



The Summer Confederate

# LEGIONNAIRE

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

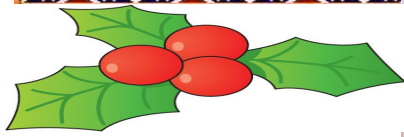
Sons of Confederate Veterans



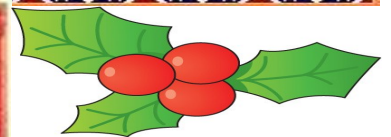
Volume 6, Issue 12

December 2016

## MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR



We are ending another year and the command staff of the General William B. Bate Camp 34 wants to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. It has been a good year for the Camp but the coming year is braced to be even better. In these times of increasing



hostility to anything associated with the them and bringing the truth of the War for Confederacy and when many seem determined to heap dishonor upon our ancestors, we must always look to an ever-loving God who can look into the hearts of all men and who saw fit to send us his son to be our Savior. In this season, we should give thanks to God for His many blessings and for

our heritage. In this season of joy, let us adopt this spirit as our guiding light and honor our ancestors and their service giving thanks for the heritage of courage, honor and sacrifice which they have handed down to us. Let us not shirk from our defense of

Christ's love.

On behalf of the Camp, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Randy

NO REGULAR MEETING THIS MONTH BUT PLEASE PLAN TO ATTEND OUR ANNUAL CHRISTMAS BANQUET ON DECEMBER 9, 2016 AT 6:00 P.M. AT HENCOCK HOUSE, 2144 NASHVILLE PIKE, GALLATIN, TENNESSEE 37066. PLEASE PLAN TO ATTEND.

**INSIDE THIS  
ISSUE:**

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE 1  
 "THEY WERE SOLDIERS INDEED" 2  
 CAMP NEWS 4  
 HARD TIMES IN THE CONFEDERACY 9

"Fear not for I am with thee; say to the North give up, and to the South, keep not back." Isaiah 43:6-7  
 Engraved upon the finial on the flagstaff of the battle flag of the 4th Texas Infantry

*The following is a letter written by 1st Lieutenant Decimus Et Ultimus Barziza of Co. C, of the 4th Texas Infantry written to a friend at home on August 1, 1862 describing the Battle of Gaines Mills from his viewpoint. Gaines Mills was fought on June 27, 1862 and based upon this action that General Lee and General Jackson while surveying the field the next morning that Jackson exclaimed "The men who carried this position were soldiers indeed!" This was memorialized in Mort Kuntzler's painting contained here.*

A few days before they commenced, our Division consisting of Gen. Whiting's Brigade, Gen. Hood's Texas Brigade, Hampton Legion Infantry and Reilley's Battery, was ordered to Staunton, for the ostensible purpose of assisting Jackson in the Valley; but in two days we were started straight back, down towards the great army of McClellan. We arrived at Ashland on the



"They were soldiers indeed."

Headquarters 4th Texas Regiment, }

Camp near Richmond, Va, }

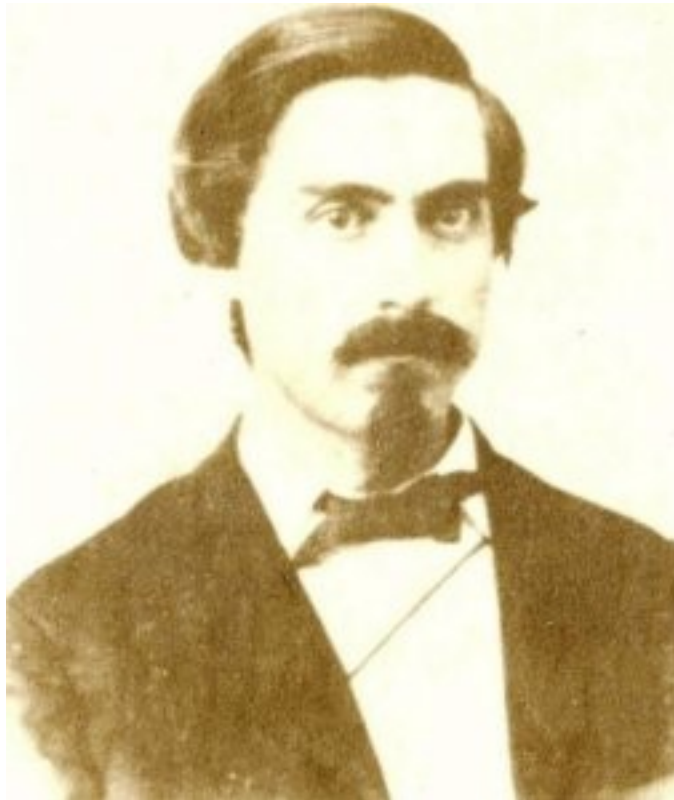
August 1st, 1862 }

To \_\_\_\_\_;

evening of the 25th June. The next morning we started early, bearing towards the rear and right flank of the enemy's lines. About 12' o'clock our advance scouts drove in some cavalry pickets. Moving on, about 4 o'clock, we encountered a small force, who soon fled, and burnt a bridge over a small creek with



deep banks, sufficient to retard the prisoners, who appeared sad that their movements of artillery. One company from fighting was over. Camps deserted and stores our Regiment, the 4th Texas, was detailed to abandoned showed the hasty and precipitate construct a bridge, while the Infantry waded movement of the enemy. We were told that the creek and occupied the heights beyond. In the Hills and Longstreet were driving him less than an hour a good bridge, made of down the Chickahominy. Slowly we marched fence-rails, was finished, the road cleared out, during the morning towards the firing. The and our artillery came thundering over. All the enemy has been retreating all the morning, but, about 12 or 1 o'clock, he suddenly halted, turned about and offered battle. Here it was discovered that he taken up a well protected and admirably chosen position, which seemed to be fixed, ready, in waiting for him. Powerful batteries in commanding position, supported by upwards of 45,000 infantry, who were splendidly protected by ingenious breastworks, here frowned down on the



Decimus et Ultimus Barziza

We lay in line of battle and slept on our arms, knowing that the next day we ourselves would try the fiery ordeal of battle. Yet we were all cheerful and confident, and no one spoke or even thought of anything but victory. We slept soundly, for we were fatigued: the last sound falling upon our ear being the boom of a distant cannon; but it was the last living sleep many a brave fellow ever enjoyed. We were on the move early next morning. The fighting was still going on to our right. The enemy had, it seems, evacuated Mechanicsville during the night, and the two Hills and Longstreet were pressing upon his retreating columns. We met, during the morning, hundreds of advancing columns of the Confederates; and then opened one of the dearest and bloodiest battles on record—that of Gaines' Mills or Gaines' Farm. He had been falling back all day to occupy this position, calculating to defeat us here, and the next throw his left into Richmond.

About 2 o'clock we could hear the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry—incessant, fierce and continuous. Our faces were set in the direction of the firing. As we approached nearer, the storm of battle was borne to our



Compatriots,

At our November meeting we held our election for officers for 2017-2018. They are as follows:

Commander – Randy Lucas  
 1st Lt. Commander – G. Franklin Heathman  
 2nd Lt. Commander – Roger Dale  
 Adjutant – Kenneth A. Corum  
 Quartermaster – Richard Hamblen  
 Treasurer – Kenneth A. Corum  
 Chaplain – Johnny Keele  
 Surgeon – Vacant  
 Historian – Carey Herdman  
 Color Sergeant – Michael Bassette  
 Judge Advocate – Randy Lucas  
 Editor – Randy Lucas

Let me just say that I am honored and humbled by the trust the Camp has placed in me by re-electing me as your Commander. This is a trust which I take very seriously as I believe our mission to honor and protect the heritage and memory of those who took up arms to protect their homes and way of

life in the War for Southern Independence. I hope that our Camp can do more to further this mission.

Our Christmas Banquet will be at Hancock House, 2144 Nashville Pike, Gallatin, TN 37066 on Friday, December 9 at 6:00 p.m. for wine and comradery and 7:00 p.m. for dinner. The menu is listed below. Please contact me so that I know you are coming to get the numbers who will attend but contact Miss Roberta at (615) 452-8431 to order your meal and make payment. The Camp is NOT taking any money and all payments must be made directly to Miss Roberta.

\$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.

As all of you know by now, former Commander Colonel Don Brickey passed away. He has been cremated and the Camp will be doing a memorial service at Cottontown Community Center on Sunday, December 4 at 3:00 p.m.

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

ears with terrible distinctness. We moved on. Closer and closer we came to the dreadful scene of the strife. Now we are in range of their artillery, though they do not see us. Shells, bursting above, around, before and behind us, scattering their blazing fragments and sulphurous contents, remind me that we are in the tide of battle. Moving slowly along, now well within range of the batteries, as poor fellow's head is smashed right by me, and his brains scattered on his comrades near him. We move on in a run, over ditches and marshes, swamps and fences, through open fields and thick woods, up and down hill-double quicking to the field of carnage, the harvest of death. Courier after courtier arrives, urging us to hurry – our forces were hard pressed. Gen. Lee meets us and hurries

us on, as if the fate of mankind depending upon our coming. We get in striking distance of the bullets- are arranged in the order we are to go into battle. In the meantime, the tempest of the strife seemed to have been pouring out its utmost fury. The loud crashing sound of artillery, the peculiar roll of musketry, mingled with half-drowned words of command or the cries of pain some wounded soldier borne by on a bloody litter, filled the air with their terrific sounds.

Gen. Hood and Col. Marshall conduct our Regiment; on we go in a run- the fight thickens- the noise deafens- on we go over a deep branch, meeting regiments and thousands of frightened stragglers leaving the field; some of them exclaimed as they passed



(Continued from page 5)

us- "I wish you'd take that battery." I never dreamed of such confusion; our ranks were broken time and again by the fleeing Confederates; really the tide of battle seemed to have been rushing madly against us. Men deserted their colors, Colonels' lost their commands, and God only knows how far off were a rout and panic.

Suddenly we (4th Texas Regiment) faced to the front, advanced in a run up the hill, and as we reached the brow were welcomed with a storm of grape and canister from the opposite hill side, while the two lines of infantry, protected by their works, and posted on the side of the hill, upon the top of which was placed their battery, poured deadly and staggering volleys full in our faces. Here fell our Colonial John Marshall, and with him, nearly half of his regiment. On the

brow of this hill the dead bodies of our Confederate soldiers lay in numbers. They who had gone in at this point before us, and had been repulsed, stopped on this hill to fire, and were mowed down like grass and compelled to retire. It was now past 5 o'clock. When we got to the brow of the hill, instead of halting, we rushed down it, yelling, and madly plunged right into the deep branch of water at the base of the hill. Dashing up the steep bank, being within thirty yards of the enemy's works, we flew towards the breastworks, cleared them, and slaughtered the retreating devils as they scampered up

the hill towards their battery. There a brave fellow on horseback with his hat on his sword, tried to rally them. But they scarcely had time, even if they had been so disposed, for, leaping over the works, we dashed up the hill, driving them before us and capturing the battery. Thus the lines of the enemy were pierced and broken, and from that moment commenced the victory with which our arms were blessed. As we came down the first hill,

Lieut. Col. Warwick picked up a Confederate flag, which some regiment had abandoned, and fell with a mortal wound- the flag in hand; he supposed it was our own; but right gallantly was ours borne through the fight by our brave Color Sergeant Francis, struck as it was by nine balls. Here also Major Key Fell.

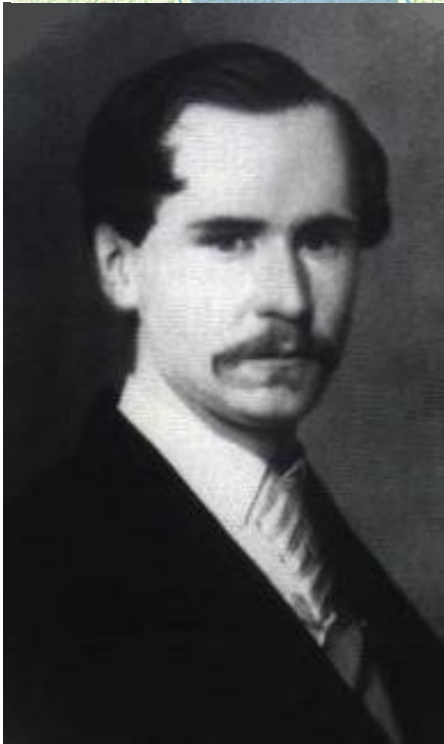
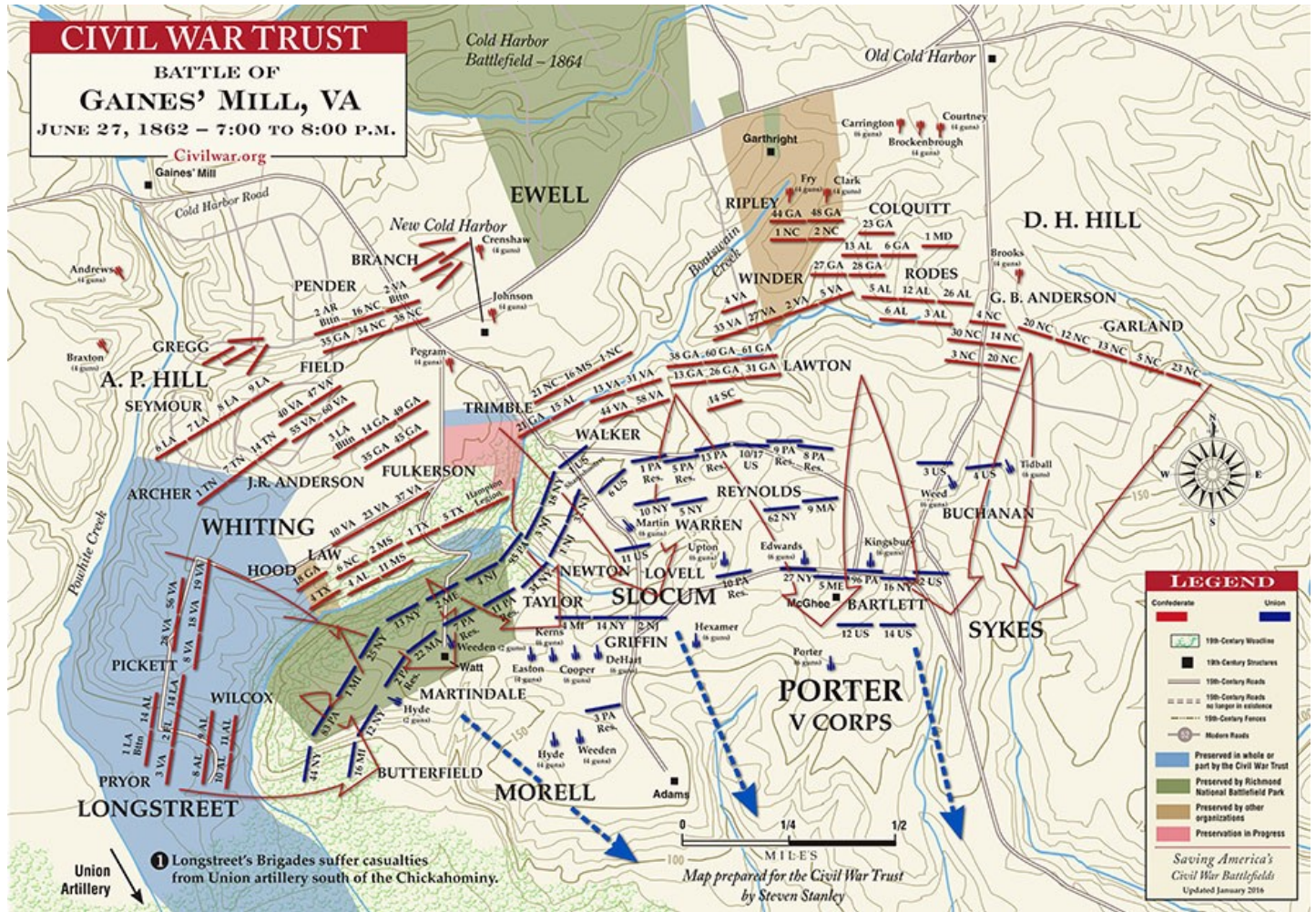


Battle flag of the 4th Texas Infantry

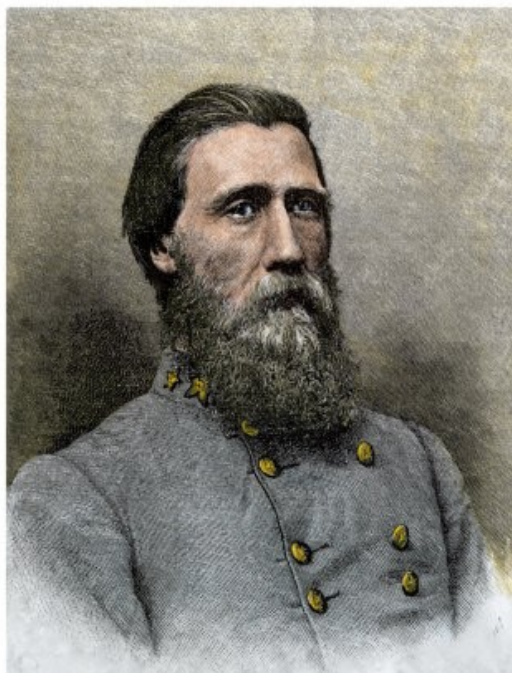
After capturing this battery, we saw there was yet work ahead. We were now in an open field; the 18th Georgia here moved up on our right; a heavy

thirty-two pound battery straight ahead now opened on us with terrible effect, while another off to the right reminded us that we had just commenced the battle. On we go, leaving the battery we had just taken to be held by a small party, exposed to a galling fire from the battery in front, from that on the right and from swarms of broken infantry all on our left and rear. Yet, on we go, with not a field officer to lead us, two thirds of the Company officers and half the men already down- yelling, shouting, firing, running straight up to the death-dealing machines before us every one resolved to

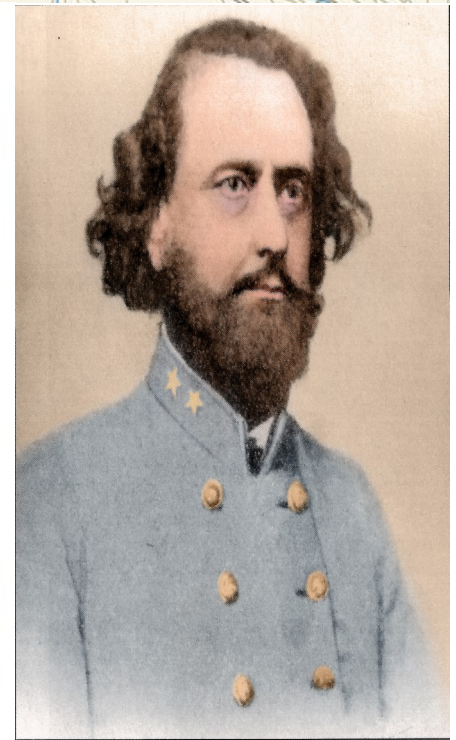




Lt. Colonel Bradfute Warwick



Brigadier General John Bell Hood



Captain Ginton M. Winkler



capture them and rout the enemy. When we came within 800 yards of this battery, I found myself with some others, in a lane, formed by a fence and barn, here we halted a few seconds to blow. I could plainly see the gunners at work; down they would drive the horrid grape- a long, blasting flame issued from the pieces, and then crushing through the fence and barn, shattering rails and weather-boarding came the terrible missiles with merciless fury. Again we start off. When we arrived within about 70 yards of the battery, we stopped for a moment behind a very slight mound where an old fence had stood. The smoke had now settled down upon the field in thick curtains, rolling about like some half solid substance; the dust was suffocating. We could see nothing but the red blaze of the cannon, and hear nothing but its roar and the hurtling and whizzing of the missiles. Suddenly the word is passed down the line, "Cavalry," and down come horses and riders with sabers swung over their heads, charging like an avalanche upon our scattered lines; they were met by volleys of lead, and fixed bayonets in the hands of resolute men, and in less time than I take to write it, as squadron of U.S. Regular Cavalry was routed and destroyed. Horses without riders, or sometimes with a wounded or dead master dangling from the stirrups, plunged wildly and fearfully over the plain, trampling over dead and dying, presenting altogether one of the most sublime and at the same time fearful pictures that any man can conceive of without being an eye-witness.

The Cavalry routed, on we rush with a yell, drive the gunners off or kill them, and our battle flag waves over the battery. Still the work was not finished; the enemy had rallied behind some houses in front and in the garden, and kept up a sharp fire; we

drove ahead, forced them to leave the houses, whipped them out of the garden and put them to utter rout.

Our own Regiment, now a mere handful and led by Captain Townsend, still rushed on towards the river, until ordered back for fear of being surrounded. It was by this time getting dark. Prisoners gave themselves up in numbers. A Battalion ran into the 5th Texas Regiment and surrendered. We gathered the little squad of our Regiment that was left, formed line of battle, and prepared to sleep on the battle field with the dead and dying. As the night came on and quiet rested on the battle field, the groans of the wounded and their cries for water resounded through the night air; while glimmering lights scattered far and wide over the field told of the eager search for some brother, son or friend, or the base and heartless robbing of the dead by contemptible and merciless demons dressed up like soldiers. Finally, overpowered by fatigue we lie down on the ground and are wrapt in deep sleep.

The next morning we rose early. I will not attempt to describe the appearance of the field. I could write twenty pages and yet give you no adequate idea of it. The ground was strewn with dead and dying men and horses, with broken guns and abandoned cartridge boxes, knapsacks and blankets &c, &c.

Thus ended the decisive battle of the 27th, which broke the right wing of the enemy and consequently causes his whole vast line to give way.

Dearly did the Texas Brigade sustain the reputation of the State. And of them the 4th Texas has won immortal honor. To it is





accorded, by the official reports of our Generals, the high honor of being the first troops in the battle of Gaines' Mill to break the lines of McClellan's chosen host. I saw men leap over the bodies of the commanders and officers and rush head-long to the enemy.

Texas need not feel ashamed of the deeds of her sons in the Virginia army; Friday's fight has bound the brows of the gallant State with unfading laurels.

I am yours, &c.

[http://www.encyclopediavirginia.org/Graphic\\_Description\\_of\\_the\\_Battle\\_of\\_Gaines\\_Mill\\_1862](http://www.encyclopediavirginia.org/Graphic_Description_of_the_Battle_of_Gaines_Mill_1862)

Decimus et Ultimus Barziza details the actions of the 4th Texas Infantry at the Battle of Gaines' Mill on June 27, 1862. The Battle of Gaines's Mill, fought on June 27, 1862, and one of the Seven Days' Battles, was a Confederate victory and remembered by many of its participants as the most intense fight of the American Civil War (1861–1865). This letter was originally published anonymously on August 4, 1862 in the (Richmond) Daily Whig and again in The Houston Tri-Weekly on April 3, 1865.

## 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 III:

## Hard



## Times in the Confederacy

There was a secondary use to which sorghum was put, in which it met with decided favor from a select few. This was its use in the manufacture of blacking. The manuscript recipe books of that day say that "wonderful shoe blacking, as good as Mason's best," can be made of sorghum molasses, pinewood soot, neat's-foot oil, and vinegar. Yet, on the theory of the survival of the fit test, the average Confederate must have been right and the theoretic writers in the newspapers wrong about the value of sorghum; for bacon and corn bread have long since regained their wonted ascendancy in the South, and sorghum has vanished entirely from the fields where it once flourished, save, perhaps, where here and there some man and brother cultivates it yet in his little "truck patch," making "long sweetening" for the consumption of his family in as primitive a method as that in which he helped his quondam owner to make it "endurin' o' the wah."

In the hardest times of the war period, when provisions were the scarcest, the latch to the larder of every Southern housekeeper



hung out to each Southern soldier, no matter how ragged or humble. For him the best viands about the place were always prepared; and his was the high prerogative of receiving the last cup of real coffee, sweetened with the solitary remnant of sugar. With compassionate pity the women recognized the hardships in the army life of the Confederate soldier, and were always ungrudgingly ready to mitigate its severities in every possible manner. "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." was a maxim of necessity in the hard times; for there was no raiment the subject of barter or sale which was inexpensive. Sporadic instances taken at random prove the general rule. In August, 1864, a private citizen's coat and vest, made of five yards of coarse home spun cloth, cost two hundred and thirty dollars exclusive of the price paid for the making. The trimmings consisted of old cravats; and for the cutting and putting together, a country tailor charged fifty dollars. It is safe to say that the private citizen looked a veritable guy in his new suit, in spite of its heavy drain upon his pocket-book.



Bread Riot in Richmond

In January, 1865, the material for a lady's dress which before the war would have cost ten dollars could not be bought for less than five hundred. The masculine mind is unequal to the task of guessing how great a sum might have been had for bonnets "brought through the lines"; for in spite of patient self sacrifice and unfaltering devotion at the bedsides of the wounded in the hospital, or in ministering to the needs of relatives and dependents at home, the Southern women of those days are credited with as keen an interest in the fashions as women everywhere in civilized lands are apt to be in times of peace. It was natural that they should be so interested, even though that interest could in the main not reach beyond theory. Without it they often would have had a charm the less and a pang the more. Any feminine garment in the shape of cloak or bonnet or dress which chanced to come from the North was readily awarded its need of praise, and reproduced by sharp-eyed observers, so far as the scarcity of materials would admit.

But fashion's rules were necessarily much relaxed in the Southern Confederacy so far as practice went when even such articles as pins brought through the blockade sold for twelve dollars a paper, and needles for ten, with not enough of either. The superstition expressed in the couplet, See a pin, and pick it up, All the day you'll have good luck,



gained its converts by the score; more, seemingly sublime indifference to the mighty however, as can be readily imagined, for the struggle that was convulsing a continent for the sake of the pin itself, which it was a stroke their sakes. Of this dusky people it may here of happy fortune to find and seize, than of be said that, no matter what philanthropists, any other good luck that was to accompany politicians, or philosophers have said of them the finding: The broken needle of in the past or shall prophesy of them in the Confederate times did not go into the fire or future, they were true to every trust reposed out of the window, but was carefully laid in them; and with a most tremendous power aside until the red sealing wax of the for direst evil in their possession, the negroes ransacked desks and secretaries lent it a head of the South in the days of the civil war did wherewith to appear as a handsome and naught but good. If the "colored troops" of useful pin. To obtain the bare materials out the Union army "fought nobly," the slaves of of which to fashion garments for the fam the Southern plantation so bore themselves in ily and for the servants soon became a those stirring times as to merit no smaller serious question. The house-carpenter and the meed of praise, Cotton and woolen fabrics of blacksmith were called into service to this firm and substantial texture were woven, cut, end, and cotton once more became king, and fashioned into garments for whites and though of a greatly diminished sovereignty. blacks.

C a r d i n g  
combs of a  
r o u g h  
pattern were  
constructed  
for the  
purpose of  
converting  
the raw  
cotton into  
batting, and  
thence into  
rolls of  
u n i f o r m



length and size for spinning. The hum of the spindle and the clank of the loom-treadle were the martial music with which the women at home met the fierce attacks of the legions of cold and nakedness.

Spinning-wheels, reels, bobbins, looms, and all the appurtenances for the weaving of cloth were made and used at home; and the toilers in the cotton-fields and the spinners in the loom-shed worked on contentedly, with a

Plentiful crops of flax reënforced the array of wool and cotton; and many a little flax-wheel which in the days of peace has since moved North to adorn in its newly gilded and be ribboned state the boudoir of some aesthetic girl might tell pathetic tales of its former place of residence if the tongue of its tiny spindle had but speech.

The dyes of the forest wood-barks, of the sumac, of the Carolina indigo, and of the



copperas from the numerous copperas wells were utilized to color the cloth thus woven. We read in the current newspapers that "a handsome brown dye" is made by a combination of red oak-bark and blue stone in boiling water; and that "a brilliant yellow" may be obtained by pouring boiling water upon other component parts of "sassafras, swamp bay, and butterfly root." The same authorities tell us that "vivid purples, reds, and greens" were produced from a composition of coal-oil



and sorghum, tinted with the appropriate tree-bark; though of coal oil for other purposes there was all too little. If a great similarity of quality and texture existed in the homespun cloth, the enumeration of the foregoing means of dyeing clearly demonstrates that there was at least opportunity for as great diversity of color as distinguished the famous coat of Joseph; though the reader of to-day is apt to look with some suspicion on the conspicuous forwardness of the adjectives "vivid," "brilliant," and "splendid," which always accompanied these talismanic recipes.

Strong thread for sewing was evolved from the little flax-wheels. For any unusually handsome work, if by any odd chance such

work should happen to be demanded, sewing silk was procured in an emergency by raveling the fringes of old silk shawls or picking to pieces silk scraps which had survived time's touch, and carding, combing, and twisting them into fine threads. These little silken "hanks" were sometimes so prettily colored by means of the dyes that have been described, as to become in the eyes of the womankind of that generation almost as beautiful as the many shaded, dainty filosselles of

the present are to the women of to-day.

In the old Greek philosophy the limitations of desire were the boundaries of happiness. Stern necessity inculcated in the minds of the people of the South the folly of desiring much, and they learned the lesson fully; but its knowledge disproved in their case the truth of the old pagan doctrine. There were so many cares and anxieties and apprehensions treading close upon each other's pinched and starving steps that happiness could not always sit, a tranquil guest, at the poverty-smitten fireside.

For hats and caps many were the quaint devices contrived. Men's silk hats were seldom seen, save in some battered and forsaken shape and style that bespoke the

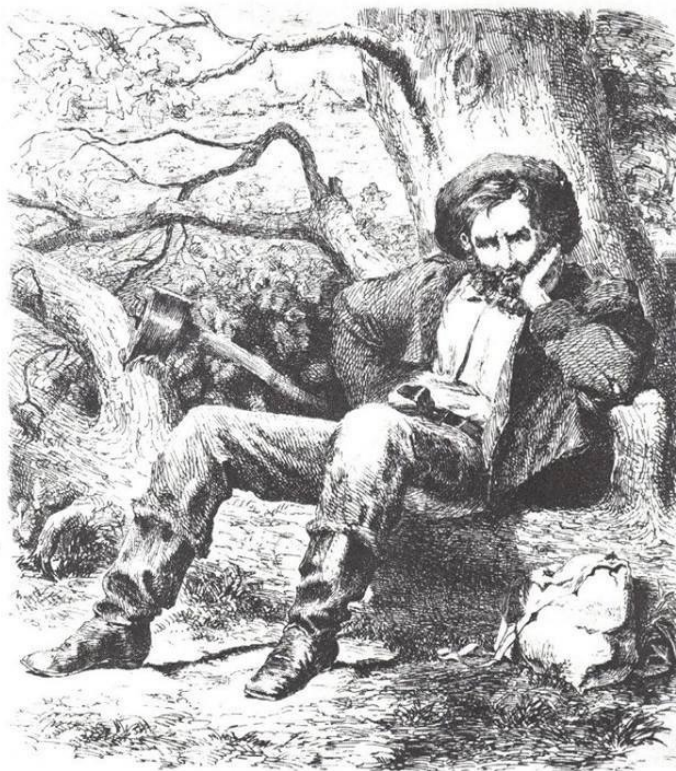


halcyon days "before the war." When in which enrolled old men and boys, took also occasional in stances they appeared trim and many of the hatters of military age who had new with the nap lying smoothly one way, been left scattered through the Southern they were generally recognized to have come States, and then winter headgear got down to from Nassau with a blockade-runner, and the bed-rock of coon and rabbit skins. For known to have cost much money. Their making summer hats the Carolina palmetto wearers, however, were not objects of envy leaf was in the greatest repute. Next in to those who saw them run the gauntlet of availability came wheat or rye straws,

the soldiers' gibes, who with rough wit and often rougher words scoffed at the wearers at Rome of apparel that self-respecting Romans had long since ceased to wear. Even the conventional slouch hat of the South, which had divided the affections of its jeunesse dorée with the voluminously skirted broadcloth coat before Fort Sumter fell, and whose popularity was easily renewed after Appomattox, and still holds

perennial sway, passed away in large measure to adorn some feminine head, perchance a with the later months of the Confederacy. faded ribbon, redyed, or a gray partridge With the growth of "substitutes" in the wing, lent it additional grace and beauty. matter of things inanimate to eat or to wear, "substitutes" decreased in the acceptance of the term as descriptive of those who for pecuniary consideration were willing to take others' places in the ranks. The military draft,

## O IN A GOOD OLD REBEL



carefully selected with a view to size and quality, and bleached in the sun. The palmetto strips or the straws were first steeped in water to render them more pliable, and then plaited together by hand and sewed into proper shape. What constituted proper shape was usually a question to be solved only by the maker, and varied from the eminently picturesque to the decidedly grotesque or uncouth. If the hat of palmetto or straw was intended

*More next month*



# SUMNER CONFEDERATE LEGIONNAIRE

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

Commander - Randy P. Lucas  
1 Lt. Commander - Gordon F. Heathman  
2 Lt. Commander - James Roger Dale  
Adjutant - Kenneth A. Corum  
Quartermaster - Richard Hamblen  
Treasurer - Kenneth A. Corum  
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Historian - G. Franklin Heathman  
Color Sergeant - Michael Bassette  
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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.

