



The Summer Confederate

# LEGIONNAIRE

The Newsletter of the General William B. Bate Camp No. 34

Sons of Confederate Veterans



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## NO DAMNED MAN KILLS ME AND LIVES

The Forrest - Gould Affair

Columbia, Tennessee --  
June 13, 1863

By Bob Duncan

Nathan Bedford

Forrest was noted for his hot temper and he was in a foul mood when he found that Colonel Abel Streight's Yankee Raiders had captured two of his cannon in an ambush. He personally blamed Lieutenant Andrew Wills Gould for cowardice in losing the guns even though it had actually been no failure on the part of the young artilleryman. The bushwackers had killed the horses pulling the guns and the guns could not have been brought



out. Forrest was just as angry at being successfully surprised by the Federals and young Gould bore the brunt of his anger.

The Confederates still managed to catch the Union column outside of Gadsden, Alabama, capturing the lot but upon returning to their base of operations in Columbia, Tennessee, Forrest's anger toward Gould had not abated. He signed orders to have Gould transferred out of his

command. Gould took this to be a mortal insult and went straight to Forrest's Headquarters at the Masonic Building in downtown Columbia to confront the General.

Andrew Wills Gould was a handsome

OUR NEXT REGULAR MEETING WILL BE HELD ON OCTOBER 13, 2016 AT 7:00 P.M. AT THE VISITORS' CENTER AT BLEDSOE CREEK STATE PARK, 400 ZIEGLERS FORT ROAD, GALLATIN. PLEASE PLAN TO ATTEND.

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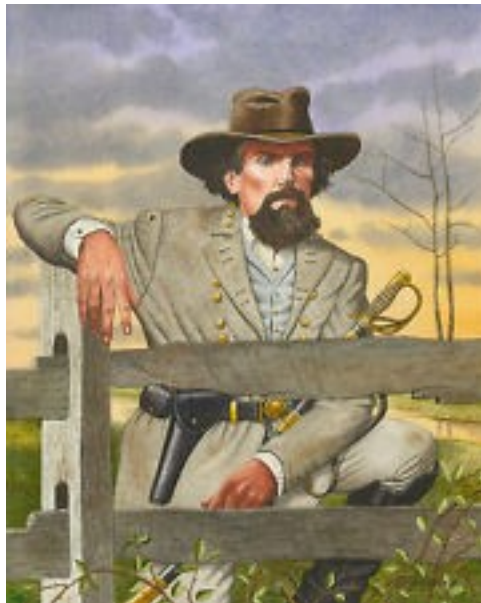
This month's program will be Camp member's discussing their ancestors featuring Kirk Mosier and Frank Heathman. It should be a great program.

young man who had graduated from Cumberland University in 1861 with high honors. He had cast his lot with the Confederates at the beginning of the war and had fought with gallantry in each action. The unfortunate loss of both his cannon in Alabama can only be attributed to bad luck as one of his superiors described him in this way, "I never knew or heard ought to his prejudice; he was a courteous and refined gentleman of temperate and moral habits."

Wills Gould was furious when he received the order of transfer and went straight to General Forrest at his headquarters. The General stepped out into the hallway to speak with the young Lieutenant and the conversation quickly became heated. Neither Forrest or Gould would relent in their assertions when, according to Forrest, Wills Gould said "no man can accuse me of cowardice and both of us live!" Forrest, according to eyewitnesses, apparently believed Gould was about to attack him and he took a penknife from his pocket while Gould wrestled with a pistol in the pocket of his linen duster. Forrest, realizing his jeopardy, lunged at Gould, opening the penknife with his teeth. Gould, failing to get the gun from his pocket, fired anyway, hitting Forrest in the left abdominal area. Forrest grimaced but came on as Gould freed the gun from his pocket. Forrest grabbed the gun hand and forced it up while he plunged the long, slender blade into Gould's left side. The look on Gould's face told the General that the

blade had run true.

Both men staggered back away from each other and Gould ran drunkenly from the front door of the building and out onto the sidewalk. He crossed the street knowing that his wound was grievous. As he crossed the street Doctors Ridley and Wilkes, who had been treating Confederate wounded at a nearby hospital, rounded the corner on the court square. They saw the man stumbling across the street and heard the quartermaster shout for someone to "Stop that man! - he has shot General Forrest!"



Doctor Ridley looked in disbelief. He recognized Gould instantly as he was blood kin to the boy. Gould was quickly taken into a nearby tailor shop and laid on the big cutting table. Doctor Ridley found the wound. It was gushing a plume of blood with each heartbeat. Dr. Wilks put two fingers over the wound in an attempt to stop the flow of blood while Dr. Ridley hurried back to the

hospital for the equipment needed to help the rapidly weakening Gould.

General Forrest stumbled back into the quartermaster's office to look at his wound. He was hit in the abdomen, which during the period of the Civil War was almost always ultimately fatal. You might linger for several days but any puncture of the abdomen meant a guaranteed case of peritonitis would set in, especially in warm weather. Men who were hit in this way knew that they were going to die.





Southern Steel Major General N. B. Forrest at the Battle of Okolona, February 22

1864

Forrest's self-examination showed this kind of wound. He rose from the chair and bellowed, "Get out of my way! I am mortally wounded and will kill the man who has shot me!" The General, his clothing in disarray hobbled into the street and took two pistols from his gaping troopers, heading for the crowd that had gathered at the tailor shop. Forrest struggled up the front steps of the building, waving the pistols and shouting, "Lookout! Lookout!" The crowd dropped to the floor at the sight of the furious, gun-waving General. Even Doctor Wilkes jumped out of the way. Gould was fading

fast but he saw Forrest come in the door and he rolled off the table and went out the back as Forrest sent a bullet after him. The bullet hit a brick wall and ricocheted into the leg of a gawking soldier. Gould, now at the edge of consciousness, retreated only a short way before he fainted from the loss of blood and fell into the high weeds behind the row of buildings. Forrest staggered up to him and pushed at him with the toe of his boot, realizing that Gould was done for.

Doctor Ridley had returned and Forrest ordered up a carriage and ordered the two Doctors to accompany him to the



Compatriots,

Most of you already know of the controversy surrounding our presence at Confederate Circle during the Sumner County Museum's annual Cemetery Tour on the 1st. I made the decision on behalf of the Camp, that this was, for me, a "line in the sand" issue. After being told the Museum had "exclusive use" of the cemetery during their tour by the Gallatin Police, and then having a meeting with Mayor Brown, I made it clear that I thought the city had no authority to grant anyone exclusive use of the cemetery to prevent owners from having access to their own property.

Let me make clear, we are NOT trying to disrupt the Museum's tour in any way. We are trying merely to stand silent vigil in honor of our dead, in this instance being used for their own benefit by the Museum. We will behave as Southern gentlemen and Ladies, making no spectacle or display other than the somber honoring of our heroic dead.

We attempted to reach out to the Museum in an effort to resolve any concerns or issues but they have not gotten back with us to even to discuss their concerns. It was my belief, that we could not back down without impairing our unfettered right to Confederate Circle.

Next month is our election, anyone unhappy with my actions should feel free to put their name in nomination for Camp Commander. As I have said this was a decision which I felt compelled to make and one from which I could not shirk. I felt to do so might lead to the questioning of our right to control Confederate Circle. We have been nothing except an asset to the Gallatin City Cemetery. Our beautification of it makes it far more attractive and is a focal point of the cemetery. That helps the City, encourages heritage tourism and promotes the memory of our honored dead.

Randy P. Lucas  
Commander



# GET A TAG ~ SAVE A FLAG

HELP US PRESERVE  
 TENNESSEE'S HISTORIC FLAGS  
 ~CONFEDERATE HISTORY IS AMERICAN HISTORY~

GET YOUR TAG AT  
 YOUR LOCAL  
 COUNTY CLERK'S  
 OFFICE



NO  
 MEMBERSHIP  
 REQUIRED  
 TNSCV.ORG

## 1800MYSOUTH

home of his friend, Major William Galloway, where it was his habit to board when in the area. Forrest was in a foul humor and was spewing strings of epithets while everyone else was extremely ill at ease. It had only been a little over a month since another of the South's Cavalry Generals, Earl Van Dorn, had been murdered by a jealous husband just up the road in Spring Hill. Now it looked as if Wills Gould had done to Forrest what the Union Army had not been able to do. Everyone feared that Nathan Bedford Forrest was a dead man!

On arrival at the Galloway house on West Ninth Street, Forrest curbed his tongue a bit, being in the presence of ladies, but his anger still boiled over. The Doctors finally

got a good look at the wound. The ball had entered the abdomen, sure enough, but it had glanced off the ileum and passed into the "glutil" muscles of the left hip. Doctors, breathing a collective sigh of relief, told the General that his wound was not serious after all ~ in fact, it was little more than a flesh wound!

Forrest's whole demeanor instantly changed. The Doctors offered to cut the bullet out, then and there, but Forrest refused saying, "No, it is nothing but a damned little pistol ball - let it alone!" He then thought of Wills Gould, dying in the weeds. He ordered the Doctors to take Gould to the Nelson House Hotel and to spare no expense in saving the boy' life. Forrest told them he

(Continued from page 5)

would pay for everything. There are conflicting stories about whether Forrest was personally reconciled with Gould but it is known that Forrest was bitterly sorry for his actions. He recognized, at last, that Gould was indeed a brave man and that he had wrongly accused him.

Gould lingered for almost two weeks but, as feared, he died in his bed at the Nelson House on June 26, 1863. He was 23 years old. Forrest healed and was quickly back in the saddle. His Cavalry left the area about a month later and did not return to Columbia until Hood's Invasion of Tennessee in 1864 where they played a major part.

Traveler's Note: Two of the buildings in this story still exist. The Nelson House Hotel still stands on North Main Street across from City Hall, next to a restaurant. Wills Gould's room was on the second floor left, facing the street. The Galloway House, where Forrest recuperated is located on West Ninth Street on the Southwest corner of its intersection with School Street. Oddly enough, Forrest's room is also on the second floor left, facing the street.

<http://www.tennessee-sev.org/fg.htm>

## Editor's Note

As you know in the past we have printed articles which highlight the civilian suffering here in Gallatin during the war. We printed Alice Williamson's Diary in its entirety and other articles about the REAL impact of the war, not just the soldier's view. In that tradition we offer the following in parts over the next couple of months:

## Hard Times in the Confederacy

With emotions of mingled pain and pleasure, akin to those that come at hearing once again a familiar air, the echo of whose last cadence vanished years ago, so the reminiscences of - the many makeshifts and expedients for maintaining life and a degree of comfort recur to the minds of those who, in the Southern Confederacy, struggled through the period embraced within the years 1861 and 1865. The blood-stained battle-fields where the hosts of contending armies met in deadly conflict witnessed no finer examples of courage and self-abnegation than did the chimney sides and roof-trees of those times, where the ragged rebels had left wives and mothers and children and slaves to keep the household gods together, to raise the stint of corn and wine and oil, and to tend the flocks whereby they all might be clothed and fed.

It savors more of the ludicrous, perhaps, than of the desperately serious to be told in these latter days of how great an amount of money it took then to buy even the scant supplies of food and clothes which served to ward off cold and subdue hunger. If the State militia officer of the present who arrays his fine figure in the prescribed uniform of his command, at the moderate cost of some fifty or sixty dollars, had worn the Confederate "army worms" on his sleeve some twenty odd years back, he then could not have disported himself in such an outfit of trousers, coat, and vest for a less sum than twelve or fifteen hundred dollars of the currency at that time in vogue south of Mason and Dixon's line. Or had he been then as now, perchance, a *beau sabreur*, as some





of that day were, with a love for the pomp and circumstance of war, though possessing withal the fine spirit of the *gants glacés* of De Preslin at Rethel, in the war of the Fronde, he doubtless would have affected the popular fashion of a soft slouch hat with a black plume waving from it and the brim upheld by a glittering star; and this gay headgear would have cost him a cool two hundred dollars of Confederate currency. But they were few in number who could wear fine uniforms even in the earlier days of the conflict; and in the latter years the prices of all commodities rose in a steady scale — save only that of one, which remained for the most part steadfast and immovable from first to last, and that one was military service.

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LT. GENERAL J. B. STUART

The privilege of fighting, bleeding, and even dying for one's unhappy country was in those days an inestimable boon which outweighed every sordid consideration of Confederate promises to pay — at least in the opinion of the higher authorities; and when a pound of tea from Nassau brought five hundred dollars and a pair of cavalry boots six hundred dollars in that ridiculous medium of exchange, the pay of the private soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia was about eight dollars a month! Though there be something ludicrous in it all, the humor of it touches so nearly the

Even where the money was to be had, the materials for handsome uniforms were not; and it is said that the insignia of rank on the sleeves and collar of a distinguished Confederate general were made by his wife from pieces of yellow flannel which before the war had been one of his children's petticoats. Style and material were, after all, mere matters of individual gratification; for the army cared little what manner of raiment officers or comrades wore, save to make "b'iled" shirts, and a superfluity of finery wherever visible, subjects of infinite jest. The soldiers were as ready to cheer the dingy little forage cap of the puritan Stonewall Jackson when he trotted down the lines as to salute with applause the plumed chapeau of the dashing cavalier Stuart.

The traditional rebel soldier in the persimmon tree, who told his captain that he was eating the green persimmons in order to fit his mouth to the size of his rations, epitomized in his epigrammatic speech the history of the economic conditions of the Southern States, both in the field and at home, during the war of the Rebellion. After the seaports of the South had once become



thoroughly blockaded, it was a continuous, legend, if considered at all, doubtless were and in the end unavailing, struggle on the held coarse and witless; but to him who knew part of the people of the Confederacy to the bitter meaning thereof, through his own accommodate the status of supply to that of harsh experience, they spoke with the demand. emphasis of a stern and powerful significance.

After the war ended, a monthly magazine dedicated to perpetuating the records of the war from a Southern standpoint, and soon perishing in the vain endeavor, published a rude wood-cut, which, with its concomitant inscription, expressed with great pith and point the extremities to which soldiers and homefolk alike were reduced in the latter days of the contest. It represented two lank, lean, lantern-jawed



Confederates in a blackberry patch. One of day when the Federal fleet blockaded the them, on his knees, the more readily to reach harbors and forts of the Confederacy, their the palatable fruit, is looking upward at his wants often left them not very many degrees comrade with a grim smile, and saying: "They removed from the condition of besieged can't starve us, no how, as long as people in the latter stages of beleaguerment. blackberries last."

The vein of his self-gratulation and experienced was in an inverse order to that assurance is readily acquiesced in and of comparative physical comfort the country reinforced by the other, who responds in a was full of suffering, and thousands of spirit of apt commendation, and with an even people who had been reared and had lived in larger and more catholic faith: "Naw, sir! the extremes of ease and affluence were for And not as long as thar's huckleberries, months and years without what are believed, nuther. And when they're gone, come from the standpoint of the present, to be the 'simmons!'" commonest necessaries of daily life.

To the uninitiated stranger who saw and The blockade-runners made at read, the rude cut and its underwritten intervals perilous trips from Wilmington and



Charleston to Nassau and back, carrying out cargoes of cotton and bringing in supplies. But these scanty imports were only a drop in the great empty bucket of want; and the South was forced to rely upon its own products, its own industry, and its own ingenuity to meet the demands of physical and social existence. The sudden realization of this duty of the hour was a greater shock to the inert and indolent South of that time than even that of arms;

yet the deductive philosopher, speculating upon the origin and progress of the great material growth and prosperity attained within the last two decades by the States once in rebellion, may well be led to attribute to this growth and prosperity the initial leaven of a highly wrought self-reliance and courage born of the sacrifices and struggles of that period. The

women of the Confederacy learned the moral of the chapter even between the hard lines of its beginning; and it is by the men of these mothers that the new South has been enabled to rise from the ashes of the old.

Forcing its producing capacity to the utmost limit that the crippled condition of labor would allow, and straining its ingenuity until that ingenuity threatened to give way, food and clothing at last failed the people of the South. The want of these things was the indomitable engineer who cleared the way for Sherman's march to the sea, the

unanswerable herald who summoned Lee to Appomattox Court House. It is no reflection upon the great generals of the Union to say, as the historian must, that the Federal navy, bringing the blockade, brought the hard times to the Confederacy, and that the hard times hastened its fall.

With the markets of Europe left open to its cotton, and with powerful friends at the courts of England and of France, whose friendship perhaps would have assumed a more substantial form but for the enviroing Federal fleet, who can prophesy what might not have been the fate of the young Government? But with its most important staple thrown almost valueless upon its hands, the moral no less than the physical effect of the blockade upon its



fortunes was tremendous. The land that had laughed aloud with plenty under the bounteous and beneficent rule of King Cotton saw the scepter of that sway depart from it, and was sad. The free-trade, carried on without let or hindrance, wherever any trade was possible among the seceded States, which lay for the most part in a common latitude, and the variety of whose products was very slight, constituted a profoundly insignificant item when weighed in the balance against the no-trade of a vast outside world, producing all things that the wants of man might require. Of manufactures the South of that



time knew absolutely nothing. She had no the final issue the anxiety and doubt of fisheries—or, having them, the blockade caution were fully justified, for no treaty of would have ended them. The mineral wealth peace was ever concluded between the that lay beneath the surface in many of her Governments named in the elusive bond. States was enveloped in a density of Neither blood nor flesh might redeem the ill-ignorance that was only accentuated by the starred paper from the Shylock of defeat. scattered charcoal iron-furnaces set at wide intervals here and there in the Virginia or Georgia or east Tennessee hills, like faintly glimmering stars on the border of the great dark.

And yet during the hard times rude manufactures of various kinds were initiated, and the charcoal furnaces were multiplied. The cotton which could not be sold to Europe was made into cloth at home, and from the iron that ran molten from the scattered furnaces were wrought the death-dealing cannon of an historic army.



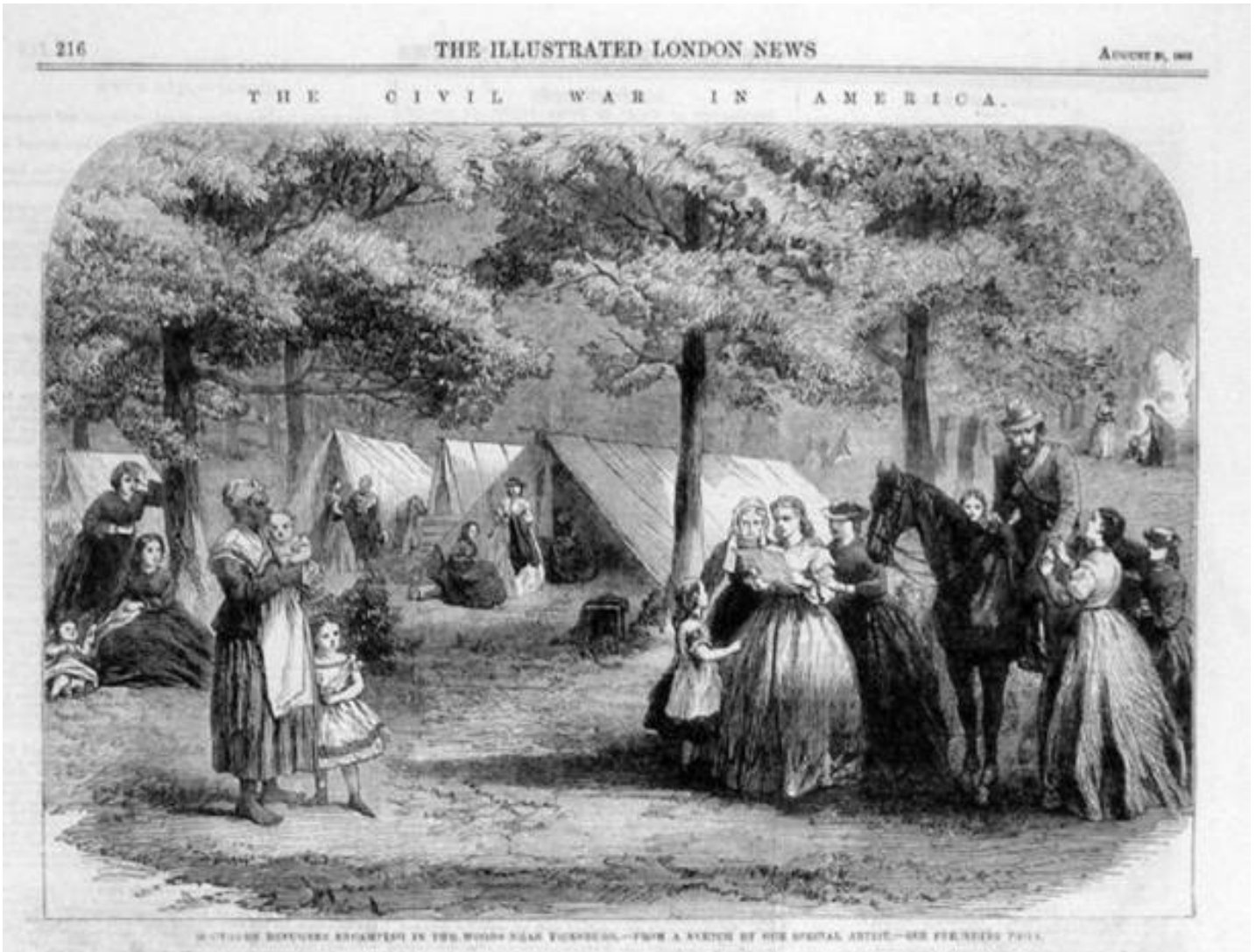
The currency of the new Government was from the beginning weighted down with the North American continent. a collateral condition which, though it had small effect on patriotism, caused no slight anxiety in the breast of far-seeing and circumspect men. This weighty condition was the promise to pay the stipulated amount of each note to the bearer of the imprinted piece of paper only at the expiration of a specified period of time "after the ratification of a treaty of peace between the Confederate States and the United States of America." In

This element of uncertainty made the value of the currency as shifting and mutable as the fortunes of the armies of its Government; but a cause of depreciation much more potent and far reaching was the diminution and final cessation of the cotton traffic by reason of the blockade. The continental currency of the Revolution, floated on the tentative credit of a feeble and undeveloped country, did not lose its value any more rapidly than did this money of a confederation of some of the wealthiest and most prosperous States on

The dollar and ten cents of Confederate money which in September, 1861, would buy as much as a gold dollar of the United States, was worth in September, 1864, only about one twenty-seventh of a gold dollar, and would buy scarcely anything, because it had no circulation anywhere except in the Confederacy, and at that time



there was hardly anything in the Confederacy for sale." current newspapers that they would none of The very color in which the calamitous it, and that their dealings would be "by way currency was printed seemed ominous; and of barter and exchange alone."



with its systematic and rapid decline the fortunes of the embryo Government which it represented took on a cerulean and unpropitious hue. Finally it became so valueless for all purposes of trade that many, looking for an early and untoward ending of the struggle, refused to accept it at all. It was in vain that in many sections indignation meetings were held by the more patriotic in which those who declined it were denounced; for numbers of tradesmen and professional men alike advertised in the

At an earlier period the theory had seemed to prevail that it was impossible for too much money to be afloat; and though the Government presses groaned beneath their steady output of Confederate treasury-notes, and the Register and the Treasurer of the Confederate States were reduced to the extremity of hiring men to sign the almost innumerable bills for them, State treasury-notes were circulated in profusion, while

“wild-cat” bank-notes of all sorts, shapes, and sizes vied with the “shin plaster” utterances of municipalities, private corporations, firms, and individuals in supplying the popular demand.

Counterfeiting must have been an easy task; but if counterfeits were circulated, they were received without question when every man who could hire a printing-press and write his name had the power to make as much money as he would. This overflowing deluge of fiat money alarmed and dissipated the old-fashioned gold and silver coins of our progenitors, which fled incontinently, as they will do under such circumstances, to the coffers of the cautious and the stockings of the saving. Supplies of food and clothing, with a sturdy contempt for such an absurd financial theory, stoutly declined to lend it any countenance, and became monthly less purchasable than before.

Such a staple and necessary article of food as salt advanced within two months during the first year of the war from ten to eighteen dollars per sack, and from this time on continued to show a steady increase in price to the end, in spite of the fact that the salt springs and “licks” of Virginia, east Tennessee, and the Indian Territory were furnishing constantly large quantities of it. Every article of food increased in price in a similar ratio; and the market reports of produce and supplies in contemporaneous

Confederate journals present a strange contrast from month to month and year to year. Perhaps the most striking instance of the advance in prices of food supplies occurs in the case of flour, which in March, 1863, sold for \$25 per barrel; in January, 1864, for

\$95 per barrel; and in January, 1865, for \$1000 per barrel. The spectral army in the Confederate rear, led by General Hard Times, was closing up its ranks, touching elbows, and moving at a double-quick in those days of January, 1865. There was death at the cannon's mouth in front of the hungry, foot sore, shivering rebel, and starvation in the rear.

Even so early as February, 1863, the money value of a day's rations for Ioo soldiers, which had in the first year of the war been about \$9, was at market prices \$123. In the corresponding month of the following year a day's rations had no estimated market value. From the soldier who possessed them money could not buy them, and he who was without them was unable to procure them at any price. Side by side with the reports of battles and the records of peace commissions, congresses, and legislatures, the blurred columns of the Confederate press were wont to teem with domestic recipes for cheap dishes, directions for raising and utilizing various vegetable products, instructions for making much of little in matters pertaining to every phase of house hold life. Hard by a list of dead and wounded would stand a recipe for tanning dog-skins for gloves; while the paragraphs just succeeding the closing column of the description of a naval engagement off Hampton Roads were directions for the use of boneset as a substitute for quinine.

*This is the first part of an article written by A.C. Gordon that appeared in The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, 1887-88.*



# SUMNER CONFEDERATE LEGIONNAIRE

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1 Lt. Commander - Eddie Felts  
2 Lt. Commander - John de Leusomme  
Adjutant - Kenneth A. Corum  
Quartermaster - Richard Hamblen  
Treasurer - Kenneth A. Corum  
Chaplain - Johnny Keele  
Surgeon - Vacant  
Historian - G. Franklin Heathman  
Color Sergeant - Michael Bassette  
Judge Advocate - William Bryan Roehrig, III  
Editor - Randy P. Lucas

### Carmack's Pledge to the South

The South is a land that has known sorrows; it is a land that has broken the ashen crust and moistened it with tears; a land scarred and riven by the plowshare of war and billowed with the graves of her dead; but a land of legend, a land of song, a land of hallowed and heroic memories.

To that land every drop of my blood, every fiber of my being, every pulsation of my heart, is consecrated forever. I was born of her womb; I was nurtured at her breast; and when my last hour shall come, I pray God that I may be pillowed upon her bosom and rocked to sleep within her tender and encircling arms.

WE ARE IN THE FIELD, AND THE BARS ARE UP!

