



The Summer Confederate

# LEGIONNAIRE

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

Sons of Confederate Veterans



Volume 5, Issue 11

November 2015

## DEATH OF GENERAL STRAHL

**DEATH OF GEN. STRAHL.  
AN ACCOUNT-OF ONE OF THE MOST  
EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS CONNECTED  
WITH THE WAR.**

This sketch of the battle of Franklin, though not intended as an especial tribute to Gen. Strahl, is published in this connection with no greater desire than to honor the memory of that gallant soldier and devout Christian.

The removal of Gen. Johnston and the appointment of Hood to succeed him in command of the Army of Tennessee, was an astounding event. So devoted to Johnston



were his men that the presence and enemy". The next morning, as we marched in immediate command of Gen. Lee would not have been accepted without complaint. They were so satisfied that even in retreat they did

not lose their faith in ultimate success. They were not reconciled to the change until the day before the battle of Franklin. The successful crossing of Duck River that morning at an early hour, and the march to Spring Hill, where the Federal retreat was so nearly cut off (a failure for which it was understood Gen. Hood was not to blame), created an enthusiasm for him equal to that entertained for Stonewall Jackson after his extraordinary achievements. That night the extensive valley east of Spring Hill was lighted up by our thousands of camp fires, in plain view of, and close proximity to, the retreating lines of the enemy". The next morning, as we marched in quick time toward Franklin, we were continued in our impressions of Federal alarm. I counted on the way thirty-four



OUR NEXT REGULAR MEETING WILL BE HELD ON NOVEMBER 12, 2015 AT 7:00 P.M. AT THE NEW LOCATION OF BELIEVERS FELLOWSHIP, STILL ON THE PUBLIC SQUARE BUT NOW AT 126 NORTH WATER AVENUE. PLEASE PLAN TO ATTEND.

### INSIDE THIS

ISSUE:

DEATH OF GEN. STRAHL	1
CAMP NEWS	4
CONFEDERATE DISASTER BEFORE NASHVILLE	5
THE 1616	7

Now is the time to stand up and be counted to defend our Confederate symbols and the honor of our ancestors.  
Will you shirk your duty?

*(Continued from page 1)*

wagons that had been abandoned on the smooth turnpike. In some instances whole teams of mules had been killed to prevent their capture. A few miles south of Franklin the Federal lines of infantry were deployed, and our progress was checked ; but we pressed them without delay until they retired behind the outer works about the town. Soon after they withdrew from the range of hills south, overlooking the place, and we were advanced to its crest. I happened, though in the line of battle (as I was "right guide" to my regiment), to be close to where (Gen. Hood halted his staff and rode alone to the top of the hill, and with his field glasses surveyed the situation. It was an extraordinary moment. Those of us who were near could see, as private soldiers rarely did, the position of both armies. Although Franklin was some two miles in the distance, the plain presented a scene of great commotion. But I was absorbed in the one man whose mind was deciding the fate of thousands. With an arm and a leg in the grave, and with the consciousness that he had not until within a couple of days won the confidence which his army had in his predecessor, he had now a very trying ordeal to pass through. It was all-important to act, if at all, at once. He rode to Stephen D. Lee, the nearest of his subordinate generals, and, shaking hands with him cordially, announced his decision to make an immediate charge.

No event of the war perhaps showed a scene equal to this. The range of hills upon which we formed offered the best view of the battlefield, with but little exposure to danger, and there were hundreds collected there as spectators. Our ranks were being extended rapidly to the right and left. In Franklin

there was the utmost confusion. The enemy was greatly excited. We could see them running to and fro. Wagon-trains were being pressed across the Harpeth river, and on toward Nashville. Gen. Loring, of Cleburne's division, made a speech to his men. Our Brigadier-General Strahl was quiet, and there was an expression of sadness on his face. The Soldiers were full of ardor, and confident of success. They had unbounded faith in Gen. Hood, whom they believed would achieve a victory that would give us Nashville. Such was the spirit of the army as the signal was given which set it in motion. Our generals were ready, and some of them rode in front of our main line. With a quickstep, we moved forward to the sound of stirring music. This is the only battle that I was in, and they were many, where bands of music were used. I was right guide to the Forty-first Tennessee, marching four paces to the front I had an opportunity of viewing my comrades, and I well remember the look of determination that was on every face. Our bold movement caused the enemy to give up, without much firing, its advanced line. As they fell back at double-quick, our men rushed forward, even though they hail to face the grim line of breastworks just at the edge of the town.

Before we were in proper distance for small arms, the artillery opened on both sides. Our guns, firing over our heads from the hills in the rear, used ammunition without stint, while the enemy's batteries were at constant play upon our lines. When they withdrew to their main line of works, it was as one even plain for a mile. About fifty yards in front of their breastworks, we came in contact with formidable chevaux de frise, over or through which it was very difficult to pass. Why half of us were not killed, yet



remains a mystery ; for after moving forward so great a distance, all the time under fire, the detention, immediately in their front, gave them a very great advantage. We arrived at the works, and some of our men after a club fight at the trenches, got over. The colors of my regiment were carried inside, and when the arm that held them was shot off, they fell to the ground and remained until morning. Cleburne's men dashed at the works, but their gallant leader was shot dead, and they gave way, so that the enemy remained on our flank, and kept up constant enfilading fire.

Our left also failed to hold the works, and for a short distance we remained and fought until the ditch was almost full of dead men. Night came on soon after the hard fighting began, and we fired at the flash of each other's guns. Holding the enemy's lines, as we continued to do on this part of them, we were terribly massacred by the enfilade firing. The works were so high that those who fired the guns were obliged to get a footing in the embankment, exposing themselves in addition to their flank, to a fire by men in houses. One especially severe was that from Mr. Carter's, immediately in my front. I was near Gen. Strahl, who stood in the ditch, and handed up guns to those posted to fire them. I had passed to him my short Enfield (noted in the regiment) about the sixth time. The man who had been firing cocked it and was taking deliberate aim, when he was shot and tumbled down dead into the ditch upon those killed before him.



When the men so exposed were shot down, their places were supplied by volunteers until these were exhausted, and it was necessary for Gen. Strahl to call upon others. He turned to me, and though I was several feet back from the ditch, I rose up immediately, and walking over the wounded and dead, took position with one foot upon the pile of bodies of my dead fellows, and the other in the embankment, and fired guns which the General himself handed up to me until he, too, was shot down. One other man had had position on my right and assisted in the firing. The battle lasted until not an efficient man was left between us and the Columbia Pike, about fifty yards to our right, and hardly enough behind us to hand up the guns. We could not hold out much longer for indeed, but few of us were then left alive. It seemed as if we had no choice but to in surrender or try to get away, and when I asked the General for counsel, he simply answered, "Keep firing." But just as the man to my right was shot, and fell against me with terrible groans, Gen. Strahl was shot. He threw up his hands, falling on his face, and I thought him dead, but in asking the dying man, who still lay against my shoulder as he sank forever, how he was wounded, the General, who had not been killed, thinking my question was to him, raised up saying that he was shot in the neck, and called for Col. Stafford to turn over his command. He crawled over the dead in the ditch being three deep, about twenty feet to where Col. Stafford was. His Staff Officers started to carry him to the rear, but



interested participants stop by and ask us about our dead.

We have our Christmas banquet coming up December 11, 2015 at 7:00 p.m. at Hancock House. I will be getting menu choices shortly and will email them out to you so that you can contact Roberta to give your preferences. I would ask that you contact me with whether you are going to attend and the number in your party so that we can do some planning as to seating and other organizational issues. This is really a good event, where we have a good time and fellowship not only with each other but with the ladies, as well.

Compatriots, after our last meeting we participated in the postponed Gallatin City Cemetery tour which benefits the Sumner County Museum by honoring our dead in Confederate Circle. Now, it was an interesting experience because the route of the tour was taken completely away from Confederate Circle but we did have some

We voted to participate in the Bethpage Christmas parade which will be held on December 19th. We will need a trailer to decorate with flags. If you have one available and can allow the Camp to use it for this event, please contact me. This is a very fun and Confederate friendly event and in this time of continuing attacks on our

symbols, it is a great opportunity for us to show the flag.



At the cemetery tour, left to right, seated, Richard Hamblen, Janiece Hamblen, Vonda Dixon, Donna Hartley Lucas. Standing, left to right, Randy Lucas and Ken Corum.

# GET A TAG ~ SAVE A FLAG

SEVEN PINES.  
MECHANICSVILLE.  
COLD HARBOR.  
★ **HELP US PRESERVE**  
**TENNESSEE'S HISTORIC FLAGS**  
~ **CONFEDERATE HISTORY IS AMERICAN HISTORY.** ~

FRAZIER'S FARM.  
CEDAR RUN.  
MANASSAS.  
**GET YOUR TAG AT  
YOUR LOCAL  
COUNTY CLERK'S  
OFFICE**



**NO  
MEMBERSHIP  
REQUIRED  
TNSCV.ORG**

## 1800MYSOUTH

he received another shot, and directly the third, which killed him instantly. Col. Stafford was dead in the pile, as the morning light disclosed, with his feet wedged in at the bottom, with other dead across and under him after he fell, leaving his body half standing as if ready to give command to the dead!

*Confederate Veteran, 1893*

### CONFEDERATE DISASTER AT NASHVILLE

ANOTHER LETTER FROM Col. W. D.  
GALE TO HIS WIFE AFTER HOOD'S  
DEFEAT BEFORE NASHVILLE.

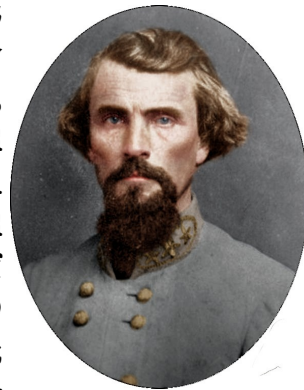
Headquarters Stewart's Corps, Tupelo, Miss-.,

January 19, 1865. - I now resume my story, and will give you some account of our doings in front of Nashville. We left Franklin on the second day after the tight and moved on toward Nashville, our army in mourning. When we got to John Overton's place I saw some ladies by the roadside in high excitement, and on riding up found them to be Mary Bradford, Miss Maxwell, Miss May, Misses Becky Allison, Mary Hadley and Buck Coney. Mary Hadley was married to Maj. Clare, of the Staff of Gen. Hood, and was left behind after her three days' honeymoon. Our corps then moved across to the Granny White Pike, through Mr. Lea's place, and went to Mrs. Johns' house and established headquarters there. Our first line was from the Franklin Pike, near Mr. Vaulx's, along

(Continued from page 5)

the ridge in front of father's, by Montgomery's house (burned some time ago), across to the Hillsboro Pike, near Mr. Rains'. This corps on the left, Lee in center, and Cheatham on the right, extending over toward and near to the Murfreesboro pike. We remained thus for two days, entrenching and building redoubts on our left. The yanks were in line, plain in view along the high ridge just back of Mr. Lawrence's and in front of Mrs. Acklin's.

There was a force under Rousseau holding Murfreesboro which Gen. Hood was anxious to capture. He detached the most of Forrest's Cavalry and Bate's Division to that work, hut they failed. Bate was then ordered back, leaving Forrest. Here we remained watching each other and entrenching as hard as we could until the morning of the 15th of December. On that morning about 9 o'clock it was reported to me that the enemy were advancing in heavy force on the Hillsboro pike and in front of Gen. Loring. Generals French and Walthall had their troops in bivouac along the east side of the Hillsboro Pike ready to move. I informed Gen. Stewart, who mounted and rode to the point, leaving me to keep my office open and send dispatches. I had a signal station, and sent dispatches to Generals Hood, Lee and Cheatham, and received others. In a short time the tiring began and grew heavier as the enemy advanced. It was soon perceived that his main attack would be here, as his whole army appeared to be in our front. \* \* \* They then stormed and took redoubt 5, our forces being entirely too small to keep them back. The reinforcements sent



to us did not arrive in time. Walthall's troops, stationed along the pike in front of these works, were then driven in and the enemy were in the rear of Gen. Loring, which, of course, compelled him to fall back, as did the whole of our line, until dark. I remained in my office until the yankees advanced to within three hundred yards. I then mounted and made my escape through the back yard with my clerks and joined Gen. Stewart in front of Mr. Plater's, where Gen. Sears lost his life very near me. \* \* \* As our men fell back before the advancing yankees Mary Bradford ran out under heavy fire and did all she could to induce the men to stop and light, appealing to them and begging them, but in vain—Deas' brigade was here. Gen. Hood told me yesterday that he intended to mention her courageous conduct in his report, which will immortalize her. The men seemed utterly lethargic and without interest in the battle. I never witnessed such want of enthusiasm, and began to fear for tomorrow, hoping that Gen. Hood would retreat during the night, cross Duck River, and then stop and fight; but he would not give it up. However, he sent all his wagons to Franklin, which prepared the men still more for the stampede of the next day. \* \* \* The enemy adapted their line to ours, and about 9 a. m. began the attack on Cheatham, trying all day to turn him and get in his rear. They succeeded about 2 or 3 p. m. in gaining the pike behind the gap, and in crossing got in the rear of Gen. Stewart's headquarters, which were on the side of the knob looking toward Nashville. We could see the whole line in our front every move, advance, attack and retreat. It was magnificent. What a grand sight it was! I could see the Capitol all day,



# The 1616

*The Confederate Veteran* published the list of those who died at Camp Morton

## Confederate Veteran.

77

Law, William, Co. G, 4th Alabama Cavalry.  
 Lawrence, Thomas, Co. H, 5th Missouri.  
 Layton, George W., Co. G, 40th Mississippi.  
 Lea, James, Co. B, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.  
 Leblanc, Trasimond, Co. C, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.  
 Ledbetter, George, Co. D, 5th Kentucky Cavalry.  
 Ledford, Miles M., Co. F, Thomas's North Carolina Legion.  
 Lee, F. M., Co. I, 32d Texas Cavalry.  
 Lee, L. J., Co. K, 41st Tennessee.  
 Lee, O. H., Co. B, 53d Georgia.  
 Lee, Richard, Co. —, Arkansas Engineer Corps.  
 Lefan, James, Co. A, Baxter's Tennessee Battalion.  
 Lejeune, J., Co. F, 4th Louisiana.  
 Leonard, P. M., Co. D, 32d Alabama.  
 Leslaker, Frank, Corp., Co. —, Waul's Texas Cavalry.  
 Lewis, Stephen, Co. —, Tennessee Cavalry.  
 Liles, Joseph, Co. H, 41st Tennessee.  
 Lillard, Augustus M., Co. B, 59th Tennessee.  
 Lilley, T. J., Co. E, 8th Kentucky.  
 Lindsey, G. W., Co. A, 26th Mississippi.  
 Little, Daniel, Co. A, 41st Tennessee.  
 Little, Swepter, Co. H, 41st Tennessee.  
 Littlejohn, Chester, Co. D, 51st Alabama.  
 Littleton, Solomon (negro slave), 3d Mississippi.  
 Lively, A. D., Co. I, 25th Louisiana.  
 Lloyd, S. H., Co. K, 23d Mississippi.  
 Loden, Reuben, Co. E, 26th Tennessee.  
 Long, A., Co. G, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.  
 Long, John T., Co. I, 50th Tennessee.  
 Love, Joseph, Co. E, 20th Arkansas.  
 Love, Thomas, Co. F, 12th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.  
 Low, Isaac, Co. A, 45th Virginia.  
 Lowden, Thomas, Co. —, Wilcox's Kentucky Cavalry.  
 Lowery, J. C., Bowman's Company, Greer's Texas.  
 Lowry, Newton R., Co. D, 30th Alabama.  
 Lowry, R. B., Co. C, 4th Mississippi.  
 Luckett, D. W., Co. H, 3d Kentucky Cavalry.  
 Lumpkins, Lewis F., Co. D, 32d Tennessee.  
 Lunsford, L., Co. B, Newton's Arkansas Cavalry.  
 Luttrell, Hugh, Co. B, 12th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.  
 Lyons, J., Co. B, 3d Tennessee.  
 M —, I. M., Co. —, Virginia.  
 Mabe, William, Co. C, 37th Tennessee.  
 Mabry, F. M., Co. H, 4th Mississippi.  
 McAfee, John, Co. C, 1st Tennessee Battalion.  
 McAllister, J. S., Corp., Co. —, Thompson's Virginia Art.  
 McArver, J. H., Sergt., Co. C, 40th Georgia.  
 McBride, David, Co. C, 45th Virginia.  
 McBride, James F., Co. E, 9th Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.  
 McBride, Silas, Co. F, 1st Arkansas Cavalry.  
 McCaffee, Jasper H., Co. F, 23d Mississippi.  
 McCanness, Marshall A., Co. D, 53d Tennessee.  
 McCann, S. L., Corp., Co. K, 23d Mississippi.  
 McCants, T. J., Co. E, 41st Tennessee.  
 McCarter, J. B., Co. A, 1st Mississippi.  
 McCarter, Richard, Co. C, 26th Tennessee.  
 McCarty, James, Co. K, 32d Tennessee Cavalry.  
 McCawley, George, Co. D, 3d Missouri Cavalry.  
 McCawley, George A., Co. D, 1st Tennessee Battalion.  
 McClanahan, P. R., Co. K, 23d Mississippi.  
 McClary, William M., Co. B, 53d Tennessee.  
 McClelland, J. K., Co. C, 27th Virginia Cavalry.  
 McClelland, Samuel, Co. D, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.  
 McClenons, J. T., 2d Corp., Co. F, 26th Mississippi.  
 McClung, Thomas, Co. F, 36th Virginia.  
 McCollough, R., Co. D, 4th Georgia Cavalry.  
 McCollum, Levi, Co. —, 2d Mississippi Cavalry.  
 McConnell, Arthur C., Co. B, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.  
 McConnell, Anderson H., Co. E, 53d Tennessee.  
 McCormick, George W., Co. —, Hughes's Missouri Cavalry.  
 McCraw, W. R., Co. G, 45th Virginia.  
 McCrook, W. L., Co. —, Tennessee Battery.  
 McCrow, J., Co. C, 26th Mississippi.  
 McCullough, A. M., Co. D, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.  
 McDermott, John, Co. H, 3d Florida.  
 McDonald, Daniel, Co. B, 21st Louisiana.  
 McDougal, John, Co. C, Baxter's Alabama Cavalry.  
 McDowell, W., Co. L, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.  
 McElhanev, J. A., Co. C, 40th Alabama.  
 McFall, Alfred, Co. E, 2d Kentucky.  
 McFarland, R., Co. C, 2d Choctaw.  
 McFarland, W. A., Co. E, 8th Missouri.  
 McGee, John, Co. A, Waul's Texas Legion.  
 McGill, R. G., Co. D, 12th Mississippi Cavalry.  
 McGrady, John, Co. I, 45th Virginia.  
 McIntyre, W. J., Co. D, 32d Alabama.  
 McKee, Benjamin F., Co. E, 63d Virginia.  
 McKenny, M., Co. I, 64th North Carolina.  
 McKinley, J. C., Co. A, 1st Kentucky Mounted Rifles.  
 McKinney, Daniel W., Co. A, 32d Tennessee.  
 McKnight, A. J., Co. C, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.  
 McLean, F., Co. H, 4th Alabama Cavalry.  
 McLeran, James C., Co. C, 26th Mississippi.  
 McLoney, Aaron, Co. B, 9th Kentucky.  
 McMahan, Pat, Co. A, 1st (Butler's) Kentucky Cavalry.  
 McMullen, T. N., Co. E, 56th Georgia.  
 McMullin, P. M., Co. E, 56th Georgia.  
 McNabb, Jacob, Co. C, 26th Tennessee.  
 McNamara, James, Co. A, Waul's Texas Legion.  
 McNece, J. P., Co. C, 53d Tennessee.  
 McNece, James, Co. C, 53d Tennessee.  
 McNeely, William, Co. A, 45th Virginia.  
 McRosky, —, Co. —, Pinckney's Louisiana Battalion.  
 Malcomb, Alfred, Co. —, 4th Mississippi.  
 Malloy, Thomas, Co. G, 1st Mississippi Artillery.  
 Mangan, Peter, Co. —, Tobin's Tennessee Battery.  
 Mangram, W. B., Corp., Co. B, 30th Tennessee.  
 Manley, Hartwell B., Co. E, 32d Tennessee.  
 Mann, D., Co. F, 60th North Carolina.  
 Mann, J. B., Co. I, 56th Georgia.  
 Mansell, Micajah, Co. F, 16th Louisiana.  
 Manus, William, Co. B, 38th Alabama.  
 Marburger, G. W., Co. E, Waul's Texas Legion.  
 Maric, Joseph, Co. B, 1st Louisiana Horse Artillery.  
 Marlin, J. P., Co. A, 4th Tennessee.  
 Marsh, James L., Co. —, 2d Missouri Battery.  
 Marshall, Charles, Co. A, Louisiana Zouave Battalion.  
 Marshall, J. M., Co. A, 45th Virginia.  
 Marshall, James W., Co. B, 4th Kentucky Mounted Infantry.  
 Martin, A. F., Co. I, 1st Tennessee.  
 Martin, Godfrey, Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.  
 Martin, Isaac, Corp., Co. G, 9th Alabama Cavalry.  
 Martin, J. H., Co. H, 3d Mississippi.  
 Martin, John, Co. —, 15th Louisiana.  
 Martin, John A., Co. C, 30th North Carolina.  
 Martin, M., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry.  
 Martin, M., Co. E, Missouri Cavalry.

WE WILL BE PUBLISHING THE NAMES OF THE 1616 OVER THE NEXT FEW MONTHS  
 TO REMIND ALL OF US OF THEIR SACRIFICE

and the churches. The yanks had three lines of battle everywhere I could see, and parks of artillery playing upon us and raining shot and shell for eight mortal hours. I could see nearly every piece in our front, even the gunners at work. They made several heavy assaults upon Gen. Lee's line near John Thompson's, and one in front of Mrs. Mullins'. At length, having gained our rear, about 4 P. M. they made a vigorous assault upon the whole line right and left. Bate gave

over them was gone, and they flatly refused to stop, throwing down their guns and, indeed, every thing that impeded their flight, and every man tied for himself.

Reynolds' Brigade was ordered to go to the right just before the rout began, and got to where I was when I halted it and got the General to form it in line across the point of the knob just in the path of the flying mass, hoping to rally some men on this and save



way, and they poured over in clouds behind Walthall, which, of course, forced him to give way, and then by brigades the whole line from left to right, Lee held on bravely awhile longer than the center and left.

Here was a scene which I shall not attempt to describe, for it is impossible to give you any idea of an army frightened and routed. Some brave effort was made to rally the men and make a stand, but all control the rest by gaining time for all to come out of the valley. Not a man would stop! The First Tennessee came by, and its Colonel, House, was the only man who would stop with us, and finding none of his men willing to stand, he, too, went on his way. As soon as I found all was lost, and the enemy closing in around us, I sent a courier to Gen. Stewart, who had gone to Gen. Hood's headquarters in the rear of Lea's house, to inform him of the fact, that he might save himself. This courier was



mortally wounded, and left at Franklin. Finding the enemy closing in around us, and all indeed gone, I ordered the couriers and clerks who were there to follow me, and we rode as fast as we could to where I thought Gen. Stewart and Gen. Hood were. They were gone, and in their places were the yankees. I turned my horse's head toward the steep knobs and spurred away. It was the only chance of escape left. The first place I struck the hill was too steep for any horse to climb, and I skirted along the hills hoping to find some place easier of ascent, but none seemed to exist. Finally I reached a place not so steep, and in the midst of thousands of retreating soldiers I turned my horse's head for the ascent resolved to try it. The bullets began to come thick and fast. Now I found my saddle nearly off, and was forced to get down, but on I went on foot. All along the poor, frightened fellows were crying out to me, "Let me hold on to your stirrup, for God's sake." "Give me your hand and help me, if you please." Some were wounded, and many exhausted from anxiety and over-exertion. On I struggled until I, too, became exhausted and unable to move. By the time the enemy had gotten to the foot of the hill and were firing at us freely. What was I to do? I twisted my hand in my horse's mane and was borne to the top of the hill by the noble animal, more dead alive. I was safe, though, and so were my men. We descended the southern slope and entered the deep valley, whose shade- were darkened by approaching night. The woods were filled with our retreating men. I joined the crowd and finally made my way to the Franklin Pike, where I found Gen. Stewart, who was much relieved, for I had been reported as certainly killed or captured. All night long we tied. The Harpeth was crossed and a few hours of rest allowed. when we started on for Columbia, then Pulaski, and then Bainbridge, four miles above Florence. Every mind was haunted by the apprehension that we did not have boats enough to make a bridge. On we marched, through ice and rain and snow, sleeping on the wet ground at night. Many thousands were barefooted, actually leaving the prints of blood upon the ground, as the enemy pressed us in the rear. When we left the pike at Pulaski we had an awful road, strewn with dead horses and mules, broken wagons, and worse than all. broken pontoons. We counted, as we passed them, one, two, three, to fifteen.

Thus we toiled on till Christmas day, cold, drizzly and muddy we camped on the bank of Shoal Creek, and our corps formed line of battle to protect the rear and let all cross, if the bridge could be made Roddy had captured the enemy's pontoons at Decatur, and they were floated down over the shoals. The bridge was made and the crossing began. Then came the fight with the gun-boats, which tried to destroy our bridge. They were driven back and we crossed. "All is well that ends well." Every wagon, every cannon, every horse, every mule, the hogs, beeves, cavalry, infantry, and finally every scout crossed over. The retreat continued to this place, and here we are. daily expecting orders. There were many things in this memorable campaign never to be forgotten. I shall never forget the passage of Duck River—Washington crossing the Delaware was insignificant.

I wish I could send you something, my darling, but you know I have no means. I do not despair, but hope to send you and the little fellows a few things some of these days. General Hood has been relieved, and Taylor is in command. What is next?

# SUMNER CONFEDERATE LEGIONNAIRE

111 College Street  
Gallatin, Tennessee 37066  
Phone: 615-451-1013  
Fax: 615-230-5722  
Email: batecamp34@comcast.net

## 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.

