

The Cleveland Civil War Round-Table  
P.O. Box 18900, Cleveland, Ohio 44118

# THE CHARGER

Vol. 19#6

358th Meeting

February, 1998

*Tonight's Speaker*

## Robert E. Battisti

Our speaker in February will be long time member and past Cleveland Round-Table President, Robert "Bob" Battisti. Bob will be speaking on his favorite civil war subject, Abraham Lincoln. He will discuss Lincoln's *Turning Points* using his skills as a licensed Psychologist.

Growing up poor, living in a log cabin for the first 28 years of his life, dealing with much adversity, and enduring many defeats yet he became one of our greatest presidents.

### HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?

*Turning Points* sheds light on Lincoln's greatness by looking at some of the key events in his life and some of the inspiring people who influenced him.

This drawing, with the caption "All Seems Well With Us," appeared in Harper's Weekly the day Lincoln died, April 15, 1865. The magazine had gone to press earlier; the words referred to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. But Lincoln's death made them seem ironic.



## WE MOURN



### A RELIC OF THE MOURNING

Mourning ribbons like this one were worn by millions of Americans after Lincoln's death.

**Date: February 11, 1998**

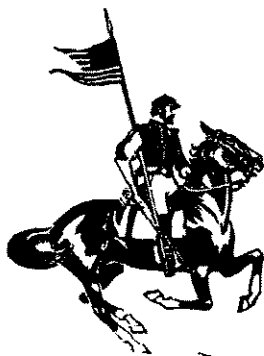
**Place: The Hermit Club**

**Time: Drinks 6 PM**

**Dinner 7 PM**

**Reservations: Please call  
JAC Business Communications  
at 861-5588.**

# CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE 1957-1998



*President:* **John Moore**  
*Vice President:* **Dick Crews**  
*Secretary:* **Bob Boyda**  
*Treasurer:* **Peter Holman**

Editor of the THE CHARGER  
Dick Crews  
3673 Traver Rd.  
Shaker Heights, Ohio 44122  
(216) 752-9961 (800) 800-8310

Published by JAC Communications  
Hanna Bldg, Cleveland, Ohio  
(216) 861-5588  
John & Anne Caputo

The Cleveland Civil War Round-Table meets normally on the second Wednesday of each month from September through May. The Round-Table also sponsors a Fall field trip each year to a selected Civil War site.

*Dues are \$35.00 per year.*

Membership information: call Dick Crews  
(216) 752-9961 or (800) 800-8310

## Past Cleveland C.W.R.T. Presidents

1997	Dan Zeiser	1976	Milton Holmes
1996	John Sutula	1975	Thomas Gretter
1995	Norton London	1974	Nolan Heidelbaugh
1994	Robert E. Battisti	1973	Arthur Jordan
1993	Kevin Callahan	1972	Bernard Drews
1992	Bob Baucher	1971	Kenneth Callahan
1991	Joe Tirpak	1970	Frank Schuhle
1990	Ken Callahan Jr.	1969	Donald Heckaman
1989	Neil Glaser	1968	Frank Moran
1988	Martin Graham	1967	William Schlesinger
1987	George Vourlojianis	1966	Donald Hamill
1986	Tim Beatty	1965	Lester L. Swift
1985	Brian Kowell	1964	Guy DiCarlo, Jr.
1984	Neil Evans	1963	Paul Guenther
1983	William Victory	1962	Edward Downer
1982	John Harkness	1961	Charles Clarke
1981	Thomas Geschke	1960	Howard Preston
1980	Charles Spiegle	1959	John Cullen, Jr.
1979	William Bates	1958	George Farr, Jr.
1978	Richard McCrae	1957	Kenneth Grant

## Calendar of Events

February 11, 1998

### Lincoln

ROBERT E. BATTISTI

MARCH 11, 1998

### John Buford

BOB BAUCHER

APRIL 8, 1998

### The Last Naval Duel

WILLIAM F. B. VODREY

MAY 13, 1998

### Fort Sumter

DAVID R. RUTH

## Spring Field Trip

May 9, 1998

**Western Reserve  
Historical Society**

## Fall Field Trip

**Shenandoah Valley**

**September 24, 1998**

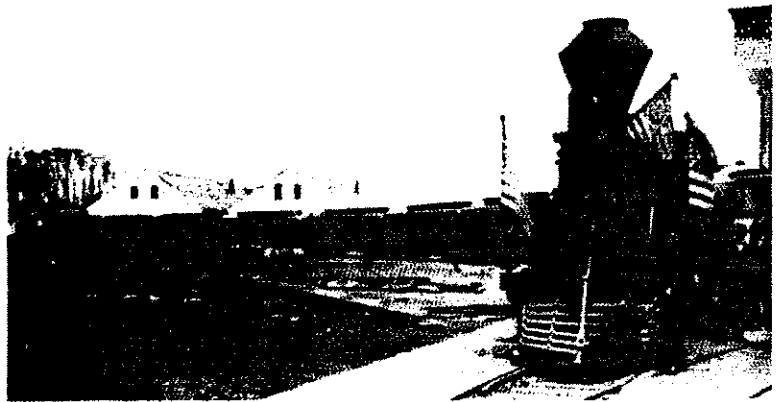
*Editor's Note:* In last month's CHARGER a two page article appeared about the 40 year history of the Cleveland Round-Table's speakers and topics. No credit was given as to the author because no name was on the hand written article. We now know the author was **Bob Baucher, thanks Bob.**

**Reservations are a must ! Call (216) 861- 5588.**

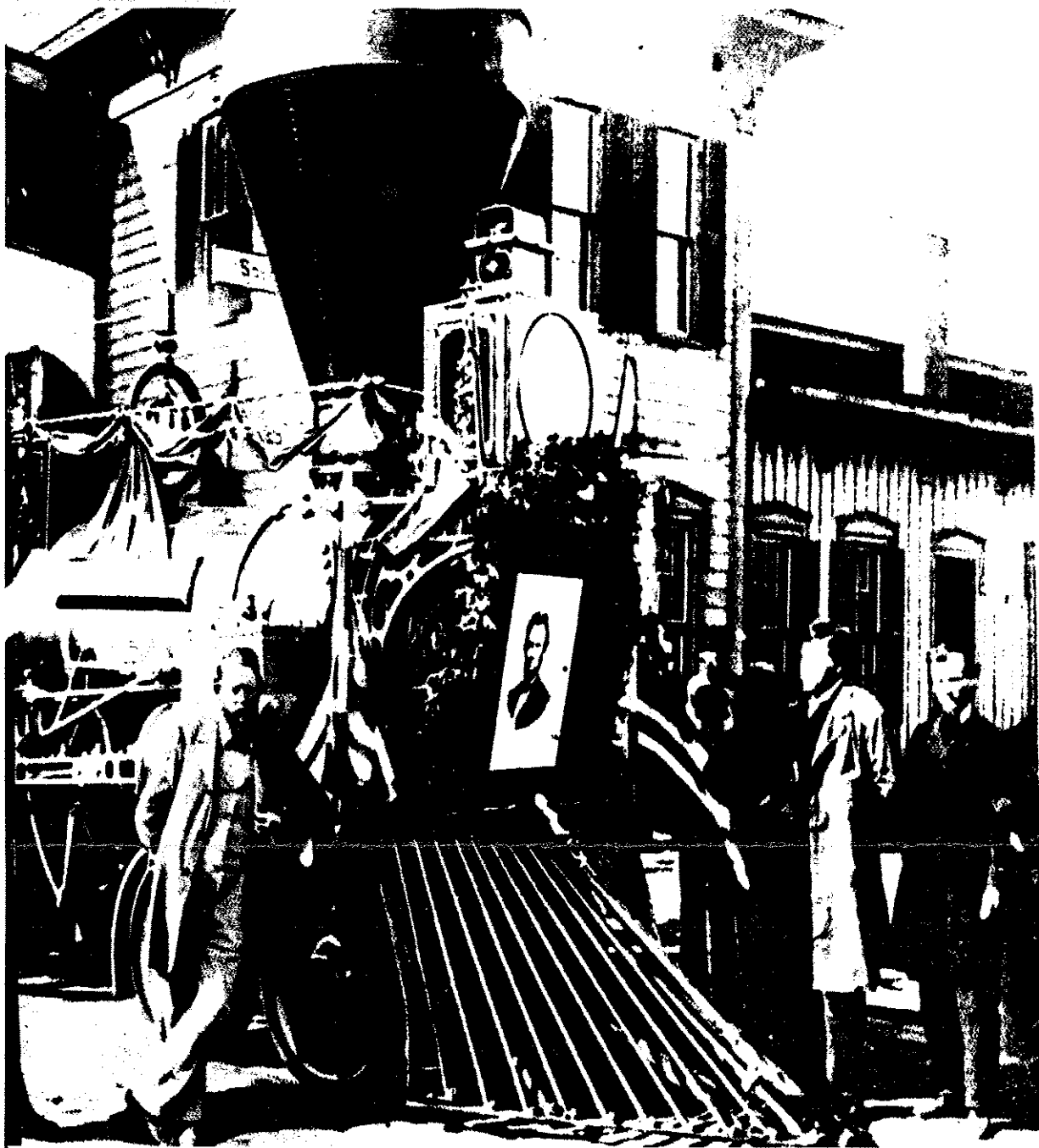


Abraham Lincoln

# THE LONG JOURNEY HOME BEGINS



Abraham Lincoln's funeral procession back across his land to Illinois was the mightiest outpouring of national grief the world had yet seen. Although at the time the camera was a crude, unwieldy machine requiring long exposures and laborious processing, still that new invention was there all along the way to record the great spectacle of tribute. Here are the pictures it made, along with a detailed account of that memorable journey one hundred years ago.



## *Bedlam and Violence in Philadelphia*

Something new was added to the viewing of Lincoln in Philadelphia. For the first time there was real violence and people actually got hurt in the frantic crush to push inside Independence Hall where the lying-in-state took place. The trip into Philadelphia had been orderly. The population of every town along the way was out beside the tracks to stand in silence, or kneel, as many did, as the train passed. All the shops were closed and the plows stood deserted in their furrows or, if a mile away, a solitary farmer was at work behind his plow, horse and plow were now halted, and the tiny distant figure knelt. For miles before the Philadelphia station was reached there were no gaps in the crowd—just solid lines.

The train arrived at Broad Street Station a little after four-thirty in the afternoon-a good two hours ahead of time by the official schedule-but then the careful organization of Philadelphia's town fathers began to go to pieces and it was almost six-thirty before the coffin was put on the hearse and the immense procession that had been planned got under way. The hearse, a marvel of black cloth and silver fringes and tassels, was the first of the funeral cars to have white plumes as well as black. Three big white feathers nodded at the top center of the canopy as eight black horses-the largest number of horses yet-hauled Lincoln toward Independence Square. Afterward Philadelphians claimed that theirs was the most gigantic, the most impressive procession of any in all the cities. Eleven divisions marched to the inevitable booming of cannons, tolling of bells, firing of minute guns, roll of muffled drums and slow dirges. At the square, when the Old State House was passed, a large transparency was uncovered-a picture of Lincoln wraith background of a huge coffin, spectacularly lighted by gas jets which formed letters that spelled out **HE STILL LIVES**. A hand high up in the steeple of the State House played dirges, and Independence Square was lighted by sixty red, white, and blue calcium lights which turned people's faces the color they were closest to. The coffin was placed in the East Wing of Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence had been signed, not many yards from the old Liberty Bell against which had been propped a big anchor of flowers. The viewing that night was by invitation only, handpicked people admitted by cards from the Mayor. These special guests were stopped at **1:00 A.M.** and as they departed they passed the long lines of the general public which were already forming to be admitted at **5:00 A.M.** Sunday morning. By daylight the lines reached west as far as the Schuylkill River and east as far as the Delaware, and the Camden ferry boats were landing huge loads of would-be viewers from New Jersey. Most people arrived in the line exhausted because the city interpreted literally that man and beast should rest on the Sabbath and therefore no horsecars were running. Understandably, on Sunday morning Philadelphia was keyed up, on edge, at fever pitch. When pickpockets began to terrorize a portion of the line, it suddenly surged into a mob, far out beyond its guiding ropes. Then the ropes were cut-by "villains," the newspapers explained-and bedlam broke out. People who had been almost up to the entrance windows were sent back by the police to the end of the three-mile-long double lines, to begin all over again the wait of five, six or seven hours. Now the crowd was completely out of control-as the police fought to keep order. Bonnets were pulled off women's heads, hairpins scattered in every direction, women's hair fell down to their waists, whole dresses were ripped off, there were screams and shrieks and every few minutes a female fainted and had to be extricated from the spot and passed along over people's heads. Crushed hoops and crinolines littered the Square.

One young lady had her arm broken, and word got out that two little boys were dead, but they were finally revived. The police must have known what the emotions of the Philadelphia viewers would be because, unlike the arrangements in other cities where viewers could get right up next to the coffin and stop a second for a really close look at Lincoln's face, here a strong balustrade had been built on each side of the coffin to prevent the crowds from obtaining too close a view-the closer people got to Lincoln's face, the more inflamed their passions became. In line with this the police would not let the viewers stop for even a second at the coffin. Even so, people had to be prevented from trying to touch Lincoln's face and in many instances actually trying with a sort of insane desperation to kiss the forehead and the gaunt cheeks. When it was all over at 1:00 A.M. Monday morning, Philadelphia claimed that three hundred thousand people had looked on Lincoln, many of whom must have remembered his words at Independence Hall on Washington's Birthday, 1861, on his trip east to be inaugurated. Explaining how his political feelings all sprang from the Declaration of Independence and that he felt that the promise of equal chance for all men that the Declaration put forth was the binding principle behind the Confederacy, he had then said ". . . But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle . . . - I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it."

## ON TO NEW YORK

New York City Hall



# CLEVELAND SOLVES THE PROBLEM ROOM FOR ALL UNDER THE SKY

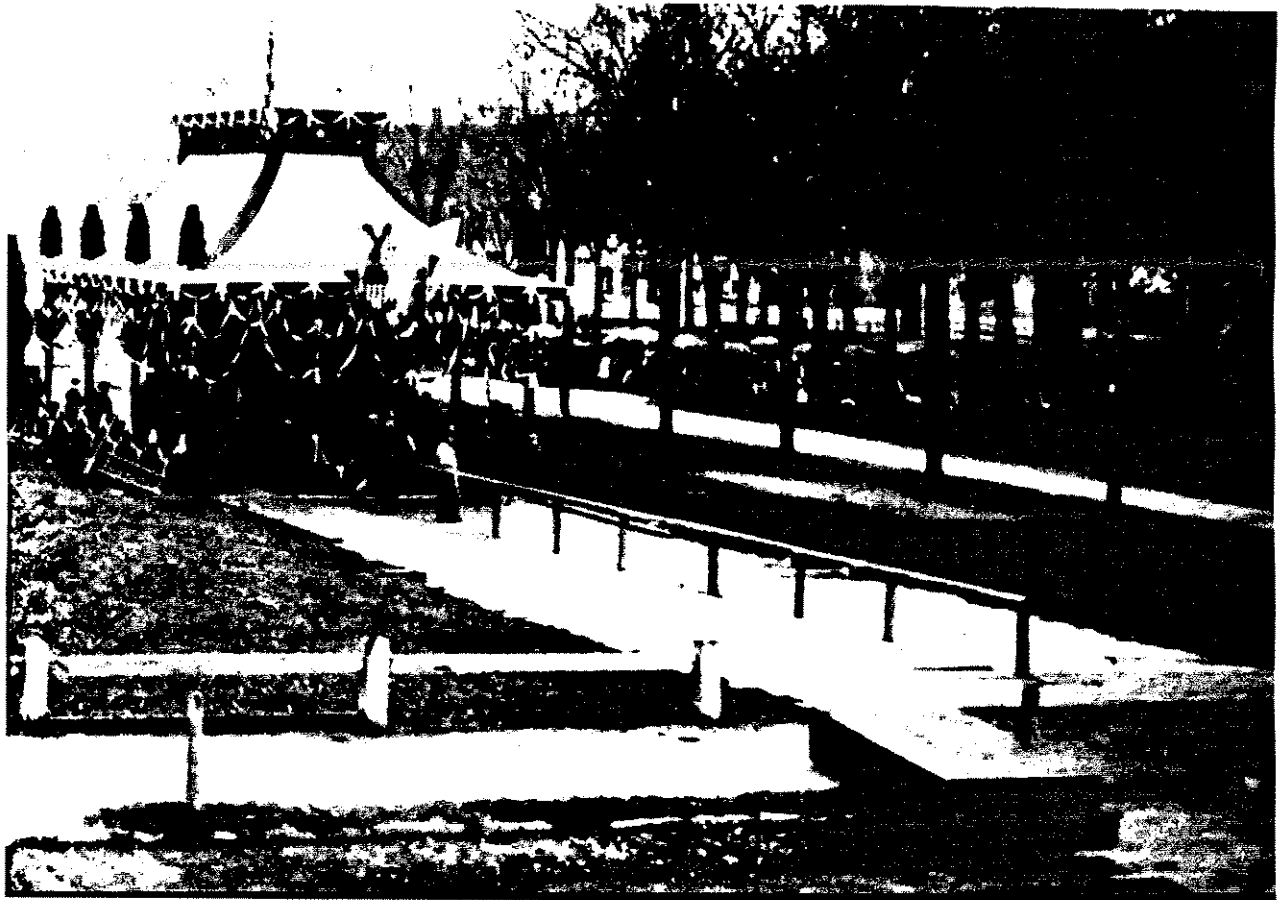
Cleveland's funeral was full of contradictions. It was both a solemn wake and a theatrical pageant of flowers. To show its admiration for this most completely native of American heroes, Lincoln, who had never been out of the United States, the city introduced an Oriental note. Proclaiming earnestly that it could sense the mourning

become deeper and more passionate as the cortege moved westward, Cleveland channeled its passion into building a Chinese pagoda-type of temple in its park to view the remains. The fairy pagoda, created between dusk and dawn, set the tone of Cleveland's demonstration, and citizens listened happily to a visitor who had attended every funeral so far and told them theirs was by far the most magnificent. They turned deaf ears to a Mr. Charles L. Wilson of Chicago, who had just come from that city and said the display being planned there would stagger man's imagination and severely test his credulity. There was drama even in the rain that fell all day in the "Forest City," a name it had earned from its superb, towering trees, for Cleveland pretended it liked the rain, that the rain was "tears falling for the great, good man. The overnight trip from Buffalo had been through lines of silent people, with continuous bells and bands and the many tableaux of thirty-six maidens dressed in white with black sashes. At Westfield at one A.M. the engine stopped for water and wood and five young ladies were allowed to bring a cross of flowers to Lincoln's coffin. Then they knelt and each in turn kissed the coffin. This took hold and from now on there were not the efforts there had been at first to kiss Lincoln's face. Kissing the coffin, with its cruel barrier of lead and wood and black material, was such a desperately futile and helpless gesture it never failed to move those who watched to tears.

The train arrived in the outskirts of Cleveland in the early hours of Friday, the twenty-eighth of April, just a full week since it had left Washington. Governor Brough and his staff and General Hooker who was now in charge of army affairs in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois came on board at six-thirty in the morning and rode the final way along the Lake Erie shore to the Union Station. Out of the train windows as it moved slowly into the city they could see crowds of people on the green hillsides, and high up, a maiden dressed in a flag, under an arch that said ABRAHAM LINCOLN. At exactly seven o'clock the train came to a stop at the station, and the national salute of thirty-six guns commenced firing. When the coffin was lifted to the black and white plumed, silver-starred hearse, an enormous procession set off for [be Park, all bathed in Heaven's tears, which obligingly laid the dust of the broad avenue. Dust had been a problem in other cities. Now it was a glorious sight to really see the military and hands and civilian marchers moving down the long tree-lined avenue. Onlookers had flocked from all over northern Ohio, western Pennsylvania, and

eastern Michigan and boatloads had come down the lake from Detroit. All females had been warned to leave their hoops for their skirts at home-the breakage of such attire in the reverent throng would be, officials said, swift and total. And yet with such uncountable throngs there was not a hint of disorder. The rain now turned to torrents, drenching the regiments that marched-the Odd Fellows, the Temperance Societies, the Laboring Mens' Union with a banner "**LABOR IS THE WEALTH OF THE NATION**", the Hungarian Association, the Colored Masons, the Colored Equal Rights League, the Seamen's Union which carried a full-rigged sailing ship with its flag at half-mast.

The structure in the park had been an inspiration. The size of the crowd was only limited by what all outdoors could hold, and because of the omission of the walls and doors and all inner obstructions that could squeeze a line to a standstill, the structure allowed one hundred and eighty people per minute, over ten thousand an hour, and over one hundred and fifty thousand in the allotted fifteen hours to pass by the coffin. All the other viewings had been held in the biggest buildings the cities could offer but all had been cramped and thousands outside were always disappointed. Only Cleveland had thought of an outdoor viewing that could satisfy everyone.



**One hundred and fifty Thousand people stood in the rain waiting to see Lincoln in the outdoor viewing Pavilion in Monument Square, Cleveland, April 28, 1865.**



# TREASURER'S REPORT - JANUARY 17TH 1998

*"There are no courts nor officers to whom the citizens of other States may apply for the enforcement of their lawful claims against citizens of the insurgent States; and there is a vast amount of debt constituting such claims. Under these circumstances, I have been urgently solicited to establish, by military power, courts to administer summary justice in such cases. I have thus far declined to do it, not because I had any doubt that the end proposed - the collection of the debts - was just and right in itself, but because I have been unwilling to go beyond the pressure of necessity in the unusual exercise of power."*

*A. Lincoln*

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE TO CONGRESS  
DECEMBER 3, 1861

Comrades:

The Regiment opened September 1997 with \$1,554.93 in paper currency hidden in the boy's drum. The amount currently hidden neath the skin stands at \$3,018.28 with an additional \$210,00 of dues received in-hand and awaiting deposit.

Year-to-date income, including revenues from dues, raffles and dinners has totalled \$5,740.50. During the same period, expenditures on dinners, mailings, speakers and miscellaneous came to \$4,276.25 with no obligations currently outstanding.

The year began with 126 members in the regiment of whom 5 have been veteranized for life and one is an honorary Colonel (Ed Bearss).

14 eager new recruits (including 2 former members of the Sanitary Commission) picked up their rifles for the duration. Possible revenues are \$4,327.50 in dues from 126 soldiers. You have achieved 86.56% of that goal and \$3,702.50 income. Outstanding dues of \$625.00 remain to be collected. An effort *has* been made to contact the stragglers by telephone and the following are doubtless even now hastening along the macadam to catch up to the regiment.

The penalty for desertion is no longer death, but withdrawal from the subscription list for **THECHARGER**. The penalty to the regiment is that we are deprived of sturdy comrades and we'll miss them very much indeed. But wait, I hear a challenge out by the pickets - perhaps it is they.....

Respectfully submitted,

*Peter Holman*  
Paymaster





## **CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUNDTABLE**

**To:** Social Studies Teachers Grades 9-12

**Re:** Essay Contest The Cleveland Civil War Roundtable is sponsoring its Fifth Annual Essay Contest in order to promote interest in the Civil War. Teachers, please encourage your students to take part. Feel free to produce additional copies of this notice.

**Topic:** "The Three Major Causes of the Civil War"

**Prizes:** The winner, his/her teacher, and parents will be honored at a dinner on May 13, 1998. The winner will also receive a plaque and \$100.00

**Deadline:** March 9, 1998

**Guidelines:** contestants are to:

1. Write an original essay of 500 to 1000 words addressing the topic of "The Three Major Causes of the Civil war".
2. Attach a cover sheet which states the student's name, address, home phone number, the high school, social studies teacher's name, and work number. Include E-mail and fax numbers if available.
3. Send essays to: John W. Moore  
6967 Gates Road Gates Mills ,Oh 44040 ph. 440-442-8339

All entries will be judged on the basis of content and form by members of the Roundtable.

Civil War Roundtables are formed to study the American Civil War. The Cleveland Roundtable was founded in 1957 and currently has over 100 members from Northeast Ohio who meet monthly from September through June. Their study includes sharing, fellowship, listening to speakers, and an annual field trip to one of the Civil war battlefields. The Hermit Club in downtown Cleveland serves as the location for their monthly dinner meetings. We welcome new members!

# President's Message

February, 1998

We closed out 1997 with a special thank you to Bob Boyda for his excellent presentation on Bedford Forrest to the club at the December meeting.

Dick Crews put together "The Great Debate" for January. Five members were asked to debate "The Three Major Causes of the Civil War." This exciting meeting of

January 14, 1998 was made possible due to the efforts of Dick, Bill Doty, Neil Evans, John Howard, John Peduzzi and Ty Somersfield. Thanks for a great meeting.



The same topic as the debate will be used for our high school essay contest. Enclosed in this issue of the Charger we have included a copy of the essay contest announcement. It has been mailed to area high school social studies departments. Use your contacts to encourage participation.

The executive committee of the round table held its last meeting on December 17, 1997. We discussed budget, membership, attendance, service awards, purchasing a cordless microphone, sharing of the membership list, spring field trip, a membership pin, and increasing the essay contest cash prize. It was decided to increase the essay cash prize to \$100.00 and to research the cost of a cordless microphone.

Our attendance has been excellent. Forty-eight members attended the January meeting. I look forward to seeing you February 11, 1998.

*John Moore*

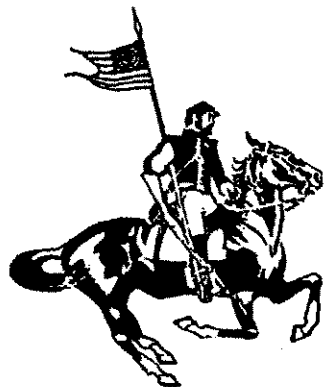
---

## Cherly Starnes

New member Cherly Starnes is now recovering in the Cleveland Clinic. She underwent bone marrow transplant surgery last week. You can drop Cherly a card at:

**CHERLY STARNES  
ROOM M-50-03  
CLEVELAND CLINIC  
9500 EUCLID AVE.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44195**

---



**THE CLEVELAND  
CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE  
P.O. BOX 18900  
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44118**



John W. Moore  
6967 Gates Road  
Gates Mills, OH 44040

44040-3666 04



In Next month's, March Charger

**SPRINGFIELD ARMORY**

**HATS OF THE CIVIL WAR**

**THE NEVER USED WEAPON:  
*THE HENRY RIFLE***