

Rebelle



Sons of Confederate Veterans
Jefferson Davis Camp No. 635

* Volume LII * * PO Box 2722, Ridgeland, MS 39158 * * April 2023 * * Number 4*



April Meeting Try Again: WWII POW Recalls His Experiences

Since technical problems prevented Dan Duggan from showing the DVD of Private Olin Pickens, US Army, he's going to try to do it for April; however, due to the program's length, he's decided to show it in two parts, in April and May. Private Pickens was a POW in a German camp and describes his experiences surviving during WWII and returning home to Mississippi,

Everyone come and bring guests, especially new recruits!

When: April 24, 2023, 6:00 pm.
Where: Masonic Lodge, 7454 Old Canton Road, Madison, MS.



For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

Ephesians 6: 12-17

(KJV)

March Report

Substitute Program:

Due to technical problems, the DVD on Private Pickens could not be shown. Dan Duggan presented a program on Private Harvey Gandy, Co. A, 44th Alabama Infantry, CSA.

A Sad Day in Richmond

April 30, 1864, was a sad day in Richmond...

Joseph Evan Davis was born in Washington while his father was serving in the Senate. Davis proclaimed his new son "a very fine one" and named the boy for his eldest brother and his grandfather. Varina protested, for she deeply resented Joseph Emory Davis, but to no avail. She confided to her mother, however, that the boy did bear a resemblance to his namesake uncle, which she hoped he would outgrow.

Little Joe was described as exceptionally bright, and he was apparently the best behaved of all of the Davis children, but his life ended tragically with a fall from a White House porch on April 30, 1864. Rumors persist that he was pushed by older brother Jeff Jr., but there is no evidence to support

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Rebel Ramblings

by Robert Murphree

Fellows, as I write this column, today is Appomattox Day, the occasion of the ultimate concentration of the quality of greatness demonstrated by a truly great man, Robert E. Lee. In these times, when self-centeredness is the rule rather than the exception, we cannot appreciate enough a man who put his own personal ambition and feelings aside in order to save the lives of others. When it became apparent to General Lee that further sacrifice of those lives that were so precious to him would be fruitless, he decided to "bear the unbearable," and take the road to Appomattox. Our poor country cries out today for leadership, and, oh, that we had a man of the caliber of Robert E. Lee to step forth.

The book that John Worsham wrote, entitled One of Jackson's Foot Cavalry, about his service in the 21st Virginia Infantry is a classic. He gives much more information about the everyday life of the Confederate soldier than most soldier-writers, who tend to give a macro view of the events they were involved in. We all know that much of the equipment the Confederate soldier carried was furnished by his opponents, but Worsham gives a graphic description of just how much this was.

He describes the arms of his regiment at the beginning of the war and says that one company had Springfield muskets, one company had old smoothbores, one had Enfields, and one had Mississippi rifles. The rest had old flintlock muskets that had been altered to be percussion guns. Worsham relates that the captures Jackson's men made in the Valley campaign were enough to replace all their inferior arms, and that the battles around Richmond in 1862, all the Confederate units were as well armed as the enemy.

Fast forward four years, and Worsham says that toward the end of the war almost everything the Confederates had was captured from the enemy. He says all the wagons were captured and as many of these captures had the unit information of the Union Army branded on them, to see them on the road one would have thought a Yankee column was *en route*. He writes that nearly all the horses and mules had "U.S." on their flanks, and that "our ambulances were from the same generous provider." The tents, blankets, pants, underclothing and overcoats all came from Uncle Sam. Worsham said that after 1861 until the end of the war, except for what he brought from home with him, all his equip-

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Visit the camp web site at:

<http://www.scvcamp635.org>

**Send changes in e-mail addresses to: csa4ever@att.net
Include changes to physical (mail) addresses and telephone numbers as well.**

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May 22, 2023

Plans to be determined

June 26, 2023

Plans to be determined

July 24, 2023

Plans to be determined

August 28, 2023

Plans to be determined

September 25, 2023

Plans to be determined

October 23, 2023

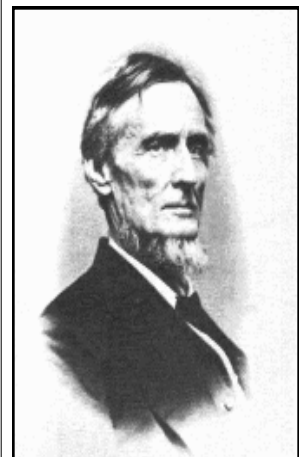
Plans to be determined

November 27, 2023

Plans to be determined

December 11?, 2023

Plans to be determined



Chaplain's Dispatch

Dear Friends and Compatriots:

Our Ancestor's Legacy to Us

"...God testifying of his (Able) gifts and by it he being dead YET speaks" Hebrew 11:4 KJV!

My great grandfather JKP Shows fought the last two years in the War Between the States. He was 6'4" tall. My brother Bobby was 6'7" tall. That came from our great grandfather. He also was a Baptist minister. Interesting enough! I also learned that he left behind a legacy of him, never hugged his sons, my grandfather never hugged his sons, and my dad never hugs his three! It is a cycle that I told my brothers that we need to break! So we prayed and promised we will break it! We did!

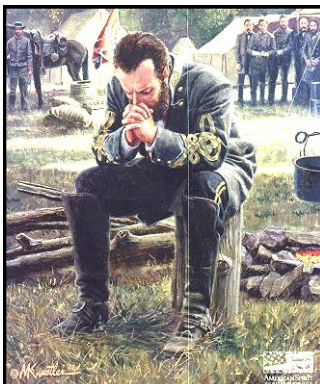
Sincerely,

Rev. Glenn D. Shows
Chaplain

THE REAL STORY IS WHAT THEY USUALLY LEAVE OUT OF THEIR HISTORY (propaganda) BOOKS...

"In my tent last night, after a fatiguing day's service, I remembered that I failed to send a contribution for our colored Sunday school. Enclosed you will find a check for that object, which please acknowledge at your earliest convenience and oblige yours faithfully." (Lt. General Thomas Jackson, in a letter to his Pastor)

Written just after a decisive victory over Union forces...There are still Black churches in Virginia today as a result of Jackson's influence.



DTH

(Continued from page 2)

ment and clothing were supplied by the enemy. On a more sober note, he also said that all the pork and hard tack they had to eat came from the enemy, and when that source dried up we all know what little our boys had to eat by 1865. As much as the Yankees stole from the South during the war, it is of some comfort to know that a lot of the money Washington spent on the war benefited our side.

Recently, a friend sent me the manuscript written by a man named James Lemon, a Captain in the 18th Georgia Infantry, about his time in the Confederate Army. Captain Lemon joined up in April, 1861 and I was struck at the eagerness with which he and his comrades went to war. Shortly after joining he comments that the regiment was "all but unarmed," but the men were all "bull headed with desire to go off & fight Yankees at the next instant." By the fall the regiment had not seen much fighting and he says, "the boys are all down at not having had a fight." A week later he comments once more "we just want to get at the Yanks." Later he makes the remark, "the boys are all perplexed as I am & are forever putting the question to me when they will be allowed in a fight." When the regiment was kept in reserve in one small battle, Lemon wrote, "the boys are mad as hornets at not being allowed in the fight."

On this Easter Sunday I could not help but reflect with interest on one entry: "Chaplain Davis gave a nice sermon . . . he is a regular fire eater and preaches heavenly devotion and hatred of the Yankees with equal vigor."

By the fall of 1863 the 18th Georgia was with General Longstreet before Knoxville. Lemon does not write about it but I assume by that point the eager fellows in the 18th Georgia had gotten all the fighting they wanted. In one assault at Knoxville Lemon was wounded in the head. When he woke up he was in a Yankee hospital and after recovery spent the rest of the war in a prison camp. In May, 1865 most of the prisoners had taken the loyalty oath to the Union and been released but Lemon refused to do so. By June, 1865 he had realized the South was lost and he wrote, "I have done the unspeakable but I am now paroled and today set out for home. My duty to my country is done, mine to my family remains."

TWO SIDES TO ANY STORY...

Relating these stories is not done for any other reason than to give our readers a complete picture of slavery --the part the text books and Hollywood would have you believe did not exist. This article is taken from an autobiography in which the son of a slave relates a story about his father's experience.

There were many kind masters during slavery days; and there must have been such a thing as kindness even between master and slave. The overseers who were generally of the poorer class of white people were, as a rule, the cause of much of the contention and usually made most of the trouble; at least the Negroes thought so... Not infrequently these people received from the master class less consideration even than the slave, and in most cases the bitterest animosity and hatred existed between the overseers and the slaves. It was not unusual that Negroes considered themselves superior in every respect to the overseer class, whose members were generally referred to among them as "po'h white trash..."

On the Crowder plantation there was an overseer who had a particular dislike for my father, probably because he thought that my father received entirely too much consideration from his master and mistress; in short, there was a kind of jealous rivalry between them. It is unnecessary to say that the dislike on the part of the overseer was generously reciprocated by my father...

It was the rule of the plantation that no slaves except such as the master designated should be whipped by the overseer... On one occasion the overseer, unfortunately, and against the order of his employer, insisted upon whipping my father... In the scuffle, in which several other slaves helped the overseer in response to his call, my father easily got the upper hand, for he was a man of unusual strength. He not only overpowered the overseer but the men who undertook to assist him, maiming the overseer and one of the men very seriously. This was in the midst of a severe snow storm. My father took the only course, as it seemed, that was open to "obstreperous" slaves - he took to the woods. This was in early December. Here he remained, picking up what food he could at nights in cabins and elsewhere, until March, when, for want of food and sufficient clothing, his feet having been frost bitten, he was obliged to give in.



He returned one snowy afternoon, slipped into the stable, and hid himself in the loft under the hay. His hat was discovered by his master's two sons whose conversation, which he overheard, showed that they were afraid of him. They ran to the house and told their father of his return, and he came out to the barn and urged him to come to the house and be looked after, for the entire family was really very fond of him. He was taken back to the house where his mistress, the mother of the two boys, treated him most kindly. Indeed, he said, they all wept over his pitiable condition. His feet were finally, but only after careful nursing for several months, in shape to permit him to resume his usual duties.

He promised that he would not commit the same offense again, provided, however, no "po'h white trash" attempted again to whip him. He apologized to the overseer, and the two agreed that there would be no further trouble. But, a few weeks afterward he went to his master and told him he was very sorry it was not possible for him to get along with that overseer and asked that his master sell him to a near-by planter, who had agreed to give him better treatment. This time it would appear that he and the master came very near the "parting of the ways."

This seems strange, I know, but it was not infrequent that slaves of the more intelligent type would make

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FRANCIS MARION GIBSON

Francis Marion Gibson
November 1st, 1847 - March 13th, 1939
Private, Company "E " 29th North Carolina Infantry Regiment.

The Last Surviving Confederate Veteran in Bradley County, Tennessee, 1938.

The following obituary comes from his find a grave profile:

<https://www.findagrave.com/.../3973.../francis-marion-gibson>

F.M. GIBSON DIES AT AGE 91 AT HOME HERE

Enlisted in Gray Army at 15; Saw Service to End

205 DESCENDANTS, MOST RESIDED HERE

Born in Haywood County, North Carolina. Had lived in Bradley County 54 Years; Rites Wednesday at 10 a.m. _____ The last bugle call was sounded today for the last Confederate veteran in Bradley county when the Grim Reaper claimed Francis Marion Gibson, 91, who passed away at his Popular street home today at 12:55 p.m. He celebrated his ninety-first birthday last November 1. The veteran of the War Between the States had been in failing health for some months and had been critically ill for several weeks, but his strong constitution withstood the ravages of sickness and his mind remained clear until a few days ago. Born in Haywood county, North Carolina, Nov. 1, 1847, he came to Bradley county 54 years ago and had lived an exemplary life, loved by his large family, respected by thousands of friends and honored by his comrades in the Gray army of the South. He was a member of John D. Traynor Camp, United Veterans, and was always active in camp affairs and annual gatherings of the U.C.V. and Daughters of the Confederacy. Mr. Gibson was among the youngest Confederate veterans in the nation, having entered at the age of 15 years. He always remained a Democrat and "voted 'em straight" on election day. Joined Army at 15. Mr. Gibson's widowed mother died in the early part of the War Between the States. He joined the Confederate army that fall at the age of 15 years, serving two years and eight months in the army. His first fighting was at Meridian, Mississippi and he faced Gen. Sherman in Georgia in the drive from Dalton to the sea. He was a member of Company E of the Thirty-ninth North Carolina regiment and served under Gen. Joseph E. Johnson and Gen. John Bell Hood, until near the close of the war, surrendering near Durham, North Carolina and being paroled a short time later. Mr. Gibson, in relating his war experiences to a [Cleveland] Banner reporter some months ago, said, "Our regiment served under the command of Gen. Johnson until 'Ole Sherman' started through Georgia, then they put us under Gen. Hood. I was in the Battle Above the Clouds' on Lookout Mountain." I surrendered at Durham, North Carolina, and served through the whole raid and was paroled." Mr. Gibson was married to Eliza Jane Moore in January, 1866, later coming to Tennessee, and to his union eleven children were born, seven of whom are still living. His wife died in May, 1906, and he remarried the following year and to this union two children were born, both of whom are still living. All of the children are married. He spent most of his life farming and railroading. Leaves Large Family.

Posted to Facebook by M. Williams Colorizations



NEW ORLEANS DAILY CRESCENT, JANUARY 21, 1861:

"They (the South) know that it is their import trade that draws from the people's pockets sixty or seventy millions of dollars per annum, in the shape of duties, to be expended mainly in the North, and in the protection and encouragement of Northern interest... These are the reasons why these people do not wish the South to secede from the Union. They (the North) are enraged at the prospect of being despoiled of the rich feast upon which they have so long fed and fattened, and which they were just getting ready to enjoy with still greater gout and gusto. They are as mad as hornets because the prize slips them just as they are ready to grasp it." New Orleans Daily Crescent, January 21, 1861

Photo: N.C. Wyeth Civil War art.

DTH



BELLE BOYD (1844-1900)

Belle Boyd

Only 17 years old when the Civil War began, by early 1862 Belle Boyd of Martinsburg (now West Virginia) and her activities were well known to the Union Army and the press, who dubbed her La Belle Rebelle. While visiting relatives whose home in Front Royal, Virginia was being used as a Union headquarters, Boyd learned that Union General Nathaniel Banks' forces had been ordered to march.

She rode fifteen miles to inform Confederate General Stonewall Jackson who was nearby in the Shenandoah Valley. She returned home under cover of darkness. Several weeks later, on May 23, 1862, when she realized Jackson was about to attack Front Royal, she ran onto the battlefield to provide the General with last minute information about the Union troop dispositions. Jackson captured the town and acknowledged her contribution and her bravery in a personal note.

Boyd was arrested several times, but managed to avoid incarceration until July 29, 1862, when she was imprisoned in Old Capitol Prison in Washington, DC, but was released after a month. She was arrested again in July 1863, after which she devised a unique method of communicating with her supporters outside. They shot rubber balls into her cell with a bow and arrow; she then enclosed messages inside the balls and threw them back.

In December 1863 Boyd was released and banished to the South. She sailed for England on May 8, 1864, but was arrested again as a Confederate courier. She finally escaped to Canada with the help of a Union naval officer, Lieutenant Sam Hardinge, and eventually made her way to England where she and Hardinge were married. Boyd later wrote of her wartime activities, "I allowed but one thought to keep possession of my mind - the thought that I was doing all a woman could do for her country's cause."

DTHH



Model 1859 Sharps rifle

British Whitworth

SHARPS VS. WHITWORTH

The 1st and 2nd US Sharpshooters (all proven marksmen) were armed with the Model 1859 Sharps rifle with double triggers. When the first trigger was pulled the second became a hair trigger. This weapon also had the advantage of being a breach loader and therefore could be loaded from the prone position.

Sad to say, many a Southern mother never saw her sons again because of these rifles. But our boys new a thing or two about shootin' too and casualties among US Sharpshooters were high...The preferred rifle of the Southern Sharpshooter was the British Whitworth which fired a .45 cal. hexagonal projectile.

DTH

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definite arrangements with some near or distant planter to buy them; thus slaves very often picked their own masters. But in this case Mr. Crowder made it plain to him that they could get along; that he was unwilling to sell him; that he belonged especially to his mistress and that she depended on him. My father insisted, however, that the overseer be discharged. Whether his attitude in this case produced the desired result, my father did not know, but in any case within a few weeks the objectionable overseer left and a new overseer took his place, who established better relations, not only as between himself and my father, but with the other slaves as well, in consequence of which the master got better and more efficient service with very much less friction.

Source: FINDING A WAY OUT, AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, By Robert Russa Moton, 1921.

Link to free e-book: <http://docsouth.unc.edu/fpn/moton/moton.html>

Credit or identification of photo not provided.

Edited from a Facebook post on DTH.

TRUTH IS THERE

The truth is there but most want to believe the fairy tales spread by the government.

"I remember Stonewall Jackson. He was a big man with long whiskers, and very brave. We all fought wid him until his death.

"We all could er whipped dat fight easy enough, ef we jes had the Yankees demselves ter fight, but when dy went out en picked up Irishmen, en Dutchmen, en dingoes, en Cubians, en all de other nations ter help'em, dey wuz too many fer us, en das whut I tole General Lee one day.". Gus Brown, Alabama, (from the Slave Narratives)

Photo: Gus Brown, Age 90. Birmingham, Alabama



A 'New Birth of Freedom'? Not Even Close

The war that began over a century ago did enable Lincoln to "save" the Union, but only in a geographic sense. The country ceased being a Union, as it was originally conceived, of separate and sovereign states. Instead, America became a "nation" with a powerful federal government.

Although the war freed four million slaves into poverty, it did not bring about a new birth of free-

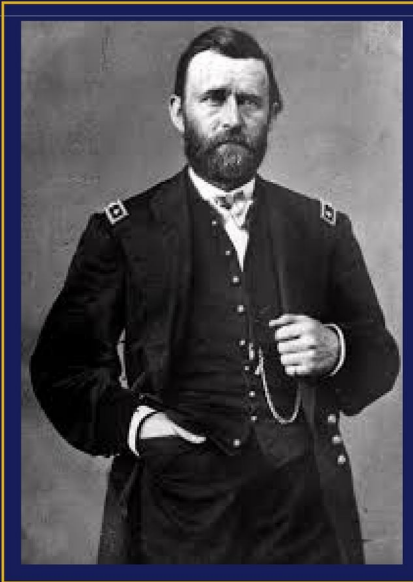
dom, as Lincoln and historians such as James McPherson and Henry Jaffa say. For the nation as a whole the war did just the opposite.

It initiated a process of centralization of government that has substantially restricted liberty and freedom in America, as historians Charles Adams and Jeffrey Rogers Hummel have argued – Adams in his book, *When in the Course of Human Events: Arguing the Case for Southern Secession* (published in 2000); and Hummel in his book, *Emancipating Slaves, Enslaving Free Men* (1996).

Artwork credit not provided.

DTH

MARY TODD LINCOLN ON GRANT



"...[Grant] loses two men to the enemy's one. He has no management, no regard for life... I could fight an army as well myself. According to his tactics, there is nothing under the heavens to do but to march a new line of men up in front of the rebel breastworks to be shot down as fast as they take their position, and keep marching until the enemy grows tired of the slaughter. Grant... is an obstinate fool and a butcher." Mary Todd Lincoln

SO TELL US HOW YOU REALLY FEEL MRS. LINCOLN

Elizabeth Hobbs Keckley was an ex-slave who worked as a seamstress for Mrs. Lincoln. She was the personal confidante of Mary Todd Lincoln and wrote a book about the First Family. The following opinion of General Grant, held by Mrs. Lincoln, appears as follows in her memoirs:

Mrs. Lincoln could not tolerate General Grant. "He is a butcher," she would often say, "and is not fit to be at the head of an army."

"But he has been very successful in the field," argued the President.

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"Yes, he generally manages to claim a victory, but such a victory! He loses two men to the enemy's one. He has no management, no regard for life. If the war should continue four years longer, and he should remain in power, he would depopulate the North. I could fight an army as well myself. According to his tactics, there is nothing under the heavens to do but to march a new line of men up in front of the rebel breastworks to be shot down as fast as they take their position, and keep marching until the enemy grows tired of the slaughter. Grant, I repeat, is an obstinate fool and a butcher."

Source: "Behind the Scenes, or, Thirty years a Slave, and Four Years in the White House," by Elizabeth Keckley, ca. 1818-1907

Link to e-book: <http://docsouth.unc.edu/neh/keckley/keckley.html>

DTH

(Continued from page 1)

this story.

According to contemporary accounts, the accident took place at some point between 5 p.m. and 7 p.m. while neither parent was at home. A servant discovered Joe lying by the pavement onto which he had fallen from a height of about fifteen feet. Maggie Davis ran to the neighbors for help, and Jeff Jr. enlisted the aid of two people passing by on the street. One of these men, a Confederate officer, wrote that Joe's "head was contused, and I think his chest much injured internally."

The child apparently died about the time his parents reached the house. His father refused to see visitors and could be heard pacing all night.

Funeral services were held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on May 1, and Joe was buried at Richmond's Hollywood Cemetery, where the rest of his immediate family would eventually be interred.

There are no known likenesses of Joseph Evan Davis, in large part due to the scarcity of photographic materials during the war. For more information on him, see Volumes 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10 of *The Papers of Jefferson Davis*. The latter volume contains more details about his death. The best account of the accident, written by the officer whom Jeff Jr. found on the street, was published in the *Richmond Sentinel* on May 31, 1864. <http://jeffersondavis.rice.edu/JosephEvanDavis.aspx>

DTH

No photos of Joseph Evan Davis are known to exist but this photo shows a boy about his age and will give some feel for what he looked like.



A Petersburg Story

"This is the third day of the three for which our grand commander, the invincible Lee, has sent word that we must hold Petersburg for him at all hazards...

Soon after midday over the ridges...the enemy to the south of the road is seen advancing in splendid array five columns deep and with perfect alignments. On they come over half the distance, with few shots wasted on them. Now the battle opens in earnest, and they make a dash for Elliott's lines. But in vain. They reel before the well directed fire of the men who were trying to make every shot tell. The ranks waver, break and rally again, only to meet a similar reception. A Federal officer, mounted on a beautiful gray, is seen gathering group after group about him upon which to reorganize a line of battle, as he dashed about the field.

The best marksmen in the Fifty-sixth North Carolina successively try to bring him down, and a Captain's shot cuts a small limb just over his head. It was felt that if he went down, the charge was over on that side of the road. But the death of such a man would not only be a loss to his country, but to humanity; and the charge not being renewed, it is a satisfaction even on this side to know that he escaped. Now their artillery seems determined to make our regimental right wing its target in revenge for our deadly cross-fire; but their gunners come in for our best attention, though at such a distance, and their fire slackens. But in this cannonading we lost the commander of our right wing, Captain F.N. Roberts. Faithful to every duty, his genial presence always brought good cheer with it, and no one in the whole brigade was more universally beloved. To every camp-fire he was always a welcome addition.

Company D, barely escaped wholesale slaughter. A shell ricocheting across the field, bounded into the trench; but quick as thought, John Alvis Parker had it upon his spade and hurled it back, with the simple exclamation, 'Get out of here.' It exploded as it went over. There was no braver deed during the war."

Captain Robert D. Graham - Company D, 56th North Carolina.

Photo: Captain Frank N. Roberts Company B, 56th North Carolina. Killed in the battle described above at Petersburg.

Posted to Facebook by the North Carolina Confederates



Who Said It?



"Any people whatsoever have the right to abolish the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right."

If it sounds to you like something Jefferson Davis would say, that's understandable. But it was actually said by Abraham Lincoln on July 4, 1848, some 13 years before he invaded the South. Edited from a post by DTH.

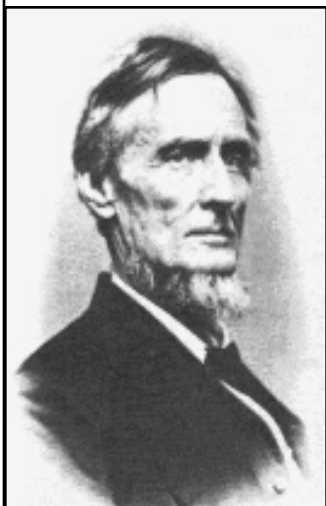
???

Trivia Question:

April's question asks:
We all know Lt. Gen. Thomas J. Jackson's nickname was "Stonewall", but his cousin, Major Gen. William L. Jackson also had a nickname. What was it?

March's question asked:
What soldier held commissions in both the USA and CSA armies simultaneously?

The answer:
Alfred Thomas Archmedes
(I never heard of him before either.)



Commander's Column

Commander Jackson has no column this month



SOUTHERN MOTHERS

"Whose heart does not swell with tender emotions as he looks upon the noble soldiers who are flocking to our State, and thinks of the mothers they have left behind? Oh, the anxious hearts, the tender tears, the earnest prayers of Southern mothers, as day after day and hour after hour they think of the loved ones far away on the battlefields of the Old Dominion!" Rev. J. Wm. Jones, 1888

Source: CHRIST IN THE CAMP; RELIGION IN LEE'S ARMY, By Rev. J. Wm. Jones, 1888.

Free E-book Link: <https://play.google.com/books/reader?id=IG4yAQAAMAAJ...>

Photo used: Artwork of Gilbert Gaul, Leaving Home, 1907.

DTH

**Jefferson Davis Camp #635
Sons of Confederate
Veterans
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