



The Bugle Call for July 2021



The Official Publication
of the Northwest Civil
War Council
John Hartman Editor

On the Cover: The Old Warren County Courthouse Museum in Vicksburg, Mississippi. On July 4th, 1863, Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant accepted the surrender of Lt. Gen. John C. Pemberton and his army of 30,000 men in Vicksburg. The Union Army now controlled the length of the Mississippi River, effectively splitting the Confederacy in half.

In This Issue: the Chairman's Column, the Confederate Column, the No-Frills Editorial, the Board Meeting Summary, Mail Call, Mark Twain, Southernisms, a book review, and other cool stuff.

The Chairman's Column

By Don Benson

Good evening

I have written to you from Montana while on detached orders to the 7th US Cavalry. We are moving toward the Little Bighorn River in search of Sitting Bull and some renegade Sioux warriors. We hope to make contact in the morning.

We are ready for the fight, and with the leadership of Col. Custer, I am confident we shall prevail. The men are in good spirits and itching for a fight.

Our horses are strong and should serve us well.

I will send my battle report once the battle is done.

Yours truly

Capt Benson

Co I, 7th Mich Vol Cav

Commanding

With that, Boots and Saddles Boys, we shall fight again soon for Clatsop. Rumors are the Confederate army is on the move toward Astoria. I expect contact around the first weekend of September. Also, there will be a work party the last weekend of July at my house to prep firewood for Clatsop and Colton. Might be a small skirmish too.



See you all on the field of honor soon.

Faithfully yours,

Don

The Confederate Column

By Jim Stanovich

ATTENTION BATTALION!

PREPARE TO TAKE ARMS!

The Battle for Clatsop County is on for Labor Day weekend!

The Clatsop County Fairgrounds manager has given the NCWC the go ahead for our annual Labor Day event.

This will be as close to a normal event as possible! We will not be requiring face masks. If you are uncomfortable being around others without a mask on at this time, please consider wearing a bandana as a face covering rather than a modern face mask. We will be doing our formations, battle lines and camp layout as normal.

Our costs for events have risen dramatically, as the price we pay for porta potties and their cleaning has gone up substantially. The board did approve the new budget to make this event happen, so please, let's all show up for our first event in almost two years!

If you have not renewed your membership for 2021, please do so as soon as possible. We don't want to overwhelm our membership coordinator

at the last minute! The cut off for renewing your membership in time for Clatsop will be two weeks prior to the event, which puts the cutoff day at August 21st.

This is an odd number year, which means it's time to get those safety tests done!

Time to dust off those uniforms and get ready!

FORWARD MARRRRRRRRRRRRCH!!!!!!!!!!

General Stanovich

The No-Frills Editorial

I am getting excited! We will be having two reenactments this season, and plans are in full swing. Curt Fields, Jr. will return to Clatsop as Gen. Grant, bringing Mrs. Grant with him. Sunday night surgeries will return in the Federal camp with Doc Trevor Steinbach. There is also a strong possibility that Confederate President Jefferson Davis and his lovely wife, Varina, will be attending in the Confederate camp. I am looking forward to the smells of campfires, drinking Army coffee, and meeting old friends in person for the first time in two years.

Everyone has a lot to do before Labor Day weekend. Military members have to make sure rifles and pistols are cleaned and in good working condition. Have you submitted your safety test papers to your CO? Do your period clothes still fit after two years? Boots or brogans clean and polished? How about that tent?

These are the happy questions I submit. I got a new pair of white gloves for dress parade last week. At the edge of civilization here in Coos County I had to order them online, and look forward to putting them on for Sunday morning parade.

All giddiness aside, do not wait to get your memberships renewed. Don't give our membership chair a nervous breakdown by creating a line a hundred yards long of folks needing memberships renewed. We can all do our advance work to make Clatsop and Colton enjoyable, glitch free experiences.

In the meantime, keep your heads down out there.

The Bugle Call is usually sent out on the 25th of the month. Sometimes it will be sent sooner,

sometimes later, depending on receiving important news. Prospective articles may be sent to us at jandghartman76@gmail.com.

Board Meeting Summary

The NCWC regular meeting for June was held via Zoom on June 17th. After a quorum was established the meeting was called to order at 7:04 p.m. by Vice Chair A.J. Reed.

The minutes of the previous meeting were approved as presented.

The Treasurer's report was approved as presented. The club has total assets of \$33,105.05.

Event Planning: The Clatsop reenactment will be held. Event Coordinator Annabelle Larsen presented a complete budget, which was approved. Scott Ingalls will work with her to get a better cost on portapotties.

The Colton reenactment will be held. Event Coordinator Don Benson is still working with the BLM.

Equine Safety: No report, Shardon Lewis absent.

Rules Committee: no report, Donny Cameron absent.

Budget & Finance: No report, chair absent.

Membership: Sharon Stanovich reports that 135 members are paid so far. 300 members from 2020 have yet to pay, and if they all try to do so in the last two weeks or at Clatsop they will not be able to be processed in time.

Public Relations: Annabelle Larsen reports that she has found Civil War Digest online and will be stepping up postings about Clatsop with interesting stories about the Civil War.

Webpage: Nothing new to report.

Facebook: No report, Capt. Wendell absent.

Civilian Battalion report: Deb Martin has been in contact with Curt Fields, who will be attending at Clatsop as Gen. Grant, with his wife as Mrs. Grant. She will contact him again next week.

Artillery: nothing new to report.

Confederate: nothing new to report.

Union: nothing new to report.

Unit reports: none.

New Business: A budget for artillery black powder was approved for \$2700. This will get us through the two reenactments for this year.

The next meeting will be a live-Zoom hybrid on July 15th at the Country Kitchen Café in Woodburn.

Meeting adjourned at 8:15.

Safety Test Year

Since 2021 is an odd-numbered year, that means that it's Safety Test Time! Stop by the NCWC website, download the safety test pages, answer them satisfactorily, and send them to your military C.O. pronto. Don't delay, do it today!

Membership 2021 Crunch Time

Membership Chair Sharon Stanovich reports that nearly 300 members could possibly try paying 2021 dues in the two weeks before Clatsop, or at the event. This will not be enough time to process all the memberships. Members who are not paid for 2021 are strongly urged to do so prior to the middle of August to allow time for each application to be processed. Fees are \$25 for individual membership, and \$50 for a family membership. Renewing your membership is as easy as using the online payment on the NCWC's webpage. Don't delay, do it today!

Powder and Caps Prices Higher

If you anticipate needing to restock your powder and caps for later this season, be forewarned: prices of both have increased greatly, and are in short supply. You may want to make your purchases sooner, rather than later, and avoid being caught short.

Clatsop is A Go!

A report by Event Coordinator Annabelle Larsen

On September 4th, we will gather at the Clatsop County Fairgrounds for our Annual Battle for Clatsop County Living History event. For the first time in over a year, we will have the opportunity to sit around a table with our reenacting family and share the history we love. At this event we will have the privilege of hosting several nationally recognized historians; confirmed guests are Dr. Curt Fields returning as General Grant, Dr. Trevor Steinbach joining our Medical Demonstration, and pending guest David Walker as Jefferson Davis. These historians all bring their knowledge and expertise to the table.

What do you bring to the table? Where does your passion lie? What have you spent time learning about and are excited to share with people?

Use the next few months to brush up on your Civil War History, try on your clothes and make the adjustments you told yourself weren't going to be done the night before. Don't delay in registering for NCWC Membership to allow for adequate processing time: Family \$50, Individual \$25. Let's all get ready for an event filled with enthusiasm and desire to be together.

I look forward to meeting you at the table.

Battle for Clatsop County

Clatsop County Fair and Expo, Astoria OR

September 4-6, 2021

Admission:

Adults: \$15

Military with ID & Children over 6: \$10

Children under 6: Free

Parking: \$5

2021 NCWC Dates

Work Party July 24-25

At Don Benson's property to cut wood for Clatsop and Colton. Details on the Facebook page.

Clatsop - Sept. 4-5-6

Colton - Sept. 18-19

Albany Veteran's Day Parade

These events are pending no Covid restrictions.

WCWA Events

Tactical Reenactment at

Woodland, WA August 14-15

Contact Rich Bright, 3rd WVA Cav for details.

Battle of Eagle Creek, Wallace, ID September 11-12

Mail Call

The first letter comes from Captain Donald C. Newton, Company B, 52nd Illinois Infantry. For a man who has no news, his letter is pretty interesting.

Corinth, Mississippi

July 2nd 1863

My dear wife,

There is no news. I have nothing to write but still I expect you will expect a letter from me. We yesterday went to Grand Junction as a guard for the train. Our regiment furnishes a guard once in 8 days. We went in a gunboat [armored] car and as it was very hot and the sparks flew like fun, there not much fun in it. On the train was Col. [Silas D.] Baldwin who was being conducted out the lines under guard. He came here three or four days ago saying he had a new commission as Colonel of the 57th [Illinois] and went there and took up his quarters. Gen. Dodge sent the Provost Marshal for him and enquired by what authority he was in the department. And as he had been dishonorably discharged, he could show no authority which Gen. Dodge would recognize for being here. He was sent out of the department between two bayonets.

Capt. Hamil's wife died here yesterday. She was one of the ladies that came to the 2nd Iowa a spell before you left. I believe her disease was some kind of fever. For the past 4 or 5 days, it has been excruciatingly hot and the nights so hot one could not sleep and still it has rained nearly every day which I lay to the bombardment going on at Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Clouds are flying nearly all the time and yet it is so hot one sweats like everything sitting right still.

I have waited until after the afternoon mail for a letter from you and none has come and nothing has transpired—only that I have sweat about two gallons and drank about three.

The staff street begins to look quite finished.. The Quartermasters, Adjutants, Doctors and Col. houses are nearly all done. The Lieut.-Col.'s is fast being completed. The Colonel has been [in] his for three or four days. I miss my wife now for this forenoon came a perfumed note from headquarters to Lieut. J. J. Kessler with an invitation to

attend a picnic given by Gen. Sweeny on the 4th of July & I, poor old Bach, never so much as got an invite. I wish you a merry, happy fourth of July and suppose you will have one.

Well, thank the Lord only one more fourth of July will pass before I will be at liberty to pass one with my friends once more. Well now, I am going to quit. I never felt so little like writing in my life. Love to all. The Ladies all send their love.

Yours lovingly, — Don C. Newton

Our second letter is from a sergeant in the 5th Tennessee Infantry, C.S.A. during the Atlanta Campaign.

Marietta, Georgia

June the 21, 1864

Capt. W. H. Wilson

Most Esteemed Friend,

This rainy morning finds me trying to interest one whom I have not seen since the day we formed our first line of battle. I have no news more than what you have heard. Our Brigade acted cavalry for a week at Dalton after which time we have had some pretty hard fighting to do. As for myself, I left the regiment at Kingston owing to a chronic sore on my leg. I was in the fight at Resaca and since that time have been detailed at the Div. Hospital. This is a protracted fight and we get a chance at those blue you-know-what, we will not leave one of them to tell the tale. We capture some of them every day. Two of them came by here this morning with their arms in a sling. I had much rather see them with their neck in one.

Well, Tip, I will change the subject. I have received seven letters from home since we have been on this tramp—two of which came from Sallie & Anna. They both expressed a wish to see your Lady. Anna says you did not get her consent to marry. I have not answered it yet nor will not until you get back—i.e. if you are coming soon. Tip, I am writing in post haste. What you can't read, you can spell & guess at the balance. I am needed at the hospital every minute so I will very soon have to close. Tip, you know we have been soldiers over three years and we never have seen the time when we were more exposed. We never saw as hard time before but our boys will not give

it up. They build fortifications and hallo at the Yankees to come on. We have a slaughter pen for them.

Well, I must close. Give my respects to your lady. I am going back to the company in a few days—i. e., if I can get off from the hospital. The colonel, a few hours previous to his death, eulogized *Old Co.* A very much. He said he never saw better fighting done in his life by any troops. No more. I remain your most devoted friend.

B. F. Taylor, Third Sergeant in Co. A, 5th Regt. T. V.

P. S. I have a note for you from Anna.

Mark Twain Joins the Marion Rangers

Based on an article by Roy Morris, Jr. in *Civil War Quarterly*, and *The Private History of a Campaign That Failed*, by Mark Twain.

Twenty-five-year-old Mississippi River pilot Samuel Clemens (not yet known by his famous pen name, Mark Twain) was in his home port of New Orleans in late January 1861 when word reached the city that Louisiana had seceded from the Union. Sam noted in his journal “Great rejoicing. Flags, Dixie, Soldiers,”. It was something of an understatement from a young man who was not usually given to subtlety. Sam was, in fact, something of a chatterbox. “Taking you by and large,” Captain Horace Bixby told Clemens during his pilot’s training, “you do seem to be more different kinds of an ass than any creature I ever saw before.” Countless others shared that opinion.

A native of border-state Missouri, Clemens was one of the few Americans at the time who had no strong feelings about the issue of secession—or slavery either, for that matter. His piloting work on the Mississippi had inevitably exposed him to slavery in all its myriad forms, from dockworkers staggering under passengers’ luggage to field hands picking cotton on the great plantations along the river, but he paid it little mind.

Hitching a ride north on his friend Zeb Leavenworth’s riverboat *Nebraska* in the spring of 1861, Clemens was relaxing on the bridge of the boat when Union forces at Jefferson Barracks below St.

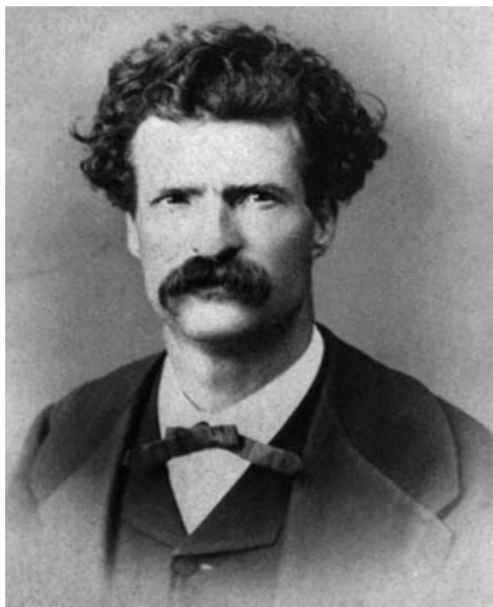
Louis fired a warning shot across *Nebraska*’s bow, then followed with another blast that crashed into the pilothouse, splintering wood and glass about the cabin and sending the young men sprawling to the floor. “Good Lord Almighty!” shouted Leavenworth. “Sam, what do they mean by that?” “I guess they want us to wait a minute, Zeb,” Clemens replied—calmly and coolly, or so he claimed many years later.

Later that month, Clemens returned to his hometown of Hannibal, Missouri, to collect an outstanding \$300 debt from his friend and fellow riverboat pilot, Will Bowen. The previous winter the two had come to blows—not a usual occurrence for the pacifistic and ardently neutral Clemens—over Bowen’s overt “secesh” talk. Now all was forgotten, and the two friends attempted to resume their carefree boyhood habits in a town suddenly controlled by Union-leaning Home Guards. It was almost enough to turn one into a Confederate. Almost, but not quite.

Missouri



One afternoon, Clemens was slouching about the levee down by the river with Sam Bowen, Will’s younger brother, and another out-of-work pilot, Absalom Grimes, when an arriving steamboat slid into place, unloading a troop of blue-clad soldiers and a young lieutenant who immediately demanded to know their identities. The trio told him their names and the officer brusquely informed them that they were being drafted into the Union Army. He would take them back to St. Louis himself. It was Clemens’s worst nightmare suddenly come to life.



The young Sam Clemens

After a quick trip back downriver aboard the *Harry Johnson*, the dispirited trio was escorted into the headquarters of Brig. Gen. John B. Grey, commander of the Union District of St. Louis. Appealing to their patriotism—what there was of it—Grey told Clemens and the others that their skills were needed by their country to guide Union troopships up the Missouri River. When the reluctant warriors argued that they only knew the Mississippi River, Grey responded, “You could follow another boat up the Missouri River if she had a Missouri pilot on her, could you not?” They admitted that they could. “That is all that is necessary,” said the general, preparing to sign the official paperwork. “We stood there shaking in our boots, seeing our bodies at the bottom of the treacherous Missouri,” Grimes recalled. “We were mad and desperate.” Fortunately for the three reluctant pilots, Grey was interrupted just then by the arrival of a pair of stylishly dressed young women. While he was distracted, the men slipped out the side door and hightailed it back to Hannibal, according to Sam.

Their unwanted brush with the Union Army had the effect of driving them into the waiting arms of the Confederate Army—or what passed for it in backwoods Missouri, the newly formed Marion Rangers.

Named for their home county, the Marion Rangers were the brainchild of local attorney John Robards, who had begun calling himself Captain

Robards since he thought it sounded more military. The company consisted of only 15 members, including the latest three recruits.

They all gathered in late June at the farm of Mexican War veteran John Ralls, a former colonel who swore them into service in the name of Missouri governor Claiborne Jackson, who had formed a pro-Confederate legislature in the southern part of the state after being driven from the capital in Jefferson City. The Rangers then held an open election of officers. William Ely was elected captain, Asa Glascock was first lieutenant, Sam Clemens was second lieutenant, and Sam Bowen was first sergeant. By the time they were through voting each other high-ranking positions in the company, there were only three or four men left over to serve as privates, according to Sam. It was probably just as well since none of the new soldiers deigned to take orders from anyone else. They had all known each other since they were boys.

Clemens rode to war atop a fractious yellow mule he called “Paint Brush,” carrying with him a valise, a carpetbag, a pair of blankets, a quilt, a frying pan, an old-fashioned Kentucky squirrel rifle, 20 yards of rope, and a canvas umbrella. It was enough, he thought, to tide him over for the next three months, which was about how long he thought the war would last. The other Rangers were equally well outfitted. Since no one had been issued an official Confederate uniform, they made do with a variety of plaid hunting shirts, green overcoats, white linen dusters, and denim jackets. Most carried a big Bowie knife and proceeded to chop off each other’s hair with a pair of rusty sheep shears to get ready for the close-quarter, eye-gouging, hand-to-hand combat they expected to encounter with desperate enemy soldiers lurking behind every rock or bush in northeastern Missouri.

Before fighting to the death with imaginary Union foes, the Rangers’ first order of business was selecting a comfortable place to camp, preferably with a handy swimming hole and abundant fish to catch for dinner. Clemens, impressively belted and sheathed with a Mexican War sword belonging to Colonel Ralls’s old brother in arms, Colonel Brown, led the company to an abandoned maple sugar camp, which he described as “a shady and

pleasant piece of woods on the border of the far-reaching expanses of a flowery prairie. It was an enchanting region for war—our kind of war.” Half the men immediately jumped into the creek to go swimming; the other half broke out their fishing poles. They called their bivouac Camp Ralls.

Once safely installed in camp, the Rangers set about learning to ride the horses and mules they had brought with them. “We did learn to ride, after some days’ practice,” Clemens would recall, “but never well. We could not learn to like our animals.” His own mule, Paint Brush, threw him at every opportunity, and Bowen’s horse bit Bowen on the leg whenever—and it was often—it sensed him falling asleep in the saddle. When 2nd Lt. Clemens ordered 1st Sgt. Bowen to feed his mule for him, Bowen responded “that if I reckoned he went to war to be a dry-nurse to a mule, it wouldn’t take me very long to find out my mistake.”

One night a well-lubricated Ranger named Dave Young accidentally shot and killed his own horse, which had failed to give the proper password. Absalom Grimes cut down a clump of snapdragons with a blast from his double-barrel shotgun. Everyone in camp was a little on edge.

The Rangers moved about frequently, seeking to avoid any actual contact with the enemy—particularly a large Union force led by a freshly minted colonel named Ulysses S. Grant, who had taken over command of the 21st Illinois Infantry about the same time the Marion Rangers came into being. The Rangers, in fact, did so much marching and countermarching that a skeptical farmer in the



area observed dryly that the Rangers would undoubtedly win the war all by themselves, “because no government could stand the expense of the shoe-leather we should cost it trying to follow us around.” Or, at least, Clemens noted.

Moving to a less salubrious location they dubbed Camp Devastation, the Rangers stood for a formal inspection by the new district commander, Colonel Thomas A. Harris, a fellow Hannibal resident who had been the local postmaster before the war. Harris, said Sam Clemens, “was a first-rate fellow, and well liked, but we had all familiarly known him as the sole and modest-salaried operator in our telegraph office, where he had to send about one dispatch a week in ordinary times, and two when there was a rush of business.” Harris had no more luck issuing orders to the Rangers than any of the other officers—which is to say, none.

A few days later, pronouncing himself “incapacitated by fatigue from persistent retreating,” Clemens left the Marion Rangers and returned to his sister Pamela’s home in St. Louis. By then, he said, “I knew more about retreating than the man that invented retreating.” Once again, he stayed close to home, dodging recruiting officers and Confederate provost marshals. Technically, he was AWOL, although it is doubtful that anyone had reported him, or if so, that such reports had been forwarded. The war was still a confusing affair, and the absence of one obscure member of an equally obscure militia company was unlikely to have been noticed by anyone.

Recounting the two or three weeks he spent campaigning, Twain later portrayed it as a fun-filled lark. Writing for a predominantly Northern audience, the author sought to downplay his apostasy to the Union. On 15 separate occasions, he described himself and the other Rangers as “boys” “youths,” “children,” or “school-boys.” He was nearly 26 at the time, but as Huck Finn might have said, “That ain’t no matter.” Besides, Twain strongly implied, it was not an actual rebellion from the Union cause, but merely a handy excuse for a Tom Sawyer-like romp in the northern Missouri countryside. He made much of the fact that Ulysses S. Grant had been in the general vicinity at the same time—even considered calling his article “My Campaign Against Grant.” In fact, Grant

remained a good deal north of the Rangers' general area of operations, although, ironically enough, he did pass through the tiny hamlet of Florida, Missouri, where Twain had been born.

After a few months Sam Clemens was presented with an opportunity to avoid the war completely, by accompanying his brother Orion to Nevada Territory, where Orion had just taken the position of secretary to the territorial governor. The two brothers would spend weeks on a stage trip from St. Joseph, Missouri to Carson City. Sam would write of those experiences in his book *Roughing It*. Sam Clemens would spend the next three years of the war trying his hand at gold mining and reporting for the *Territorial Enterprise* newspaper in Virginia City, where he would eventually start writing under the pen name of Mark Twain. Mark Twain eventually formed strong opinions against secession and slavery, to such an extent that he devoted the message of racial equality and liberty to his novel *Huckleberry Finn*. As Twain got older, he devoted more of his writings against bigotry and hypocrisy while framing his writing with a particular dry wit.

Twain also became a firm supporter and admirer of President Ulysses S. Grant. When Grant was broke and dying of throat cancer, Twain convinced Grant to write his memoirs, to be published by Twain's own company. Twain assured Grant that his memoirs would be well-received and leave his family well-provided for. Grant would complete his memoirs, and after the general's death in 1885, Twain presented Mrs. Grant with a royalty check for \$200,000—the largest single payment, to that point, in American publishing history.

Southern Expressions

My persona used to be a war correspondent for the *Chattanooga Gazette*, which I still keep a hand on. On afternoons before battles I would sit on the 69th New York's civilian street and wave a piece of hardtack to the unsuspecting members of the public, and rail in my best Southern speech about how y'all'd think the Yankee Army could make hardtack without weevils in it. Then I'd ask some person who was directly in front of me if those didn't look like weevils to them, and they'd study the offending piece of hardtack and spot

the caraway seeds, which double for weevils. They would agree. Once a fellow asked me where I was from, and I replied in my normal voice that I was from the Oregon coast. He laughed and said he thought I was a Southerner; he just couldn't figure out exactly where, and he was Southern!

When we reenact, I try to stay in character as much as possible. If y'all are in need of a tutorial on how to speak Southern, the following lexicon may be of service. I looked through these and came to the conclusion that my family spoke a great many of these anyway, maybe because my grandfather was born in Chattanooga.

Y'all: the all-encompassing pronoun. You singular, you plural.

Fixin' to: I'm fixin' to tell you that this phrase is as Southern as sweet tea. When you're fixin' to do something, it's going to happen, but you also may decide to take your sweet time.

A Hankerin': a strong desire for, as in: "I have a hankerin' for some fried chicken."

It don't amount to a hill of beans: In the South, a hill of beans is its own measuring stick. Whether you're talking about volume or value, a hill of beans isn't worth much. That means whatever you're talking about is worth less than very little.

Hold With: to support, or agree with, but often used in the negative form, as in: "I don't hold with pitchin' my tent in the rain." Who does? Especially used in Eastern Tennessee, West Virginia, and Western North Carolina.

Over yonder: When you're in the South, "over yonder" is a distant direction—any direction. The phrase may be accompanied by a gesture indicating north, south, east, or west. Over yonder down the road. Over yonder past the cotton field. Over yonder toward the water tower. This phrase can be intensified by the addition of the word "way," as in "way over yonder."

Madder'n a wet hen: Have you ever seen a wet hen? If so, you know that being madder than a wet hen is very mad indeed.

'Til the cows come home: Settle in, because whatever we're talking about is going to take all day. Cows aren't known for their speed, and they are usually out and about, wandering until feeding time. Farmers know that if you do something 'til the cows come home, it's going to take all day.

I reckon : "I reckon" can replace any number of phrases, such as: I guess, I suppose, I think, and I imagine. It is a quintessential Southern phrase, said by friends and family on porches and in rocking chairs all across the South. In the Civil War Rebels would sometimes identify Northern spies because they would say "I guess," instead of "I reckon." Oops.

Full as a tick: If you've just had a big Southern dinner, complete with cornbread, collard greens, and pecan pie, you're definitely full as a tick. It's a vivid phrase, and it's an accurate one too.

If the creek don't rise: Translated, this means: "We'll be there unless something out of our control stops us." Unlike the United States Postal Service, whose motto proclaims "Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night" will keep them from their routes, sometimes a Southern visit is thwarted by a rising creek or other unexpected obstruction.

Hold your horses: Stop right there! This one may be self-explanatory, but it might have originated back in the days when horse-and-buggy pairs filled the streets. If you hear this one, it's best to slow down.

I'll be there directly: I shall get there as soon as I can, but not immediately. Used especially in Tennessee and Kentucky.

Down the road a piece: An unspecified distance which is probably closer than farther away. A good answer to the question: "How far is it?"

Well, I declare! A multipurpose Southernism. If you use this phrase, you could be declaring any number of things: surprise, dissent, happiness. The only requirement is that you declare it loud and proud.

All get out: "All get out" finds its way into Southern phrases constantly, and it intensifies any statement. I was surprised as all get out. It was bad as all get out. Anything to the degree of "all get out" is something to talk about.

Too big for his britches: Unarguable Southern criticism. Translated, it means, "He sure does think a lot of himself." If you hear this one, you should probably pause a moment.

About to fly off the handle: when one has been pushed to the limit and they are about to lose their temper.

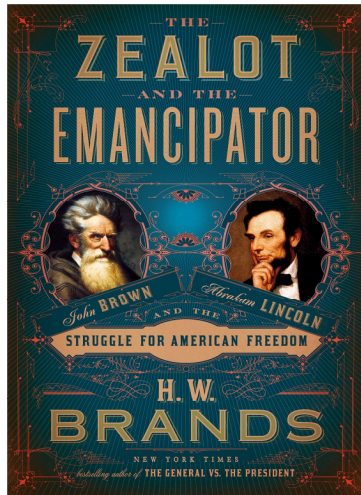
Hissy fit: when a lady throws a temper tantrum, she pitches a hissy fit. When a guy throws a temper tantrum, he pitches a conniption fit.

Book Review: The Zealot and the Emancipator, by H.W.

Brands, 2020 by Doubleday, 464 pgs. With sources, chapter notes, index, 17 photographs.

H.W. Brands teaches history at the University of Texas, and loves to write. His latest effort, to folks interested in John Brown and President Lincoln, is not to be missed.

Brands weaves alternating chapters between the two men, leading up to their finalized opinions and actions on the question of slavery.



The life of John Brown is well-documented, and Brands portrays a man who shows a gentle, compassionate side to nearly everyone he interacts with, while gradually sliding farther and farther into a rationalized plan for what amounted to the first example of domestic terrorism. Brown could speak in a convincing manner regarding aggressive abolitionism, while coming up with a series of poorly conceived, half-baked plans of action. He traveled between New York state, Kansas, and Ohio during his adulthood, at the expense of his wife and children, who were often forced to make do by themselves while teetering between poverty and starvation.

The attack on the Harpers Ferry and its political shockwaves is covered well, including Brown's efforts to conduct his own defense at his trial.

Perhaps the eeriest passage described a meeting between Brown and his friend Frederick Douglas, held in a rock quarry near Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. The two men strongly debated Brown's proposed attack on Harpers Ferry for hours, and Brands uses Douglas's own recollection to tell the story.

The chapters on Lincoln's evolving views on slavery were just as interesting, albeit from a different approach. We often forget that Lincoln was an ambitious politician, and Brands shows how carefully Lincoln responded to many invitations to speak as a politician, from before his term as a U.S. Congressman, to the debates with Stephen Douglas, to the presidential campaign of 1860.

Brands also shows just how Stephen Douglas used the concept of Popular Sovereignty to

advance his own political career at the expense of national stability, creating Bleeding Kansas in the process. Douglas also had strong misgivings about debating Lincoln at all in the 1858 senate race, and Brands also shows how he used every dirty debate tactic he could to portray Lincoln in the worst possible light of public opinion. Douglas's plan for Popular Sovereignty eventually is shown to split the Democratic party in 1860 by Douglas's own repudiation of the first Kansas territorial constitution, known as the Lecompton Constitution, adopted by a sham pro-slavery legislature.

Frederick Douglas, on the other hand, is shown as one who gradually got President Lincoln to understand that success in the Civil War depended on using Black soldiers in the U.S. Army, for who was better motivated to fight the rebels than a former slave? Lincoln grew more and more impressed with Douglas, to the point where at his second inauguration, he hailed Douglas's entrance to the room with "Here is my friend, Mister Douglas!"

The Zealot and the Emancipator is a great read for those of you interested in John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, and is a bargain at \$15.

The Chattanooga Gazette

James Rogers Editor

John Hartman Correspondent

June 20, 1863

THE CURRENT SITUATION

++++VICKSBURG++++

UP to 27th, three assaults had been made by Federal forces on the city, in all of which they were repulsed. The last assault was made by General Sherman, with twenty thousand men, in which he lost six hundred killed and a large number wounded. The Federal outer line is within one hundred yards of the Gray works. Blue sharpshooters prevent the rebels from working their guns. The works in the rear of the city are far more formidable than those in front. General Joe Johnston is in the neighborhood of Jackson with about fifteen thousand men, and is reported to have plenty of provisions and ammunition. General

Grant claims to have taken 8400 prisoners and 84 pieces of artillery.

LOSS OF THE "CINCINNATI."

News from Memphis to the 1st inst. recounts the destruction of the United States gun-boat Cincinnati by the fire of the Confederate batteries on the 26th ult., and the loss of from fifteen to forty killed and wounded.

RAID ON YAZOO CITY

Three powerful steamers and a ram were destroyed at Yazoo City. The ram was a monster, 310 feet long, 70 feet beam, to be covered with four-inch iron plates. Also a navy-yard, with machine shops of all kinds, saw-mills, blacksmiths' shops, etc., were burned up. The property destroyed and captured amounted to over two millions of dollars. One battery was destroyed at Drury's Bluff. Federal losses on the raid are unknown.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON

Port Hudson, like Vicksburg, is in a state of siege.

A Federal reconnaissance was made from Baton Rouge on the 12th. It was further continued on the

13th, and the Gray pickets at Port Hudson were driven in. Federal cavalry has destroyed all communication. On the 19th the reconnaissance was pushed to within a mile and it half of the Confederate works without bringing on an engagement.

On the 21st, however, a heavy force having been brought up from Baton Rouge, on the Bayou Sara Road, the advance in earnest against Port Hudson commenced, and Confederate troops under General Gardner, were encountered on the Port Hudson Plains, two open tracts of smooth country four miles east of the fortifications. The Confederate troops, after a fierce battle, withdrew to the safety of the works. Port Hudson by this time is fully invested.

IN THE EASTERN THEATER

It is stated that General Lee's army is in motion, their trains being observed moving toward Culpeper, followed by a heavy column of troops.

General Lee, it is said, has issued an address to his army congratulating them upon their past achievements and foreshadowing a raid into Maryland. He

tells them that they are to have long and rapid marches through a country without railroads, and calls upon every man to be prepared for the severest hardships.

LOCAL NEWS

The situation in Tennessee remains static. Rosecrans and his Federals are encamped around Murfreesboro, and Bragg's army remains in several positions in the Duck River Valley, blocking any movements Rosecrans may consider.

FIVELGETCHA, TEN - A Confederate artillery battery fired off several rounds on the night of the 10th ultimo, and later discovered that an owl had improperly answered the challenge of a guard on picket duty. Firing lasted a good quarter-hour until the battery commander discovered the owl's true identity. No property was damaged in the cannonade.

CHEESE, WIS - A Federal cavalry company has been raised and presented with a flag made by the ladies of the town. It reportedly resembles a giant cracker.

MINY, MO - The local company of Confederate militia has begun drilling with the neighboring companies of Eeny, and Meeny, Mo. They are to be called up into a brigade shortly, and sent to the relief of Vicksburg.

COLONEL HENRY LOUDEN SIGHTED

New York Chronicle: Navy Commander D.W. Washburne reported that while in Havana on the 15th inst., he attended a ball at the American Minister's residence and saw the late Col. Henry Loudon. He said that Loudon was smoking a cigar and chatting with a group of gentlemen on the veranda, but that when his eyes and Loudon's met, Loudon immediately vanished into the crowd. The commander said that he and Loudon were good friends, having spent time together in Washington City before the war.

THE CASE OF THE CHICAGO "TIMES"

The military order of General Burnside, suppressing the printing of the *Chicago Times*, has been withdrawn by that officer in consequence of the revoking of the same by Lincoln. The soldiers who occupied the office of the *Times* have been withdrawn, and the circulation of the paper restored.

The Chattanooga Gazette

428 Market Street

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OFFICERS RETREAT

Cherry Street

First door north of the theater. Officers are respectfully invited to reserve my establishment for meals by the week, day, or individual need.

Terms negotiable. Mrs. Fiske

TAKEN UP AND JAILED: On June 13th Galvin Ized, for public intoxication. Appeared before Judge Lindahl, fined \$5 and released.

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Just Two Doors North of

Central House

To the Editor: I recently experienced a theft from my shed of fifty gallons of cascara extract. This had been bottled in one-gallon jugs which are commonly filled with home- produced intoxicating spirits. I wish the thief to know that while I do not care

if the cascara is returned, the jugs are of value, and I would appreciate getting them back.

(Signed) Orvis K. Pooter

TAKEN UP AND JAILED: On June 13th: Paige Turner, for lewd and lascivious conduct. Appeared before Judge Lindahl, fined \$10 and sent on next boat to Knoxville.

AT THE CONCERT HALL

June 15-16: Miss Cherry Baum, songs of romance.

June 17: Toad Holler Trio, all tickets 25 cents.

June 18-19: Comedy: The Scout's Lame Horse, with Sam McSlab as The Scout, Candace Curls as Janey, Farnum Barnum as General Panic. All seats 50 cents.

June 20-22: The Royal Nonesuch, with David Garrick the Younger. All seats 50 cents, no children.

To the Editor: I would like to request that you cease printing images of General Bragg. Firstly, the images are not the most flattering - poor man - and secondly, my horse gets frightened. (signed) Colin Auskopi.

When is a door not a door? When it's ajar.

"Porter," asked an old lady, at the station, "when does the nine o'clock train leave?" "Sixty minutes past eight, ma'am," was the reply.

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