

# The Charger

## CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P.O. BOX 5028 • CLEVELAND, OHIO 44101

NOVEMBER, 1980

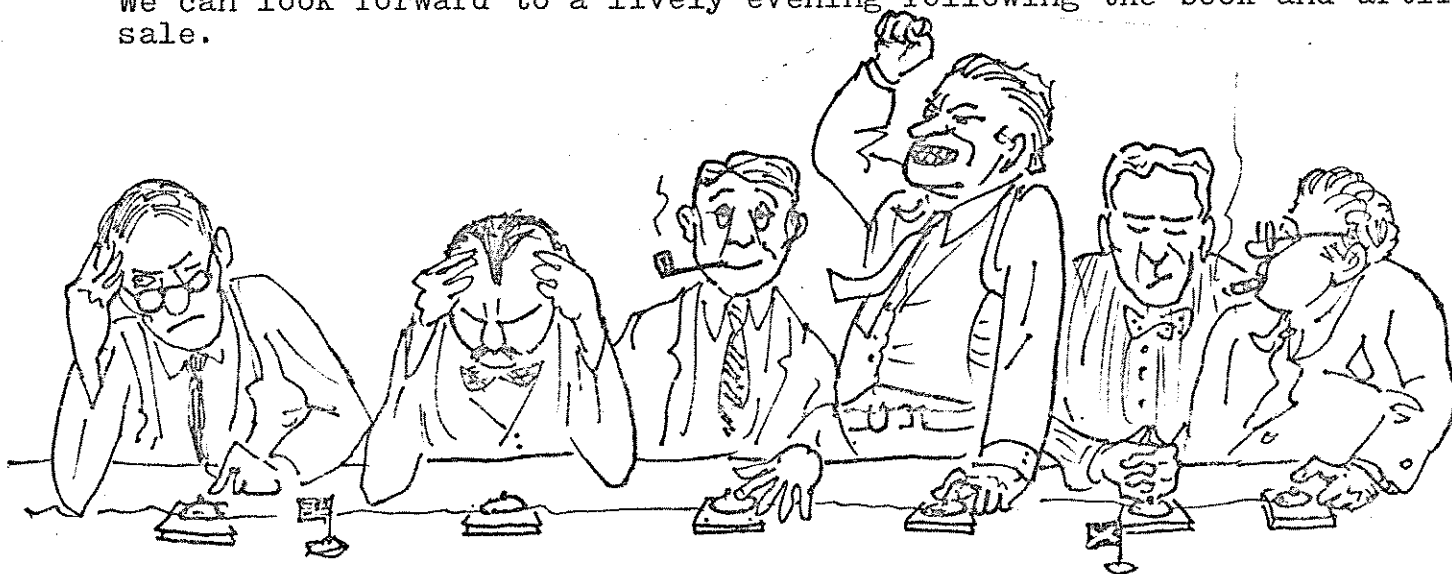
VOLUME 24 NUMBER 7

201st Meeting

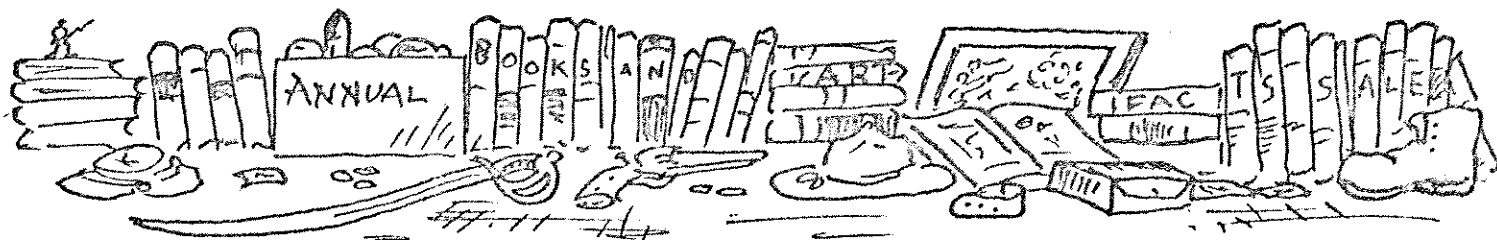
DATE: TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11  
EVENT: ANNUAL BOOK-ARTIFACTS SALE AND QUIZZ SHOW  
PLACE: THE HERMIT CLUB. SALE ON THIRD FLOOR, DINNER  
IN USUAL BASEMENT GRILL  
TIME: SALE AND REFRESHMENTS START STRICTLY AT 6 P.M.  
DINNER AT 7:15 P.M.

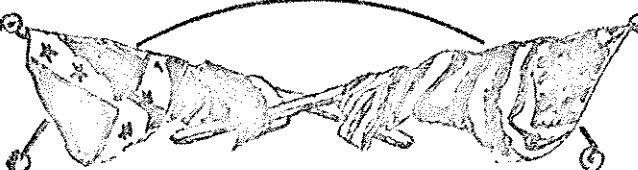
Under the able direction of our Secretary, Jim Englehart, the Quizz Contests are always enlightening, entertaining and certainly good for a lot of laughter. This year's panelists include the following members: Brian Kowell, Tom Koehl, Tim Moran, Jack Allison, Frank Moran, and Jim Mayer.

We can look forward to a lively evening following the book and artifacts sale.



Bernie Drews and Don Heckaman assure us they have an interesting selection of books and oddsy items for your perusal. If you plan to bring anything for sale, be sure each item is priced and marked with your name.






**CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR  
ROUND-TABLE**

FOUNDED 1957

President: Tom Geshke  
Vice Pres: John Harkness  
Secretary: Jim Englehart  
Treasurer: Tim Moran  
Executive Committee 1980-81



Stuart Cramer  
Milton Holmes  
Bob Bayless  
John Tormay  
Tom Koehl  
Jim Chapman

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## About Those Dooz\$

We didn't help the fragility of the club treasury last month when we printed the wrong address on the appeal of Treasurer Tim Moran.

Here is his message in toto:

Gentlemen:

Dues for the 1980-81 season are now being accepted. Please make checks payable to The Cleveland Civil War Round Table and send to:



TIMOTHY MORAN  
3105 WEST 146th ST.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO 44111

Your dues are \$17.00

We have received notice that the subscription rate for The Civil War History will be increased to \$7.25 per subscription. We do have the opportunity to renew our subscriptions at the current 1979-80 rate for \$6.50 if sent in by Dec. 31, 1980. If you wish to subscribe send a check for \$23.50 to Tim Moran to cover this and your dues.

## October Meeting



Our speaker at the last meeting was George Vourlojianis, historian of The Cleveland Grays. He related the story of that organization's participation in the Civil War, telling about them marching off amidst bands, flags and cheering crowds. They were mustered into the Ohio Vol. Infantry in Columbus, and served their 90-day enlistment without seeing any rebs or encountering much in the way of trouble. Many re-enlisted, and as a unit saw action at Bull Run, where they made a good account of themselves. One of their members was killed. When his body was brought back to Cleveland and military funeral services were held, thousands of Clevelanders turned out to honor the young hero. An interesting talk, followed by questions.

## ON BATTLEFIELD PRESERVAT'N

THREE CIVIL WAR PARKS will get new superintendents on October 1, and none of the three have any history background; in at least two of the cases, qualified historians were passed over in favor of other candidates. The parks are Manassas, Stones River, and Kennesaw Mountain. In at least the first two cases, the situation practically cries out for someone with extraordinary historic sensitivity (in addition to the other necessary qualifications). But, bureaucracy has triumphed again.

This is probably one of the most serious problems facing Civil War parks in the National Parks System, the NPS attitude toward history. We have reason, I do believe, to think that the new (since April) director will be better in this area than his predecessor. But the recognition of the significance of history has to filter down from the Director's Office to the lower levels--and penetrating the consciousness of the bureaucracy is sometimes a monumental task.

Assuming that the Manassas situation is going to be resolved in the next several weeks, we hereby announce our next major project: instilling an appreciation for history into the National Park Service.

Civil War Round Table Digest

# FRED GILL'S BOOK REVIEW

THAT DREADFUL MIDNIGHT KNOCK AT THE DOOR...IN AMERICA?

Freedom Under Lincoln by Dean Sprague. Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston, 1965

Any reader of spy novels or books about Nazi Germany or the K G B in Russia is familiar with the chilling circumstances of arrests in the night, of swift transport to menacing prisons, of the absence of charges.

First comes the insistent knock on the door, then the hair-bristling words, "You are under arrest;" followed by the quick trip to a bleak jail surrounded by armed and hostile men.



This is not a scenario easily associated with the Civil War, yet it happened repeatedly to thousands of men great and small. Where? In Washington, Missouri, in Maryland; Missouri and Kentucky, mainly, but hardly a state was spared. Those first months of the war were turbulent. Passions ran hot and high, especially after Fort Sumter and the Union debacle at Manassas. "Apocalypse was in the air," as Barbara Tuchman said about another time, and when Washington's communications were effectively severed from New York by sessionis in Baltimore, something apocalyptic had to be done. And it was. To silence Southern sympathizers due proc-

ess of law was abandoned for them. Lincoln suspended the writ of habeas corpus along "...the military line used between Philadelphia and Washington."

Thus it began. On orders of Seward - and to a lesser extent Cameron - men were arrested, newspapers with Southern editorial policies were closed, and the power to preserve the Union at any cost became undeniable.

Add to Baltimore the rest of Maryland and St. Louis and Kentucky, and tyranny prevailed in the all-important border states. Soon these states, so absolutely essential to the Union, were secure. Not long thereafter panic abated. Stanton became Secretary of War and the power to arrest passed to him and Lincoln declared a general amnesty to all imprisoned for their Secesh views.

No political prisoners were executed and none died in prison; surprising, considering the primitive prisons they occupied; but during 1861 Seward had exercised, with the guidance of Lincoln, more arbitrary power over Americans than any man ever has had. It was illegal, but the ensuing repression established the fact that the Federal Government had the power to act in any way it wanted against any person who opposed it. And it worked. The midnight arrests became rarities and it may not have been plain at the time to many, but the old ascendancy of States Rights had passed.

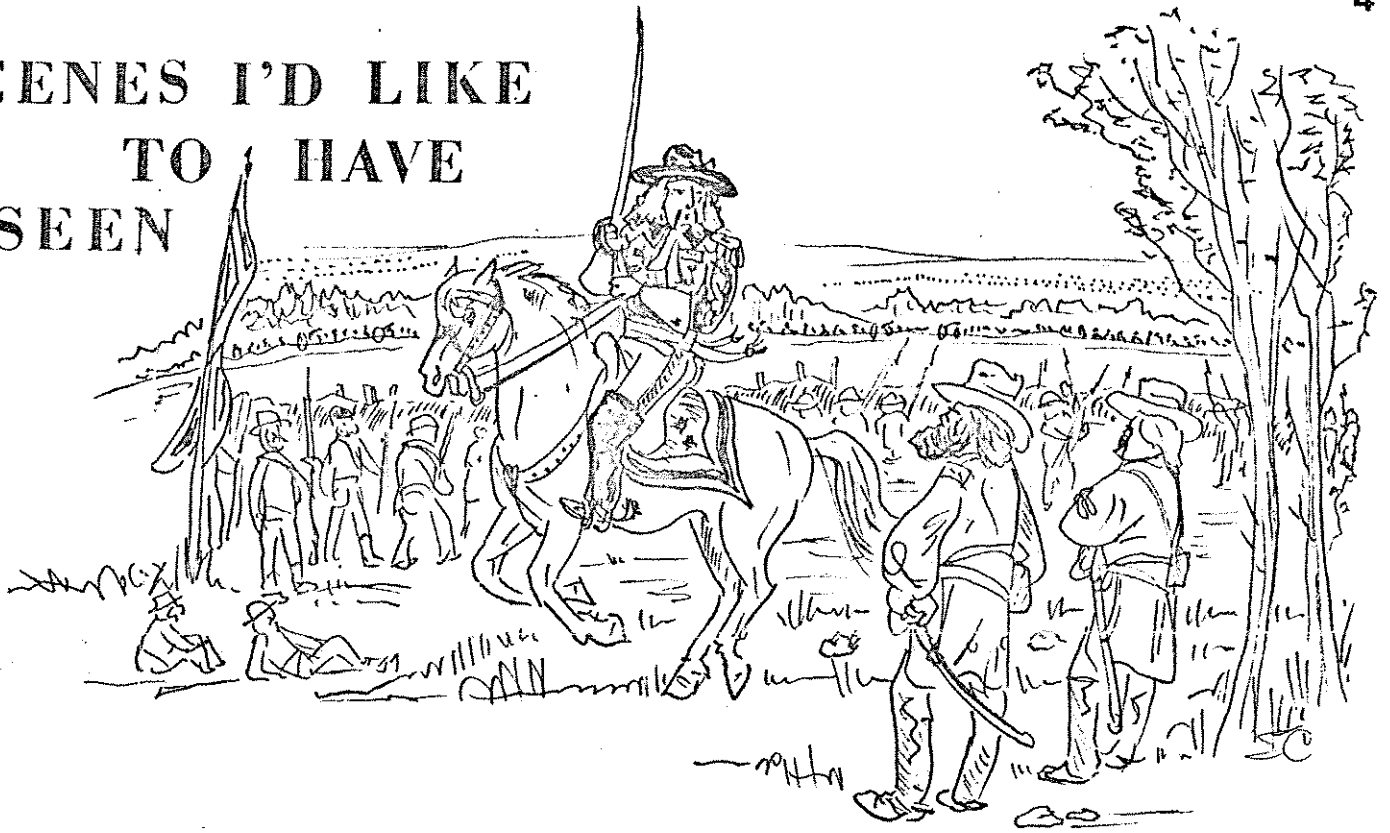
We read so much about the Civil War, about the dashing things, the panache and quirks of personalities, the intriguing problems of command, that the really menacing story told in this book lays a cold and iron pall on the glamour. But it is a true story, here well and truly told, and a stiff reminder that panic, real or imagined, can and once did lead to tyranny.

\* \* \* \* \*

WANTED: Back issues of Cleveland Civil War Round Table newsletters. Ted Adams kindly gave the editor a file of newsletters dated from 1957 to 1965. Would appreciate any issues from 1965 to 1978 in order to build up a COMPLETE file of same. Thanks. SC



# SCENES I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN



There are several different reports about the conversation held between Generals Longstreet and Custer when the latter came bounding into the Confederate lines during the ceasefire at Appomattox. Lee had gone to discuss terms with Grant, while General Gordon faced Sheridan on three sides. Gordon refused to talk and sent the flamboyant Federal to his commanding officer. Douglas S. Freeman quotes Col. J.S.Haskell in describing Custer's being dressed "in a blue jacket with the largest shoulder straps of a Major General I'd ever seen, with a gorgeous red scarf and on it a gold pin near two inches in length and breadth and in big letters, George A. Custer, Major General."

Custer called out in a voice audible to all around General Longstreet, "I have come to demand your instant surrender. We are in a position to crush you, and unless you surrender at once, we will destroy you." Longstreet, his usual dour disposition heightened by the bitterness of the situation, blew up. He wrathfully told the 25-year-old that Generals Lee and Grant were in communication. Then he raised his voice and hand and said, according to Freeman, "You have violated the decencies of military procedures because you know no better. Now go, and act as you and Sheridan choose and I will teach you a lesson you won't forget."

Historians Eisenschieml and Newman report that Longstreet then turned to his staff saying, "Colonel Manning, please order General Johnson to move his division to the front, to the right of General Gordon. Colonel Latrobe, please order General Pickett's division forward to General Gordon's left."

Custer listened in surprise and cooled off immediately, saying, "General, probably we should wait until we hear from Grant and Lee. I will speak to General Sheridan about it. Don't move your troops yet." He then withdrew in a much quieter style. When he was gone Longstreet gave a peculiar grunt ...the divisions of Johnson and Pickett had been out of existence since the fight at Five Forks.

A less scholarly version had Longstreet replying, "Git back to yer lines, sonny, and wait for the commanding Ginerals to decide. Yoah liable to git hurt."

# First Editions.. They Were There

John Wylie Garrett, who lived in Zanesville, Ohio, was married and 29 years old when he enlisted in the Union Army on February 27, 1864, and was assigned to Co. B, 1st Ohio Cavalry. He was appointed mail carrier, and here in his own words he tells what happened to him. This is the first time this excerpt has ever been published. We thank our friend Helen Parsh, of Vermilion, for permission to use it. Spelling, punctuation, etc., are his.

"It was September 4, 1864 that I was detailed to get the mail to the regiment. It was Sunday that I was sent to Atlanta where General Sherman was and I found several days mail waiting at Marietta. Coming back one of the rails of the track split and run up under the cars and upset the train. I was on top of a cattle car as that was the kind they hauled the soldiers in so I jumped and landed against the bank but the bones of my right leg was splintered so that they pushed through the flesh.

"I had on boots but instead of them cutting it off they pulled it off so you can imagine how I felt. They tore up a blanket and tied my leg to a board and laid me on the bare floor of a car. I had to wait some time to send back for an engine to take us back. I could not move and before we got back to Atlanta I thought I could not stand it my leg hurt so bad. They had to put up a tent for us to lay in and I begged for them to save my leg but they would not because the bone was splintered so bad. They put me under the influence of cloaform but I could imagine I could feel them clipping the bone with shears. I had to lay on the ground that night and a hard storm came up that they had to hold the tent to keep it from blowing over. Next day they gathered up some leaves and made a bed for us like we make for the hogs back home.

"In a few days they put up a large tent that they called a field hospital which they made bunks so I felt pretty comfortable. We were kept there for some time Rebels got to our rear and cut off our grub and we were cut down

Letter dated Nov. 12th from Camp Near No Place

(1864)

Dear Father

... Father I never wrote you about the fights that I was in nor did I want to. I knew it would make mother feel bad and fret. But you need not for there if thousands of others just as good as my self and I don't consider my life any better than my own.

Since our regiment came into the field they have been into a good many battles. They were in that seven days fight and at Malvern Hill and at the last Bull Run fight and fought the noblest at the Battle of the Shantih. We made three bayonette charges and drove them from the field everytime and was cheered by old General Kearney for our gallant conduct in battle. He was the bravest man I ever saw but he had to be killed at last. Our Regiment lost a great many men.

Nothing more at present. Give my love to all and write soon.

in haste

Thomas Bryden

to quarter rations. In the morning they gave me a small piece of salt mackerel and I could suck the bones all day and dream of those good mashed potatoes at home. The nights were very cold and one day a stray pup came and I coaxed him and petted him and got him to lay down on my foot so he kept it warm and I fared pretty well that night. For 7 or 8 weeks they transferred me back and forth from one place to another until I got to Madison, Indiana.

"My wife after me there. When she came I was washing my leg as I washed it every day I could so gangrene would not set in.

"After my wife reached Madison she found she had to go to Cincinnati to get Gen. Hooker to sign my furlough so she could take me home. Which she did and we finally got home via boat to Cincinnati.

In the May, 1979, issue we published some letters written by Bugler Thomas Bryden, of the 101st N.Y. Vol. These letters, never before published, were submitted by member Don Hamill.

I was discharged May 19, 1865.

Above is one more of the same

# Another Favorite Horse Story



General John "Black Jack" Pershing, an old cavalryman, was a superb horseman, second only, in the annals of West Point, to Ulysses S. Grant. His equestrian prowess was put to the extreme test on the occasion of his triumphant welcome parade in New York City, when he and his dough-boys came home from World War I.

The Commonwealth of Virginia presented him with a magnificent big blooded stallion with the request that he ride it during the home-coming ceremonies. This came as something of a surprise to the general, who did not have time to "look his gift horse in the mouth," to wit: to inquire about its background. The horse had never been in a parade before, had never seen waving flags and was completely unfamiliar with the roar of crowds; the sound of motorcycles back-firing, to say nothing of the brassy blare of bands playing "Over There."

The moment he mounted, it was a strenuous struggle to restrain the fiery, frightened beast. For fifty-one blocks of people-packed Fifth Avenue, Black Jack wore a grim, counterfeit smile for the wild crowd, but fought every veering, foaming, jump and prance of the way. Those marching near attested afterwards that the general

frequently addressed his steed with four-letter eloquence.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral, the high dignitaries of City, State and Church awaited the coming of the hero. When he finally rode up on the Virginia demor the general dismounted. A military aide took the bridle and reins, and still beyond the hearing of Archbishop (later Cardinal) Hayes, asked what he should do about the horse. "Take the G-D s.o.b. out and shoot him," Black Jack replied, and walked up the steps smiling, accepted the hand of the Archbishop and said, "Excellency."

Pershing completed the long parade on a borrowed New York police horse that walked calmly up the Avenue, impervious to the distractions. The general was heard to say, "This is more like it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Right after the direful Peninsula Campaign, as his son lay sick at Harrison's Landing, on the James River, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, walking down Beacon Street in Boston, met many young men not in uniform. This made his blood boil; so he went home and wrote a poem. To contemporary ears it was a clarion call:

Listen, young heroes! your country is calling!  
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!  
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,  
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,  
Furrowed and ridged by the battlefield's plough,  
Comes the loud summons; too long you have slumbered,  
Hear the last Angel-trump, - Never or now!

From Yankee from Olympus, Catherine D. Bowen



# Echoes of Heroes

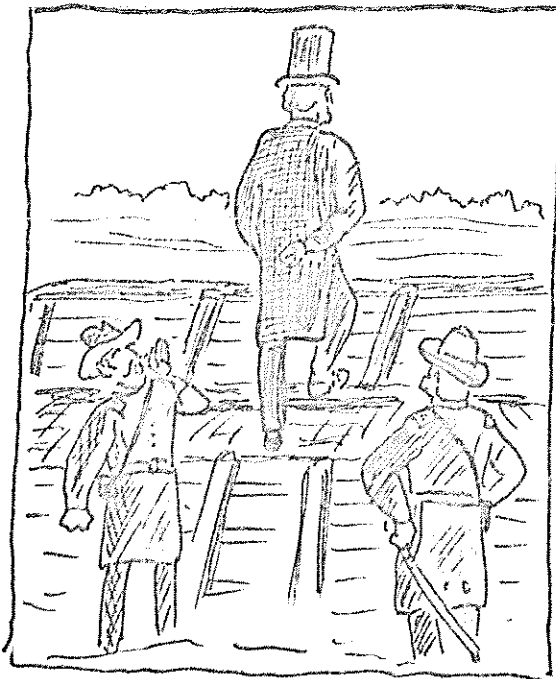
He was a national hero during the twenty years of peace between the Mexican and Civil Wars, and during that time, as Brevet Lieutenant General-in-Chief of the United States Army, he held unquestioned power over the destinies of the army, its officers and men.

By 1860 General Winfield Scott was older than the Capitol itself, was ailing in body and mind, a bulky travesty of his former self. Always vain, pompous and high-tempered, while still retaining his addiction to the pleasures of the table, his sick old body made him extremely petulant and irascible. His love of flattery had grown, and in company, he spoke of the great commanders in history, and compared with theirs his own exploits at Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec.

Near his desk stood his bust in marble, with shoulders bared; classical and idealized. The walls of his room were bright with his portraits at various ages, arresting figures, heroic, with haughty eye and small imperious mouth.

He still dressed in full dress uniform, his broad shoulders amplified by gold-fringed epaulets as ornate as the arm rests of an ante-bellum settee. Gold buttons and embroidery gleamed on the blue long-tailed coat, and a huge yellow sash crossed an ample chestful of gilt piping, then wound around a bulging girth surmounted by a wide fancy belt from which his gold-hilted sword hung, a gift from his native Virginia.

This was "Old Fuss and Feathers" when President Lincoln called him to Washington in those threatening days. He and only one other officer had ever led so much as one brigade. When he limped from his carriage, passers-by would line up, remove their hats, and cry, "God Bless you, General."



Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was a young lieutenant in the Twentieth Massachusetts Infantry Regiment, sometimes called "The Harvard Regiment," although not all of its members were Harvard students. They first fought in the disastrous Battle of Ball's Bluff, where Holmes took a minie ball in the chest, going through and missing the heart and lung by a fraction.

Months later, he rejoined his regiment as a captain, and saw action in the battles at Fair Oaks, Gaine's Mill, Garnet, Goldings, Glendale and Malvern Hill. At the age of 21 he was at Antietam, and was shot in the neck, the ball just missing his windpipe and jugular vein. After the wound had finally healed, he was marching down the river road on the way to Fredericksburg when his regiment came under fire of a Confederate battery. He ordered his men sharply to lie down. Holmes had hard-

ly hit the ground himself when a piece of shrapnel tore the ligaments and tendon of a heel, giving him his third and last injury. After ten months at home, he was appointed Aide-de-Camp on the staff of Brig. Gen. Wright, commanding the First Division. They fought at Spottsylvania,

cont'd. on pg. 8



# OLLAPODRIDA

Confederate Artillerist E. P. Alexander, who commanded the guns at Gettysburg was something of a character. In an army addicted to good horseflesh, he was noted for the sorry nags he rode. Instead of the usual revolver, he carried an old-fashioned (then) big bore horse-pistol, which he kept loaded with birdshot, and found it handy for knocking off quail, thus often obtaining a toothsome dinner.

Thanks to Hagerstown CWRT The Bugle Call

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Gail Borden, the Father of Condensed milk, expanded his canning facility in 1860. The Federal Government commandeered, with adequate compensation, the entire output of his condensing plant. Union soldiers liked the condensed milk and after the war became propagandists for it, assuring the success of Borden's company for generations to come. Borden also condensed blackberry juice, which was used in the hospitals.

Info from reader Betty Johnson

\* \* \* \* \*

D. H. Hill, with his chronic dyspepsia, was only one of many Confederate generals who suffered from stomach ailments, probably due to bolting their vitamin-free diets. Cabbage and more cabbage was General Lee's staple.

From American Eating, a history of Am. foods

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Sherman's "bummers" were not the only foragers to strike fear into Georgia farmers' hearts. Southern soldiers passing through, and more especially deserters, burglarized homes and plundered gardens. One farmer just outside Atlanta complained that a group of Confederates knocked at his door and asked to borrow a knife. They returned the knife, but he later learned they had used it to butcher a pig they'd stolen from him.

Siege of Atlanta, Samuel Carter III. Sent by Brian Kowell

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## Echoes of Heroes continued

North Anna, and Cold Harbor. It was during the siege of Petersburg that General Early threatened Washington, and Gen. Wright's division was sent to protect the Capital.

It was here that occurred the famous incident involving young Holmes and Abraham Lincoln. The President had joined Gen. Wright, and climbed up on a parapet to see the action. For four years he had watched young men marching past the White House singing, and had seen the pathetic wrecks return in ambulances...now for the first time he would witness these boys in action. The Confederates opened fire...Gen. Wright asked the President to step down; but he didn't move... even without his stove-pipe hat, his 6' 4" height made a perfect target. Three feet away from the President an officer fell dead. Then came an angry loud voice, "Get down, you fool!" Lincoln stepped down and turned to the earnest young captain, and said, "I'm glad you know how to talk to a civilian."

Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the famous author and poet, twenty years after the incident, was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court. He became known as "The Great Dissenter," and lived to see most of his dissenting opinions become law. He was much loved and respected, and even in his eighties, was known to the public "as that young Justice who disagrees with the old guys." He resigned at the age of 90, his last opinion just as clear and sharp as always...that was in 1932!