



The Summer Confederate

LEGIONNAIRE

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

Sons of Confederate Veterans



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Compatriots, we have no December regular families to honor those Confederate ancestors Camp meeting due to our participation in the who, by their service and sacrifices, have Bethpage Christmas Parade and our Camp passed down to us and our descendants a Christmas banquet at Hancock House. legacy of deathless courage, honor and determination to live by their ideals. We should do no less.

In this time of Yuletide, strive to nurture your



OUR NEXT REGULAR MEETING WILL BE HELD ON JANUARY 14, 2016 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.

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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?



HAND TO HAND FIGHT IN THE ARMY.

L. G. Williams, Memphis, Tenn., gives an account, of which the following are extracts, concerning a fight between Corporal McBride and Maj. Rosegarten:

During Christmas week of 1862 the Forty fifth Mississippi Regiment Infantry, of Wood's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, was on picket duty near Triune, Tenn. Rosecrans and Bragg were advancing their armies and maneuvering so as to make Murfreesboro or its vicinity the scene of battle, where was fought one of the bloodiest and most stubborn engagements of the great war. It was fought December 31, 1862, and January 1 and 2, 1863, and the Confederates were defeated.

The writer, then a youth of eighteen, was second sergeant of Company A. of the Forty-fifth Mississippi. J. T. McBride was first corporal of the same company. This fight actually took place, and I trust that other witnesses on both sides are still alive who will be able to correct me if I make mistakes. I write from memory.

At the time mentioned, our company was deployed as skirmishers to meet an advance of cavalry of Gen. McCook's Corps. We engaged with a body of horsemen from a Michigan regiment, I think it was the Fifth. When the crack of carbines and rifles got to be pretty lively, our colonel gave the command: "Skirmishers retreat!" The entire company heard and obeyed except Capt. Connor and Corporal McBride, who were too far away to hear and too busy at the

time to heed.

To the rear of our skirmish line, some seventy-five or eighty yards, was a ten rail worm fence which would have to be climbed in the retreat. McBride had his eye on some ten or twelve cavalrymen, led by an officer, who were advancing at a gallop, and at the same time realized that his company had fallen back. He determined to make their leader, who was some distance ahead of his men, a target, fire, and then join his command, which by this time had almost passed out of view. Waiting till the officer got within twenty or thirty feet, he took deliberate aim and pulled trigger, when his gun snapped. The major, for that was his rank, dashed forward, almost standing in his stirrups, his saber raised to cleave his enemy's crest, confident of victory, when McBride clubbed his gun and before the major could strike he was knocked from his horse and badly stunned. This was the corporal's chance to retreat, as the men had not reached him, having stopped to capture Capt. Connor and talk to him, so McBride made for the rear in "double quick time." Arriving at the fence, he attempted to get over, but being rather clumsy, and the day damp and drizzly, on grasping the top rail to aid him in getting over, it would slip or he drawn toward him, causing him to let go and fall flat on his back. Three times he made efforts to go over the fence, but each time it was a slip and a fall. Rising for the fourth time, the major, having recovered from the blow and still on foot, was upon him savagely cutting and thrusting at him with his saber, making his mark in good shape across the front of McBride's body. This infuriated the corporal, who sprang at the major like a bulldog, caught him around the body, threw him down, straddled him, and nearly pounded the life out of him with his fists. At this moment the major's troopers, a sergeant and eight or ten men, came up, excitedly and angrily shouting: "Shoot the rebel! shoot him! kill him! No, don't shoot, boys, you'll kill the major! take him off! jerk him off!" interspersed with other expressions more profane than polite. At last they got him off the major, who was beaten into insensibility almost and was powerless. But McBride had his "dander up," and struck and kicked at the sergeant and his men ferociously, who threatened to kill him if he didn't give in at once. His own captain finally commanding him. "Surrender, Joe; surrender, you fool!" caused him to submit, but even then reluctantly. The cavalrymen were very much Incensed at such pugnacity and nearly frenzied at the condition



of their commander, whom they seemed to love very was still belligerent and unconquered, fighting the devotedly. They put irons on the corporal as a mark of yankees with his tongue, saying: "Ef yer'll turn me disgrace as well as a means of safety, and marched loose, I kin lick every one ov yer, one at er time!" him with other prisoners to Gen. McCook's When they reached headquarters, the sergeant saluted headquarters. On the way to the general our prisoner Gen. McCook, and said: "General, I bring you some





Compatriots, as we discussed at our meeting on November 12th, we have a very busy December schedule coming up.

First, our annual Camp Breakfast will be held on December 5th at Mable's Dining Room, 1005 South Water Avenue in Gallatin at 9:00 a.m. This annual breakfast replaces our normal meeting in December and while I don't expect much in the way of Camp business we may need to address a matter or two in preparation for the other events this month.

Secondly, our annual Camp Christmas Banquet at Hancock House, 2144 Nashville Pike, Gallatin, Tennessee 37066. The Banquet will be on Friday, December 11th. We will have wine and hors-d'oeuvres beginning at 6:30 p.m. with dinner at 7:30 p.m. Here are the menu options available:

\$15.95 per person: Grilled chicken, chicken cordon bleu, chicken francais or chicken parmesan.

\$17.95 per person: Prime roast beef au jus.

\$19.95 per person: Grilled Filet of salmon with light lemon sauce.

\$24.95 per person: Rib eye steak.

\$28.95 per person: Beef tenderloin medallions with a delicate wine sauce.

\$30.95 per person: 10 to 12 ounce filet mignon.

Above served with salad, two vegetables yeast rolls, tea or coffee and dessert.

Please call Miss Roberta directly at 615-452-8431 before **DECEMBER 1** to set your order and then contact me with the number in your party so that we can plan for seating and hors-d'oeuvres.

We will also be participating in the Bethpage Christmas parade which will be held on December 19th. We will line up about 10:30 a.m. The Bethpage parade is a great time for us to show the flag and we have always been well received. Please plan to come out and participate in this Christmas celebration to honor our ancestors.

Randy 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
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prisoners."

After returning the salute, the general asked: "What's the matter with that man's hands?"

"I had to put irons on him, general."

"What for?"

"Because he wouldn't surrender."

"Take them off instantly, sir. It's the duty of a soldier not to surrender."

After questioning Capt. Connor as to Bragg's strength, etc.. and receiving from the captain the somewhat flattering as well as politic answer: "Why, Gen. McCook, you are too good a soldier to expect me to answer your question, even if I knew," the general dismissed the sergeant with his prisoners. Shortly after this incident commenced the tramp, tramp, tramp of the captured "rebs" and their escort or guard toward Murfreesboro.

Ah, how many brave lives went out with the

midnight knell of the old year on that memorable December 31, 1862, in that battle of Murfreesboro or Stone's River!

The temptation for reminiscence and retrospection is great, but I won't indulge. I rejoice, however, that

The lines which the wheels of artillery had traced
 In the blood-softened loam long since are effaced;
 And the footprints the enemies left on the mold
 Are lost 'neath the harvest fields surfeit of gold.
 May the bloom of the wild flowers by the clear river's side
 In sweetness and beauty mark the spot where each died.

But to our hero. By the time they arrived in the neighborhood of the battlefield the number of prisoners had increased until there were two hundred or three hundred. They having been picked up here and there. Here McBride was pointed out to the Federals and others who came to see the prisoners as the vicious rebel who killed Maj. Rosegarten, it having

(Continued from page 5)

been reported that the gallant major had died. I have often wondered if he did die, or was it rumor? The morning of the battle the prisoners and their guard (which had been increased in numbers) were grouped around fires trying to keep warm. Among them was a tough-looking, stoutly built Irishman, who was full of fun, guying everything and everybody, scoring the Southern Confederacy and Confederate soldiers, and in a spirit of banter said he could "lick the devil out of any bloody Confederate from Jeff Davis down to the lowest private, be dad!" Finally McBride, seeing that the remarks were to him, said he couldn't lick him. So the guard and guarded, being in for fun, gathered around the champions, exclaiming: "Make a ring, boys! make a ring, and let 'em have it out!" A ring was formed, and at it they went, the corporal terribly in earnest, the Irishman indifferent and smiling. McBride was soon "knocked out."

In the midst of the battle that raged that morning, McBride would shout to his friends, the enemy, as they ran and dodged, "What yer runnin' fer? why don't yer stand and fight like men?" and tried his best to rally Rosey's men, until his fellow-prisoner, Capt. Connor, interposed, saying, "For God's sake, Joe, don't try to rally the Yankees keep 'em on the run. Do anything to continue the demoralization, and let's make our escape."

With all the disorder, however, the guard kept their prisoners well in hand, escorting them to a place of safety. Corporal McBride was sent to Camp Douglas. The following spring he was exchanged, and you may be sure his return was greeted with hearty welcome by his comrades of the Forty-fifth. He returned in time to take part in the campaign beginning at Tullahoma, Tenn., passing unharmed through the battles of Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and Ringgold Gap. In all these engagements Corporal McBride added fresh laurels to his fame for courage and devotion to duty as color bearer. At last, however, after bearing our colors fearlessly through Resaca, at New Hope Church, on the Kennesaw line, Marietta, Atlanta, and Jonesboro, he bravely planted them on the fateful breastworks at Franklin, Tenn., on that awful November evening in 1864, and there gave up his life.

Corporal J. T. McBride was mustered into service at Jackson, Miss.. November 1, 1861, Company

A. Third Mississippi Battalion of Infantry. He was from near Westville, the county seat of Simpson County, where he owned a little farm on which he supported himself and family. He was a devout Methodist.

Is war wrong? God knows.

Only one Judge is just, for only one
Knoweth the hearts of men, and hearts alone
Are guilty or guiltless.

Confederate Veteran, 1894

Editor's Note: Co. F of the 20th Tennessee Infantry was composed of men from Sumner County, including several who are buried in the Gallatin City Cemetery.

FLAG OF THE TWENTIETH TENNESSEE.



TRIBUTE TO THIS GALLANT REGIMENT BY MRS. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE

There was perhaps no honor paid a regiment in the service of the Western Army greater than that to the 20th Tennessee by Gen. John C. Breckinridge. Mrs. Breckinridge was with her husband at his army quarters much of the time, and became deeply interested in its success in every way. It occurred to her to make a flag from a handsome silk dress that she had worn in state at Washington and present it to the "bravest regiment of her husband's' corps." Col. O'Hara, the Adjutant General, said at its presentation:

"I have a duty devolved upon me to-day which I esteem with honor and perform with pleasure. I am deputed to present to you a flag, wrought by the hands of the ladies of Kentucky. The inquiry may suggest



The 1616

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

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Confederate Veteran.

- Martin, M. C., Co. H, 1st Mississippi.
 Martin, M. R., Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
 Martin, T. J. H., Co. H, 9th Arkansas.
 Mason, S., Co. E, 15th Tennessee.
 Massa, Lewis, Co. I, 25th Texas Cavalry.
 Mathews, H. D., Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
 Mathews, Hezekiah, Co. E, 10th Tennessee.
 Mathews, Isom, Co. A, 36th Mississippi.
 Mathews, W. R., Co. C, 16th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Mathis, J. T., Co. E, 9th Texas Cavalry.
 Matthews, G. W., Co. B, 39th North Carolina.
 May, Martin, Co. C, 18th Alabama.
 May, Thomas, Co. A, 14th Louisiana.
 May, William G., Co. G, 32d Tennessee.
 Mayo, Henry (negro slave), Co. G, 56th Virginia.
 Mayo, J. G., Co. D, 1st Alabama Cavalry.
 Mays, Elijah, Co. D, 1st (Carnes's) Tenn. Light Artillery.
 Mays, T. J., Co. B, Kitchen's Missouri.
 Mays, William, Co. F, Virginia.
 Meachum, J. T., Co. F, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
 Medley, James F., Co. A, Lawther's Missouri.
 Meeks, Charles, Co. —, Elliott's Missouri Battalion.
 Meeks, A. J., Co. —, 29th Mississippi.
 Melton, George D., Co. D, 10th Missouri Cavalry.
 Merrill, W., Co. E, Texas Legion.
 Miles, J. G., Co. C, Mercer's Georgia.
 Miles, J. N., Co. B, 2d Tennessee.
 Miles, John W., Co. B, 2d Kentucky Cavalry.
 Miller, C. W., Co. I, Hamilton's South Carolina Legion.
 Miller, Caleb, Co. D, 10th (Diamond's) Kentucky Cavalry.
 Miller, G. A., Co. D, Forrest's Kentucky Scouts.
 Miller, J., Co. B, 79th Tennessee.
 Miller, John, Co. E, 3d Mississippi.
 Miller, S., Co. E, 7th Missouri Cavalry.
 Miller, Thomas E., Company H, 5th Missouri.
 Miller, William H., Co. E, 26th Mississippi.
 Millner, John, Co. A, 26th Mississippi.
 Mills, J. M., Co. B, 14th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Milstead, F. M., Co. K, 26th Alabama.
 Mintcher, James, Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
 Minter, J., Co. F, 1st Texas.
 Minter, John N., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
 Mitchell, Daniel, Co. K, 8th Texas Cavalry.
 Mitchell, S. H., Co. E, 39th Georgia.
 Mitchell, William D., Co. E, 53d Tennessee.
 Mix, C. F., Co. F, 4th Louisiana.
 Mix, John P., Co. K, 2d Kentucky.
 Mize, John A., Co. H, 15th Tennessee.
 Mobley, Samuel E., Co. E, 1st Florida Cavalry.
 Moitrier, Jean Pierre, Co. A, Louisiana Zouave Battalion.
 Monroe, John D., Co. I, 36th Mississippi.
 Montgomery, B., Co. H, 2d Mississippi.
 Monus, Auguste, Co. A, 23d Louisiana.
 Mooney, A. M., Co. K, 26th Mississippi.
 Mooney, Terrence, Co. A, 13th Louisiana.
 Moore, Henry, Co. —, Seaman, Navy.
 Moore, J. B., Co. K, 23d Mississippi.
 Moore, James, Co. B, Wheeler's Tennessee Cavalry.
 Moore, James F., Co. C, 26th Mississippi.
 Moore, S. T., Co. H, 35th Mississippi.
 Moore, Thomas, Co. —, Tobin's Tennessee Battery.
 Moore, T. L., Co. G, 16th Georgia.
 Moorman, R. E. L., Co. F, 4th Mississippi.
 Morash, Joseph, Co. D, Waul's Texas Legion.
 More, Wiley, Co. D, 3d Mississippi.
 Morell, J. S., Co. C, 26th Tennessee.
 Morgan, A., Sergt., Co. E, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.
 Morgan, J. W., Co. —, Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry.
 Morgan, John, Co. —, 43d Georgia.
 Morgan, William A., Co. K, 53d Alabama.
 Morin, Frank S., Co. D, 4th Kentucky Cavalry.
 Morris, Bolen G., Co. K, 65th Georgia.
 Morris, Daniel, Co. A, Davis's Battalion Tennessee Cavalry.
 Morris, Edward R., Co. F, 36th Virginia.
 Morris, J. A., Co. E, 34th Georgia.
 Morris, Thomas H., Co. D, 1st Mississippi.
 Morris, W. T., Co. H, 30th Tennessee.
 Morris, William, Co. —, Cobb's Kentucky Battery.
 Morrissey, M., Co. —, Landsman, Navy.
 Morrison, John, Co. —, Tennessee Battery.
 Morrow, J. M., Co. D, 1st (Johnston's) Mississippi.
 Mosley, Arthur T., Corp., Co. D, 12th Louisiana.
 Mowery, M., Co. D, 29th Texas.
 Mullican, J. W., Co. D, 16th Tennessee.
 Mulligan, William J., Co. A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry.
 Mullinax, J. S., Co. I, Palmetto South Carolina.
 Munsey, Harvey, Co. F, 6th Tennessee.
 Murphy, J. W., Co. E, 31st Alabama.
 Murphy, Talton, Co. B, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Murray, John A., Co. —, Green's Louisiana Battery.
 Murray, L., Co. B, Hawkins's Tennessee.
 Mustard, William D., Co. F, 45th Virginia.
 Myers, A. A., Co. I, 25th Louisiana.
 Nagle, P., Co. E, 1st Louisiana.
 Nail, H. F., Co. A, 1st Alabama Cavalry.
 Nail, W. W., Sergt., Co. H, 10th Texas Cavalry.
 Neal, Manuel H., Co. I, 4th Mississippi.
 Nelson, William, Sergt., Co. A, 26th Tennessee.
 Neville, J., Co. —, Watson's Louisiana Battery.
 New, Jarrett, Sergt., Co. D, 42d Georgia.
 Newell, Martin, Co. —, Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry.
 Newland, William, Co. —, Seaman, Navy.
 Newman, M. H., Sergt., Co. A, 11th South Carolina.
 Newsom, J. T., Co. G, 4th Mississippi.
 Newsome, John, Co. H, 3d Mississippi.
 Newton, W. H., Co. B, 30th Alabama.
 Nicholas, W., Co. C, 19th Louisiana.
 Nicholas, Wilson, Co. H, Reed's Arkansas.
 Nichols, Stanley, Co. A, 4th Battalion Arkansas.
 Nickles, James, Co. K, 26th Tennessee.
 Nix, W. H., Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
 Nixon, John, Co. C, Burnet's Texas, S. S.
 Noel, William, Haldeman's Battery Texas Artillery.
 Nolan, S., Co. A, 37th Arkansas.
 Norris, J., Hutton's Co., Crescent Artillery, Louisiana.
 Norris, W. J., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
 Norris, W. T., Co. E, 62d Tennessee.
 Nowland, J. W., Co. I, 56th Tennessee.
 Oakley, William A., Co. B, 3d Alabama Cavalry.
 Oaks, T. M., Co. G, 8th Kentucky.
 Oberst, C., Co. B, 1st Tennessee Artillery.
 O'Briant, Allen, Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
 O'Brien, Daniel, Co. —, Mississippi.
 O'Connell, Edward, Co. C, 15th Battalion S. C. Art.
 O'Guinn, Coleman, Co. F, 53d Tennessee.

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



itself why the distinguished gentleman charged to bestow this banner has not chosen to present it to a regiment from his own State. The noble Kentuckians who have relinquished all the ties and almost all the hope of home to devote their lives and their all to the cause are contented with the assured appreciation of their illustrious commander and countryman, and with the proud consciousness of having nobly done their duty, and their constant and equal devotion to the cause leave no criterion by which their General might distinguish among them. He and they feel that it is to a regiment of some other State that the honor of bearing this flag will be more appropriately confided, and the General has felt a delicacy and difficulty of making a selection among the various regiments which constitute his command, and many of which have won his admiration by their gallant conduct under his own eye on many a stricken field. *After mature consideration, however, in view of its uniform gallantry and length of service under his command, he has concluded that it is upon the 20th Tennessee Regiment that these colors will be most properly bestowed.*

"In the first memorable battle on the soil of Kentucky, in this war, the 20th Tennessee was signalized by its devoted patriotism, discipline and valor. At Fishing Creek, when the sternest were dismayed, and the timid yielded to the panic,

the gallantry of the 20th Tennessee shone forth with conspicuous lustre. At Shiloh, when the reeling battalions of the enemy confessed the superiority of Southern valor, the banners of the 20th Tennessee were among the foremost in that struggle. At the bombardment of Vicksburg, throughout the sulphurous carnival that raged so many days and nights around that heroic city, the 20th Tennessee stood, baring its scarred front to the storm of shot and shell. At Baton Rouge, where our Southern chivalry rushed upon the insolent invaders of their country, the 20th Tennessee was again seen in the van of the battle. At Murfreesboro, whether on the left of Stone's River among the bloody cedars, or on the right in the fearful charge, on the 2nd of January, which laid low many a noble spirit, the 20th Tennessee maintained its bright renown, and plucked new laurels from the jaws of death.

"In view of this record of its heroic service and patriotic devotion, it has been decided. I feel sure with no offensive discrimination, to confer upon the 20th Tennessee Regiment this beautiful banner, wrought by the fair hands of the most distinguished women of Kentucky. I feel that I may safely undertake to declare that it is the opinion of those ladies that to no more deserving and loyal custody could this emblem of our cause be confided, and let me, fellow-soldiers,



assure you that the men of Kentucky share their opinion and indorse their award. They feel, also, that it is to no alien hands this trust is confided; while there is pulse in the breast of a member of the 20th Tennessee they feel assured that this emblem will be cherished and guarded as more precious than life itself. In this confidence I, as their representative, commit this banner to your keeping. I believe that history has already determined the common political fate of Kentucky and Tennessee, and that this simple ceremony here to-day is but the symbol of the affections of two million people with the fortunes and destiny of the Southern Confederacy."

The following response was made by Col. Thomas Benton Smith, whose sad calamity before Nashville, after he surrendered, in having his head horribly cut by a saber until he was blinded by the blood, and was led to the rear to sink down in a line of prisoners, will be remembered. Col. Smith was the gallant commander of this regiment. He said :

"Colonel, in behalf of the officers and soldiers of my regiment, I accept this beautiful flag. My language does not permit me to express my feelings on this occasion. This unexpected compliment is doubly pleasing, coming as it does from Kentucky, the land of chivalry, and from the noblest of her daughters. It comes from a State whose name is linked with the brightest jewels of American history. Her women as lovely as her mountain flowers. For my officers and soldiers I thank you. When the storm of battle rages fiercest, amid the wildest conflict, we will think of the fair donors ami cling to this banner. For the complimentary manner, sir, in which you have presented it, I thank you."

"Soldiers! to you I commit the gift. In its folds rest your honor. Let it never be contaminated by a foeman's hand. Let the Confederacy and the world see that in the hour of her darkest trials Tennessee will stand by the colors of Kentucky as they would by the standard of their native State. They feel that their honor, their safety, their people are one."

The poor foot-sore, battle-scarred boys of the 20th fit proud that day, being the chosen few of many thousands. And they

would every one have died before yielding that flag. Yet it was and is lost to them at last. It was put in a trunk and started from North Carolina to Tennessee, but never arrived. It is in some one's possession. To them it is a flag and nothing more. To the 20th it is a glorious heritage beyond value. It is made of heavy silk, alternate bars of white and red, the colors being in triangles, and the points of the triangles meeting at the center, clasping a large shield.

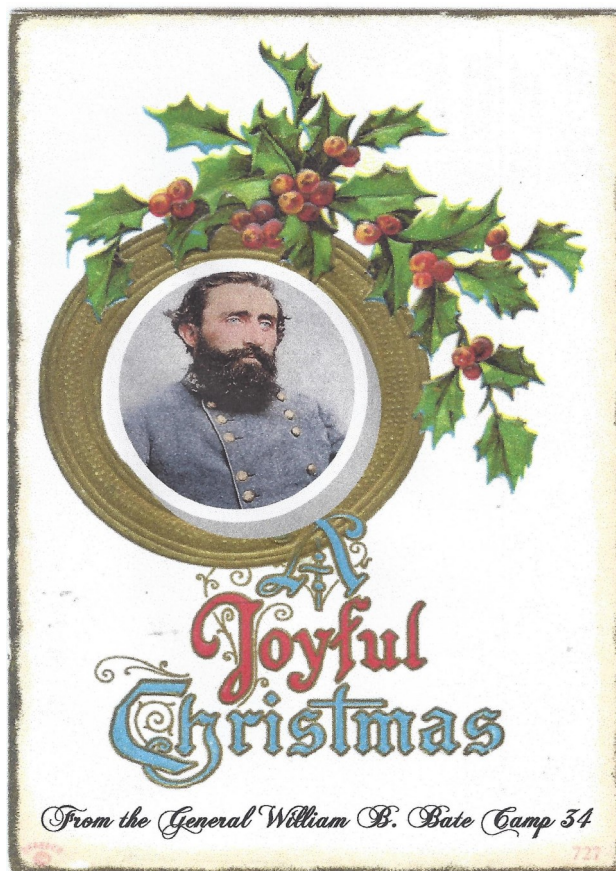
This flag had as many sacrifices as the old one. At Hoover's Gap, the first battle it entered, in its defense was slain Ben Yeargin and Jimmie Callender, and wounded Wallace Evans and John Fly. At Chickamauga John Fly was wounded again, and Ike Hyde, Tom B. Roach and Billy Gant, and at last was carried out by John W. Morgan. At Jonesboro the color guard were killed or wounded, when Maj. John

Guthrie, in command of the regiment, seized it, and tearing it from the staff, wrapped it around his body to carry it off. But this was the cause of his death, for no sooner had he done it than he became the mark of the enemy, and he was soon mortally wounded. But he never got away with it. This officer is one whose merits have never been fully recognized in public. Of retiring disposition and bashfulness to a fault, he kept himself as much out of observation as possible. But Ney was not braver on the battlefield, At the various battles following the flag was borne as gallantly as ever, but there is no record of it until at the fatal battle of Franklin, where the color guard were all killed or wounded, and the flag was brought off by Joe J. Smith, who accidentally stumbled over it during one of the repulses. Any information about it would be gratefully received by members

of the regiment, and the Veteran would give out the good news with pride.

J. L. Gee, of the 20th, Franklin, Tenn., kept the above record. He kept a roster of his company through the war, noting who were in the battles and the casualties. It was he and his friend, P. G. Smithson, now in charge of the Tennessee Confederate Home, with whom Gen. Breckinridge divided his two biscuits at Shiloh, as reported in February Veteran.

Confederate Veteran, 1894



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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.

