



The Summer Confederate

LEGIONNAIRE

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

Sons of Confederate Veterans



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July 2016

TENNESSEE AT GETTYSBURG

Many people believe that the Battle of O.R.-- SERIES I--VOLUME XXVII/2 [S# 44] Gettysburg was the most important battle and AUGUST 10, 1863. the turning point of the war in the Eastern C a p t . W I L L I A M B R O W N , theater. Tennesseans were an important part Acting Assistant Adjutant and Inspector of that battle. Here is a description of that service and sacrifice as told the Lieutenant Colonel Sheppard of the 7th T e n n e s s e e Infantry.



Report of
Lieut. Col. S. G.
Shepard, Seventh
Tennessee
Infantry,
Of Operations Of
Archer's Brigade.

JUNE 3-AUGUST 1, 1863.--The Gettysburg
Campaign.

SIR: In compliance with General Orders, No. -- (to report the part that Archer's brigade took in the recent engagements in Pennsylvania and Maryland), I beg leave to state that, although I was not in command of the brigade, yet I was

in each of the engagements, and upon my own observation and the testimony of the

OUR NEXT REGULAR MEETING WILL BE HELD ON JULY 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?

officers of each of the regiments I predicate my statements.

We left our camp near Cashtown, Pa., early on the morning of July 1, and marched down the turnpike road leading to Gettysburg. We had advanced about 3 miles when we came upon the enemy's pickets, who gradually fell back before us for about 3 miles, which brought us in sight of the enemy, upon a slight eminence in our front and to the right of the road. General Archer halted for a short time while a section of a battery opened fire upon them. He then deployed the brigade in line, and advanced directly upon the enemy through an open field. At the extreme side of the field there was a small creek with a fence and

undergrowth, which was some disadvantage to our line in crossing, but the brigade rushed across with a cheer, and met the enemy just beyond. We were not over 40 or 50 yards from the enemy's line when we opened fire. Our men fired with great coolness and deliberation, and with terrible effect, as I learned next day by visiting the ground.

We had encountered the enemy but a short time, when the

suddenly upon our right flank with a heavy force, and opened upon us a cross-fire. Our position was at once rendered untenable, and the right of our line was forced back. He made also a demonstration upon our left, and our lines commenced falling back, but owing to the obstructions in our rear (the creek, &c., above referred to), some 75 of the brigade were unable to make their escape, General Archer among the rest. I saw General Archer a short time before he surrendered, and he appeared to be very much exhausted with fatigue.

Being completely overpowered by numbers, and our support not being near enough to give us any assistance, we fell back across the field, and reformed just in rear of the brigade that had started in as our support. Colonel Fry took command of the

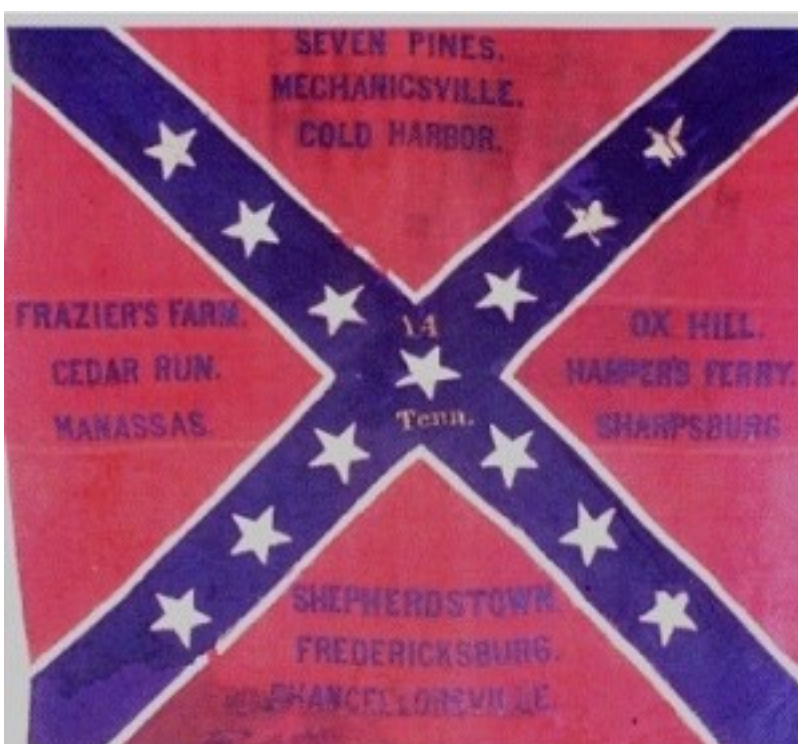


Photo Courtesy Tennessee State Museum

brigade, and, after remaining in the woods for two or three hours, the whole line upon our left advanced. Archer's brigade advanced at the same time upon the extreme right of the line. While advancing, the enemy threw a body of cavalry around upon our right flank. Seeing this, Colonel Fry changed the direction of his front so as to protect our flank. The cavalry did not advance upon us, but hung around during the entire engagement of the evening of July 1.

During the night of the 1st, and the 2d, we lay in position upon a road upon the right of our line. We were not in the engagement of July 2.

During the night of the 2d, we moved around, and took our position in front of the enemy's works, and remained there until the evening of July 3.

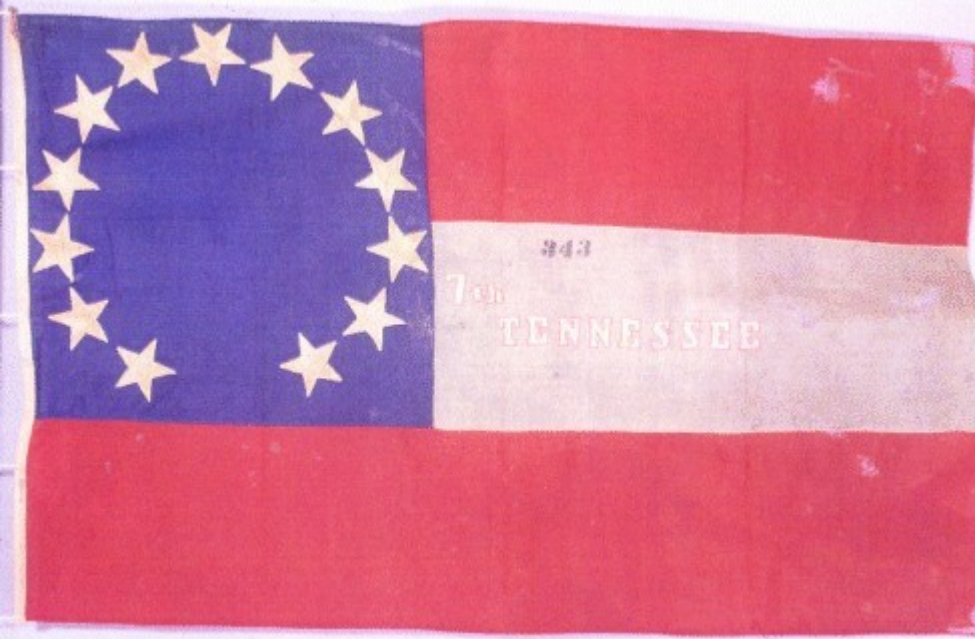
In the engagement of the 3d, the brigade

was on the right of our division, in the following order: First Tennessee on the right; on its left, Thirteenth Alabama; next, Fourteenth Tennessee; on its left,

Seventh Tennessee, and, on the left, Fifth Alabama Battalion. There was a space of a few hundred yards between the right of Archer's brigade and the left of General Pickett's division when we advanced, but, owing to the position of the lines (they not being an exact continuation of each other), as we advanced, the right of our brigade and the left of General Pickett's division gradually approached each other, so that by the time we had advanced a little over half of the way, the right of Archer's touched and connected with Pickett's left.

The command was then passed down the hue by the officers, "Guide right;" and we advanced our right, guiding by General Pickett's left. The enemy held their fire until we were in fine range, and opened upon us a terrible and well-directed fire. Within 180 or 200 yards of his works, we came to a lane inclosed by two stout post and plank fences. This was a very great obstruction to us, but the men rushed over as rapidly as they could, and advanced directly upon the enemy's

works, the first line of which was composed of rough stones. The enemy abandoned this, but just in rear was massed a heavy force. By the time we had reached this work, our lines all along, as far



as I could see, had become very much weakened; indeed, the line both right and left, as far as I could observe, seemed to melt away until there was but little of it left. Those who remained at the works saw that it was a hopeless case, and fell back. Archer's brigade remained at the works fighting as long as any other troops either on their right or left, so far as I could observe.

Every flag in the brigade excepting one was captured at or within the works of the enemy. The first Tennessee had 3 color-





eight of us present and it was a good opportunity for fellowship.

Bad news, we are losing our meeting place. Believer's Fellowship is closing so after our August meeting we will need to have another meeting place. If you have any ideas, please let me know.

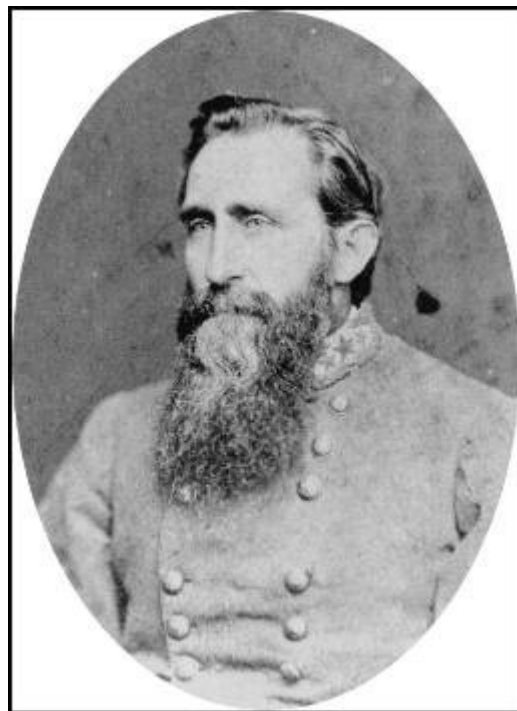
Randy P. Lucas
Commander

Despite the rain on the 3rd, our Confederate Decoration Day ceremonies came off without a hitch. Our picnic was moved inside at Believers' Fellowship so we were dry during dinner. I want to thank our Camp members and Ladies for all you did to make this year's ceremony a success. Though Michael Givens was unable to be with us, so I hope my address was adequate to honor our ancestors. The photos from this year's event are posted on our website at: <http://batecamp34.wix.com/batecamp34scv#!gallery/clunp>

Some photos are posted on page 7 here.

We had a great day out at the Forrest Boyhood Home as well, and I'm glad some of you were able to be present for the day. It's a great event and helps raise money for preservation and improvement of the property which belongs to the SCV.

The quarterly breakfast was held on the 26th at Mabel's in Gallatin, there were



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 OFFICE



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bearers shot down, the last of whom was at the works, and the flag captured. The Thirteenth Alabama lost 3 in the same way, the last of whom was shot down at the works. The Fourteenth Tennessee had 4 shot down, the last of whom was at the enemy's works. The Seventh Tennessee lost 3 color-bearers, the last of whom was at the enemy's works, and the flag was only saved by Captain [A.D.] Norris tearing it away from the staff and bringing it out beneath his coat. The Fifth Alabama Battalion also lost their flag at the enemy's works.

There were 7 field officers who went into the charge, only 2 of whom came out. The rest were all wounded and captured. The loss in company officers was nearly in the

same proportion.

Our loss in men was also heavy. We went into the fight on the 1st with 1,048 men, 677 of whom were killed, wounded, and captured during these engagements.

I cannot particularize where so many officers and men did their whole duty. There are doubtless some, however, as is always the case, who did not do their duty, and richly deserve the severest punishment that can be inflicted.

After our unfortunate repulse, we reformed upon the ground from which we advanced, and waited for all advance of the enemy, which, however, they did not see

(Continued from page 5)

proper to make, and so ended the conflict of the day.

We remained here until the night of the 4th, when we retired, and fell back beyond Hagerstown, Md. We next took position between Hagerstown and Williamsport, where we lay in line of battle two days, and retired on the night of the 13th instant. Owing to the darkness of the night and the impossibility of the artillery getting on, we found ourselves 5 miles from the river at daylight. We moved on to within 2 miles of the river, and formed a line of battle upon the crest of a hill, to protect our rear until the artillery and the column in advance of us could cross the river. While here, a small squadron of the enemy's cavalry, consisting of 75 or 100 men, made their appearance in our front. They were mistaken at first for our own cavalry until they had advanced close upon us. Their first charge was upon the First Tennessee Regiment, which was upon the right of the brigade. Our men, unfortunately, did not have their guns all loaded, and were forced to fight with clubbed guns. The enemy, finding they were making rather slow headway at this point, moved down the line upon the Thirteenth Alabama, Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee Regiments, who by this time had succeeded in getting many of their guns loaded, and were but a short time in killing and wounding a majority of them. The rest made a desperate effort to escape back to the woods, but most of those were shot from their horses as they fled, so that not over a dozen or twenty made their escape. We lost in this encounter 1 man killed and 7 wounded.

It was our sad misfortune, too, in this

affair, to lose General Pettigrew, who was in command of the brigade. No encomium that I might add could do justice to his memory. Both officers and men of the entire brigade feel that by his death the Confederacy has lost a model soldier and one of her most noble and gifted sons.

We received orders to retire toward the river, and we moved out, with General Pettigrew's brigade upon our left. Our route to the river was part of the way through a dense and tangled copse of undergrowth, with deep ravines running up from the river. We kept our line pretty well organized in passing through these obstructions, and passed beyond the river.

Not wishing to burden you with a report too lengthy, I have noted down in a brief style the facts deemed most important for your information.

All of which I respectfully beg leave to submit.

S. G. SHEPARD,
Lieutenant-Colonel Seventh Tennessee
Regiment.

Editor's Note: In this issue we end with Part 2 of an article published in McClure's Magazine in April 1901. We hope you enjoy it. The illustration above and all those in the article are in the original.

Disbanding of the Confederate Army

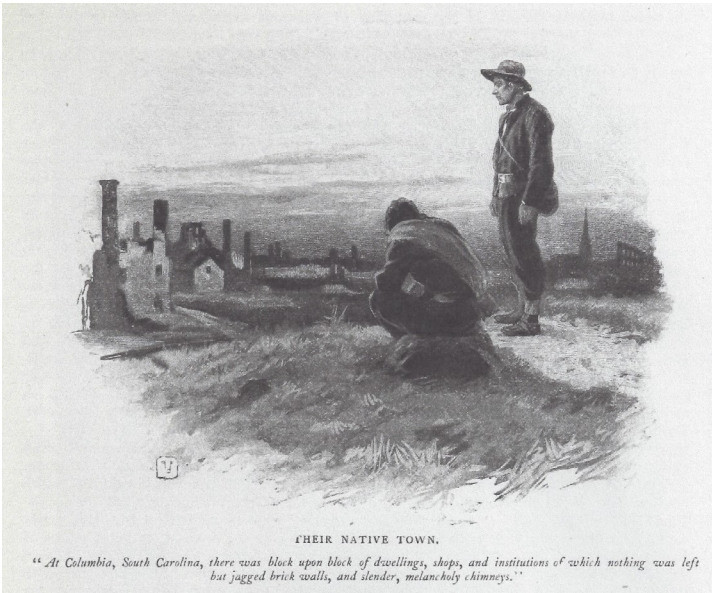
BY
Ida M. Tarbell





Photos from our Confederate Decoration Day ceremonies at the Gallatin City Gemetry on June 3, 2016.





Many of these people had property, to be sure, but it was impossible then to realize on it, even if they had wished to sacrifice it, nobody being willing to buy property which might be liable later to confiscation. There were hundreds, too, who owned valuable jewels, plate, pictures, or furniture which they would have disposed of if they had been able. One of the most pathetic editorials in the early numbers of the Richmond "Whig" is one headed: "A Pawnbroker Wanted," explaining the need there was of such a dealer in the town.

In the country a livelihood was even more uncertain than in the towns. Hon. John V. Wright,* now of the Department of the Interior, in response to the author's question as to what the resources of the planters were at the close of the war, has courteously stated his experience in reply:

"My opportunities for knowing the condition of the people of the South were good, both before and after the war. As to the class known as planters, having large tracts of

* A brother of General Marcus J. Wright, who for the last twenty years has been collecting and editing the records of the Confederate Army for the War Department

lands and many slaves, my own experience and fate will give an idea of the whole. I was the owner of perhaps six or more thousand acres of land in the cotton belt, with about one hundred slaves, together with mules, horses, and other stock and agricultural implements. The estate was valued at about \$250,000. Added to this the other members of the family had estates which together aggregated \$1,000,000. By the loss of the slaves the lands became practically valueless. The crops of the country had been consumed by the people or had gone to support the army. Hence we were reduced from wealth to poverty. Most of the planters had no trades or professions by which to make a living, and these were, indeed, the greatest sufferers. Virtually they had nothing on which to live, and many of the older ones died with broken spirits. The other classes not slaveholders also suffered, as all their stock was lost, and when they returned home they found only ashes where their humble but happy homes had been situated, their wives and children houseless, and stricken with poverty. The grand conduct of General Grant in allowing the soldiers of Lee to retain their horses served to mitigate the condition to some extent, as these soldiers used the horses in cultivating the land. This condition was almost universal. It is believed that in the history of the world no country was so entirely destroyed over so large a space as the South. There were large amounts of cotton in the South at the close of the war, but little of it in the hands of the people. Much of it was confiscated by the Federal Government, and much of it was stolen or taken by force by roving bands of soldiers from both armies. There were many bales of cotton on my plantation, all of which disappeared in a single night. As the Southern ports were closed by the Federals,



no cotton could be exported, and for two or three years it accumulated in great quantities. For a year or two during the close of the war but little cotton comparatively was planted, as food products were raised for the use of those at home and for the army. I suppose it would be difficult to find anywhere an accurate account of how much cotton was on hand, but it may be safely said that there was but little which went to the aid of the men who returned from the war."

Perhaps nothing could illustrate better the straits to which the planters were put than the following actual experience related to the writer:

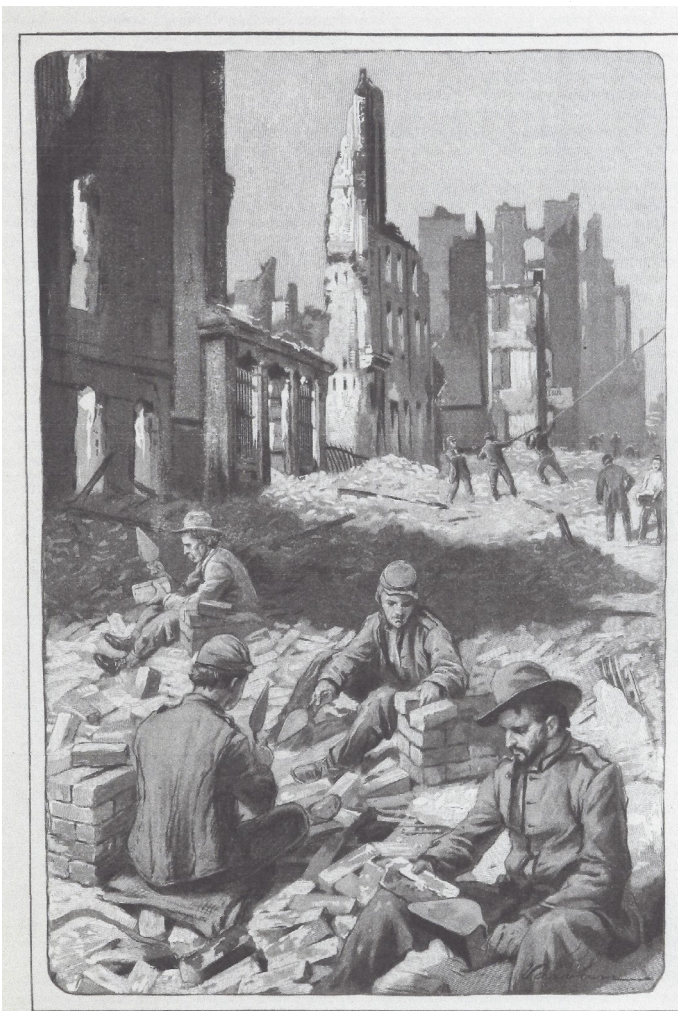
In April, 1865, Lawrence Taliaferro, who for four years had been with Lee's army, returned to his home on the north side of the Rappahannock, perhaps twelve miles from Fredericksburg. He was twenty-five years of age. When he went into the war his father owned a farm of several hundred acres, with handsome buildings, fine stock, and 150 negroes. Lawrence Taliaferro had always lived the life of a son of a country gentleman. Returning to Fredericksburg penniless, he crossed the river and started across country to his old home. Before he had gone a mile he had lost his way. The country, which he had once known as well as one knows the different halls and rooms of his own house, was like a foreign field to him. The forests had disappeared, and where once there had been a single road there were now twenty. The Army of the Potomac of over 100,000 men had occupied this place almost continuously from November, 1862, until May, 1863. They had cut every tree and sapling for miles in every direction, to get fuel to burn, logs for their huts, and corduroy for their roads. When Lawrence Taliaferro attempted to get to his old home, he was in a

country of which he knew nothing. His way lost, he could only wander from one new road to another, until at last he came upon an unfamiliar hut. He rapped and an old darky came out. He was one of his father's former slaves, and the man conducted him to his old home. All outhouses and fences had disappeared, as well as the shade trees and shrubbery. There was only the shell of the house. He found his father and sister living there. Two of the old servants had remained, refusing to leave their master. Upon inquiry he found that all that was left of the farm property was one old mule and a much-patched harness. A few days after his return, an older brother came back from Lee's army and brought with him a worn-out horse. Then began the struggle for daily bread. The two young men patched up the harness for the mule and horse, borrowed an old plow, and began to prepare the ground for a garden. They had not been at home many days when they learned that a couple of men were in Fredericksburg buying bones. Now for miles around Fredericksburg the fields were thick with the bones of worn-out mules and horses, which had died during that long period when the country was occupied by Northern and Southern troops. As soon as the Taliaferros discovered that these bones were salable, they borrowed from a friend the remnant of a wagon and started out to pick them up. As the result of two days' work they found they had 2,000 pounds, which they sold for two cents a pound. "I thought my fortune was made, when I got that money," said Mr. Taliaferro. From that time on they put in every hour of daylight gathering up bones, while the two old darkies were putting in the garden and preparing the ground for corn. They carried on the bone business for a month, when they made a new discovery. Quantities of old iron were lying on the

fields. This they found was salable, and accordingly they went into the junk business. They were much crippled in their work by the fact that their team was so poor that not more than half a day's work could possibly be gotten out of it.

This had been going on about a month when a great piece of good fortune fell to them. A wing of the Federal army in marching north passed near their home, and one night the Taliaferros were visited by two Union officers. They had come, they said, to see if old Mr. Taliaferro was living and in good health. It seems that at the time the Union army had been encamped on and around his plantation the old gentleman had become a great favorite with the officers. The visitors were invited in, and the Taliaferros did their best to get them a good supper. The men were very much pleased with their entertainment, and when they went home, insisted that the boys should go over to the army with their wagon the next day and return their visit. This they did, and when they started to go home, they found that the wagon had been filled with coffee, sugar, bacon, etc. "Enough," said Mr. Taliaferro, "to last six months." And not only this: one of the officers went to the quartermaster and said, "See here, aren't you turning loose every day jaded mules which can't keep up with the army? Haven't you now three or four which you know you will soon have to drop out? If so, give them to these men." "Well, s i r," said Mr. Taliaferro, "do you know that that man actually brought out four mules and turned them over to us? They were pretty thin and tired, and he rather apologized for them and said, 'Do you think you can get them home?' Well, sir, the tears just ran down my face. I said 'If they can't walk I'll carry them.' We

took them home and turned them out to grass, for grass was one thing we did have. The whole country was green with it, and in two months those mules were fat as butter and able to do a full day's work. The only thing outside of grass which the country afforded was rabbits and birds. They had been left alone for so long a time while the men were away that they were thick, but we did not have powder or bullets, and for some time did not know exactly how to catch them; but we took up so much lead and so many shells on the battlefield, and were saving them all the time, that at last we got powder by unscrewing the caps off the shells and taking it out, and bullets by melting the lead and running it through holes punched in a piece of tin and letting it run into tubs of cold water. After we got this bullet factory started we had plenty of birds and rabbits." We got on pretty well that summer. Our garden was good, and we laid up a good deal for winter, but when winter came it was mighty hard to get wood. There was not any left in the country. I don't know what we would have done if it hadn't been for the Yankees' corduroy roads. They were all through our plantation in every direction. We pulled up the pieces, which were, of course, water-soaked, and set them up on end in stacks so they would dry out, and for two winters this is how we got our wood. It took us five years to get our plantation into shape to keep us and the two old darkies, and after that we began to make money enough to buy groceries and clothes, but it has been hard work." It is not strange that there were many, particularly of the better class of Southerners, who felt that such conditions as these they returned to were not to be tolerated, and who at once declared that the last step in their disbandment was to be



RICHMOND AFTER THE WAR.

"Nothing is finer than the way in which the men of the highest breeding and education went to pulling down walls, clearing brick, laying foundations."

taken in a foreign land. "A good many of the young men of the South will go abroad," wrote Dr. Brodie Herndon, of Richmond, to Captain Maury in May, "and this is one of the gloomiest features of our future." Canada, Europe, Brazil were all considered, but Mexico was from the moment of surrender the country in which the greatest number proposed to begin life anew. Indeed for months before the surrender Mexico had been looked upon by the Confederacy as a place of refuge in case of defeat, and it is probable that many leading Confederates had attempted at least to make overtures to Maximilian similar to that in the following letter of General Kirby Smith:

SHREVEPORT, L A . , February 1, 1865.
HON. ROBERT ROSE, SHREVEPORT, LA .

Sir:—Whilst in the City of Mexico I desire you, on some fitting occasion, to make known to His Majesty the Emperor that in the case of unexampled catastrophe to our arms and the final overthrow of the government which I have the honor to represent as the military chief of the States west of the Mississippi River, an event I do not now apprehend, but which yet may possibly occur in the future, it is my fixed purpose to leave my native land and seek an asylum in Mexico. Bred to the profession of arms, having such education in my profession as the best military schools in the United States offer, with the benefit of foreign travel and some experience, such as is acquired by the command of armies actively engaged in the field for more than two years, it is my desire still to continue in the exercise of the profession of my choice. Having some knowledge of the French and Spanish languages, and having been on duty once on the Mexican frontier, my humble services and such influence as I could exert might be rendered available to His Majesty's Government. I therefore authorize you to tender them to him in the possibility of the contingency above alluded to. The national antipathy that would exist in the minds of many citizens of the Confederate States to those of the North, together with their intelligence, endurance, and daring as soldiers, might in contemplation of possible collision between the Imperial Government and the United States of the North, render very desirable such a corps of Southern soldiers as might be induced by the offer of liberal terms to colonize the Empire, and thus greatly strengthen it. Should you find that this offer and the accompanying views are

not wholly inappropriate to be attended to, good and solid foundations, the Mexican you will please tender my service to the Empire. Never, since the Revocation of the Emperor, and at the same time assure him of Edict of Nantes, has such a class of people my heartfelt wish for the eminent success of been found willing to expatriate themselves. his reign, and the honor, welfare, and From such a wreck Mexico may gather and happiness of his people. transfer to her own borders the very intelligence, skill, and labor which made the

I am, very respectfully, your obedient South what she was in her palmy days— servant, except her bondage."

E. KIRBY SMITH, General.

It was towards Mexico, then, that Confederates in Mexico pleased Maximilian. hundreds turned when they found themselves It was at once adopted, and Maury himself free, and it was there that the only colony of appointed Imperial Minister for Colonization. Confederates of any importance was realized.

This was founded and conducted by the eminent hydrographer, Captain M. F. Maury. sons to join him, as well as a number of his friends. By November, 1865, he was writing Captain Maury had been sent to England by the Confederate Government in 1862 to from the "Office of Colonization" that he was perfect his submarine torpedoes. Already his selling lands near Cordova at one dollar an acre, at five years' credit, as fast as they inventions had done great damage to the Federal navy, and Captain Maury hoped to could be served, and that there were already about forty Southern people there, and that perfect them so that they would do more. In several of the men had sent for their families. Maury estimated that by the time May, 1865, he sailed for the South, not the land was paid for it would be worth \$20, knowing then of Lee's surrender. When the \$30, and even \$100 an acre, and he gave his friends the most glowing descriptions of news reached him in the West Indies, he luscious pineapples at one cent apiece. On considered it unsafe to go back to the United March 1, 1866, he wrote that two shiploads of immigrants had just arrived, and that States, and decided to go to Mexico and offer everything was going well in the Carlotta of the Emperor his services. He reached Mexico Colony. Very soon after this Maury went to England, where his family had been living for in June of 1865, and was warmly welcomed some time. Not long after his departure such by the Emperor and Empress. He was pressure was brought to bear on Maximilian offered a position in the Ministry, but by his enemies, that the Emperor was obliged declined it, preferring the appointment of to abandon the colonization scheme. The fall Director to the Imperial Observatory. In this of the government which came soon after position he planned a colony of Confederates prevented the plan ever being revived.* in his new home. His idea he explained in a letter to one of his friends:

"In contemplating this shipwreck of country, kinsmen, and friends, I recognized among the debris of the wreck the very materials that are required to build, upon



That no larger numbers joined Maury or went into other similar colonies was due partly, no doubt, to the general poverty, but largely to the influence which from the day of his surrender General Lee exerted on the men of the South. He, like the rest, knew nothing of the course the United States Government would take towards him. His property was gone, and he must start at the bottom again. Whether he would be free or a prisoner he did not know, but he at once announced his determination of abiding by the decision of the government to which he had surrendered, and if allowed to do it to engage in some work which would be useful in restoring the South. "At the first cessation of hostilities," he wrote a correspondent, "I considered that the South required her sons more than at any former part of her history to sustain and restore her, that though many might find comfortable homes in a foreign land, what would become of the Southern States and the citizens who abided in them?" Colonel R. L. Maury, son of Captain Maury, tried to interest General Lee in his father's project, but the General declined. "I have entertained the opinion that unless prevented by circumstances or necessity, it would be better for them (the people of the South) and the country to remain at their homes and share the fate of their respective States." And to Captain Maury himself he wrote:

"The thought of abandoning the country and all that must be left in it is abhorrent to my feelings, and I prefer to struggle for its restoration and share its fate rather than to give up all as lost. . . . I shall be sorry if your presence be lost to Virginia; she has now need for all of her sons and can ill afford to spare you." To scores of others who sought his advice he wrote in similar vein. Nor was

he alone in this attitude. Wade Hampton, when besought to head a colony of emigrants, replied:

"The very fact that our State is passing through so terrible an ordeal as the present should cause her sons to cling the more closely to her. My advice to all of my fellow-citizens is that they should devote their whole energies to the restoration of law and order, the reestablishment of agriculture and commerce, the promotion of education, and the rebuilding of our cities and dwellings which have been laid in ashes."

Indeed, the majority of the leading men of the South said with Lee and Hampton that their States had never needed them so much, and that they should stand by them. Gradually those who at first had felt that the humiliation and uncertainty of their new position were too great to be endured returned, as did Maury, and lent their aid. Inspired by these noble examples, the rank and file of the disbanded army faced their hard situation like the brave men they were, and joined patiently in one of the gravest tasks in the history of the world—the Reconstruction of the South. The story of the self control of these disbanded men in the situation in which they found themselves when they reached their homes, of their courage, their patience, their effort, forms one of the finest chapters of heroism in the History of the United States.

*Maury himself remained in England, where his scientific friends presented him with a testimonial of 3,000 guineas. He was employed by the French and English governments to perfect their system of sea mining, and he opened a school of instruction in electrical torpedoes, to which the governments of Europe sent officers. Later he prepared the well-known series of school geographies, and in 1868 was given the degree of L L . D . at Cambridge at the same time that Tennyson and Max Müller received their degrees. The proclamation of a general amnesty the same year made it possible for Maury to return to the United States, where he accepted the chair of Physics at the Virginia Military Institute. Thus, after three years, he joined General Lee in his noble effort to revive the South by instructing the young generation.

SUMNER CONFEDERATE LEGIONNAIRE

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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.

