



The Summer Confederate

# LEGIONNAIRE

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

Sons of Confederate Veterans



Volume 7, Issue 1

January 2017

## ANECDOTES OF GENERAL CLEBURNE

Anecdotes of General Cleburne

1893

By T. O. Moore, 7th Texas Volunteer Infantry

[From the New Orleans Picayune, July 2, 1893.]

**ANECDOTES OF GENERAL CLEBURNE. COMANCHE, TEXAS, June 12, 1893.**

Editor of The Picayune:

I send you a few incidents of the life of General Pat Cleburne, which I have never seen in print, and which



may be of interest to your many readers and the members of his old division. General Cleburne was a gallant soldier, a hard fighter, always kind and courteous to his men, who almost worshipped him, and who believed "old Pat" could whip all creation.

In the fall of 1864, Cleburne's division was thrown with a portion of the army across the Coosa River, above Rome, Ga., and started across the mountains of the

North Georgia to the railroad leading to Atlanta. We were cut off from our supply

NO REGULAR MEETING THIS MONTH BUT PLEASE PLAN TO ATTEND OUR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BANQUET ON JANUARY 12, 2017 AT 7:00 P.M. AT HENCOCK HOUSE, 2144 NASHVILLE PIKE, GALLATIN, TENNESSEE 37066. PLEASE PLAN TO ATTEND.

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Compatriots and Friends,  
As we start this new year let us resolve to try our best to Commemorate and Honor our Confederate ancestors in our every action.



trains, and had to live off the country through which we passed.

Apples, chestnuts, and persimmons were plenty, so we did pretty well. Strict orders had been issued that we must not depredate upon private property. One morning on leaving camp, General Granbury's brigade led the column. I was badly crippled from sore feet and could not keep up with the command, so, on this particular morning, had special permission to march at the head of the brigade. I was trudging along the best I

could just in the rear of General Granbury's horse, when I sad down the road General Cleburne sitting on the top of a rail fence smoking a cob pipe. Below, on the ground, were five or six bushels of fine red apples.

Near by stood one or two of his aids; also five or six "web-foot" soldiers, who looked as mean as they well could look. As we drew near, General Granbury saluted General Cleburne, who in his turn said: "General Granbury, I am peddling apples today." General Granbury said: "How are you selling them, General?" General Cleburne replied: "Those gentlemen (pointing to the



web-feet, who had stolen the apples) have been very kind. They have gathered the apples for me and charged nothing. I will give them to you and your men. Now, you get down and take an apple, and have each of your men pass by and take one- only, one, mind-until they are all gone." This was done.

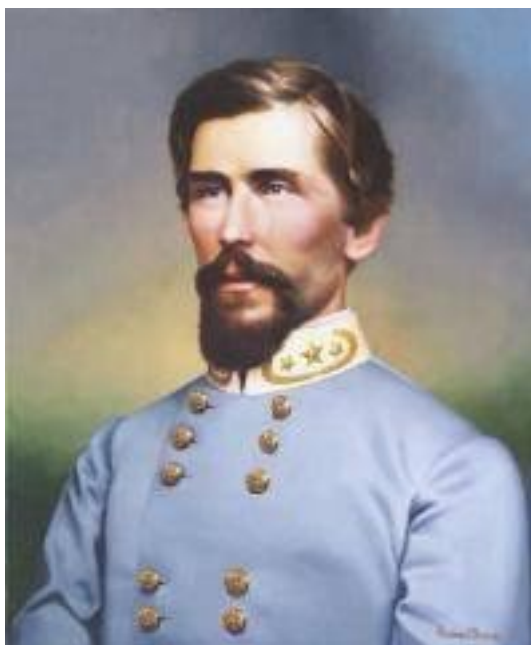
In the meantime, the boys were hurrahing for old Pat. When the apples gave out, General Cleburne made each man who had stolen the apples carry a rail for a mile or two. Old Pat enjoyed the thing as much as did his men.

On this same raid we struck the railroad leading to Atlanta, and orders were given to destroy the same. One evening General Cleburne ordered Granbury's Brigade out to help do the work. We were strung along the track as near together as we well could stand. General Cleburne then got out in front and said: "Attention, men! When I say ready, let every man stoop down, take hold of the rails, and when I say 'heave to', let every man lift all he can and turn the rails and cross-ties over." When the command was given by old Pat, a thousand men or more bent their backs and took hold of the iron; then came the command, "heave ho!" With a yell up we came with rails and cross-ties, and over they went. The ties were then knocked loose, rails taken apart, cross-ties piled up and fired, and on them was placed the iron which, when red hot, was bent in all kinds of shapes. Some of the iron was bent

around the trees. We worked a good part of the night destroying the road, which did but little good, however, as the boys in blue soon fixed it up again.

During the campaign around Atlanta our company was out on picket. Just before we were relieved in the morning our company killed a fat cow, and we managed to bring a quarter into camp. As we were expecting to move at any time, we cut up the beef in chunks, built a scaffold and spread the meat on it, then built a fire and were

cooking it so we could take it with us. We were all busy working at it when one of the company looked up and saw old Pat coming down the line on a tour of inspection. We had no time to hide the beef, and knew we were in for it. One of the company stepped out and saluted the General, and said: "General, we have some nice, fat beef cooking, and it is about done; come and eat dinner with us." "Well," he replied, "it does smell good. I believe I will." He sat down



on a log, one of the boys took a nice piece of beef from the fire, another hunted a pone of corn bread and handed it to him. The General ate quite heartily, thanked us for the dinner, took out his cob pipe, filled it and began to smoke, chatting pleasantly with us, asking what we thought of our position, and if we thought we could whip the fight, if we had one, and then passed on down the line, while we cheered him. How could we help admiring him? Had he lived and the war continued, he was bound to have risen to great distinction





Compatriots,

As we begin this new year we will be planning the year's activities. I hope that we will be able to complete the Veterans' Kiosk at the Gallatin City Cemetery as our major project. Of course, we will also be doing our Confederate Decoration Day ceremonies at Confederate Circle on June 3rd, the October Cemetery Tour and our Christmas Banquet on 9th. This year, as part of our Decoration Day ceremonies, we will be doing a graveside service for former Commander Colonel Don Brickey at his residence in Cottontown. It was Colonel Brickey's last wish to have his remains distributed on his property by means of using his cannon. I hope to have a number of pieces there to assist in this endeavor and give Colonel Brickey his sendoff.

There are many other public events in which I would like to see the Camp participate to raise our public visibility within the county. I further would like us to continue in working with our neighboring

Camps like the Hatton Camp in Lebanon and the Smith Camp in Portland. Both of these neighbors have been willing to assist us and we must be prepared to assist them.

We have voted to do a turkey or ham shoot around Easter as a fund raiser. I believe we ought to do several of these throughout the year to raise money not only for the kiosk but to help adopt General Bate's 2nd Tennessee Infantry flag restoration as a major donor. He is our namesake and it's only right that we should do all we can to get this flag restored.

To that end we have the opportunity to see the original flag on Saturday, January 7th at 2:00 p.m. at the Tennessee State Museum. Ronnie Mangrum and the Hatton Camp are presenting the final funds for the restoration of General Hatton's 7th Tennessee Infantry flag. Hatton Camp and Ronnie have done a magnificent job in raising these funds there is no reason we cannot.

Any other events the Camp is interested in participating in, please let me know. I also want to reach out to the UDC to see if they are interested in joining us at Decoration Day and in other endeavors. I have reached out to the Sumner County Museum, with a copy to the Mayor, about working together regarding the Cemetery Tour, but I've not yet received any response. I hope we can reach an agreement with them, but having no response after a month, I am not overly optimistic.

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**

as an officer. He and General Granbury were killed near the breastworks at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, and the Confederacy lost two of her best officers.

**T. O. MOORE,**  
Company F, Seventh Texas Volunteer  
Infantry, Granbury's Brigade, Cleburne's  
Division, Army of Tennessee.

### 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.

This is Part V, our final installment:

### Hard Times in the Confederacy Part V

Curtains of quaint stripes and figures, woven of stuffs from similar sources, shut out the winds of winter, and gave comfort and beauty to the rooms. Broken chairs and decrepit sofas were replaced with others constructed of homespun cloth and cotton stuffing upon frames of wood roughly put together, or fashioned entirely of broom straw from the old fields, bound together in ornamental shapes with hickory withes. Some times interlaced grapevines made a pretty and not uncomfortable chair or sofa; and the common wooden frames, bottomed with twisted





*(Continued from page 5)*

shucks or oak splints, abounded everywhere. Many persons had their glass and china ware destroyed during the war; and it was almost impossible to replace it, even at ruinous prices. Such articles were always eagerly sought for at auction sales, and he who came determined to purchase must needs have a plethoric purse. Porcelain and earthenware of a coarse kind were manufactured from kaolin found in the Valley of Virginia and at other points in the South.

In their many exigencies and narrow straits the people of the Confederacy were nowhere put to a more crucial test than in the matter of lights. In the cities, gas, the fumes of which were as offensive to the

olfactories as its radiating power to the eye, afforded a wretched pretense of illumination. In the country, where even the miserable gas was not to be had, the makeshifts to supply light were many. There was but little coal-oil in the South, and as little sperm-oil; and the tallow of the country went in large measure to the armies for military purposes.

A favorite lamp, and one easily fitted up, was a saucer of lard with a dry sycamore ball floating in the midst of it. A blaze applied to the sycamore ball readily ignited it; and it burned with a feeble, sickly glare until its sea of lard disappeared and left it no longer a fiery island. In the recipes printed in the current newspapers setting forth the proper manner of preparing the sycamore balls for use as candles, special insistence is





made that they are to be "gathered from the tree and dried in the sun." If allowed to become over ripe and fall to the ground before use, their fibrous covering would lose its hold upon the core, and drop away into the lard.

In the slave-quarters, "fat" pine knots blazed upon the hearth through winter and summer nights alike; while the night scenes of the negroes' merry-makings in the open air were illuminated by means either of the same material, or of crude tar piled upon the bowls of broken plantation shovels, set high in the midst on tripods made of three-limbed saplings. The juba-dance and the corn-shucking were equally invested with elements of the unreal and the grotesque, where the flickering and shifting lights of the unconventional lanterns touched the dusky faces and forms and the smoke of their strange altars rose over them.

Another light in great vogue was the "Confederate," or "endless," candle. It was constructed by dipping a wick in melted wax and resin and wrapping it around a stick, one end of the wick being passed through a wire loop fastened to the end of the stick. The wick burned freely when lighted, but the illumination was very feeble; and unless the candle was watched, and the wick drawn through the loop and trimmed every few minutes, the whole affair was soon aflame. A great advantage of the Confederate candle was the length of time which it would last, its duration, when properly attended, being commensurate with the length of its wick and stick.

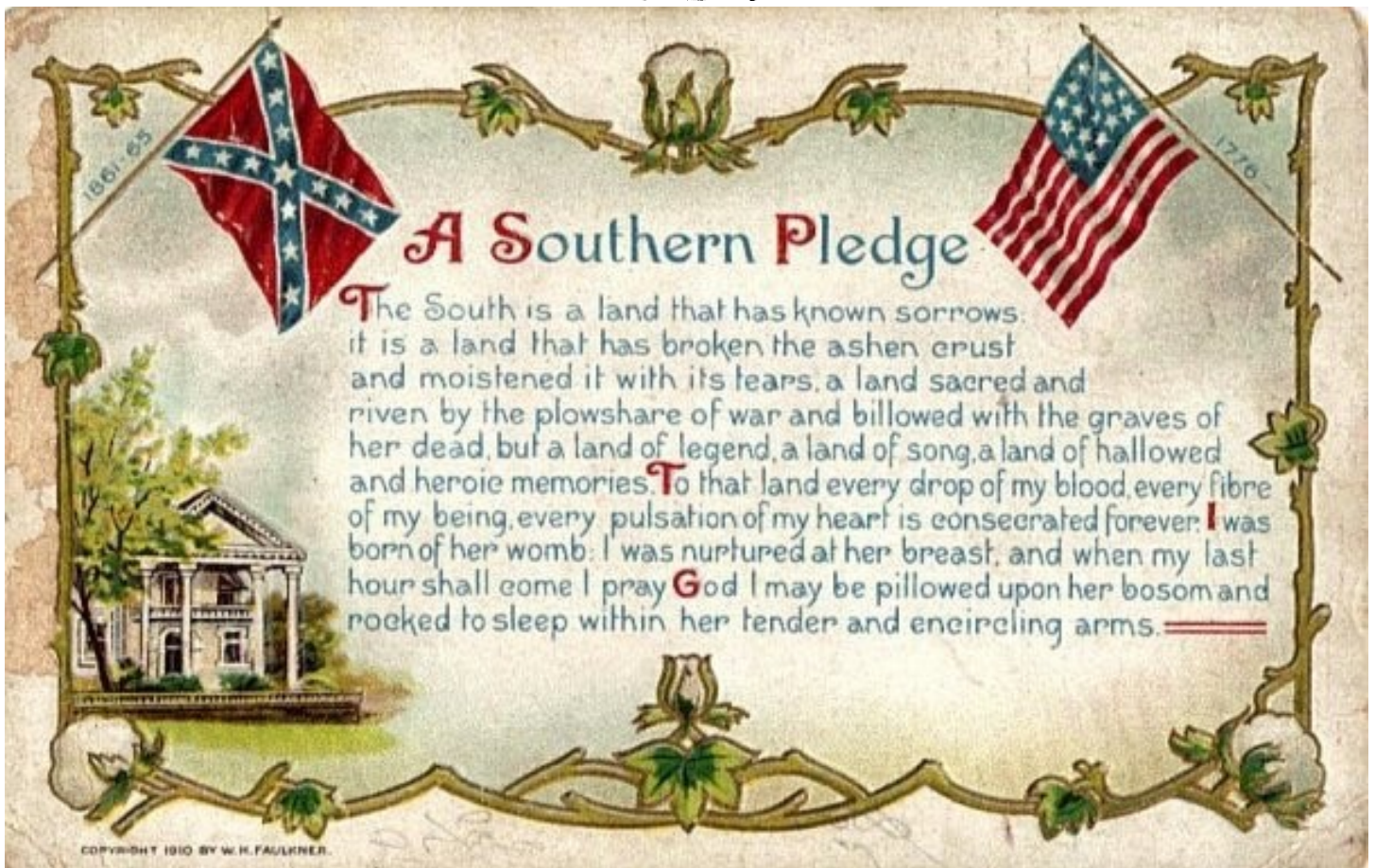
By the light of the sycamore ball or of the endless candle thousands throughout the South pored over the news columns of the

papers at night to learn how went the battle, or scanned the lists of the wounded and the dead with eyes that ached with their hearts. At no season of the year did the hard times draw so bitterly near the hearts of the adults as when the little homespun stockings hung about the chimney-place at Christmas, to await the coming of Santa Claus "through the lines." If he did not always bring bounteous profusion of gifts, the innocent fiction of his having been robbed by the armies on his way from the country of sleds and reindeers round many ready little believers, who, taking it for truth, yet did not really know how much of truth there was in it. To the younger children, who had no personal knowledge of the existence of many of the things that made the Christmas times so attractive to their elder brothers and sisters, the season was not so forlorn and pathetic as it often seemed to those who would have done so much for them and yet could do so little. Nor did they comprehend, if perchance they ever saw, the tears that oftentimes crept into unwilling eyes at the severe leanness of the little Christmas stocking, and the poverty that constituted its chief ingredient. Peanuts, known in the vernacular as "goobers," both raw and parched, pop-corn in balls and pop-corn in the ear, Florida oranges, apples, molasses cakes and molasses candy made up the list of confectionery dainties for the young people at that season.

There were few of the many thousands of children living in the South when the war ended who had ever seen, even in a store window, a lump of white sugar or a striped stick of peppermint candy. The sorghum cakes of the hard times took the shapes of soldiers with impossible legs and arms, waving equally impossible banners; there were also guns, swords, pistols, horses with







wonderful riders, and a multitude of curious of the Christmas gifts.

animals not to be found described in any natural history then or now extant. So the molasses candy of the period was fashioned into baskets, hats, dolls, and manifold kinds of figures. Jumping-jacks, or "supple sawneys," were made of pasteboard, and worked their arms and legs through the medium of a cotton string. Rag doll-babies with eyes, noses, and mouths of ink were in great favor in the absence of those of wax or china; while here and there was the ever welcome Noah's Ark with its menagerie of animals and its crew of men and women, all curiously carved out of pine-bark. Indestructible linen books for the little ones were made of pieces of cotton-cloth stitched together, on which were pasted pictures cut from old illustrated papers and magazines. Knitted gloves, suspenders, comforters, wristlets, and the like filled up the measure

Yet none the less gayly for the privation and distress standing so near at hand did the girls of that era trip it in the dances of the Christmas-tide with their brave soldier partners whenever opportunity offered; and none the less beautifully for the hard times did the red holly-berries of the season show from their waxen green, or the mistletoe hang overhead, in the light of the endless candles. For the young women of the South, full of vim and life and spirit, the period of the war was in many respects a happy one. The girls and their lovers danced, as the soldiers fought, with all their might, and enjoyed it while it lasted. But with them, as with their elders, sorrows crowded on each other's heels, and the bride of yesterday was often the widow of to-day. They affected military dress, and wore brass buttons and

epaulets whenever attainable. The demands of society upon them made sad havoc with many relics of earlier days which had been religiously preserved up to that time. The chests of every garret were ransacked; and morocco shoes and satin slippers of a by gone generation, that had never tripped a livelier measure than a minuet, were held a veritable treasure-trove, and were dragged forth and danced in merrily. Many a lassie at the military "hops" showed her white arms and shoulders above the moth-eaten velvets and time-stained silks that had been worn by her young-lady grandmother.

Out of sight and hearing the hard times in the Confederacy have vanished. The recollection of them is attuned to melancholy; there is many a touch of bitter sorrow and of

Colonel William Sugars McLemore



sharp regret in the strain; but the lapse of years has softened the once familiar air until the minor notes of joy are eloquent amidst the chords of grief.

A. C. Gordon.

## Chat with Col. W. S. McLemore

*The General William B. Bate Camp is a part of the William Sugars McLemore Brigade of the Tennessee Division. In Battles and Sketches of the Army of Tennessee written by Bromfield L. Ridley in 1906, there is the following article on Colonel McLemore.*

Comrades, do you recall the Commander of Starne's Fourth Tennessee Cavalry, Colonel William S. McLemore? Although in feeble health, Colonel McLemore is as genial as in days of yore. He wears scars of battle, and bears the prestige of manipulating his men at times under Forrest and Wheeler, with credit to himself and the delight of his people. After Colonel Starnes was killed, near Tullahoma in 1863, Colonel McLemore commanded this gallant regiment until six months before the surrender, when he commanded Dibrell's brigade, and had the honor of escorting President Davis from Raleigh, N.C., to Washington, Ga., where the brigade surrendered.

Tennessee had two cavalry regiments numbered Fourth. They are designated now as Colonel Paul Anderson's Fourth and the Starnes-McLemore Fourth. They were both crack regiments. In 1863, upon going to Tullahoma to report to General Stewart as aide, I spied an ambulance passing the streets, followed by a funeral cortege of soldiery, and learned it was the body of J. W.



MISS ALICE THOMPSON.

Thompson's Station, whose name and deed should be foremost recorded. I refer to Miss Alice Thompson. She was seventeen at the time of the battle there, March 4, 1863. Van Dorn and Forrest fought Colburn's Indiana brigade and captured it. Miss Alice was at the residence of Lieutenant Banks. The Third Arkansas, advancing through the yard, lost their Colonel (Earle) and color bearer, and the regiment was thrown into disorder. Miss Alice Thompson rushed out, raised the flag and led the regiment to victory. The enemy lauded her action. Our commands who know of it desire her deserved prominence in history. (Major Aiken, of Spring Hill, sends her picture.) She deserves record along with Emma Sanson and other heroines.

"I have another incident worth relating that took place at Sacramento, Ky. It was the

Starnes, who had been shot at the head of his command in a hot skirmish a few miles out.

After the war McLemore was elected circuit judge of the Ninth Tennessee circuit, and in honor of his worth to his countrymen served fourteen years. When he left the bench he came from Franklin to Murfreesboro, and as one of the law firm of McLemore & Richardson has been in full practice. The old war worn Colonel being now recovered from a slight stroke of paralysis, I concluded to draw him out on the achievements of his old regiment. He says:

"I can't tell you where we went in four years, nor can the records of the rebellion tell of half of our skirmishes and battles. We ever paid fond tribute to a heroine at

COL. PAUL ANDERSON, 4TH TENNESSEE CAVALRY,  
C. S. A.



Colonel Abel Delos Streight, 51st Indiana Cavalry

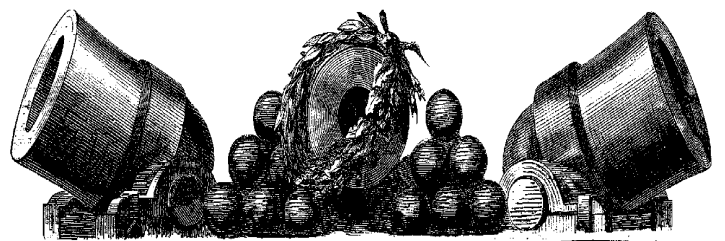
only time I ever saw a hand-to-hand contest with sabers. Bill Terry, of my regiment, was killed by a saber thrust while he was warding off other blows. I recollect in connection with the Streight raid that there were but two regiments up when straight surrendered. These, with parts of Forrest's escort and Ferrell's artillery, were the only troops in seventy miles of us. The two regiments were Biffle's and ours. The Biffle's Fourth cavalry regiment was known as both the Ninth and Nineteenth. These, with the escort and artillery, numbered in all about five hundred effectives. Colonel Streight captured a soldier of my command (William Haynes) and asked him how many troops Forrest had. Haynes knowing Forrest's game of bluff, replied, 'Roddy's brigade, Biffle's, McLemore's, Buford, Bell, Lyon, and others.' Upon Haynes' representation, Streight turned to his staff

and said, 'Gentlemen, we are gone up.' Forrest, you know, had scattered his troops, not knowing where Streight would strike.

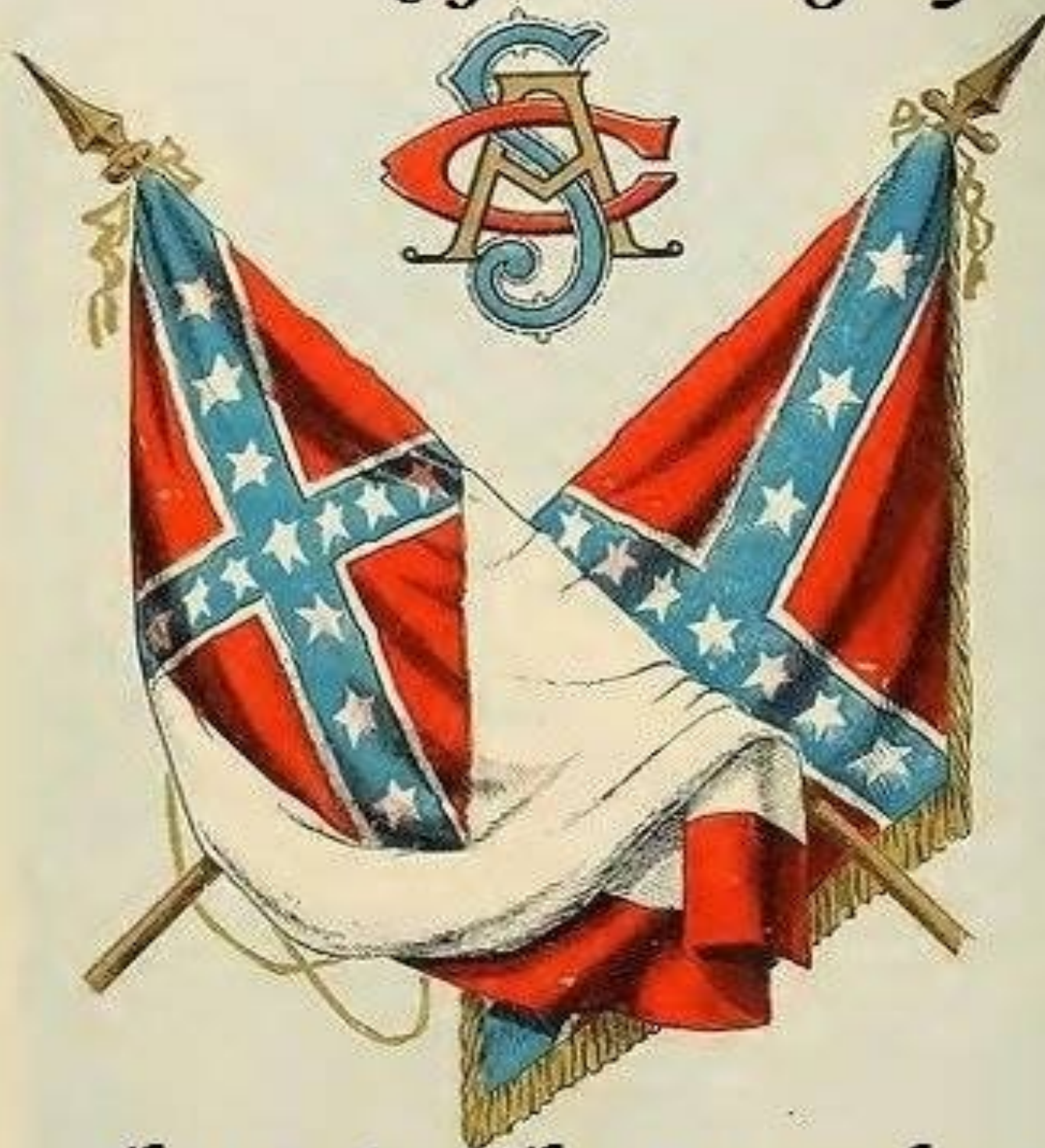
When we got upon Streight's heels a flag of truce was sent to him by some of Forrest's escort, demanding a surrender. The reply was: 'I will not surrender unless you have more men than I.' In an interview that followed, as Forrest's officers came up for instructions, he disposed of their commands so as to leave an impression of great force. I tell you, this capture of seventeen hundred men by five hundred men of us was one of the shrewdest tricks of the war, and was played to success.

"On the advance from Chickamauga, the day after we routed them, my command reached the foot of Lookout Mountain, the farthest point to the left, and, but for orders, I believe now we could have pushed them into the river. At Richmond, Ky., a hundred men of my regiment captured four hundred, including the Federal General Manson and staff, on the Tate's creek pike. I witnessed the scene of John Trotwood Moore's poem on Emma Sanson."

Judge McLemore's wife was the sister of the late Professor Wharton, who, together with the gallant Captain Isaac Newton Brown ran the famous Arkansas ram through a Federal fleet at Vicksburg, one of the boldest naval exploits on record.



*I Thank God Almighty*



*That I Am The Descendant  
Of A Confederate American Soldier*



# SUMNER CONFEDERATE LEGIONNAIRE

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## General William B. Bate Camp 34, Sons of Confederate Veterans

Commander - Randy P. Lucas  
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.

Happy Birthday, Generals Lee and Jackson

