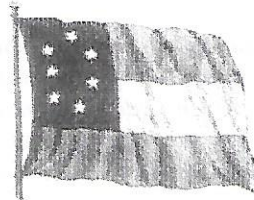
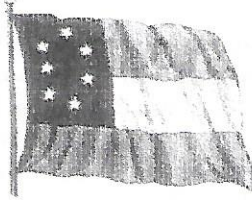


# The Delta General



**Brigadier General Benjamin G. Humphreys  
Camp 1625 - Sons of Confederate Veterans  
Ella Palmer Chapter No. 9 - Order of the Confederate Rose**

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## **FLOREWOOD REENACTMENT**

*On March 20 - 21 the Camp Color Guard "saw the elephant." We are no longer "observers". On Saturday the 21st we served as Body Guard for Senator Jedediah Green. As it was our first engagement, we were captured. It didn't take long for the Confederate forces to rescue us though.*

*On Sunday afternoon we were assigned as riflemen with a dismounted cavalry unit. We survived with no casualties and we were on the winning side.*

*From the feedback, I think we made a respectful showing. The artillery unit appreciated us protecting their gun. It was a very good weekend for all concerned. There were about 300 reenactors participating.*

*One thing became very apparent; we definitely need a few more Confederate Marines in our unit.*

## **GRENADA MASONIC DEDICATION**

*Saturday, April 3rd the Color Guard Unit participated in the dedication of a new flag pole and memorial marker honoring all Masonic Veterans. We were well received by all present. We were joined by the Grenada Rifles of Brig. General E.C. Walthall, Camp 211 and the 1st Mississippi Light Artillery. Another great experience for our Color Guard Unit as well as for our camp.*

## **APRIL CAMP MEETING**

*Our regular scheduled meeting will be April 15, 1999 at 8:00 p.m. at the First Presbyterian Church, 311 Catchings, Indianola.*

*With the busy lives that we all have, it is difficult at times to attend all the functions that are scheduled. The meeting of our camp, is important in our endeavor to preserve our Southern Heritage. Please try to attend.*

## COMMANDER'S NOTE

*My Fellow Compatriots:*

*The past month has been very busy for our camp and April looks to be just as busy. Our Camp Color Guard Unit participated in the Florewood Reenactment on March 20th and 21st. We were able to meet with some success with our camp recruiting table and hope to make contact with those possible recruits. On April 3rd, once again our Camp Color Guard Unit was called upon to present the colors at the Grenada Masonic Lodge and we worked in conjunction with the General Walthall Camp in Grenada to set up a recruitment table as well.*

*Now we must turn our attention to making the Memorial service at the Greenville Cemetery a success as well. We need all our members to attend the meeting on April 15th so we can finalize the plans for the Memorial service. The event will be at 2:30 P.M. at the Old Greenville Cemetery on April 25th. I hope we will have a large turn out not only from our members but from the public as well. This is a good opportunity to honor our ancestors and make the public more aware of our presence.*

*I would like to thank the Ella Palmer Chapter, OCR for their hard work in manning the tables at the Greenwood and Grenada events and hopefully they had some success with their recruitment efforts as well. Here's a great big **REBEL YELL** for all of you.*

*Lets not forget that there will be Memorial services at the Tomb of the Unknown Confederate Soldier on Saturday, April 24th. Further details can be obtained from Earl McCown. Now I must close. I hope to see all of you at the meeting. It is only through your hard work that this camp will be a success.*

*Confederately Yours,*

*Larry McCluney, Cmdr*

## OCR REPORT

*Members:*

*I would like to take the time to thank everyone in making our meeting booth at Florewood and Grenada a success. As you can tell we have been very active this month and April is going to be even busier. We need to help the men in their effort to make the Confederate Memorial Day service in Greenville a success. This is one of our organizations duties and we want our first involvement in this service a success, so attend the April meeting with suggestions and open minds.*

*I want to remind any members who are interested in the convention that time is running out for reservations. The Division had to book rooms at another hotel because of the sellout of rooms. It looks to be a big one this year ladies and it will be my first one as an official member of the OCR. The OCR Mississippi Society is also sponsoring a Dutch-treat Luncheon on Saturday, June 5, at 11:30 AM, to be held at King's Tavern during the convention in Natchez. King's Tavern is one of the oldest structures in Mississippi. The cost is \$13.10 per plate. Seating is limited so reservations must be made by May, 1, 1999. For reservations contact Mary Perry at 601-545-1195 or e-mail [rperry@netdoor.com](mailto:rperry@netdoor.com) or contact Susan Faggert at 601-787-4660 or e-mail [crawdaddy10@hotmail.com](mailto:crawdaddy10@hotmail.com). I have more information if you are interested.*

*Katie wants any pictures or items that you have that you feel needs to go into the scrapbook. She is doing a great job. Bring them to the meeting when you come. I hope to see each and everyone of you.*

*God Save the South,*

*Annette McCluney, President*

## THE FADED GRAY JACKET

*"Tis only a faded gray jacket  
that a sainted mother made.  
And with each stitch a teardrop fell  
As she silently stitched and prayed.*

*Only a faded gray jacket  
That covered a soldier-boy's breast;  
Ah, the hands that lovingly made it  
Are now folded forever at rest.*

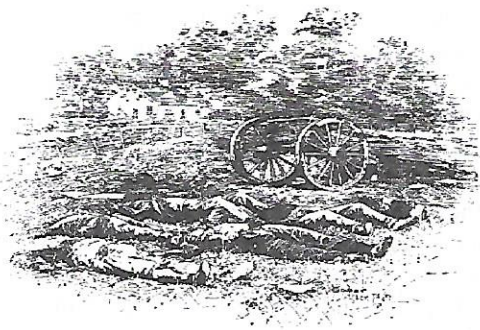
*Only a faded gray jacket  
Yet a story it can tell  
Of the brave men of our Southland,  
Who fought so long and well.*

*Only a soldier's old jacket,  
Now faded and worn gray.  
Yet it tells a sad, sad story  
Of an eventful day.*

*when were heard the sounds of battle  
And a boom of the deadly gun,  
And a mother watched vainly the coming  
Of her boy --- her only son.*

*A messenger came from the battlefield  
And to her he tenderly said:  
'Keep sacred this faded gray jacket,  
For your boy who wore it is dead.'*

*Author unknown*



## OVER THEIR GRAVES

*Over their graves rang once the bugle's call  
The searching shrapnel and crashing ball;  
The shriek, the shock of battle, and the neigh  
of horse; the cries of anguish and dismay;  
And the loud cannon's thunders that appall.*

*Now through the years the brown pine-needles  
fall,  
The vines run riot by the old stone wall,  
By hedge, by meadow streamlet, far away,  
Over their graves.*

*We love our dead where'er so held in thrall.  
Than they no Greek more bravely died, nor  
Gaul -  
A love that's deathless! - but they look today  
With no reproaches on us when we say,  
"Come, let us grasp your hands, we're brothers  
all,  
Over their graves!"*

*Henry Jerome Stockard*

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## CONFEDERATE HERITAGE MONTH (An excerpt from Governor Fordices Proclamation)

*Governor Kirk Fordice issued a Proclamation  
that April is Confederate Heritage Month.  
April was the month in which the Confederate  
States began and ended a four-year struggle.  
Confederate Memorial Day, is the day we  
honor those who served in the Confederacy  
and it is important for all Americans to reflect  
on our nation's past; to gain insight from our  
mistakes and successes; and to come to a full  
understanding that the lessons learned  
yesterday and today will carry us through  
tomorrow, if we carefully and earnestly strive  
to understand and appreciate our heritage.*

## THE SAGA OF ELLA PALMER

As we left Mrs. Palmer last month, she was at Corinth, Mississippi.

Surgeons and nurses had more than they could do. Everybody but the cooks was pressed into this service. Mrs. Palmer was everywhere. Dr. Cutler, of New Orleans, the head surgeon, went to Mrs. Palmer and told her that she must help him, saying: "You are brave and have nerve, and you must help me; I have a lot of amputations. I have only one surgeon to help me. Every one else is busy, and I want you to come and give the chloroform and help me." She went and worked all day with him, giving chloroform, binding up arteries, etc., until Dr. Cutler, who had worked all the night before, fainted away from sheer exhaustion.

During all this time General Beauregard had been shipping stores South by train and by team. The wounded were sent away as fast as they were able to travel. Then the army went, except General Price with his command in the trenches at the front, mainly to keep up appearances. Mrs. Palmer got all her patients at the Baptist church taken South, though the other hospitals were less fortunate. All were ordered to pack up and be in readiness to take the train out at seven the next morning. All the wells in the town had been filled with rubbish, etc., so that the water was hard to get. That night the hospital corps stayed in the empty church without beds and very little to eat. About nine o'clock in the morning General Price had a mortar fired as a signal for the remaining soldiers to spike the guns of the batteries and evacuate the trenches. At daybreak Mrs. Palmer and her patients, who had gotten what sleep they could on the benches of the church and such breakfast as they could, went to the depot, where they found two trains guarded by soldiers to keep back the crowds who wanted to get away at the last minute. The first train was reserved for the hospital people and the sick and wounded. Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Newton, and the Sisters of Charity marched on board through files of soldiers; then the surgeons, the nurses from the three hospitals, and the others until the train was packed. Aisles, platforms, and steps were crowded. The tops of the cars were so loaded with men that there was danger of the roofs breaking in. No one was allowed to take any baggage except carpetbags and lunches.

The soldiers were setting fire to the principal buildings of the town, including the depot. On the depot platform were hundreds of bales of cotton all on fire. The air was filled with the sound of explosions of buildings being blown up, and the cries of the great mass of frightened people who wished to get out of town. While running along by the platform Mrs. Palmer saw men setting fire to her bedding and her trunks containing every stitch of clothing she had in the world except what she wore. All along the railroad for miles could be seen men, women, and children trying to get away. Some soldiers on crutches who were unable to get transportation were hopping along. Everybody thought the town would be bombarded. A troop of Federal cavalry who were out scouting rushed in and captured a train in the rear of the hospital train, and another troop came very near getting it. The engineer had piled a lot of bacon on top of the wood in the tender to his engine; when he saw the Yankees trying to cut him off, the fireman threw the bacon into the furnace of the engine for more steam.

While the train was running seven men fell off the top of the cars, but it was not stopped for fear of capture.

Mrs. Palmer went on to Columbus, Miss. The surgeon general ordered her next to Lauderdale Springs, where there were over two thousand sick men, eighteen hundred of whom had typhoid fever, and there was no matron in the hospital. There were no women there at all except a few who were with sick relatives or friends. Most of the families for miles around had the fever, and those who did not avoided the hospital as though it were a pesthouse. Mrs. Palmer soon put everything in fine running order, however, and though special attention to the cooks of the diet kitchen and the lives of many men were saved.

The surgeon in charge of this hospital was a cruel and arbitrary man, a martinet. Besides the sick, there were many convalescents. Poor fellows were going around when they could hardly stand on their feet. The doctor's favorite punishment was to make them mark time in a barrel. This barrel had a hole cut in one end large enough to pass over a man's head and rest on the shoulders. The other end was open. When a man had the barrel on, his hands were useless, for the barrel extended below his hands; only the head and feet were out. The man was helpless and had to mark time an hour or two.

No one dared to say a word, or he would get similar punishment. Mrs. Palmer went to the surgeon in charge and protested. He said that it was not her affair and that she must not meddle. She went again and again. He told her to "mind her own business." The post surgeon in charge was away at the time, and she had no one to appeal to. At last the barrel was put on a poor fellow who was just out of bed after a very hard fight for life. Mrs. Palmer saw this poor fellow marking time in front of the hospital. She picked up an ax and cut the hoops off the barrel, and it fell to pieces. The man was crying from weakness, shame, and humiliation. She sent him to his ward to bed. The surgeon in charge saw it from his office across the square. He came over and was furious. He threatened to send her away; but she told him that the post surgeon would have something to say about that. He began to be abusive, but on looking around he saw other doctors, ward masters, nurses, and others coming up in a threatening manner, he returned to his office. When the post surgeon returned and investigated, he found ten or fifteen men in the guardhouse for refusing to fix another barrel. Mrs. Palmer was commended for her part she had taken, and this wicked surgeon was sent to the front.

When the winter came on, the terrible typhoid fever abated. Mrs. Palmer went through the country telling of the conditions at Lauderdale. As soon as the ladies found it out they came in droves to help take care of the sick. Some were very efficient and others did not know whether eggs were fried in water or grease. They soon learned, for they were from the best families and the best blood of Mississippi. There is nothing the matter with the Southern women, only things must be presented to them properly; and when they know about things, no woman can excel them in doing them.

Mrs. Palmer remained in Lauderdale Springs until the latter part of January, 1863, when she received orders to go to Fort Morgan, forty miles below Mobile, to take charge of the hospital there. On the train going to Mobile she met General Price, who had been removed from the Department of the Mississippi and was going to his new station in Missouri. General Price sought an introduction to Mrs. Palmer to thank her for her many kindnesses to his soldiers that had been in her care. Along the Mobile and Ohio Railroad the stations are only three or four miles apart; and as the train stopped at these

stations, General Price would find crowds of people and soldiers waiting to greet him. They called him "Pap" Price. They just wanted to see him, to shake hands with him, to hear him speak. It was one continual ovation all the afternoon and into the night.

Some ladies living near Lauderdale Springs had fixed up a large lunch basket of good things, such as biscuit, fried chicken, jelly cake, pickles, ham, etc., for Mrs. Palmer and her little girl. She invited General Price to take lunch with her, and he accepted. When he saw the size of the lunch basket, he asked that two officers with him might have some too. He confessed to her that he and his companions had given every cent they had to some of his soldiers who were in dire need; that they had not had a bite to eat since early the day before, and they were nearly starved. How they did eat! The General said that, as he had had something to eat, he could make more cheerful speeches to the boys at the stations.

Arriving at Mobile, they all separated, never to meet again; but Mrs. Palmer always looked back to that incident as one of the greatest of her life--the honor of meeting a man was so great and generous as to give all he had to others whom he thought more in need than he was. He made a joke of giving all his money away; but was too proud to ask for a sandwich at the stations, where so many people had them to sell. Mrs. Palmer went on to Fort Morgan, and soon had the hospital in good running shape.

Farragut's fleet lay about seven miles out on the Gulf, blockading Mobile Bay. With a glass the movements of the sailors and marines on board the vessels could be seen. Occasionally they had target practice, and then some of the windows of the hospital would suffer. Almost every dark night there would be great cannonading at sea, for those were the nights the blockade runners selected to run the blockade. Many vessels were destroyed or captured; but a greater number which were of lighter draught and could run over the bar into Swash Channel, which was next to shore, got through. In this hospital everything was packed every day and everything was arranged so that the people at the hospital could go at a moment's notice into the fort, which was a half mile away, in case the fleet should come in.

**To be continued next issue.**