



The Summer Confederate

LEGIONNAIRE

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

Sons of Confederate Veterans



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CONFEDERATE HISTORY MONTH

This is Confederate History Month. The month in which we, in the South, look back upon the war that devastated and impoverished the our beloved Dixie. The war that cost the South the better part of a generation of the best and the brightest. Those who perished on the battlefield were distinguished by the courage and their loyalty.

Many died, however, from disease and deprivation rather than on the field of valor, though their courage is no less in evidence. Most of those brave men volunteered, entered the service of the South ready to, as their grandfathers had, stake their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor for the cause in which they believed.



Let us not, in this month, however, simply focus on the men but also include in our thoughts the women they left behind to run the farm, to raise the children and to generally carry on the normal functions of society while the men were away in their country's service. Those left behind to fend for themselves also suffered and sacrificed for the cause of a new nation.

As we commemorate our ancestors sacrifices both on the field and on the home front, let us strive to make ourselves worthy of those sacrifices and pledge ourselves to continue to honor those sacrifices and not allow the turbulents of changing society to erase them, their courage and their honor from the pages of history. Let us pledge to

always remember.

Our next regular meeting will be held on April 9, 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.

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REMEMBER the Camp quarterly breakfast on March 28, 2015 at 10:00 a.m. at Monnell's. This is a great opportunity for fellowship and comradery in a casual atmosphere. Please plan to attend.

GENERAL WILLIAM B. BATE



The article in this Veteran by Dr. W.J. McMurray, on "The Gap of Death at Chickamauga," gives so much prominence to Gen. William B. Bate, now United States Senator from Tennessee, that a conference for approval was had with the General. He was not ready to confirm the statistics exactly, and was not certain that the Federal commanders were just as stated by the Doctor, but was of that impression. The hero was found in his usual cordial spirits and invariable readiness to speak words of praise for the men who enlisted with him, and he also gave some of his personal experiences.

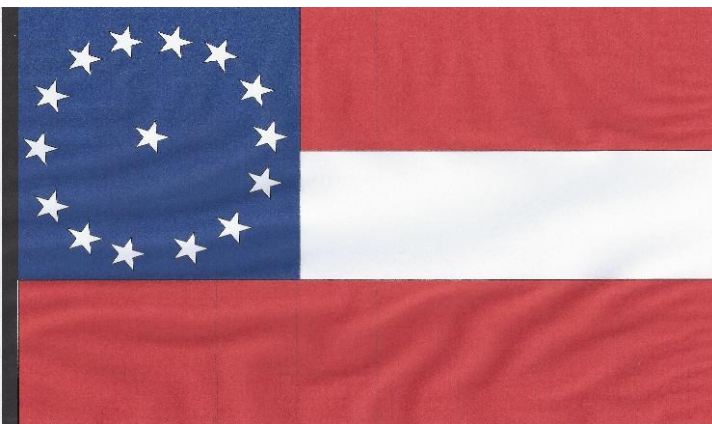
His is regiment, the Second Tennessee Infantry, which had done valiant service from the First Manassas until the time for its reorganization, in Virginia, was the first regiment in the Confederate army to volunteer for the

war. In appreciation of this, the War Department gave the entire command furloughs for forty days and the privilege of selecting the place of service which they preferred, hence their removal to Tennessee. However, Gen. A. S. Johnston had retired from Kentucky, and had fallen back to Decatur, Ala., leaving the homes of these men in possession of the enemy. Col. Bate called upon Gen. Johnston at Decatur and delivered to him his unsealed orders, also a sealed letter from Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War. He was directed by Gen. Johnston to rendezvous his men at Corinth, and a large proportion of this gallant regiment, without organization and with furloughs in their pockets, true to patriotic instincts, assembled promptly at the place designated. During this call upon Gen. Johnston he seemed very much depressed. He expressed his regret to Col. Bate at having no brigade to give him. The latter replied that he had not expected any. "But," said the General, "I am directed by Mr. Benjamin to do so."

Col. Bate rode a sorrel horse which had been given him by Sumner County friends, and which was stolen just before the battle of Shiloh. In this way he rode into that battle the celebrated race horse, "Black Hawk," a magnificent coal-black stallion, but the only saddle he could get was white, making a good target. The left of his regiment suffered much early Sunday, while close by the little church at Shiloh, and three of his kinsmen were killed. There, under a crucial test, he advanced in front of the regiment on the magnificent steed, and was shot through the leg, both bones being broken, the bullet passing through the saddle and entirely through the horse. Col. Bate grew so faint from the loss of blood that he dropped the reins and was holding to the pommel of the saddle, when the horse deliberately returned to his proper place in the rear of the regiment. Col. Bate was carried to a little cabin over a hill, and out of immediate danger. The horse followed, put his head in the door and whinnied, then turned away and soon afterward was dead. Col. Bate was carried from this cabin back to Corinth in a cart without springs, drawn by a gray mule, and over roads so badly cut up that

several servants his own favorite Jim, Chickamauga and seeing the three dead horses is corroborated by Gen. Bate, the now living near Gallatin, on a place given him by his master lifted the cart out of the ruts occasionally. Mrs. Bate was at Huntsville when she learned of her husband's misfortune, and hastened to Corinth. He was terribly wounded, hardly conscious, and the first he knew of her presence she was kneeling by his bed. In telling this he looked out of the window and there were moments of silence.

Both bones of the leg were broken by the ball, and, after repeated consultations, the surgeons decided that amputation was imperative. He objected, but his plea was unavailing, until he ordered his servant to hand him his pistols, and told the Surgeons that he intended to "protect" that leg. Later on, in the hospital at Columbus, Miss.. Dr. Paul P. Ere, well known throughout the South,



and whose home was in Nashville, was called in to persuade him to submit to amputation; but he at once decided upon change of treatment, and the leg was saved.

It was some months before Col. Bate had recovered sufficiently to enter service again and then he went on crutches. He had to use them until sometime after the war. However, he never missed a battle, except when confined with wounds, and in the various incidents of horses being killed at Chickamauga he had to be lifted each time upon another horse, being unable to mount alone.

The story told by Dr. M. Murray of Mr. Davis going over the battlefield of

Doctor's story having been corrected by the General.

Col. George T. Fry, of Chattanooga, a fluent speaker:

Mars was the god of war. Bate is Mars. I have seen him on the battle's crest leading Tennesseans to victory, to glory, and to death. He was my only commander at Chickamauga. I loved him then; I love him now. He went into battle with the wounds received at Shiloh not yet healed. On horseback he carried his sword in one hand, his crutches in the other, and the rein of his horse's bridle between his teeth. One horse after another was shot from under him, until three were killed and none other was to be presented. In this dilemma, did this proud, indomitable soul falter? No; but like the lionhearted hero he was, he hobbled on through the fight upon his crutches until he led his men to victory, leaving fifty-eight per cent of his entire command wounded or dead on the field which his valor won. He was the Murat of the army. I have always believed that had he on that day been its commander in chief, Rosecran's army would not only have been routed from the field of Chickamauga, but would to a man have been captured at Chattanooga or drowned in the Tennessee River, and thus would have changed the fortunes of war. Since laying down his sword, he has been called by his people to serve them in the highest and most responsible positions, State and national, within their gift.





Our meeting was held at 7:00 p.m. at Believers' Fellowship on March 12, 2015. Unfortunately, our speaker needed to be rescheduled for our April 9th meeting, so Gary Wadley will do his presentation at that meeting.

We had a good discussion regarding the Garfield Park Confederate POW Monument in Garfield Park, Indianapolis, Indiana and the restoration efforts for that monument. It was erected by the U.S. government to honor the 1,616 Confederate POWs who died while imprisoned at Camp Morton in Indianapolis. There are at least three Sumner Countians who died at Camp Morton and are now interred at Crown Hill Cemetery in Indianapolis in a mass grave there known as Confederate Mound. Both Commander Lucas and his wife, Donna, are members of the Board of Directors of an Indiana not-for-profit corporation dedicated to raising money to fund the restoration of the monument. All funds donated are tax deductible and every penny will be used to restore the monument with any additional funds held in perpetual trust for future preservation of the monument.

The Camp voted to make a \$100 contribution to this restoration project. Anyone else wanting to make a contribution can do so at www.indyparksfoundation.org and click on "Donate." Make sure you put in

the blank for "Purpose of Donation:" Garfield Park Confederate POW Monument so that it can be properly credited to the monument. If you wish to mail a check to donate you may do so to: Indianapolis Parks Foundation, 615 North Alabama Street, Suite 119, Indianapolis, Indiana 46204.. On the memo line, please make sure it says Garfield Park Confederate POW Monument so that it can be properly credited to the monument.

Compatriot Roger Dale mentioned he had gone to a Concert in Nashville of a group named Granville Automatic. He talked to these ladies who write and play War Between the States and other historically themed music. They would be willing to come to Gallatin to give a concert at reasonable cost and that a portion of any proceeds would go to the Civil War Trust. This would be held on a Monday evening at Swaney-Swift on North Water in July. It was voted that the Camp put Roger in charge of setting up this event. As plans progress, more information will be provided here and we will be doing additional promotion as the sponsor of this event.



UNCLE JIM BATE.

Chas. B. Rogan, of Gallatin, Tenn., pays tribute to "a faithful old servant gone to rest:"

"Uncle Jim" Bate, a colored man who lived and died in Sumner County, had quite a history. He was brought from Huntsville, Ala., to Sumner County before the war by Gen. Bate, being a part of the inheritance of Mrs Bate from her grandfather, Benjamin Pope. "Uncle Jim" was devoted to the family to which he belonged. He was an accomplished cook and house-servant, and was serving the family as such when the war began. He accompanied Gen. Bate to the army and remained with him as a faithful servant during the entire war. He nursed the General, while wounded, with a constancy and devotion characterized by the deepest sympathy.

"Uncle Jim" came from the Confederate Army in 1863 to his home in this neighborhood, then in the Federal lines, and took South with him, at their own request, his family and other servants, fifteen or twenty in all, belonging to Gen. Bate. They were furnished homes and cared for in the South by their owner, and at the close of the war they were brought to their old home or wherever they desired to locate. Some of them are still with the family. "Uncle Jim," wishing to live in Gallatin, was provided with a comfortable home where he had his every want supplied by his former owner and members of the family, until he died recently nearly eighty years old. The "boys" who knew him during the war were fond of him. He often prepared diet for those who were sick in camp. The battle did not demoralize him, and it was his boast never to have lost

anything that was under his care on a retreat. When the Confederate lines were broken and overrun at Nashville, in December, 1864, the division headquarters' wagon, in which were the army papers of Gen. Bate and camp equipage of the mess, was under a heavy fire and likely to be captured. The white driver jumped off the saddle mule and ran away, leaving the wagon. Jim abused him for cowardice and, mounting the mule, drove the wagon from under fire, thus saving it and the papers of the division. After the war Jim was kindly remembered and treated, especially by those who knew him in the army.

The white family to which he had belonged and the ex-Confederates who knew him followed "Uncle Jim's" remains to the grave. It was an object lesson to those who fought on the other side, and to Northern philosophers. He now sleeps under the shade of a beautiful oak in the Gallatin Cemetery. Peace to the ashes and honor to the name of "Uncle Jim" Bate!

Confederate Veteran, 1896.

COL. J. J. TURNER

Col. J. J. Turner died Wednesday, December 5, at his home on North Water Street. Gallatin, Tenn. He had been confined to his room for the past two months, but for several days preceding the end his condition was thought to be improved, and his death, which was due to heart failure, was unexpected, and a shock to his family and friends.

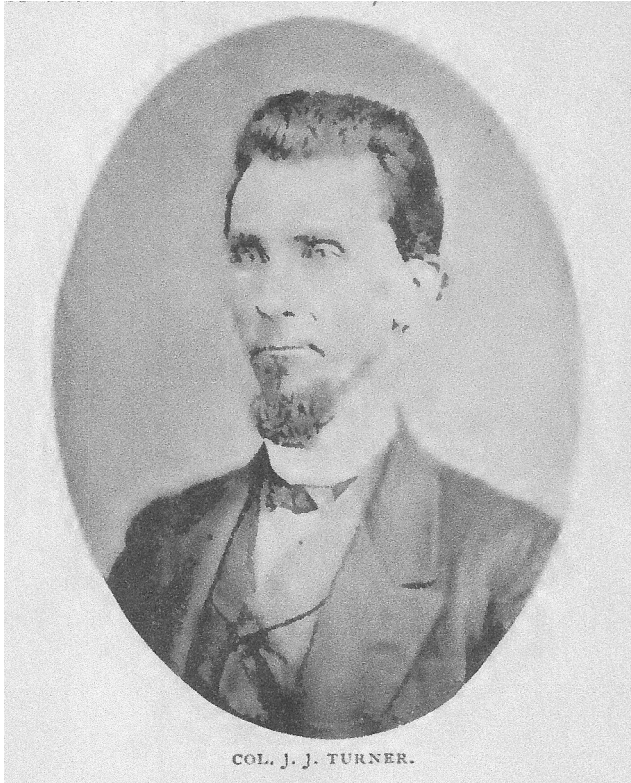
The deceased was born in Sumner

County, June 28, 1830. and was educated at Franklin College, near Nashville. Tenn. He afterwards graduated in the Law Department of Cumberland University, Lebanon, and began the practice of his profession at Springfield. Several years afterwards he removed to Gallatin, forming a partnership with Col. John W. Head. He at once took a prominent place at the bar, and was considered one of the best and most successful lawyers of the State, being engaged in some of the largest lawsuits that have occurred in Tennessee.

At the beginning of the civil war Col. Turner entered the Confederate army as a major in the Thirtieth Tennessee Regiment, mustering out at the close as lieutenant colonel. During the four years' conflict he made an enviable record as a brave, gallant soldier, being engaged in many memorable battles, including Fort Donelson, Chickamauga, Vicksburg, and Jackson, Miss. He was several times wounded in battle, one shot through the lungs having menaced his health the balance of his life. Col. Turner represented Sumner County in the Legislature of 1858, and was also a member of the constitutional convention of 1870, in which he took a prominent part. He was married in 1854 to Miss Adeline Harper, who died several years ago. She was a descendant of Gen. William Russell, of Revolutionary fame. He is

survived by three children, Robert H. Turner, Mrs. Adeline Cherry, and Clarabel Turner.

The deceased was a man of wide information and good education, being a constant reader of the best literature. He was an affectionate and indulgent father and husband. The above facts were gathered from the Gallatin Examiner.



Col. D. C. Kelley, of Forrest's Cavalry, now Lieut. Gen. Forrest's Cavalry Corps, writes from personal knowledge certain facts connected with Col. Turner's part in the battle of Fort Donelson: It was probably as late as 3 p.m., on the day of that fateful battle that Gen. A. J. Smith, commanding a fresh brigade of Federal soldiers, moved to attack on the Confederate right flank. The position and the hour were alike

critical in the extreme; the position sought to be obtained was a high point, which, if secured, would have enabled the Federal General to command Fort Donelson, and at the same time to enfilade the whole Confederate line. The ascent by Smith's men was very difficult; they, however, were fresh troops under the command of one of the most accomplished as well as the most daring officers in Grant's army. For six hours the battle had been waged with terrible carnage. On the Confederate left, as one after another Federal line had been driven from the field, fresh troops had been hurried to take their



place, until in large numbers the Confederate forces had been drawn from our right to reenforce our left and center.

The Thirtieth Tennessee was left alone to guard our right flank where as yet no attack had been made; the Colonel commanding the Thirtieth and two companies had been detached, moving toward our center. Col. Turner had only four hundred men with whom to meet Smith's advance.

Writers on the Federal side have woven many laurels for Gen. Smith's brow in eulogy

of his magnificent advance, while our historians have, so far as is known to the writer, failed to tell, that before Smith's line reached the summit of the ridge they were so gallantly climbing they

found a lion in their path—Turner and his four hundred for a desperate hour holding Smith at bay, so that he never gained the summit of the ridge. About 4 p.m. Turner was reenforced, and the firing ceased with Smith baffled and the indomitable Turner commanding the victorious Confederates on our right. This action types Col. Turner throughout the war.

The probabilities are that Col. Turner died a comparatively poor man, though he had appeared in almost very important lawsuit on one side or the other in three adjoining counties. A man who knew him

well said to me : "The widows and orphans will miss him," adding, "Turner's trouble was that he did not stop to consider which side the large fee was on, and too often became not only attorney but surety as well for those whose helplessness appealed to his sympathy;" thus again illustrating the aphorism, "The bravest are the tenderest."

The writer is prepared to testify to the fact that on a campaign involving a great moral issue he found Col. Turner efficiently at his side throwing to the winds all questions

of mere political preferment as he gave time and voice to the prohibition of the liquor traffic, exhibiting a moral bravery,

which was a noble sequel to his heroic courage as a Confederate soldier. Some years before his death he became a member of the Methodist Church in Gallatin.

Ex-Gov. James D. Porter furnishes the following:

After the field of Missionary Ridge had been lost, and every general officer had left it, Col. Turner assumed command of Tyler's Brigade (Col. Tyler had been dangerously wounded), composed of the Thirty-Seventh Georgia, the Tenth, Fifteenth, Thirty-Seventh, and Twentieth Tennessee Regiments, the First Tennessee Battalion, the



30th Tennessee First National



Thirtieth Tennessee, and Cobb's Battalion of Artillery. Turner had been directed by his Division General to retire and follow on to the pontoon bridge, but the gallant Colonel decided to arrest the Federal advance. He fought Sheridan's entire division, and held it in check for two hours. It was the most gallant action of the campaign. Promotion was won by Turner, if he did not receive it.

After the fall of Col. McGavock, at Raymond, Miss., Col. Turner commanded the Tenth and Thirtieth Tennessee Regiments consolidated of Gregg's Brigade. This small brigade fought Logan's and Crocker's Divisions, and before the engagement closed it was assailed by McPherson's Seventh Army Corps. Col. Turner, with three hundred men, attacked the Third Missouri, eight hundred strong, and drove them in great disorder from the field. The Colonel commanding reported that he was assailed by three field regiments. On other parts of this famous field Turner was conspicuous and won the commendation of Gen. Gregg.

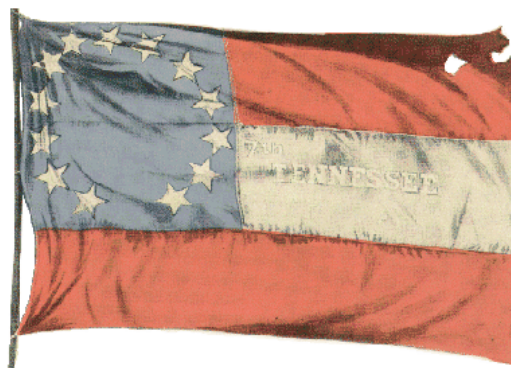
At Jonesboro Col. Turner was most conspicuous. His command was hurled against the intrenched position of the enemy, protected by an impassable abatis, well-served artillery, and two lines of infantry. He lost one-third of his command in a few minutes. He was twice wounded, and his gallant brother, Capt. J. H. Turner, of the Thirtieth Tennessee, received four mortal wounds. He held his position until ordered to retire.

Confederate Veteran, 1902.



CAPTAIN JOHN D. FRY

Capt. John D. Fry. Company C. Seventh Tennessee Infantry, who died a few years since at his home in South Boston, Va., was originally first lieutenant of that company and regiment, On the death of Capt. Baber he was promoted captain without a dissenting vote, and upon reorganization he was again elected without opposition.



He commanded the old Company C under Stonewall with great credit until fearfully wounded, whereby he was disabled from active duty. He was afterwards assigned to duty in the post office department at Richmond, Va. After the war he returned to Gallatin, Tenn., for a while. However, during the war his heart had been captured by a bright and beautiful Virginia girl, and after his marriage he resided in Virginia.

Capt. Fry was one of nature's noblemen: modest. but brave, self-possessed under most trying circumstances, even in the heat of battle. He was polished in manners and thoroughly honest. One of his comrades, Capt. H. writes of his son, John D. Fry, Jr., and daughter, Miss Mamie Fry. who reside at the old home in South Boston,



as worthy descendants of their noble father. The latter especially won his regard by her warm-hearted hospitality on a recent visit to her home.

Confederate Veteran, 1898.

The Origin of Clark Chapter, U.D.C.'s Name

Clark Chapter No. 13, U. D. C. was organized at Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., October 29, 1895, with a charter membership of sixteen. In casting about for a chapter title the names of many Southern heroes crowded upon our memories, but we naturally turned to that of a family which, within the borders of our own county, furnished four brave soldiers to the Confederate cause.

The Clark brothers were born and reared in this county, at the old Clark residence on Station Camp Creek, and descended from a highly respected family. At the first trumpet blast of war they sprang to arms. Reuben Douglas Clark, the eldest, was born January 28, 1834, and first enlisted in Baker's Company (C), Hatton's Seventh Tennessee Infantry. He served as ordnance master under Gen. D. S. Donelson, and later as adjutant general under Gen. Tyree H. Bell. He received a wound at Murfreesboro, from the effects of which he soon died.

Charles Clark, the second son and only survivor of the four, was born May 8, 1835, and enlisted in Capt. Webber's Company, Morgan's Regiment. He served with distinction throughout the war, surrendering at Gainesville, Ala., in May, 1865.

The third son, David Fulton Clark, was born July 16, 1842. When the war broke out

he was teaching school in Panola County, Miss., where he enlisted, and was continually in the service until killed at Raymond, Miss., May 12, 1863.

Edward Green Clark, born April 28, 1844, enlisted with his oldest brother in Capt. James Baber's Company (C), Hatton's Seventh Tennessee Infantry, and was continually in the service, never losing a day or an engagement until killed at the second battle of Manassas.

This is the record of the men whose memory we cherish and whose names we delight to honor.

The membership of Clark Chapter has grown since its organization from sixteen to forty-two, and we hope to double this number within the next year. As daughters of Confederate soldiers, the object of our organization is to labor for survivors in need and to secure a true and impartial history of the war and the causes that brought it on. Clark Chapter has contributed to the Tennessee Soldiers' Home over \$200 in money, and, by the assistance of friends, has given to the same about one hundred head of live stock. Besides, it has recently refurnished the Sumner County room in this home.

Let every Confederate daughter in the Union attach herself to our national organization with a determination to do her duty as we have tried to do ours, and no poor Confederate soldier need ever suffer for comforts in his declining years.

Confederate Veteran, 1898.



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2 Lt. Commander – John de Leusomme
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Treasurer – Kenneth A. Corum
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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.

