

# PATRIOTIC PALS TAILS OF THE CIVIL WAR

By Chris Stuckenschneider

CHAPTER 6: Sallie, A Scrappy Cur, Beloved by All

**Attention! Roll out—not over, troops! The bugle calls us to Gettysburg, Pa., where we'll meet Sallie and visit the site of the most costly battle of the Civil War, in terms of casualties for the Confederacy and the Union.**

Gettysburg, July 1-3, 1863, was an ominous battle, and a low point for the South's Gen. Lee. Though the war waged for two more years, Lee never again attempted to gain a northern stronghold, even though the South rallied again with some success, but eventually ran out of troops to serve.

Sallie, a brindle, Staffordshire bull terrier, is the only Civil War canine with enough clout to have her snout, and the rest of her, immortalized in a bronze statue at Gettysburg. Walt and I drove to Pennsylvania to see the hilly, rock-strewn battlefield. It was peaceful, the quiet broken only by birdsong and a packet of squirrels churning up the leaves.

Peaceful now, but not back in the day when two massive armies clashed, surprising one another at Gettysburg. Reinforcements were called up, and the tug of war continued. On the third day of the battle, the South pulled out all the stops. Lee threw a desperate half-court shot, sending waves of Rebels directly into the Union's artillery fire.

The South's men splintered like toothpicks. Defeated and dismayed, Lee was

forced to retreat. It's hard to fathom, but the dead men carted away and the wounded men limping behind him formed a line of defeat that extended for miles.

Sallie saw it all—at Gettysburg you can read her dog-witness account. Sallie was a soldiers' pet, a mascot of the 11th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry.

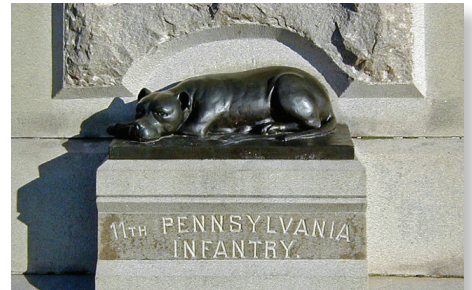
The men got her as a pup, a roly-poly, feisty fighter, a loyal cur that cut her milk teeth on a saber. Sallie was a female, but she didn't cater to women, to Rebels or Democrats. It was all military, "Yes, Sir," for Sallie, a born and bred soldier from the get-go, a stalwart service-gal who assigned herself to a particular soldier and dogged him day and night, even seeming to recognize the rank held by each soldier.

Sallie rose before the sun burned the dew off the grass, answering the bugle for roll call and flag raising. She barked incessantly at the sight of a Rebel—as she raced ahead with her men, smack into the heat of battle.

Adored and admired, the ol' girl was good company for the soldiers too, and helped them realize if she could survive being wounded twice and come back for more, they could too. As the war raged on, soldiers of the North and South needed all the encourage-

ment they could get. The men were exhausted and missed home, but Sallie's home was standing guard outside a tent of whatever infantryman she'd adopted for the night.

Stalwart and unflinching, Sallie braved the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg



Sallie's Memorial at Gettysburg.

and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg, President Lincoln acknowledged her with a military salute.

During the battle at Gettysburg, Sallie lost her bearings. She became separated from her regiment, and the men feared she'd been struck or captured.

Not scrappy Sallie. She was found tending the wounded and watching over her deceased Union friends, not allowing anyone, Confederate or Union, to get near them. That was Sallie, a soldier to the end—an end that came in 1865 during the siege of Petersburg, Va.

Descendants of the Pennsylvania regiment wanted Sallie to be remembered. A replica of her resides at Gettysburg; her proud head rests on her paws as her brown eyes gaze in watch of approaching Rebels, ever faithful Sallie, a heroine for the ages.

## PAPER TRAINING



Sallie's regiment wanted her to be remembered, so they commemorated her on a statue at Gettysburg. Find a leader in the newspaper and draw a plaque or design a statue in their honor.



Photo showing what Sallie might have looked like.