



Newsletter of Capt. W. H. McCauley Camp 260 • Dickson County Tennessee



Vol. 2 No. 5

Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp 260

Nov. - Dec. 2005

Camp 260 Officers

Commander Bryan A. Sharp • Lt. Commander Stephen F. Tucker • Adjutant / Treasurer Joseph R. Bailey
Historian Jack Bowker • Chaplain Paul Reynolds

Men of Camp 260,

It is my pleasure to announce new officers for the 2005-07 term which will begin January 1st.

Commander Jonathan Barnes

Adjutant Marty Flowers

1st Lt. Cmdr. Bryan Sharp & webmaster

Chaplain Paul Reynolds

Andy Mathis & Dale Davidson will continue as church trustees since they have family buried at St. Paul.

Dale Qualls & I will continue to do the newsletter.

I sincerely appreciate these men stepping up to serve. This is OUR camp & everyone has something to contribute. It has been a pleasure to serve Camp 260 as your commander for the last two years & adjutant for the two years before that. I feel that we need new blood & fresh enthusiasm to continue our work here in Dickson Co.

I have always tried to do what I thought was best for our camp during my term in ways that advance our place as a viable historical organization in the community & foster the good name of our Confederate ancestors. I hope that I have helped to leave the camp in better shape than we were before I was elected. If we don't educate those around us to set the records straight as to what our ancestors went through no one will. Our camp is on a roll with new men joining us, some coming back to us & things are beginning to take shape at our St. Paul Church home. We have a lot to be thankful for this Thanksgiving.

A big thank you to Bro. George Wallace of Ft. Donelson Camp #249 for a fine presentation on the 3 forts in his neck of the woods. His relic collection was out of this world & everyone really enjoyed getting to view them. Good to see Cmdr. Steve Settle & other guests as well that tagged along on the trip. Thanks to President Glenda Tidwell & all the fine Old Hickory UDC #747 gals for their kind donation to our church & beautiful certificate of appreciation

they donated to our camp. You gals always brighten up our building with your presence & are always encouraged to attend anytime. Continued cooperation between our organizations can only help to get our common message across to the masses.

Thanks to everyone that took the time out of their busy schedules to help paint & construct a handicap ramp at yesterday's meeting. We appreciate all our workers yesterday: James Streetman, David & Mitzie Curtis, David & Judi Cloninger, Dale Qualls, Joe Bailey, Jerry Murrell & Marty Flowers. We also thank Tommy England again for getting the gas heat installed at the church. Thanks to everyone that brought the great food & drink to share, adding to the above list: Mr. & Mrs. Ralph Scott & Whitney Qualls. Please excuse if I left anyone out. You are all appreciated.

Our next meeting will be held noon on the 2nd Sat. in the month of December to allow those to visit the Civil War show at the Nashville Fairgrounds held on the 1st weekend. Allen Sullivant will speak on Coleman Scouts Sat. Dec. 10th @ St. Paul Church in Charlotte, Tenn for our next meeting. For those of you that missed it a while back in Brentwood, this is your 2nd chance to catch a fine slide presentation on the Boy Hero of the Confederacy Sam Davis, Dewitt Smith Jobe & the rest of Coleman's Scouts. See attached flyer. Y'all come!.

God bless you all & thanks again for your continued support of our camp.

"We just ain't whistlin' Dixie"

Cmdr. Bryan A. Sharp

(for just a little longer)

Capt. W. H. McCauley 260

Dickson Co. Tenn.

November 2, 2005
A Veterans Day Remembrance
By: Calvin E. Johnson, Jr.
Kennesaw, Georgia 30152

What does Veterans Day mean to you?

To me, it is a time to remember the men and women of the United States Armed Forces. They do not ask for any special recognition, yet they put their lives on the line for our freedoms. For over 200 years the liberty bell continues to ring because of those special people who believed in Duty, Honor and Country.

Friday, November 11, 2005, is Veterans Day!

This would be a great time to gather the family for a discussion of the true meaning of Veterans Day. Grandma could go get the family scrapbook and Grandpa just might tell the children a story about their ancestors who fought for their nation's freedom. You might ask your children what Veterans Day means to them.

Please share this Veterans Day story with your family.

Let us remember American patriot Patrick Henry who said, "It can not be emphasized too strongly or too often that this great nation was founded not by the religionists but by Christians, not on religion but on the Gospel of Jesus Christ." Can you imagine what people might say today about such a bold statement as this. There was a time when his words were the soul of our nation.

Let us remember that General George Washington led his troops in prayer before they crossed the Delaware River on a cold-snowy night to surprise the British and Hessian troops on December 26, 1776. They gained a great victory in the worst of conditions.

Our children should know of Andrew Jackson and a rag-tag army who defeated the British at New Orleans in 1815. A young officer named Wade Hampton of South Carolina rode 750 miles in ten days to Columbia, South Carolina, and then to Washington, D.C. to tell President Madison and the country of the great victory.

We shall never forget that in March, 1836, a small band of men at the Alamo stood between Santa Anna's 5,000 man army and the unprepared small army of Sam Houston. In the lonely monastery were Davy Crocket, Jim Bowie and less than two hundred men.

Just three days before Santa Anna's final assault, these men came into the Alamo, knowing their lives were at great risk.

On their last night on earth the Alamo men prayed that their battle would, somehow, lead to victory even though they would die. Their prayer was answered. A few days later at San Jacinto, Houston defeated Santa Anna with the battle cry of, "Remember the Alamo!"

Let us remember 1861 when our nation became two nations. The South under President Jefferson Davis and

the North under President Abraham Lincoln, fought for four long, bloody years to decide our future. Both armies prayed to the same God for guidance. This war has many names but the United States Congress would officially name it "The War Between the States." Since 1865, the Confederate Battle flag has been the blood brother of the Stars and Stripes as Southerners have taken their place at the front in all our nation's wars.

Let us remember that in February of 1898 the American Battleship Maine blew up in Havana Harbor with nearly 300 dead. The Spanish-American War brought Teddy Roosevelt's "Roughriders" to Cuba to charge up San Juan Hill to victory. Old Joe Wheeler, an ex-Confederate Cavalry General, was there with him. Wheeler got excited and forgot which war he was in. He shouted, "There they are, go get those Yankees!"

In Greensboro, North Carolina a six year old girl named Mary Frances Barker awoke to the shouts of a boy far down the street. It was 5 A.M., November 12, 1918. It was the paper boy shouting, "The War is Over, the war is over!" World War one had finally ended on the 11th day of the 11th hour of the 11th month of November in 1918.

The United States Congress proclaimed "Armistice Day" a year later on November 11, 1919.

On Sunday, December 7, 1941, the first word of the attack on Pearl Harbor came by radio. Newspapers did run "extras" that Sunday with little information and a lot of fear. This Sunday would become "a day of infamy." On Monday the 8th President Franklin D. Roosevelt, during a special session of congress, told of the attack and declared war on Japan. His speech was broadcast on the radio.

F.D.R.'s closing words were: "With the abounded determination of our people, we will gain the inevitable triumph, so help us God!"

Since that time there was Korea, Vietnam, Grenada, Desert Storm, Afghanistan and Iraq. We can not forget they we were attacked again on September 11, 2001.

We have, since World War II, seen prayer taken out of our schools and "Under God" in the pledge of allegiance under attack. Are we still a nation of God as we once were during the times of our founding fathers and mothers? With all that is happening in the world today, it seems to me that we may need God more then ever.

Armistice Day became Veterans Day in 1954.

Light a candle for those soldiers serving around the world on November 11, 2005. Lest We Forget All Our Veterans!

Calvin Johnson
cjohnson1861@bellsouth.net
Chattahoochee Guards 1639
Mableton, Georgia

The First Thanksgiving Likely Occurred Here, & Not at Plymouth . . . Thursday, November 26, 1998
Ross Mackenzie, Richmond Times-Dispatch

It is altogether fitting and proper to conclude that the first Thanksgiving was held here.

Berkeley Hundred

Now begins the season for giving thanks — something that more of us could profit from doing more often. As an inevitable consequence, this also is the season for refueling the debate about where the first Thanksgiving occurred.

For centuries the New England version went practically unchallenged. Many children know the general story, even in this contemporary culture that so frequently reviles its past.

In 1621, at Plymouth Plantation in Massachusetts, the Pilgrims held a harvest festival. The colonists were ever so thankful for their safe passage, for their survival of that first awful winter, and for the good offices of the remarkable Indians — Samoset and Squanto.

As William Bradford, governor of the colony, described it: “For summer being done, all things [stood] upon them with a weather beaten face, and the whole country, full of woods and thickets, represented a wild and savage view.” They were understandably thankful.

First Thanksgiving

December 4 was First Thanksgiving, in Virginia, not Plymouth - Sometimes we do not realize the extent to which our own history has been “revised”. Earlier this month the entire country celebrated Thanksgiving, a day set aside to Thank God for Our Many Blessings. But this day of Thanksgiving is a day set aside, not the historical anniversary of the First Thanksgiving as many espouse. We have been taught that the First Thanksgiving was in Plymouth in 1621 and observed by the Pilgrims. This was a very commendable act by the Pilgrims, but it was not the first in our country. Before the Pilgrims even began packing their bags for their trip the First Day of Thanksgiving had already been observed.

On December 4, 1619 the Day of Thanksgiving was observed in Virginia.

Every day should be a day to give Thanks for Our Blessings, but Truth is still Truth and the First Thanksgiving was on December 4.

19TH MIDDLE TENNESSEE CIVIL WAR SHOW & SALE

<p>WEAPONS ★ UNIFORMS</p> <p>DUG RELICS ★ DOCUMENTS</p> <p>MEMORABILIA ★ BOOKS</p> <p>PRINTS ★ BOTTLES</p>	<p>FEATURING</p> <p>Courtesy of Don Troiani</p>	<p>The largest Civil War Show in the United States, with 5 Huge Halls, a Sutler Village and over 1000 Tables of the finest Civil War material in existence!</p>
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DECEMBER 3 & 4, 2005

OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
 SAT., DEC. 3 – 9:00 - 5:00
 SUN., DEC. 4 – 9:00 - 3:30

TENNESSEE STATE FAIRGROUNDS
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ATTENTION EXHIBITORS

- 8' Tables - \$70 Each
- Set Up: Friday, Dec. 2 - 12 Noon - 7 p.m. Saturday, Dec. 3 - 7 a.m. - 9 a.m.
- Badges: 2 with first table and 1 more with each additional table. Extra badges - \$25 each.
- Early admission badges are available at the door for \$25.
- No live artillery shells allowed.

For Table Reservations Complete and Return This Form with Full Payment.

Name _____ Tel. # _____
 Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 # of Tables _____ Type of Merchandise _____
 Names on exhibitor badges (1) _____ (2) _____ (3) _____ (4) _____
 Total Amount Enclosed \$ _____ Make Payable & Mail To:
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But at the risk of sounding chauvinistic, the truth is that the right to claim firstness, like so many other “firsts” attributed to New England, probably belongs to Virginia. Indeed, it is altogether fitting and proper to conclude that the first Thanksgiving was held here.

The Virginia version is not widely known — particularly outside the South.

ON SEPTEMBER 16, 1619, a group of 38 English colonists headed by Captain John Woodlief sailed from England aboard the *Margaret*. They landed at Berkeley Hundred 10 weeks later. The settlers were sent by the London Company; it owned thousands of acres in the area, and settled and supported Berkeley Plantation.

Exhibit A in the Virginia claim to firstness is this sentence in the company’s instructions to the settlers — instructions to be opened upon reaching Virginia:

We ordaine that the day of our ships arrivall at the place assigned for plantacon in the land of Virginia shall be yearly and perpetually kept holy as a day of thanksgiving to Almighty God.

These settlers held that Thanksgiving at Berkeley Hundred on December 4, 1619 — a year before the Pilgrims arrived at Plymouth. Surely Woodlief and his followers were equally as grateful as the Pilgrims — equally schooled in adversity, equally determined to renew themselves with roots in the land. Surely they were equally devout and equally thankful. To suggest that they were disobedient and did not give thanks requires a superabundance of credulity and moral pretension.

But lest we forget, there were numerous trips to Virginia prior to Woodlief’s: the Raleigh expeditions of the 1580s, and the London Company’s initial expeditions — beginning with the one under Christopherr Newport that founded Jamestown in 1607.

The London Company’s charter of May 23, 1609, was written principally by Sir Edward Sandys with the concurrence of Sir Francis Bacon, the early philosopher of natural right. It was probably the first document to say that government derives its authority from the consent of the governed. It was the closest thing to a constitution and bill of rights that colonists in Virginia had for three years, until refined in 1612. The Sandys charter was written 11 years before the first Pilgrim reached Plymouth.

On November 18, 1618, the London Company issued

instructions to Sir George Yeardley upon his appointment as Governor of Virginia; those instructions provided for a liberal form of government. At Jamestown, in 1619, Yeardley convened the first legislative assembly in the New World. That was a year before the landing at Plymouth.

THOSE WERE firsts of considerable magnitude. They, and the events in Virginia during the 35 years prior to the Plymouth landing, tell us a good deal about the Virginia colonists.

They were God-fearing people. Just about every one of their existing documents speaks of their duties and obligations to a God almost always described as “almighty.”

These also were people of discipline and self-will. Contrary to so many of us today, they were people determined not to tear down the old to make way for the ersatz old. They retained their umbilical ties to the past, as Virginians — inhabitants of the most English of states — tend to do still. Their past was England, and central to England were the church and God.

Even without the instructions to Woodlief, is it not logical to assume that the colonists in Virginia regularly prayed and gave thanks prior to 1621? Do we not have to overlook too much to believe they did not? In 1962, the evidence proved overwhelming to Harvard historian Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., then an adviser to President John Kennedy. In December of that year he repented of “an unconquerable New England bias” on the question, and acknowledged that Virginia’s claim is “quite right.” But despite the evidence, the bias persists.



George Wallace Spoke at St. Paul Church

Sat. Nov. 5th at Noon

Ft. Donelson Dover Camp #249 member George Wallace, (nope not the late governor from 'Bama), was the honored guest speaker at our November meeting of the Capt. W. H. McCauley Camp 260 in Charlotte, Dickson Co. Tennessee. Bro. Wallace spoke on the strategic Confederate Tennessee & Cumberland River land which made up Forts Donelson, Henry & Heimann. George is one of the most enthusiastic members of our brother camp in Dover & poudly worn his C.S.A. period uniform. He brought with him many civil war era relics which he displayed. For more info on Ft. Donelson Camp 249 visit their website at <http://www.tennessee-scv.org/Camp249>

WELCOME NEW MEMBER

DAVID CLONINGER, Jr. and

DAVID CLONINGER III

WELCOME BACK

DOUG COLLIER & RICKY LUTHER!

Many thanks goes to 260 members Tommy, Garland England & buds for their efforts in getting gas heat hooked up at our new home. (A special thanks goes to Bishop Harvey Moore of Camp #559 in Centerville for his help with the donation of the heaters!)

Thanks to Compatriot Rick Hollis for the donation of an antique display cabinet, historical DC photos & framed prints for our church home.

Veterans Day: Friday, Nov 11

By Lee Millar / Lt Cdr, TN Div, SCV

As every year, November 11 is national Veterans Day, on which we pay special remembrance to all of those Americans who fought in defense of our country. These remembrances typically honor our WWII vets because they are the ones still around and this war was the earliest "living" war, for which there are still living veterans to honor. We must not forget our other living veterans too: a few from WWI, those from the Korean War, Vietnam War, Desert Storm, and the Afghan / Iraqi campaign, and those still stationed with our armed forces all over the world. We certainly appreciate all those who served.

In addition, our Veterans Day will also remember our Colonial ancestors who were arguably the first to begin the struggle for a democracy here, and those that served thereafter. As is also typical, many today only remember those veterans named above — and all too often the men who fought during the four years of the War for Southern Independence are overlooked. As SCV members we represent those men of the South

who struggled for what they believed in during those four hard years. We are also obligated to represent them in the style in which they deserve, and I believe that we in the SCV certainly do that. And while we generally respect our Union veterans and counterparts we must also ensure that we especially keep up the honor of our Southern ancestors who are frequently maligned by many in today's world. The Confederate veteran fought against overwhelming odds yet became legendary as the greatest fighting force the world had ever seen. These men must be remembered, and it is up to us to do our part in keeping the flag flying and in exhibiting ourselves as the best representatives of those veterans of the 1860's.

Our ancestral veterans are why we ARE the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Dedication of Forrest Monument, Clifton, TN

On Saturday, December 10, at 4: 00 P. M., at Clifton, TN, a monument will be dedicated marking the place where the command of Bedford Forrest crossed the Tennessee River at the beginning and end of the First West Tennessee Raid, December 1862.

All compatriots and their ladies are cordially invited to this event. I would very much like to have reenactors present and Freeman's Battery has a special invitation to attend since this was an important event for the original battery.

December 10 is the date of the town Christmas parade which will begin at 6:00 so we should be able to draw some attention. Please plan to attend and help make a strong showing for the SCV. The money for the monument was raised by one SCV camp, Boone-Holman Camp of Fayetteville, and some interested individuals.

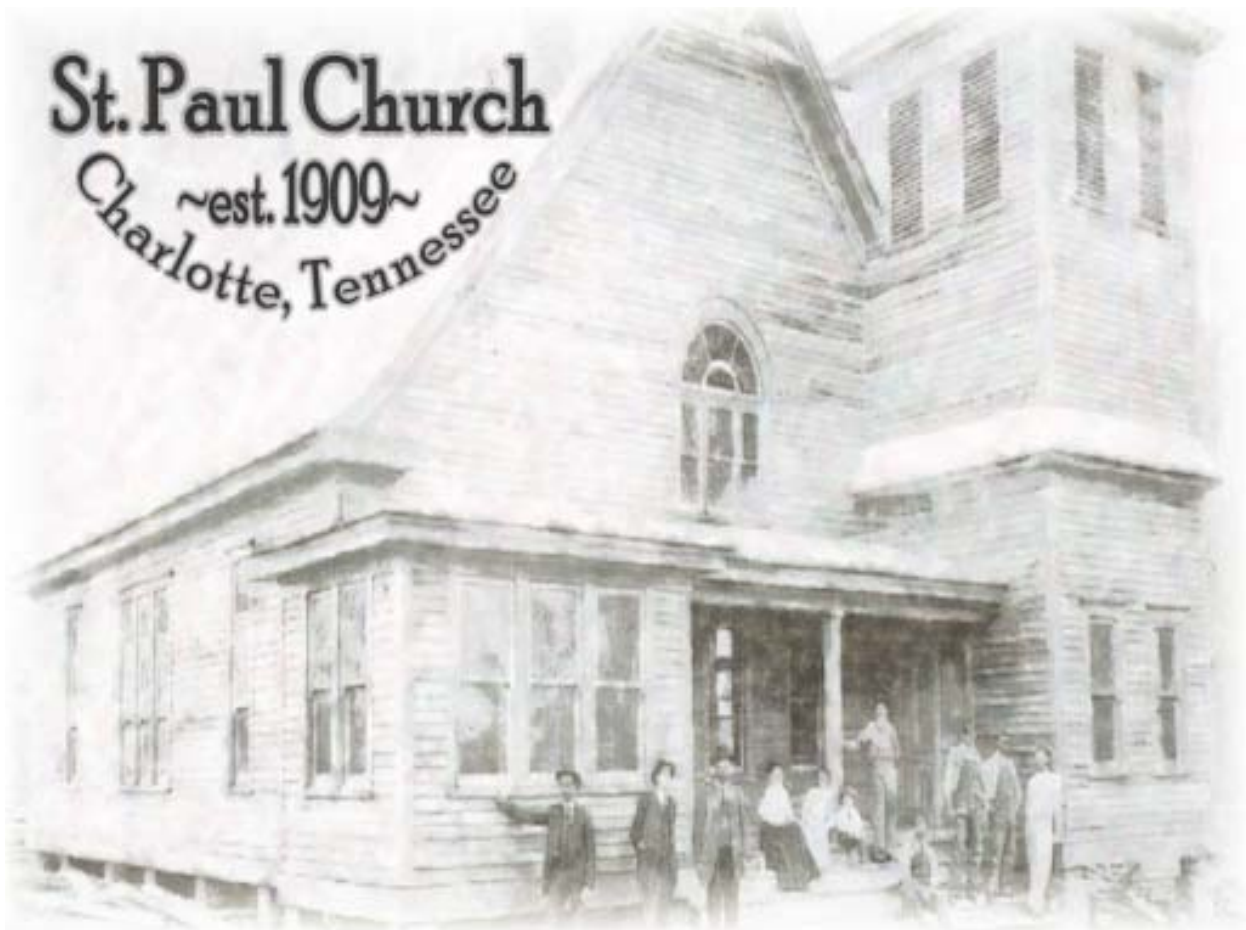
Keep the Skeer on 'em!

Dr. Michael Bradley

Dr. J. B. Cowan Camp 155

Tullahoma, Tenn.

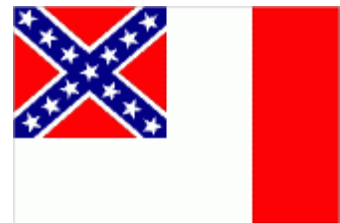




Charge to the Sons of Confederate Veterans:

“To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we submit 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 he loved and 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,
United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, Louisiana, 1906



Salute to the Confederate Flag

**“I Salute the Confederate Flag
with Affection, Reverence, and
Undying Devotion to the Cause
for which it Stands”**

Reconstruction: Invoking memories of a hateful past

Bob Duncan

This Thomas Nast cartoon from the Reconstruction period is called, "The Ignorant Vote..." and makes fun of the racist friction between the Black poor and the Irish poor and represents the fear Northerners had of both groups.

Last Saturday as I drove through town, I was listening to a commentator on National Public Radio. He was discussing the eventual fate of hurricane-lashed New Orleans and said, "Just as in the period following the Civil War, this will be a second Reconstruction."

My jaw dropped at such a comment. It is not that I have very high expectations of the media pundit crowd for either historical depth or plain old common sense, but this was a comment to beat all. Let me speak plainly. In all my days I have never heard such an ill-advised or poorly conceived comment about anything. Ever.

From the exuberance of this commentator's comment it was obvious that he considered Reconstruction to be some glorious period of Southern re-birth. How was it that this commentator missed the real story of this miserable period of our history when the former Confederate States suffered under the heel of a tyrannical federal government? How did they miss the story of Southern whites being swindled out of what little was left from the war? How did they miss the fact that the former slaves were used, manipulated and then abandoned by the federal government? But then, how would the commentator know?

Historians have blithely, and routinely, glossed over the Reconstruction period. The account in your child's American history book has the substance of a stone skipping across a pond — it makes a few splashes but it misses most of the water. The period is complex, violent, ugly and constitutes an open sore that has yet to heal. In fact, it may never heal. Historians, in fact, generally avoid the subject. What was done to the South after the war constitutes a grotesque national embarrassment. The South knew it as it happened, but most folks up North were kept in the dark.

As the Civil War ended in April of 1865 there occurred a convergence of calamities that damned the South to a period of abject defeat and suffering. The North was weary of war and heart-broken over the lost lives of nearly 400,000 of their sons, husbands, fathers and brothers. As in the South, no family and no community was spared. The North was desperate to put the war and the bitter memories behind them.

At the same time, two events occurred that boded ill for the conquered South; Lincoln's assassination and the elevation of Tennessean Andrew Johnson to the presidency. Lincoln's death filled the North with an understandable urge for vengeance. Although the collapsed Southern government had nothing to do with John Wilkes Booth, the South made a convenient whipping boy.

Andrew Johnson was an odd combination to start with. Lincoln was a Republican. Johnson was a Democrat — and a Southerner. He had been loyal to the Union but that made very little difference to the radical branch of the old Republican party that controlled Congress — he was a Southerner and therefore suspect. He was also sympathetic to the plight of

the devastated South and that, to the Radicals, was an unforgivable sin.

The rift between Johnson and the Congress opened immediately as they moved to isolate the new president. They completed their mission by impeaching him on trumped up charges. Even though the move to convict him failed by one vote they, had succeeded in ruining any effectiveness he might have had. The radicals were free to deal with the South as they saw fit.

On the same day that I heard the commentator make that monumental mistake on National Public Radio, I also got a call from Ms. Betty Willis. She had something for me to look at. It was an odd, other-worldly coincidence that she had an old book on the period of Reconstruction in Louisiana.

The title of the book is "Carpet-bag Misrule in Louisiana; the Tragedy of the Reconstruction Era." The book was a publication of the Louisiana State Museum from 1938. When Ms. Willis was just a girl, she went to school for a time in New Orleans, and this book came from that time in her life. She had run across it again while cleaning closets.

The book describes the chaos that gripped New Orleans during Reconstruction when Federal forces overturned several legitimate elections and installed their own people at the point of a bayonet. There was fighting in the streets and a return to all out war was narrowly averted.

Even today, fables persist about the South's experience during those dark days. The following line comes from the Public Broadcasting System's Web site section called "The American Experience — Reconstruction." In summarizing those days, PBS says, "Louisiana sugar planters, unable to pay wartime debts, lost much of their land to Northern investors." Imagine that, "Northern Investors!" They had another name in those days. They were called "Carpetbaggers," and their "investments" were largely swindled from the legitimate owners.

Consider these facts. By 1870 land values across the North rose by roughly 150 percent of their pre-war levels. In Louisiana however, the value of land was driven down by these "investors" to a quarter of its former value for the same period. The experience was similar across the rest of the South. Farmers in the South were ruined and driven off their land by the practice of depressing the value of the land.

In the coming weeks this column will be devoted to this sad chapter of our history. You need to know the real story. The full history of Reconstruction has been skirted, ignored and covered up for long enough.

It will be a bumpy ride.

When Johnny comes marching home again ...

The long columns of ragged, starving men shuffled into sight, their tattered flags and banners hanging limply from their staffs. Their scarecrow appearance was in sharp contrast to the brightly polished weapons they carried. There were thousands of them in the column, but even so, they were a small fraction of what had once been the Army of Northern Virginia.

Both sides of the road were lined with Union troops watching their former enemies make one last march to



Highway 240 in Lawrence County, TN. has been named Army of Tennessee Memorial Highway in honor of the Confederate Army that used the route during General John Bell Hood's 1864 invasion of Tennessee. The naming came about through efforts of Jason Goodrich and members of Sons of Confederate Veterans Colonel George Nixon Camp 214 in Lawrenceburg. A dedication ceremony was held October 29, 2005 at 11 AM at the Henryville Fire Hall.

surrender their flags and weapons. The commander of the Union Army forces watching the surrender was Gen. Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain, former professor from Maine and a hero of the Battle of Gettysburg.

As the head of forlorn column of Confederates, led by Gen. John Brown Gordon, reached Chamberlain's position, something unexpected happened. Gen. Chamberlain drew his sword with a flourish and brought it to his shoulder. At this signal the entire Union formation snapped to attention and presented arms in salute to their former enemies.

Gen. Gordon, seeing the gesture, spun his horse, drew his sword and called his column to attention. The change was instantaneous. The defeated Confederates, for the last time, drew themselves up to attention, files were dressed, flags were shaken out and their arms were presented. Drums began the march cadence and the Confederates marched smartly by Gen. Chamberlain offering their salutes. General Gordon himself saluted Chamberlain and then passed on with the head of the column to stack arms.

The scene was repeated in different ways and different places all over the South as the Confederate armies disbanded. The remnant that had once been the Army of Tennessee stacked arms in North Carolina. N.B. Forrest's command turned in their weapons on the Alabama/Mississippi border. Troops in small commands across the South just packed up and headed home.

And with that the war was finally over. Southern roads were covered with ragged and emaciated men struggling to make their way back to their homes. The Union troops headed home in their thousands, leaving only small commands in the South. It was a nation on the move.

But there were others moving as well. Over 180,000 of those Union veterans were black. They were mostly run-away slaves who had reached Union lines and joined the army. They were free men now — but free to do what? Free to go where? The North did not want them and was, in fact, afraid of what their cheap labor would do to the white veteran's chances for finding a job. Black Union units were largely disbanded in the South, and the North hoped they would stay there.

The roads also were filled with other people. The word "Freedom" had run through the plantation grapevine as a bolt of lightning. The new freedmen and women now walked where they wanted, when they wanted and with whom they wanted. They lay down their tools and celebrated. They laughed and they sang and they hailed the "Year of Jubilee!" And they dreamed.

For the first time in their lives they could dream of having a little farm of their own, but now they owned the most

important commodity in the world — themselves.

As the former Confederates finally made their way home, what they found was sad beyond belief. The fields were untended, the livestock mostly dead or stolen, the fences gone and sometimes their homes and barns burned to the ground. Their families were dispersed, dead or missing. More than a few of these men could not deal with the calamity. Thomas Cheairs spent the rest of his life closed off from the rest of the world. To the end of his days, he rarely ventured from his bedroom at Rippavilla.

Whole cities and towns lay in ashes. Atlanta was a smoking desolation. Waynesboro and Lynnville had been gutted by fire. The middle of Centerville was burned out. Lewis County as a government had ceased to function altogether.

It was a scene of desolation across the South — and it was springtime. It was the time to plant, but there was no seed, no tools and no labor. The long arm of starvation was reaching out to gather them all in.

Even the Union authorities began to worry. Those troops that remained in the South to administer and occupy the conquered states quickly realized that something must be done quickly or wholesale famine would result. Oddly enough, it was the Union army that put the Freedmen back into the fields. They arbitrated labor agreements between former slaves and former masters and an attempt was made to provide for the coming year.

In Washington in the summer of 1865, the new president, Andrew Johnson, began to cobble together the effort to help the South return to both self-sufficiency and self-government. In the fall, when congress returned to session, his efforts were scoffed at and largely undone.

The radicals in congress had no intention of allowing the South to have any part in their own restoration. The South was to be treated as a conquered province, but first the radicals knew that Andrew Johnson had to be isolated. The process of his political castration began immediately. The year of 1865 ended in chaos, despair and hunger across the South.

1866: the screws of Reconstruction begin to turn

In Nashville in 1866 Tennessee's Union-appointed Legislature met to consider a piece of legislation put forward by Maury County legislator, Samuel Mayes Arnell. The bill would revoke the citizenship and voting privileges of all former Confederates — soldiers, school teachers, postmasters and, in fact, anyone who had any connection to the former C.S.A. In the middle and western parts of the state this amounted to 90% of the white population. Shock and outrage passed through the population.

Arnell was a descendant of original Zion settlers but he was an ardent Unionist. This placed him foursquare against his neighbors and kinfolk who had supported the Confederacy. Just as in the case of George Bush's "Read my lips" and Bill Clinton's, "I did not have sex with that woman," Arnell's sponsorship of that bill became an albatross that hung around his neck to the end of his days. His name became a curse among the locals when ever the subject of Reconstruction was discussed.

Samuel Mays Arnell must have believed that the firestorm of his individual condemnation would eventually die down among the locals. It didn't. He was despised, distrusted and openly shunned by the locals. Men made a point to spit tobacco juice in his path as he passed and ladies spun on their heels to avoid him. His pariah status led him to finally give up in the late 1880s and move to East Tennessee. He was a broken man and he died there — alone and unloved by those he had left. In Washington in 1866 powerful radical congressman Thaddeus Stevens publicly advocated the seizure of four million acres of land owned by former Confederates. Ninety percent of this land was to be sold off to "investors" to pay the Union war debt and provide Union soldiers with pensions. The South heard this message loud and clear.

Radical senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts endorsed this plan. In short, he argued that the social and political order of the South must be destroyed and then, someday — somehow, rebuilt. In short, he planned for the South to be another New England. To the radicals, this was a good idea. It turned out to be a disaster and led to chaos, despair and a criminal take over of the state government.

The radicals were hell-bent to try their experiments in social engineering. Their plans became a litmus test in congress for "patriotism." They excluded duly elected Southern delegates from being seated and refused to pay their expenses. In the surprised words of one of these ardently pro-Union Southern delegates, "It was a question of going back home or starving." It was a defacto take-over of the entire federal government by the radicals.

Early in 1866 the Union occupation of Tennessee was growing stronger. William M. Sullivan, newly-appointed sheriff of Maury County, ran an ad in the Columbia Herald on May 12, 1866. The ad called for a special election for a new attorney general — the old one having been disenfranchised.

Sullivan was no friend of local former Confederates. His brother had been Andrew Jackson "Jack" Sullivan, the vicious bushwhacker and murderer from Hickman County. Jack Sullivan had preyed on local families during the war, stealing from and terrorizing them. He and his gang, nominally members of the Union army, had acquired a desperate reputation. Captain Dave Miller, CSA, finally caught up with him and his gang of cut-throats, and in a running gun battle, killed him in Bink Lafferty's yard at Totty's Bend in Hickman County.

With the passage of the 13th Amendment that year, the new freedmen were now allowed to vote. In a curious coincidence of events, the tables were now turned. As one former slave said upon seeing his old owner, "Well Massa, bottom rail on top now." In Davidson County, for instance, during this period there were 1,800 qualified white voters and

over 5,000 qualified black voters. The freedmen now wielded incredible political power. It remained to be seen how they would use it.

To add to the problems here in Tennessee, there sat in the Governor's chair, one William "Parson" Brownlow. He had been appointed governor by Union authorities when Andrew Johnson left the chair to become the vice-president.

It is difficult to imagine a worse choice for the most powerful position in the state. He was a racist and an enthusiastic hater. He hated blacks, ex-Confederates, Baptists, Catholics and — well, the list goes on and on. He had been a fiery Methodist preacher before the war, and his few friends called him "the fighting Parson."

As the Union troops marched for home another group moved south into the state early in 1866. They saw the shift in power taking place and recognized the opportunity. The disenfranchised white Southern voters would come to call them "carpetbaggers," and the local folks who supported them were known as "scalawags."

They knew that if they could gain control over the local governments the opportunities for illicit gain were boundless. They knew that there was profit to be made from chaos.

Across the North folks went back to work and tried to forget the war, their heartbreak and their terrible losses. They heard of the radical's utopian visions for the South and hoped that it might work. In any case, they were tired and just wanted to be left alone — and they would be, but not for long.

The last will and political testament of Cave Johnson

In the spring of 1866 an old man by the name of Cave Johnson wrote a final letter to his son, Polk Johnson. In part, the letter stated, "We should always bear in mind the distinction between the Government and the administration of the government. Our government is the best ever made and its administration for a few years past the worst. We should not therefore destroy or attempt it but by a change of Rulers in the legal mode."

These were the words of an old and heartbroken man, but they would not be his last. He had one last great salvo left in him.

Congressman Cave Johnson of Clarksville had been one of President Andrew Jackson's great supporters and advisors. He was a strong fiscal conservative who won the enmity of the big-spending Federalists of New England. John Quincy Adams called him, "the great nuisance of the house." He stood side-by-side with Jackson during the nullification crisis against South Carolina Governor, John C. Calhoun. Cave Johnson was no secessionist. He was a close friend and protégé of James Knox Polk. When Polk ran for President in 1844, Cave Johnson was his campaign manager, and then became Polk's Post Master General. He is credited with creating the first modern post office department and making many improvements.

As the crisis of the Civil War swept over the land, Cave Johnson stood aloof from events. Even though his sons sided with their home state and joined the Confederate army, their father sat on the sidelines. His only direct action during the war came on the day when the Union Army arrived in Clarksville early in 1862. He met the Union troops at the edge of town

and surrendered the city. He had served his nation for much too long not to welcome the old flag back to his home town.

But the service that Cave Johnson had rendered to the nation mattered not at all to the Reconstruction forces of the Brownlow administration. In November of 1865 Johnson ran for the state senate on the Democratic ticket. He won in a landslide.

With the arrival of 1866, it was time for the new candidates to take their seats. Cave Johnson arrived at the state capitol only to find that Brownlow and his gang refused to allow him to take his seat in the senate. What was his crime? He was a Democrat. Again it did not matter that he was a Jacksonian Democrat rather than a secession Democrat — he was a Democrat, and radical Republican Gov. Brownlow hated all Democrats.

Was it legal to block Cave Johnson from taking his seat? Legality did not matter to the forces of Reconstruction. They had Union army bayonets to back them up. They could literally get away with murder, and there was nothing anyone could do about it. Cave Johnson fumed, but he got back on the train and headed back to Clarksville. It did not matter that Johnson had taken the precaution of obtaining a presidential pardon from Andrew Johnson — and there was nothing that President Johnson could do to help him.

To his great credit, Cave Johnson did not go quietly. There is a letter re-printed in the April 30, 1866, edition of The Herald that circulated all over the state. In this letter Cave Johnson carefully and pointedly explained to his constituents what had happened and who was to blame. His letter states that the representatives from 20 other counties were similarly turned away from their seats, which he described as a “daring usurpation of the rights of the people.”

Johnson stated, “they (the Brownlow gang) are daily creating new debts and making large expenditures.” He also describes the Samuel Mayes Arnell bill being passed (see the Oct. 2nd column) that revoked the voting rights of most Southern whites as such, “to place into the hands of the Governor (Brownlow) the power to exclude every man who will not vote the ticket favored by him.”

He goes on to describe the situation as, “The Government of Tennessee, as administered by the present incumbents, it the most detestable oligarchy of modern times.” Cave Johnson is still warming up. With a clear eye to the future if things continued with Brownlow in charge, he predicts that the Reconstructionists in the legislature will run up huge debts that the people will be paying for 30 years in the future. Cave Johnson was dead right.

The Brownlow regime stole the state blind during Reconstruction, and Tennesseans paid those bills for generations to come. Unfortunately, Cave Johnson was dreaming in saying that the nation must, “put down the infamous Radical Congress, who labor, day and night, to change the Constitution and overthrow the Government transmitted to us by our venerated ancestors.”

Keep in mind that these words were written by a loyal son of the Union who had never raised his hand or his voice for secession. In spite of the fact that he was nationally well-known, the Brownlow gang, before the eyes of God and the nation, arrogantly and flagrantly denied him his constitutional seat in the Tennessee Senate.

Later in the year 1866, faithful and honest old Cave Johnson died — mostly of a broken heart. He grieved over what was happening to his beloved nation. Worst of all, Reconstruction was just beginning.

Perhaps the Lord was merciful not to let him see what was coming.

BOB DUNCAN is the Director of the Maury Co. Archives, Columbia, Tenn. These articles appeared as a mini-series in the Sunday edition of Columbia’s Daily Herald throughout the month of Oct. 2005. We thank him for his permission to reprint this fine piece here.

TENNESSEE DIVISION REUNION

Gentlemen:

Please mark your calendars.

The Division Reunion will be 28, 29, & 30 April, 2006 in Brownsville.

TN Div. Cmdr. Ed Butler

PLEASE PAY YOUR DUES

Men of Camp 260,

It’s that time of year again. The SCV operates on a fiscal year running from Aug. 1st to July 31st of the following year. This means that your 2005 dues were due as Aug. 1st. If you have not had the opportunity to pay up, please forward to me a check in the amount of \$35 to pay your dues now that it is past Nov. 1st.

The breakdown is: National dues \$20, TN Div. Dues \$5 & Camp 260 dues are \$5. After the 3 month grace period beginning Nov. 1st there is a \$5 late fee.

Please help us to continue supporting our cause in honoring our Confederate ancestors here in Dickson County. We need your help to continue our work at St. Paul.

Make check payable to SCV & send to:

Bryan Sharp
205 Old Spencer Mill Rd.
Burns, TN 37029

THANK YOU FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT!

Cmdr. B. Sharp
Cpt. McCauley 260
Dickson Co. Tenn.



Old North: Recalling the Real Slaves of New York

By Michael Powell

Washington Post Staff Writer

Sunday, October 9, 2005; Page D01

NEW YORK — One fine morning in 1720, George Clarke sent his agent off to the market in downtown Manhattan. At the top of his shopping list was a good field slave.

Alas, the market offered spare pickings. There was a house slave, too soft for fieldwork. Another, a strapping fellow, was overpriced. But the day was not lost. As Clarke's agent wrote in fine olde script, "I was able to find some garlic."

It's the workaday language of the unspeakable, and for almost two centuries it was the daily argot of New York, arguably the slave capital of the New World. This wealthiest and most mercantile of American cities was constructed on the backs of African slaves. The elegant old New-York Historical Society — itself founded by a slave owner — has lifted a curtain and mounted the first expansive exploration of slavery in New York City, running through March 5.

The distinct impression is of an Up-South city. When the Civil War loomed, New York's mayor suggested that business common sense dictated seceding and joining the Confederacy. "New York's whole economy was built on the cotton industry," said Richard Rabinowitz, who curated the 9,000-square foot exhibition. "New York was in every sense a slave city."

Slaves built the walls of Wall Street, the first city hall and Trinity Church. Slaves accounted for 20 percent of the population of Colonial New York, compared with 6 percent in Philadelphia and 2 percent in Boston. Forty percent of New York households owned slaves. Slaves dredged ponds, cleared Harlem woods and constructed Fraunces Tavern, which was owned by "Black Sam" Fraunces, a West Indian. George Washington, a slaveholder, bade farewell to his lieutenants at that tavern.

There were peculiarities to the slave experience in New York. The great cost of tiny real estate plots meant the typical white New York family owned but a single slave. Black women who bore children were not desired and were often sold to farms.

"More New Yorkers owned slaves than whites in the antebellum South," says Leslie Harris, a professor of history at Emory University, who edited a book on the exhibit. "We need to acknowledge that our history is much more complicated than a benighted racist South and a free North."

Nor was urbanized slavery necessarily more benign. Blacks in New York worked from dawn to well after dark. They could not own property and could not meet in groups of more than three. Any hint of defiance was met with unyielding violence. One reads of rebellious blacks burned, stretched on racks and run through.

This is a tale movingly told in an exhibition that shies from the didactic through innovative use of sound and subdued lighting, graphics, copious documents and splendid new maps and artwork. If few blacks left a written or visual record — it's not until the 1790s that paintings begin to depict blacks — the designers respond with what feels like judicious imaginative leaps.

There are yellowing ledger books of slave ships recording the "38 negroes lost in passage" and classified newspaper advertisements for "whole bodied negroe men" and an African runaway whose "hair or Wool is curled in locks in a very remarkable manner."

Round a corner into a room and the ear catches the rounded vowels of Akan, a language spoken along the west "Gold Coast" of Africa. Wander a few more feet and you come to a re-created well where slaves gathered to tote water for their owners' tea. These communal wells downtown became a crossroads. In this exhibit, you peer into the well and see the shimmering reflection of black slave women. You hear them asking after family sold up the Hudson River Valley, gossiping about boyfriends, laughing and whispering.

* * *

Two decades into the life of New Amsterdam, in the 1630s, when it was a tiny collection of wharves, forts, homes and businesses at the toe of Manhattan Island, it had 800 slaves. These Africans arrived from Guinea and Angola and Madagascar, a transoceanic commerce that would send 80 Africans per day to the New World for 400 years.

The first slaves were akin to indentured servants. The city was a typical Dutch mosaic — burghers, Jews, Flemish, Indonesians and blacks living at close quarters. Slaves could earn limited freedom, although if they wanted to buy a house they had to move "uptown" to lands not protected from Indians. Intermarriage was legal, if rare. "The racial stereotypes were not fixed yet; it was a frontier town, and it was possible for blacks to negotiate a half-freedom," Harris says. "Then the British took over and the vise tightens."

When British governors took charge in 1664, they realized that New York, with its harbor and bred-in-the-bone entrepreneurial fever, could dominate the Colonial economy. Blacks became the town's sinew. Some slaves lived well enough, becoming stevedores and metalsmiths. But there's no mistaking bondage as less than bitter. The slave John Jea lived on a diet of boiled corn doused in sour buttermilk with a slice of dark bread and rancid lard. On a rare day, an owner might toss in salt beef and potatoes.

In 1991, contractors unearthed an African burial site in Lower Manhattan. The story pathologists found in those bones is related here. The early slaves had spinal fractures and severe deformations from hauling stones and other heavy loads over many years.

Revolt was common. In some cases, blacks conspired to slay their owners, sprinkling themselves with sacred powder in hopes of making themselves invisible. Some committed suicide rather than face recapture.

Many blacks saw little promise in the American Revolution. The British, no doubt cynically, offered blacks freedom in exchange for fighting on their side. The revolutionaries offered no deal at all. They gave 500 acres to any New York slaveholder who enrolled his slaves in George Washington's army.

Vermont was the first state to outlaw slavery, in 1777. Massachusetts did so in 1783. New York did not follow until 1827. Even after that, teams of white men — known as black birders — roamed the night streets, grabbing freed blacks and secretly shipping them south to again become enslaved. The mystery is that so little of this grim story is known. "As slavery ends, it's as though blacks and whites stop talking about it. . . . There was a lot of shame involved," says Harris, who is African American. "We underestimate the good power that comes when people see their history fully represented for the first time."

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2005/10/08/AR2005100801298.html>

Key Civil War monument ready for viewing again

For many years, it was just “that strange monument on the hill” that could be seen from Interstate 65 or Franklin Road, just south of Berry Hill.

After years of virtually being “cut off” by highway construction and allowed to deteriorate (thanks in large measure to a tornado), the Battle of Nashville Monument is readily accessible and worth visiting. And all you have to do is pull up next to it at its new location at the intersection of Granny White Pike and Battlefield Drive.

The white granite monument honors the sacrifices of both Confederate and Union soldiers in the Battle of Nashville, Dec. 15-16, 1864, as well as the American soldiers who fought in World War I.

Giuseppe Moretti was commissioned by the Ladies Battlefield Association for the original monument, which was dedicated on Armistice Day 1927. And it was a prominent landmark for a long time.

But the years and change took their toll. In 1974, the original obelisk and angel were destroyed by a tornado, and during the 1980s, construction of the I-440/Interstate 65 highway interchange obstructed the remainder of the monument from ready public viewing.

State, federal and private monies were used for the reconstruction of the monument, making it better than new. It also was moved from the old site to the nearby piece of state-owned property.

The new monument, dedicated in 1999, has been completely restored, with the bronze sculpture of the youth and horses refinished, and the marble base, obelisk and angel reconstructed in granite, which is more durable than the original marble. •

— TIM GHIANNI, SENIOR WRITER

<http://www.tennessean.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?>

50th Tennessee Infantry, CSA Regimental History

Working on a regimental history of the (50th) Fiftieth Tennessee Infantry, Confederate States Army. Needing information on each soldier's date and place of birth, death and burial; full names of the soldiers, their parents and wives; if the veteran survived the war, was he a member of a veterans' organization, and if so, which one, and whether he was awarded the Southern Cross of Honor from the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Also needing copies of photographs of the veterans (civilian or military, during, before or after the war), obituaries, documents, letters, recollections, reminiscences, and any other stories from the soldiers or their families, or others relating to their military service. Any and all correspondence will be appreciated.

Thanks

Greg & Randy

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We need your help history buffs/antique collectors:

The woman in the below email called me today trying to identify this relic from what probably came from an old UCV reunion or Confederate circles somewhere. (See attached pic). There is no date or any writing on it anywhere which makes this a hard one. I'm a big fan of the television show which helps folks to investigate the history of items they have in their possession but have questions about. If anyone has ever seen one of these or has any info on it please contact me.

Thank you very much for speaking with me this morning. You were a tremendous help. I have attached the photographs of the spyglass that we discussed earlier. Feel free to email to whomever you think might have knowledge of the item. The only information I have on it is that when you look into the spyglass there is an image of Jefferson Davis. Supposedly this item was a souvenir from a United Confederate Veterans meeting. Other than that there is no other information we have on the piece, so anything new would be a big help!

Thank you again for your help on this story and I hope to hear from you soon.

Sincerely,
Stephanie Angelides
Associate Producer
History Detectives
Lion TV
304 Hudson Street
5th Floor
New York, NY. 10013



Franklin reclaims part of battlefield

Civil War preservationists flex might with razing of Pizza Hut
By KEVIN WALTERS, Staff Writer

FRANKLIN — When the metal arm of the trackhoe piloted by Franklin Mayor Tom Miller plunged through the roof of what had long been a Pizza Hut yesterday, it scattered roofing shingles, lumber and bricks to loud approval from a crowd of about 200.

In that moment, decades of frustration for many came to an end.

The land where the pizza restaurant once stood, bought by the city for \$300,000 earlier this year, will be converted to a park to memorialize the soldiers who fought and died there during the Nov. 30, 1864, Battle of Franklin.

The occasion served as a display of political might on the part of preservationists on Franklin's Board of Mayor and Aldermen. For some, including many in the national preservationist community, the gesture serves as a sign that Franklin is changing its image as a city that had forsaken its Civil War heritage.

"There's no question there's a number of preservationists on our board, but I think there is a groundswell not just in Franklin but throughout the country of people wanting to preserve the past, and you're seeing that brought out in Franklin," Miller said afterward,

With TV crews perched, a surreal scene unfolded that mixed celebration with commemoration while a crowd that included Civil War re-enactors, local and state politicians such as Rep. Lincoln Davis and sightseers clutching digital cameras gawked as the restaurant was smashed by Miller and others in a ceremony complete with speeches, sledgehammers and, afterward, brie and refreshments.

Jim Lighthizer, president of the national group Civil War Preservation Trust, recalled how years ago he told a group of Franklin preservationists that if they wanted to exact change they had to get involved politically.

"What we have is nothing short of a miracle," he said yesterday.

The city's purchase of the Pizza Hut property, along with the nearby Country Club of Franklin for the same reason, has drawn criticism from some people who have said leaders need to worry about basic infrastructure such as roads before they delve into amenities such as more parks. Still others have questioned the accuracy of some preservationists and historians' statements about where the fighting took place, though the vast majority of that criticism has surrounded the country club property — not the Pizza Hut.

Overnight, a graffiti artist decorated the Pizza Hut building with the Latin motto, "Deo Vindice," translated as "God will Vindicate," which was on the Great Seal of the Confederacy. But the old restaurant, its signature red roof removed earlier, was viewed as an atrocity to many like local historian Ed Bearss.

Bearss, 82, chief historian emeritus for the National Park Service, World War II veteran and participant in Ken Burns' Civil War miniseries, asked people to think about Pizza Huts being built on a long list of battle sites, including Omaha Beach or Mount Surabachi, among others. The demolition of

this restaurant was "a long step to what is soon going to be bulldozed a blight on the soldiers who fell here," Bearss said. If a groundswell developed here in Franklin, it came to national attention in April when *National Geographic* writer Adam Goodheart wrote a story for the magazine about the erosion of the nation's battlefields. Part of the pictorial was a shot of the Pizza Hut side-by-side with photos of the six Confederate generals who were killed during the Battle of Franklin. One of them, Gen. Patrick Cleburne, is believed to have been shot near where the restaurant stood.

The Franklin portion of the article received the most attention, Goodheart said in a phone interview. What's happened in Franklin is unique and is an example of a larger change occurring in communities, he said.

"The battlefields are part of the national consciousness, and what we think of when we think of America are these landscapes," Goodheart said. "I think people realize that America is slipping away from us day by day, and they're starting to wake up to the magnitude of the problem."

J.T. Thompson, president of the Battle of Nashville Preservation Society, believes that after years of neglect "the planets are lining up" for preservation here after years when preservation was ignored. He is trying to raise \$55,000 toward the purchase of historic site Shy's Hill in Nashville.

"It's once in a blue moon that people start to get it," he said.

The Battle of Franklin happened 141 years ago yesterday, which also happened to be Franklin resident and preservationist Tommy Murdic's 52nd birthday. An African-American, Murdic said there is support for the project among black residents in Franklin.

Did the demolition of the restaurant add something extra for his birthday?

"But of course," Murdic said, beaming. "Being born right down at Doctor Johnson's hospital on November 30, 1953, this thing has come full circle. That date was meant for some reason. Today, 52 years later, it's falling together."

<http://www.tennessean.com/apps/pbcs.dll/article?AID=/20051201/NEWS02/512010405/1352/COUNTY>



Thomas Cartwright, executive director of The Carter House in Franklin, takes a swing at the former Pizza Hut building on Columbia Avenue as demolition begins.

Old Spencer Mill Fall Fest 2005

photos by Brian Keithline

