

# The Charger

## CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P.O. BOX 444 VERMILION, OHIO 44089

OCTOBER, 1980

VOLUME 24 NUMBER 6

200<sup>TH</sup> MEETING

DATE: Tuesday, October 14th  
SPEAKER: George Vourlojianis  
SUBJECT: History of the Cleveland Grays in the Civil War  
PLACE: The Hermit Club, Dodge Court  
TIME: Happy Hour 6 P.M. Dinner 7:00 P.M.

In February, 1979, the Club met at the Cleveland Gray's Armory, and at that time several members mentioned that it would make a good program to have an authority speak to us on the part played by the Cleveland Grays during the Civil War.

That suggestion will become a reality at our October meeting. George Vourlojianis is The Cleveland Gray's historian-chairman of its archives committee. President of Janis Interiors, in University Heights, our speaker is working on his PHD in history at Kent State.

He will tell of the Grays, the first unit to leave Cleveland for the war, suffer the first casualty; what happened after the first 90-day enlistment was up.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Guy

Last month, as predicted, Guy Di Carlo provided the Club with an excellent and enlightening talk on Federal telegraph service and the codes used.

He pointed out many fascinating facts about this War-Department-controlled private enterprise, with many civilian heroes operating the lines.

Guy also provided a sample coded message, with the secret code words which the members had the fun of trying to decode.

Everyone enjoyed having him back with us, and we all wish him continued success.

He is currently the President of the New York Civil War Round-Table.

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## CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

*Founded Nov. 19, 1957*

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44089...CWRT P.O.Box: 5786  
Cleveland, Ohio 44101

## BOOK SALE

Our Annual Book and Artifacts Sale will take place at the November meeting under the able direction of Bernie Drews and Don Heckaman.

IMPORTANT: Bring your books, guns, swords, hats, buckles or what have you to the OCTOBER meeting. It takes time to arrange and price all the items; so bring them in.

Bernie or Don will even come and get your ~~junk~~- offerings if you will call them...

The sales are always brisk and a lot of fun, and the more on display the more interesting it is. So rummage around in that attic or basement and bring in the stuff you no longer care to keep hidden away.

## FIELD TRIP

Well, the 23rd Cleveland CWRT field trip has now passed into Club History. The group this September consisted of Dr. Abel Robertson, who nearly lost his admiral's cap, Chuck Spiegle, who rescued it; Fred Gill, Tom Koehl and Stu Cramer, who went a day early, got lost in Ft. Eustus trying to find the Carter Grove Plantation; Margarite Harkness, whose husband John took off on the boat without her, but the boat turned around, went back to the dock and collected her; Dr. Bill Schlesinger stumping Pat, our Casemate Museum Guide, Nev Bayless getting double-takes from people who thought he was Robert E. Lee with a railroader's cap; Tom Geshke and Bob Bayless carrying the beer cooler past the "no alcoholic beverages allowed" sign on the boat..then the captain coming around later to say "you guys aren't getting off this ship until you give me a couple of beers." Bernie saying he should get a medal for bringing the cooler, etc., etc., everyone seemed to have had FUN.

## Words From Our

Treasurer: If you have not paid your dues do so. We can't operate on accounts receivable. We need your seventeen bucks NOW. Send to Tim Moran, 3105 West 14th St., Cleveland 44111.

Secretary: We are in the process of getting out a new roster. If you have made any changes call Jim Englehart at 781-0896 or 526-8270.

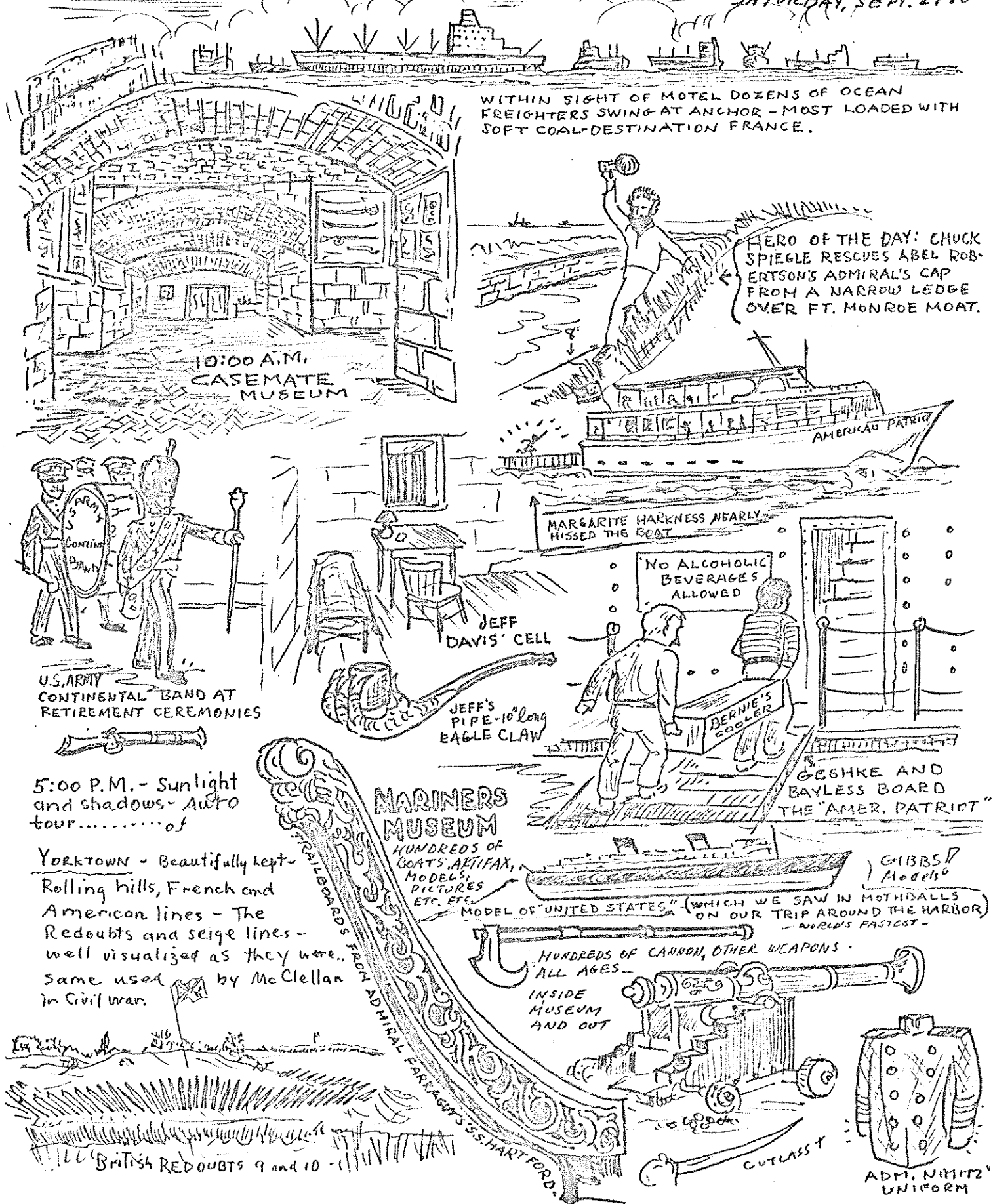
\* \* \* \* \*

For those who were lucky enough to visit the beautiful Yorktown battlefield take note of this:

On October 18th, 1981, there will be an enactment of the Cornwallis surrender, with thousands of appropriately uniformed soldiers, fireworks, and the visitation of two modern French warships.

# From my 1980 Field Trip Sketchbook - J.C.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 26, 1980  
SATURDAY, SEPT. 27 '80



# FRED GILL'S BOOK REVIEW

## THE TRUE DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION

The Forgotten Victory by Thomas Fleming: Reader's Digest Press: N.Y. '73

Over a century ago Sir Edward Creasy in his book The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World said a battle was not necessarily decisive because of its length, the numbers involved or the casualties inflicted. Rather, the decisiveness was determined by whether or not the result influenced the war so that victory for one side or the other was insured. This is precisely what happened in the occurrences in a small New Jersey town between June 4 and June 24, 1780. This small, forgotten battle is described excitingly in this well wrought book.

It all began when Sir Henry Clinton left New York for South Carolina to defeat Benjamin Lincoln at Charleston, leaving Lt. Gen. von Knyphausen in command. It was evident that American unity was dissolving, the Continental Line had mutinied in May and that Washington's small army had barely survived the century's worst winter at Morristown. Knyphausen listened, after long exhortations, to William Franklin and other Loyalists, who declared that Jersey was abounding in Loyalists ready to rise, that the little militia was only a paper organization of rascals. What was needed was a quick thrust in force from Staten Island through Springfield and the Watchung Mountains to Morristown, brushing aside the militia and bagging Washington and his depleted army, thus ending the war. Able professional soldier that he was, Knyphausen permitted himself to be enchanted by the vision of the glittering awards this would bring him and his beloved Hessians. Also, he probably had no great love for Clinton in particular and the British in general.

Now, on June 6, 1780, he put 4,500 British and Hessian troops across into New Jersey. Meeting little resistance this force reached the tiny settlement of Connecticut Farms, just east of Springfield. But here things changed. As soon as Knyphausen's force landed, signal fires blossomed on Newark Mountain and the Watchung's; and "Old Sow," an ancient mortar of prodigious bore, boomed repeatedly across the countryside. The regulars, the 3rd New Jersey of the Continental Line, which Washington had on guard, were alerting the militia.



LT. GEN.  
WILHELM  
FRINHERR VON KNYPHAUSEN

But would the militia turn out in enough numbers to bolster the 600 of the New Jersey brigade? The brigade's commander, General Scotch Willie Maxwell, thought so when he knew it was not just another depressing false alarm. Maxwell, one of the few commanders who understood the militia and how to use it, knew that the first sight of red coats marching up the road would spark ardent fire in the breasts of the farmers and craftsmen who saw the threat to their homes and families and property.

The militia did turn out, promptly and in numbers from all the nearby counties. This was the "well organized militia," pre-figuring the Second Amendment of the Constitution, yet to come. It was not the raggle-taggle sprinkling of reluctant farmers Knyphausen had expected.

Sparks were added to this gathering by the pastor of the Presbyterian

continued on page 6

# SCENES I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN



Article submitted by Member Don Hamill

Extract from the magazine CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., July, 1916. From the article "A Maryland Boy in the Confederate Army" by G. B. Philpot. No unit designation given.

Our next move was to Martinsburg to cover Stonewall Jackson's rear at Winchester and in front of General Banks, who was in Maryland. Winter was on now, and our duties were very easy. We soon got acquainted with all the good people of the town and were beginning to have a good time, when Stonewall on the first day of January, 1862, ordered us to join him for a move into West Virginia. The third day of our march we halted for rest. The next morning Welsh and I went out on a foraging expedition. We reached a farmhouse where the good wife was making bread and pies. The husband, a Union man, fearing arrest, had skipped into Maryland. The wife positively refused to give or sell us any of her bread and pies. We could, of course, have taken them, but Southern chivalry forbade it. On leaving, Welsh noticed some beehives and proposed to get even with her by coming at night and taking one of the hives. Why we should wait for night I do not know, unless it was because all evildoers prefer the cover of darkness for their evil deeds.

At night, we got one hive and deposited it in our room, where the boys had a roaring fire. Soon the bees warmed up and attacked us front, flank, and rear. We retreated precipitately into the snow and bitter cold, where we held a council of war and decided that the only way to recapture our castle was to lasso the hive, as no man was brave enough to enter. This we did after many attempts. Now the hive was out, but the bees were in. The only thing then was to freeze them out, and while doing that we were freezing outside. We opened all the windows and the doors and waited for the fire to burn down. When we saw them freezing, we raised the black flag and boldly marched in, all nearly frozen. Our prize contained about twenty pounds of honey, which we divided with the boys who had assisted us in retaking our castle.

## BOOK REVIEW

Church in Springfield, the last town before Hobart Gap which carried the road to Morristown. Rev. James Caldwell was a red hot rebel and he knew his incandescent sermons had put him on the British most-wanted list and his wife and new-born son were in Connecticut Farms. Hearing the Old Sow belch, Caldwell saddled up and galloped the lanes and roads spreading the alarm as no one else could.

The invaders reached Connecticut Farms and were stopped by the small regiments of the New Jersey brigade and the flood of militia which Scotch Willie put to deadly work harrying the British flank companies and the formidable Hessian Jaegers. Soon Knyphausen himself and the main body of his troops had come up. Washington's thin regiments were still miles away and a powerful thrust could have swept the rebels aside and old Knyp would be through the gap and on his way to glory.

But now the wheel of history paused. Clinton's aide-de-camp had come from South Carolina and had joined Knyphausen in New York and he knew of Clinton's victory at Charleston and knew that Clinton had already sailed, not for the Chesapeake as Knyphausen believed, but for New York and with him his own plan to invade New Jersey. But Clinton had told the aide-de-camp not to reveal this news. Why? Well, that is just the way Clinton was. The aide, however, saw now he had to tell poor Knyp. He feared what might happen, not least to himself, should the Hessian general come against the whole Continental Line and growing militia. He had to reveal Clinton's secret. The wheel of history now reversed itself. Knyphausen retreated to Elizabethtown to await the wrath of his superior. Before leaving Connecticut Farms, the King's army added more fire to the American rage. They murdered Hannah Caldwell, the fiery pastor's wife, looted and burned all the buildings and orchards in this unhappy village.

Trying to salvage the operation Clinton now set in motion a feint toward West Point and renewal of the thrust to Morristown hoping to catch Washington between the two. The feint was too late and Washington too canny. Knyphausen got through Connecticut Farms and reached Springfield. Here he was met not only by Scotch Willie but by Nathanael Greene, the best general in all the colonies; Greene, like Maxwell, knew how to use militia, and between Springfield and Hobart Gap poor old Knyp, despite a five-to-one superiority, found he could not get through. He started his second retreat but not before looting and burning all but four buildings in Springfield.

In spite of the two-mile start out of Springfield the royal army's journey back to their boats was not routine. Clouds of well-commanded militia saw to that.

The battle was over. New Jersey was saved, and, truly, so was the American Revolution. As Fleming says, "With the revolutionary cause teetering, a British victory, or even the appearance of a victory, could well have been decisive." For the British, of course.

Here, then, is the real decisive battle of the war. Some say the decisive battle was Saratoga, but what real difference would it have made if Burgoyne had reached Albany? No one was on the way to meet him from New York to cut the colonies in half. And, what with the shape Burgoyne was in he could not have lasted long in Albany. Others say the decisive engagement was Yorktown. But was it? If the British had won at Springfield, Washington would have lost his supplies at Morristown and probably all his pathetic starving 3,000 man army. And what would the

# THAT CHARMING MARIE

This babe's story is even more incredible than her name.

Marie Boozer must have been a real beauty. At 19 she was recognized as the reigning belle in Columbia, South Carolina, and it was universally agreed that Marie was the most dazzling woman in South Carolina. Old General John S. Preston, who was regarded as an authority, said unabashedly, " Marie Boozer was the most beautiful piece of flesh and blood that my eyes ever beheld."

With her "luminous blue-gray bedroom eyes," her gorgeous shape and captivating manners, she eclipsed her popular mother, Amalia Sees Harned Boozer Feater, a brunette beauty estranged from her fourth husband because he didn't approve of her smoking thin Cuban cigars.

When Sherman marched into Columbia, even though Amelia lost her home on Washington Street to the flames, she married a Philadelphia Union officer, and she and daughter Marie rode out of Columbia in a handsome carriage under the escort of Federal cavalry. Their baggage followed in an army wagon. Young officers hung around the carriage constantly, like bees drawn to heavily-laid blossoms. Until the arrival of one General Judson Kilpatrick.

Here was the most notorious and successful "skirt-chaser" in the entire Federal Army. He immediately abandoned his current mulatto mistress and fell in love with Marie. He started to overwhelm her with his attentions and cut off all competition. Naturally, she succumbed.

Many historians have wondered what it was about "Kilcavalry" that made him so irresistible to women. He was small, had ugly reddish hair going on baldness, a big nose and a most irritable disposition.

As Sherman's armies moved north, in Lancaster, South Carolina, Marie and Kilpatrick settled into the Brown House for a week, occupying the upstairs quarters. When they left, they took Mrs. Brown's finest carriage, and the seats were piled high with her best white blankets.

"Little Kil " had to leave Marie's carriage now and then to clash with Hardee's rear guard as Sherman passed into North Carolina. One H. Clay Reynolds, a rebel cavalryman who had been captured, was tethered to the rear of this Victoria carriage. He was forced to hobble along in misery at the pace set by the carriage horses. He was incensed at what he heard going on in the carriage, and was tormented by the smell of Marie's perfume. Reynolds left a written record of Kilpatrick's display of luxury en route. A French chef presided over the cavalryman's mess, and his wagons were filled with fine foods, imported wines, brandy, herbs, spices, bags of coffee beans and precious loaf sugar.

One night Kil's camp was surprised by Wheeler's cavalry, and Kil had to leave Marie's bed as he dashed into the woods in his drawers. During this Reynolds escaped. The Confederates were finally driven off, taking a bunch of prisoners. Marie was not one of them, having been protected in a ditch by a solicitous Yankee officer.



The Beauteous Boozer Babe finally parted company with Kilpatrick at Fayetteville, No. Carolina on board the Army tug "Davidson." As she left the army, Marie was on the threshold of a bizzare career...she was to marry a wealthy northerner, and after a sensational divorce case



# OLLAPODRIDA

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A review of Ezra J. Warner's "Generals In Gray" in the Cleveland News of December 28, 1959, stated that Ohio supplied five General Officers to the Confederacy. Our members do read The News (Howard Preston please note), as evidenced by the fact that a number of inquiries were received as to the identity of the Ohio born Confederates. They are: Charles Clark, Major General, Mississippi Militia, Brigadier C. S. A., later Governor of Mississippi; Eushrod Rust Johnson, USMA 1840, Major General C. S. A.; Daniel H. Reynolds, graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University, Major General C. S. A.; Roswell Sabine Ripley, USMA 1843, Brigadier C. S. A., commanded reconditioned Fort Sumter and Moultrie; and Otho French Strahl, Brigadier C. S. A., killed in action in the battle of Franklin, November 30, 1864.

\* \* \* \* \* Submitted by Neville Bayless

Writes Union General William F. Smith of the Battle of Fredericksburg: During the afternoon, hearing some heavy musketry firing in my front, I went to ascertain the cause, and while riding along behind a regiment lying with their faces to the ground, a round shot struck the knapsack of a soldier..sent a cloud of underclothes into the air, and high above them floated a scattered deck of cards. The soldier, hearing the shouts of laughter, turned over to see what was the matter, and when he saw the mishap that had befallen him, made a feeble effort to join the laughter. "On all sides," said another witness, "could be heard the cry, 'Oh, deal me a hand.'"

Richard Wheeler Voices of the Civil War  
\* \* \* \* \* Sent in by Brian Kowell

## BOOK REVIEW

French have done then? They certainly would never have gone to Yorktown.

Why have historians dismissed or ignored this pivotal battle? Saratoga and Yorktown were much grander, the casts of characters much more glittering; but I'll take Scotch Willie and Greene, pastor Caldwell and that wonderful, courageous, undependable New Jersey militia. These men, these hardy men, made this the true decisive battle of the whole long war.

\* \* \* \* \*

## MARIE'S END

would become the wife of a French count and reign as the queen of an international society. The tragic end of her life is somewhat obscure. The story goes that the count, fed up with her infidelities, sold her to a Chinese Warlord for a concubine, who had her ankle tendons severed to prevent escape, and fattened her into a 300-pound beauty.

A Checkered Life: Being a Brief History of the  
Countess Pourtales, formerly Miss Marie Boozer.  
Columbia, So. Car., 1878 by "One Who Knows."

\* \* \* \* \*

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