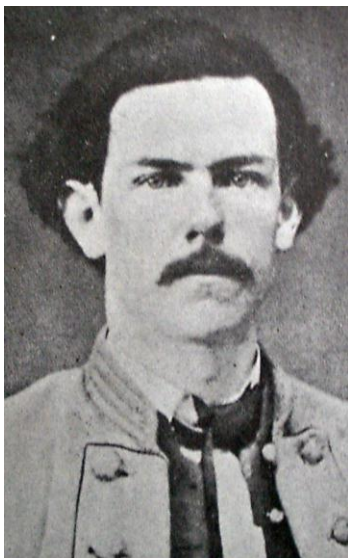
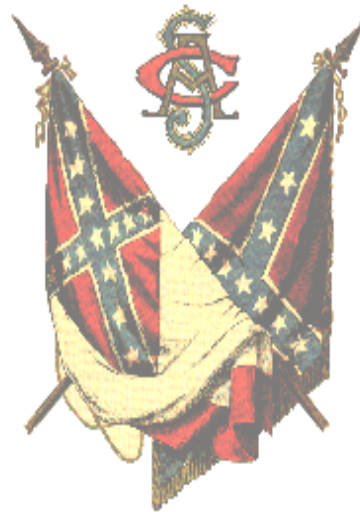


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**NEWSLETTER OF STATE OF DADE CAMP NO. 707**



**THE  
SILVER  
GRAY**



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Cannon firing at Tunnel Hill.

# **Nathan Bedford Forrest's Ride to Save Rome**

On April 10, 1863, probably few people in Rome Georgia were aware that Federal Colonel Abel D. Streight was leading four regiments of infantry, two companies of cavalry, two mountain howitzers, with all their equipment, arms and ammunition, plus over 700 noisy, cranky, foul-smelling mules onto a small flotilla of boats. This Independent Provisional Brigade headed down the Cumberland, then up the Tennessee River to begin a raid that would be the biggest event in Rome since the war began.

In the spring of 1863 Colonel Abel D. Streight of Indiana submitted a plan to General Rosecrans to transport 2,000 soldiers by river boat from Nashville, to Eastport, Mississippi, and on from there to destroy the railroads in the interior of Alabama and Georgia. They would then take Rome.

General Bragg, receiving news of the invading force, ordered General Nathan Bedford Forrest to stop the enemy's advance. Bragg had unleashed the most dangerous quick-striking force of the Confederate Army. Forrest, however, only had 425 men with him and did not have time to gather more. He decided that if he could not get there first with the most, he would get there first with the best.

On April 30th, General Forrest attacked the rear of the Federal column, completely surprising the startled soldiers in blue. Streight's men engaged a number of Forrest's regiments on horseback. Many horses and men were killed in the charge. Before Forrest could regroup his men and form them into a dismounted line of battle, Col. Streight's forces had remounted their mules and were on the run. So began a running gun battle that would go on for 4 days, 4 nights and cover 199 miles.

On May 2, when a bedraggled John Henry Wisdom from Gadsden, Alabama limped into Rome on a borrowed, lame pony to tell an incredible tale. He'd ridden the sixty-seven miles from Gadsden to Rome, Georgia, to warn everyone that Colonel A.D. Streight's Federals were only twenty-five miles or so from Rome, headed in their direction, and they were in force. Streight's plan was to burn and sack Rome, a Confederate stronghold with an iron works and supply depot.

Through the efforts of Mr. Wisdom, the Paul Revere of the Confederacy, the sleepy town came alive; and within an hour, history records, the only one asleep was John Wisdom. A native of Rome but now living in Gadsden, he had seen the Federals in Gadsden, watched them smash his ferry boat on the Coosa River, and made up his mind that someone had to warn Rome. Eight and a half hours and six mount changes later, he had done just that. He wasn't aware that Forrest was right behind the Federal brigade, so his news had no comforting words that Confederate help was nearby. The Federals were upon them and they had to protect themselves. Within hours, barricades were built across the bridges over the Coosa and the Etowah, and on roads entering the town. The bridge

over the Oostanaula river was fortified and made ready for burning as a last resort. Old cannons were mounted at the bridges, cannon that were probably more dangerous to Rome than to Streight's men. The militia, untrained as it was, was called together, armed as best they could, and ordered to man every possible defensive position, and reinforcements were requested to be sent by the railroad to Kingston.

About 9:00 AM, Captain Russell of Streight's advance guard approached the town, stopped and took stock of the city approaches. The people of Rome didn't know that Russell's men were leading a brigade that was asleep on its feet, or in their saddles. For four days, harassed at every turn by Forrest, they had marched and fought, marched and fought, and they, men and mounts, were completely exhausted.

After two days and nights of fighting and fleeing, Col. Streight Crossed Black Creek Bridge heading for the safety of Rome. The Federals burned the bridge and, believing Black Creek to be now impassible, Col. Streight eased his pace of retreat. His soldiers were worn down from fear, lack of sleep, and constant fighting, but at last they could feel safe. Nevertheless, General N. B. Forrest still had his luck.

As General Forrest led his troopers in pursuit, they stopped at the home of Emma Sanson, a 16year-old southern girl whose brother had left home in 1861 to join the 19th Alabama Infantry. Emma told Forrest that the Yankees had burned the bridge down, but if a soldier could saddle her horse, she could show General Forrest a lost ford where his men could cross the creek. Emma would later write that General Forrest said, "There is not time to saddle a horse; get up here behind me."

As they started off Emma's mother came running up, out of breath, wishing to know what was happening. Forrest said, "She is going to show me a ford where I can get my men over in time to catch those Yankees before they get to Rome. Don't be uneasy; I will bring her back safe." Emma led Forrest along a branch of the creek that emptied just above the lost ford and pointed out the crossing. He returned the young girl home, and asked for a lock of her hair, before riding back to the lost ford.

Within a few hours the Confederate riders had crossed the river and were back pressing on Streight's rear guard. Streight marched all that night, fought a battle at Blount's Plantation, and determined that another night march might save his worn out brigade. But his luck ran out when, in the blackness of the May 2 night, the brigade stumbled into an eerie, burn-slashed, charcoal yard of wagon tracks where even local guides were confused. One company of Federals was able to destroy part of the Noble Iron Foundry, but it hardly made up for the time lost following false lead after false trail.

At about 9:00 AM on May 3rd, Streight reached the town of Lawrence. Streight deployed his men in defensive positions as Forrest attacked with his much smaller force. As the fighting subsided Forrest sent a flag of truce to the Federal commander, while at the same time, while at the same time making his force appear larger than it was by having them pass back and forth through an opening in the trees, sometimes on horses and at others on foot like infantry.

Forrest and Streight met face to face and told him he had superior numbers, but saw no need to cause the needless death of hundreds of Federal soldiers. Forrest demanded the surrender of the Federals. When Streight asked Forrest how many men he had, Forrest bluffed saying he had a fresh column of troops arriving and enough men at hand to finish the job. Streight then asked if Forrest would bring out all the men for him to view. Forrest told him that if he did that, the men would think they were going on attack and nothing could stop them from slaughtering all the Federals present. Col. Streight and his command surrendered, and stacked their arms in a clearing as Forrest and his smaller force took them prisoner. In this magnificent bluff, Forrest and his 425 men captured the more than 1,500 man Federal brigade on May 3, 1863.

Forrest sent couriers who arrived in Rome about dawn, bringing word that Forrest, the Wizard of the Saddle, was just behind Streight, and Rome would be saved. That turned the wave of terror into a grand celebration, which reached fever pitch when Forrest rode into town escorting the captured Federal officers.

Parties and celebrations went on for several days, but by May 5 General Forrest had been called west, the captured officers and men of the Lightning Mule Brigade had departed toward their uncertain future, and things began to quiet. A big banquet to honor Forrest and his men had been planned for the 6th, but the Confederates were gone by then, Forrest taking with him a gift horse presented by the grateful Romans. The people of Rome later commissioned a statue of General Forrest.

Emma Sanson grew up to be a beautiful young woman who married and had many children and grandchildren. She never grew tired of telling them how she rode with General Forrest during the war. She would always say that not only did she ride with Forrest, but that they were on the same horse.



# ANNUAL DUES

Dues payable August 1 of each year and are delinquent November 1 of each year.

Anyone who joined the Sons of Confederate Veterans before August 1 (by the new rules passed at the 2005 convention) has owed dues as of August the first.

Please note that there was a \$10.00 increase in national dues last year.  
I will be sending in DUES the last week of October

## DUES ARE AS FOLLOWS

Sons of Confederate Veterans	\$30.00 per year
Georgia Division Sons of Confederate Veterans	\$12.00 per year
State of Dade Camp #707	\$ 5.00 per year
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$47.00 per year</b>

### **This is your last chance!!!**

If dues are sent to me after 1 November 2006 the Sons of Confederate Veterans will add a \$5.00 re-instatement fee for a total of \$52.00.

You may pay me at the meeting or mail your DUES to:

Larry D. Wheeler (Adjutant)  
639 Canyon Park Dr.  
Trenton, Georgia 30752-2640

Thank you for being a Son of the South. The South needs the support of all of her Sons.  
Please continue your membership and support THE CAUSE.

Thank you for your kind assistance in this matter.

Yours in Service to the South,

Larry W. Wheeler, Adjutant

No Emancipation for the Wage Slave  
Bernhard Thuersam, Director  
Cape Fear Historical Institute

It is often remarked that the Northern climate led to slavery's demise up there, though it is more accurate to say that Massachusetts inventor Eli Whitney, New England cotton mills, and a plentiful supply of wage slaves had more to do with it. The South had great expanses of cultivated land to produce raw cotton for those Northern mills, Manhattan banks provided financial lubricant, and New England slave ships continued to ply the Gulf of Benin for dusky laborers to work the plantations. The thrifty manufacturers of New England, however, had a cheaper and more efficient labor supply readily at hand in the white wage slaves already there and immigrants from Europe who came flooding in.

The chattel slave [in the South] had to be fed and clothed and taken care of in sickness and in health. When he got too old to work he had to be provided for. Some States made it illegal for slaves to work on Sundays under pain of a fine of five pounds. The average work day was about eleven hours [and] The slave was given a holiday between Christmas and New Year's. Louisiana prescribed by law that every slave had to be given a minimum of 200 pounds of pork a year.

The New England white wage slave wasn't nearly as expensive and a lot more efficient. He represented no capital outlay. He worked for starvation wages. Laborers in the North in 1860 were earning 60 cents a day, and a day was often 14 to 16 hours. The plight of women workers was even more appalling. In New York city, during the Civil War, women umbrella workers, after laboring 18 hours from six in the morning to midnight, earned three dollars a week. Seamstresses in the underwear crafts got seventeen cents for a twelve-hour day. When the wage slave got sick he went off the payroll. When worn out by age and hard work, he was discarded like an old shoe. Bells rang at daybreak in most factory towns. The wage slaves - men and women, boys and girls - had to report at the factory gates in fifteen minutes. An hour later they were allowed twenty-five minutes for whatever breakfast they had brought. They got another twenty-five minutes at mid-day. The gates opened again at 8 o'clock that night to let the wage slaves go home.

In the Eagle Mill, at Griswold, Conn., the work day lasted fifteen hours and ten minutes. At Paterson, New Jersey, women and children began the day's work at 4:30 o'clock in the morning. Overseers in some textile mills cracked a cowhide whip over the backs of women and children. That isn't to say that chattel slavery was to be preferred to wage slavery. There were folks who used to say that back in the middle of the past century but whenever Abraham Lincoln heard them Old Abe would sort of hunch those bony shoulders of his and cock his head to one side and burn them down with a single sentence. "They've written volume after volume to prove slavery a good thing," he'd say, ""but I never heard of a man who wishes to take the good of it by being a slave himself."

(My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night! W.E. Debnam, Graphic Press, 1955, pp. 30-31)



## The Chaplain's Corner

It is easy to be nostalgic about the past. We can feel the very emotions we knew when living in a favorite house, even as we drive past it when visiting the former hometown.

Sometimes it is hard to give up the happiness of the past that we over look the opportunities of the present, and are able to plan certain joys for the future. Forgetting the past is hard discipline, but a necessary prerequisite for a new blessing.

*Philippians 3:13 Forgetting those things which are behind.*

May God Bless,

James Fletcher  
Chaplain, SCV Camp #707  
Ph. 256-657-5998  
E-mail [jdfletcher@stateofdade.com](mailto:jdfletcher@stateofdade.com)

## UPCOMING EVENTS

- October 13-14: New Salem Art Show: The annual New Salem Art Show will be held on Lookout Mountain on Saturday and Sunday October 13-14, 2011. The Camp 707 sales booth will be set up and this is our last sales event of the year. This is always a relaxed and fun event. It is hoped that all State of Dade members can plan to come and spend the one or both days with us. We need help on Saturday.
- October 16: Camp Meeting: The October 2012 meeting of the State of Dade Camp 707, Sons of Confederate Veterans will be held at 7:00 P.M. on Tuesday, October 16, 2012 at Randy's Restaurant in Trenton. We will meet to eat at 6:00 P.M. – there will be no retreat! Call 298-4544 for directions.
- Dec.1: The Trenton Christmas parade will be the first Saturday in December.



**STATE OF DADE CAMP No. 707**  
**Sons of Confederate Veterans**  
**Larry D. Wheeler (Adjutant)**  
**639 Canyon Park Dr.**  
**Trenton, Georgia 30752-2640**

**HONORING OUR CONFEDERATE HERITAGE**

