

POWDER & LEAD NEWSLETTER



Vol. 1 No. 2

Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp 260

November 2007

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WANTED

**VOLUNTEER DONATIONS
FOR THE TENNESSEE DIVISION SCV
HERITAGE ENDOWMENT**

Please join us for an add-a-dish picnic @
1400 St. Paul Church Rd. in Charlotte, TN.
SAT. NOV. 3RD, 2007 @ NOON



Tennessee State Representative
Steve McDaniel to speak on:
The Battle of Parker's Crossroads
w/ power point presentation

Bring a friend & your favorite dish! Vendors welcome!
Contact #260 Cmdr. Bryan Sharp for more info:
tengsnysquirrel@yahoo.com or 1-800-380-1896 ext. 201

ACOUSTIC
MUSICIANS
WANTED

PLEASE
BRING YOUR
INSTRUMENTS



DONT MISS THIS EVENT! Sponsored by:
Capt. W.H. McCauley Camp #260 / Dickson Co.
& Fort Donelson Brigade Camps: #109 Paris,



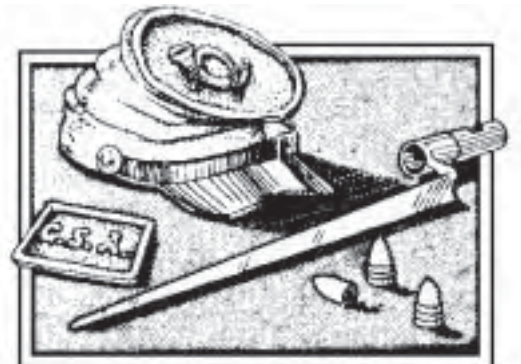
#225 Clarksville, #249 Dover, #270 Greenbrier/Springfield,
#559 Centerville, #1792 Adams & #2040 Waverly.

This is just a friendly reminder that
November is Camp Elections.

So this is another reason to make sure
you attend the November 3rd meeting.
Start thinking about who you'd like to see
lead our camp forward.

Also, December we will be donating toys
to the local Fire Department for those less
fortunate than we are. Please start with
the November meeting and bring a new in
the box toy to donate.

As you know the November meeting will
be an exciting one with a special guest
speaker and ending with a "family picnic".



The **Civil War News** is a current events monthly newspaper published by Pete and Kay Jorgensen, former community newspaper publishers, who are collectors and history buffs. The newspaper was founded 32 years ago by Michael A. Cavanaugh as **The Civil War Book Exchange**.

The **Civil War News** publishes:

- More than 600 coming event listings a year
- Extensive coverage of preservation efforts and threats at sites across the country
- In-depth reviews of some 200 Civil War books a year, plus CD and video reviews
- A monthly guest Preservation News editorial page column
- Regular columns on firearms by Joe Bilby, images by Ron Coddington and Civil War Round Tables by Matthew Borowick.
- Photo coverage of reenactments
- Special sections with new year's coming events and unit & group recruiting ads in January, information about groups doing preservation fundraising in April, Gettysburg in July and Civil War books in November.



The Readers of this fine newsletter are urge to subscribed to **Civil War News**. Normally, subscription are \$29.49 for one year. RETURN THE FLYER OR MENTION Capt W.H. McCauley Camp 260 for a \$10.00 saving and CIVIL WAR NEWS will donated \$10 to the Camp.

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234 Monarch Hill Rd.
Tunbridge, VT 05077
(800) 777-1962 • fax (802) 889-5627
email: mail@civilwarnews.com
or visit www.civilwarnews.com



Captain Ed Baxter and His Tennessee Artillerymen, CSA is the first complete unit history ever written on Baxter's Company Tennessee Light Artillery 2nd Organization. This book retraces the footsteps of these Confederate soldiers in the Civil War starting with their recruitment in Middle Tennessee in the fall of 1862. The long marches, drudgery of camp life and their role in some of the bloodiest battles of the war are detailed in the book. The book includes the struggles their families faced at home while they were defending the Southland and details their capture and parole in Macon, Georgia at the end of the war. The book contains the complete service and pension records of all the soldiers who served in the company as well as photograph and personal information.



About the Author

Dennis Joe Lampley was born October 10, 1951 in Nashville, TN. At age 4 his family moved back to the family farm in the Liberty Hill Community of the 1st District of Williamson County. The land had been pioneered by his great-great-grandfather in 1811. He and wife Irene, a member of the Tidwell family who were also pioneers of the area, continue to reside on the home place as the sixth generation on the same land.

Lampley graduated from Fairview High School and received his B.S. Degree in Agriculture from the University of Tennessee at Knoxville. After working in the dairy industry for several years, he now works for the Tennessee Department of Environment and Conservation. Over the years, Lampley has been active in several agricultural, environmental and historical organizations.

tennsco

We would like to say a big

Thank You

to the Tennsco Corp.
in Dickson, Tennessee
for donated two fine bookshelves.

With the generous donations of books and periodicals our Library is beginning to look like a Library.

Thanks to Camp's members for unpacking the shelves and placing the books.

Little known account of Lincoln in-laws who fought and died for the Confederacy

Stephen Berry, THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—

Published Monday October 29th, 2007

The Civil War was not only the bloodiest era and the greatest political crisis in American history up to then, but for Abraham Lincoln, it was a painful family quarrel as well. “House of Abraham” by Stephen Berry, a professor of history at the University of Georgia tells in vivid detail the rarely told story of how the Todds, his wife’s family, became Lincoln’s own family and reflected the miseries of the conflict. Mrs. Lincoln’s favourite sister married an officer who rose to be a Confederate general, after refusing Lincoln’s offer of a post in the Union army. When he was killed at the Battle of Chickamauga, 27-year-old Emilie called her sister and was taken into the White House with her three young children.

A Union general complained about the situation, after a visit that saw a sharp exchange between Emilie and a senator who had come with him. Lincoln, the man who brought humour into American politics, first tried to make joke of it. The general, who had lost a leg at Gettysburg, got mad.

Lincoln’s little son Tad and Emilie’s daughter Katie had a disagreement over who was president - Lincoln or Jefferson Davis, the head of the Confederacy.

Lincoln, amused, settled it with one child sitting on either knee.

Affection later soured when Lincoln refused Emilie a permit to cross the line between territory held by the Union and the Confederacy. She needed the pass to protect some highly prized cotton she owned, the only way she could see to provide for herself and her children. But granting the permit to the widow of a Confederate general who had been a White House guest would have damaged Lincoln’s bid for re-election.

He feared he might lose, with the war still on, to a popular general who would make peace with an independent Confederacy. To Lincoln, that result would have meant the war had been in vain. Emilie, though, was not thinking of that. “I also would remind you that your Minnie bullets have made us what we are,” she wrote him bitterly. The Minnie bullet, a cone-shaped invention that replaced old-style round musket balls, enabled rifles to be fired much more rapidly and caused havoc among Confederate troops.

Lincoln had little family of his own. His mother died when he was 9. He took considerable trouble to visit his affectionate stepmother but he was never close to his father, who had never seen any sense in young Abe’s taste for book learning. A sister died young.

A wealthy and influential slaveholder in Kentucky, Robert Smith Todd fathered 14 children by two successive wives. Lincoln, in his early 30s a self-made lawyer but already a

veteran member of the Illinois legislature, knew he was moving up when he reluctantly married Mary Ann, Todd’s fourth daughter.

She was nine years younger, had pretty eyes and soft brown hair but also a tendency to fat, a sharp tongue and an ominous love for pomp and power. The book sees no doubt about her corruption as first lady.

“Twenty thousand dollars bought a port collectorship,” Barry writes. “Diamonds bought a naval agency. To her way of thinking, Lincoln could afford to take the high road only because she was willing to take the low, which was, after all, where a lot of politics was conducted.”

Kentucky never joined the Confederacy, though many of its sons fought for it. The Todds numbered both Northern and Southern sympathizers with the Southerners predominating. Capt. David Todd was relieved of his post in charge of Union prisoners in Richmond after scandals over abuse. Aleck Todd, youngest of the brothers, was killed by friendly fire from Confederate troops outside Baton Rouge, La. Samuel Todd died in the Confederate ranks at the Battle of Shiloh.

“The Todds became for Lincoln the emblematic family of the war,” Berry concludes. “His attempt to keep them together paralleled his larger struggle to keep the national family together. From the Todds he learned much of what he knew about family; through the Todds, he experienced many of the agonies of a family divided by war and shattered by grief.”

—
“House of Abraham: Lincoln and the Todds, a Family Divided by War” (Houghton Mifflin Company)

<http://www.canadaeast.com/entertainment/article/112212>



Lincoln’s Christmas Box to Jefferson Davis

Why was Sam Davis Important?

By Mike West Managing Editor

Just who was Sam Davis?

The short answer is that he was “the boy hero of the Confederacy.” Today his short life stands as one of the most interesting stories to survive the “Lost Cause” era of Southern history.

Davis, the son of Charles Lewis and Jane Simmons Davis, was raised in an upper middle class home on Stewarts Creek in Smyrna.

He was well educated for the time, attending Smyrna area schools before enrolling in the Western Military Academy in Nashville. The headmaster was Bushrod R. Johnson who would soon become a general in the Confederate Army.

Another teacher to play an important role in Davis’ life was Henry B. Shaw.

As war fever grew, the 19-year-old Davis joined a militia company called “The Rutherford Rifles,” which was soon mustered in as Company I, First Tennessee Infantry.

When the war began, his company joined Gen. Robert E. Lee for his first offensive actions in what is now West Virginia, where they fought at the Battle of Cheat Mountain, Sept. 12-15, 1861.

Davis returned to Smyrna in 1862 when his initial one-year enlistment ended.

There he was recruited, probably by his older half-brother John Davis, for an elite group of Confederate couriers and spies called “Coleman’s Scouts.”

The unit was in command of the illusive E. Coleman, who was actually Davis’ former teacher, Henry Shaw. The scouts often reported directly to Gen. Braxton Bragg who was in command of the Army of Tennessee, but Gen. Benjamin Cheatham was in charge of the spy/scout ring and was the one who contacted Shaw about organizing the group of some 40 to 45 volunteers.

In the autumn of 1863, Davis and five other scouts were dispatched to gather information about Federal troop movements in Middle Tennessee. Bragg, still in the aftermath of his victory at Chickamauga, knew Gen. U.S. Grant was bound to move in troops to relieve the Union garrison at Chattanooga.

Of particular interest to Bragg and his command was Union Gen. Granville M. Dodge’s Division, which had been in the Corinth, Miss. area. Dodge hailed from a distinguished American family. His ancestor, Richard Dodge, came to North America in 1629 as a member of the Plymouth Colony.

Before the Civil War, Dodge was a railroad man who helped survey and build the famous Rock Island Line. By 1854, he had relocated to Council Bluff, Iowa, where he was involved in real estate development, shipping and banking. After the Civil War, he earned the unofficial title of “the greatest railroad builder of all time” for serving as chief engineer of the Union Pacific railroad.

A powerful businessman, Dodge proved to be an effective commander earning the trust of Abraham Lincoln, U.S. Grant and William T. Sherman.

When his life impacted that of Sam Davis, Dodge was in command of the second division of the 16th Corps of the Union Army of the Tennessee, where Grant put Dodge’s expertise as a railroad engineer to work repairing destroyed lines.

But Dodge’s chief role in Tennessee was serving as the chief of the Bureau of Military Intelligence for Grant.

Dodge was Grant’s spymaster with more than 100 operatives in the trans-Mississippi area. His agents had contributed to Federal victories at Vicksburg and at Island No. 10.

Dodge’s division did no fighting at Vicksburg, but remained at Corinth until November 1863, when it moved out with Sherman, marching from Corinth to Pulaski, Tenn.

Sherman moved on, leaving Dodge at Pulaski to guard the Nashville and Decatur Railroad, while Sherman moved to relieve Chattanooga. There was also another matter that Grant ordered Dodge to attend to: Coleman’s Scouts.

Dodge had some distinguished units in his command including Birge’s Western Sharpshooters, who had equipped themselves with Henry Repeating Rifles. Also at his disposal was the 7th Kansas Cavalry, nicknamed “The Jayhawkers,” which included former guerillas from the Kansas-Missouri border wars. Charles R. “Doc” Jennison was one of the most infamous of the Jayhawkers and first earned his fame by stealing horses from Missouri.

But one member of the 7th Kansas Cavalry exceeded Doc Jennison and even General Dodge in fame. He was young William F. Cody, later known by the world as Buffalo Bill.

Dodge’s men did their job well. Many of Coleman’s Scouts were captured, wounded or died on their missions in Middle Tennessee.

A list of the scouts was compiled by surviving members of the unit in 1898. Most, if not all of them, had been captured, some repeatedly like Billy Moore. He was captured twice but managed to escape from his court martial in Pulaski. Tom Joplin, who was on the same mission with Sam Davis, was wounded twice and captured and helped to escape from Nashville.

At least three of the scouts died because they refused to divulge their secrets. Two of them, Dee Jobe and Dick Dillard died more horrific deaths, but it was Sam Davis who won acclaim through a set of unique circumstances.

Retelling Davis' death became one of the most popular "Lost Cause" stories thanks chiefly to an editor named Sumner A. Cunningham.

A Shelbyville native, Cunningham founded the Chattanooga Times only to sell it for \$450 to Adolph Ochs, who later established the New York Times newspaper dynasty.

Cunningham achieved national prominence with a publication he established in 1893 called "The Confederate Veteran."

Based in Nashville, Cunningham's monthly magazine began as a newsletter reporting on a drive to build a monument honoring CSA President Jefferson Davis in Richmond, Va.

Cunningham was a member of the Southern Press Association, which was originally called the Southern Press Davis Memorial Monument Association. This group united with the United Confederate Veterans, headed by former CSA Gen. John Bell Gordon. The Nashville American newspaper, edited by Edward Ward Carmack, had issued the first call for the Davis Memorial.

With the success of the Jefferson Davis Memorial, Cunningham would soon be beating the drum of support for another Davis.... Sam Davis, the boy hero of the Confederacy.

<http://www.murfreesboropost.com/news.php?viewStoryPrinter=7253>



TMP photo by Kelly Hite. Sam Davis' final resting place.

Surrender of guerrillas at the house of Gabriel Maybury, in Hickman County 16, Surrender of guerrillas at Franklin

HDQRS. U. S. FORCES, Franklin, Tenn., May 18, 1865.

Maj. B. H. POLK, Assistant Adjutant-Gen. District of Middle Tennessee:

SIR: Pursuant to instructions from district headquarters I have the honor to report that I left Franklin, Tenn., on the 15th under flag of truce with an escort of fifty men belonging to the Sixteenth Illinois Cavalry and proceeded to the house of Gabriel Maybury, in Hickman County, Tenn., for the purpose of receiving the surrender of Capt. 's Duvall, McNairy, Cross, and Miller, who were chiefs of guerrilla bands in that vicinity. I arrived at Maybury's about 11 a. m. on the 16th instant and shortly after my arrival I received a note from McNairy, requesting me to inform him upon what terms he could surrender himself and command, also requesting me to designate a place at which to have a personal interview. I wrote him that the same terms accorded to Lee by Gen. Grant would be extended to him, and designated the proposition to meet at Mr. Dean's, and at 1 o'clock the interview took place. After he fully and they were at once paroled by Lieut. Bracken, assistant provost marshal Department of the Cumberland. The command consisted of three captains, five lieutenants, and forty-eight men. I would take occasion to state that they had undoubtedly made some preparations for the surrender, from the fact that they had eight horses, fourteen saddles, and twenty-one old muskets, carbines, and pistols to turn over. They claimed to belong to the Confederate army, and had an order from Gen. Forrest to organize a battalion for his command. McNairy and Cross expressed a desire to leave the United States, but said they would do all they could, while they remained, to restore peace to the country.

I am, major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. B. NULTON, Maj. Sixty-first Illinois Infantry, Cmdg. at Franklin.

OR, Ser. I, Vol. 49, pt. II, p. 832.

History of “The Bonnie Blue Flag” - *The Unofficial First Flag*

Originating in the Republic of West Florida in the early 1800’s, the Bonnie Blue Flag was the unofficial first flag of the Confederacy.

The first recorded use of the lone star flag dates to 1810. On September 11, 1810 a troop of West Florida dragoons set out for the provincial capitol at Baton Rouge under this flag. They were joined by other republican forces and captured Baton Rouge, imprisoned the Governor and on September 23, 1810 raised their Bonnie Blue flag over the Fort of Baton Rouge. Three days later the president of the West Florida Convention, signed a Declaration of Independence and the flag became the emblem of a new republic. By December 10, the flag of the United States replaced the Bonnie Blue after President Madison issued a proclamation declaring West Florida under the jurisdiction of the Governor of the Louisiana Territory. With this rebellion in mind, this flag was used by the Republic of Texas from 1836 to 1839.

The single star stood only for the state/republic that the flag flew over. Keep in mind that as the Lone Star flags began to appear late 1860 (as depicted in the article from the Charleston Mercury), that star stood only for the state it flew in. No one was even remotely thinking of a CSA back then - only separate republics, which is what the first seven seceding states declared themselves upon secession. This was to avoid violating the US Constitution’s prohibition of “no two states shall enter into a compact with each other.”

New nations require new flags, and this brought about the creation of state flags for many of the seceding states.

The Lone Star concept was twofold. Some states looked at it as a reversal of the US Flag Act of 1818, which is still in effect today. That allows a new star to be added to the flag the 4th of July following the admission of a new state to the Union. Hence, some states looked at single star flags as “taking their star out of the Union”.

The states of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, having been a part of the old Republic of West Florida, may have been inspired by that flag to create single star flags for their own republics since they had a historical connection. The Mississippi and Louisiana flags were officially adopted. Alabama’s was only a secession banner.

Not all Lone Star flags were blue. Many were of other colors as were the stars. But it was the single star depiction that ties them all together.

The Confederate government did not adopt this flag but the people did and the lone star flags were adopted in some form in five of the southern States that adopted new flags in 1861.

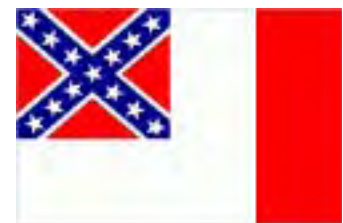
In A War Time Journal of a GA Girl by Andrews, she records that her home made Bonnie Blue flag represented the Southern Cause. In the context of secession many states used variations of Bonnie Blue flags to show their independence, but many of these states also had another republic flag, so it seems like the Bonnie Blue represented to the Southerners of the 1860’s unity in their independence. Just like the rectangular Battle flag with 13 stars represents the Old South today, the Bonnie Blue represented “the south” to the people in the war.

When Mississippi’s Ordinance of Secession was signed on 9 January 1861, it was marked by a ceremony in which the ‘Bonnie Blue Flag’ was raised over the capitol building in Jackson. Among those who witnessed the event was an Irish comedian named Harry Macarthy, who shortly after wrote and performed the famous song, ‘The Bonnie Blue Flag’. (The song “The Bonnie Blue Flag” was just as popular as Dixie in the early 1860’s).

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”***

The Bonnie Blue Flag

We are a band of brothers and native to the soil
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose near and far
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star!

Hurrah!
Hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust
Like friends and brethren, kind were we, and just
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights to mar
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Hurrah!
Hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand
Then came Alabama and took her by the hand
Next, quickly Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Hurrah!
Hurrah!

For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

Ye men of valor gather round the banner of the right
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens statesmen are
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single star.

And here's to brave Virginia, the Old Dominion State.
With the young Confederacy at length has linked her fate.
Impelled by her example, now other States prepare
To hoist on high the Bonnie Blue flag that bears a single star.

Then here's to our Confederacy, strong we are and brave,
Like patriots of old we'll fight, our heritage to save.
And rather than submit to shame, to die we would prefer
So cheer for the Bonnie Blue flag that bears a single star.

Then cheer, boys, cheer, raise a joyous shout
For Arkansas and North Carolina now have both gone out;
And let another rousing cheer for Tennessee be given
The single star of the Bonnie Blue Flag has grown to be eleven!

(There were 2 additional verses added later as new states joined the Confederacy).
<http://www.researchonline.net/gacw/conflag5.htm>



NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST SEMINAR

Sponsored by

Tennessee Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans

November 30th, 2007 at Rippavilla, Spring Hill, Tennessee

FEATURING:

Greg Biggs

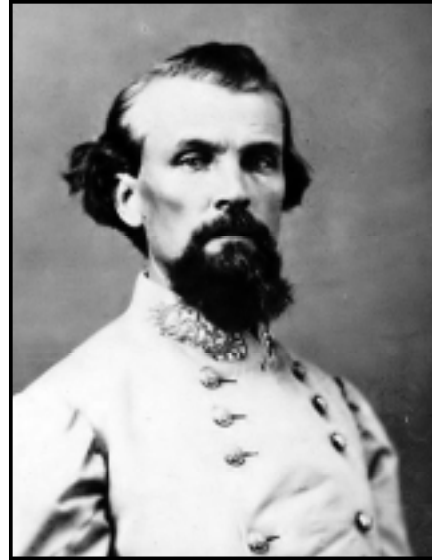
- Nathan Bedford Forrest and
Napoleonic Cavalry Tactics
(with tour of Battle of Thompson Station)

Michael Bradley

- Forrest's Escort

Lonnie Maness

- An Untutored Genius



The day includes commemorations of the Battle of Franklin.
Supper at Rippavilla. The whole day's cost is \$30 per person.
For more details email jraym@bellsouth.net or call (615) 331-3954.
Make checks payable to Tennessee Division, SCV (Designate - "Forrest Seminar").

Mail to:

Sons of Confederate Veterans, Division Adjutant
P.O. Box 782
Lebanon, Tennessee 37088

----- (Please cut on dotted line and include with check) -----

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Number coming _____ Amount enclosed \$ _____



WELCOME NEW MEMBER

Let's welcome our newest member
Jimmy Ray Keaton joining under the service of
Sgt. Willis Jerome Sullivan, Col. Gray's Co.
3rd Tennessee (Forrest's) Cavalry

Welcome back
Doug Collier & Jeffery Hughes

Nashville Veterans' Day Parade

This year the Nashville Veterans' Day Parade will be held on Monday Nov. 12th, 11:00 a.m. Apparently there would be a "clash with the Titans" for the parade to be held on Sunday (Nov. 11th). If you have the day off and would like to represent and honor your Confederate ancestor in a parade, please try to attend. Whether or not you have an uniform, doesn't matter. Just be there. If you have a Confederate flag, of any kind, bring it. Sometimes we've had more flags than people to carry them so there's a good chance you'll get to hold a flag. The SCV has its permit to be in the parade & hopefully we'll continue to take advantage of this. There is a new mayor in town & we never know when attitudes may change towards us. Let's make a grand showing and let the city know we belong. Try and be there by 10:30 a.m. We'll rally near Jim Reed Chevrolet on Broadway.

Jerry Raymer / Sam Davis Camp #1293

GRACE PERIOD FOR DUES IS NOW OVER!

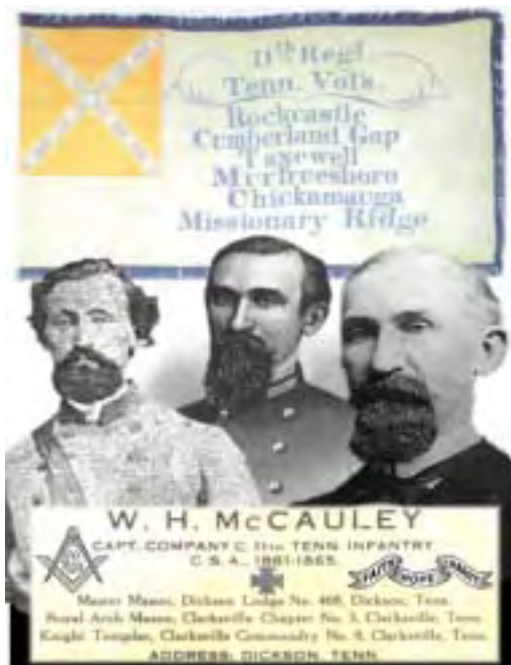
The SCV's Fiscal year (not calendar) begins August 1st with a 3 month grace period to pay your dues. After Nov. 1st there is a \$5 late fee to reinstate and if not received you will be dropped from the rolls. **YOUR ATTENTION TO THIS NOTICE AND YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT IS APPRECIATED!**

Mail your Dues to:

Capt. W.H. McCauley Camp 260

P.O. Box 1276

Dickson, TN 37056-1276



Lankford Cemetery

Clean Up and Restoration

Saturday, November 24, 2007

Meet at Cracker Barrel at 8 am or go to 2nd Road past Ramada Inn, Turn Right onto Turkey Creek Road at sign.

Follow Turkey Creek Road to 1364, driveway of Phillip Keller. Cemetery sign with Confederate Flay will be posted.

Sponsored by

Sons of Confederate Veterans, Camp 2040

and Estes Families

For More Information call 615 740-9825 or 615 789-1032

or contact Larry Harrell

DONATIONS APPRECIATED toward Fence, Gate, etc.

Receipt will be provided.

Send to: Joan Ahlheit, 1780 Westfield Rd. Dickson, TN 37055



UPCOMING EVENTS

Nov. 3: Camp 260 Monthly Meeting

Nov. 12: Nashville Veterans' Day Parade

Nov. 18: Reinterment - Winchester

Dec. 1,2: Civil War Show - Fairgrounds

CONFEDERATE HOME GUARD/MINUTE MAN TO BE REINTERRED

Sunday, November 18th 2007 at 2 P.M. a Captain of the Franklin County's CSA Home Guards/Minute men and a Veteran of the Florida Indian War remains will be laid to rest in the new Confederate Veterans War Memorial Cemetery in Winchester. Sponsored by Trustees of the Templeton Confederate War Memorial Cemetery and Gen. A.P. Stewart, Camp 1411, Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Remains will be borne by period hearse drawn by two black horses with undertakers in period clothing with Confederate Pall Bearers and Confederate Honor Guards led by Chaplain Fr. Charley Watkins and Scottish Bagpiper, Greg Cutcliff. Dr. Michael Bradley & Fr. Charley Watkins will perform the religious portions of the burial and new marker dedication with members of the Confederate Infantry and Cavalry Reenactors and the Sons of Confederate Veterans and ladies of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in uniforms and period clothing assisting. The general public is invited, and is urged to bring the whole family for this solemn and Historic Event. It is suggested to bring lawn chairs and cameras to enjoy the program, music, canon, musket salutes and flag display.

Light snacks and refreshments will be served by ladies of the UDC. O.B. Wilkinson, Trustee/Sec/Tr 931-455-9500

Quotes from Generals William T. Sherman & Phil Sheridan

The young bloods of the South; sons of planters, lawyers about towns, good billiard players and sportsmen, men who never did any work and never will. War suits them. They are splendid riders, first rate shots and utterly reckless. These men must all be killed or employed by us before we can hope for peace....Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman

The more Indians we can kill this year the fewer we will need to kill the next, because the more I see of the Indians the more convinced I become that they must either all be killed or be maintained as a species of pauper. Their attempts at civilization is ridiculous... Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman

Look to the South and you who went with us through that land can best say if they have not been fearfully punished. Mourning is in every household, desolation written in broad characters across the whole face of their country, cities in ashes and fields laid waste, their commerce gone, their system of labor annihilated and destroyed. Ruin and poverty and distress everywhere, and now pestilence adding to the very cap sheaf of their stack of misery...Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, the man who left a 60 mile wide, 300 mile long path of death and desolation across GA and up through SC.

I have destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat, hay and farming implements; over 70 mills filled with flour and wheat, and have driven in front of the Army over 4,000 head of stock and have killed and issued to the troops not less than 3,000 sheep. Tomorrow I will continue the destruction down to Fisher's Mill. When this is completed, the Valley from Winchester to Staunton, 92 miles, will have but little in it for man or beast.....from an Oct. 7, 1864 report to Gen. Grant from Gen. Sheridan.

During the War Between the States, Lincoln, was waging war on women and children on two fronts. Old Abe's thugs were raping, pillaging and murdering in the West as well as the South.. Lincoln's generals Sheridan and Sherman committed war crimes. Sherman, famous for his "march to the sea," had made a habit of waging war on civilians from early on. Dr. Thomas J. DiLorenzo, economics professor at Loyola College in Baltimore and historian and writer, tells us that Sherman once wrote to his wife that his purpose was the "extermination, not of soldiers alone...but of the people" of the South. Sherman often ordered his soldiers, many of whom were street criminals from Northern as well as European cities, to shoot civilians at random. He ordered his men to burn entire towns in Tennessee and Mississippi and of course Georgia. And the thousands of letters and diaries that survived the war attest to the rape of both black and white women by Sherman's men.

Another of Lincoln's generals Phil Sheridan is known for the horrors he inflicted on civilians in the Shennandoah Valley during the war. In the autumn of 1864, with the winter closing in, Dr. DiLorenzo tells us Sheridan's troops burned crops and killed thousands upon thousands of cattle and sheep and turned women and children out in the cold.

While Sheridan was destroying crops, killing livestock and starving women and children, a Yankee colonel named J. M. Chivington was slaughtering, scalping and mutilating Arapahos and Cheyenne camped at a place called Sand Creek in Colorado. The Indians in the camp had decided to live in peace with the white man because they had come to trust Major Edward W. Wynkoop who was the commander of Fort Lyon located forty miles from Sand Creek. Major Wynkoop was a rare man in the Union army in that he was honorable and kept his word. He did not believe in waging war on civilians either and that was to be his ultimate undoing. Known to the Indians as Tall Chief Wynkoop, he was eventually to resign in protest over Phil Sheridan's policies toward the Indians in the West.

Wynkoop was removed from his post at Fort Lyon because of his kindness to the Indians and was replaced with a cruel man named Major Scott J. Anthony who lied to the Indians and who, under the command of Colonel Chivington, raided the encampment at Sand Creek where they slaughtered men, women and children. Some of the Indians huddled together under a large American flag which belonged to the chief Black Kettle, but the Yankee soldiers killed

them anyway. One little girl, Dee Brown tells us in the book “Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee” met the soldiers waving a white flag, and they still shot her down in cold blood.

St. Mary’s Today, Dispatches from Little Dixie: Real Americans by “The Rebel Yell” un-reconstructed journalist Joyce Bennett. Oct. 2, 2001

“The government of the U.S. has any and all rights which they choose to enforce in war - to take their lives, their homes, their land, their everything...war is simply unrestrained by the Constitution...to the persistent secessionist, why, death is mercy, and the quicker he or she is disposed of the better...Mjr. Gen. W. T. Sherman, Jan. 31, 1864.

This war on citizens was not simply restrained to be applied against men and women but also children. Gen. Sherman in a June 21, 1864, letter to Lincoln’s Sec. of War, Edwin Stanton wrote, “There is a class of people men, women and children, who must be killed or banished before you can hope for peace and order.” Stanton replied, “Your letter of the 21st of June has just reached me and meets my approval.” While the war on civilians started much earlier than 1864, the above is simply proof that the war on children was part of that scheme!

In MO, if care packages of food or clothing was sent to sons of the Confederate Army, they were arrested for “care and comfort of the enemy!” Many of MO civilians were thrown into Gratiot Street Prison, including pregnant women. “It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released on parole or otherwise becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated.”Gen. Grant, August 18, 1864 in a dispatch to Gen. Butler.

http://www.plpow.com/Atrocities_QuotesFromSherman.htm



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In defense of his Confederate pride

Nelson Winbush is intent on defending the flag of his grandfather. It's just surprising which flag that is.



Nelson W. Winbush, 78, of Kissimmee stands in front of the Confederate battle flag that was draped over his grandfather's coffin in 1934.

By STEPHANIE GARRY, Times Staff Writer

Published October 7, 2007

KISSIMMEE — Nelson Winbush rotates a miniature flag holder he keeps on his mantel, imagining how the banners would appear in a Civil War battle.

The Stars and Bars, he explains, looked too much like the Union flag to prevent friendly fire. The Confederacy responded by fashioning the distinctive Southern Cross — better known as the rebel flag.

Winbush, 78, is a retired assistant principal with a master's degree, a thoughtful man whose world view developed from listening to his grandfather's stories about serving the South in the "War Between the States."

His grandfather's casket was draped with a Confederate flag. His mother pounded out her Confederate heritage on a typewriter. He wears a rebel flag pinned to the collar of his polo shirt.

Winbush is also black.

"You've never seen nothing like me, have you?"

* * *

Winbush's nondescript white brick house near Kissimmee's quaint downtown is cluttered with the mess of a life spent hoarding history. Under the glass of his coffee table lie family photos, all of smiling black people. On top sits Ebony magazine.

Winbush is retired and a widower who keeps a strict schedule of household chores, family visits and Confederate events. He often eats at Fat Boy's Barbecue, where his Sons of Confederate Veterans camp meets.

Winbush's words could come from the mouth of any white son of a Confederate veteran. They subscribe to a sort of religion about the war, a different version than mainstream America.

The tenets, repeated endlessly by loyalists:

The war was not about slavery. The South had the constitutional right to secede. Confederate soldiers were battling for their homes and their families. President Lincoln was a despot. Most importantly, the victors write the history.

But Winbush has a conceptual canyon to bridge: How can a black man defend a movement that sought to keep his people enslaved?

* * *

Winbush is one of at most a handful of black members of the Sons of Confederate Veterans in the country. He knows skeptics question his story and his sanity.

To win them over, he pulls out his grandfather's pension papers, reunion photos and obituary. He also gives speeches, mostly before white audiences.

Winbush believes the South seceded because the federal government taxed it disproportionately. It was a matter of states' rights, not slavery, which was going extinct as the United States became more industrialized, he says. He denies that President Lincoln freed the slaves, explaining that the Emancipation Proclamation affected only the Confederate states, which were no longer under his authority.

"It was an exercise in rhetoric, that's all," Winbush says.

His views run counter to many historical accounts. Rev. Nelson B. Rivers III, the field operations chief for the NAACP, called Winbush's arguments illogical. Rivers spoke with Winbush by telephone a few years ago, intrigued by his position. Rivers remembers him being loud and sincere, holding fast to his convictions.

"I was courteous and respectful and respectfully disagreed with him," Rivers said. "This is America. He has a right to believe what he wants to."

At one speech, Winbush stood in front of the square battle flag that draped his grandfather's coffin, retelling the stories he has told so many times that the words emerge in identical iterations.

At the end of his talk, he held the microphone to a stereo and played a song by the Rebelaires, with a sorrowful, bluesy rhythm: "You may not believe me, but things was just that way. Black is nothing other than a darker shade of rebel gray."

Once other Confederates recognize that his story is real, they love him. Opponents often attack white Confederates as ignorant or racist. Winbush is harder to dismiss. If nothing else, the naysayers are more willing to listen.

"It kinda wipes out the whole segregation and hate and racism issue," said Christopher Hall, 29, commander of Winbush's SCV camp. "Coming from him, that really can't be an argument."

* * *

Winbush's views were once more widespread, even in the land of theme parks and turnpikes.

Florida was the third state to secede. Its Civil War governor, John Milton, shot himself rather than rejoin the North, telling the Legislature, "Death would be preferable to reunion." Former Gov. Lawton Chiles defended the Confederate flag in 1996 when black lawmakers asked for its removal from the Capitol.

"You can't erase history," Chiles said at the time.

But now neo-Confederates are losing this second war of culture and memory.

Confederate flags are coming down, especially from the tops of Southern statehouses, including Florida's in 2001.

The agrarian Bible Belt has become the Sun Belt, full of northerners with few deep roots in the area. Identification with the South as a region has declined since the World War II era, which united the country with patriotism and the interstate system. Areas of South Florida, for instance, are known better as the sixth borough of New York than part of the Deep South.

High school teachers don't preach the righteousness of the South. And historians, for the most part, agree that the Civil War was about slavery, undermining the standard neo-Confederate argument.

But Confederate loyalists are digging in. Winbush considers the South his homeland. And his family history, because it's rarer than that of white Confederates, is in danger of extinction.

* * *

Slowly, in his deep, rough voice, Winbush tells the story of a young slave from a Tennessee plantation named Louis Napoleon Nelson, who went to war with the sons of his master.

"They grew up together," Winbush says.

At first his grandfather cooked and looked out for the others, but later he saw action, fighting with a rifle under the command of Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, a slave trader and plantation owner.

At Shiloh, a two-day battle in 1862 in which more than 23,000 American men were killed or wounded, the Confederate Army needed a chaplain. Louis Nelson couldn't read or write, but he had memorized the King James Bible.

He stayed on as chaplain for the next four campaigns, leading services for both Confederate and Union soldiers, before they headed back to the battlefield.

He also foraged for food. One time, he killed a mule, cut out a quarter and hauled it back to his comrades.

"When you don't have anything else, mule meat tastes pretty good," he would tell his grandson.

Some topics even the loquacious grandfather considered off limits. He wouldn't talk about the Union siege of Vicksburg, a bloody battle that captured an important Mississippi River port and effectively split the South. Nearly 20,000 people died. After the war, he lived as a free man on the James Oldham plantation for 12 more years. Then he became a plasterer, traveling the South to work on houses.

Over the years, he went to 39 Confederate reunions, wearing a woolly gray uniform that Winbush still has. In photos, he stands next to two white men who accompanied him to soldiers' reunions until they were old men. Through the sepia gleams a dignity earned on the battlefield.

"When he came back, that was storytelling time," Winbush says.

His grandfather died in 1934. The local paper ran an obituary that called him a "darker." Winbush is proud that his grandfather's death was marked at all.

* * *

Winbush grew up in the house his grandfather built in 1908, a two-story yellow structure with a wraparound porch in Ripley, Tenn. The Oldham plantation, where his grandfather was a slave, provided the wood in recognition of his loyalty to the family. Winbush and his siblings lived in a family of educators. His grandmother and mother were teachers. He says he first went to school as a baby in a basket.

All three children went to college. Winbush studied biology in hopes of becoming a doctor but didn't have enough money for medical school. He switched to studying physical education.

Winbush moved to Florida in 1955, a year after the U.S. Supreme Court's Brown vs. Board of Education decision mandated school desegregation. Like many around the country, Osceola County schools remained segregated for several more years. He didn't mind the divide because he felt both black and white students got a better education by not being able to use racial conflict as an excuse. When the superintendent, a friend of his, decided it was time to integrate in the late 1960s, Winbush agreed. The time had come, he thought, when people could accept the change.

Winbush thinks that people will get along if they know each other. He says he never suffered any blatant racism. The small Southern towns he lived in were familiar and accepting.

He remembers the "I Have A Dream" speech that the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. delivered on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. He respects King but disagrees with his reverence for Lincoln.

Winbush wasn't moved by the speech. King was just speaking the truth, he says, but it didn't change the daily reality of blacks.

* * *

Winbush's convictions about the war lay dormant until 1991, when the NAACP began an all-out campaign against the Confederate flag, saying it was a symbol of hatred. It vowed to have it removed from public places by the end of the decade.

Winbush saw it differently, and he was retiring. He no longer worried about what some “Yankee boss” would think. “I got fed up about all this politically correct mess,” he says.

He joined the Sons and started speaking at their events. He twice appeared before the Virginia Legislature to dissuade them from taking down the flag. He collects clippings of newspaper stories written about his speeches. One shows him posing in front of a statue of Nathan Bedford Forrest.



Winbush acknowledges that misuse of the Confederate flag has made it a symbol of hate in some people’s eyes. But he says the American flag is just as racist. Troops of color are sent to die disproportionately in American wars, he says, and the Stars and Stripes flew above slave ships.

Rivers, the NAACP official, said people like Winbush need to let go of their family history and admit that all people, even those now dead, are imperfect.

“Just because your grandfather was wrong does not mean you can’t break the generational curse and not be wronged too,” he says.

* * *

Winbush is the last direct link to his grandfather, someone who heard the stories firsthand and felt the passion.

He feels the legacy of Confederate soldiers like his grandfather won’t survive unless the history is past within families, from one generation to the next.

But it’s not easy. Even Winbush’s son, a Naval Academy graduate who works for IBM, once tried to talk Winbush into donating his Confederate collection to a museum.

“This is the only way some people will find out what did happen,” he said. “The history books leave it out.”

Winbush knows he won’t be around forever. He only hopes that someone will continue to tell the stories.

Times researchers Carolyn Edds and John Martin contributed to this report. Stephanie Garry can be reached at sgarry@sptimes.com.

[Nelson Winbush]Louis Napoleon Nelson poses with grandson Nelson W. Winbush at the Memphis train station in 1932 before leaving to attend a Confederate reunion celebration.

http://www.sptimes.com/2007/10/07/State/In_defense_of_his_Con.shtml

“Our Trip over the Northwestern Railroad.”

But a few weeks since, just after the completion of the Northwestern Railroad, connecting the capital of Tennessee with Hickman, on the Mississippi, General Superintendent Innes invited attaches of the several daily papers of this city to accompany an excursion train over the road from Nashville to its western terminus. Owing to the shortness of the notice, and the multiplicity of duties devolving upon all hands in the office, the Press and Times was not represented on that occasion. Finding a little spare time last week, we concluded to take a ride over this road, as much to see the country along its line, as to get a respite from the din and bustle of city life.

Early on Thursday morning we proceeded to the Chattanooga depot, along side of which the train bound West was waiting all who might present themselves as passengers. The sky was clear, and the air quite cool. In fact, there was a heavy frost, the first we has seen this autumn, not only tangible, but visible. At 6 o’clock the stentorian voice of the conductor sang out “all aboard,” when the train slowly moved off, drawn by engine No. 18, otherwise known as the “Gov. Brownlow.”

Soon we had traversed that part of the road on stilts over the “lick Branch,” not far above where “the said Hood” played “possum” to the “Injuns,” and lost his scalp, and were rapidly approaching that outer line of battlements, the city soon faded away in the distance, when we found ourself [sic] indeed in the country, breathing its pure air, and enjoying its sublimer scenery - its hills and valleys, fields and forests. “Man made the city, God the country.” Therefore, dear reader, if you be a dweller in the country, repine not at your lot, for “rural felicity” is preferable to the crowded city, with its heartless indifference, its fashion and vanity, stench and dust.

Six and a half miles out, we passed at Bellemead, the first stopping place after leaving the city. Then away we go through that beautiful section of country, so highly improved and so desirable, embracing a model stock farm of Gen. Harding, with its grassy; lawns and stone fences, its comfortable mansion and convenient appendages.

Now we are ten miles out, at Vaughn's Gap. Another pause, and away we go, through hill and valley, over creek and ravine, passing Bellevue, Smith's Mills, Newsom, Pegram, Palmer's Mills, Kingston Springs, Glendale, White Bluff, Burns, Smeedville, McCall, Gillem, McEwen, to Waverly, the county seat of Humphreys county, and sixty-six and a half miles from Nashville.

Waverly, though a railroad town, looks rather dilapidated and has been sadly neglected by the painter. It boasts three brick buildings, court-house, church and academy: so we may reasonably infer that the good people of Humphreys are not forgetful of these three cardinal duties - the administration of justice, the worship of God, and the "teaching the young idea how to shoot." [sic] * The "White House," where the up-train passengers take dinner, is a new establishment, and furnishes just such meals as hungry mortals are glad to get. Jimmie Noland, the kind and attentive manager of the house, has out thanks for favors extended us. After the delivery of the mails, a small accession of passengers, and away we roll for forty minutes, when we "fetch up" at Johnsonville, environed on one side by barren sand-hills [sic], and on the other by the Tennessee river. It is seventy-eight miles from Nashville, is a railroad town which sprang up during the war, and was named after the "Alderman of Greeneville," "one of the immortal thirteen," [1] the then Military Governor of Tennessee, but now His Excellency the President of the United States. Johnsonville enjoys not only railroad facilities, but is accessible by steamboats from the upper and lower Tennessee, and was a great depot for Government stores during the rebellion. We asked a disciple of Roger Sherman the population of the place.

He though not more than four hundred! We replied we thought not. Perhaps, including black and white, dogs and all, the number may be two hundred. The "Johnson House, the principal hotel, (and we observed several others,) stands just opposite the depot, perched on a hill side, about as high above the train as a country martin box above a chicken coop. We know nothing of the house, but saw at least one attraction - "the girl with the blue dress on," but what "de white folks calls her," deponent sayeth not. Just at 10 o'clock the unbound train came by, giving us the track below, and in a few minutes we had quit Johnsonville and were moving slowly over the Tennessee river bridge, a Howe Truss, a most excellent structure about five hundred yards long, and connecting Middle with West Tennessee. From the bridge we had a fine view of the river above and below, and we thought to ourself [sic] how great the change since old man Donelson and his fellow voyagers passed here, on their way from their settlements in East Tennessee to the "Bluffs" on the Cumberland, to found a habitation in the wilderness, of which Nashville is the legitimate offspring. What changes, what transformations, what developments have been made in eighty-five years!

It was here, too, that we saw some dozen or less hulks of boats, said to have been destroyed during the war by the rebel General Forrest.

Over the river, the road now leads through the Tennessee bottom, densely crowded with timber, and in some places through swamps studded with cypress knees and other growth. On, and on we go passing Willston, Camden, Hollow Rock, till the breakman cries out, Huntingdon! When we take a bird's-eye of the capital of Carroll, one of the oldest looking towns in West Tennessee. It too, has been quite neglected by all the mechanics: mason, carpenter and unpainted. However, should the talked of railroad be constructed, connecting with Jackson, Tennessee, and thus forming a nearly direct line of railway from Nashville to New Orleans, Huntingdon will yet see better days. It seems to us that this is an important link, and that railroad men will not long delay its construction.

From Huntingdon we move on, stopping at Hico, a minute, to McKenzie, the point where the Memphis and Ohio and the Nashville and North-Western railways intersect each other; and also the dinner stand for the down trains, distant from this city one hundred and nineteen miles. The dinner was good, and the clerks are quite attentive, especially to the collection of bills. They do a safe business at this house, requiring passengers to pay in advance, acting upon the precaution couched in the homely couplet:

"Since man to man is so unjust! We do not know what man to trust."

All the seats were filled with busy occupants, none engaging in conversation, except a couple of wise-acres who talked knowingly, and related many things that "I did." Mr. Pomposity has speculated in grain, investing some \$8,000; and had all dealings with some "big house," whose acquaintance he had formed through the "First National Bank!" What a happy medium through which to form acquaintances! A descendant of Abraham though the best way to make money now, was

just to do nothing at all. He may be half right - don't know. He vowed up by saying, "all whiskey distillers and large dealers are damned rascals!" He knew "all about it."

Here too, we took leave of a number of passengers, among them a couple who had talked much on the way down. One was an official of some West Tennessee County, and the other had wanted to go to Congress. He talked much; expostulated with the Sheriff about the innovations of his party; would suffer much; but before he would suffer a party to elevate the negro above him and his disfranchised friends, he would resist by any and all means within his power. The Sheriff admitted that there were some things which he did not approve, but thought they would adjust themselves after awhile, and all things would again move on smoothly. Although Maury has the lucky man, we confess Humphreys has the best looking man. We trust Mr. Arnell will take no exception at our decision as to the relative beauty of himself and his handsome competitor.[2]

But the Louisville train has come and gone, and so away we go to Gleson [sic], and then on to Dresden, the capital of Weakley county, and a pleasant looking town at that. From this [point] on, the soil becomes better and better, and the towns and country residences wear a more pleasant appearance. Again we move on, stopping at Ralston, Gardiner and Raccoon, to Union City, in Obion county, where the Mobile and Ohio crosses the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad, and from which place the New Orleans and Ohio railroad runs to Paducah, at the mouth of the Tennessee. These last named town are all new, and the latter promises much for the future, as a railroad point.

Leaving Union City, we move rapidly on, passing the State line, and a few minutes bring us to Hickman, in Fulton county, Ky., on the Mississippi, one hundred and seventy miles from the capital of Tennessee. Hickman is a new and thriving town, with a population variously estimated at from 1,500 to 2,500, and is located on a high and irregular bluff, overlooking the great "Father of Waters." As to its probable future, we of course know but little. It appears to us to be the most direct, as well as the cheapest and speediest, route of transit for freights from New Orleans, St. Louis and other points, North and West, to Nashville. Should the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad some day change its western terminus to Columbus, Ky., to Pilot Knob, there connecting with the St. Louis and Iron Mountain road to the city of St. Louis, then Hickman would lose much of its importance, and would doubtless do but little business.

The Nashville and Northwestern Railroad, from this city to Johnsonville, a distance of seventy-eight miles, is an excellent road, having good ties and ballast. From Johnsonville to Hickman the road is good, but being new and for the most part without ballast, it is not in as excellent condition as the Eastern Division.

The completion of the Nashville and Northwestern Railroad, which occurred in the month of August last, has given to our city a most valuable avenue of communication, which will grow in importance as time advances.

The uniting of the Capitol of Tennessee with the Mississippi will prove in time, of great moment in the direction of trade and commerce.

The road connects South and West, with the Illinois Central to Chicago, the Iron Mountain road to St. Louis, the Memphis and Ohio to Memphis, and the Mobile and Ohio to Mobile and New Orleans. The road is in the hands of excellent officers, and every day adds to there business with it transacts. Connecting as it does, the Middle with the Western portion of the State, it is destined to become one of the most important and successful avenues of communication. We commend the road to the attention of the business and traveling public.

Nashville Press & Times, October 30, 1867

<http://nashvillenwrr.tripod.com>

DID YOU KNOW?

Daily Rebel begins publication 1862, on Market Street in Chattanooga the Chattanooga Daily Rebel newspaper went to press for the first time. It was published in three states and five towns and in a railroad box car while traveling with Confederate soldiers. Usually it was the only news source in the deep South during the war. The last issue was printed in Selma, Alabama, on April 11, 1865.

Hostile Hospitality in Henry County; Captain Charles C. Nott, Fifth Iowa Cavalry, Encounters an Antagonistic Southern Belle

The main body of our detachment arrived [in Paris] during the afternoon, and I was ordered with my squadron to the farm of a Mrs. Ayres, some three miles off. I had heard nothing of Mrs. Ayres, except that she was “a prominent secessionist,” and quite wealthy; and three months’ active cavalry service had quite accustomed me to riding into people’s houses, and taking possession for the use of the Government. Yet I was rather taken aback, when a lady with grey hair and widow’s weeds came out, as I rode up. I said that I regretted to intrude, but that I was ordered to stop there; and she said that it was very unpleasant; she and her daughter were alone, no gentleman in the house, and she wished we would go somewhere else. I explained that no one would come in the house or be guilty of any rudeness, and that she might feel perfectly safe. But she reiterated her request, and went on: “I am a secessionist, sir; I am opposed to the Union. I scorn to deny my principles. Of course you will do as you choose, sir. I am a woman, and unprotected, and you have a company of soldiers; I can offer no resistance,” etc., etc. I answered that I admired her sincerity, and cut the argument short by asking in which yard she preferred my putting the horses, and from which stacks we should get forage. There were woods to the right of the house; the men filed into them, and in a few minutes fires were lighted, horses picketed, and we were bivouaced for the night.

An hour or two elapsed, and I received a message that Mrs. Ayres wished to see me. I went in — the house was large and handsomely furnished, and she was evidently far superior in intelligence, education, and position, to the simple country people among whom we had hitherto been thrown. I afterwards learnt [sic] that one son was then at Richmond, a member of the Confederate Government, and another with Beauregard, at Corinth. I began the conversation by hoping that she had recovered from her alarm. She said, “Oh, entirely,” and that she had expected the officers in the house to tea, and that she had beds enough for them. I replied that I had promised that no one would intrude, and that I intended my promise to apply to myself as well as to my men. Mrs. Ayres hastened to say that it was no intrusion; that I must at least stay and spend the evening; she really could not allow me to go out in the dark and cold, while she had houseroom to offer. “My daughter plays,” she said; “perhaps you like music.” I said that I liked music exceedingly, and should be most happy to hear some, and as I was finishing my civil speech, Miss Ayres came in. She as a pretty girl of seventeen, and gave me an icy bow that said I was there by military power, and was no guest of hers. “Mary,” said her mother, “Captain N. wishes to hear some music.” The young lady gave another icy bow. There was a little black girl curled up in a corner near the fire. “Bell,” said Miss Ayres, “Carry the candles into the other room.” The little black girl uncurled herself, and seizing the candles, marched into the other room. There she placed the candles on the piano, and immediately popped under it and curled herself up again on the floor. I moved round, and took my position at one end of the piano, as an admiring listener should. It was a handsome instrument, and seemed like a friend, for I read on its plate, “Wm. Hall & Sons, New York.” It had come from New York, and so had I. Miss Ayres took her music-book, and I waited for her to begin. She partly opened the book, then stopped, and looking deliberately at me, said, “Well sir, what must [sic] I play?” Had she slapped me in the face I should not have been more astounded. It was evident that she was in the same frame of mind her mother had been at the gate. But I had been so particularly civil that this cut was too unexpected. I felt my color rise, but kept my temper down, and inwardly resolved that her little ladyship should take this back before our acquaintance ended; so I answered, almost sweetly, that I would leave that to Miss Ayres’ better taste! We had a little contest then, she trying to make me order something, and I trying to make her select the piece. It was a drawn game, and ended in her suggesting a couple of pieces, and my saying, “Either of them.”

An hour passed very agreeably, and when I arose to go, all coolness has entirely vanished, and the invitation to stay was really cordial. But it was an inflexible rule with me, when on these expeditions, to sleep beside my guard, so I declined and, after thanking them, went out.

Nott, Sketches, pp. 112-115.

America's Worst Anti-Jewish Action

December 17, 2006 is the 144th anniversary of the worst official act of anti-Semitism in American history.

On that day in 1862, in the midst of the Civil War, Union general Ulysses S. Grant issued his infamous "General Order #11," expelling all Jews "as a class" from his conquered territories within 24 hours. Henry Halleck, the Union general-in-chief, wired Grant in support of his action, saying that neither he nor President Lincoln were opposed "to your expelling traitors and Jew peddlers."

A few months earlier, on 11 August, General William Tecumseh Sherman had warned in a letter to the Adjutant General of the Union Army that "the country will swarm with dishonest Jews" if continued trade in cotton is encouraged. And Grant also issued orders in November 1862 banning travel in general, by "the Israelites especially," because they were "such an intolerable nuisance," and railroad conductors were told that "no Jews are to be permitted to travel on the railroad."

As a result of Grant's expulsion order, Jewish families were forced out of their homes in Paducah, Kentucky, Holly Springs and Oxford Mississippi, and a few were sent to prison. When some Jewish victims protested to President Lincoln, the Attorney General Edward Bates advised the President that he was indifferent to such objections. Nevertheless Lincoln rescinded Grant's odious order, but not before Jewish families in the area had been humiliated, terrified, and jailed, and some stripped of their possessions.

Captain Philip Trounstine of the Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, being unable in good conscience to round up and expel his fellow Jews, resigned his army commission, saying he could "no longer bear the Taunts and malice of his fellow officers... brought on by ... that order."

The officials responsible for the United States government's most vicious anti-Jewish actions ever were never dismissed, admonished or, apparently, even officially criticized for the religious persecution they inflicted on innocent citizens.

Hatred of Jews in the Union

The exact reason for Grant's decree remains uncertain. As author and military historian Mel Young points out in his book "Where They Lie," Grant's own family was involved in cotton speculation (as well as owning slaves!), so he perhaps considered Jewish traders as competition. And the language spoken by the many Dutch and German-speaking peddlers and merchants in the area was probably confused with Yiddish and many were mistakenly taken to be Jewish. But the underlying reason for this Order was doubtlessly the prejudice against and hatred of Jews so widely felt among the Union forces.

Such bigotry is described in detail by Robert Rosen, in his authoritative work *The Jewish Confederates*; by Bertram Korn in his classic *American Jewry and the Civil War*; and by other historians of the era. They recount how Jews in Union-occupied areas, such as New Orleans and Memphis, were singled out by Union forces for vicious abuse and vilification.

In New Orleans, the ruling general, Benjamin "Beast" Butler, harshly vilified Jews, and was quoted by a Jewish newspaper as saying that he could "suck the blood of every Jew, and ... will detain every Jew as long as he can." An Associated Press reporter from the North wrote that "The Jews in New Orleans and all the South ought to be exterminated. .. They run the blockade, and are always to be found at the bottom of every new villainy."

Of Memphis, whose Mississippi River port was a center of illegal cotton trading, *The Chicago Tribune* reported in July, 1862, "The Israelites have come down upon the city like locusts... Every boat brings in a load of the hooked-nose fraternity."

Rosen writes at length about the blatant and widespread anti-Semitism throughout the North, with even The New York Times castigating the anti-war Democratic Party for having a chairman who was "the agent of foreign jew bankers."

New Englanders were especially hateful, and one leading abolitionist minister, Theodore Parker, called Jews "lecherous," and said that their intellects were "sadly pinched in those narrow foreheads" and that they "did sometimes kill a Christian baby at the Passover."

Jews in the South Treated Well

Meanwhile, in the South, Southern Jews were playing a prominent role in the Confederate government and armed forces, and "were used to being treated as equals," as Rosen puts it, an acceptance they had enjoyed for a century-and-a-half.

Dale and Theodore Rosengarten, in *A Portion of the People: Three Hundred Years of Southern Jewish Life*, observe that in 1800, Charleston had more Jews than any city in North America, and many were respected citizens, office holders,

and successful entrepreneurs. Some referred to the city as “our Jerusalem”; and Myer Moses, my maternal family patriarch, in 1806 called his hometown “...this land of milk and honey.” And so it seemed.

Some 3,000 or more Jews fought for the South, practically every male of military age. Many carried with them to the front the famous soldiers’ prayer, beginning with the sacred prayer the “Shema,” written by Richmond Rabbi Max Michelbacher, who after secession, had issued a widely-published benediction comparing Southerners to “the Children of Israel crossing the Red Sea.”

Many Jewish Confederates distinguished themselves by showing, along with their Christian comrades, amazing courage, dedication, and valor – and all enduring incredible hardships against overwhelming and often hopeless odds. The Confederacy’s Secretary of War and later State was Judah P. Benjamin, and the top Confederate commander, General Robert E. Lee, was renowned for the respect he showed his Jewish soldiers.

Some find it peculiar that a people once held in slavery by the Egyptians, and who celebrate their liberation every year at Passover, would fight for a nation dedicated to maintaining that institution. (The Israelites later *owned* their own slaves, rules for the proper treatment of whom are set out in the Bible.)

But while slavery is usually emphasized, falsely, as the cause of the War, Confederate soldiers felt they were fighting for their homeland and their families, against an invading army from the North that was trying, with great success, to kill them and their comrades, burn their homes, and destroy their cities.

And anyone with family who fought to defend the South, as over two dozen members of my extended family did, cannot help but appreciate the dire circumstances our ancestors encountered.

The Moses Family

Near the end of the War Between the States, as I grew up hearing it called, my great grandfather, Andrew Jackson Moses, participated in a deadly dangerous mission as hopeless as it was valiant. The date was April 9, 1865, the same day that Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. Having run away from school at sixteen to become a Confederate scout, Jack rode out as part of a hastily formed local militia to defend his hometown of Sumter, South Carolina.

Approaching rapidly were the 2,700 men of Potter’s Raiders, a unit attached to Sherman’s army which had just burned Columbia and most everything else in its path, and Sumter expected similar treatment.

Along with a few other teenagers, old men, invalids, and wounded from the local hospital, Sumter’s 158 ragtag defenders amazingly were able to hold off Potter’s battle-seasoned veterans for over an hour and a half at the cost of a dozen lives.

Jack got away with a price on his head, and Sumter was not burned after all. But some buildings were, and there are documented instances of murder, rape, and arson by the Yankees, including the torching of our family’s 196 bales of cotton.

Meanwhile, on that same day, Jack’s eldest brother, Lt. Joshua Lazarus Moses, who was wounded in the War’s first real battle, First Manassas (Bull Run), was defending Mobile in the last infantry battle of the War. With his forces were outnumbered 12 to one, Josh was commanding an artillery battalion that, before being overrun, fired the last shots in defense of Mobile.

Refusing to lay down his arms, he was killed in a battle at Fort Blakely a few hours after Lee, unbeknownst to them, surrendered – a battle in which one of Josh’s brothers, Perry, was wounded, and another brother, Horace, was captured while laying land mines.

The fifth brother, Isaac Harby Moses, having served with distinction in combat in the legendary Wade Hampton’s cavalry, rode home from North Carolina after the Battle of Bentonville – the last major battle of the war – where he had commanded his company after all of the officers had been killed or wounded. His Mother proudly observed in her memoirs that he never surrendered to the enemy forces.

He was among those who fired the first shots of the War when his company of Citadel cadets opened up on the Union ship, Star of the West, which was attempting to resupply the besieged Fort Sumter in January 1861, three months before the War officially began.

Last Order of the Lost Cause

The Moses brothers’ well-known uncle, Major Raphael J. Moses, from Columbus, Georgia, is credited with being the father of Georgia’s peach industry. He was General James Longstreet’s chief commissary officer and was responsible for supplying and feeding up to 50,000 men (including porters and other non-combatants).

Their commander, Robert E. Lee, had forbidden Moses from entering private homes in search of supplies during raids into Union territory, even when food and other provisions were in painfully short supply. And he always paid for what he took from farms and businesses, albeit in Confederate tender – often enduring, in good humor, harsh verbal abuse from the local women.

Interestingly, Moses ended up attending the last meeting and carrying out the last order of the Confederate government, which was to deliver the remnant of the Confederate treasury (\$40,000 in gold and silver bullion) to help feed, supply and provide medical help to the defeated Confederate soldiers in hospitals and straggling home after the War – weary, hungry, often sick or wounded, shoeless, and in tattered uniforms. With the help of a small group of determined armed guards, he successfully carried out the order from President Jefferson Davis, despite repeated attempts by mobs to forcibly take the bullion.

Major Moses' three sons also served the Confederacy, one of whom, Albert Moses Luria, was killed in 1862 at age nineteen after courageously throwing a live Union artillery shell out of his fortification before it exploded, thereby saving the lives of many of his compatriots. He was the first Jewish Confederate killed in the War; his cousin Josh, killed at Mobile, the last.

Moses' Pride in Judaism

Moses had always been intensely proud of his Jewish heritage, having named one son "Luria" after an ancestor who was court physician to Spain's Queen Isabella. Another son he named "Nunez", after Dr. Samuel Nunez, the court physician in Lisbon who fled religious persecution in Portugal and arrived from England in July, 1733 with some 41 other Jews, on a tiny, storm tossed ship, the William and Sarah. As one of the first Jews in Georgia, Nunez is credited with having saved the colony in Savannah from perishing from malaria or some other kind of tropical fever. [It is a tradition in the Nunez family that it traces its ancestry back to the royal House of David in Israel, from which it was expelled over two millenia ago.

After the war, Raphael Moses was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives and was named chairman of the Judiciary Committee. One of his best known writings, reproduced countless times in books and articles, is a lengthy, open letter he wrote to a political opponent in 1878, who attacked him for being "a Jew." This was a rare deviation from the general acceptance the South showed towards its Jews, and Moses hit back hard.

"Had...your overburdened heart sought relief in some exhibition of unmeasured gratitude, had you a wealth of gifts and selected from your abundance your richest offering to lay at my feet," wrote Moses, "you could not have honored me more highly, nor distinguished me more gratefully than by proclaiming me a Jew."

On another occasion, he wrote to his grandson Stanford E. Moses, one of the ten members of Moses' family to enter the U. S. Naval Academy, advising him to take pride in his heritage, since "You can point to your ancestry and show the wisdom of Solomon, the poetry of David, the music of Miriam, and the courage of the Maccabees. Who can excel you in your past, and let the question in the future be, 'Who shall excel you' ...?"

In *Last Order of the Lost Cause*, Mel Young recounts a proud family story: the day Moses' heroic son Albert Moses Luria joined the Columbus City Light Guards, of the 2nd Georgia Infantry Battalion. He was called to duty in Columbus, five miles from home, on Saturday, 20 April, 1861 on just two hours' notice. After marching from the armory to the depot, Albert writes, "we were met by an immense concourse of citizens – assembled to bid us 'God Speed.'" Among the crowd were several members of his family, whom Albert wrote he was surprised to see, since observant Jews do not ride or work their horses on the Sabbath, and so they had walked several miles into town to bid him adieu.

Atrocities Committed by the North

One cannot help but respect the dignity and gentlemanly policies of Lee and Moses, and the courage of the greatly outnumbered, out-supplied, but rarely outfought Confederate soldiers. In stark contrast and in violation of the then-prevailing rules of warfare, the troops of Union generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan burned and looted homes, farms, courthouses, libraries, businesses, and entire cities full of defenseless civilians (including my hometown of Atlanta) as part of official Union policy not only to defeat but to utterly destroy the South.

And before, during, and after the War, this Union army (led by many of the same generals, including Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and Custer) used the same and even worse tactics to massacre Native Americans in what we euphemistically call "The Indian Wars." It would be more accurate to call it a mass murder – a virtual genocide – of Native Americans, including helpless old men, women, and children in their villages.

The eradication of the Plains Indians from 1865 through 1866, for example, was carried out to seize land for the western railroads. So the Union army was hardly the forerunner of the civil rights movement, as many would have us believe.

Why We Revere Our Ancestors

The valor of the Jewish Confederates and the other Southern soldiers, and the blatant anti-Semitism so prevalent in the North, form a nearly forgotten chapter of American history. Now it is seemingly an embarrassment to many Jewish

historians, and hardly Politically Correct in this day of constantly reiterated demonization of the Confederacy, and worshipful reverence for Lincoln, his brutal generals, and his oppressive government.

But the anniversary of Grant's little-remembered Nazi-like decree and his other atrocities should serve to remind us what the brave and beleaguered Southern soldiers and civilians were up against. Perhaps it will help people understand why native Southerners, including many Jewish families, revere their ancestors' courage, and still take much pride in this heritage.

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Lewis Regenstein a native Atlantan, is a writer and author. This article originally appeared in the Jewish Press of New York City.

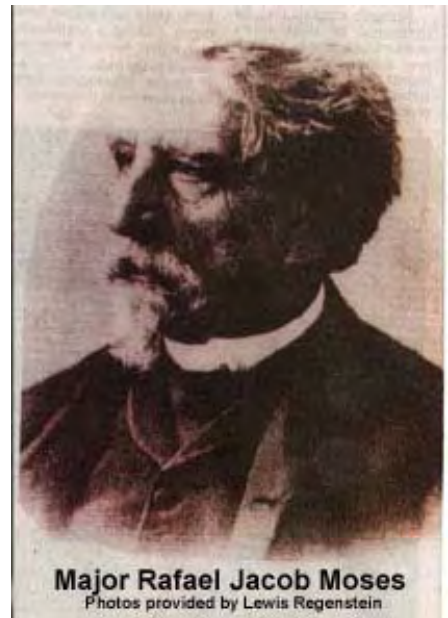
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Moses' son Albert Moses Luria (left)
with one of his brothers



Joshua Lzarus Moses



Major Rafael Jacob Moses

Sam Watkins of Company Aytch

Columbia, TN Daily Herald

By Jill Garrett



Sam Watkins would be astounded at his fame today because Civil War buffs and historians from coast to coast know his name.

His book *Co. Aytch* is considered one of the best of the war memoirs, particularly as it was told from the standpoint of the common soldier – Sam considered himself a “high private”.

His viewpoints on the war are widely quoted in other works and his book is invariably listed in bibliographies of serious studies of the war.

Sam was Maury County's own. He was born the son of Frederick Watkins and his first wife Penelope Williams. Before the war he attended Jackson College and later clerked in a Columbia store. At twenty-one he enlisted in the Maury Grays (officially Company H, First Tennessee Infantry Regiment).

This company went on to fight in most of the major battles- Perryville, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta, Franklin and Nashville. Of the 120 original members, only seven were alive at the end of the war.

So Sam wrote from his own personal, bloody experiences. Co. Aytch is not a pretty book – no book about war is – and Sam told it as he saw it. There are scenes of raw death, mutilated bodies, sheer horror, and all the gore of war. Of the Battle of Franklin in 1864, Sam wrote, “My flesh trembles, and creeps, and crawls when I think of it today.” After twenty years he could still vividly recall that terrible day and he longed to tear it from his memory.

He also wrote of the lighter moments and even scenes of tenderness. He was at his best, however, when he vented his ill disguised contempt for officers.

Despite his feelings for his superiors, he wrote that in battle “I always shot at privates.” The private, he reasoned, were the ones who did the actual shooting and killing, and he felt his chance for survival was better if he got one of them first.

Throughout the war he longed for his sweetheart Jennie – Virginia Mayes also of the Zion community. In September 1865 he married “my own loved Jennie”, and by the time he wrote his book he reported “a house full of young rebels clustering around my knees and bumping my elbows. “

His recollections of the war were begun in 1881 and printed in the Columbia Herald, the old weekly version of this newspaper. Later these articles were published in book form in an edition of 2,000 copies. Since that time the book has been reprinted several times. An original Co. Aytch commands a handsome price in the collectors market today.

Not all of his wartime memories were in his book as Sam continued to contribute articles to the local paper for a number of years - some appeared a few months before his death. He also served as the Canaan correspondent for the Herald. Sam’s last home was the old parsonage near Zion Church. He died here on July 20, 1901, and was laid to rest in the churchyard. His Jennie lived on until 1920.

This home, one of the several during his lifetime, still stands and is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Baid Harris. For a number of years the house served as a parsonage for Zion, but during the ministry of the Rev. S. P. Hawes, a new parsonage was built next to the church.

The last of Sam’s eight children, Mrs. Louisa Watkins Fulton, died in 1971 at the age of 102 years. She had inherited her father’s gift for storytelling and her book *Magnificent Investment* was published only a few days before her death.

Dixie Tradition Kept Alive in Brazil Enclave

By Anton Foek

October 2, 2007

Tradition is strong in Americana, Brazil, and surrounding towns, where American values are abundant but where the immigrants have learned about Brazilian values as well. Books are an important source of information about the migration of U.S. Confederate soldiers and their families to Brazil after the war. The title, in Portuguese, translates to “Rest, Soldier.”

AMERICANA, Brazil

Now well past 90, Judith MacKnight Jones is suffering from Alzheimer’s disease, the illness that robbed her of all of her memory, her most precious asset. She has been lying here for the past 11 years, covered by a patchwork blanket, made from pieces her great-grandmother brought from the United States between 1865 and 1885, after the Confederacy lost the Civil War. Unable to speak or remember now, her book “Soldado Descanso” (“Rest Soldier”) is written in Portuguese, but soon will be translated into English, as the publisher thinks Americans should know about the proud history of Confederate immigrants settling in Brazil, finding a new home here but maintaining many of the traditions they brought from Alabama, Texas, Louisiana, Tennessee, Arkansas, the Carolinas and Georgia. Her daughter-in-law, Heloisa Jones, said patchwork is only one of the values the Americans have brought. This blanket is not just any patchwork, she said, “these pieces are very old and reflect a valuable tradition,” she said. “Over a century old and symbolizing our heritage, the flight from our homelands, it is extremely important to keep it that way. I teach my children and grandchildren the American values our ancestors have brought with them. And I expect them to teach their children and grandchildren the same,” she said.

Every spring, hundreds of the descendants of the soldiers who lost the war against the North go to the cemetery they call O Campo. They party and meet dressed in traditional costumes, staging shows, singing Southern songs like “When the Saints Come Marching In” or “Oh Susannah,” playing banjos and blowing trumpets, the men eventually getting drunk on

home-brewed beer.

Many of the men are dressed in gray uniforms with yellow stripes while the women are in blue and pinkish frocks with matching bows in their hair.

The men replay the war and yell "Attention" and "Left, right, left, right," looking like they are celebrating a victory. But at the end of the performance the false-bearded actor, playing Gen. Robert E. Lee, falls down as if wounded, a Confederate flag wrapped around him.

There are toffee apples and roast chicken and corn, there are square and other dances by the Presbyterian church, the first non-Catholic church ever built in Brazil.

The Confederates were very warmly received in Brazil by Emperor Dom Pedro II, who was in power when the Joneses' family, the MacKnights, Daniels - of Alabama; please don't mix them up with those from Texas - and Steagall families started to arrive.

"We built the cemetery around the church as we had no place to bury our dead. That was forbidden by the Catholics," Mrs. MacKnight Jones' granddaughter, Becky Jones, explained.

"It was a struggle, but we made it. Now the cemetery is the center of our social activities, but it is not as if we are dancing on the graves. We respect our ancestors deeply and are thankful they came to these new lands."

Becky Jones is Brazilian but insists on speaking English. She learned it not at school, but from her parents and will most certainly pass it on to her children.

Some of the descendants of Americans have mixed with Brazilians and live in the Brazilian way, but have not forgotten their roots.

Manoel, of American heritage, runs a taxi company and calls it "America." Mary-Ann works at the reception desk of a travel agency and badly wants to know where her ancestors came from. She corresponds with Arkansas relatives, hoping to be able to meet them one day. They, too, visit the O Campo cemetery for the spring celebrations. There is even a farewell greeting that translates to "see you next week at the cemetery." Brazilian Portuguese in this part of the country has many Americanisms.

"We introduced the iron plow and the concept of model farms," Becky Jones said, adding that the Americans' contributions included modern dentistry and the first blood transfusion.

"The greatest problems are with the children growing up with MTV and other disastrous cultural influences," she said, "but our values are so strong that they eventually adopt them, continuing our traditions and ways of life. We like to think that we have an equally great influence on the Brazilian way of life."

She said Northerners are welcome but still frowned upon. If, for example, the U.S. ambassador or consul-general from Sao Paulo visits and is a Northerner, he probably will be received differently than if he were from the South.

Mrs. MacKnight-Jones writes that she learned from her parents not to name Abraham Lincoln by his name, but only as "that man."

When former President Jimmy Carter and his wife visited Americana and surrounding towns, they first went to the cemetery to pay respects, looking for the graves of former first lady Rosalynn Carter's relatives, who are buried here. Pictures of Mr. Carter visiting hang on the walls. They both remarked how much the hills here look like the red hills of Georgia.

The graves are laid out side-by-side in a field behind the church, surrounded by tropical palm, eucalyptus and coconut trees. Robert Norris' grave marker says he was a Confederate veteran. Roberto Steal-Steagall's reads "Once a rebel, always a rebel."

The air is clean and pure. In the far distance, red hills and small dirt roads separate farms. People here live from the service and manufacturing industry.

Almost 150 years ago, Dr. James McFaddon from South Carolina went to Mobile, Ala., and New Orleans to open negotiations with Brazil to migrate, looking for a new home.

He traveled to Brazil and, on his return, wrote a book, "Home Hunting in Brazil," planting seeds for emigration. Between 10,000 and 20,000 Americans made the journey, leaving the United States to look into building a new home and life. Today, they live not only in Americana and nearby Santa Barbara, but are scattered all over the hills of the state of Sao Paulo and over several other parts of Brazil, the fifth-largest country in the world. Mrs. Mac Knight-Jones has never visited the country of her ancestors.

It's really not that important," she said.

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