



The Bugle Call for October 2022



The Official Publication of
the Northwest Civil War
Council

John Hartman Editor

On The Cover: the Potomac River at Balls Bluff. The Battle of Ball's Bluff was fought in Loudoun County, Virginia, on October 21, 1861, in which Union Army forces under Major General George B. McClellan suffered a humiliating defeat. The operation was planned as a minor reconnaissance across the Potomac to establish whether the Confederates were occupying Leesburg. A false report of an unguarded Confederate camp encouraged Brigadier General Charles Stone to order a raid, which resulted in a clash with enemy forces. A prominent U.S. Senator in uniform, Colonel Edward Baker, of Oregon, tried to reinforce the Union troops, but failed to ensure that there were enough boats for the river crossings, which were then delayed. Baker was killed and a newly arrived Confederate unit routed the rest of Stone's expedition.

In This Issue: the View From the Chair, the Confederate Column, the Union Column, the editorial, interesting dates, want ads, grain futures, mail call, a book review, and other cool stuff.

The View From the Chair

By Captain Ashley Wendel, NCWC Chair

Dear NCWC Members,

Thank you one and all for helping us to put on a successful first season back post pandemic shut downs. We couldn't have done it without every single one of you who paid your dues, came to events, did school demos, represented your units at board meetings, and volunteered to serve as event coordinators. It has been a great honor and privilege to lead this organization's charge into a fresh restart. And as we head into the fall and winter months rest assured I and the board members will continue to put in the hard work to bring you events next year. But before we cross into the new year, I do hope to see you at the parade that we are working to confirm, so we can get the info out for Veteran's Day.

I've asked our editor to include a couple links on behalf of two of our many professional photographers. And I must admit I got lost scrolling thru pictures on both Zane and Ray's webpages. Their skills and talent behind the lenses is amazing, and

it was a pleasure and trip down memory lane, to look back and see where we've been in relation to where we are now. I would encourage all of you to take a moment and reflect: think about when you started, versus now. I see so many young faces, including my own that have grown up. Some aren't in the hobby any more, and others have passed on (RIP). Then I remember the events we had this year; all the new faces. It's amazing to think about how many people we've reached through our hobby; members and public alike.

As school restarts, please contact Heidi Davis and let her know if you're available to do school demos. They are all up and down the valley, and we have had a lot of requests this year.

If you have any questions that need answering, or ideas that you think would make an improvement to our club or events, please bring them up to your unit reps. They can assist you and or bring them to my attention.

The board will be planning next year's budget in October and November. If you'd like to volunteer for the budget committee, please email me @ awshiloh1862@aol.com.

One final note for now: NCWC dues will be due again for the next year!! As of Oct 1st, you may sign up for next year. If you are a board rep or member it must be done before the January meeting, so why not get a jump start and do it before the holidays come? We are returning to our normal collection of dues.

Sincerely,
Ashley Wendel
Chair, NCWC

The Confederate Column

By Colonel Matthew Bishop

It was a pleasure to see so many of my Confederate comrades at Clatsop. You have my sincerest thanks and appreciation for making our last event of the year so very memorable. I heard feedback from many regarding the new camp area and battlefield. The march uphill to the field and then higher yet to reach the far corner was not on anyone's 'must do again' list.

But, overall the new field was generally liked, as it provided more interesting engagements over the rolling terrain.

I want to take a moment to thank Annabelle Larson for her hard work and dedication to put the event together and see it through to completion. Being an event coordinator is hard work with what seems like an endless stream of tasks that must get done. Again, thank you Annabelle for making the event a reality. Well done!

I encourage each of you to continue your recruitment efforts. I look forward to being with all of you again next year.

Your humble servant,
Colonel Matthew Bishop

The Union Column

Was captured by Bedford Forrest, and will return next month.

The No-Frills Editorial

This reenacting season is now in the record books. We had events which were skillfully coordinated by Scott Ingalls, Keith Wenk, and Annabelle Larsen. We saw reenacting friends from both sides of the battlefield, and paid tribute to some who are no longer with us. We also got to meet new friends, and pick up where we left off a couple of years ago.

As we head into the off-season, I sit at my computer screen and think of things that I must do, things that I will do, and things that I'd like to do.

I must clean my sidearm and make sure that it is properly stored until next May. I will overhaul the contents of my period-authentic trunk, and I would like to train a new and younger bugler. All of these goals can be reached.

I did make some major changes in what I bring to reenactments. I finally ditched my 1941 Eddie Bauer Polar Model goose down sleeping bag that weighed a good thirty pounds, and replaced it with a new, synthetic one that weighs maybe five pounds and rolls into a very small footprint. I left my period trunk at home and brought the bare minimum of personal items in a clear plastic bin which weighs far less. I cut down the number of large bins that I bring from three to two.

I liked the change. I even avoided listening to period music on the five hour ride to Astoria, and tried out some different tunes.

Who knows what next season may bring. Maybe I'll dye my snow-white hair! Or not.

In the meantime, keep your heads down out there.

NCWC Event Dates 2022

Albany Veterans Day Parade

Nov. 11

To Reach Us

You may reach The Bugle Call at our address: buglecallncwc@gmail.com. The Bugle Call is usually sent on the 25th of each month. Sometimes it may be sent sooner, sometimes it may be sent later, depending on critical news.

Fun Dates for October

10 – 1837 Col. Robert Gould Shaw, US, born

19 – 1864 Battle of Cedar Creek

20 – 1819 Gen. Daniel Sickles, US, born

21 – 1861 Battle of Ball's Bluff

Free Money For NCWC

Remember that if you shop online, there is an Amazon Smile account for our members and or supporters to use if they would like to support our club. The nice thing about this is that it doesn't cost anything extra for you to do! Some products on Amazon are marked as "Smile Eligible" and those products automatically donate a percentage to our clubs account. The club then receives a check. So if you would like to take advantage of this on your next Amazon order, follow this link, or set it up under your Amazon account, it will ask you to confirm or change every six months. You can share this with your friends and family as well. Below in the link that you can use, you can also find this info on our website, as well as just search for us when it asks you to select an organization to support. <https://smile.amazon.com/ch/93-1174504>.

Photo Links for 2022 NCWC Reenactments

The following links are to professional photographers' websites <https://samanthalacy.ttp://www.facebook.com>

<https://www.facebook.com/orangekraftwerksphotography/>

<https://www.zanesphotography.com/Gallery/Reenactments>

And these are the links specifically to Clatsop:

<https://www.zanesphotography.com/Gallery/Reenactments/Battle-of-Clatsop-2022/>

and

<https://rayshirley.myportfolio.com/2022-battle-for-clatsop-county?fbclid=IwAR2vYli1q8s9fhT-LIRFMBVn-tEuH4VNfhn8eHevO5udRP0mcymNYL2cwqB2g bsp;>

The Passing of a Pard

The Bugle Call has learned that Joe Cross, reenactor with the Confederate Medical Corps, passed away on the morning of Tuesday, August 30th. Our sincere condolences are extended to Joe's family and reenacting pards.

Mail Call from Ball's Bluff

As always, spelling and punctuation are by the authors.

The first letter comes from Capt. Caspar Crowninshield of the 20th Mass. Infantry describing the Federal disaster of October 21st, 1861.

Camp Benton, Oct. 22d 1861.

My dear Mother.

I sit down in haste to give you an account of the battle which we have just fought and lost.

I had been stationed near the river to support a battery (Ricketts) for about a week. On Sunday at 3 P.M. received orders to march with Capt Bartlett's Company up the canal about 3 miles from Edwards Ferry, and await orders. When we arrived there we met Col' Lee and Major Revere who told us that we were to cross the river with 300 men of the 15th Mass Regt. and surprise a rebel camp which was near the town of Leesburg.

So at about 11 o'clock we crossed the river to an island some five miles long: there we waited until 3 o'clk in the morning, and then crossed the river into Virginia. As we had only 3 boats to cross in, it took us a long time. One boat would hold about 16 men, another 8, and a third only 4.

The width of the river here is about ¼ of a mile or perhaps not so much. The banks on the other side are very precipitous and rocky; however we managed to get up on to high land by marching in single file and picking our way very carefully.

It was bright moonlight, and the scene was indescribably romantic. When we reached the top of the hill, we found ourselves on a broad field of 10 or 12 acres. Here Capt. Bartlett's and my Company under Command of the Col. (the Adjutant was also with us) remained as a reserve, and to Cover the 15th in case they should have to retreat. As the 15th advanced, I was sent out on our flank with some men to see if we could discover anything. When we had got about ¼ of a mile, 5 rebels suddenly started up and fired at us wounding one of my men in the arm. We fired and one of them fell, but got up again and ran. We chased them some way, and then returned to where the Col. was stationed. We stationed skirmishers on our flank and awaited the result with much anxiety. We none of us said anything, but I think that all felt, as I did, that we were in a desperate situation, unless the 300 men of the 15th should be completely successful: and then perhaps if we were very quick about it, we might be able to get back across the river. Soon we heard rapid firing in the direction of the 15th. Soon after 2 men Came out of the woods bearing a wounded man in their arms, and told us that the 15th had been attacked by infantry and cavalry, and that they had driven them off, but with the loss of many men, and were retreating to the woods near us. Our Col. now sent a note to Genl. Stone in which he said "if you wish to make a general advance into Virginia, send over a great many more men, if not, we ought to retreat at once". We had before this had orders "not to retreat until orders from Genl. Stone". The whole force we had on the Virginia side at this time was 300 of the 15th and 100

of the 20th. A short time after the Col. sent this message we heard the 15th firing and more wounded men were brought down the road. In about a quarter of an hour the 15th Came up to where we were. The enemy did not follow. If they had, we should have been cut off to a man. Now some reinforcements Came over, but very slowly, as there were only the 3 boats I spoke about, and a flat scow which had been found. At 1 o'clk the fight Commenced on our right flank, and in a short time the rebels were driven back. Then Came a breathing space of 10 minutes. Then they attacked our left flank. Where I was they made a dreadful noise and fired heavily and rapidly. They drove my pickets in and killed at the 1st fire 2 or 3 men. My men stood firm and fought bravely. I was obliged to bring up my reserve, and we drove the rebels back. An interval of quiet, and they advanced cheering, & attacking our whole line. We met them with a severe fire, and they fell back, but they Continued to fire very rapidly, and killed many of our men.

They cheered furiously, as their reinforcements came up, and their fire became fiercer & fiercer. Our gunners were almost all shot, and those who remained could not fire very often. My men fell back, and commenced to run. I believe our centre was broken at the same time. I did all I could to stop them and succeeded in stopping about 20 men, with whom I again advanced, and checked the rebels. As they were advancing in great numbers, we could not stop them long however. Here a poor fellow in my Company fell shot through the body. He was standing close to me, and, as he fell he said. "My God. I am shot through".

We had to fall back rapidly now, as our Centre was broken, and had fallen back to the woods on the bank of the river. I was within 6 feet of Col Baker when he fell. He got up once, and then fell again, and 2 men Carried him off. He had 3 or 4 bullets in him they say. He behaved with the utmost Courage and coolness all through the fight. Our guns had now ceased to fire, and 2 of them had, I think been taken and 1 had been brought back to the edge of the woods. All was now confusion, and the horses, attached to the caisson of the gun, ran, and one was shot just as it was going into the woods, so that the other 3 could not

draw the Caisson. This made a breastwork for a time behind which I stood. The fire of the rebels was at this time something terrible. The hill was Swept with bullets and the men were in the woods scattered in all directions.

Once, when their fire slackened, I ran out on the hill with the color Sergeant and the color and Shouted to the men to rally round the color. About 40 men ran out, but a sharp fire of the rebels drove them back. I saw our col. last behind the Cannon. He had given the order of retreat, as I heard, but I do not believe it possible; as there Could be no retreat. The ravine and the banks of the river were now crowded with men. Some were sitting down behind trees and stones. Some were carrying the wounded, and some were throwing away their guns and trying to swim across. On the opposite bank were two hundred of our men, who had been sent to reinforce us, but Could not get over. All this time the rebels were firing volley after volley over the hill, but they did not advance to the woods; why I do not know, as our fire had almost ceased.

I went down the ravine and heard that the Col. & major & adjutant had gone up the river with a white flag and were going to surrender. I saw Capt. Tremlett, and he was going to march his men up with a white flag and give up. So I walked round and called for the men of Co. D, but they had got scattered when we got rallied round the flag and I could only find one or two of my men. The river was now full of men who were drowning and shouting for help; but there was no help to give them except from God.

I never saw such a sight and God grant I may never see such another. I was all covered with blood from some one, I suppose who had been shot near me. I felt very faint, and the men seeing the blood supposed that I was wounded, and those who managed to get across the river to the island, which we held, reported me as killed or taken prisoner. It was now about 6 o'clock. I wandered round trying to find my men and went back to the brow of the hill, but there were none of them there. The rebels were advancing and firing down the ravine. The men were calling out that they would surrender; and the rebels were shooting at the men who were swimming over. So I

went higher up the stream and took off my clothes, & taking my watch in my hand (I was too tired to try to take anything else, and indeed I hardly thought I could swim over at all, as the water was cold and the distance great). When I started there were a few men left who could not swim and who were going to give themselves up. By the help of God I got over and ran to a haystack on the island, and there found Some knapsack which we had left, when we started on the expedition. The island was crowded with soldiers who had been sent over to hold it, in case the enemy should attack it. Out of the knapsacks I got a rubber blanket, a woolen blanket, and a pair of drawers. One of the soldiers gave me a coat God bless him! a man named Dennis, one of the Tammany Regt. Co. A. I slept under a haystack, & in the morning went across the river and got to the camp. We had only 418 of our Regt. in the fight. We took out 22 officers and only 9 have returned unharmed I must close this now. The officers - men who were in the fight yesterday & who got back as now in Camp. The rest have crossed the river at Edwards Ferry We now have a large force there & there will probably be a fight today or tomorrow. I shall not be in it. I shall write again soon.

Goodbye. Give my love to all &
believe that I did my duty.
your affectionate son
Caspar

P.S. My 1st Lieut. Perry is missing. I saw him at 5 o'clk and he was not wounded then.

Robert A. Moore, a soldier in the 17th Mississippi Infantry Regiment kept a pocket diary of his war experiences and left insightful commentary on the Battle of Ball's Bluff.

"We made a charge through the woods as soon as we got to the battlefield & formed a line of battle. We formed about five o'clock when the firing was very heavy. When we were formed we advanced firing as we advanced & when we had gotten within about 60 yards of a 12 lb. cannon, orders were given by Col. Featherston to charge

& drive the enemy into the river or drive them into eternity.... The cannon was taken & the enemy driven back under the bluff of the river & when we arrived at the brink of the bluff & fired down on them they cried out that they would surrender. Col. told them to send up their officers but they answered that they had none as they had all abandoned them & crossed the river."

"In our Regt. there were but two killed and three wounded. Our Co. had three wounded, one of them mortally. I think, the other two slightly. Robert Ivy fell in the charge, shot through the head. He was among the foremost in the charge & though we sincerely regret his death, we are proud that he fell as a true Mississippian—at his post. Clark Stevens killed the Yankee that Mr. Query by thrusting his bayonet through him three times. Mr. Flippin who was wounded & whose leg has been amputated will recover, it is thought."

"Have partaken of a fine supper since leaving the battlefield. It was composed of a slice of raw bacon & a piece of loaf bread. A better supper I never ate."

A Pig on a Pike? Pig in a Poke?

The boys in the 79th New York, a unit which has, on occasion, been known for boisterous high jinks, invited the 69th New York and the 1st Minn to partake of an entire roasted suckling pig on the Sunday evening of the Clatsop reenactment.

The roasting pig could be seen from the battalion headquarters, and the delectably fragrant smoke would sometimes drift that way.

According to those who feasted on the roasted pig, it was most excellent, and while the leftover pieces did not fill twelve baskets, all who ate were satisfied.

The next morning on battalion parade, the three units were lined up in formation. In the middle of the line for the 79th stood a soldier carrying a long, wooden pike. At the top of the pike was fixed a pig's head, and in said pig's mouth was a cigar, and while it cannot be said that the pig was still being smoked, apparently the pig was still smoking. The pig's head was carried high for some of the morning maneuvers, then it was observed running wee, wee, wee, all the way home.

After Slavery, Searching For Loved Ones In Wanted Ads

February 22, 2017 6:37 PM ET

From *All Things Considered*, National Public Radio, and Jefferson Public Radio.

INFORMATION WANTED OF MY SON, Allen Jones. He left me before the war, in Mississippi. He wrote me a letter in 1853 in which letter he said that he was sold to the highest bidder, a gentleman in Charleston, S. C. Nancy Jones, his mother, would like to know the whereabouts of the above named person. Any information may be sent to Rev. J. W. Turner, pastor of A. M. E. Church, Ottawa, Kansas.

In 1886, Nancy Jones placed an ad seeking her son, Allen, in an ad in *The Christian Recorder* of Philadelphia. Courtesy of *Last Seen*

In the waning years of the Civil War, advertisements like this began appearing in newspapers around the country:

"INFORMATION WANTED By a mother concerning her children.

"Mrs. Elizabeth Williams, who now resides in Marysville, California was formerly owned together with her children, vis: Lydia, William, Allen, and Parker, by one John Petty, who lived about six miles from the town of Woodbury, Franklin County, Tennessee. At that time she was the wife of Sandy Rucker, and was familiarly known as Betsy, - sometimes called Betsy Petty.

"About twenty-five years ago, the mother was sold to Mr. Marshal Stroud, by whom, some twelve or fourteen years later, she was, for the second time since purchased by him, taken to Arkansas. She has never seen the above named children since. Any information given concerning them, however, will be gratefully received by one whose love for her children survives the bitterness and hardship of many long years spent in slavery."

More than 900 of these "Information Wanted" notices — placed by African-Americans separated from family members by war, slavery and emancipation — have been digitized in a project

called *Last Seen: Finding Family After Slavery*, a collaboration between Villanova University's graduate history program and Mother Bethel African Methodist Episcopal Church in Philadelphia. The ads, which date from 1863 to 1902, come from six newspapers: Philadelphia's *Christian Recorder*, the newspaper of the AME Church; New Orleans' *Black Republican*, Nashville's *The Colored Tennessean*, Charleston's *South Carolina Leader*, the *Free Men's Press* of Galveston, Texas, and Cincinnati's *The Colored Citizen*.

"It's important to think about that moment in time when it looks like slavery is really falling apart, that that opens up the opportunity for people who've either lived their lives as fugitives, or who are recently freed, to begin the long process of trying to find family members from whom they'd been separated," Judith Giesberg, who oversees the project and directs Villanova's graduate history program, said.

Margaret Jerrido, archivist at Mother Bethel, is a partner in the project, which is believed to be the first of its kind. She has transcribed hundreds of these newspaper ads. "A lot of the ads that I transcribed were siblings looking for each other. But when I found one where a mother was looking for their child, I'd have to stop and sort of blink my eyes a little, because it was a little emotional for me," Jerrido said.

Information Wanted.
EVANS GREEN desires to find his mother, Mrs. PHILLIS GREEN, whom he left in Virginia some years ago. She belonged to old Squire Cook, of Winchester, whose son was an attorney-at-law. Any information respecting her will be thankfully received. Address this paper.
Winchester paper please copy. ap22

Evans Green searches for his mother, Phillis, through an ad placed in *The Black Republican* of New Orleans in 1865. Courtesy of *Last Seen*

The project began in August 2016, and Giesberg says she hopes it will continue at least through the summer. It relies on graduate students and volunteers to transcribe the ads.

"What I think is most extraordinary about these ads [is] they're just a few lines, but, in just those

few lines, they put people together as a family. It's a snapshot of a moment in time when this family lived together and existed as a unit. They name names and places and dates, so each one is a small poignant family history," Giesberg said. "These [ads] are from the mouths of these people and they're claiming this family as having existed."

In sometimes spare language, the ads represent the deep family ties that endured through the Civil War and beyond slavery, despite the best effort of slave owners to sever those ties. In some instances, the ads are placed decades after the family members have last been in contact.

So far, the majority of the ads have come from *The Christian Recorder*, which reaches across the country through the influential AME Church. The archives of behemoths of the black press such as *The Chicago Defender* have yet to be tapped. But the fact that a newspaper such as *The Defender*, which was founded in 1905, was still publishing these ads into the 1910s — half a century after the Emancipation Proclamation — casts the postwar era in a different light, Giesberg notes.

INFORMATION WANTED.

My father, Phil Givens, left Owensboro, Ky., ten years ago for Missouri; also my sister, Biddy Givens. It is said that she lived in Jackson, Mo. Any information about them will be gladly received by writing to me at Owensboro, Ky.

JANE GIVENS, *

Jane Givens searches for her father, Phil, and sister, Biddy, through an ad placed in Cincinnati's *The Colored Citizen* in 1866. *Courtesy of Last Seen*

"It makes you rethink that idea that the generation that grew up after the Civil War really wanted to distance themselves from slavery, wanted to forget about it, when these ads are running in these newspapers 50 years after," she says.

Of the 915 ads in the database in 2017, only two have been identified so far that suggest family members were reunited as a result. But providing

a tool for historians — and finding evidence of reunions — aren't the only goals of the project.

"The ads are also doing another important service," Giesberg said, "and that is simply commemorating families that were lost during slavery."

CW and the Chicago Board of Trade Grain Futures Market

This topic was suggested by Private David Banks, 69th NY, and based on an article in the Autumn 2022 issue of *American History* magazine.

For over a century, nations at war had been issuing paper currency and rationing goods. As of February 1862, the War Department in Washington paid for supplies in paper "greenbacks," named for the ink they were printed with. Unlike pre-war currency, greenbacks were not backed by government gold or silver, and their actual value fluctuated. At times a greenback was worth as little as 35 cents in gold. This led to a two-tiered system of pricing: one amount for goods purchased in gold, and a higher price for goods purchased with greenbacks.

Overlapping and competing state systems of supply compounded the logistics problems for the War Department.

A man named Peter Watson, an assistant secretary of war, was given the task of fixing the situation. Watson's family had emigrated to Canada for Britain when he was eleven, then to Rochester, New York.



Peter Watson (Ashtabula Star-Beacon)

Working for the War Department, Watson knew that it was rife with spies; either working for the Confederacy or a war contractor. To foil these agents, Watson operated out of a railway car, and communicated his orders either by hand-delivered notes, or coded telegrams. He had his own secret security force. His success at security has made him nearly unknown to historians, along with his feat of transforming trade in grain and other commodities.

In June 1863 Congress created a centralized national purchasing system. A vast supply depot in Alexandria, Virginia would serve the Eastern troops, while depots in Louisville and Jeffersonville, Indiana would supply Western troops. Contractors were to submit sealed bids, signed in quintuplicate. Centralization sharply narrowed the field of bidders. Only about twelve merchants in the nation had the means to bid on supplying 10,000 bushels of oats standard in an army contract.

Assistant quartermaster general Capt. Samuel L. Brown said, "a large combination of men and money was controlling the supply of oats and corn then acceptable for supply of the Army."

The twelve merchants demanded increased (and constantly increasing) prices for grain. By December 1863, the price of oats had more than tripled, exceeding \$1 per bushel, and army horses still needed 2.5 million bushels of oats per month, not counting the soldiers using those horses.

To ease the twelve merchants' stranglehold and feed the army and its mounts at a reasonable cost, Watson proposed an innovation. Instead of signing large contracts, he was going to use the Chicago Board of Trade to fracture Union purchases into hundreds of tiny contracts, each for 1,000 bushels. Watson ordered assistant quartermaster general Brown to be at a telegraph near the New York Produce Exchange, on December 20, 1863. Brown, with the help of grain trader David Dows, sent a series of coded telegrams to the Chicago Board of Trade (CBT). Brown and the CBT negotiated over 100 contracts for oats, with months of delivery fixed for each. A week later the War Department sent Brown \$500,000 to make good on the contracts. Dows had a trusted agent in Chicago arrange to pack the contracted

lots of oats onto ships at the Chicago wharves for shipment across the Great Lakes, then by water to the Alexandria supply depot and to the forward depot at Fort Monroe, Virginia. Other shipments made their way to Jeffersonville, Indiana. At Jeffersonville the commissary-general was authorized to write as many ad hoc contracts as needed to feed the horses and mules in Chattanooga and across the entire western theater of war. In small lots bought by intermediaries on behalf of the government, affordable grain flowed to soldiers and their mounts. The power of the twelve to act as a cartel and to dictate high prices was broken. Now, goods purchased through the CBT could be packed and then delivered over multiple railway routes to supply depots hundreds of miles away.

This arrangement fit with Congressional requirements, interpreted broadly. Congress had authorized suspension of army contracting rules "when required by public exigency" for an "open purchase or contract." Watson and the acting commissary-general invoked half-starved horses and monopoly power as exigencies. Brown saw the arrangement for what it was. He wrote in his report that Watson had ordered him to "forestall" the market for oats. "Forestalling," a medieval term, means buying goods for resale. In the 18th century forestallers joined cutpurses and forgers, among other criminals, in the pillory, but times had changed. In forestalling on behalf of the army, Brown had entered into what are now called futures contracts.

The army's version of this contract incorporated innovative features: a fixed month for delivery, a fixed percentage (known as the "margin") paid by each party to guarantee the transaction, a standardized quality based on third-party inspection, and a standardized quantity of 100 or 1,000 bushels, that came to be known as the "contract." A third-party arbiter, the CBT, collected the margins. The arbiter possessed legal authority to punish buyer or seller for non-performance. The harshest sanction was expulsion from the CBT.

For Watson, who relied on secrecy to camouflage the army's vulnerability to price gouging, a key advantage to this system was that both buyer and seller remained anonymous. The CBT took

the margins from buyer and seller and graded grain by its own standards.

Watson seemed to have thwarted the dozen merchants who had been driving up the army price for oats, but opportunities for market influence still existed. Controlling a large warehouse mattered, of course. A sharp operator could issue more futures contracts than he had grain in his warehouse when prices were high, then quietly buy contracts to fill those orders when prices dropped. Now any shopkeeper or small-time buyer who held enough warehouse receipts had a silo in his pocket whose content he might sell when the price rose slightly.

Feeding the Union Army's half-starved horses required a convergence of circumstances; a plugged Mississippi, a group of railway barons, and a new model of army logistics. These factors allowed Watson to deliver mountains of oats to the horses and then an ocean of wheat and other grains to the soldiers in Chattanooga. This, more than anything, made a Union victory possible.

The futures market allowed Sherman in the west and Grant in the south to surround, cut off, then finally engulf the Confederate armies. A water-borne east-west route in the Northern states, a futures market for supply, and a rail system extending into the southern interior allowed the Union Army to feed soldiers and horses both, dramatically increasing military mobility. Watson resigned from the War Department in July 1864 and went into the mining business.

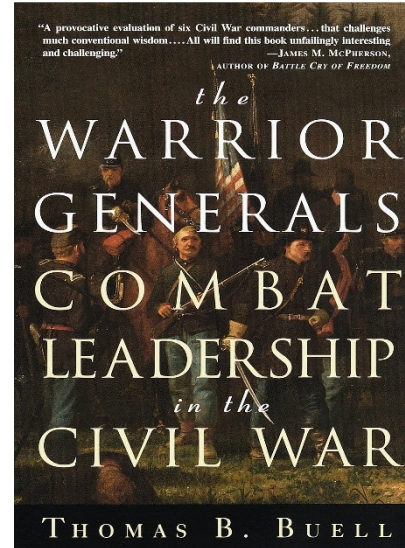
After the Late Unpleasantness futures markets caught on in New York and the Liverpool Corn Exchange in England. These methods allowed multiplying the profit on a price rise, betting on volatility, or betting on a moderate rise while protecting against a drop.

Once peace returned to the United States, the construction of a civil logistics pathway to furnish goods to the world became a political priority for merchants and railroad directors who stood to inherit the Union Army's wartime infrastructure. By then railroads were advancing west to deep-water ports on the Pacific Coast.

By then, Peter Watson had become president of the Erie Railroad. He was 66 when he died in New York City in 1885.

Book Review: *Warrior Generals: Combat Leadership in the Civil War*, by Thomas B. Buell

528 pgs. 38 photos and maps, pub.1998, Three Rivers Press. Recommend: no purchase.



Having found this book in my favorite used book shop, I noticed that author Buell paired up six Civil War generals for comparison; Lee and Grant, Thomas and Hood, John B. Gordon and Francis Barlow. I thought that was an interesting concept, so I plunked out eight Yankee dollars and took it home. Buell, a former instructor of 20th century naval warfare at a U.S. military college, ventured into new territory with this idea and promptly got lost.

The first thing the reader will notice is that Buell is incredibly opinionated and states his historian's opinions as fact, without backing them up with documented proof. Secondly, he has no footnotes whatsoever, and his bibliography is generalized to the point of uselessness.

Buell's research is questionable after he states as fact more than one historical error. Example: he describes Longstreet's wounding at The Wilderness as a musket ball to the chest, when readers who are familiar with the event know that Longstreet was shot through one arm and his throat, leaving him with a raspy voice for the remainder of his life, and an arm with less than 100% mobility. This is just one example of several instances. When describing action during the siege of Chattanooga, Buell mentions brigade

commander William B. Hazen simply as Hazen, implying that he was mentioned earlier. This struck me as odd, so I checked the index. Sure enough, Hazen does not appear in the index for many pages to come. When describing John Bell Hood's behavior at Spring Hill and the Battle of Franklin, Buell relies on the old story that Hood was making decisions under the effects of *laudanum*, when current research shows that Hood was off all meds a mere thirty days after his leg amputation. While Buell could not have known that in 1998, he did not bother to document his opinion.

His descriptions of well-known battles are usually generalized (no pun intended), and battles are only described to show his belief that Lee, Grant, and Hood all seemed to work without a well thought-out battle plan, and sometimes no plan at all.

George Thomas, on the other hand, is held up as the very model of a modern major general, to quote Gilbert & Sullivan. To be sure, Thomas believed in a strong engineering staff and the importance of accurate maps, but so did the rest of the Union Army.

I must say that I read *Warrior Generals* all the way through, with the fascination of a bystander watching two freight trains collide in a corn field. In this case the freight trains were standard scholarship on one side, and opinionated revisionism on the other.

Well, I was only out eight bucks. Next month will be better.

The Chattanooga Gazette

James Rogers Editor

John Hartman Correspondent

September 23, 1863

DISASTER AT CHICKAMAUGA

Federals Driven From Field

Thousands Killed, Wounded, and Missing

Bragg and Longstreet Combine for Battle

After three days of bloody and vicious fighting the Army of the Cumberland has been pushed back to the city of Chattanooga.

Fighting began on September 18, when the two armies found each other near McClemore's Cove just over the Georgia state line. Both Rosecrans and Bragg then called all their corps to join forces and

the battle took place amid thick forest and brushy hills. In some instances the underbrush caught fire and wounded men on both sides were burned to death.

On the 19th the two armies placed their forces in lines running roughly north-to-south, with the Federals on the west side of Chickamauga Creek. Rosecrans adjusted his troops into a fairly compact line, and Bragg began attacking on the Federal left, with Forrest's cavalry and artillery.

It has been confirmed that Longstreet's First Corps of Lee's army arrived and marched directly into the field on the Confederate left.

On the morning of the 20th the battle commenced after nine o'clock, with a fierce artillery barrage, which could be heard in town.

Bragg struck the Federal left flank with Cleburne's division, then launched several divisions en echelon right-to-left. Rosecrans rode the whole length of the Federal line by ten o'clock.

Around noon Gen. Thomas, holding the Union left, called up reinforcements. A move by Rosecrans toward his left sent McCook's Corps, with generals Wood and Van Cleve toward Thomas. It was about this time when Longstreet's Corps cracked the Federal center. The divisions of Van Cleve, Sheridan, and Davis broke, and men fled the field up the Dry Valley road.

The Federal right was broken. Gen. Thomas, finding himself cut off, rallied the remaining half of the army along Horseshoe Ridge. His right was strengthened by the arrival of Wilder's Brigade, which fought through the Confederate left to rally with Thomas. General Granger, with the reserve corps, marched by the sound of battle to reinforce Thomas, and rode the battleline like a lion, his hat riddled with bullet holes. Divisions led by Hazen and Turchen fought their way to Thomas's position, and joined the remaining troops, who were strongly entrenched.

General Thomas was now fighting Bragg's entire army, plus Longstreet's Corps, and his men made a glorious defense of the line. Time after time the Confederates charged Thomas's position, and were repulsed with heavy casualties after each effort. The last two assaults were repelled with bayonets, ammunition being spent. When night fell this band of heroes occupied the same ground they held in the morning, their spirits being unbroken, like their defensive line. Losses have yet to be determined. That night General Thomas executed a withdrawal

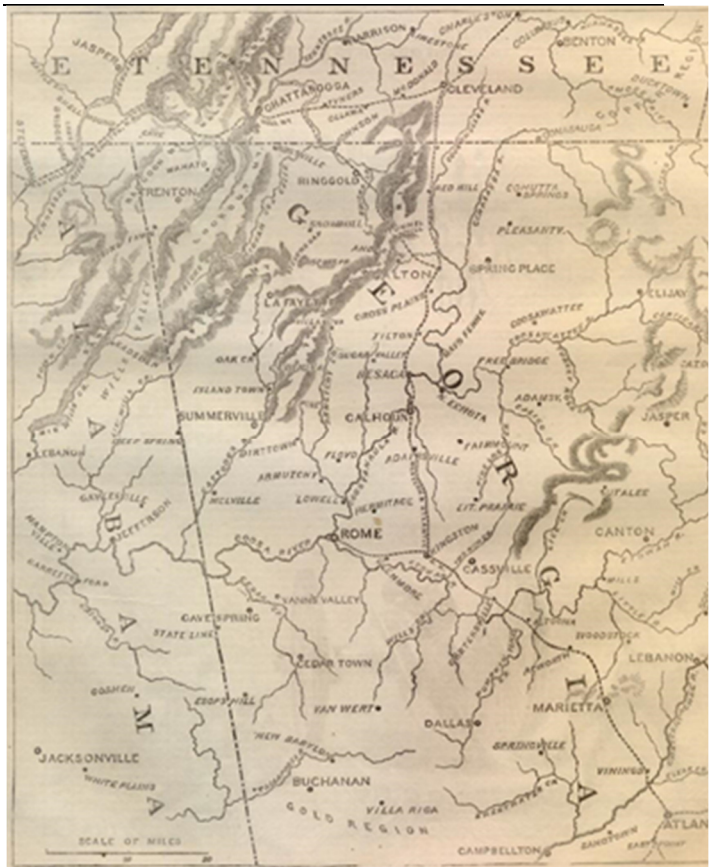
of his ridge top redoubt, and his half of the Army of the Cumberland marched in good order back to Chattanooga, bringing their wounded with them.

Yesterday morning Granger's corps mounted a defense of the city on the south side of the river, along the base of Lookout Mountain and the Rossville Road.

Nearly all the sick and wounded at the Crawfish Springs hospital have been evacuated. General Rosecrans has ordered all troops to concentrate at Chattanooga. It is estimated that Federal killed will number just over 2,000. Wounded are estimated at 1,300. Confederate prisoners are said to be 1,600.

RAIL AND RIVER TRAVEL SUSPENDED

Due to the needs of the Union Army all civilian rail service and steamboat service into and out of town has stopped. The Federal supply line over Walden's Ridge to Anderson's Crossroads is now closed to all civilians unless they have signed passes or live along the route.



CIVILIAN CURFEW NOW IN EFFECT

A dusk-to-dawn curfew is now in effect for all civilians in town, until further notice, by order of Gen. Steedman, Provost Marshal, U.S.A.

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON CONTINUES

Reports from Charleston indicate that the rebel fort of Morris Island experienced a huge explosion

from its magazines. One hundred men were taken prisoner. Gen. Gilmore is installing more heavy guns and the city's surrender is expected any day.

RIOT AT MOBILE

A dispatch from Memphis says that a fearful riot occurred in Mobile on the 4th instant. A party of soldiers' wives, to the number of six hundred, paraded the city, with exciting mottoes on their banners, such as "Bread or Peace."

FIGHT AT CULPEPER

The details of the advance, the fight, and the victory of General Pleasanton's cavalry—under Generals Buford, Kilpatrick, and Gregg—at Culpeper, on Sunday, show that it was not only a brilliant but an important affair, and may probably be regarded as the advance movement of General Meade's army. The cavalry crossed the Rappahannock and reached the banks of the Rapidan; came into collision with Stuart's cavalry and the light artillery of the enemy, and, after a series of skirmishes, drove them from point to point until they reached Culpeper, through which town they charged, driving the rebels before them, and capturing over one hundred prisoners and three guns, two 12-pounders and one 6-pounder. A large quantity of ordnance stores was found in the railroad depot at Culpeper, the guns being of English make, with saber bayonets attached. General Buford's division followed up the enemy beyond Cedar Mountain, and encamped on the banks of the Rapidan.

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Nearly, Miss.- Federal cavalry attacked a Confeder-
ate cavalry troop at dawn on the 17th inst. Twenty
rebels and 50 horses were captured. The rebel
commander was captured while hiding in the privy

of the plantation house at which they were bivou-
acked.

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AT THE CONCERT HALL

Sept. 21: Flotsam and Jetsam Vocal Duets

Sept. 22-23: Comedy- Steamboat to Love
with Darla Dimples as Mary Kate, Robert
Roysterdoyster as Capt. Smiles, and Peter

Parkerhouse as The Pilot.

Sept. 24: Artfully Arranged Leftovers

Sept. 25: Miss Theresa Tonsil, arias of love

TO THE EDITOR: I am deeply concerned for
the rule of law and order and the thin veneer of civ-
ilization that our town is experiencing due to the
shifting winds of war. By the time this is printed the
flag flying over what is left of our fair city may
change and change again. I ask all citizens, regard-
less of their political views, to treat their neighbors
as we always have, with kindness and consideration,
for if we do not work together our town shall go up
the spout.

Signed, Galvin Ized