the discovery. The “Hunley” had finally been discovered, now came the years of litigation and financial movements trying to untangle the ownership and the cost of guarding the wreck until it could be raised.





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Today the “CSS Hunley” lies in a tank of preservation solution in Charleston at the old Navy Yard and is open to the public at certain times. Hundreds of artifacts have been preserved everything from shoes, to lanterns to the clothing and billfolds of the crew members. The ship itself was filled with sediment but the remains of the crew were all still at their duty stations, and were eventually buried with full military honors. The cause of her sinking is still a mystery although many theories abound. I would highly recommend for those folks that are in or near Charleston, South Carolina to stop and see this amazing submarine, all made possible by the funds supplied by and the determination of Mr. Clive Cussler. For others, I found Brian Hicks **Sea of Darkness** a great read, and it gives a full blown description of the search for and discovery of the “Hunley”.



As an addendum to this article I would like to add a very poignant story that was related to me by one of the docents at the museum.

It seems that the captain of the Hunley, George Dixon was engaged to an Alabama woman at the time he went down with his ship. After the Hunley was exhumed from her watery grave, reconstructive facial drawings were made of the crew and can today be seen at the museum. After the sinking and death of her fiancé Captain Dixon, the woman eventually married and lived well into the 1930s. During her lifetime she kept a photo album which basically told the story of her life. No mention of the Civil War was entered but after she passed away the family discovered a large photo at the back of the album. No- one could identify the man in the photo; he was definitely not a family member. As time passed into the twenty first century, the staff and members of The Friends of the Hunley organization saw many people come and go through the museum. One family however came upon the facial reconstruction of the crew members and that of Captain George Dixon. There in the museum was the face of the man in the mystery photo they had inherited from his fiancé after she died back in the 1930s. The mystery was solved; she had kept the photo of Dixon all through the years never telling anyone about their love for each other and of his tragic death that fateful February night back in 1864.



Paul Siedel

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HISTORY BRIEF – CCWRT – DANIEL J. URSU, HISTORIAN – copyright 3/11/20 The Underground Railroad in Ohio

The April program focused on Colored Troops during the Civil War. As many of you know, he also portrays a personage involved with the Underground Railroad. So, it seemed a natural for this evening's History Brief to focus on the Underground Railroad and especially in Ohio.

The Underground Railroad can trace its beginnings to 1804. A system for runaway slaves to escape the south was begun by General Thomas Boude, who served in the Revolutionary War and purchased a slave named Stephen Smith and brought him to Columbia, Pennsylvania. Stephen was soon followed by his mother, who had escaped to find her son. A few weeks later the slaveowner appeared and demanded the return of her slaves. The Boude's refused and when the other townfolk gave their support; it was decided going forward as a town, to champion the cause of fugitive slaves.

By 1815, this sentiment had spread to Ohio and soon methods were being explored to help slaves escape. The term "Underground Railroad" came into usage about 1831. There were many secret "roads" along the Ohio River to rescue slaves. At this time, a slave named Tice Davids, eluded his pursuers along the Ohio River near Ripley, Ohio southeast of Cincinnati. Davids dove into the water with his slaveowner following close behind in a rowboat but Davids disappeared from view. The owner became frustrated giving up his search stating that Davids "must have gone off on an underground road."

This term caught on. In about 1835, antislavery workers began using this metaphor and started to use railroad terminology for their activities: tracks, trains, agents, stationmasters, conductors and stations. Paths of escape were labeled "tracks". Helpers were known as "conductors" or "stationmasters". Groups of runaways were "trains", and homes for hiding them were "stations" or "depots".

The Underground Railroad was begun by what we call today a "grass roots" movement. But, when professional slave catchers were sent to recover runaway slaves, the system became an elaborate network of secret contacts between free blacks and white sympathizers to move runaways safely and efficiently to the north and then to Canada. However, it could not become an organized business because of the fact that its activities were technically "illegal".

Branches of escape existed in every state but extensive networks blossomed in Ohio due to its central location on the Mason Dixon Line and its border with two important slave states of Virginia and Kentucky. In part because of this geography, Ohio became one of the most successful Underground Railroad states. The Ohio River was extremely important to runaways and over half of them used it. There were 23 railroad access locations along the Ohio, five departure points on Lake Erie and about 3,000 miles of track in between. Ohioans were credited with operating one of the most effective systems for aiding runaways and was especially critical to those in and coming through Kentucky.

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Ohio's importance was also borne out by statistics. The total known voluntary railroad workers in the north numbered about 3,200 and roughly 1,500 of those were in Ohio - nearly 50%! Major stations were in Marion, Mansfield and Salem with numerous smaller stations throughout the state.

At first, most runaways were men but later many women also escaped...travel was usually by foot but when women and children started appearing in greater numbers, escorts and vehicles were provided. Conductors carried the runaways in covered wagons, closed carriages and farm wagons specially equipped with hidden compartments. Some were even put in boxes and shipped as freight by rail or boat. Movement usually took place at night for security. When traveling by foot, fugitives were guided by the North Star or the many northward tributaries of the Ohio River. Stations had to be relatively close to make the journey during a night's long march.

For instance, about 16 Abolitionists from Salem, Ohio established their homes as stations. Many used secret rooms, hidden staircases, root cellars, false walls and basements to conceal fugitives. Church members were heavily involved although because of the illegal nature of the endeavor, the churches themselves were not formally involved. For instance in Salem, the Society of Friends, also known as Quakers, Wesleyan Methodists and Presbyterian churches had important members in what was known in Salem as the "Western Anti Slavery Society" headquartered in Salem. Members provided shelter, clothing, food, medical care and transport for black fugitives.

An antislavery newspaper began in nearby Lisbon in June of 1845, and was soon transferred to Salem in September. It was called the "Anti-Slavery Bugle" with its motto "No Union With Slaveholders". The final issue came out on May 4, 1861, fittingly 22 days after the start of shelling on Fort Sumter and the beginning of the Civil War itself.

Respectfully submitted,

Dan Ursu

Historian CCWRT

Cleveland: Civil War Home Postal Delivery
by Dennis Keating

Among other public employees carrying on during the corona virus epidemic are the U.S Postal carriers. Did you know that home postal delivery began in Cleveland during the Civil War? During the winter of 1862-63, Joseph W. Briggs in Cleveland's only federal post office (located on Public Square) was concerned about women in the cold having to come there to to send or pick up mail (unless they hired private carriers). Briggs proposed an innovative experiment - deliver the mail. It was approved by the postmaster (who also was the publisher of the *Cleveland Leader* newspaper) and then the U.S. Postmaster. First the mail was sent to grocery stores and later it was delivered to specific addresses.

On March 3, 1863, the U.S. Congress authorized free mail delivery in 52 cities. Briggs was first appointed special agent to implement this system and later he became national superintendent. Briggs also helped design the first mail carrier uniform.

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Briggs is buried in Woodland Cemetery and there is a commemorative plaque in the lobby of the Cleveland Federal building.

Reference: Briggs, Joseph W. Encyclopedia of Cleveland History: <https://case.edu/ech/articles/b/briggs-joseph-w>



The Charger editors thank Virginia Shirer for bringing to us this account of her great, great grandfather's experiences in the Civil War. Ms. Shirer explains to us that: "In addition to his original manuscript written in 'indelible pencil' (he said his nerves were not steady enough for pen and ink), you may be interested to know we have his discharge papers, his wooden dog tag and a large, beautifully embellished roster of the 62nd Regiment."

I will give you a brief outline of my experiences during our late Civil war. You were too young to remember much I related after I returned from the army. I never talked much on the subject. It may be interesting to you and the children.

Feb. 26, 1864 I went to Newark Ohio and enlisted as a soldier in the 62nd Regt. O.V.V.I. I returned home and settled some business matters and prepared for camp.

Mar. 16th I left for "for the wars" as they used to say. That was a trying time, two little boys and a wife to leave not knowing that I would ever return, but I felt it a duty.

I went to Zanesville Ohio to join the Regt. We remained in Zanesville that night, and next day we were loaded into box freight cars and hauled to Columbus like cattle. We reached the city late in the evening and marched to Camp Chase next morning four miles west. We remained in Camp Chase one night then marched back to Todd Barracks where we were mustered into the U.S. Service. After some maneuvering for several days we received marching orders for Washington City. Again we were loaded into freight cars, without seats, without fire, no overcoats, nor dress coats, nothing but a light blouse in place of a coat. We had straw on the car floors as cattle and hogs generally do have. This was the latter part of March and quite cold. We arrived in Washington City Mar. 24th, 10 o'clock p.m.

Next day we went to camp distribution five miles from the City not far from Alexandria. Here we went into camp. It was here I had my first experience standing guard as a soldier. It was a fearful night, snow and rain alternately. There was no special need for guards, so about nine o'clock that night all the guards were relieved except myself. I was stationed at the commissary and the corporal of the guard forgot me and let me stand there all that terrible night. After daylight he came and relieved me & apologized.

We remained in camp near Alexandria about one month preparing for the front. We spent our time in ordinary camp duty drilling, etc.

I was kept pretty busy writing letters. I had quite a number of correspondents,, and there were a number of the boys in our company who could neither read nor write.

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I had most of their writing to do, and of course had to read their letters to them. Most of them were single and had left "Girls behind them." Whenever they got letters they would say, now you answer that, and write a good one. Of course I would make them full weight. I enjoyed satisfying the dear boys, good soldiers, true as steel.

Apr. 24, 1864, we struck tents and went to Alexandria to embark for Fortress Monroe. We were now starting to the front to meet the foe. Many must fall in battle and by disease and never return. Serious thoughts passed through the mind as we reflected upon the possibilities of the future.

We were now upon the bosom of the great Potomac river, gliding down towards the Chesapeake bay. Our fleet was large and presented an interesting sight, but the war vessels and transports of that day were not worth comparing with those of today. But they were the best we had then and they answered the demand of the times then, but would not now. We did not land at Fortress Monroe then but continued our course to York Town, and reached there at 1 o'clock Apr. 26. Here Lord Cornwallis the British Commander surrendered to General Washington. Now after a lapse of more than four score years we are again engaged in the strife of war, not with a foreign nation, but with our own kindred and brethren. What a terrible thought that a Christian nation should become involved in a Civil war of such stupendous magnitude. I believe, however, that it was Providential when I read that wonderful book written by Mrs. Laura Haviland¹. I conclude the Justice of God demanded it to atone for the sin of the nation.

We landed at York Town and went into camp on Gloucester Point. We remained here a few days. May 4th we were again on the move. Our course was to Fortress Monroe and then up the historic James river to Bermuda Hundreds, where we landed [and] went into camp. Here we spent a month doing fatigue duty. Our chief employment here was unloading vessels bring[ing] supplies for the army. Our Regt. was all that encamped here at this time. We could now frequently hear fighting at the front, perhaps ten miles away. Gen. Butler was in command.

May 11th, I was detailed to go out on a scout on the opposite of the river from our camp. We saw a few rebels, but nothing of any interest took place.

May 27th, '64 at daylight we left our camp at Bermuda Hundreds and went to the front, but all seemed quiet for some time, and we had but little to do except camp and picket duty. Nothing outside of picket fighting was now doing.

June 9th. I for the first time took part in a little skirmish, and thought myself quite brave.

June 14th. I for the first time saw General Grant. We could now hear fighting frequently, but not near enough to make it interesting for us.

June 16th. The rebels fell back from the rail road between Richmond and Petersburg. We made a raid on the road and did considerable damage. It was amusing to see the boys tear up the track. It put me in mind of turning over a heavy sod with a big plow. They turned it upside down. They built fires and burned everything that would burn and ruined the rails in the fire.

The fourth of July came and all along our line which extended 30 or 40 miles we gave our neighbors a salute, a national salute not with blank cartridges either, and our neighbors accepted the challenge and bravely returned the compliment with solid shot and shell, and we had quite an interesting time for a while.

The command to which our Regt. belonged was for several months stationed at Chaffins farm, Va. We were employed doing camp picket and fatigue duty, and altogether we had a very pleasant time for a soldier life.

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About Aug. 12th, we received marching orders. Generally when marching orders are issued many rumors are in the air as to destination. Very few, and those highest in authority alone generally know what [is] next.

Aug. 13th. We struck tents and at 10 o'clock p.m. took up the line of march. We crossed the James river at Deep Bottom, and marched some distance before halting for the night. That was Saturday night. Next morning, Sunday was beautiful and we soon learned what awaited us. Fighting commenced early in the morning. During the day our Regt. was under fire, but not actively engaged. For several days we were under fire more or less.

Aug. 16th was a day to be remembered by the 62 Regt. Our brigade made a charge on rebel works, and drove the enemy back upon their main fortifications, but were unable to hold the ground and were compelled to fall back. In this engagement our regt. lost heavily in killed and wounded. Our dead fell into the hands of the enemy, but we secured them under a flag of truce and buried them.

In that charge I came near losing my life, had it not been for a live oak inkstand. I would probably have lost my life. The inkstand was in my left pocket. The ball struck the ink stand and glanced out, but it ground the inkstand up pretty thoroughly.

We were for several days fighting more or less, and came near to being captured.

After losing a number of men we returned to our old camp at Chaffins farm after being away about one week.

We had some good Officers and some bad ones. I saw Officers in the fight just described so drunk they scarcely knew what they were doing and could scarcely walk.

Aug. 27, '64. We received marching orders again and left camp at Chaffin farm for Petersburg Va.

The next day I went on picket duty. Here we were in trenches and were under fire about every day for one month, day and night.

We were so close to the enemy that we could not go to the picket line without going in trenches and on the picket line we had to stay in the trenches, deep trenches, deep enough so the tallest men could walk erect and wide as deep. I laid many a night and watched mortar shells go over us to our camp. It was quite interesting and sometimes I enjoyed it, but not always.

Here I witnessed the interesting spectacle of drumming a soldier out of camp. The offense was stealing from a comrade. The program was as follows:

First, the thief had his head shaved. Second, a large card on his back with the word thief printed in large letters.

Third, two guards with fixed bayonets at his heels.

Fourth, a military band playing the rogue's march, thus he was marched around the Camp.

While here I became very much reduced in flesh and was a mere skeleton. Sept. 24th, '64 we left here, but I was too weak to march, and went to Convalescent Camp where I remained for about two weeks. That was the only time I was off duty while in the service.

I now joined the regt. again in front of Richmond. I began to improve at once and in two months weighed more than ever before or since.

Oct. 7, '64 the day I got back to the regt, they had a hard fight with Gen. Longstreet's corps. The fight was over when I got there. The dead and wounded had been removed, only a few dead horses scattered over the field.

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Here we entrenched and made preparations for the winter by building comfortable log cabins we daubed with clay mortar and covered over with our canvas tents. We had a fire place built of brick, and burned wood. We were now comfortably situated. We now had very little except picket and camp duty to do and enjoyed life real well. My bunk mates were George Collins, Will Ramsey, Will Miller, Phineas Inskip, and Dan Garret. Six of us in a little cabin perhaps ten by fifteen feet. The winter was cold and disagreeable. We had to carry our wood for fuel about one mile. At first we could get wood closer, but that did not last long. I carried many a load a full mile. One night when I was on picket, while another relief was on, I laid on the frozen ground covered with snow. I laid so close [to] the fire that I burned quite a hole in the back of my overcoat.

While here in winter quarters we built a church of pine logs and had it quite comfortable. Our chaplain was a worthy man. He held a revival meeting during the winter which continued 40 days and resulted in the conversion of quite a number of soldiers. We had good meetings, preaching, prayer & social meetings. Altogether we had a good time and good was done.

While here in camp I witnessed the rigors of military law in the case of desertion. One poor man paid the penalty due that crime. He was shot in the presence of thousands of soldiers. That was a revolting sight.

During the month of Mar. 1865 times were made lively in camp by frequent inspections, reviews and false alarms.

About the middle of Mar. we were reviewed twice by Gen. Grant, and by President Lincoln once. We knew this had some significance, and we [were] waiting for marching orders, and were anxious to be on the move for we were weary of camp life.

Mar. 27th 1865 the desired orders came, and we packed our goods for a march. We started at 6 p.m. and marched about all night. We crossed the James River at Jone's Landing, and the Appomattox at Point of rocks, both on pontoon bridges.

Mar. 28 we marched all day and camped south of Petersburg Va.

The spring campaign had now opened and fighting began. We were getting ready for the final fray.

Apr. 1st we again received orders to march, and moved farther south and massed in front of the enemy, ready for a charge on the rebel works. Grant was now moving on Petersburg, a strongly fortified place and was now the key to the whole situation.

The night following Apr. 1st was an awful night.

Sunday morning Apr. 2nd before day, the Sixth Corps. made a charge and broke the rebel lines. The 24th Corps. to which we belonged went into the carnage about sunrise, and lively times we had entering the rebel lines through the breach the Sixth Corps. had made. We turned to the right in the direction of Petersburg and prepared for a charge. Our regt. was deployed on the skirmish line, and at once advanced on the enemy's pickets, and drove them into Fort Gregg, that is those we did not either kill or capture.

The beautiful Sabbath otherwise so peaceful witnessed the slaying of many men. Many more from both union and rebel armies sacrificed their lives that day.

The 3rd Division of the 24th Corps to which we belonged and under the command of Gen. Foster, made the charge proper on the Fort. A fearful fight took place before the enemy surrendered, but finally the Fort was taken and what remained alive of the garrison were taken prisoners. This days work resulted in the fall of Petersburg & Richmond, as well. The fighting was about all done in the vicinity of Petersburg, Richmond being 22 miles away. Gen. Lee's army was now on the retreat towards Lynchburg, Va. and it was our privilege to follow. We started on Monday morning Apr. 3 and kept up the chase until Thursday when we encountered the rear guard of the retreating enemy and had a sharp skirmish and lost some men.

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Apr. 7th Friday we had another fight and took Farmville Va. I must say a few things about the colored people at this place. There was great rejoicing when we arrived. They gave us a most Royal welcome. They had learned what it meant to them for us to visit them. The excitement of the little fight soon subsided and the rejoicing became general. Gen. Sheridan's forces, or a part at least, had raced through the place the day before and the colored people knew more Lincoln soldiers were coming and they were ready & waiting. The women had baked hoe cake, and they handed those out without stint.

One of our boys had captured a nice smoked ham [and] he had been circling around some. He gave me a big chunk of that ham I declare I thought was the sweetest morsel I ever tasted. This was well along in the day and I was in fine condition to appreciate something of that.

One very old man in his religious glee said Massa. Sheridan went through here yesterday, but bless de Lord here comes de Judgement.

There was more in that remark of the old man than many might suppose. He knew well the rigors of the slavery code, and common sense taught him what the result must finally be.

Apr. 8th Saturday. Early in the morning we left Farmville and pushed forward after the enemy. This day we made a forced march from early morning until almost midnight. O how weary we were. We slept a few hours and then up again. Sunday morning Apr. 9th without breakfast we were early on the march. We marched a few miles then halted for breakfast. After breakfast, forward again. We knew from our movements that something of unusual interest and importance was very near at hand.

Between 8 & 9 o'clock, instead of chasing the enemy as we had been doing all the week before now, we were directly in front and facing him. We were now on the field of Appomattox Court House. While we were getting into position for a conflict, Gen. Grant & Gen. Lee with their respective staffs were in a meeting not far away arranging terms of surrender. The terms adjusted, Gen. Lee surrendered to Gen. Grant. We had a brisk little encounter while this was going on. We still knew not of the surrender and our regt. formed for a general attack. We started forward and presently there was a tremendous roar of muskets directly in our front and for a few minutes supposed an engagement had opened. But we soon learned the cause of that rattle of musketry. There were several Regiments of colored troops in front of us and they got the news of Lee's surrender before we did and their joy was so great that several regiments discharged their guns in the air. In few minutes we got the word, and we too were joyful, but wasted no ammunition. But that was a day of joy. We never fired another gun, our fighting was over.

While we were here a few days after the surrender we received the sad news of the assassination of our President Abraham Lincoln.

We remained at Appomattox Station a few days and Apr.17 left for Burkville Junction. We reached Burkville the 19th. Here we went to camp to rest a few days. We were now on our way back to Richmond.

Apr. 22nd We were again on the march. The weather was quiet. Apr. 23 we marched about 30 miles. Apr. 24 we camped within one mile of Richmond. Apr. 24th we marched through the City and went into camp one mile north of the City. The weather was very warm and we were glad to rest. We prepared to stay here for a while and soon had comfortable quarters and a pleasant camp. We needed nothing now but canvas tents. We were now done fighting and had plenty of time for reflection on the past. We could visit the city or stroll through the country as much as we liked, as long as we behaved as becometh soldiers. Here near Richmond we spent most of the summer.

July 23rd I started home on furlough on account of sickness in my family. When my furlough expired I returned. I left home Aug. 11 and reached City Point [on the] 14th. I found my regt. at City Point. The 67 regt. and the 62 had been consolidated and there was a surplus of noncommissioned officers on that score. I received my Discharge Aug. 24, and started home the 25th and arrived at home Aug. 30th 1865.

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I have now written a very brief account of my army experiences and will close up the record. You can read it at your leisure. I think perhaps the children will like to read it also.”

After the war, Daniel Gurley Shirer entered the ministry with the Methodist Protestant Church in Ohio, and later in Kansas. He died January 16, 1911 at age 73, and is buried in Dresden, Ohio.

¹ Haviland, Laura S., [A Woman's Life-Work, Labors and Experiences of Laura S. Haviland](#), (Cincinnati: Waldron and Stowe, 1882)

The April 11th program has been canceled due to the Corona Virus pandemic. Information about a May meeting will be forthcoming.

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