



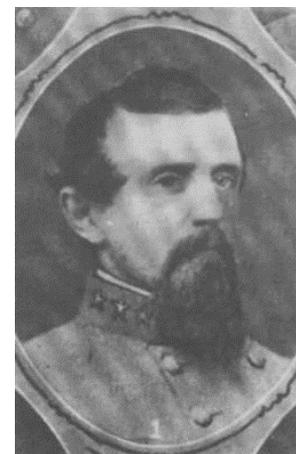
The Belo Herald

Newsletter of the Col. A. H. Belo Camp #49
October 2011 1st ed

This issue was sent out by mistake !! thinking I was attaching the September 2011 issue. Realizing my mistake, I immediately sent out the actual September 2011 issue! So in September, two issues went out (Sept 2011 and October 2011 1st ed). The October 2011 2nd ed later followed in October. As some articles are in series, to follow the thread, the issues are: August 2011, September 2011, October 2011 1st ed, with the October 2011 2nd ed, November 2011 and December 2011 issues to follow. That is the sequence to have the complete set. The editor will work with less haste in attaching future issues!!

Col. A. H Belo Camp #49

Commander - Paul Hamilton
1st Lt. Cmdr. - Marcus Black
2nd Lt. Cmdr. - Kevin Newsom
Adjutant - Stan Hudson
Chaplain - Rev. Jerry Brown
Editor - Nathan Bedford Forrest



Texas Division: www.texas-scv.org

National: www.scv.org

<http://1800mydixie.com/>

<http://www.facebook.com/BeloCamp49>

Have you paid your dues?? Come early (6:30pm), eat, fellowship with other members, learn your history!

Thursday, October 6th: 7:00 pm

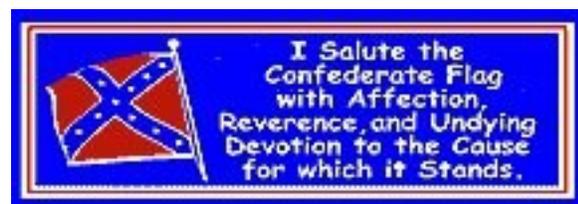
La Madeleine Restaurant*

3906 Lemmon Ave near Oak Lawn

Dallas, TX

*we meet in the private meeting room

All meetings are open to the public and guests are welcome.





Chaplain's Corner



Here and Now!

Everywhere you look the American people are growing weary of being used and taken for granted by a government that has simply gotten too big. We the people, the majority who have supported this country and continue to do so, are tired of being ignored by a bureaucratic government that promotes its own agenda and caters to the demands of a few malcontents. Americans are becoming more and more dissatisfied; many to the point of anger, and our elected leaders are not listening.

The Bible says, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all nations that forget God." (Ps. 9: 17) Have you noticed that the further this country moves from the God of our fathers, and His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, the worse things get? Our politically correct politicians and other leaders say we're being tolerant. Or, inclusive. Or, diversified. Or, anything but Godly. America is heading for hell because America is forgetting God.

The good news is that the time is ripe for evangelism. Remember, for the first several hundred years the Lord's Church grew and prospered under very adverse conditions. However, to do so would require us to be like those early Christians. We must become something more than smiley faced sweet talking, Sunday-go-to-meeting, Bible toters. Preachers must be allowed, and have the conviction, to quit worrying about offending Sister Suzie or Brother Joe, and preach the truth of God's Word to a lost world. Churches speak of having a revival, when what they really need is a renewal. What they need is to return to the faith of our fathers.

And, what of the Sons of Confederate Veterans? Does not the circumstances today present an opportunity to reach out with the truth of our Cause? Aren't Americans becoming more aware the country they love has been lost to a centralized government our founding fathers never intended to exist? Isn't this the time for our Confederation to grow in strength and numbers?

Our former president, the honorable Jefferson Davis, said, "**The principle for which we contend is bound to reassert itself, though it may be at another time and in another form.**" **Question: If it is not up to us, the historic Sons of Confederate Veterans. If it is not up to us, the descendants of those who bravely fought to defend our Southern homeland. If it is not up to us, who know and understand the truth of the Confederate cause. If it is not up to us to reassert and contend. Then who? And, if that time is not here and now, then where and when?**

Speaking to the Mississippi legislature in 1881, Jefferson Davis also stated, "**The contest is not over, the strife is not ended. It has only entered upon a new and enlarged arena.**" This was true in 1881, and it's true today. It's not over! Our Southern heritage, homeland, and values are still being attacked by malicious, self-serving misfits and it's up to us to stand and firmly contend for the truth and honor of our Confederate Cause. And, the time is here and now!

However, for our Cause to be successful we must join together as a band of brothers with a common purpose in faithful support of each other and our SCV leaders, and turn to God, putting our faith and trust in Christ our Lord.

Bro. Len Patterson, Th.D

Chaplain, Army of Trans-Mississippi

CHARGE TO THE SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

"To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish." Remember it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations".

**Lt. General Stephen Dill Lee,
Commander General**

THE SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Edited and Adapted by Robert Perkins from a 1979 essay written by Dean Boggs, Kirby Smith Camp 1209, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Jacksonville, Florida

We are members because we have a deep sense of loyalty to our families, and that especially includes our Confederate ancestors, who, with no hope of recognition except that their sacrifice would be remembered by their families, risked, or even gave, their lives in defense of their country, their homes, and for those who would come after them.

We are members because we have so much to be proud of in the Confederate Army. It's brilliant fight, under conditions of extreme privation, against an enemy overwhelming in numbers and equipment, so won the admiration of the world that, over 100 years later, societies of admirers in many countries have been organized to study it's campaigns and reenact it's battles. Few other armies in history have been paid such a tribute by foreigners over a century after the war in which it was engaged. Are foreigners to admire and honor the valor of the Confederate soldier while we, their descendants, remain indifferent?

We are members because we believe in the promise of the Man of Galilee, of life after death. As our Confederate ancestors look down on us from the Valhalla of Confederate Heroes, we want them to know that we are not ungrateful, and that we remember and honor their bravery and sacrifice.

We are members because we are proud Southerners. We are proud of the culture, grace, and elegance of the Old South. We love the Confederate flag and "Dixie" as stirring symbols of our heritage. We take pride in the earlier leading role played by the South in the Revolutionary War, the founding of the United States, and the drafting of its Constitution. We love the Star Spangled Banner and the Stars and Stripes as the flag of the United States, and many of us served under that flag in our country's military armed forces.

Our Southern Heritage has served our nation well since 1865. No section has surpassed the South in percentage of volunteers to defend our country in time of war. The traditional Southern adherence to our free enterprise system, with its liberty and opportunity for all, has been a bulwark against the trend toward the dictatorship of the welfare state, with its liberty and opportunity for none. It is a heritage worth defending, and we are proud to belong to an organization which is dedicated to doing so.

We are members because our membership is not only a duty, but a pleasure. We enjoy our social activities and association with ladies and gentlemen of like background and interest, and the many warm friendships that result, both locally, and all over the South, the nation, and the world. Our membership inspires us to become better informed about our own family history and heritage and to record it for our posterity's benefit. It also inspires us to become better informed about the greatest war ever fought by Americans.

And last but certainly not least, we are members because today, many of our school books, movies, television programs, and press falsely portray Southerners as rebels and traitors who fought to preserve slavery, misleading our children and millions of Americans ignorant of history. There are those in our country today who would forbid as "offensive" the playing of "Dixie," and the display of the Confederate flag for which so many Southerners shed their blood; who would destroy the monuments to our Confederate dead; who would erase from history all honor to Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and all our other Southern heroes; who would falsify the principles for which Southerners fought and attempt to shame the South with lies about Andersonville prison. Their purpose is to undermine the proud heritage of the Southern people, using propaganda and threats to achieve their goals. These agitators have the support of all too many weak-kneed politicians, ignorant educators, and even some of the Federal Judiciary. Since our families fought for the Confederacy, these agitators thereby falsely malign our families and therefore falsely slander us.

Today, the South needs all of her sons to support the Sons of Confederate Veterans, not only out of duty and family loyalty and pride in our past, but also our of self-interest in preserving for ourselves and our children our way of life. Ironically, the time has come when it takes a little courage to belong to the Sons of Confederate Veterans, a respected, non-partisan, non-sectarian, non-racial historical organization since 1896. Nevertheless, it is our patriotic duty to our country and our families to belong to the Sons of Confederate Veterans, which is dedicated to preserving our Southern heritage for ourselves, our children, and our children's children, and to seeing that the history of the Confederate States of America and the war fought in it's defense, is truthfully recorded.

It is an unfortunate truth that, as in all human organizations, members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans sometimes allow personal differences to interfere with their enjoyment of, and obscure the reasons why they joined, the organization. But whatever our differences, we members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans stand united in defense of our common heritage. This fact will never change, and makes us brothers, despite any differences we might have.

And that, more than anything else, is why we are members.



MADE IN U.S.A.
MAY 19 1896
LITHO IN U.S.A.



Gen. Oraston Bragg



Gen. G. W. Beausegard



Jefferson Davis



Alexander H. Stephens



Lt. Gen. T. J. Jackson



Gen. Hood



#1

OUR HEROES AND OUR FLAGS



#2



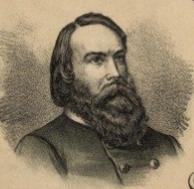
Gen. S. Brice



Gen. M. H. Hill



Lt. Gen. P. H.



Lt. Gen. Longstreet



Lt. Gen. H. W. H.



Gen. John B. Gordon



#3



#4



Gen. J. C. B. Stuart



Gen. Wade Hampton



Albert Sidney Johnston



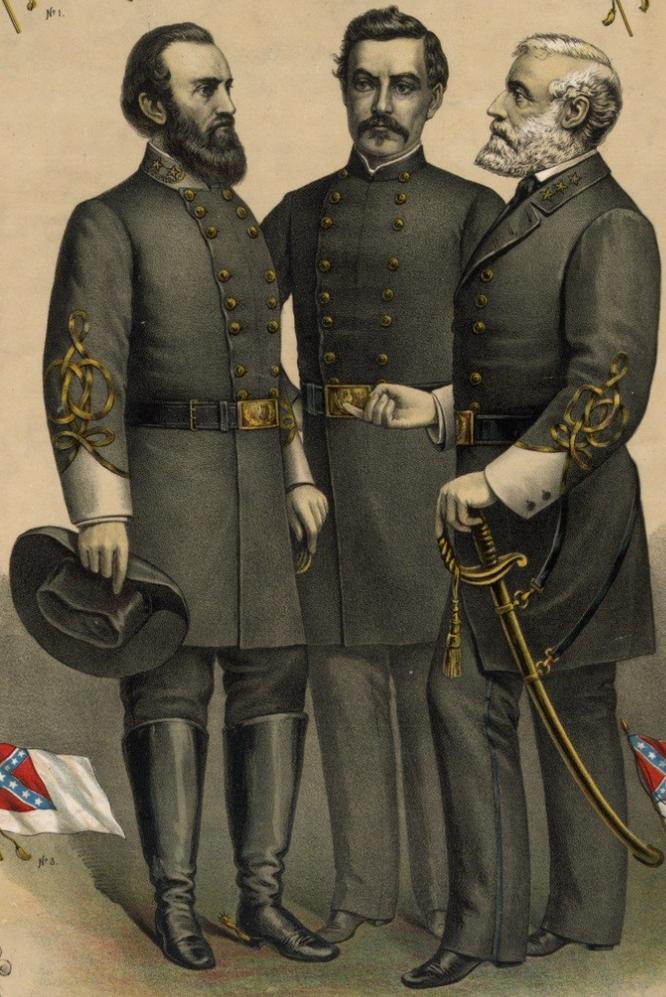
John H. Morgan



Lt. Gen. Kirby Smith



Gen. J. Johnston



Upcoming events

Monday Night Bluegrass Jam

EVERY Monday Night (except National Holidays) at the EMMET EVANS CIVIC CENTER in Mesquite. 6:15pm to 8:30 pm FREE Coffee, Snacks, Donuts – No charge to get in!
Covered dish dinner 4-6 times per year.

Directions: Take IH 635 to Gross Rd. exit. Go East on Gross Rd (toward old downtown Mesquite Square) one traffic light at Hillcrest Blvd (Hillcrest Mesquite NOT Hillcrest Dallas). Pass Hillcrest continuing east. Evans Park and Center on Left (North). Enter at road at back of the center (East End). – Drive passes baseball diamonds, soccer fields and several parking areas. Enter at back of building at sliding door and enter through double doors.

Contact Mike Smith for information. 214-941-4965

Oct 14 - Oct 16: Battle of Boerne Boerne, TX

November 4-6: Battle of Fort Richardson Jacksboro, TX

November 18-20: Liendo Plantation Civil War Weekend Hempstead, TX
www.11texascav.org

We Portray To Educate, Educate To Preserve & Preserve To Honor . . . Presented by the 11th Texas Cavalry and Historic Liendo Plantation the weekend before Thanksgiving every year in Hempstead, TX

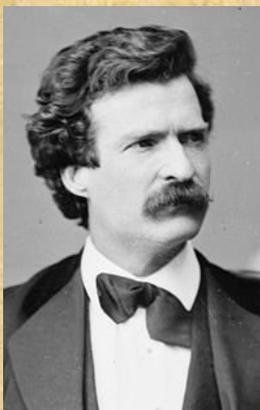
Dec 2-6 : 5th Brigade Gathering Mexia, TX

December 3-4: Battle of Pea Ridge Bentonville, AR

December 3: Belo Camp Christmas Party - Dallas, TX

We will be guests of the Stan Hudson family.

On the history of war...

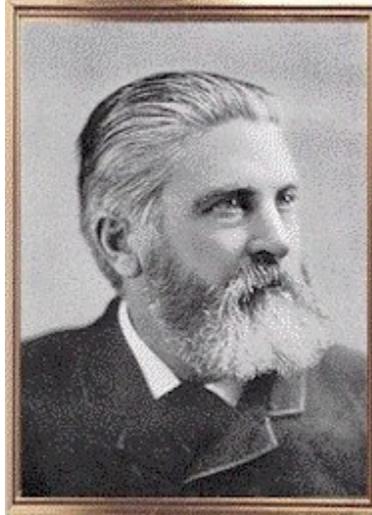


Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies, putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked, and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them, and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just, and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception.

~Mark Twain

Legal Justification of the South in Secession

.. first in a seven part series..



BY HON. J. L. M. CURRY, LL. D.

THE Southern States have shared the fate of all conquered peoples. The conquerors write their history. Power in the ascendant not only makes laws, but controls public opinion. This precedent should make the late Confederates the more anxious to keep before the public the facts of their history, that impartial writers may weigh and properly estimate them in making up the verdict of an unbiased posterity. Besides, as they have been the objects of persistent misrepresentation, and authentic records have been perverted to their prejudice, their descendants are liable to receive and hold opinions hostile and derogatory to their fathers.

In this series of volumes, pertaining to the history of the Confederate States, all concerned wish to disclaim in advance any wish or purpose to reverse the arbitrament of war, to repeal the late amendments to the Constitution, to revive African slavery, or secession as a State right or remedy; or to organize any party, or cultivate an opinion, which, directly or indirectly, shall inculcate disloyalty to the Union, or affect the allegiance of citizens to the Federal government. Let it be stated, once for all, that this argument as to the right of the South to be protected in property in slaves and the exclusive right of a State to be the final judge of the powers of the general government and to apply suitable remedies, is based on the Constitution and the rights of the States as they existed in 1860. The amendments made, since that year, in Federal and State constitutions, put an entirely new and different phase on the subjects discussed, for these changes have expurgated slavery and secession from our institutions. Our sole object is to present the Southern side of the controversy as it existed in 1860 and to vindicate it from accusations and aspersions which are based on ignorance and injustice. As the South is habitually condemned and held criminal for seeking to perpetuate a great wrong, it is well to inquire and investigate who was responsible for the state of things which precipitated and prolonged the crisis of 1860-1865. If the act of secession cannot be justified the Southern people will be stigmatized as a brave and rash people deluded by bad men who attempted in an illegal and wicked manner to overthrow the Union. Painfully are we conscious of the disadvantages in any effort to vindicate the motives and principles and conduct of the Southern States and secure a rehearing and re-adjudication of a suit which seems to have been settled adversely by the tribunal of public opinion. We have a right to ask of our fellow citizens and of the world a patient and fair hearing while we present anew the grounds of our action. We challenge the closest scrutiny of facts and arguments, and if they cannot be disproved and refuted, justice and honesty demand a modification or reversal of the adverse judgment. Few writers seem to comprehend the underlying idea of secession, or the reasons for the establishment of the Southern Confederacy. Swayed by passion or political and sectional animosity, they ignore the primary facts in our origin as a government, the true principles of the Constitution, the flagrant

nullifications of the Northern States; and, when they philosophize, conclusions are drawn from false premises and hence injustice is done. Too often, in the endeavor to narrate the deeds of and since the war, prejudiced and vicious statements as to character and motives have been accepted and acted on as verifiable or undeniable facts.

In deciding upon the rightness or wrongness of secession, in passing judgment upon the Confederate States, it is essential to proper conclusions that the condition of affairs in 1860 be understood and that clear and accurate notions be had of the nature and character of the Federal government and of the rights of the States under the constitutional compact. And here, at the threshold, one is confronted by dogmas which are substituted for principles, by preconceived opinions which are claimed to be historical verities, and by sentimentality which closes the avenues to the mind against logic and demonstration. To a student of our political and constitutional history it is strange how stubborn historical facts are quietly set aside and inferences and assumptions are used as postulates for huge governmental theories. These errors are studiously perpetuated, for in prescribed courses of reading in civics and history are books full of grossest misstatements teaching sectional opinions and latitudinous theories, while works which present opposite and sounder views are vigorously excluded. *State rights* is perhaps the best term, although not precise or definite in its signification, for suggesting the view of the Constitution and of Federal powers, as held by the Southern States. During the administration of General Washington, those who were in favor of protecting the reserved rights of the States against threatened or possible encroachment of the delegated powers assumed the name of the Republican party, but were often called the State Rights party.(*). There is no ultimate nor authoritative appeal

(*) "In the great historic debate in the Senate in 1830, Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, said that they assumed the name of Democratic Republicans in 1812. True to their political faith they have always been in favor of limitations of power, they have insisted that all powers not delegated to the Federal government are reserved, and have been constantly struggling to preserve the rights of the States and to prevent them from being drawn into the vortex and swallowed up by one great consolidated government. As confirmatory of the statement that the South has been misrepresented and villified through ignorance, it may be said that, while school boys are familiar with Webster's eloquent periods, few writers and politicians have read the more logical and unanswerable argument of Hayne."

for determining the political differences between the North and South except the Constitution, but some preliminary inquiries, answers to which will be suggestive and argumentative, may aid in understanding and interpreting that instrument.

Our Constitution is not a mere temporary expedient. It exists in full force until changed by an explicit and authentic act, as prescribed by the instrument, and in its essential features is for all time, for it contains the fundamental principles of all good government, of all free representative institutions. Among these requisites, unalterable by changing conditions of society, are individual liberty, freedom of labor, of human development, rights of conscience, equality of the States, distribution of political powers into independent executive, legislative and judicial departments, and a careful restriction of those powers to public uses only, the healthy action of concurrent majorities, a careful safe-guarding that the power which makes the laws and the power which applies them shall not be in the same hands, and local self-government. The people are ultimately the source of all political power, and the powers delegated are in trust, alterable or terminable only in a legitimate and prescribed manner. Changes cannot be made to conform to a supposed moral sense, or to new environments, neither by the "fierce democracy," nor by the action of a department, nor by a combination of all departments.

To obtain a correct comprehension of the dignity and power of the States it is well to consider them as they emerged from their colonial condition, having waged a tedious and successful war against the mother country, having achieved separate independence and established a new form of government, a federal union of concurrent majorities, under a written constitution. The American colonies have not had sufficient importance ascribed to them for their agency in achieving civil and religious liberty; and, with their rights and powers as separate governments, as the potential forerunners of our constitutional, representative, federal republic. The institutions founded in this western world, in the essential elements of law and freedom, were far in advance of contemporary transatlantic institutions. The relations they sustained to one another and to the controlling English government, their large measure of local administration, must be clearly comprehended to do them justice for what they wrought out and to understand what character and power they preserved as States in the

government of their creation under the Federal constitution. Their precise political condition prior to the Revolution cannot be obscured. The colonies were separate in the regulation of domestic concerns, in home affairs, but sustained a common relation to the British empire. The colonists were fellow subjects, owed allegiance to the same crown, had all the rights, privileges and liabilities of every other British subject.(*). The inhabitants of one colony owed no obedience to the laws, were not under the jurisdiction of any other colony; were under no civil obligation to bear arms or pay taxes, or in any wise to contribute to the support or defense of another, and were wholly distinct and separate from all others in political functions, in political rights, and in political duties. In so far as all the colonists were one people and had common rights, it was the result of their mutual relation to the same sovereign, of common dependence on the same head, and not any result of a relation between themselves.

(*). Some of these principles are ably discussed by the Hon. Thomas F Bayard in an address, 7th of November, 1895, before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, the same paper which excited the partisan ire of the House of Representatives in 1896.

There was neither alliance nor confederacy between the colonies.

When hostilities between Great Britain and the colonies became imminent, because of adverse imperial legislation and the unlimited claim of the right of taxation, and united effort was obvious and imperative, to relieve themselves from the burdens and injustice of the laws and the claims of a distant government, the colonies, each acting for itself, and not conjointly with any other, sent deputies to a general congress, and when the body assembled each colony had a single vote, and on all questions of general concern they asserted and retained their equality. The Congresses of 1774, 1775 and 1776 were occasional and not permanent bodies, claimed no sovereign authority, had no true governmental powers, and seldom assumed to go beyond deliberation, advice and recommendation. When under stress of war and the danger of or impossibility of delay they acted as a *de facto* government, their acts were valid, had the force and effect of law only by subsequent confirmation or tacit acquiescence. The common oppressions and dangers were strong incentives to concert of action and to assent and submission to what was done for resistance to a common enemy. There never was any pretense of authority to act on individuals, and in all acts reference was had to the colonies, and never to the people, individually or as a nation.

Virginia made a declaration on the 12th of June, 1776, renouncing her colonial dependence on Great Britain and separating herself forever from that kingdom. On the 29th of June, in the same year, she performed the highest function of independent sovereignty by adopting and ordaining a constitution, prescribing an oath of fealty and allegiance for all who might hold office under her authority, and that remained as the organic law of the Old Dominion until 1829.

The Declaration of Independence, subsequently on the 4th of July, was an act of Congress declaring absolution of the colonies from allegiance to the crown and government of Great Britain and that they were "free and independent States." The Congress which made this Declaration was appointed by the colonies in their separate and distinct capacity. They voted on its adoption in their separate character, each giving one vote by all its own representatives who acted in strict obedience to specific instructions from their respective colonies, and the members signed the Declaration in that way. The members had authority to act in the name of their own colony and not of any other, and were representatives only of the colony which appointed them. Judge Story, in his "Commentaries on the Constitution," reasons upon this instrument as having the effect of making the colonies "one people," merging their existence as separate communities into one nation. The Declaration of Independence is often quoted as an authoritative political document defining political rights and duties, as on a parity with the Constitution, and as binding parties and people and courts and States by its utterances. The platform of the Republican party in 1856 and 1860 affirms the principles of this Declaration to be essential to the preservation of our republican institutions, the Constitution and the rights of the States, when, in truth and in fact, its main and almost its sole object was to declare and justify the separation from, and the independence of, the British crown. In no sense was the paper or the act intended as a bill of rights, or to enunciate the fundamental principles of a republic, or to define the status of the colonies, except in their relation to the mother country. No true American will underrate the significance or the importance of the act of separation from a foreign empire, or hold otherwise than with the highest respect the reasons which our fathers gave in vindication of their momentous and courageous action. Refusing to be subject to the authority of the crown and the

parliament was a heroic undertaking dictated by the loftiest patriotism and a genuine love of liberty. Putting into the minds and hearts of our ancestors more far reaching and prescient purposes than they possessed will not magnify their virtues nor enhance their merit. They met the issues presented with the sagacity of statesmen and were not guilty of the folly of propagandism of the French revolutionists, a few years later. The colonies being distinct and separate communities, with sovereignty vested in the British crown, when the tie which bound them to that sovereignty was severed, upon each colony respectively was devolved that sovereignty and each emerged from provincial dependence into an independent and sovereign State. A conclusive proof of the relation of the colonies to one another and to the revolutionary government is to be found in the recommendation in 1776 for the passing of laws for the punishment of treason, and it was declared that the crime should be considered as committed against the colonies individually and not against them all as united together. The joint expression of separate wills in reference to continued union with England expressed no opinion and suggested no action on the subject of a common government, or of forming a closer union. It completed the severance of the rapidly disuniting ties which bound to the government across the seas. Some of the colonies, prior to the 4th of July, had declared their independence and established State constitutions, and now all, by a more public and stronger and more effective affirmation, united in doing what had by some been separately resolved upon. Ceasing to be dependent communities involved no change in relations with one another beyond what was necessarily incident to separation from the parent country. The supremacy which had previously existed in Great Britain, separately over each colony and not jointly over all, having ceased, each became a free and independent State, taking to herself what applied to and over herself. The Declaration of Independence is not a form of government, not an enumeration of popular rights, not a compact between States, but was recognized in its fullest demands, when, in 1782, Great Britain acknowledged New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, South Carolina, Georgia and the other colonies to be "free, sovereign and independent States."

Stress is laid on the revolutionary government and on the Declaration of Independence by those who are anxious to establish the theory of a national or consolidated government, reducing the States to mere dependencies upon central power. As has been shown, the contention, derived from those sources, is without legal or historical foundation; but the temporary government, largely for war purposes, was superseded by the Articles of Confederation, which, because of the reluctance of the States to delegate their powers, did not become obligatory until 1781, as their ratification by all the States was a condition precedent to their having any binding force. These articles, in explicit terms, incapable of misinterpretation, declare that "each State retains its sovereignty, freedom and independence and every power, jurisdiction and right, which is not by this confederation expressly delegated to the United States in Congress assembled." There can be no mistake here as to the reservation of entire freedom, entire independence, entire sovereignty. These were retained without qualification or limitation, and the use of the word "retains" is the clearest assertion that these unsundered prerogatives were possessed under the previous government.

This historical review was not necessary except argumentatively as throwing light on the real facts, and as raising the strong presumption, to be rebutted only by irrefragable proof, that a state once sovereign has not voluntarily surrendered that ultimate supreme power of self-government or self-existence. While in a colonial condition the people of the several States were in no proper political sense a nation, or "one people;" by the declaration and the treaty of peace each State became a complete sovereignty within its own limits; the revolutionary government was a government of the States as such through Congress as the common agent, and by the Articles of Confederation each state expressly reserved its entire sovereignty and independence. In all this succession of history there was no trend to consolidation and the most conspicuous; feature was the jealous retention by the States of their separate sovereignty.

NEXT MONTH : [Equality and Sovereignty of the States](#)

"Any society which suppresses the heritage of its conquered minorities, prevents their history, and denies them their symbols, has sewn the seed of its own destruction."

-- Sir William Wallace, 1281 A. D.



Texas And The War For Southern Independence

The estimated number of troops from Texas ranged from at least 70,000 to 90,000. Considering the 1860 Federal Census lists 92,145 white males between the ages of 18 and 45 the latter figure seems high. The Committee of Public Safety authorized the recruiting of troops late February and March 1861. By the end of 1861 25,000 Texans were in the Confederate Army with two-thirds of them in the cavalry. Apparently that was the branch of service preferred.

Most of the troops served in the Southwest either defending the state from Indian attacks and Union invasion or participating in expansionist moves into New Mexico Territory. The ill fated battle at Glorieta Pass is one of the more well known. Having said that, Union forces never successfully invaded the State even with attempts from all four directions. At Sabine Pass the Confederate Forces under the command of 25 year old Lt. Dick Dowling were outnumbered approximately 60 to 4,000. The Texans won using some of the most ingenious of tactics and this probably was the most notable battle fought in the State. CSA President Jefferson Davis proclaimed "Sabine Pass will stand, perhaps for all time, as the greatest military victory in the history of the world."

Texas contributed thousands of men who participated in the great battles of the war. Some of the notables who served were Albert Sidney Johnston, John Bell Hood, Lawrence Sullivan Ross, and Matthew Duncan Ector, just to name a very few. Many of the regiments won praise for their bravery and valor in battle.

The defense of the Texas coast was more successful. 1862 saw an increased Union blockade along with attempts to invade, with limited success. Galveston, Texas' largest seaport was taken by the Union forces in October 1862. On New Year's Day 1863 Confederate forces commanded by John B. Magruder invaded by land and sea to recapture the island city. The Union Navy continued to maintain a blockade of the Texas coastline throughout the war but it's effectiveness was in question.

The last battle of the War, the Battle of Palmito Ranch, in which the Confederate forces won, was fought in Texas on May 12, 1865, well after Lee's surrender on April 9.

After the war Texas remembered her heroes by naming many towns, counties, schools, and other institutions after the heroes. Luckily "reconstruction" was not as harsh in Texas as it was in other states. Many people from the east, hung a shingle from their home with the letters GTT (Gone To Texas) painted on it.



1-800-MY-SOUTH



WE ARE TEXANS
WE ARE THE SCV
PROUD MEMBER OF THE TEXAS DIVISION
SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Your Civil War Story:

Identifying Those Who Fought

By Ancestry Anne

04 August 2011

This year marks the 150th anniversary of the start of the Civil War. Where did your family fit in? Did any of your ancestors fight? How did the war affect the people in your tree who lived through it?

What was their Civil War story? This was one of most tumultuous periods in American history. What happened to your ancestors during the Civil War affected them for generations to follow.

I am going to write a series of columns that will appear here in the “Weekly Discovery” to help you uncover the stories of the Civil War that are hidden in your family tree. So where shall we begin?

Examine Your Family Tree

Let's start by walking through your family tree and finding the most likely candidates who may have served in the Civil War. You are looking for men (there were some women who served, but that is a different story for a different day), who were born between 1816 and 1846. This includes men between the ages of 15 and 45 at the beginning of the war in 1861. Look to the 1860 census for likely candidates. There may be people in your tree who fought but do not meet these criteria, but this is a pretty good starting point.

I'm going to “walk” through my family tree and start to collect the most likely suspects. The first candidate I find is Jeremiah Gillespie, born in 1826, and living in Amherst, Virginia in 1860. OK, now that I have him, what do I do with him?

Organize Your Data As You Find It

Let's gather relevant data that will help us find him in the records:

- First and last names, and any known nicknames. Jeremiah went by Jere and Jerry.
- Home in 1860: Amherst, Virginia (This will help us determine which side he fought for and where he may have enlisted.)
- Home in 1870: Amherst, Virginia (This helps us determine if he survived the war, and if he did it will help us identify possible pension records)
- Birth year: 1826
- Age in 1861: 35
- Age in 1865: 39 (Ages help us determine if it was reasonable for him to have served in the war.)

- Birth years of children born in the 1860s. (If there are gaps in the war years, that's a clue that your ancestor may have been off fighting.)

There are multiple ways to collect this information, but a spreadsheet seems like a reasonable solution:

Possible Direct Ancestors that Fought in the Civil War					
First Name	Jeremiah				
Last Name	Gillespie				
Home in 1860	Amherst, Virginia				
Home in 1870	Amherst, Virginia				
Birth Year	1826				
Age in 1861	35				
Age in 1865	39				
Birth Years of children born between 1860 and 1865	1860, 1865				

Now I can continue walking up my family tree, collecting any ancestor that I think is a likely candidate.

Possible Direct Ancestors that Fought in the Civil War						
First Name	Jeremiah	James Calvin	Aaron	Adam Boyd	Zebedee	Abram
Last Name	Gillespie	Donald	Feazell	Snavelly	Hash	Hash
Home in 1860	Amherst, Virginia	Rockbridge, Virginia	Wythe, Virginia	Smythe, Virginia	Grayson, Virginia	Grayson, Virginia
Home in 1870	Amherst, Virginia	Record NA	Wythe, Virginia	Smythe, Virginia	Grayson, Virginia	Grayson, Virginia
Birth Year	1826	1836	1820	1832	1818	1830
Death Year	unknown	1899	Unknown	1902	1880	1902
Age in 1861	35	25	41	29	43	31
Age in 1865	39	29	45	33	47	35
Birth Years of children born in the 1860's	1860, 1865	1860, 1864, 1869		1868, 1869	1861, 1862, 1864, 1865	1866, 1870

First Name	Mastin	David	Lansford M	Thomas Lee	Peter Zimmerman
Last Name	Turner	Hamrick	Hopper	Payne	Baxter
Home in 1860	Cleveland, NC	Cleveland, NC	Spartanburg, SC	Gaston, NC	Gaston, NC
Home in 1870	York, SC	Cleveland, NC	Spartanburg, SC	Gaston, NC	Lincoln, NC
Birth Year	1843	1829	1825	1844	1821
Death Year	1926	1908	1870	1923	1884
Age in 1861	18	32	36	17	40
Age in 1865	22	36	40	21	44
Birth Years of children born in the 1860's	1867	1861, 1863, 1864, 1866, 1867	1862, 1866, 1868	None	None

When I'm done, I have rounded up eleven ancestors! I've got my work cut out for me. So where do I begin to tell the eleven stories of these relatives and their families?

Pick an Ancestor and Examine the Family

I'm going to start with James Calvin Donald. Now, James did not live by himself. He had a wife and children, and he had parents, brothers, sisters, and cousins.

If you are going to examine the story of any one ancestor's Civil War story, it's best to do it context of his family. By collecting information for all of the family members, we can build a more complete picture.

James had four brothers, two who were definitely old enough to have served in the war and one would have been old enough sometime during the course of the war.

James and His Brothers						
First Name	James Calvin	John A	Benjamin Matchett	Robert	Samuel Wilson	Matthew Lyle
Last Name	Donald	Donald	Donald	Donald	Donald	Donald
Home in 1860	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA
Home in 1870	Record NA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Record NA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA
Birth Year	1836	1839	1841	1845	1847	1852
Death Year	1899	1894	1881	1864	Aft 1920	Aft 1920
Age in 1861	25	22	20	16	14	9
Age in 1865	29	26	24	20	18	13
Birth Years of children born in the 1860's	1860, 1864, 1869		None	None	None	None
James and His Brothers						
First Name	James Calvin	John A	Benjamin Matchett	Robert	Samuel Wilson	Matthew Lyle
Last Name	Donald	Donald	Donald	Donald	Donald	Donald
Home in 1860	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA
Home in 1870	Record NA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA	Record NA	Rockbridge, VA	Rockbridge, VA
Birth Year	1836	1839	1841	1845	1847	1852
Death Year	1899	1894	1881	1864	Aft 1920	Aft 1920
Age in 1861	25	22	20	16	14	9
Age in 1865	29	26	24	20	18	13
Birth Years of children born in the 1860's	1860, 1864, 1869		None	None	None	None

Depending on how deep you want to delve into the story, you can add cousins and in-laws to the mix as well.

So What Have We Done?

1. Walked our family tree and picked out any direct ancestors that we think might have fought in the war.
2. Collected data about that ancestor that helped us identify candidates and locate records. (Specifically-names, ages, residences in 1860 and 1870, and the birth years of children who were born in the 1860s.)
3. We picked an ancestor to start with and identified relatives of his who might have served as well so that we can tell the complete story of our family in the war.

Happy Searching!

Ancestry Anne

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Before joining the Ancestry.com team, she worked in the internet industry as a software engineer and a product manager for companies including CNET, Webshots and Excite@Home. She has a Master's degree in Computer Science from Purdue University, where she also taught Computer Science for eight years. Anne's passion for history and computers merged into a lifelong fascination of genealogy and developing advanced search techniques to carve important clues out of historical documents.

SONG OF THE SOUTHERN WOMEN

O ABRAHAM LINCOLN! we call thee to hark
To the song we are singing, we Joans of Arc;
While our brothers are bleeding we fear not to bleed,
We'll face the Red Horror should there be need.
By our brothers we'll stand on the terrible field,
By our brothers we'll stand, and we'll ask for no shield;
By our brothers we'll stand as a torch in the dark,
To shine on thy treachery, we Joans of Arc.

Behold our free plumes of the wild eagle dark,
Behold them and take our white brows for they mark;
We fear not thy cannon, we heed not they drum,
The deeper they thunder the stronger we come.

Is woman a coward? No, no, she is brave!
OH! nothing but love ever made her a slave:
In home's happy circle she's poetry's lark,
But threaten that home and she's Joan of Arc.

O Abraham Lincoln! we call thee to hark,
Thou Come of Satan! Thou Boast of the Dark!
Take off thy red shadow from Washington's land -
Back! Back! For thy footsetp is slavery's brand.
Future-eyed prophecy cries to thee, DOWN!
For she sees on they forehead the hope of a Crown;
The fire that sleep in our Southern eyes dark,
Would lighen in battle - we're Joans of Arc.

-Julia Mildred



[A Southern Lady AND True Confederate Hero](#)

More impressive was the sentiment of a young Richmonder who spoke to John T. Trowbridge in 1865. This woman's father, described by Trowbridge as one of a group of "begrimed laborers" who worked in a nail factory, railed against the Davis government and voiced bitterness that his daughter had been disfigured while working in a laboratory that manufactured ammunition for the Confederate army. The man insisted on showing the northern visitor his daughter's awful wounds, and upon meeting the woman Trowbridge saw that "her hands and face were covered in cruel scars." Quick to offer condolence for her horrible ordeal, Trowbridge was unprepared by her response: "Oh, yes. There was five weeks nobody thought I would live," she said. "But I didn't mind it, for it was for a good cause." When her father responded with "a stream of execrations" against the Confederate government, "the daughter smilingly repeated, ' It was a good cause, and I don't regret it. You musn't mind what he says.'" Unable to fathom the young woman's loyalty to the dead Confederacy, Trowbridge doubted her sanity.

-- The Confederate War by Gary W. Gallagher, pages 164-165



“ If I had a thousand lives to live, I would give them all, rather than betray a friend or my country ”

On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand: The Story of Sam Davis



The following text is taken from [Valor in Gray -- The Recipients of The Confederate Medal of Honor](#) by Gregg S. Clemmer. Hearthside Publishing Company, P.O. Box 2773, Staunton, Virginia 24402

The heavy spring-wagon attracted little notice as it rumbled into Columbia, Tennessee, in early December of 1863. Pulled by two mules, the conveyance carried but two passengers, a man and boy. Their journey was a sad one and it was readily explained in a single glance. Behind them --on the bed of the wagon-- lay a coffin.

With the reins in his hands, John C. Kennedy guided the wagon through the busy streets. He wanted no trouble and when a picket ordered him to a halt on the southern outskirts of town, he swallowed hard, told little Oscar to say nothing, and then hoped for the best.

Identification? Kennedy nodded and dug nervously into his pocket, producing a pass. But for some reason, the sentry hardly glanced at the paper, his curiosity drawn first to the coffin and then to the young boy. With hardly a word, he waved them through.

The same thing happened a day later when the coffin-laden wagon approached the town of Pulaski. Puzzled by this lack of asserted Federal authority, Kennedy and Oscar entered the town and parked the wagon near the square. It was the next move that would be the hardest.

John Kennedy had come to Pulaski at the request of Oscar's family. No longer could they deny the rumors that it might be *their* 21-year-old son who had been hung as a spy in the last week of November. At first it seemed impossible and they had discounted the talk. But the report persisted. Unwilling to believe yet hopelessly drawn to free themselves of this torment, they had asked Kennedy to go and find out. And if it *was* true, they'd be forever obliged if he'd bring the body of their boy back home for burial.

The father had advised Kennedy that once he got to Pulaski, he should contact an old family acquaintance, a Mr. Richardson, who was clerk of the county court there. To identify the remains, the mother, her voice breaking, described her son's boots and gave Kennedy a piece of the plaid linsey that she had sewn as a lining for her son's jacket. And in case there was any question, well, their youngest son, Oscar, could ride along. Then with a meal sack containing a boiled ham and a half bushel of corn pones to see them through, the twosome departed.

They reached Nashville that evening. Unable to get an audience with the Federal authorities, Kennedy procured a coffin, a "metallic case and box" as he described it. The next morning, after first denying their request for a pass, Gen. Lovell Rousseau reluctantly issued Kennedy--a boyhood friend from old Kentucky--the necessary paper to clear the city. But he warned his old friend that his authority did not extend into Columbia.

Now, thinking back on the events of the last several days, Kennedy could only marvel at how easily they had gotten into Pulaski. Yet he did not relish meeting the executioners of his friend and as he got out of the wagon, he steeled himself for trouble. Instructing Oscar to hold the mules, he headed for the courthouse to see the provost marshal for a pass and, as he remembered years later, to "find out what he would do with us."

The Federal official eyed Kennedy then gruffly demanded to know how he got into Pulaski. Kennedy meekly handed him the pass.

"This is no account here," stated the officer bluntly, then as he narrowed his eyes on Kennedy, he demanded, "What do you want?"

John Kennedy replied forthrightly that he had come at the request of the family for the body of the young man who had been hanged. The parents simply wanted him brought home.

Instantly, the officer's whole attitude softened and he rose and offered his hand in welcome. With emotion in his voice, he put Kennedy at ease, assuring him he would do everything in his power to facilitate the request. For a moment there was an awkward silence as both men reassessed each other. Finally, not knowing what else to say, the officer spoke. "Tell them, for me, that he died the bravest of the brave, an honor to them and with the respect of every man in this command."

Kennedy was stunned as the officer handed him return passes and signed a permit for them to take up the body. This was far more cooperation than he had expected and, still unsure of his reception, he inquired if he would encounter any trouble or interference at the graveyard.

The officer was adamant. "No sir. If you do, I'll give you a company--yes, a regiment if necessary."

Bewildered by this unexpected cordiality, Kennedy returned to the wagon to find Oscar surrounded by soldiers inquiring if he was there to claim the body of the young man just hung. Oscar could only nod, no doubt frightened by all of this attention, whereupon several of the soldiers, moved by the scene of the somber lad and coffin, choked back that the dead man "ought not to have been hung," while others, fearful of retribution from the Confederates or perhaps even a Higher Power, felt they would certainly "suffer for it sooner or later."

Exhumation began the next morning and as the gravediggers labored, curious soldiers edged close. Speaking in hushed tones with kepis in hand, they asked if they might not be of some service. Kennedy acknowledged their respect, but politely declined their offer.

The grim work continued and once the box was lifted from the ground and the lid removed, Kennedy looked in to make the identification. "I took from my pocket the piece of his jacket lining and saw that they were alike." Removing the white hood still over the head of the corpse, Kennedy saw that the face was indeed "recognizable."

As they gently lifted the body to the "metallic case," more soldiers appeared, gathering quietly in lines with caps off. What was the meaning of this unexpected tribute from the men who had put his friend to death?

Back at the provost marshal's office, the chaplain who had attended the condemned soldier in the days before his execution, gave Kennedy a few personal effects--a little book and some brass vest and coat buttons. It was from this man that John Kennedy finally learned the extraordinary circumstances of the hanging.

Now, he no longer wondered at the reverential reception accorded them as they moved through Pulaski. Everyone wanted a last look at the casket of the unforgettable young soldier. And as if by magic, word of their coming spread ahead of them.

At the Duck River near Columbia, Kennedy found that the ferry had been halted by military decree. Approaching the officer in charge on the riverbank, Kennedy asked if there might not be some way to cross the river. The officer eyed him, then, in a moment of recognition, spotted the casket in the wagon. Briskly he turned to an orderly and said, "Go down and order the ferry boat to take that team and corpse over the river."

A steep defile to the water's edge lay before them, but as Kennedy returned to Oscar, he found the boy and wagon surrounded by dozens of soldiers in blue.

"Stranger, we know who this is," one of them said to him as he neared. "You get in the wagon; we'll see it goes down safe."

With infinite care, the Billy Yanks "practically carried the wagon aboard the boat." But once the ferry was across and tied to the opposite bank, another hill, steeper and longer, faced the travelers. Firmly--for they would not take no for an answer--the blue uniformed volunteer escorts told Kennedy to sit in the wagon and drive while they safely muscled the conveyance--with hand and shoulder--to the crest of the hill. Once on top, they stood in the road, and as Kennedy and little Oscar nodded their appreciation, the boys in blue raised their caps in silent salute.

A hero was going home.

Brig. Gen. Grenville M. Dodge eyed the young man carefully. Just hours before, members of the 7th Kansas Cavalry had captured several suspicious individuals about 15 miles outside Pulaski, Tennessee. There was little doubt that they were all active rebel sympathizers and Dodge quickly ordered them locked in the Giles County jail. It seemed like just another routine arrest but the Jayhawkers had discovered maps of the Nashville defenses hidden under this fellow's saddle along with incriminating letters, newspapers, and dispatches in his boots and clothing.

From this evidence, Dodge knew that one of "Coleman's Scouts" stood before him. For weeks, he had been "very anxious" to capture this "Coleman," and break up his band of spies that lurked east of Pulaski. Now it seemed, with at least one of "Coleman's" men in custody, he had his opportunity.

Dodge found his prisoner--a modest, unassuming fellow named Sam Davis--to be "a fine, soldierly looking young man, dressed in a faded Federal soldier's coat. He had a frank, open face, which was inclined to brightness." But as Dodge talked, conversing "pleasantly" with the captive in order to gain his confidence, he noted that Davis had little to say.

I tried to impress upon him the danger he was in and that I knew he was only a messenger, and held out to him the hope of lenient treatment if he would answer truthfully, as far as he could, my questions.

Who had given him this critical information? And to whom was he to deliver it? Even more so, Dodge asked, who was "Coleman" and where could he be found?

Davis listened attentively as the general probed but "made no definite answer." Dodge then dropped all pretense of cordiality and bluntly explained to his prisoner the penalty for spying. Did he really prefer silence and a hangman's noose?

Finding that his prisoner still would not cooperate, Dodge sent him back to the county jail to join the other prisoners. Surely once this Sam Davis considered his dark future from behind bars, he would be more forthcoming. Just to be sure, Dodge ordered his provost marshal, Capt. W. F. Armstrong, to place an informant in the cell near Davis. Perhaps that would work.

But the scout kept his own counsel. Pvt. C. B. Van Pelt of the 81st Ohio Infantry, detailed as a clerk in Armstrong's office, took a liking to Sam Davis. Every morning he called the roll of prisoners and, as he reminisced years later, "mingled with them as man to man." With Sam Davis, he remembered, "we talked much of the similar circumstances under which we had left our homes." Van Pelt was struck by Davis' patriotism, but even more so by Sam's "even tenor of gentleness," concluding that "had I been placed in his position, he would doubtless have proffered me the same sympathy I endeavored to extend to him."

But despite the best efforts of the provost marshal's spies, Sam Davis let nothing slip. Unable to get answers by subterfuge, Gen. Dodge again had the Confederate brought before him. This time he held nothing back. Davis would be tried as a spy and with the mountain of evidence against him, he would surely be convicted and sentenced to hang. But if he identified who had passed him the information and if he fingered "Coleman," he would be given a horse and safe passage through the lines and save himself a trip to the gallows.

Dodge expected Davis to grab the offer. But to his amazement, the 21-year old scout "very quietly and firmly refused to do it."

Now the general had no choice but to convene a court martial, which after hearing the evidence, quickly found the Tennessean guilty and sentenced him to hang. It fell to Pvt. Van Pelt to inform Sam Davis of the sentence.

I read to him a copy of his death-sentence [yet] a reprieve was extended, which I read to him [also], if he would inform us where "Coleman" was. He stood before me, an uncrowned hero, his eyes flashing, and said: "I will die a thousand deaths rather than betray my cause." We were both moved to tears and remained silent for a time. He then talked of his family.

News of the verdict spread quickly through the streets of Pulaski. At least one delegation, headed by Mrs. John A. Jackson, personally appealed to Gen. Dodge for leniency. Others sought out provost marshal Armstrong and Chaplain James Young of the 81st Ohio. Certainly *something* could be done to save this young man!

But the most pathetic appeal came from Coleman Davis Smith, Sam Davis' personal servant. Two years younger than Sam, Coleman had been "given to Sam as a play fellow" while still a boy. When Sam joined the war effort, so did Coleman, and as he remembered years later, "We slept anywhere and ate anywhere." Captured beside his master, he was also locked away in the county jail when Van Pelt brought the bad news.

Earnestly, Coleman begged Sam to "tell what the Yankees wanted him to tell," but Davis shook his head. He would not compromise the identity of his leader. The slave, desperate to save his lifelong friend, then asked if *he* might not tell, but again Sam Davis said no. *No one* must tell; never would he permit the sacrifice of a friend and both men knew why; unknown to Gen. Dodge, Capt. H. B. Shaw, alias "Coleman," the chief of the scouts, languished in an adjacent cell!

On the day before the execution, Sam penned a last letter to his family in Rutherford County.

Pulaski, Giles County, Tenn., Nov. 26, 1863

Dear Mother: Oh, how painful it is to write you! I have got to die to-morrow morning--to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-by forevermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all.

Your son, Samuel Davis

Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never will any more.

Mother and Father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good. Father, you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things, too, with the hotel keeper for you.

Pulaski is in Giles county, Tenn., south of Columbia.

S.D.

That evening, Sam received a visit from Chaplain Young. Time was short now, yet with some of the other prisoners, he joined Young in a short devotional that included the singing of "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand." For the rest of his life, Rev. James Young never forgot the "animated voice" of the condemned man.

At ten o'clock the next morning--one witness remembered the day as "fair and warm"--they came for him. To a local Methodist minister, the Rev. Mr. Lawrence, Davis left his overcoat and a few personal effects; would he see that they got to his family?

Guards then tied his hands behind him and shackled his legs. Then they walked him outside. Slowly, awkwardly, he climbed aboard a wagon. He stood there for a moment, searching the crowd. Then shifting his direction, he faced the courthouse jail, looking for familiar faces that might be watching from the windows. There! Awkwardly, he bent forward against the bonds that held him. This was all he could do--a final, painful bow--to acknowledge the deep bonds of sacrifice and comradeship shared with the men who crowded the barred windows for a last glimpse of him.

With a coffin his only seat, Sam Davis sat down in discomfort; the fetters around his feet pinched painfully tight. Chaplain Young took a knife and cut the boots at the ankle to relieve the pressure. Then, guarded by a sea of armed soldiers, the wagon rumbled toward the gallows erected on East Hill. At "precisely five minutes past ten o'clock," the wagon entered the hollow square of soldiers--four deep--that surrounded the scaffold.

Sam Davis stepped from the wagon and seated himself for a moment on a bench at the foot of the gallows. He seemed resolved to his fate, "glancing casually at his coffin as it was taken from the wagon."

To provost marshal Armstrong he inquired how long he had to live. "Fifteen minutes," came the reply. Perhaps then, might Capt. Armstrong tell him the latest news from the battlefield?

Dispatches from Chattanooga were filled with reports of a Union victory at Missionary Ridge, Armstrong replied.

The prisoner quietly expressed "much regret," then, almost as an afterthought, remarked, "The boys will have to fight the rest of the battles without me."

It was now time. Slowly, so as not to stumble, Sam Davis climbed the steps. Armstrong approached. "I am sorry to be compelled to perform this painful duty."

"It does not hurt me, Captain. I am innocent and I am prepared to die; so do not think hard of it."

Then again, but now for the last time, came the question: Would he not save himself and identify "Coleman?" It was not yet too late!

But the answer came back still full of resolve. "Do you suppose that I would betray a friend? No, sir: I would die a thousand times first!" And then, after a prayer with Chaplain Young, he stepped upon the trap, turned to Armstrong and said, "I am ready."

The sacrifice of Sam Davis quickly assumed the mystique of legend. The story of his heroic stand in the face of death was told and retold around countless Southern campfires and after the war was lost, around the impoverished dinner tables and blackened hearths of a war-ravaged region.

But the indelible picture of the young martyr also went north with the victors. Pvt. John S. Randal of the 61st Illinois Infantry asserted to his dying day that in his entire time in the war, he never "witnessed such a pathetic and heroic scene," noting unabashedly that he had sat at attention on his horse that day with "tears streaming down his face".

Others were less eloquent but just as sincere. Pvt. A. W. Bill remembered hearing many soldiers in the 61st later swear softly to themselves: "I wish that man could have gotten away."

After the execution, Pvt. Van Pelt found that "night and day came and went, but [writing in 1897] I could not forget, nor have I to this day forgotten, that boy hero. His image has been before me these thirty-four years. God bless his beloved memory, his friends, and comrades!"

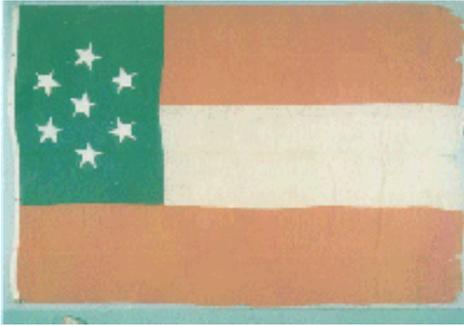
In 1909, the official monument to the memory of Sam Davis was dedicated on the grounds of the State Capitol in Nashville. A tablet placed there notes that the heroic bronze figure was funded by private contributions from every state in the American union.

But those who seek the essence of this American hero travel to nearby Smyrna. There in the backyard of the family home, Charles Louis and Jane Simmons Davis committed the body of their boy to the ground. And there, for more than a century now, visitors have continued to come.

***O Southland! Bring your laurels,
And add your wreath, O North!
Let glory claim the Hero's name
And tell the world his worth.***



Flags Carried in Defence of our State !



This large (8-1/2' x 12') flag is typical of the type of flag used in civil or government service. It is a slight variant from the normal pattern in that one of the stars is centrally located. Most 1st National flags made in Texas featured this unique star. This particular flag lies folded in a box in the Texas State Archives and funds are needed for its conservation.



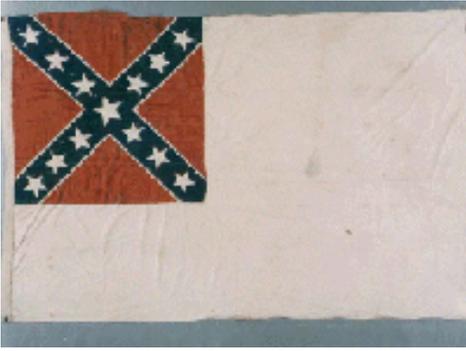
This Texas Flag was carried by the 1st Texas Infantry into the Cornfield at Sharpsburg. After 20 minutes of savage fighting, 82.3% of the regiment was dead or wounded, the highest casualty rate suffered by any unit during the war. After seven color bearers were killed carrying the flag, it was found on the field after the battle, surrounded by dead Texans. Returned to Texas by the Federal Government in 1905, it is currently undergoing conservation.



This flag was flown by Company G, of the 16th Texas. It is not known whether the regiment was the 16th Texas Cavalry or the 16th Texas Infantry Regiment. Both units served in Walker's Texas Division. Its lack of a white border along the cross is typical of Trans-Mississippi Battle Flag Variants.



This unique Battle Flag features a black cross superimposed over the Battle Flag. The significance of this feature is not known. This flag lies folded up in a box in the Archives, waiting conservation. Due to its delicate nature, it can only be handled by a skilled conservationist without damaging it.



This Second National Pattern Flag was used by the 33rd Texas Cavalry, which served primarily in South Texas along the Rio Grande River. One of its officers was Santos Benevides, who became the unit's colonel and was the highest ranking Hispanic officer to attain a field command in the Confederate service.



The Secession Flag of South Carolina is one of several flags of other Confederate States that have found its way to the Texas State Library and Archives. The crescent moon was a symbol popular in the South, and especially in the states of South Carolina and Louisiana.



This flag was found with the First Texas Lone Star Flag in the cornfield at Sharpsburg. It features a tear that was repaired with a woven lock of hair from a Union Zouave killed during the Battle of Second Manassas. It is made of cotton and was designed to replace previous editions made of silk that were too fragile for field use. This flag is currently undergoing conservation.



This flag was probably used by elements of Walker's Texas Division. It features the reversed colors which were the distinctive features of the battle flag designed by Lt. General Richard Taylor. It displays battle honors for the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, in which the Division played a significant role. This large (6' x 6') silk flag is currently undergoing conservation.

Surrender means that the history of this heroic struggle will be written by the enemy; that our youth will be trained by Northern school teachers; will learn from Northern school books their version of the War; will be impressed by all the influences of history and education to regard our gallant dead as traitors, and our maimed veterans as fit subjects for derision.

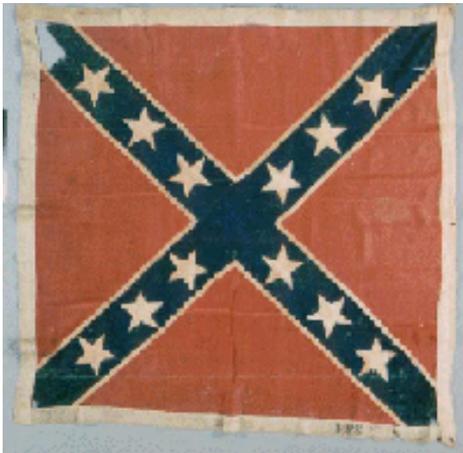
- General Pat Cleburne, CSA



There is little information available about this flag. The flag was made of expensive materials, such as silk and a stiff wire fringe. The fringe may have been gilt or old in color. Like most Texas flags of the era, the star is tilted on its axis.



This unique flag features a large red star, with 11 smaller stars contained within its points. In addition, there is a shield in the white bar. The shield features a yellow star and word "TEXAS." It is unknown which Texas units utilized this Battle Flag. This flag is currently undergoing conservation.



This Battle Flag was the last flag used by the 1st Texas Infantry. It was captured at Appomatox, Virginia on April 8, 1865, one day before the surrender of General Lee. It is the final variant of the Army of Northern Virginia Pattern, with the white border on all four sides of the flag. Returned to Texas in 1905, it is currently undergoing conservation.



This Flag was used by the 6th Texas Infantry and 15th Texas Cavalry (Dismounted), which served in Granbury's Texas Brigade of the Army of Tennessee. This flag is a variant of the Hardee Pattern Battle Flags used by the division of Irish-born General Patrick Cleburne throughout the war. Inside the white disc is a large red star, around which is spelled "TEXAS." This flag is currently undergoing conservation.

Photos are courtesy of the Archives Division, Texas State Library. Special thanks to the late Mel Wheat of the William H. L. Wells Camp of Plano, Texas, who provided the photos used for this page. <http://www.texas-scv.org/txFlags.php>

"The first step in liquidating a people is to erase its memory. Destroy its books, its culture, its history. Then have somebody write new books, manufacture a new culture, invent a new history. Before long the nation will begin to forget what it is and what it was."

- Milan Kundera

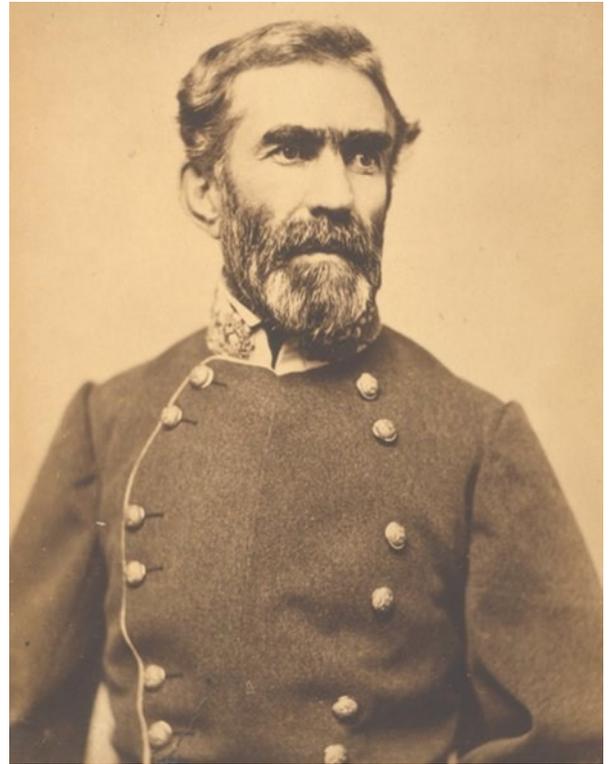
The Knot-Hole Conversion of General Braxton Bragg

Proverbs 11:30, “The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life, and he that winneth souls is wise.”

I [Rev Charles Quintard] made very earnest appeals to the officers and soldiers of our army to confess Christ as Saviour. But there was on man in the army I felt I could never get at. He was the Commander-in-Chief, General Braxton Bragg. He had the reputation of being so stern and so sharp in his sarcasm, that many men were afraid to go near him.



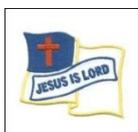
Immediately after I received notice of Bishop Elliott’s proposed visit, I determined to have a talk with General Bragg. I found two tents and a sentry at the outer one. When I asked for General Bragg the sentry said: “You cannot see him. He is very busy and has given positive orders not to be disturbed, except for matter of life and death.”



That cooled off my enthusiasm and I returned to my own quarters; but all night long I blamed myself for my timidity. All that night I struggled with the Holy Spirit because of my timidity. I next day I started out again, found the very same sentry, and received the same reply. This time, however, I resolved to see the General, no matter what happened, so I said: “It is a matter of life and death.” The sentry withdrew and in a few minutes returned and said: “You can see the General, but I advised you to be brief. He is not in a good humor.”

This chilled me, but I went in. I found the General dictating to two secretaries. He with me with: “Well, Dr. Quintard, what can I do for you? I am quite busy, as you can see.” I stammered out that I wanted to see him alone. He replied that was impossible, but I persisted. Finally he dismissed the secretaries, saying to me rather sternly: “Your business must be of grave importance, sir.”

I was very frightened, but I asked the General to be seated, and then fixing my eyes upon a knot-hole in the pine board floor of the tent. I talked about our Blessed Lord and about the responsibilities of a man in the General’s position. When I looked up after a while I saw tears in the General’s eyes and took courage to ask him to accept Christ. At last he came to me, took both my hands in his and said: “I have been waiting for twenty years to have someone say this to me, and I thank you from my heart. Certainly, I shall accept Christ if you will give me the necessary instruction.”



What They Dont Tell You About Andersonville and The Treatment of Union P.O.W.s!

From the Southern Cavalry Review, the newsletter of The Stuart-Mosby Historical Society.

Below is a letter of Col. Ould of the Confederate States Army pleading with Gen. Mulford of the United States Army for an exchange of prisoners of war—in vain. Lincoln at Grant's behest had already shut off prisoner exchanges. This quote is from a book entitled Three Years with Grant by war correspondent Sylvanus Cadwallader, edited in 1955 by Benjamin Thomas. Cadwallader made a point of stating in the book that he had verified this quote with several sources and considering its horrible nature, it was well that he did so. Thomas frequently corrected historical mistakes in Cadwallader's writings but he made no correction of this information neither did he mention it in any way or call it into question. For far too long, the South has suffered calumny without cause while Northern war crimes remain unaddressed and virtually unknown. Who really were the monsters here?

"My government instructs me to waive all formalities and what it considers some of the equities in this matter of exchange. I need not try to conceal from you that we cannot feed and provide for the prisoners in our hands. We cannot half feed or clothe them. You have closed our ports till we cannot get medical stores for them. You will not send us quinine and other needed medicines, even for their exclusive use. They are suffering greatly and the mortality is excessive. I tell you all this plainly, and still you refuse to exchange. What does your government demand? Name your own conditions and I will show you my authority to accept them. You are silent! Great God!, can it be that your people are monsters? If you will not exchange, I will give you your men for nothing. I will deliver ten thousand Union prisoners at Wilmington any day that you will receive them. I will deliver five thousand here on the same terms. Come and get them. If your government is so damnably dishonest to want them for nothing, you shall have them. You can at least feed them and we cannot. You can give us what you please in return for them."



Confederate Generals of Gettysburg: The Leaders of America's Greatest Battle

CONFEDERATE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA

280 guns/71,586 men

GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE

first in a series



Napoleon said that "the personality of the general is indispensable, he is the head, he is the all of the army." This was never truer than with Robert E. Lee and his army--the character of Lee was the source of the indomitability of the Army of Northern Virginia from the time he took command of it in June 1862. Lee had hardened and strengthened his character through a lifetime of almost Biblical self-denial. He had lived his life strictly by devotion to the self-sacrificing virtues of duty and religion. There is thus an impenetrability to Lee's personality; he presents a profound enigma to anyone raised after the advent of Freud, accustomed as we are to looking for dark corners in the hopes of finding the keys to a man's character. Even in his own time, Confederate diarist Mary Chesnut asked, "Can anyone say that they know Robert E. Lee?"

His own father's misspent life provided Lee with a horrifying cautionary tale about the consequences of a lack of self-control. Robert E. Lee was the son of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, a Revolutionary War hero whose reputation had become blackened by vain financial schemes. By 1807, when Robert was born, the family mansion was already a cheerless, barren place with chains placed across the doors to keep out creditors. Before Robert was two, his father had served two stretches in debtor's prison. In 1813, Light-Horse Harry, who had been badly injured in a Baltimore political riot, boarded a boat for a retreat in Barbados, and his family never saw him again.

By the age of twelve, Robert, the youngest of five children, was the only child still at home when his mother's health worsened, and at that early age he shouldered the burdens of managing the household and ministering to his ill mother. As he approached late adolescence in genteel poverty, Lee's options were limited. Although he loved the soil, and would have been most fulfilled by a planter's life, there was no soil for him to till--his father had lost all the family land. There were signs that he was interested in a career in medicine, but the a family could not afford the cost of a medical education. Finally, since Robert had long been interested in the military, he accepted an appointment to Military Academy at West Point, to prepare for the only profession for which his family could afford to train him.

Lee performed brilliantly as a student, graduating with high honors, 2nd among the 46 cadets in the class of 1829. But more illuminating was his record of conduct. West Point regulated cadets' behavior with a demerit system. Called "crimes," demerits were given for tardiness or absence at roll calls for meals, chapel, drill, and inspections; for dirty quarters or equipment; for visiting after taps; for disturbances during study hours; for any of a number of lapses in personal grooming; for smoking in the barracks during the evening; for improper behavior toward cadet officers and academy officers; and for altercations or fights. The system was so comprehensive and administered so rigidly that only one cadet in the history of the academy ever passed the four-year course of instruction without one infraction. That cadet was Robert E. Lee.

Highly placed graduates were given their choice of assignments, and Lee chose to go into the engineers, the elite branch of the army. He was a stunningly handsome young officer, vibrant and gregarious, a man who enjoyed flirting with young, pretty ladies and one who fell easily in love. A care-free period after graduation was no more than a brief interlude, however, ended by Lee's ready adherence to a tradition of five generations of Lee men, that of bettering or maintaining their status by marrying well. In 1831, just two years out of West

Point, he married his childhood playmate and distant cousin Mary Custis, the only daughter of George Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis.

Robert and Mary were wed in the Custis family mansion at Arlington overlooking the Potomac River. The house had become a shrine to the memory of George Washington, full of museum pieces and articles used by the venerated Father of the Country. The marriage, in fact, had the effect of making Robert E. Lee conscious of himself as the heir to the Washington tradition. Washington had always been Lee's hero. Now, as he ate on Washington's china and took up Washington's knife and fork, Lee also took up Washington's view of duty, and acted as he thought Washington would. His self-conscious effort to emulate Washingtonian tact and grave self-discipline caused Virginia governor Henry Wise to remark, "General Lee, you certainly play Washington to perfection."

In 1835, Lee's wife's health started to deteriorate, beginning thirty years of constant illness which would in the end reduce her to a total invalid. During the decades before the Civil War, Lee moved from military assignment to assignment, separated from his wife and children (who would eventually number four daughters and three sons). Here again the Washingtonian virtues prevailed-- Lee tried to see his duty clearly and do it to the best of his ability without complaint. The long separations from his family were hard on the young officer, however, and by the 1850's produced in him a state of melancholy. Lee's letters in this period were often tinged with a discouragement exacerbated by the painfully slow promotion rate in the Regular Army engineers--by 1855, he had risen only to lieutenant colonel. A theme of personal suffering as God's retribution for his sins crept increasingly into his letters; when he left home for Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis in 1855, he viewed the separation as "a just punishment for my sins," and prayed that "I may truly repent of the many errors of my life, that my sins may be forgiven." By 1857, he was considering leaving the army, as in this letter to Albert Sidney Johnston:

I can see that I have at least to decide the question, which I have staved off for 20 years, whether I am to continue in the Army all my life, or to leave it now. My preferences which have clung to me from boyhood impel me to adopt the former course, but yet I feel that a man's family has its claims too.

When the Civil War came in 1861, the private wilderness that had produced Lee's decade of self-doubt suddenly fell away. Lee had always been held in high esteem by his fellow military men, both for his abilities and character. He had no greater admirer than the highest ranking officer in the United States, Mexican War hero General Winfield Scott. He had won Scott's undying respect for his brilliant service as a scout on the entire Mexican War campaign from Veracruz to Mexico City. Lee had been praised in Scott's battle reports more than any other officer, and in the banquet after the final victory, the victorious Scott had risen, rapped on the table, and proposed a toast to "the health of Captain Robert E. Lee, without whose aid we should not now be here."

When Sumter fell, Abraham Lincoln along with Scott tried to make Lee the principal Union field commander. When Virginia seceded, however, Lee's visceral allegiance to the soil of his native state would not allow him to take up arms against it, and he declined the offer when it was tendered on April 18, 1861. On April 23, he accepted the command of Virginia's army and navy, and worked tirelessly for the next three months organizing Virginia's fledgling military forces.

In late July 1861 he was given his first field command, in western Virginia. His first campaign in September-October 1861 was a disaster, and Lee's popularity plunged. He was now widely referred to as "Granny Lee," and when Jefferson Davis reassigned him to command the department of the Carolinas and Georgia in November 1861, the appointment was protested by the locals--Davis wrote later of "the clamour which then arose followed him when he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary on his departure to write a letter to Governor of that State, telling him what manner of man he was."

Lee's next appointment, as military advisor to President Davis in March 1862, went virtually unnoticed in Southern newspapers, even in Richmond. When Lee took command of the Virginia army on June 1, after its

previous commander Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had been wounded at Seven Pines, the *Richmond Examiner* announced: "Evacuating Lee, who has never yet risked a single battle with the invader, is commanding general." This moment, however, marked the emergence of one of history's great army commanders. Immediately naming his Confederate divisions the "Army of Northern Virginia," Lee proceeded to throw McClellan's larger and better-equipped army back from the gates of Richmond in the Seven Days' Battles at the end of June, coming agonizingly close to completely destroying the Union army and leaving it cowering under the cover of gunboats on the James River. Turning on the newly formed Army of Virginia under Maj. Gen. John Pope northwest of Richmond, he divided his army in the face of the enemy, sending Maj. Gen. T.J. "Stonewall" Jackson into the enemy rear, then reuniting his army and routing Pope's army in the campaign's climax at the Battle of Second Manassas, sending the remnant fleeing into the safety of the Washington defenses. Virginians were wild with joy. In two months, Lee had taken over an outnumbered army defending Richmond from within the sound of its church bells, defeated two different Union armies, and thrown them both all the way back to Washington.

Then there was a costly misstep. Feeling that to withdraw after such an exhilarating triumph would demoralize his army, and wanting to take the war onto the Union-occupied soil of Maryland where he was hopeful of catalyzing the enlistment of droves of Marylanders into the Confederate ranks, Lee crossed the Potomac with a weary, ill-shod and ill-clad army in September 1862. Fighting a battle that would have been better avoided at Sharpsburg, he was fortunate to be able to retreat his army across the Potomac at the end of the Maryland Campaign. At the year's end, he recovered his earlier fortune and dealt nascent Union war hopes a crushing blow at the one-sided Battle of Fredericksburg, where new commanding Maj. Gen. Ambrose Burnside obliged him by hurling division after blue division in hopeless charges against Lee's impregnable defensive positions.

Lee repeated his earlier magic in the first battle of his second year of campaigning at the Battle of Chancellorsville in May 1863. Outnumbered two-to-one and initially outmaneuvered by the Army of the Potomac's latest chief, Maj. Gen. Joe Hooker, Lee took bigger risks than ever before, dividing his army in the face of a superior enemy. . . and then dividing it again. A flanking force under Stonewall Jackson crushed the Union right flank, setting in motion a series of Union reverses that took the fight out of Hooker and sent him and his sullen Yankee host back across the Rappahannock. To capitalize on his momentum, as he had tried to do the year before, Lee again decided to march into the North, this time aiming at Pennsylvania. This invasion (or, more properly, "raid," since the incursion was never intended to permanently hold enemy territory), which promised to be the deciding campaign of a war now two years old, would become known as the Gettysburg Campaign.

That Lee's character should play such decisive role in the character of his army was due in part to the "cavalier tradition" among the Virginia population from which much of his army sprang. As opposed to the democratic tradition which animated the New England recruits with the feeling that just about anybody with common sense and enough vigor could be a great military leader, the cavalier tradition which inspired the Virginians was an aristocratic holdover from the supporters of the King in the English Civil War which held that the "best men" were born to lead, victory being guaranteed by the wholehearted backing of those born to follow. Lee, who was steeped in this tradition, was undoubtedly one of the "best men" by breeding and refinement of character. Lee's command relationships were therefore very clear-cut: he, as a gentleman, possessed authority, and knew it, and applied it judiciously. There was a subtle balance in Lee between his ability to dominate and inspire by his mere presence and yet not become intoxicated by such power.

This second component--Lee's essential humility--was evident in battle. He rarely made himself conspicuous. He preferred to lead by his moral strength, and trust execution of his orders to other professionals, preferably with a formal military education (for him, warmaking was too important to entrust to amateurs). His command style derived from his twin guiding principles of duty and religion. He confided to a Prussian visitor the essential features of his leadership: "I plan and work with all my might to bring the troops to the right place at the right time," he said; "with that I have done my duty. As soon as I order the troops forward into battle, I lay the fate of my army in the hands of God." There were obvious defects in this philosophy--sometimes his subordinates were paralyzed by the discretion Lee afforded them. Yet Lee's command technique had succeeded

over and over again in his first year with the Army of Northern Virginia because he had surrounded himself with lieutenants who were not afraid to use their own discretion.

Another facet of Lee's cavalier credo went a long way toward explaining the success of his army--his ability to work well with a wide assortment high-strung prima donnas in subordinate positions. Lee believed that a gentleman "does not needlessly and unnecessarily remind an offender of a wrong," and not only forgives "but can forget." (Braxton Bragg, by contrast, ruined the Western army for lack of this talent.) Lee was constitutionally non-confrontational, never humiliating his subordinates, even when he believed they had failed him. His response to such failure--as after the Seven Days' Battles with Generals Magruder, Huger, and Holmes--was to quietly reassign offenders to other tasks or other departments.

Lee was a man of continuous activity, frequently engaging in humble tasks. John Hood told about going to see Lee when he had reached Richmond. Arriving at Lee's office on the fourth floor of the Mechanics Institute, he found Lee surrounded by every cobbler in the capital. Lee was showing them how to make cartridge boxes, haversacks, bayonets and scabbards, which the Confederacy then badly needed. "He was studiously employing his great mind to this apparently trivial but most important work."

Perhaps the biggest conundrum of Lee's personality was how his legendary calm could exist side-by-side with the most striking feature of his generalship--his audacity. As Davis staffer Colonel Joseph Ives predicted in a conversation E. Porter Alexander just after Lee took over the Virginia army, when the newspapers were still calling the general "Granny Lee": "[Lee] will take more desperate chances and take them quicker than any other general in this country, North or South. . . . His name might be Audacity." As Maj. Gen. Henry Heth said later of Lee at Gettysburg:

This determination to strike his enemy was not from the position he found himself [in], but from a leading characteristic of the man. General Lee, not excepting Jackson, was the most aggressive man in his army.

Lee had been unfailingly aggressive ever since the Seven Days, and while it had cowed his adversaries and, by the summer of 1863, already created a legend that was worth a division on the battlefield, it was bleeding the Confederacy of manpower. Lee's thrilling assaults were winning astounding victories in the short run, but over the course of the war they would eventually rob him of his offensive power and condemn him to a war behind entrenchments, one he could not win.

But what Southerner would not sacrifice himself for a man such as Lee? Approaching Gettysburg, he must have been magnificent to look at. Most of those who encountered him during this period remarked on his handsome strength. Fremantle judged him "the handsomest man of his age I ever saw . . . tall, broadshouldered, very well made, well set up, a thorough soldier in appearance." Sorrel commented on "the perfect poise of head and shoulders," and wrote that "his white teeth and winning smile were irresistible" (features that were never shown in any photograph). Age had given gravity to what had always been a dignified bearing. In his fifty-seventh year, his hair, which had been black at the outset of the war, was grizzled. His black mustache had given way to a full gray beard. Five feet ten inches tall and 165 pounds, he was short in the legs, so when he rode a horse he seemed much taller. In this campaign he wore a long gray jacket that showed wear, and a high black felt hat. He tucked blue trousers into high leather Wellington boots which covered the knee in front but were cut low behind. His only insignia of rank were three stars on his collar. As always, he carried no weapons but had his binoculars handy, hung on a strap around his neck in battle. Notwithstanding the frayed coat, Fremantle called his appearance "smart and clean."

Lee was not yet the South's most beloved soldier as he marched with his army into Pennsylvania--Jackson was. And Lee for the first time was campaigning without Jackson, a loss that he knew was irremediable. Lee was not in good health; pleurisy and an infection in April had weakened him. As he crossed the Mason-Dixon line, he had the sense that complete victory or utter defeat hung in the balance, and it created an unusual tension in him. He was fretted by the cavalry's disappearance under Jeb Stuart. A number of observers noted that Lee was

uneasy, anxious, uncharacteristically excitable. It augured poorly that for the first time anyone could remember, Lee's many concerns, in Longstreet's words, "threatened his superb equipoise."

At Gettysburg

Lee woke up on the morning of July 1 at his headquarters on the outskirts of Chambersburg, about 25 miles west of Gettysburg. He expected that a battle was imminent somewhere along the Chambersburg-Gettysburg Pike, and he had one or two conferences with Lieut. Gen. A.P. Hill, who was headed toward Gettysburg that morning with his Third Corps, stressing his desire not to begin an engagement before his widespread army was concentrated. Lee had given orders for the concentration of the army at Cashtown on the Chambersburg Pike eight miles west of Gettysburg, but it would take most of the day for Ewell's Second Corps to arrive from the north and for the rest to snake along the single road over South Mountain from Chambersburg. He determined to move his headquarters forward to Cashtown that morning.

As he rode toward Cashtown with Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet, he heard the rumble of cannon from the east. Arriving in Cashtown about 11:00 A.M., he knew from the heavy sounds of battle that a big fight was underway. Not knowing the location of the Army of the Potomac and believing that the enemy army outnumbered his two to one, he became acutely anxious that Stuart's cavalry, his "eyes and ears," return soon from a wide-ranging raid into the enemy rear. After listening intently to the sound of the guns a while longer, Lee felt he had no choice but to ride ahead to see for himself what was happening. Sometime after 1:00 P.M. he arrived at the ridge a mile to the east of Herr Ridge where Heth's guns were banging away. Off to the left he could see Rodes's division on Oak Hill attacking the Federals in front of Heth from the north. Heth rode up begging for orders to attack in concert with Rodes, but Lee at first would not permit it, still reluctant to commit his army to battle with so little information about the enemy in front of him. About 2:30 P.M., however, Lee saw the opportunity to crush the Union First Corps in front of him, and gave Heth the order to attack, with Pender's division in support.

The overwhelming Rebel combination swept the First Corps off the ridges on the west of town by 4:30 P.M. Also, by good luck, Early's division had arrived from the northeast and had outflanked and routed the enemy Eleventh Corps (which had briefly deployed facing north in the shallow valley north of town where Lee could not see it). In the late afternoon, masses of enemy soldiers from both corps were running back through Gettysburg to rally on Cemetery Hill, the eminence just south of town. Lee's men were pursuing them and rounding them up by the thousands as Lee rode forward to Seminary Ridge to observe the spectacle. This was a substantial Confederate victory, but the Federal forces had not been thoroughly crushed, and with about four hours of daylight remaining, Lee was unsure what to do next. Fresh forces at hand were slim. Still uncertain about enemy strength, he had halted Anderson's arriving division two miles west of town as a reserve. According to Lee's report of the battle, he sent Second Corps chief Lieut. Gen. Richard Ewell instructions "to carry the hill occupied by the enemy, if he found it practicable, but to avoid a general engagement until the arrival of the other divisions of the army, which were ordered to hasten forward." Ewell, who was lacking fresh troops himself and felt constrained by Lee's order not to bring on a full-fledged battle, did not make an attack that evening. For that, Lee, who had left too much discretion to Ewell in his order and had included too many factors in it for that general to weigh, must take the responsibility.

That evening, Longstreet joined Lee and urged him to move the army to the right, around the Union left, then take a strong position nearby--between the Federal army and Washington--and await attack, Fredericksburg-style. By that time, however, Lee considered a battle unavoidable. "No," he said, "the enemy is there, and I am going to attack him there." Sometime before sunset, Lee rode from Seminary Ridge over to Ewell's headquarters near Gettysburg to make plans for the next day. The Second Corps commanders were reluctant either to attack from where they were or withdraw and come to the right to

shorten the army's lines. Their solution was that Longstreet should come up and attack on the right. As Lee headed back to his tent for the night, his plans for the next day had not matured.

Lee spent the morning of July 2 near his headquarters on the west slope of Seminary Ridge just south of the Chambersburg Pike, talking quietly with Longstreet, Hill, McLaws, Hood, and various staff officers. Stuart and his cavalry had not yet reported, so Lee still knew little more about the strength or position of the Army of the Potomac than what he could see from the seminary, but he felt he had to maintain the initiative by attacking. Shortly after sunrise, Lee sent a scouting party to Little Round Top to examine the enemy left. They returned three hours later and reported that they had seen no sign of the enemy in force. (Given the thousands of Federals active in the area that morning, the scouts' report is one of the enduring mysteries of the battle).

After receiving this news, Lee decided to attack from his right with Longstreet's two available First Corps divisions. Within a short time, Lee gave McLaws orders to move south of the Peach Orchard, place his brigades across the Emmitsburg Road perpendicular to it, and attack toward Gettysburg, driving in the Federal left flank with Hood's division in support--a reprise of Chancellorsville. Longstreet was visibly upset by Lee plan to attack the enemy in place, but the matter was settled. About 9:00 A.M. Lee rode over to Ewell's headquarters. The Second Corps commander persuaded Lee to let his men remain where they were and create a diversion when they heard the sound of Longstreet's guns. Tthis would be converted to an all-out attack on the enemy on Culp's and Cemetery Hills if a good opportunity presented itself. Lee then rode back to Seminary Ridge and found Longstreet dawdling, still waiting to move his divisions toward their jump-off positions near the Peach Orchard. Meanwhile, Anderson's division was filing south on Seminary Ridge. Longstreet would form on Anderson's right, and Anderson would continue the attack of Longstreet's two divisions when the attack reached his position. Thus, before 11:00 in the morning, Lee had marked out the responsibilities in the day's attack, with every division on hand (except Pender's and Heth's, which had been badly cut up on the first day of battle) slated to participate .

Longstreet balked and blundered and did not get into position until 4:00 that afternoon, and when his two divisions reached the area of the Peach Orchard, they were surprised to find Federals posted there in strength. Lee had ridden south to be with Longstreet in mid-afternoon, and the plan to attack up the Emmitsburg Road was quickly changed: Hood would now form on McLaws's right and start the attack. McLaws would attack next, then Anderson.

Once he had gotten his men into position, Lee did not interfere with the conduct of the battle by his subordinates. He went back to the Lutheran seminary to watch the progress of the fighting until dark. One man said his face betrayed no anxiety, another reported that he received only one message and sent only one. Meanwhile, in some of the hardest few hours' fighting of the war, victory eluded him--nowhere was the Union line permanently broken, with the exception of a lodgment on Culp's Hill by one of Ewell's divisions. Yet, imbued with the overconfidence of Chancellorsville, Lee was still optimistic. He believed that another attack the next day would ultimately succeed, strengthened by Pickett's fresh division, which had arrived that afternoon.

Lee's first plan for July 3 was for dawn attack which would continue the assaults of the day before: Longstreet on the right, strengthened by Pickett's division, would drive forward to the Taneytown road. Ewell on the left would attack and place himself across the Baltimore Pike. With their two lines of retreat cut, the Union army would collapse. Three things immediately went wrong with this plan, however. First, either Lee was so exhausted he forgot to give proper orders to Pickett or Longstreet did not transmit them, because at dawn Pickett's brigades were still far to the rear. Second, Ewell was himself attacked on Culp's Hill at dawn by the entire Union Twelfth Corps. Third, when Lee rode to Longstreet's headquarters that morning he found Longstreet preoccupied with his own plans for an attack around the

enemy left, a fixation with "Old Pete" which had not diminished since the beginning of the battle.

Seeing that an early, well-coordinated attack was no longer possible, Lee rode back toward his headquarters and called a conference of generals to discuss a new plan. Lee chose the bare section of Cemetery Ridge--which General Wright reported seizing briefly with his brigade the evening before, in the Union center opposite Hill's front--as the new focus of the day's attack. Making the assault would be Pickett's division, joined on their left by Heth's division (now led by Brig. Gen. Johnston Pettigrew) and half of Pender's Division (to be led by Maj. Gen. Isaac Trimble) which had not been engaged the day before and which were already situated close to the correct jump-off positions. Two brigades of Anderson's division would provide support on Pickett's right. The 2_ attacking divisions would converge on an easily visible Clump of Trees on Cemetery Ridge. The assault would be opened by a cannonade from 150 massed guns, the heaviest of the war, which would pulverize the Union defenders in the target area.

Longstreet did not like the plan and said so, but Lee insisted it be made--and commanded by Longstreet himself, even though the majority of the attackers were Hill's men. During the lengthy preparation of that morning, Lee rode up and down the lines, consulting with Longstreet and others and inspecting positions and troops. It was not until this time that he realized how badly shot up Hill's divisions were. Noticing the scores of men in the lines with blood-soaked bandages, Lee was shocked. "Many of these poor boys should go to the rear; they are not able for duty," he said to Trimble. By the time Lee had noticed his mistake in choosing these brigades, however, the die had been cast. Many observers mentioned a nervousness in his manner that morning, but there were no indications that he ever faltered in his decision.

Once the men and guns were in position, as was his way, Lee committed the battle to Longstreet and sat quietly nearby. At one time during the cannonade he rode out in front of Pickett's men; when they shouted and pleaded with him to leave for someplace safer, he waved his hat and rode on.

Only after the disaster of the climactic attack, when the slaughtered brigades of "Pickett's Charge" trickled back from the enemy lines, did he ride forward again, this time to rally their spirits, saying things like "The fault is mine." "It will be all right in the end." "Go back and rest yourself." Fremantle called his conduct at this terrible moment "perfectly sublime." Soon Lee was preparing Seminary Ridge for a counterattack by the victorious Union forces. It never came. The battle of Gettysburg was over.

The next morning Lee said simply to Longstreet, "It is all my fault. I thought my men were invincible." Next to Malvern Hill, the last two days at Gettysburg represent Lee's worst failure of judgment of the entire war. But by the summer of 1863, Lee more than any other man embodied the southern cause--blame for the defeat was therefore deflected from him. He continued to lead the Army of Northern Virginia, with no faltering in the devotion of his men or diminution of their belief in his leadership, until the end of the war. The casualties he had sustained at Gettysburg so crippled his army, however, that he would never again be able to contemplate an offensive campaign.

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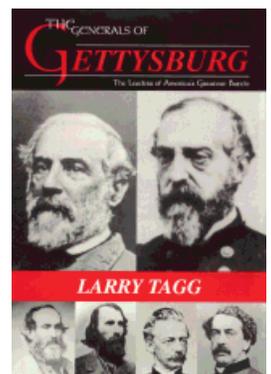
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Excerpted from [*"The Generals of Gettysburg: The Leaders of America's Greatest Battle"*](#) by Larry Tagg



Tribute poem to Sam Davis

From the original Confederate Veterans magazine, the year 1896, Volume IV comes another priceless poem, this one memorialising the great Southern martyr, Sam Davis, written by John Moore, who, according to the article, was captured the same time with Davis but escaped from Pulaski.

"Tell me his name and you are free,"
The general said, while from the tree
The grim rope dangled threat'ningly

The birds ceased singing--happy birds,
That sang of home and mother-words.
The sunshine kissed his cheek--dear sun,
It loves a life that's just begun.
The very breezes held their breath
To watch the fight 'twixt life and death,
And O, how calm and and sweet and free
Smiled back the hills of Tennessee!
Smiled back the hills as if to say:
"O save your life for us to-day!"

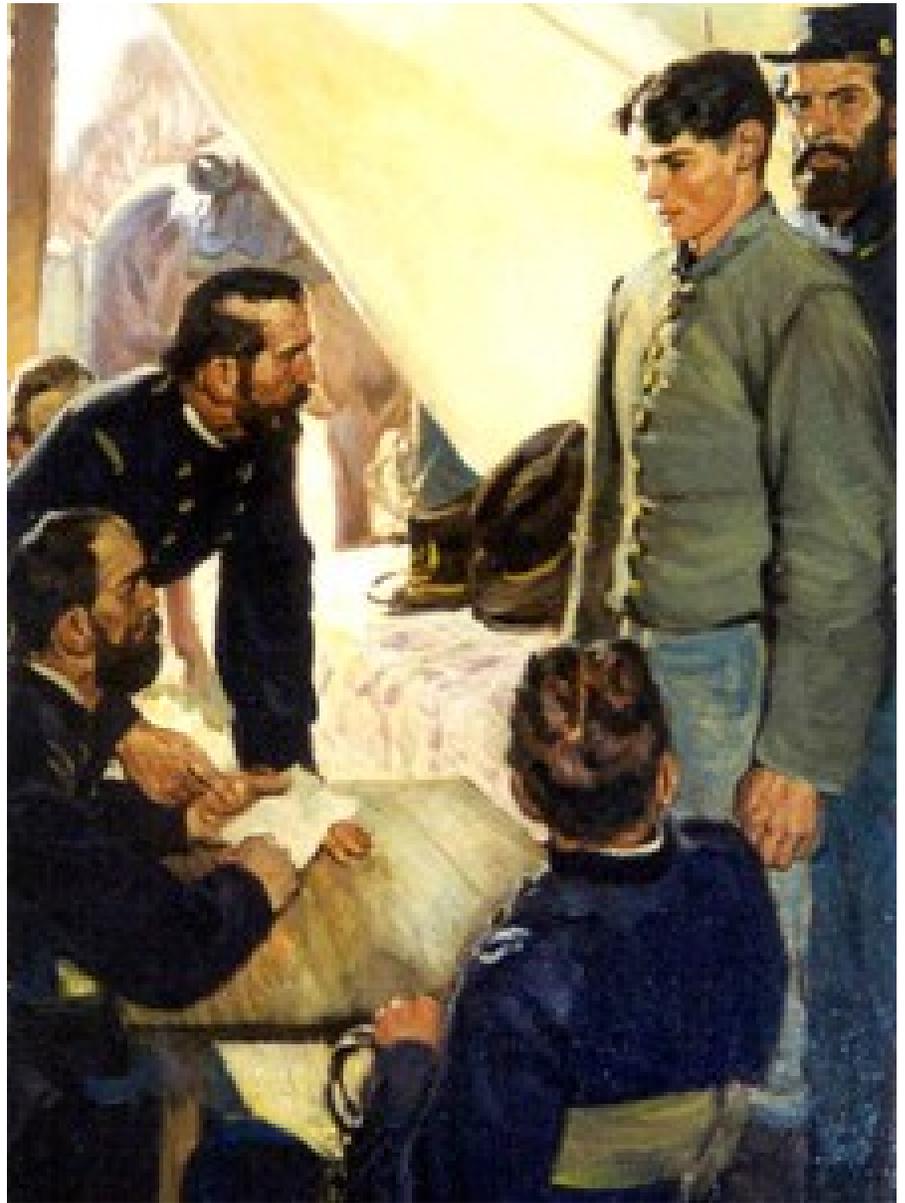
"Tell me his name, and you are free,"
The General said, "and I shall see
You safe within the rebel line--
I'd love to save such life as thine."

A tear gleamed down the ranks of blue--
(The bayonets were tipped in dew)
Across the rugged cheek of war
God's angels rolled a teary star.
The boy looked up and this they heard:
"And would you have me break my word?"

A tear stood in the General's eye:
"My boy I hate to see thee die--
Give me the traitor's name and fly!"

Young Davis smiled, as calm and free
As he who walked on Galilee:
"Had I a thousand lives to live--
Had I a thousand lives to give--
I'd lose them--nay I'd gladly die
Before I'd live on life, a lie!"
He turned--for not a soldier stirred:
"Your duty, men--I gave my word."

The hills smiled back a farewell smile--
The breeze sobbed o'er his bier awhile--
The birds broke out in glad refrain--
The sunbeams kissed his cheek again,
Then, gathering up their blazing bars,
They shook his name among the stars.
O stars, that now his brothers are,
O sun, his sire in truth and light,
Go tell the listening worlds afar
Of him who died for truth and right.
For martyr of all martyrs he
Who died to save an enemy!



"Sam Davis questioned by General Dodge," by Harold Van Schmidt.

