



The Summer Confederate

LEGIONNAIRE

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

Sons of Confederate Veterans



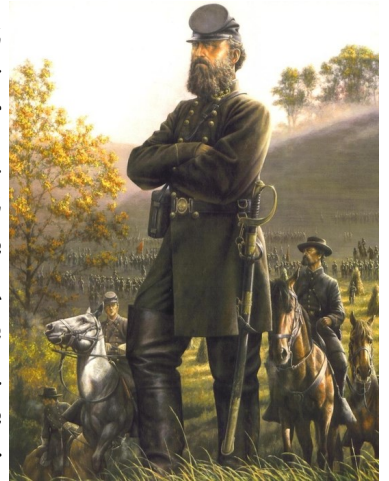
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January 2016

Honoring Generals Lee and Jackson



January is the representing the best month in which we of us. We all know honor the Commander that in these times of of the Army of denigration and Northern Virginia and attacks on all things ultimately all associated with the Confederate forces, S o u t h e r n Robert E. Lee. He is Confederacy, these honored this month two great men and together with his their legacies have greatest subordinate, also come under Thomas "Stonewall" attack. Many states



Jackson.

These men are honored both for their military prowess, crowned by episodes of genius, but also for their character. Generals Lee and Jackson are the embodiment of Southern Christian gentlemen and worthy of emulation by all throughout the South as

have ceased their observance of the Lee-Jackson holiday, let us not forget these great men and all for which they stood.

Let us let these great men be our guides. None were more courageous, more noble nor more Christian than these great men.



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?



MARKSMANSHIP IN THE ARMY.

B. L. Ridlely, Murfreesboro, Tenn., writes:

I want to ask old veterans about the best shots they saw or heard in our great war. Let sharpshooters, musketeers, cannoneers, all tell of some of the shots worth reading about. Shots that now and then turned the tide of battle perhaps. It is stated that the Texas Rangers could knock out an eye from on or under his horse. Quantrell's men, they say, could cut a ribbon or strike a keyhole on a dead run. They used to entertain themselves shooting at doorknobs on entering a hamlet or town.

Champ Ferguson's Company of Confederate Bushwhackers could place a ball at any given point, and his antagonists, Tinker Dave Beatty's Company, were cracksmen of the mountains equally good. How was it with the old squirrel hunters of the armies?

Bogardus is said to be the crack shot of to-day at close distance in civil life, but I want the Veteran to have in its pages, for the future historian, some examples of the marksmanship of soldiers in action, who had no improved weapons, but who learned to use an old musket with the skill of a "Wild Bill," and the unerring aim of a Boone.

Instances speak more forcibly of the perfection attained in this art than anything else. Here is one related of Porter's Battery at Fort Donelson: A sharpshooter, about three fourths of a mile off on the Federal side, had climbed midway a large tree and was picking off Porter's gunners. A six pounder was aimed at him and he fell to the ground dead. At Belmont, Maj. Stewart (afterwards Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart), who commanded the forts and water batteries, directed the famous gun, known on the Southern side as "The Lady Polk," at a column headed by a horseman, who afterwards turned out to be General Grant. These shots turned the tide of that battle, and caused the Federals to retreat to their gunboats.

At Rocky Face Ridge, near Dalton, John King of the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, raised his telescope to his Whitworth, and dismounted an officer commanding a skirmish line a mile away. Generals Johnston and Stewart estimated the distance for him and saw the shot. It is said that Captain Anderson, of Quantrell's men, would, in a charge, take his bridle reins in his mouth and use his pistols in both hands, to perfection. They claim for him such coolness under fire that he could strike any button on a man's coat that he wanted to. At Adairsville, two Yanks behind a tree got one of our skirmishers in a similar position. When his body by his movements would appear out from the center, they'd fire and shoot his coat sides, until that garment was in shreds. Notwithstanding this, that old soldier watched his chance, and finally, in an unguarded moment killed both, and coolly said: "Now, I reckon You'll quit your foolishness."

At Resaca, Brown's Brigade displayed fine marksmanship over a disputed battery that both sides were trying to hold, but neither could get away. The Federals would raise a hat from behind their breastworks on a stick, and the Brigade would shoot it into atoms. On the march to Tennessee, a herd of frightened deer rushed through French's Division; several were killed while at full tilt, on the jump and run, although the Division was in panic with "Buck

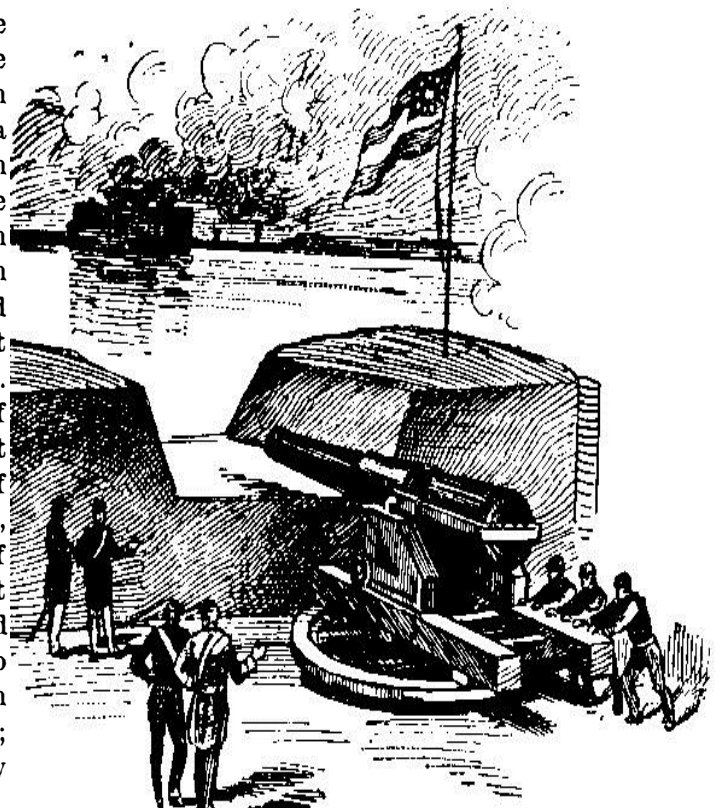
Ague." Some of John Morgan's boys could get a bird on the wing with pistols, and this was not uncommon with the Arkansas, Missouri and Texas soldiers.

In the First Tennessee Regiment at Shelbyville, in 1863, a target in the shape of a man was put up at 800 yards, and a medal was offered for the best five shots; Wm. Beasley, of Ledbetter's Company, put three shots out of the five in the target, any one of which would have proved fatal. He not only got the medal, but was detailed as one of the five in his division to sharpshoot with a Whitworth. One of Ward's pickets, in John Morgan's Cavalry, near Monticello, Ky., one dark drizzly night heard an awful rustling in the leaves near him; he was in Tinker Dave Beatty's beat, and this sound raised the hair on his head. He hallooed out, "Who comes there?" There being no answer, he fired and fled. The next morning it was found that at this shot he had fired at the sound had pierced a hog through the heart, killing him "too dead to squeal." At New Hope Church, a Texas Brigade (Granbury's) rushed for a hill on our flank; they poured one volley into a Federal Brigade, which had just reached the crest, and their unerring aim left seven hundred and seventy bodies on the field.

The secret of marksmanship is not in the practice alone, but in the perception and education as to distance. At Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain we found that we invariably overshot the enemy from high eminences, and that they in the valley overshot us. It takes judgment from position and experience as to the inflection and deflection of a ball from the force that propels it to perfect one in this science. One day near Kennesaw Mountain, the writer witnessed three Federal Batteries playing on one of ours, endeavoring to silence it. They shot down the horses, cut down the wheels of caissons and carriages, and were so expert in marksmanship that every gun but one was dismantled. The killing of Gen. Polk at Pine Mountain was an exhibition of marksmanship on the part of the Federals. At Stevenson, Ala., Gen. Forrest sighted a man on top of a stockade, half a mile off; he seemed to be so defiant, 'tis said that Forrest dismantled, got hold of one of Morton's pieces of artillery and took aim; he cut that man half in two. At Shiloh, the Twenty-third Tennessee, in resisting a charge, poured a volley into the enemy. At this time there was a Major on horseback in hot pursuit, some distance ahead; although the whole of Captain J. A. Ridley's Company

fired on him, yet one of the soldiers of said Company alone claimed to have killed him. The Company challenged his right. The soldier said: "If you find that the ball entered under the right arm pit, he's mine; if not, I'll give it up." On investigation, the shot was found there. Abbe Hill, also a sharpshooter from the Twentieth Tennessee, made a fine shot at Decatur, Ala., in cutting a soldier down as he walked across a road 800 yards away. Also, Green, of Florida, from behind the same log killed a man 1,200 yards off. In the estimate, he had to consider the speed of his walk as well as distance.

At Ringgold Gap, the well directed shots of Cleburne's Division beat back and mowed down Sherman's Army and saved the Army of Tennessee. That was General Pat Cleburne's great right, the Major General who was afterwards killed at Franklin, and who died the "death of honor in the arms of glory." At Bainbridge, the gunboats made a desperate attempt to strike Hood's pontoons and impede the crossing of the Army of Tennessee. Our land batteries knocked those gunboats into smithereens. During the siege of Vicksburg, one of the Yankee Signal Corps planted himself on a high stack chimney, and was signaling with his flag. Sam Rayburne, of Montserrat's Battery, got permission from the Captain to direct one shot at him, the distance being estimated at one mile. At the





Compatriots, in December we had our quarterly breakfast at Mable's Restaurant on South Water on the 5th. It was a great opportunity for fellowship and was nice to sit around a table over breakfast and discuss ancestors and events of the day. We had voted to do these breakfasts quarterly and I want to encourage all of you to be present at our next one.

On the 11th we had our Christmas banquet at the Hancock House. We had appetizers and wine for an hour of fellowship before dinner and as always Roberta and Carl treated us graciously and served us with a great dinner. It is always good for us to get together with our significant others for an evening of gracious dining.

At our January meeting on the 14th, we will be deciding on our 2016 calendar of events so please be thinking about events you would like to see the Camp participate in 2016. I want to increase our public profile in the coming year. We need to show folks we are here and that we stand steadfastly for the

honor and reputations of our ancestors.

We also have Camp elections coming up next November. I have decided that I would like to stand again for one more term as your Commander. I feel I still have more to offer the Camp and want to see through on events that I hope will become ongoing traditions for the Camp.

We do need to do some work at Confederate Circle. We need to break up the old concrete around the southern pole that contained the National flag rotation, purchase a new pole and install it in concrete in such a way that the groundskeepers at the cemetery cannot take it down again inadvertently. This time they hit the concrete hard enough to bend the pole and in trying to straighten it, it broke off. Also, the redbud tree which I planted needs to be staked as it has been adversely affected by high winds. So I hope that on a mild day in January or February we can have a work day. If four or five of us could get together, we could knock out the needed work in a couple hours. We'll discuss this on the 14th.

Donna's mother passed away just before Christmas and I would ask that you keep her and her family in your prayers.

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
 REQUIRED
 TNSCV.ORG

1800MYSOUTH

crack of his Napoleon, the ball knocked the chimney off eight or ten feet, and down came the Yank, brickbats and all.

Nor was our Naval Department behind. It is said in the engagement between the Confederate steamer Alabama and the Federal steamer Kearsarge that Admiral Semmes directed a shell to be placed in the most vulnerable place in the Kearsarge. It turned out afterwards that his gunner had done as directed, and if the shell had exploded, the Alabama would have added another star to her already brilliant crown of victory. The little Battering Ram Arkansas was the grandest achievement in the way of a gunboat that the world has ever witnessed, absolutely baffling an organized fleet. Neither Decatur in his feat of burning the Philadelphia on Tripolitan shores, in 1804, nor Capt. Richard Somers in his dare-devil attempts to blow up the Tripolitan fleet, was more daring than Capt. Isaac Newton Brown, Commander of the Ram Arkansas, in his drive out of the mouth of the Yazoo, thirty miles to Vicksburg, to destroy Uncle

Sam's Navy.

In a number of the VETERAN, an article from some one states how effective the sharpshooters were in Lee's Army; but instances attract an old soldier, and a comparison between the old dead shots of the armies and the pretended headlights of to-day in that line, is the most interesting. Veritable facts during the war almost equal Munchausen's myths.

At Harrisburg, Mississippi, just after the battle Morton's Battery sighted a Yankee one and a quarter miles off, ascending a ladder from the roadside. Capt. Morton directed a gunner to pick him off. At the crack of the gun, the ladder and the fellow came down. It was discovered afterwards that he was prowling around a widow's corn crib. At Paris landing, before Johnsonville was destroyed—a gunboat approaching, two guns of this same battery open fire. The boat in motion—guns changing position. Boat over shooting and the guns striking in the broadside all the time until she handed in her checks.

(Continued from page 5)

At Nashville, Gen. Hood, Stephen D. Lee and a group of general officers were on Ridley Hill, two miles south of Fort Negley. A citizen warned us that they would attract a fire from Negley. By the time they moved down the hill a shell exploded on the spot that they had left. At Athens, after Campbell surrendered the fort of 1,800 men to Forrest bluff game), a Dutchman commanding a block house filled full of negro soldiers refused to surrender to Morton's Battery. The first shot struck a port-hole, killing a number. The second shot did likewise—the third brought out the Dutchman with the white Hag.

[An article from Lee's Army in February.—Ed.]

Confederate Veteran, 1895



THE BURIAL OF LATANE

BURIAL RITUAL FOR VETERANS.

Comrades generally in Tennessee are so well pleased with the Ritual in use by them that it is submitted in the faith that Veterans in other States may be pleased to adopt it in whole or in part. Changes were proposed at the last meeting of the Frank Cheatham Bivouac, because of the discomfort in using it at the grave in bitter winter weather. The change suggested that the principal part of this service by comrades be performed at the residence or in the church where the regular funeral is attended.

At the hour and place appointed, the Bivouac (or

Camp) of which the deceased was a member will meet. The President will appoint pall bearers, marshal and assistant, if necessary. All members to be supplied with a badge of crape and sprig of evergreen, to be worn with badge of the Association. The Bivouac (or Camp) will pass in procession from the place of meeting to the place whence the deceased is to be taken for interment.

The order of procession to be as follows:

- 1st. The Marshal with black scarf and a baton with black crape and ribbon on each end, inches wide, of color (blue, red or yellow) representing that branch of service to which the comrade belonged.
- 2nd. The Sergeant-at-Arms, with sword draped as baton of marshal.
- 3rd. Members in double rank.
- 4th. Recording and Corresponding Secretaries.
- 5th. Financial Secretary and Treasurer.
- 6th. Chaplain and Surgeon.
- 7th. Second and Third Vice Presidents.
- 8th. President and First Vice President.

On arriving at the house the President will place the badge of deceased on coffin. The procession, in above named order, will precede the corpse to the place of burial. On arriving there, the members will open ranks, stand uncovered, with hat in left hand, and with right hand raised as if making a military salute, while the cortege will pass between the two lines, after which the members will reform in reverse order. The President and Vice President, leading, passing through to the front, others following to the grave, open ranks and passing round both right and left. After the performance of such religious services as desired by friends of deceased, and before final closing of grave, the members will silently approach as near the grave as convenient, the President at the head, the Chaplain at the foot, all uncovered, hat in left hand, when the President will read the following address :

Comrades: We are here to-day to pay the last tribute of friendship in the presence of the honored dead.

Response by Comrades: Our honored dead. We are to commit to the grave the body of a comrade whose life—aside from its other ties of friendship and sociability—was drawn very close to our lives by a bond of love which was formed amidst common perils and hardships, and welded in the fires of battle.



The 1616

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

Confederate Veteran.

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- Oliver, J., Co. D, 29th North Carolina.
 Oliver, T. J., Co. H, 1st Tennessee.
 Orabaugh, Gideon A., Co. F, Virginia.
 Orabaugh, Samuel, Co. A, 45th Virginia.
 Osborne, A. A., Co. E, 53d Tennessee.
 Outlaw, David, Co. D, 3d Alabama Cavalry.
 Overstreet, John, Co. C, 7th Mississippi.
 Owen, W. M., Co. G, 10th Georgia Cavalry.
 Owens, A. R., Co. H, 2d Georgia Cavalry.
 Owens, James F., Co. B, 4th Mississippi.
 Owens, John J., Co. E, 1st South Carolina.
 Owens, R. B., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.
 Owens, R. N., Co. M, 7th Alabama Cavalry.
 Owens, W. E., Co. A, 15th Tennessee.
 Ozan, Alfred, Co. A, Louisiana Zouaves.
- Face, W. S., Co. F, 51st Alabama.
 Pamplin, Elijah, Co. D, 53d Tennessee.
 Parish, W. C., Sergt., Co. —, Frost's Arkansas.
 Park, Andrew J., Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
 Park, Jerome, Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
 Park, T. J. L., Co. H, 41st Tennessee.
 Parker, A. B., Co. F, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Parker, J. T., Co. D, 62d North Carolina.
 Parker, W. A., Co. —, Kentucky.
 Parkerson, G. T., Corp., Co. A, 4th Arkansas Battalion.
 Parrish, D. F., Co. G, Palmetto S. S., South Carolina.
 Parrott, Henry, Co. E, Young's Missouri Battalion.
 Parsons, W. H., Co. D, 58th North Carolina.
 Partin, John L., Co. A, 32d Tennessee.
 Patterson, B. E., Co. B, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Patterson, B. F., Co. B, 26th Tennessee.
 Patterson, Jackson, Co. C, 32d Tennessee.
 Patterson, William, Co. H, 2d Alabama Cavalry.
 Patterson, Y. M., Co. H, 1st Mississippi.
 Payne, Ira, Co. F, 5th Georgia.
 Pearce, G. W., Co. I, 1st (Olmstead's) Georgia.
 Pearce, J. M., Co. H, 4th Georgia Cavalry.
 Pearce, W. W., Corp., Co. K, 1st Texas Legion.
 Pearce, William H., Co. K, 56th Virginia.
 Pearson, S. D., Co. —, Nelson's Georgia Cavalry.
 Peasy, B. C., Co. A, Davis's Virginia Cavalry.
 Pecl, William, Co. K, 23d Mississippi.
 Pegg, William, Co. G, 60th North Carolina.
 Pepper, Jesse, Co. I, 4th Mississippi.
 Perkins, Benjamin, Co. E, 56th Virginia.
 Perry, J. H. W., Co. K, 26th Alabama.
 Pettit, B. P., Co. G, 26th Mississippi.
 Petts, Hosea, Co. B, 45th Virginia Battalion.
 Petty, F. M., Co. I, 11th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Petty, George R., Co. A, 1st Tennessee Battalion.
 Petty, Jasper N., Co. H, 37th (Shaler's) Arkansas.
 Phelps, Ephraim, Co. A, 41st Tennessee.
 Phillips, David B., Co. C, 32d Tennessee.
 Phillips, E. H., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.
 Phillips, J. F., Co. A, 63d Georgia.
 Phillips, John, Corp., Co. L, Kentucky Cavalry.
 Phillips, Nathan, Co. N, 58th North Carolina.
 Phillips, R. J., Co. E, 4th Louisiana Battalion.
 Philpot, J. A., Co. F, 41st Tennessee.
 Picken, John C., Co. —, Forrest's Alabama.
 Pickens, J. P., Co. E, 26th Mississippi.
 Pierce, Joseph, Co. I, 58th North Carolina.
 Piercy, Charles, Co. G, 23d Arkansas.
- Pierson, James, Co. A, 3d Mississippi.
 Pinkston, John, Co. K, 26th Mississippi.
 Pirkle, L. F., Co. H, 7th Alabama Cavalry.
 Pirtle, J. H., First Lieut., Co. D, 2d Ark. Mounted Rifles.
 Plank, James M., Co. I, Mississippi Cavalry.
 Plyer, J., Co. A, 9th Alabama.
 Poe, James R., Co. A, 9th Alabama Cavalry.
 Pollard, Joseph, Co. D, 18th Virginia Cavalry.
 Pollock, John H., Co. D, 18th Tennessee.
 Ponder, Levi C., Co. I, 61st Alabama.
 Poor, James M., Co. E, 37th Tennessee.
 Porter, Andrew J., Co. K, 5th Tennessee.
 Porter, C. C., Co. G, Dobbin's Arkansas.
 Porter, William H., Co. A, 8th Missouri.
 Posey, John, Co. I, 37th Mississippi.
 Poston, Archibald, Co. —, Bell's Arkansas.
 Potts, Elza, Co. A, 20th Georgia.
 Pound, C. C., Co. —, 10th Missouri.
 Powell, Daniel, Co. H, 46th Georgia.
 Powers, John, Co. E, 16th Louisiana.
 Prewitt, J. S., Co. A, 31st Alabama.
 Price, S. W., Co. B, 27th Battalion Virginia Cavalry.
 Price, William, Co. —, Forrest's Kentucky Cavalry.
 Pridgen, J. T., Co. E, 19th Alabama.
 Pritchard, J. P., Co. K, 12th Kentucky Cavalry.
 Province, S. L., Co. H, 1st Mississippi.
 Pryton, H., Co. D, 9th Tennessee.
 Purser, J. W., Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
 Putman, Isaac, Co. C, 4th Mississippi.
- Quill, J. N., Co. F, 46th Texas.
- Ragsdale, John, Co. A, 8th Missouri.
 Rahn, E. W., Sergt., Co. G, 1st (Olmstead's) Georgia.
 Rainey, J. C., Co. I, 13th Tennessee.
 Rainey, Robert, Co. H, McGehee's Arkansas.
 Raler, R. V., Co. G, 10th Tennessee.
 Rand, P. C., Co. —, Seaman, Navy.
 Randolph, William, Co. G, 26th Mississippi.
 Rankin, David, Co. H, 5th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Raver, Isaac M. M., Co. B, 30th Alabama.
 Ray, General, Co. G, 41st Tennessee.
 Ray, J. P. M., Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
 Ray, Porter T., Co. K, 4th Mississippi.
 Raynor, J. B., Co. G, 3d Alabama.
 Read, J. L., Co. D, 25th Louisiana.
 Read, Noe F., Lieut., Co. —, 6th Tennessee.
 Rearden, Thomas, Co. —, Confederate.
 Redd, D. F., Co. D, Newman's Alabama Cavalry.
 Redding, J. D., Co. F, 29th Georgia.
 Redsleeve, J. G., Co. C, Thomas's North Carolina Legion.
 Reece, W. H., Co. C, 51st Alabama, P. R.
 Reed, John, Co. A, 4th Tennessee Cavalry.
 Reed, P. A., Co. A, 4th Mississippi.
 Reed, Thomas, Co. E, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery.
 Reed, W. M. B., Co. E, 51st Alabama.
 Reese, G., Co. B, 3d Georgia.
 Reeves, H. D., Co. E, 30th Louisiana.
 Regan, F. S., Co. A, 1st Louisiana Battalion.
 Remington, Moses L., Co. K, 4th Kentucky.
 Repass, Henry L., Co. B, 45th Virginia.
 Reynolds, George, Co. F, 27th Virginia.
 Rhineheart, William, Co. C, 62d North Carolina.

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

Response: The fires of battle. Not in the pomp and circumstance of war, not with musket shot and roll of drum, do we bury our comrade. The roar of the cannon and the din of the conflict are hushed, and in this time of solemn peace we lay the citizen-soldier in his last resting place—an honorable grave.

Response : An honorable grave. He was a veteran Confederate soldier, true and tried. Freely and cheerfully he risked his life in defense of his home and his people; bravely and grandly he bore himself amidst all the dangers and privations of an unequal contest. He answered to the last roll call that summoned him to duty as a soldier, and when he yielded to the arbitrament of war, it was not as a conquered slave, but as a hero -one of the gallant spirits who have immortalized the Southern Arms. He fought a good fight, and has left a record of which we, his surviving comrades, are proud, and which is a heritage of glory to his family and their descendants for all time to come.

Response: A glorious heritage! With equal courage and fortitude and patience our comrade accepted the fortune of peace, made arduous by losses and reproaches, and as a citizen of a reunited country, true to his innate manhood, he evinced a loyalty which, making no apology for the past, was true in every quality of patriotism and which none can question without aspersion.

Response: He was tried and true. Rest, soldier, rest ! Impartial history will vindicate thy motives and write thy deeds illustrious. Comrade and friend, we give thy body to the dust and commend thy spirit to God.

Response: Rest, soldier, rest!

Chaplain's Prayer.

(Chaplain shall pray some short prayer suited to the occasion). Each Comrade deposits a twig in the grave.

Confederate Veteran, 1895



INSIDE THE LINES AT FRANKLIN.

"Frances," a school girl of 1864, writes to the Veteran of that awful battle at Franklin, which was fought late into the night:

I was a pupil in the old Franklin Female Institute—the alma mater of so many brilliant, women, the mothers and grandmothers of the present generation. Nashville owes a debt of gratitude to at least two of its graduates, Misses Fannie and Martha O'Bryan.

At the time of these reminiscences. Miss Walker (now Mrs. J. P. Hanner), was the principal. The pupils numbered about 175, and as wide awake set of Southern girls as could be found.

While we were trying to concentrate our minds on our books one ear was always open to the varied sounds of the life and the rattle of drums, the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the electrifying notes of the bugle. We were allowed always to run to the front gate to see soldiers pass. If they were "our boys," we waved our bonnets and handkerchiefs—if they were yankees, and we watched Buell's army of thousands pass, we





looked and felt dismayed.

On an ever memorable day, the 30th of November, we assembled at school as usual. Our teachers' faces looked unusually serious that morning. The Federal couriers were dashing hither and thither. The officers were gathering in squads, and the cavalry, with swords and sabres clanking, were driving their spurs into their horses' flanks and galloping out to first one picket post and then another on the roads leading south and southwest of town. The bell called us in the chapel. We were told to take our books and go home, as there was every indication that we would be in the midst of a battle that day.

At four o'clock that afternoon I stood in our front door and heard musketry in the neighborhood of Col. Carter's on the Columbia pike. To this day I can recall the feeling of sickening dread that came over me. As the evening wore on, the firing became more frequent, and nearer and louder; then the cannon began to roar from the fort.

My father realizing that we were in range of the guns from both armies told us to run down into the cellar. We hastily threw a change of clothing into a bundle and obeyed at once. My mother, who never knew what fear meant in her life, was a little reluctant to go and leave the upper part of the house to the tender mercies (?) of soldiers, but she finally joined us in the basement. A few minutes later there was a crash! and down came a deluge of dust and gravel. The usually placid face of our old black mammy, now thoroughly frightened, appeared on the scene. She said a cannon ball had torn a hole in the side of the meat house and broken her wash kettle to pieces. She left the supper on the stove and fled precipitately into the

cellar.

After that, the only way we could get anything to eat was by sending a guard, who was in the yard, to the kitchen after it. The patter of the bullets on the blinds was anything but soothing. The incessant booming of cannon and the rattle of the guns continued until midnight, then the tiring gradually ceased; we, of course, were in ignorance of who was in possession of the place, but all the while hoping and praying that it might be our boys.

About one o'clock we thought the town was being reduced to ashes, but it turned out to be the burning of the Odd Fellows Hall on the square. About four o'clock we heard the tramping of feet and the sound of voices. Our hearts jumped into our mouths, and what joy when we learned that our own soldiers were in possession of the town! We first learned it from the men who carried Col. Sam Shannon, who had been wounded, to his sister's house, our next door neighbor. Our men were in possession of the town! We didn't "stand on ceremonies" getting out of the cellar. Our doors were thrown wide open, and in a few



minutes a big fire was burning in the parlor. The first man to enter was Gen. Wm. Bate, all bespattered with mud and blackened with powder, but a grand and glorious soldier under it all. I will not attempt to picture the meeting between him and my father, who had been a life-long friend. Next came Gen. Tom Benton Smith, with the impersonation of a chivalric, gallant soldier, wearing under the mud and dirt his recent hard-earned honors. Poor fellow, how short lived were his joys! A cruel sabre cut at Nashville forever dethroned his reason, and he is now in a Tennessee Asylum for the insane.

Space fails me to mention the long list of friends who came that day and received our warmest welcome. I shall mention what a reproof my sisters received from some of their soldier sweethearts. An uncle of ours, who made his home in New York city, during the previous summer had my sisters to visit him, and, of course, they replenished their wardrobes while there. On the morning after the battle they wanted to compliment their soldier friends by "looking their best," so they put on their prettiest dresses. The soldiers were so unaccustomed to seeing stylish new dresses, that they actually doubted their loyalty, thought they should have on homespun dresses instead of "store clothes."

In the afternoon, December 1st, some of us went to the battlefield, to give water and wine to the wounded. All of us carried cups from which to refresh the thirsty. Horrors! what sights that met our girlish eyes! The dead and wounded lined the Columbia pike for the distance of a mile. In Mrs. Sykes' yard, Gen. Hood sat talking with some of his staff officers. I didn't look upon him as a hero, because nothing had been accomplished that could benefit us.

As we approached Col. Carter's house, we could scarcely walk without stepping on dead or dying men. We could hear the cries of the wounded, of which Col. Carter's house was full to overflowing. As I entered the front door, I heard a poor fellow giving his sympathetic comrades a dying message for his loved ones at home. We went through the hall, and were shown into a little room where a soft light revealed all that was mortal of the gifted young genius, Theo Carter, who under the pseudonym of "Mint Julep," wrote such delightful letters to the Chattanooga Rebel. Bending over him, begging for just one word of

recognition, was his faithful and heartbroken sister. The night before the battle he had taken supper at Mr. Green Neely's (the father of our postmaster), and was in a perfect ecstasy of joy at the thought of seeing his family on the morrow, from whom he had been separated so long. But alas! when the morrow came, that active, brilliant brain had been pierced by one of the enemy's bullets; he was carried home and ministered to by those faithful sisters, and died, I think, without ever having spoken a word.

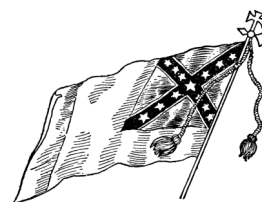
From this sad scene, we passed on to a locust thicket, and men in every conceivable position could be seen, some with their fingers on the triggers, and death struck them so suddenly they didn't move. Past the thicket we saw trenches dug to receive as many as ten bodies. On the left of the pike, around the old gin house, men and horses were lying so thick that we could not walk. Gen. Adam's horse was lying stark and stiff upon the breastworks. Ambulances were being tilled with the wounded as fast as possible, and the whole town was turned into a hospital.

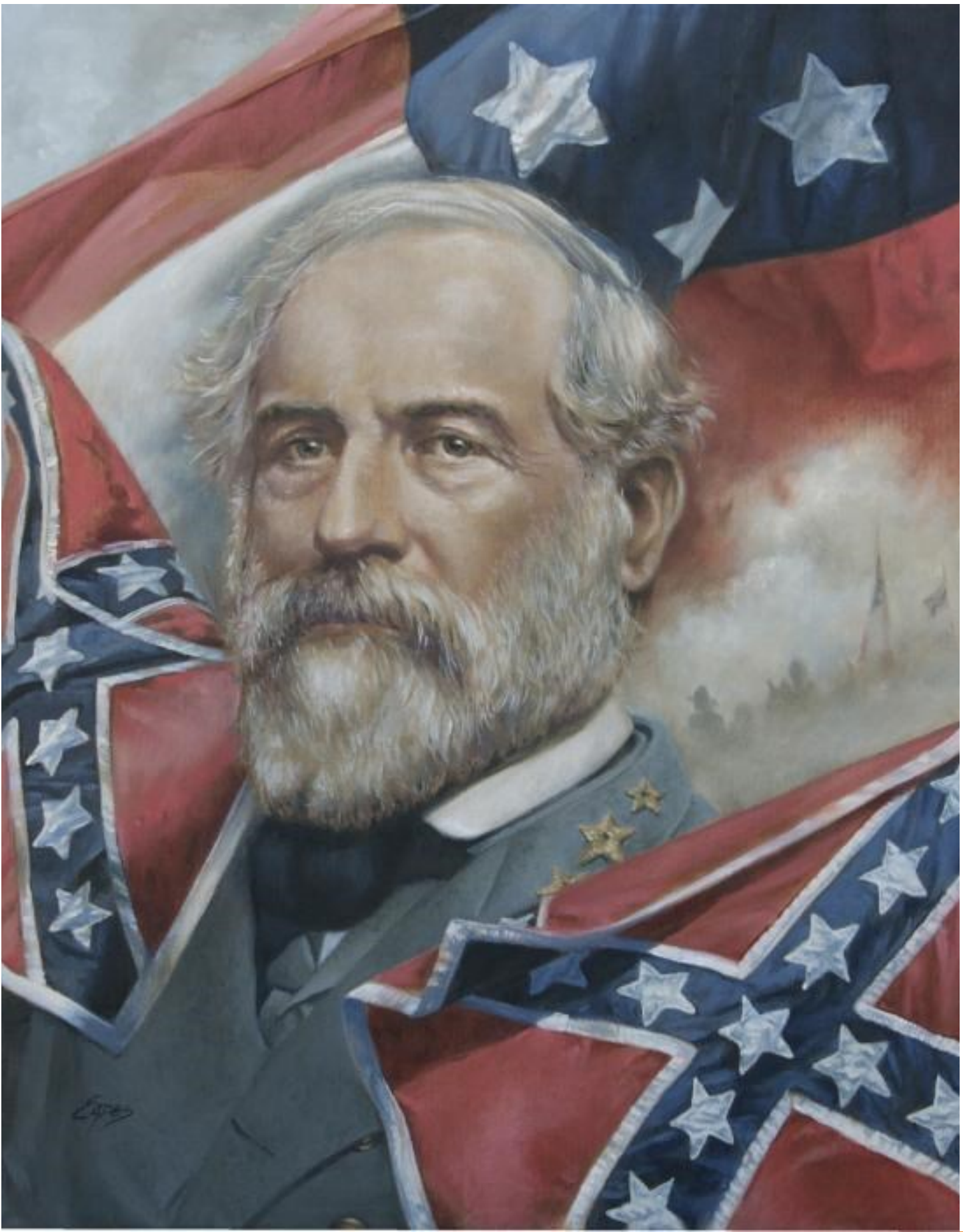
Instead of saying lessons at school the day after the battle. I watched the wounded men being carried in.

Our house was full as could be; from morning until night we made bandages and scraped linen lint with which to dress the wounds, besides making jellies and soups with which to nourish them.

The times were not without their romances. Only a short time afterward a handsome young Missouri surgeon, in charge of one of the hospitals, married one of our most prominent young ladies. Another Missourian, who was wounded here, and was so popular with the girls, married also. A young soldier who was an artist, met on the field one of our young ladies, who was also of an artistic turn of mind, and the year following they were married.

Confederate Veteran, 1895





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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.

VMI Gadets at the Battle Of New Market

