

The Charger

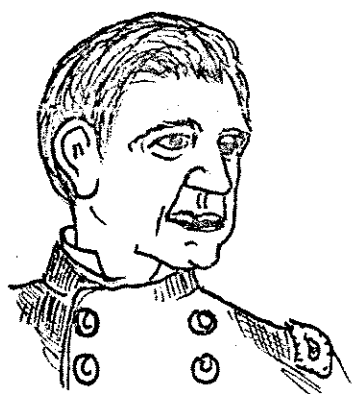
CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR ROUND-TABLE

P. O. BOX 444, VERMILION, OHIO 44089
PHONE 216 - 967-5971

JANUARY, 1981

VOLUME 24 NUMBER 9

203rd Meeting



MAJOR GENERAL
EDWARD R. SPRIGGS CANBY,
U.S.A.



BRIG. GEN. JAMES H.
CARLETON, U.S.A.



COL. ALFRED M. HOBBY,
C.S.A. CORPUS CHRISTI

DATE: TUESDAY, JANUARY 13TH
SPEAKER: JOHN TORMEY
SUBJECT: THE WAR IN THE SOUTH
WEST
PLACE: THE HERMIT CLUB
TIME: WARM-UP 6:00 P.M.
DINNER 7:00 P.M.

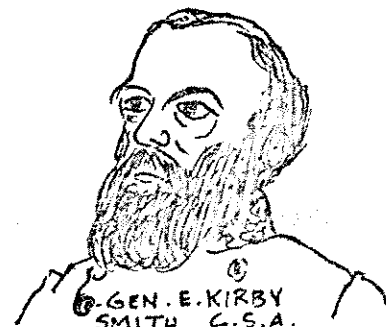
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Action in the southwest started with Confederate Genl. Sibley's attempt to clear Federal troops out of the Territory of New Mexico and gain control of the Rio Grande. This was supposed to open the way to take California, with its gold and Pacific sea-ports.

We look forward to Member John Tormey's talk Tuesday night covering this and subsequent conflicts in an area that holds many fascinating stories and characters, somewhat neglected by Civil War historians.



BRIG. GEN. HENRY H. SIBLEY,  
C.S.A.



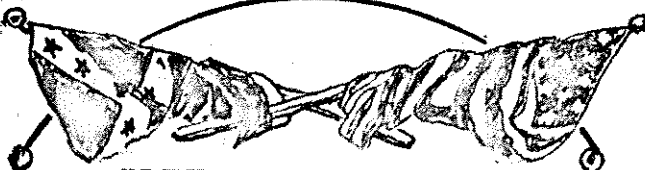
GEN. E. KIRBY  
SMITH, C.S.A.



Maj. Gen. Earl  
Van Dorn, C.S.A.




Gen. John P. Magruder



**CLEVELAND CIVIL WAR  
ROUND-TABLE**

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## MEMBERS ENJOY KRICK TALK

Our speaker at the December meeting was Robert Krick, National Park Service Historian at Fredericksburg. He is a graduate of San Jose State Univ., in history.

Although Gen'l. E. P. Alexander, the subject of Krick's talk, published his Military Memoirs of a Confederate, the speaker pointed out that the book is not strictly Alexander's memoirs. This smart and aggressive Con-

federate had written voluminous notes on incidents and events he observed and took part in during the war and it is from these notes, correctly called memoirs, that Krick quoted and commented on.

Alexander was a very good writer and had a delightful sense of humor. Embellished by Krick's own sense of humor and elegant speaking style, our speaker gave us one of the best and most informative meetings of the year. Even the questions from the members provided the speaker with chances for added touches of fun and information. (F.G.)

## BEN HUR REMEMBERED

Crawfordsville, Montgomery County, Ind., November 7, 1980: a great day in this community - the celebration of the 100th Anniversary of the publication of Ben Hur. Here is the National Shrine, "The Lew Wallace Study," a memorial to that Civil War general and world-famous author.

With conducted tours of "The Study," a building housing the memorabilia of the literary soldier; chariot races by the local cub-scouts down the main street, and a symposium by authorities on different phases of his life at the Ball Theatre, Wabash College, this event attracted hundreds of people to the town where Wallace wrote most of his famous novel, and where he died in 1905 and is buried. At Oak Hill Cemetery there, his grave is marked by an impressive monumer.

General Wallace's less than satisfactory performance at Shiloh and his subsequent relegation to minor commands cast a shadow on his earlier achievements in the war when he exhibited aggressiveness and success as a colonel of a regiment of Indiana volunteers. He cleared the B&O Railroad, compelling Confederate General Joe Johnson to abandon Harpers Ferry. Then later, he made a valiant effort to check Jubal Early's retreat from a threatened Washington. (Do you recall member Bill Bates' program about Monacac,

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# FRED GILL'S BOOK REVIEW

MURDER IN THE NAME OF MERCY



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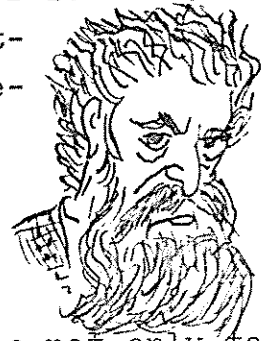
The Select Six - John Brown and the Abolitionist Movement by Otto Scott, Times Books, New York, 1979

If you think today's social scene is unique in being peppered with flakes, crazies and yahoos, the likes of Jane Fonda, Ramsey Clark and Rev. Andrew Young, with the misguided works of the National Council of Churches and Catholic "liberation theology," you will change your mind if you read this extraordinary and illuminating book.

Thoroughly researched and powerfully written, it changed my view of the years before the Civil War. In this time, the Abolitionist Movement sparked and fanned into flame John Brown and his murderous gang. The movement, headed by a cabal of New England ministers and literary lions, was fed fuel by the lying reporting of Northern newspapers.

Another review of Scott's work was titled "The Theology of Terrorism" and until I read the book I had little idea of the frightening unreason of the Abolitionist Movement and how it became, culminating with the Harper's Ferry business, the grandfather of today's world-wide terrorism.

Beginning with the self-righteous preaching of a clutch of New England ministers and aided by so-called literary thinkers like Emerson, who argued that God demanded people not only to end their own sinning but stop the sinning of others, the Movement drew a gaggle of fanatics seeking a cause. Scott writes, "It finally came to full flower in the belief that killing anyone - innocent or guilty - was an act of righteousness for a new morality."



What a magnet this was to draw John Brown, one of the greatest con men of the century! After his outrageous, cold-blooded and unpunished murders in Kansas, he turned his talents to the East and abolition. His considerable ability to extract money from seemingly smart people blossomed and his impressive lying soon put him on the road to lead a slave insurrection. In his craziness, he apparently really thought that as soon as he moved to Virginia hordes of slaves would join him on a march South to murder all those of Southern persuasion.

However, after Harper's Ferry, his backers ran for cover. The Secret Six cravenly ran to Canada and they were never punished. The newspapers and literary pundits immediately started idealizing Brown, conveniently

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for them, ignoring the facts. No man in American history to this time - not even Washington - enjoyed such a press. Even the great Emerson linked Brown's name with Jesus!

Even the great and bloody war did not stop the movement. "It had channeled all its reforming efforts against slavery," Scott writes; "afterwards, it branched into prohibition, trade unionism, socialism, anarchism and other causes."

Scott also says, "The movement for which he (Brown) became a symbol has not yet ended; it continues to imperil religion and confuse millions."

So read this book and be on guard against New Lefts, New Rights, Moral Majorities, snail darter saviours, and don't believe everything you read in the newspapers.

\* \* \* \*

## SPOOKY COMMISARY



Early in the war, robbing the dead (and wounded) was abhorred by both sides, and many a ghoul when caught was punished.

Later, it became such a common practise, especially by Confederates who did it because they actually needed the shoes and clothing, it was condoned and even encouraged.

Many are the instances of food found after rifling a fallen foe's knapsack, being all there was to eat.

With the bitterness and the familiarity with death and suffering, very little respect was paid to the dead and dying.

Gathering ammunition from the fallen was always a common practise. Some smart Union officers could tell how low their foe's ammunition was becoming by the urgency and desperation with which the Confederates went out in "no man's land" to seek it.

### SHORT BUT LIVELY CAREER cont'd from pg. 5

hook." And Lieutenant Isaac Newton Brown? After a supreme effort to reach his ship, he had arrived exhausted, only to see the muddy Mississippi swirling over the spot where she had gone down.

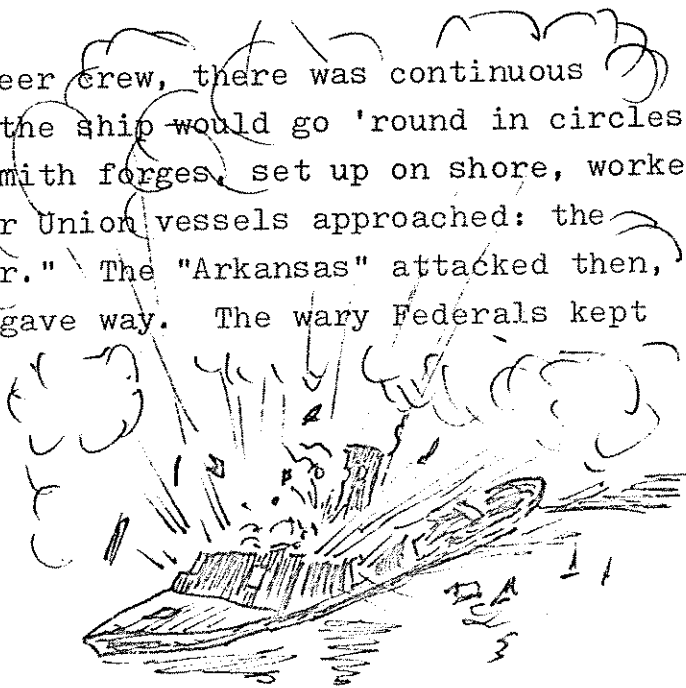
# SHORT BUT LIVELY CAREER

This sequel to last month's story of the Confederate ship "Arkansas" is a melancholy one. Intrepid Lieutenant Brown, after his heroic fight with the combined Union fleets; weeks of hard work with little sleep, to say nothing of his head-wounds, was near a nervous breakdown, and was furloughed on sick-leave. Repairs proceeded aboard the jerrybuilt ironclad, Lt. Henry Stevens succeeding in command. Mosquitoes came in unprecedented droves, but the work went on.

Then orders came to move the "Arkansas" downstream, ready or not, to aid Gen'l. John C. Breckinridge in an attack on Baton Rouge. Stevens wired Brown that Gen'l. Van Dorn had so ordered, and there was nothing he could do but comply. Still sick, Brown boarded a freight train to reach Vicksburg to take command, but he arrived too late, and followed down the river on horseback.

Chugging downstream with a new volunteer crew, there was continuous engine trouble - one would konk out and the ship would go 'round in circles. Then the connecting rod broke and blacksmith forges, set up on shore, worked frantically all night. Next morning four Union vessels approached: the "Essex," "Cayuga," "Katahdin" and "Sumter." The "Arkansas" attacked then, but first one and then the other engine gave way. The wary Federals kept their distance, even though the great, clumsy ironclad drifted to shore, immovable, helpless, her guns unable to bear on the enemy.

There was nothing to do but destroy it to keep this formidable fighter from falling into the hands of Union.



While the rest of the crew waded ashore, Lt. Stevens and five others loaded all the guns; placed shells on the deck, smashed the machinery with axes and hand grenades, opened the powder magazines, then set fire to the protective bales of cotton, and set her adrift.

Watching tearfully, the men saw their ship - after only 23 days of combat life - gradually drift toward the Union fleet. As the fires reached them, the guns began to discharge. Puzzled, the "Essex" and her consorts turned-tail and gave the "Arkansas" a wide berth. For an hour she floated, shells bursting, and then, a few minutes after noon, blew up in a terrific explosion.

"It was beautiful," Lt. Stevens recalled, "to see her, abandoned by commander and crew and dedicated to sacrifice, fighting a battle on her own

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# HE HATED HORSES

Benjamin Henry Grierson, born in Youngstown, Ohio, hated horses; his aversion dating from the age of 8, when he was kicked in the face by a rambunctious pony, leaving a scar from chin to ear. As a young man he turned down a commission to West Point in favor of a career in music. He organized his own band, wrote and taught music, but after marrying, he went into general merchandising, which brought him to the brink of bankruptcy in 1861. He never trusted anyone who liked to ride horseback.



Although he had no military training, when Grierson volunteered for service in the Union Army, he was surprised to receive a major's commission, and much to his abhorrence, was assigned to the cavalry. He immediately applied to General Halleck for a transfer to the infantry, but to no avail.

He was a conscientious officer, and soon became colonel of the Sixth Illinois Cavalry. His only link to his musical past was to play a jew's harp while on the march.

As an important part of Grant's strategy in the Vicksburg Campaign, Grierson's raid, April 17 to May 2, 1863 from LaGrange, Tenn. to Baton Rouge, La. was not only a successful diversion of thousands of Confederate troops, but thoroughly confused the Rebel Command and gave Grant time and elbow room. Grant called it "one of the most brilliant cavalry exploits of the war." (Ed. Note: I think it was THE most important cavalry raid of the war, taking into account that the accomplishment of its objectives had a greater bearing on the final result of the war than any of the raids of Forrest, Stuart, Morgan or Wilson.)

After the fall of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, Grierson, now a brigadier, was made Chief of Cavalry of the Sixteenth Army Corps. Then an ironic accident befell the former music-master-become-cavalry hero. Boarding a steamer to move his men to Tenn., Grierson was kicked in the knee by a horse, suffering his most serious wound of the war and putting him on crutches for months. He still hated horses.

**Lew Wallace** a couple of years ago?

Lew Wallace is best remembered as a great author, and was known to many as a talented artist and profound student of history. His success in these fields, along with his record as a soldier in the Mexican and Civil Wars; as Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, and as U.S. Minister to Turkey earned him an everlasting niche in his country's history.

Source: Amy Foxwell, Hillsboro, Indiana,  
and Montgomery, Your County  
Magazine

## OLLAPODRIDAcontinued

Many of the legends of the Civil War got their start through the quixotic reporting of the current newspapers, then later substantiated by those who claimed to have been there. Here's one from the Vicksburg Herald about the gallant Brig. Gen'l. Lloyd Tilghman, who died defending Ft. Henry during the Siege of Vicksburg (some of our field-trippers will recall the unique statue of the general on the Vicksburg battlefield, which depicts him being shot).

"Upon the spot where he fell," the Herald later noted, "where his noble life ebbed away and the sad earth drank his blood with greedy thirstiness, a young peach tree grew to maturity, and put forth leaves of blood red, and the fruit it bore was also scarlet - a phenomenon observed throughout the tree's life."

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the gems this writer picked up at our November booksale is The War Without Grant, by Robert R. McCormick, N.Y. 1950. Each chapter is followed by an excellent map, and on the margin of each paragraph is the date. Another unique feature is the author's casual way of stating rather blunt opinions, following them with his reasons. I'll give you a sample to mull over: he states that the worst blunder of the war was Joseph E. Johnson's abandoning Norfolk, Virginia.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another Johnson....Gen'l. Adam R. Johnson, before the war fought numerous battles with the Kiowa and Comanche Indians in West Texas. During the C.W. he acted as a scout for Gen'l. Forrest, and accompanied John Hunt Morgan on some of his raids. Johnson then organized a Confederate brigade (the 10th Kentucky) of Partisan Rangers, with independent authority. While fighting at Grubbs' Crossroads near Cerulean Springs in western Kentucky, Johnson was blinded after being shot through the temples. He was captured and sent to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor. He lived to write his memoirs.

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## HELP FIGHT - WRITE !

Civil War Round Table Associates urge us to write to Rep. Ed Bethune (U.S. House of Representatives, Washington DC 20515) and ask him about HUD's plans to build a third low-income housing development on the boundaries of the Petersburg National Battlefield Park in Petersburg, Va. Ask him how, in face of all the vandalism and recreational over-use of a historical area, caused by the other developments, they can justify their attempts to place yet another housing project right on the park boundary. The CWRTA office has received a sympathetic letter from Rep. Bethune, but more letters are needed, showing interest from all over the country. Preserve our Civil War battlefields!

# OLLAPODRIDA



A group of sightseers visiting southern battlefields listened stoically to the comments of their native guide. "Here a handful of our southern boys routed 30,000 Yankees. Here one fine battalion from Georgia annihilated a corps of Federals. Here two brave Virginians captured a whole regiment of Northerners." Finally, one woman in the party spoke up with an unmistakable New England twang, "Didn't the North ever win a single victory?" she asked. "No ma'am," said the guide politely, "and they never will, as long as I'm runnin' this bus."

\* \* \* \* \*

Matthew Calbraith Butler resigned his seat in the So. Carolina legislature to accept a captain's commission in the Hampton Legion and fought at First Bull Run; then in the Peninsular campaign he was promoted to major, and after Antietam a colonel. At Brandy Station he lost a foot, and after recovering became a brigadier, commanding what became known as "The Butler Cavalry," his regiment consisting of the 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th and 6th South Carolina Cavalry. At Trevillian Station in June of 1864, with 2200 men he routed Sheridan, with 10,000. And, at Sappington Church, Butler with 100 men surprised and routed Wilson, with 3,000! Sounds like that bus-driver. But that isn't all, he imitated Murat, and led his men armed only with a silver-mounted riding crop. After the war he became a Democratic Senator, and was appointed a Major General by President McKinley, and served in the Spanish-American War.

Butler and His Cavalry in the War of Session 1861-1865, by U.R.

Brooks, Columbus, S.C., 1905 (A rare book that sells for \$200)

\* \* \* \* \*

Then there is the story of a young Irishman in the 5th Virginia, a Confederate outfit that participated in the sacking of the Manassas Depot, who, for want of other containers, filled the barrel of his Enfield with whiskey. The next morning, when he was in need of a drink he sat by the side of the road, put the muzzle in his mouth and tilted the musket up and started to guzzle. Just then his Irish chaplain came up, took in the scene and yelled, "Don't pull the trigger, Paddy, Jaysus'll see you through."



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