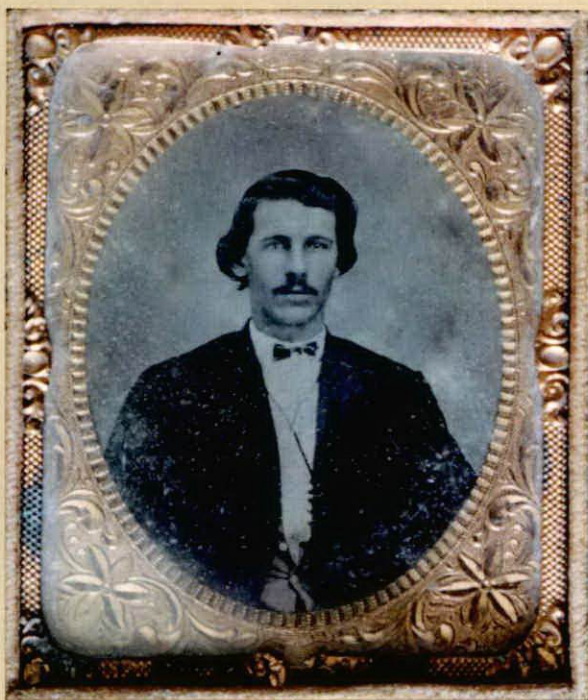


Williamson County Historical Society

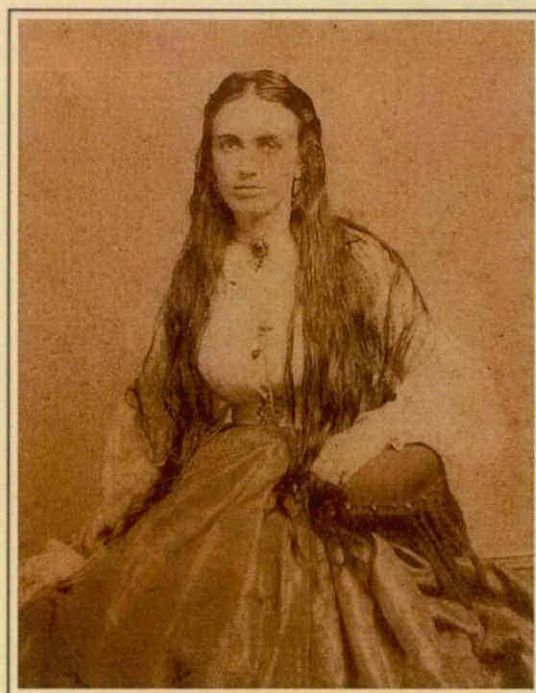
Journal

No. 46

2015-2016



John Berkeley McKennon



Della Blanche Kinnard

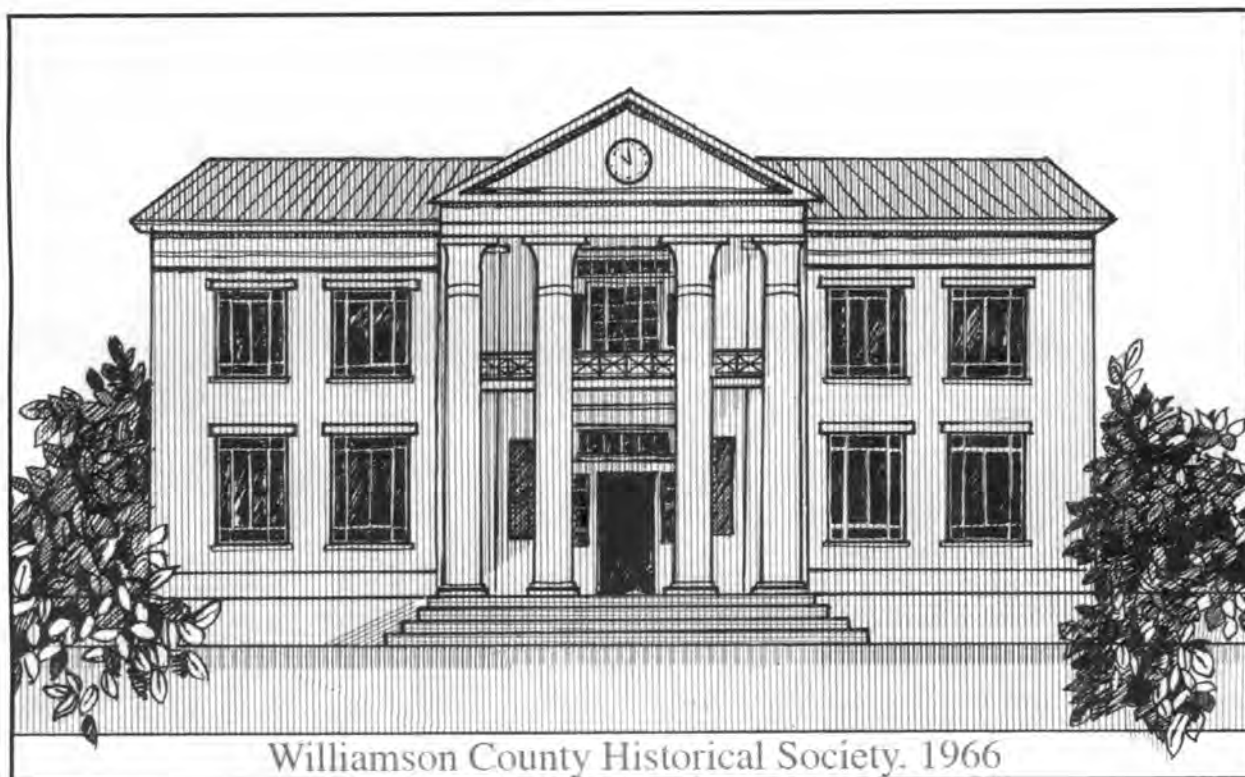
Rick Warwick, Editor

WILLIAMSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Journal

No. 46

2015-2016



Rick Warwick, Editor



Williamson County Historical Society
P.O. Box 71
Franklin, TN 37065

Officers

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

This is the forty-sixth installment of the Williamson County Historical Society Journal and my twenty-sixth year as editor. Each year I strive to bring material to the reading public that needs to see the light of day. It is my hope that you will enjoy these articles as much as I have gathering them for this publication. I wish to publicly thank Brian Laster for his help in preparing these articles for our printer, Dudley King of Panacea Press.

The first and longest article came to me out of the blue one Saturday morning, with the help of James Redford, who called me to say that a New Jersey visitor at Carnton had mentioned during the tour that he had a Williamson County sampler from his ancestor, Elizabeth Fleming. James sent John McKennon to my office at the Heritage Foundation, which resulted in another local sampler for the Tennessee Sampler Survey conducted by Janet Hasson and Jennifer Core, and, for the journal, a wonderful trove of letters between John McKennon and Della Kinnard before their marriage and two diaries kept by John during the Civil War and his post-war adventures back home in Texas and Mexico. Thanks to David A. Austin for transcribing the letters and diaries.

My fellow commissioner on the Tennessee Historical Commission from Tipton County and good friend, Joanne Cullom Moore, has written an insightful article on Capt. Thomas Fearn Perkins, Jr., who along with Judge Henry H. Cook of Williamson County, was numbered among the Immortal 600, Confederate heroes who refused to give up until the very end. Also from the Civil War era are five articles: 1. a subscription list of local citizens who pledge funds for the purchased of two lots in Franklin for a Confederate hospital on East Main and 2nd Ave. North; 2. a news item from *The Federal Knapsack* detailing life under Federal occupation; 3. a detailed account of how difficult it was to find a coffin in Franklin on December 1, 1865; 4. a Franklin couple reports to the wife on her husband's final hours under their care; 5. a letter from W.W. Gibson to Mrs. John McGavock describing the gravesite of his friend, who died during the battle, which was located on the west side of Columbia Pike, possibly the Green Neely place where the unknown soldier was found during excavation at the Chick-Fil-A site.

An article taken from the *Nashville Union and American* of April 2, 1873 describes the vast storm damage done to the courthouse, Methodist Church, railroad depot and several homes and businesses in and around Franklin. Kevin Smith, Professor of Archaeology at MTSU, details the 1845 hoax connected with a giant skeleton found near Bethesda and shown across the South as a prehistoric super-human. Hugh Walker, columnist for *The Nashville Tennessean*, visited Franklin before I-65 diverted much of the north-south traffic from Main Street and shared the views of Franklin's leading citizens about the idyllic town's future.

Joel Tomlin of Landmark Booksellers graciously loaned a book from his collection entitled *Some Representative Women of Tennessee (1902)* by Annie Somer Gilchrist so we could read about three ladies from Williamson County i.e. Laura Lavender Baxter, Sarah Ewing Gaut and Martha Jones Gentry. Lastly, Claudia Page and Mary Watkins pay tribute to their father, William Montgomery, a talented photographer, who recorded Franklin in the late 1940s.

Rick Warwick, editor

IN REMEMBRANCE OF BERTHA MAYE JOHNSON GATHMANN (1917-2015)

With the passing of Bertha Maye Gathmann on May 3, 2015, Franklin lost a great resource of historical facts not always found in the archives. Mrs. Gathmann had a wonderful memory for the smallest detail of local history. She was the oldest and longest member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, a loyal member of U.D.C. Chapter 14, Old Glory Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution and, of course, the Williamson County Historical Society. Her daughter, Rita Ray Gathmann, has kindly allowed the family photographs to be scanned for the Society's use. Boxmere (903 West Main St.) was Mrs. Gathmann's family home since 1873.



Bertha Maye Johnson



Bertha Maye Johnson at her Southall farm in 1938



Macon Bostick Beckwith
at Boxmere in 1927



Her father W.A. Johnson, age, 12, at Boxmere in 1898

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VIEWS OF THE PAST

Several years ago, Pepper Bruce of the Fernvale community presented a box of glass negatives that Dr. Walter Pyle had found in the attic of Lem Parker's home on Parker Branch Road in the Bingham community. The over sixty photographs document many of the families living along Old Hillsboro Road from Leiper's Fork to Forest Home taken by Lem Parker (1878-1957) between 1916 to 1921. An exhibit of these wonderful photographs will be forthcoming soon after The Heritage Foundation moves into its new home in the Old, Old Jail on Bridge Street.



Cary Reynolds and sons with steam engine at Bingham ca. 1919



Hog-killing time with the Parkers at Bingham ca. 1916

THE LOVE LETTERS OF DELLA KINNARD AND JOHN BERKELEY MCKENNON



John Berkeley McKennon



Adella Blanche Kinnard

INTRODUCTION

by Brian Laster

Woven through the love letters of John B. McKennon and Della B. Kinnard are their hopes, dreams, disappointments, misunderstandings as well as growing affection and love. They reveal themselves as not much different than a modern reader discussing news of the day, amusements, fashion trends, the weather and what they are reading. Although their letters were never written for others to read they provide a humanly familiar link to the past. John and Della met in 1863 when John, as part of Ross's Brigade, participated in the Battle of Thompson's Station. Alice Thompson, the heroine of the battle, was Della's cousin. It wasn't until after the war in 1865 that their affections for one another were penned into words. Della, a native of Williamson County, TN lived at Fair View, now known as Kinnard Springs, on Carter's Creek Pike. She writes of her "sad misfortune" with the loss of her father during the Civil War. However the tone of her letters speak of a young woman hopeful of love and life beyond the war years. John was born in Holly Springs, MS and moved with his family to Oakland, TX as a boy. In one of his letters he asks Della if she kept a journal. While we do not know how she answered this question we do know he did. In addition to the letters, also presented are his brief Civil War journal and Visit to Carlota, an ex-Confederate colony near Cordoba, Mexico.



Fair View, Williamson County, TN

Mr. J.B. McKennon, Esteemed friend,

Your truly welcome letter, of July the 1st, after a slothful journey, came safely into my possession this morning. You could not doubt its joyful reception, if you could have witnessed how eagerly its contents were read, and reread by me. It is the first letter I have ever received from you. Indeed it is a sad thing, to contemplate the change, that has taken place in the last four years. So many of our friends, have been lost to us forever, and many others have forsaken us. Still my prayer is that "all may yet be well." Perhaps you have heard, if not I will tell you of the death, of our fond parent, and devoted husband. He died June 9th, 1863. Nearly ever since your departure, our bereaved family, have been wearing the sable dress. The circumstances of his death, are deeply heart-rending. You left us on Tuesday the 19th of May and on Saturday following, Father was taken from us by the Federals, carried to Franklin, and thrown into prison. He was detained there only a week, but the great shock to his mind, and not being well-cared for,

caused his death in a week after his release. They gave no reasons as to the cause of his arrest, with the exception, that he was a rebel living within their lines, and would do them a great deal of harm. But I know you know my father sufficiently well, to know that he was too prudent and thoughtful a man, to act so as to cause trouble to fall upon himself, or anyone else. He was innocent of all charges, and thank God for the blessed belief, that he lives in that peaceful home above. He seemed perfectly resigned to death;

and only expressed a desire to live, that he might enjoy the pleasures of that happy home circle some more. My prayer is, that we may have moral strength to survive the severe stroke; and live so as to prove our thankfulness in a manner good, and becoming in the sight of our heavenly father, for the arm of protection, he has thrown around us, since our sad misfortune.

We still have a wounded Rebel with us, a victim of the battle at Franklin. We had never realized the horrors of war, until that unhappy fight took place. I am pleased to hear that Texas has suffered so little, comparatively to other states, during the war. Comparative quietude reigns supreme throughout this section once again. Crops are splendid, and all are getting along well at present. Peace seems to have spread her bright wings over us; but I do not think it can ever be what it once was.

Indeed it grieves me sorely to learn, that (until so recently) I have been deprived the great pleasure, of know that I was remembered by one, whom I thought so truly and noble a gentleman, in all respects. Previous the reception of your letter, I had concluded

that the inmates of Fair View, were entirely forgotten by you. For disappointment in never hearing from you, had almost enshrouded my beacon of hope. I had a dread so great, I could not speak it; a hope so faint, I dared not cherish it. Although it seems, that has been against me, rest assured thy memory has ever been fresh and green. I only saw two of the Texas Brigade, during Hoods raid. Mr. Cole and one of his friends, called in the morning of the retreat. I sent you a small present by Mr. Cole, with my compliments. Hope that you received it. How much we would have appreciated, a visit from you. I have made frequent inquiries of you; but could never hear anything direct. Sincerely hope it may not be so in the future. The family are well, and send kindest regards, and many kind wishes for a prosperous, and happy future. Hoping to hear from you very soon I will close; begging your forgiveness, for trespassing upon your patience, to such an extent. That Heaven may smile upon you, and your life be ever bright, and joyous are the sincere wishes of your -

Ever true friend. Della

P.S. I have a Photographic Album and would be delighted to have your face to grace one of its pages.

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee

Saturday, September 2nd, 1865

Lieut J.B. McKennon. Esteemed friend,

I replied to your letter of July 1st several weeks ago; but write again, owing to the uncertainty of the mails. It is also such a pleasure to acknowledge the reception of the long-looked-for, but not in vain. We have just had a refreshing shower, the first in two months. And I am feeling (as all nature looks to be)

very much revived. I received a most-beautiful, and touching letter last evening, from the father of a brave, and youthful soldier; who was wounded, and died at Franklin. He was among the number of those, whose sister Annie and I were permitted, to alleviate the sufferings of. He with hundreds of others died there, not without friends, but far away from kindred, and loved ones at home. The battle of Franklin was a most-destructive one. Several of the most gallant, and successful charges of the war, were made there; but valour is vain, against inequality of numbers. We lament the noble doom of all who have fallen, and trust they were prepared for the fate, they had long resolved to meet. The greater number of our friends, survivors of the Rebellion, have returned, and are having a gayer time, than was thought to be possible. There is from three to four parties, and picnics every week; also quite a number of marriages. Tell Col. Jones, that his sweet-heart of Williamson, Miss Juliet Ridley, married last night. But Lieut, Miss Mollie Gray is as nice as ever, and always speaks of you in connection with those "halcyon days of yore." I heard from your friend, Lieut Searcy several weeks ago; through his aunt, uncle Thompson's wife, of Murray Co. He was in Mississippi in very delicate health, and spoke of coming to Tennessee, as soon as his health was sufficiently recruited. I do wonder what has become of the Mr Billie Harris. I heard he had married a young lady of Waco city. You will please remember the family to any acquaintances of Ross's Brigade, you may meet. In remembrance of them, I have never ceased to sing the song, Shoot Run or Die. I presume you remember two lines of the chorus, that the Texans are the boys, for fighting, for singing and keeping up a noise. I have some lovely songs at present and enjoy playing

them as much as ever. Katie is from home going to school, she performs, and sings well, and is a gay happy child.

Excuse this dull, and uninteresting letter, for nothing of importance occurs, since war is at an end. The family are well, and join me in many kind wishes for your future.

Hoping to hear from you very soon, I will close.

Your ever true friend, Della B. Kinnard

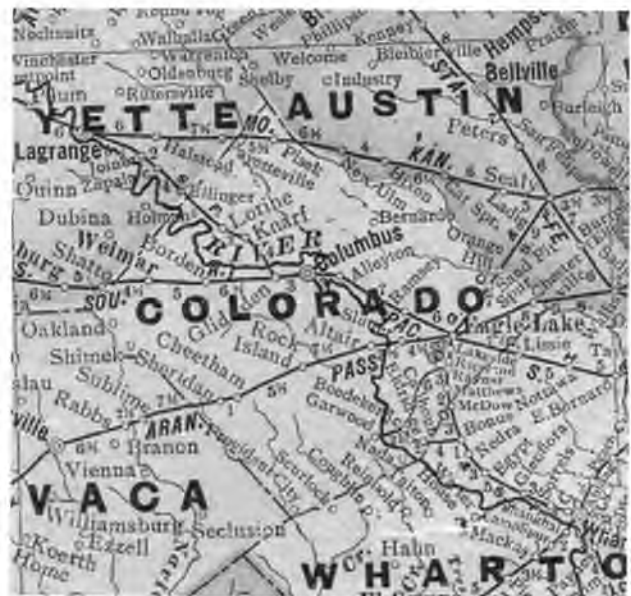
Oakland, Colorado Co. Texas

Sunday, September 17th, 1865

Miss Della, My Dear Friend:

I was made very happy a few days since by the reception of your very welcome and highly prized letter. Words are inadequate to express the pleasure the perusal of your communication gave me. It was more than a month making the journey from Franklin to this office. I presume it lingered on the way to witness the sights and scenes in the reorganizing states. I was very fearful of another disappointment, and scarcely dared permit myself to think I would have the good fortune to get a letter from you. But the little word 'hope' cheered me amid all the changes and vicissitudes of army life. And happily for me I have been rewarded by hearing from you. In future I sincerely hope I will have the satisfaction and gratification of hearing from you frequently. I really feel flattered to know I was not forgotten, and am still remembered by one that I can never forget. Since our first meeting, the sun has never risen on that day that I did not think of you. Your image alone has dwelt in my heart this many a day. As I told you the day I bid you good-bye that I had learned during our acquaintance, to regard you as I never regarded mortal before, my

feelings toward you are the same. My thoughts are constantly reverting to and often have I wondered if I was still remembered by Miss D-. So you may imagine my happiness when I received your appreciated letter, and learned that I had a place in your memory. Ah! If I could only be with you again I would feel supremely blessed. But I will have to deny myself the pleasure of meeting you for awhile. The certain (and to us disastrous) termination of the war has so changed and



deranged everything. That every person is almost necessarily compelled to remain at home, and attend to their own affairs. It is difficult to employ any one that will give proper attention to another person's business. If I have not forgotten I gave you the 'cause' that prevented one from visiting you, when our army was last in Tennessee, I assure you nothing in the world would have given me more pleasure than a visit to Fair View. I really thought the fates had conspired against me; as none of my letters reached you, and I could not get to see you myself. The rail roads in the Southern States will soon be all repaired, and there will not be so many im-

pediments in the way; to prevent people from visiting and corresponding with their friends.

I heard last year of the death of your Father, but did not know whether it was so, or not. I deeply sympathize with you in your sad bereavement. Your loss is truly irreparable. Sad, Sad, in-

deed is it for one to contemplate the suffering and anguish experienced by the people of the South, during the late war. There is scarcely a family who does not mourn the loss of some dear and loved member of the home circle who's presence and service will cheer them no more in the world. The Southern Confederacy is dead and buried beneath the soil wet with [the] blood of thousands who gave their lives to the cause of their Country. Yet there are men at there North who wish to humiliate and degrade us still more if possible, because we failed in establishing an Independent Nationality. They call the people of the South boasters and cowards. The wrong sought to be done by such men as Beecher, is averted by the testimony of those who met our armies upon the tented field, and for four long years contested the bravery and chivalry of the Southern people.

Yes, I received the present, and card with compliments, for which you will please "accept thanks warm and remembered"; anything from you is highly prized and treasured by me. I would send my 'photograph' with much pleasure - but there is no artist in the State that I can hear of. I suppose there will be one



Third Texas Cavalry regimental flag- Ross's Brigade

in every town and village soon - then I will certainly send it to you. I will not promise that it will "grace" a page in your album. May I ask that you will please send me your 'Photograph'. I assure you I would value it very highly. It would give me so much pleasure, to have it. I know I

would spend a week looking at it. Miss Della, you did not say whether you liked long letters or not. And for fear that you will grow weary of reading such a long, dull letter as this is; I will conclude by saying I am very partial to long, long letters and will "live with a hope" that I shall have the pleasure of perusing a letter of ten pages or more - from you soon. Please remember me to the family in wishing you many pleasures and much happiness. I will bid you good-bye for the present.

Your devoted friend
JBMc

Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas

Thursday, September 28th, 1865

Miss Della My Dear Friend:

Feeling disposed to write to some friend I have selected you; as I would greatly prefer reading a letter from you to any one else. I will tell you in the beginning I have nothing very interesting to communicate, "life in Texas is dull as a thrice told tale. Last week I attended two weddings, which relieved the monotony of the times in our neighborhood

for 'a few days.'" The first one was a German wedding, which I attended merely to see how they acted on such happy occasions. The guests were all assembled by half after 3 o'clock in the evening; The marriage took place at four o'clock. A 'Lutheran Clergyman' performed the ceremony. The bride was dressed in white with a ruffle around the neck of her dress. Just below the ruffle was a red ribbon puffed, and running down each sleeve. She wore beads and a neat gold pin; white kid gloves; and colored silk belt. The bridegroom no doubt thought she looked particularly lovely. Had two brides-maids, one of them pretty, the other not exactly good looking. The bride-groom was dressed in plain grey - and I thought looked rather handsome.

The happy couple were duly congratulated by their German friends, then we all proceeded to the table and paid our particular attention to the delicacies there spread and to celebrate the happy occasion. Meats, cakes, coffee, boiled custards, currents & etc. were in there in great abundance. When supper was over, "Music rose", with its entrancing sounds, and the devotee of the Goddess Terpsichore, "chased the glowing hours with flying feet". The Waltz was the favorite dance. I believe is the National dance in Germany. I remained until 11 o'clock. The dancing lasted until next morning. The other wedding was an American affair, there was about seventy five young persons present; no dancing allowed. All seemed to enjoy themselves, as well as persons generally do at conversation parties. The delighted couple looked like they felt 'supremely blessed' in possessing each other. I will not weary your patience with a long discription of the affair, as I wrote much more than I expected to about the Dutch Wedding? We all have a fine opportunity just now of getting 'good' as there are

three meetings going on in our immediate neighborhood. Baptist, Methodist, and Campbellite, each denomination are doing all they can to reform the sinners. I sincerely hope they will succeed in getting many members in their respective churches. Autumn is beginning to manifest itself. There is a look about the face of nature, and a feel in the fingers of the breezes that indicate the gradual approach of a cooler presence than we have been accoustomed to for months past. I shall bid farewell to "glorious summer" with a feeling of regret for the absence, for months to come, of the golden light and brilliant days, her green livery and gorgeous cover. Nevertheless I will shake hands with the autumn, with her naked boughs, and brown heath. The summer of 1865, with its solemn events, will long be remembered by the people of the South Miss Della. I wrote to you on the 18th. Hope you will receive the letter, and not forget to comply with my request - that is, send me your Photograph or ambrotype. I assure you no one will appreciate it half so much as me. I am very anxious indeed to see you and if agreeable will certainly do myself the pleasure of visiting you this fall or early next year. My happiness in this life, in a great measure depends intirely on you; and I have dared to cherish a hope that I was not indifferent to you. If knew I would not see you again all my bright anticipations of a happy future would be gone, forever gone; and life would be dull and aimless to me. Miss Della I would write a longer letter but expect you will think the perusal of three pages a sufficient in-fiction for one time; I will be pleased to hear from you at your earliest convenience, your letters will meet a glad welcome from -

yours devotedly,

J.B. McKennon

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee

Sunday, October 8th 1865

Mr. J.B. McKennon, Esteemed friend.

I received your letter of July the 1st very promptly, but write again, as I have not yet been favored with a reply; having also recently learned that for my letters to reach you, they should be expressed. The reception of your letter was an agreeable surprise I assure you, for disappointment in not having heard previously, had almost caused me to despair of ever realizing that pleasure again.

Neither of your former letters ever reached Fair View, and I consider myself as having been particularly unfortunate. If it will be in the least gratifying to you (as you confess it will be) to peruse these lines, I sincerely hope it will be in your favor to do so. I wish to know they would prove half so interesting, as yours did to your friend of F. V. [Fair View]. We all regret the misfortune in losing your horse, previous to Hoods raid, preventing you from visiting us again. I have the trophy's you captured, also the four verses of poetry of your composition which you presented me with. The family remember you with much pleasure, and rest assured so long as these little mementoes are retained by me, you are not forgotten. For my first reply, I gave the particulars of our dear fathers death, which you perhaps had not heard of. He died the ninth of June 1863. Your command left here the 19th of May, and father was arrested the 22nd. The Federals carried him to Franklin, and imprisoned him for two days. He was taken sick during his confinement, and being ill when he reached home, survived the unjust punishment, but a week after his release. No charges what-ever were preferred against him, with the exception, that he was a rebel living within their lines, and would do them a great deal of harm if disposed to. But thank God he was innocent of all, and for the blessed hope we have, that he has found rest, in that peaceful home above. He was per-

fectly resigned to death, and only expressed a wish to live, that he might enjoy the pleasures of his family a while longer.

We have had a cousin who was discharged from the army, living with us for the past two years. The negroes generally are working very well; but they require stated wages, and with a few exceptions, show and exercise their freedom, in a great many ways. Franklin for the last week has been garrisoned by colored troops. This is to retaliate for the head of a drum being cut out several weeks ago by a citizen, while the negro soldiers were parading the streets. Although many sad changes have taken place, and our dear friends lost to us, we are thankful that it was no worse. We still have a wounded rebel with us, who intends making Texas his home, as soon as his health is sufficiently recovered. Our brother-in-law Mr. C.W. Wade of Maury Co. was one among the fortunate number, who survived the Rebellion, without receiving a wound. The greater number of our soldier friends have returned, and are having, and have had the gayest time imaginable. More parties and weddings than was ever heard of, in the same length of time. Preparations are being made, for the consummation of many other engagements. Many of the returned rebels have claimed their brides, while others have brought home southern ladies. Capt. Beech of Ross's brigade, spent a week



COME AND JOIN US BROTHERS.

not long since, with Miss Michie Wynn, a cousin of Lieut. Searcy's, which you perhaps remember. I had the pleasure of beholding Capt. Jack Pierce's photograph, a few days ago. He is corresponding with a lady friend of mine. I think he is of Waco, Mr. B. Harris's native city. If you ever see Mr. Harris, tell him I have another pet squirrel, which reminds me often, of the giver of two beautiful ones, I had several years ago. There has been a great-number of revivals throughout this section. We attended a most successful one at Spring Hill, a few weeks ago. Hundreds, and hundreds have been converted. Sister Annie and I professed the 19th of Sept. We are having a glorious meeting, in this neighborhood at present. Lieut remember us kindly to all of our acquaintances, you may meet. I met Dr. Sadler of your brigade several times, during the rebels stay in Franklin; and he told me of the death, of several of our friends, members of that gallant band. We lament the noble doom of those who fell, and pray they were prepared for the fate, they had long resolved to meet. Many there were who found a strangers grave, and left a vacant chair in the circle of loved ones, around the fireside. We were happy to know that you with many others, through the goodness of God, was permitted to return to your lovely Texas homes, and the kindly blest of other days. The health of the family is very good, and all join me in many good wishes for your future. Katie has grown a great deal, and plays and sings so sweetly on the piano. As I have nothing interesting to write, I beg your



forgiveness, for trespassing to such an extent, on your patience; and hoping to hear from you very soon I will close.

From your true friend
Della B. Kinnard.

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee
Monday, October 30th 1865

Lieut McKennon. Esteemed friend.

I have happily decided to-night, that with me at a pleasant terminus of to-day can be realized, in and receiving your two last letters. But I expect the frequency of my former letters, has proved an annoyance. Had I not been ignorant of the regularity of the mails, I assure I would not have troubled you with three so similar, and in such quick succession. I delight in being, and having a prompt correspondent, but dislike to make (as in the past) too great a display of my impatience. I am happy to tell you that the cause of religion is still prospering with us. Mother and Katie professed yesterday. I attended a concert in Franklin last Thursday night. My escort Lieut Rozzell was entertaining, and the musical performance was very good indeed. I was invited to participate but declined. Mr. Jones of Pulaski played on the Guitar, and made a sound with his throat in imitation of the band, which was excellent. The song "Day and night I have thought of Thee" was sung by a young gentleman of our town, which was surpassingly beautiful, and melodious. Capt Sykes of Murfreesboro has since presented me with this lovely song, and several other sweet pieces.

Sister and I anticipate spending some pleasant mornings soon on horse-back. Capt. Sykes and his friend Lieut Henderson have some splendid riding animals, and insist that they bring them down soon, and we "all take a ride." It is a delightful amusement, and also healthful exercise. We received invitations

this evening to a magnificent wedding in Franklin Wednesday night. The bride and bride-groom are both very handsome, and I presume will look enchanting. At some future time I will give you a description of how the bridal party were dressed, but as I am not a very close observer, I do not think it will equal yours of the german couple. Since the surrender we have been very pleasantly surprised on several occasions, by our rebel friends visiting us from a distance. Lieut Allison of Arkansas spent some time with us last week. We formed his acquaintance with many others, while at the hospital, suffering from almost mortal wounds. It is very gratifying indeed to meet them again entirely recovered, and listen to expressions of thankfulness for the care, and little kindnesses extended unto them by the citizens of Williamson. Lieut he resembled you so much in general appearance, and being donned in a complete suit of rebel uniform, reminded me very forcibly of other days. But I saw a long train of soldiers going north yesterday in quite a different uniform. I think they are all ordered to return home, and if so, I hope not one will remain to trample the soil of the south longer. The southern land is a glorious land, and here was a glorious cause, and when I see the Federal blues I have feelings of anguish, and sorrow which are undesirable.

Lieut I will start my ambrotype in a few days. Some say it is a good one, and others say it is a little indifferent. I want to have your opinion of it. If you are pleased with it I will [be] satisfied. But you have not been so kind as to send me yours yet. Perhaps though I will be the recipient soon of a greater blessing; that is seeing the original before being presented with the picture. I confess in all sincerity that a visit from you very soon will be most agreeable. I would feel more highly complimented than I ever was. I had such a beautiful dream of "you know who" a few nights since. If I knew my dreams of the tonight, would but resemble the past, I would

pray for morpheus to shed o'er me his languor beings, and envelope my faculties fast. When you come if your desire it, I will tell you what it was. I assure you I appreciate long, long letters, and never weary reading one, especially from Lieut McKennon. But as mine to you have been so frequent, I did not deem it wise, to have them very lengthy. Write soon and hoping that you may at your earliest convenience, recross the Mississippi's white foam, on a visit to Tennessee, I will close. May success attend you, and praying we may meet again I will say good-night and pleasant dreams.

From your ever true friend
Della B. Kinnard



Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas
Monday, October 23rd, 1865

Miss Della. My Dear Friend.

A few days since I was the happy recipient of your very welcome and highly prized missive of Sept 2nd. I was rejoiced to hear from you; I did myself the pleasure of writing to you immediately on the reception of your first letter - and then wrote again on the 28th Sept. I will be very glad when the mails are arranged so letters can be forwarded to their destination without so much delay; From the account we get from other states, Texas will be the last one to get rid of the U.S. troops. All the States East of the Miss river will soon be in the Union again. Our Provisional Governor has taken no steps towards calling a convention. Consequently we are likely to remain out in the cold for a long while. I believe the people, generally are taking things quite easy, as they can't do otherwise. The times are distressingly dull out here. We occasionally have a dancing party, which seems

to be much enjoyed by the young ladies and young gentlemen.

We have recently had two marriages in our neighborhood. The parties were engaged before the war, neither of them had any wedding. Nobody present but the families. The Southern people made such a grand demonstration about the war, and it terminated in such a magnificent failure, that they seem rather disposed to arrange their affairs in the most quiet manner possible.

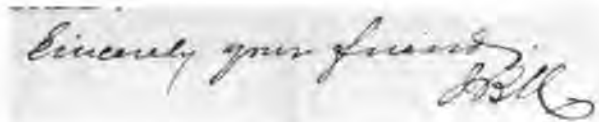
I expect Col Jones will feel disappointed when he hears of Miss Ridley's marriage, he frequently spoke of paying her a visit after the war. I have not seen him since the surrender. He is still in Mississippi. I was informed he was engaged in the Cotton speculating business. Billie Harris lives two hundred miles from me, and I have not seen him or heard from him since the termination of the war, did not even know he was married. He used to say, that he intended going to Tennessee and get him a wife - if he lived through the war, I suppose he changed his notion and concluded to get one nearer home.

I was glad to hear that Miss Mollie Gray, was well and pretty as ever. I thought her a very pleasant young lady. I heard once she was married, I reckon some person just imagined she was, and started the repeat, Miss Mollie, had quite a number of friends and admirers in Ross's Brigade. - I occasionally meet with one of the old Brigade and they invariably speak of the pleasant time we had soldiering in Middle Tennessee. We experienced so much kindness from the Citizens that we almost viewed it as a second home. I know I will never forget that country.

Miss Della, I wish I could hear you play and sing some of your new songs. I would enjoy it so much, and hope I will have that pleasure some day. We have but few good performances on the piano out here. Most of the Texas young ladies care nothing in the world for music. They are fond of something exciting, riding wild horses affords them

much pleasure. Miss Della, I know you will grow weary reading such a dull prose letter as this; therefore I will conclude soon. I hope you have received the last two I wrote you. Not because I think they were very entertaining, but because I think you will maybe answer them, and it is such a pleasure for me to read a letter from you. If I possibly can I will write a more interesting letter next time. I know you think there is plenty of room for improvement. My regards to the family. Will you please write soon and a long letter.

Sincerely your friend,
JBMc



Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas

Friday, November 10th, 1865

Miss Della, My Dear Friend.

This morning I had the gratification of perusing your very welcome and highly interesting communication of October 8th. Nothing affords me greater pleasure than to read your beautiful and entertaining letters. I read and reread them until I know each line by memory. It is remarkably strange that none of my letters reach you. I have written five since July 1865; and forwarded the letters by the Commercial Express Co. The agent always tells me, that all letters entrusted to them will be promptly delivered. I am rather fearful the good man doesn't confine himself strictly to the truth. You mentioned Lieut Beech's visit to Spring Hill - he is now in Texas. I expect to see him in a few days as he promised to spend some time with me before he left the state. I have not seen or heard from I. Pierce since the surrender. Does the young lady he is corresponding with think him remarkably handsome? Last week Col Whitfield and several other officers of the 'Old Brigade' paid

me a visit. We had quite a pleasant time talking over the war & c. Life out here is as monotonous as ever, no excitement of any kind. From all accounts, Texas is the most quiet state in the South. The people take everything easy, living on pickled beef and corn bread. Not caring much whether the state is in or out of the 'glorious union' perfectly willing for the Yankee's to have all the glory and all the Union and all their dear brethren the negroes - 'Ain't that generous?

Since writing to you, we had two more marriages, party at each, both dull affairs. There is little prospect of us having a 'gay winter' here. We will have a ball at Columbus; about the middle of December, all of the youth, beauty and fashion of the county will be present. I will try and give you a full account of it, if I attend, which I expect to do. Miss Della, don't doubt but what your letters prove interesting to me. Why I really wear them out reading them. I prize them higher than you possibly could mine. And sincerely hope it will be my good fortune to get them more often in future. I feel flattered indeed to know that you have never ceased to remember me. When I bid you good-bye in 1863 I determined, if I should survive war to visit you again; and say, what I almost had a mind to say on the 19th day of May - 1863 -.

Miss Della, I am in hopes that the letter I wrote you previous to this will reach you, and that I may soon get a response to each of them, and then I will write fully on a subject that deeply interests me; and one that I hope you will take quite an interest in. Do please write me a long letter just as soon as you receive this. I am not fond of writing long letters, for I can't make them entertaining enough - but am very partial to long letters from my friends. Especially when they are as interesting as yours, always are to me. Ladies you know are much better in epistolary correspondence than the gentlemen. The 'Lords of creation' have always had to yield the palm, in letter writing to the gentler sex,

Please remember me to your Ma and sister, wishing you much happiness, I'll conclude.

Sincerely your friend
J.B. McKennon

Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas

Monday, November 20th, 1865

Miss Della, My Dear Friend.

If you receive all the letters written and forwarded to your address by your Texas friend you will certainly deem me a most liberal correspondent.

Since writing my last quite a change has come over the spirit of our neighborhood. Parties seem to be the 'mannia' now. On Thursday night 16th we had an elegant party at Dr. DeGraffenreid's. It was attended by fifty or more young ladies and gentlemen. The company all assembled by 8 o'clock when the music commenced, and the young gentlemen lead their partners on the floor for a dance. - We had a splendid supper - all present seemed to enjoy themselves very much indeed. The dancing lasted until 3 o'clock a.m. When we bid our host and hostess good night, and sought our homes to yield to tired natures' sweet restorer "balmy sleep". - We will have three more parties in our neighborhood this week, if they continue until Christmas, we will forget all about the war; and its sad termination. On the 30th of this month one of my most particular friends will be married. He lives in Galveston, but will marry a young lady living four miles from our plantation. They intend having quite a number of persons present, and I am anticipating a very pleasant time. You see now we are having almost a 'gay' a time here, in the way of parties and weddings, as you are having in Tennessee. On Sunday I attended church, and listened to a tolerable good Methodist Sermon. The Congregation was large. Several elderly ladies were considerably affected by the

preachers eloquence, and became very happy, and shouted prodigiously! Finally the minister got through with his sermon, offered a prayer with "force and feeling" and dismissed the congregation; happy old ladies and all. Miss Della, you must excuse all imperfections of this letter. I thought perhaps it would serve to "wile a way a weary moment," and wrote, so I'll send it. - I am continually thinking of you, and am always anxious to write to you, thinking maybe some of my letters will reach you and I will be favored with a reply. I do so love to read your letters, as soon as I can get your answers to some letters written to you after the reception of your first, I will tell you of my prospects and hopes for the future. I suppose you are having cold weather in Tennessee. The weather her is perfectly delicious, old winter must have lost his way around the icebergs in the Arctic Sea's. - The atmosphere is soft balmy and inspiring. Will you please write soon. - Remember me to the family and accept my best wishes for yourself -.

Sincerely yours
JB McKennon

Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas

Thursday, December 7th 1865

Miss Della. My Dear Friend.

This evening I will do myself the pleasure of writing to you; All of last week was spent in attending weddings and parties. On the 29th Nov. Judge Partney of Columbus was married. The party at the brides Fathers, was an elegant affair, immediately after the ceremony was performed, the dancing commenced and continued until near day light. After an early breakfast on the 30th I started home accompanied by several young gentlemen to attend the wedding of my friend Capt. Robendeau of Galveston who married Miss Willie McCormick - the belle of our neighborhood. She looked exquisitely beautiful.

We had no dancing. The time passed very pleasantly in laughing, and playing cards. We had several other very nice parties all pretty much like the two first. - At Col Arnolds, we had music on the piano and guitar. I wished so much that you could have been present to have played and sung for us. Indeed I had rather heard one song from you, than all that was sung there that night. I expect you are having quite a gay time, attending parties and concerts, how I do envy that gentleman, that had the pleasure of escorting you to the concert at Franklin. Our parties are over for awhile - after a "storm there is a calm", about Christmas I presume they will commence again. I hope they will prove as pleasant, as the ones we had last week. - Don't fail to give me a description of the grand wedding in Franklin. I am confident that your descriptive powers surpass mine. I know you laughed at my account of the german wedding. Accept a thousand thanks for your kindness in sending your Ambrotype. Words fail to express the pleasure I experienced in gazing on your dear face; the likeness is not as beautiful as the original. But I will have to be contented, until I can get to Fair View. There will be an artist in Columbus in a short time as soon as he opens his rooms I will have my photograph taken and forward to you. I have been very desirous of sending it, but could find no artist; remember this is a backwoods country, and we are always behind the times. Your letter of the 30th Oct, was received two days ago. It was read with sincere pleasure, don't fear that letters as entertaining as yours are to me will ever prove annoyance. I would feel especially blessed if favored with the perusal of a letter from you every day. Your dear letters are eagerly perused by me, and I always visit them three times as long - so now when ever you feel in the humor of writing a long letter, do so and forward to the address of your Texas correspondent. Your letters will be hailed with delight; I wish I could be at "Fair View" to have the pleasure of your company

in some of those horse-back rides. It would be such a pleasure for me to ride with you over the Pike, and over some of the fields where the Texans skirmished with and fought the Yankees.

I sometimes almost wish the war had not ended; so we could have gone back to Williamson and Maury Counties, Tennessee. T'was pleasant soldiering there. Miss Della, from the tenor of my former letters you will not be surprised when I tell you in this one that I sincerely and devotedly love you, and have loved you alone since our first meeting, the more often I met you the more intense my love. Since forming your acquaintance I have felt that my destiny would be incomplete without you, an assurance from you that my love is reciprocated, would make me feel supremely blessed. - Amidst all the changes and hardships of army life, my thoughts were continually reverting to you. I have admired many ladies, but never loved until after meeting you. I had always laughed at the very idea of love, but when we left Tennessee, I knew I was deeply in love with Della Kinard. Miss Della in all I have written I am candid and sincere. I hope to have a reply from you soon. I deem it unnecessary to tell you of my plans for the future, until I hear further from you. The unfortunate termination of the war, has deranged business of all kinds throughout the south, and many of us, who had nothing to do but seek some amusement to 'wile away the weary hours' will have to engage earnestly in some kind of business. I can't say positively when I will do myself the great pleasure of visiting you, soon I hope. My regards to the family. Accept unencumbered good wishes for your happiness.

Devotedly yours
JB McKennon

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee
Wednesday, December 13th 1865

Lieut J.B. McKennon. My friend.

Yours of Nov. 20th was received and read this evening with untold interest and pleasure. I am happy to inform you, that you are deceived in thinking none of your letters reach Fair View. As it was my fault, I hope you have received ere this my last letter (written over a month ago) explaining why such a mistake originated. Although I have heard from you very regularly, believe me Lieut, I would impose on your liberality to such an extent, as to hear every day if possible.

We had the most lovely fall ever experienced by the oldest settlers. It is within the last few days we have had any disagreeable weather. There was ice and snow this morning. I received the full benefit of old mother goose's feathers, as I was returning home in a buggy from Maury, during the time they were falling the thickest, and the fastest. But I remember to have remarked, that I would soon forget what a cold ride it was, if on my arrival I was greeted with a letter from my _____

And sure enough almost the first thing my delighted eyes rested upon, was my address in that now familiar hand-writing. I scarcely took time to divest myself of wrappings, before the expression, and brilliant thoughts of my correspondent were known to me. Lieut as I don't wish you to be apprized of who he is, I must not make any allusions to what was in the letter. But when I get your next, and you have made me your confidant, I can but then return the compliment. My mind will be all anxiety until you comply with your promise. Christmas is almost here, and I believe every one are anticipating a gay time. It is to be hoped nothing will transpire to cast such a shadow over the spirit of our dreams, as unfortunately did this time a year ago. Parties and weddings continue to be numberless. Five or six hundred invitations were issued

last week, to an elegant bridal party near Nashville. The elite of our capitals fashion, and intelligence were there; a most brilliant assemblage were gathered together. In whatever direction the eye moved it was greeted by gay colors, flashing jewels and bright smiles. But owing to the non-attendance of the bride, and bride-groom who were unfortunately detained, (a young gentleman a relation of the bride, being mortally wounded by a party of robbers) the peace, and enjoyment of the gay throng, was considerably disturbed.

The papers contain column after column every day, giving accounts of murders, and robberies in Tenn, and throughout the south. The freed-men in Federal blue, who style themselves N. States soldiers are the principal perpetrators of such crimes. But soon or late the punishment of every criminal is sure. And if the parties continue you will soon forget all about the war, and its sad termination & I am glad to hear you express your-self so, for it is well for us to forget the dark days of the rebellion if we can. No doubt there is more joy, peace and comfort to be found at home with friends, than camp life can ever impart.

And I expect Lieut, that although while a warrior you sent many a deadly missile, none with more effect, than the flashing of your dark eyes, on party occasions. I trust you will be very lenient in your criticisms, if you have been the recipient of an ambrotype addressed to your care several weeks since. I should expect yours and would be most happy to welcome you at Fair View. The family are well and wish to be remembered. It is raining very hard just now, and as all around me have found forgetfulness of the past in sleep, I will close by wishing you a happy new-year. Write very soon to your sincere friend,

Della B. Kinnard

P.S. Christmas and new-years gift

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee

Wednesday, January 3rd 1866

Lieut J.B. McKennon. My friend.

On returning home this morning from a visit to Grand-ma, four letters were handed me; one from Georgia, another Nashville, a third Bastrop Texas, and a fourth (the best of all) from Colorado. Mother and sister Annie sat looking on with much interest, and said let us see which one will be perused first. Guess which one was.

We were invited to three parties, and a wedding during Christmas. I only attended the wedding of Miss Etta Cunningham of Williamson, and Mr. Price McLemore of Mississippi. There was six recently married couples present. All of them were dressed with exquisite taste, and very similar; wearing heavy white rep silks, with trails at least a yard in length, flowing veils, and no flowers except for the front of the hair. To curl the hair is the latest fashion here, and one which I admire more than any other. The bride of the evening was very lovely indeed. There was six brides-maids and grooms-men. Each of the brides-maids wore a veil, which was something new; and late style. The material of their dresses (white tarlton) although not very expensive, makes I think the most graceful, beautiful and becoming evening dress of any goods.

The bride groom was rather handsome, and truly his bright countenance bespoke happiness and contentment.

At 12 O'clock we



Etta Cunningham McLemo.



Far left and right - White Tarlton dress fashion plate circa 1860

were invited to a most sumptuous table, of all the delicacies I enjoyed none so much as the fresh luscious grapes. I had a piece of brides-cake to send you to dreams on, but got it misplaced. Dancing commenced at an early hour, and continued through the night. As our country roads are almost impassable in winter, the entire company were compelled to remain until day-light. Having company we spent the greater portion of Christmas at home. We had a great deal of fruit. I would give you a full description of the proceedings, but as I am quite unwell. I know you will excuse me.

Lieut you wish to be assured if your love for me is reciprocated. It is. You are the first and only gentleman, I have ever answered in the affirmative. For two long weary years, I struggled to forget it, (believing Della Kinard was forgotten) but the struggle was in vain. Truly your pleasant manners, intellectual countenance, martial appearance and bright smiles haunt me still. I am getting impatient for your return to Fair View, hope it will not be deferred but a little while longer. When your Photograph arrives, and it is placed in my album I know I shall wish I had

one for every page. I had mine taken last summer, but they were so homely I destroyed them. I presume it was my fault they were so. If not - the artist must have been a very inferior one. Uncle John Fleming and family of Ark, arrived at Grand-pa's a few weeks since. He has three little girls; the two oldest Blanche and Della are my name-sakes, which I consider quite a compliment. Uncle has entrusted the youngest (Little Mollie) to my care during the winter, as aunt's health is very feeble. Mollie is four years old, and a more interesting dear little creature never existed. She kept cozie Dellie (as she sweetly calls me) from ever growing lonesome, or sad. I have told her my sweet-hearts name and she frequently speaks of him to me, which is an agreeable subject at all times. She sings and she wishes he would make haste, and come to Tennessee, and then she will tell him all about how much cozie Dellie loves him.

The family are well with the exception of my-self and wish you success, and unbounded happiness through-out this new-year. Lieut excuse all imperfections of this letter, and please write often, as yours are the dearest ones of all the earth to me. And I assure you,

dear indeed my life must be, since it is worthy care from thee. But I must bid you good-bye for the present, as the evening is fast closing into night. If you can read this scribbling, and will forgive me, I promise I will write a more lengthy, good letter next time.

Yours affectionately,
Della B. Kinnard

Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas

Tuesday, January 16th 1866

Miss Della. My Dearest Friend.

"Long looked for come at last," was my joyful exclamation, on yesterday when your welcome favor of Dec 13th was handed me; It is the only letter received from you in two months. I had commenced wondering why in the world no letter from you reached me. I finally attributed the non-arrival of a communication from my fair correspondent to the irregularity of the mails. I wrote to you on the 7th and 23rd Dec. Hope each of the missives have reached their intended destination ere this. They contained the promised secret, which I expect you guessed long before they reached you. Now I have made you my confidant; and will expect you to be as generous, and tell me yours. My sentiments towards you will never change, "of purer or of stranger love, your fancy could not dream." My brightest dreams are all of you.

Often do I think of the precious time, spent in your fascinating society. The scattered dust of those departed hours, more sacred than grains of golden sand, are shimmied in my hearts innermost recesses.

I deeply regret to hear there is such a state of lawlessness still existing in Tennessee;

Things are moving on quietly and peacefully here; quite a number of strangers, from almost every state are now settling in our midst. "The tide of emigration still flows westward". The future of Western Texas, with vast and exhaustless resources might form a subject for the most wonderful speculations. Imagination could scarcely color the picture its future triumphs too highly as its enraptured vision presses the shining pathway of the "star of empire". A few years before the war Texas was a wilderness. Now civilization is fast spreading all over her boundless territory. The farmers generally seem determined to give the Freedmen a fair trial for one year. I have no faith in the 'free labor system', and have rented out our plantation to a gentleman who is trying to cultivate it with 'freedmen'. I am

now busily engaged selling of the stock, provisions &c on the place. Think I will have everything arranged by the 1st May, when I will visit Tennessee and Mississippi; having so much of my Fathers business to attend to in the latter state. My mission to Tennessee I think will be a very pleasant one; as I hope to succeed in persuading a cer-

tain young lady at 'Fair View' to accompany me on my return to the "Lone Star State". Do you think I can prevail on her to share my "Valley Home" in the "Land of flowers"? Miss Della I am inclined to think you indulge in flattery occasionally, especially when you say I am "a brilliant and expressive" correspondent. Now I make no pretensions to elegance of style or diction, and are rather of the opinion that you sometimes laugh at such plan prosey letters as I send to you. I am sure if I were to comply with your request and forward to your address daily, a letter, you would "tire of them in the briefest while". From the other compliment you paid me, I

*The scattered dust of
those departed hours,
more sacred than grains
of golden sand, are
shimmied in my heart's
innermost recesses.*

thank you but must say in all candor that I think the "flashes" you mentioned have very little effect on the hearts of any ladies I meet with, if they do, I can't find it out. I told you in my letter of the 28th (I believe) what I thought of your "ambrotype". I have had it put in a case, and carry it with me all the while; I frequently when thinking of the original, pull out the "type" - and commence gazing on it, before I am aware of what I am doing. You must not think I am careless or negligent about sending you my 'type' for I assure you I have tried to have it taken on several occasions, but could find no artist. I will visit Houston soon, and will be sure and forward it to you then. When I first read your letter I thought I would send my heart as a new-years gift - but you have had possession of that for a long while, and I am really at a loss what to send you. Say what it shall be! Let Miss Annie decide, and I will comply with her decision, don't you think that fair?

We have had only one "Norther" this winter, the weather is delightful. This is one of those pure delicious hours, which in the south makes earth appear like a lovely fragment of the glorious Heavens, the air is still. Clouds of purple tint. Clouds of rose color. Clouds of crimson, and of every hue imaginable are gathered in the west. The sun in his descent seems to be enfolding the magnificence of evening drapery about him, and to leave the world behind in darkness, which he expires amid the splendors of light ineffable.

Please remember me kindly to the family - I hope the New Year will be one of much happiness to you. Remember I am "awaiting intelligence early" from you so "don't fail to write soon". Wishing you every joy that earth can give.

I am Devotedly yours,
JBMcKennon

Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas
Monday, February 5th 1866

Miss Della. My Dearest Friend.

It affords me unbounded pleasure to acknowledge the reception of your last appreciated favor. Your letters are always read with delight. The last one contained an assurance which made it higher prized by me, than any letter I ever received. The Contents gave me the greatest imaginable pleasure. I feel particularly flattered in being fortunate as to win the affections of the only lady I ever really loved. Henceforward my constant study will be how to promote and insure your happiness. I am really more desirous of seeing you, than any other person in the world. I have so many things I wish to talk to you about, and it would be so much more pleasant to be near you, and converse with you, than to be off so far and have to write, everything. I deem it my duty, to plainly state my circumstances. My Father's property consisted principally of negroes, the 'Emancipation Proclamation' relieved him of them, and now he has only his lands, which at the present time is greatly depreciated in value. We have concluded not to sell, but rent, and wait until the prices of land improve. When the war terminated I fully intended to finish my law studies, But or after considerations I concluded to abandon the idea of law - and engage in the Mercantile business. I have not yet determined on the place where I will enter into the business, But think Houston or Galveston of this state will be my choice, both of the above named places are destined to be towns of importance. I will not commence business until next fall. Trade is generally very dull here in the summer season. Do you approve of my plan?

I will be engaged here, attending to my Fathers affairs until first of May, then I hope to have the pleasure of visiting "Fair View". If I were to permit the prompting of my heart to govern me I would ask you to name the

earliest day possible when you would entrust yourself to my care; as I have told you how I was situated, and my intentions. I will leave the naming of the 'happy time' entirely to you, and will be governed altogether by your decision. Let me assure you again that my love is unchangeable; you [are] the only woman in this world that I would marry. You have my undivided love. Your image alone is enshrined in my heart. It was with feelings of deep regret that I read of your indisposition. I sincerely hope your bouyant step, bright smile and blooming cheeks are fully restored. Weddings and parties are still all the fashion in Texas. I am really getting tired, attending other people's weddings, would decidedly prefer going to my own. Kiss little Mollie for me, and tell her to remember all of her Aunt Della's secrets and tell them to me - when I do see her. Give my love to the family, and

don't fail to accept a large portion for yourself.

Devotedly yours
JB McKennon

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee
Wednesday, February 7th 1866

Lieut John McKennon. My dear friend.

Yours of Jan 16th received on yesterday evening, elicited involuntarily from me an exclamation of joy, corresponding with the commencement of the highly valued letter. I received yours of Dec 7th, but unfortunately for me, some evil spirit misguided the one of Dec 23rd, causing a much long period to expire between the reception of the ever welcome than usual but I have not yet despaired of its ultimate reception. Then imagine my



Nashville Female Academy, March 1862, sketched by A.E. Mathews



Alice Thompson

disappointment when I learned, I had heard only a portion of the promised secret. You are in possession no doubt ere this, of my most candid acknowledgments. I am sure it was no news; for you are aware I have never studied, to conceal my preference. Lieut I will trust you, and although far removed from you, I depend upon your being true. The intelligence of your coming gives me unmitigated pleasure. We will certainly endeavor to make your visit to Fair View satisfactory, and may you in all respects, realize your dreams of bliss. Now that war is over, what happiness t'will be "your long-missed smile to meet. And to ask, though answered oft before If you indeed are with us once more", Lieut I was pleased and complimented to hear your confession, in regard to my having been long since in possession of your heart. I am confident I will guard well the prize, so long as intrusted to my keeping. As to what the new-years gift shall be, sister Annie has decided to leave that to your superior taste, and judgement. - When you visit Houston, I hope I will then be the happy recipient of your picture.

I received a letter a few days ago from Capt H. C. Searcy; happening to meet an acquaintance of ours in Houston, who was coming to Franklin, he wrote and sent the letter by him. Sister Annie wrote some time since to our relation (Col Jones family) living in Corsicana, Navarro Co. I hope to hear from them soon, as we have not since the first year of the war. They have spent several summers with us, as the young ladies were educated at the Nashville Academy. Cousin John Jones promised sister Annie and I, he would be back after the war, and take us to their western home, but it seems he has forgotten it. Lieut I am reading at present, a history of the great rebellion by Kettell a northern man. But there is but little satisfaction to be found in reading it, as a natural consequence all the glory, and honor attended the yankee nation, throughout our late, and severe struggle for independence. I have been thinking of visiting our relations in W. Tennessee this spring but as you are coming nothing could induce me, to leave home. I will certainly defer my visit. The marriage mania still rages, the number is decreasing daily, who have yet to steer their vessel, into the matrimonial lake. Miss Alice Thompson, a cousin of mine, (perhaps better known to the Texans, as the heroine of the Thompson Station fight) married a few days since.

The family are well, and join me in unnumbered good wishes for your future. May kind Providence fold his protecting arms around you under all circumstances, is my prayer. Little Mollie is beautiful and as much attached to me, as if she had been with me always. Write very soon, and praying that we meet again, I will bid you good-night, and pleasant dreams. Excuse mistakes.

Yours affectionately
Della B Kinnard

Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas*Tuesday, February 13th, 1866*

Miss Della. My Dearest Friend.

To day is one of the gloomiest days I ever saw. It has been raining ever since last night with a strong 'North Easter' blowing - The weather is not extremely cold, but decidedly disagreeable. I have employed the time by reading accounts of the New El Dorado discovered by the Confederates in Mexico. The new country is called Cordova, distance about



Cordova, Mexico

sixty miles from the City of Vera Cruz. The rail road running to the City of Mexico runs through the state. (that is where the road is completed). - Judging from the representations of Generals Price, Shelby, Sevier and Gov. Harris of Tennessee - It must be the most desirable and magnificent country on the American Continent. The climate is delightfully pleasant, perpetual spring. All the tropical fruits grow there in the greatest abundance, Melons and garden vegetables in profusion all the year round; Mountains near by, covered with snow during the whole year; The land rich and very productive, lemons, cotton, coffee, and sugar (the cane) all growing luxuriantly and yield abundantly. Every variety of gay plumaged birds, and beautiful flowers, - All kinds of game plentiful - fish plentiful in every stream. No Yankees or

freedmen there to annoy one. The absence of the Yankees and his colored friend, in itself is quite an inducement for a 'Confederate' to emigrate there. Don't you think so!

I would rather live in a new country, and endure all the hardships and be deprived of all conveniences, (away from the Yankees) than live in a palace, surrounded by every luxury, and be under Yankee sway. How do you think you would like Cordova? I am "seriously inclined" to think I would be much pleased with the country and if you approve the plan I will take a look at it before I cross the Gulf. Though I hardly think I can spare the time, for I am growing impatient waiting for May to come. I long to see your sweet face again. I will never grow weary telling you how much I love you and how very dear you are to me. I wrote to you a few days ago; but write again, so you will write more frequent. - My love to the family. With much love I will leave off for the present.

Yours devotedly.

JB Mc

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee*Tuesday, March 6th 1866*

Lieut J.B. McKennon. My dear friend.

What a pleasure it is to respond to your kind, and complimentary letter of February 5th. I am in the sitting room, occupying a seat near the spot, where first I saw the light of your countenance, and listened to your eloquent language, while conversing with our dear lost father; he who was almost to us as our own souls. The night previous to our meeting, Lieut Blain on his return with a scouting party, called in, and told me he wished to bring me a sweet-heart next day. I assented of course to his proposal, and said I would be sure to expect him. There-fore to Lieut Blain, I have always felt greatly indebted, as it seems it was allotted to him, to effect this

chance meeting. We all considered him a very worthy gentleman, and hope he returned in safety to his happy family. I trust we may welcome you at Fair View before, or by the 19th of May, the day on which we parted three years ago. Lieut your arrival at Fair View I regret, cannot be otherwise than uncertain, consequently I cannot decide definitely as the necessary appointment. But I assure you, upon your return, I will consent to become your bride, as early as circumstances will permit, "Then my hope, my trust will be, my worthy guide, in following thee". - Lieut your plans for the future, meet with my entire approbation, as I am confident your decision was made after due reflection. The war has like-wise deprived us, of a large amount of property, but that is a mere trifle, compared with the loss of those near, and dear to us. The south generally has suffered the keenest anguish of misfortune, the severest dispensation of Providence, has been visited upon our unhappy land, and it remains for us to bear with Christian resignations our sorrows. In a few weeks the flowers will be in bloom, and the birds enlivening all nature, with their sweet songs. It was during this delightful, and enchanting season, just three years ago, when I began to love with the singleness, and fervor of attachment, unequalled by any other sentiment of my nature. Little Mollie remembers my secrets perfectly, and I kissed her for you, but she says she rather kiss Lieut Kennon. May the greatest success imaginable, attend you throughout your journey to Tennessee. -

With all the confidence of youth, I hope for the best. Let me hear from you again very soon and God speed the day, when instead of a letter "the one of all the world I love best" will be ushered into my presence. I repose the greatest trust, and confidence in you, and will be happy, most happy indeed, when we meet again. Lieut I have despaired almost of receiving your photograph, but if you come soon, I will forgive you, for not having com-

plied. Accept of the families best love, and good wishes. I will write no more at present, but bid you good-night, and refreshing slumbers.

I am truly and affectionately yours,
Della B. Kinnard

A gentleman friend called this evening, who performed most exquisitely on the violin; and Lieut I fancied you near, while listening to those entrancing strains of music.

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee
Monday, March 12th, 1866

Lieut J.B. McKennon. My dear friend.

The day that I received yours of February 13th, I had a letter mailed to you. I was highly entertained with the description of Cordova. The accounts we have of this New Eldorado, are thrilling indeed; and what a desirable country it must be to live in, if only half so fair, as pictured to be. Many of our friends express a willingness, to increase the number of our Confederate emigrants there. And Lieut I agree with you in thinking the inducements sufficiently inviting to tempt all aspiring rebels, to visit the charming land. But if you wish to flatter, and compliment me, come first to my home, in Tennessee. It would certainly be a sad disappointment for you to do otherwise. The lovely month of May from past associations is sadly dear to me, and I trust that no gloom will o'er-shadow the promised pleasures, of the coming May.

The same visit that bore your last missive to me, also brought a very lengthy one of ten pages, from our friend Capt. H.C. Searcy. He is practicing law in Galveston, and Anderson. We have had a Canadian friend spending several days with us. He has just come in from a hunting excursion, over the hills, and fields, and inquired to whom I am writing. I tell him

my sweet-heart. He jumps up assumes a tactical position, and defies him to come to Tenn; he will immediately challenge him to open combat. But Lieut I guess you would not consider him a very dangerous duelist, as he acknowledges he only made the feathers fly from one bird, while



Rev. W.L. Rosser

sporting. Mr. Rosser, our pleasant Presbyterian minister, dined with us to-day. He is from Nashville, and a very talented young man. He was a faithful soldier during the war, and is now much loved, and respected by his members, as a faithful preacher.

We promise our-selves considerable fun, when the fishing season arrives, which will be in a few weeks. Bring so near the creek, we go every pleasant evening. I never weary of the pleasant past-time, yet I am generally very unsuccessful in catching fish.

The marrying epidemic has caught hold of one of our military leaders, and on next Thursday night, General Frank Cheatham will lead to the matrimonial altar, one of Nashville's fair daughters, Miss Anna Robertson. Well I hear the children rejoicing that Mother, and aunt Bertie, are coming from town. So I must go and see what they brought me. Lieut among my presents, is a most exquisite hexagon shaped lace handkerchief, presented by aunt. If you please



Gen. Benjamin F. Cheatham

Lieut excuse this scribble, as I have been so frequently interrupted since commencing to write. Often do I sing the cheering words of the lonely song, "I'm looking for him home," also "Day and night I've thought of thee", From one who will ever remain true. Good bye for the present, and may your joys for ever last. Accept of the love, and compliments of aunt and the family.

Yours affectionately,
Della B. Kinnard.

Galveston Texas,

Friday, March 16th 1866

Miss Della, My Dearest Friend.

I arrived in this city on Monday last, and will leave this morning; I have only a few unemployed moments and will devote them to you. I am now on my way to Mexico. Will take passage on the 'John Oliver' direct for Vera Cruz. If you remember I wrote you that there was a great deal of talk about a place called Cordova in Mexico, well a party of gentlemen from my neighborhood determined to visit the Country and see if it was the place it is represented to be. They persuaded me to accompany them there on a 'tour of observation'. We will probably be absent two months, may be longer but I hope not. If I like the country better than the United States I shall certainly be in favor of emigrating, and if you are willing to live in the new 'Paradise' we will certainly try it for one year. - I would not live there without if it were really a paradise. I could be happy in any place in the world with you, and will be miserable where you are not.

Yesterday I had my negative for a 'photograph' taken, the artist said the weather was so unfavorable that he could not finish it for several days. The Photograph will be forwarded to your address as soon as completed. I don't know how it will look, but hope it will

bear sufficient resemblance to the original for you to recognize it. - I am writing in the greatest imaginable hurry, you must excuse all mistakes and the shortness of this letter. You must write to me, direct to Vera Cruz care Miss Baker, Baughn & Co. I will write frequently during my stay in Mexico. - If I only had time I would write all the Galveston and Houston news [and] tell you how they look. Pretty women are rather scarce in this city. - You must not fail to write. - My love to the family. My heart and love are both yours. I will conclude this letter, as my friends are to get aboard the vessel. You must give your opinion about moving to Mexico. I assure I will not go, that is to live there, if you had rather live in the U.S. - Really I must finish all the Cordova party are waiting for me. Once more good-bye, until I reach Veracruz.

Yours Devotedly & affectionately,
JB McKennon



Veracruz Plaza circa 1836 by C. Nebel

Vera Cruz Mexico

Saturday, March 24th 1866

Miss Della. My Dearest Friend,

On the 23rd our vessel hove in sight of San Juan De Ulua, and we were soon inside of the Walled City. Our voyage was a pleasant one; but I was glad to get on land again. When I wrote to you from Galveston I promised to write a long letter from this place. I



View of San Juan de Ulua by Antognini

will have to defer the fulfillment of that promise, as we leave here in half an hour and I could not procure writing materials, until now. The cars run from here to Passo del Macho, (distant 60 miles) from there we go by diligence (a kind of stage). After visiting the Cordova valley I will give you my opinion of the Country. I find quite a number of southerners here all on the look out for homes. Some of them are pleased, others, with whom I have conversed are disgusted with the people and the Country.

Vera Cruz is a beautiful city, has about fifteen thousand inhabitants the houses all built of stone, all of them two stories high, flat roofs. The streets are paved, on the side walks are large square stone. The side walks are narrow - but very smooth & even. - In the Center of the town is what is called the 'Plaza' where all the ladies and gentlemen congregate after Sun-down; laugh, talk, and promenade until 12 o'clock. - Evergreens and many beautiful flowers grow in the Plaza. It is laid in walks, the walks are paved with marble. Comfortable seats are round. On yesterday I attended church at the Catholic Cathedral. It is the finest church I was ever in. And the services were very imposing.

The weather here is warm as it is in July in Tennessee, water melon, roasting ears, and all kinds of tropical fruit, and garden vegetables here in abundance. I am writing in such a hurry that I expect it will be difficult for you

to read it. I know it is full of mistakes. This letter has to go unsealed out. - I will not write any more - My love to the family.

yours affectionately,
JB McK

P.S. When you write - direct to Oakland as I think I will be back there by the 1st May at longest. - Just as soon as I have time I will write you a long letter about the Country, the people, &c &c

Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas
Friday May 4th 1866

Miss Della. My Dearest Friend.

I have just returned from Mexico, and hasten to write to you. I have not written since my arrival in Veracruz on the 22nd of March. The letter written from there, I don't know ever reached you, as I have learned since my return home, that the U.S. Mail steamer, was wrecked on her home-wards voyage. - I did not write from Cordova, because there was no way of sending a letter from there to the U.S. only once a month, and I left there before that time. I was very happy to have the pleasure of reading your letters of the 10th & 15th of March, which I found here awaiting me. When I left home I expected, on my return to visit you immediately. But am very much disappointed in my hopes as I find my father dangerously ill. As there is none of the family here but himself and me, I deem it an imperative duty to remain with him, during his sickness. I sincerely hope he will recover. - I am sure I never was half so much disappointed in

my calculations and plans as I am just at this time. It is said, all "clouds have a silver lining". I hope it may prove so in my case. Rest assured that nothing short of death will ever change my unbounded love for you. I "would not have you doubt me for all the world contains". No mortal loved - more earnestly and devotedly than I do you - There has not been an hour since I left home, but what you have been thought of by me; your "image along is enshrined in my heart".

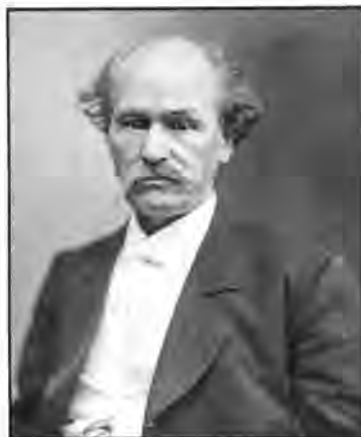
Situated as I am now, its utterly impossible for me to say, when I can visit you. I am fearful my visit will have to be deferred until summer or the fall. The time seems like an age to me. I now regret exceedingly that I did not go on to Tennessee and visit you, instead of going to Cordova. The country there did not come up to my expectations. The society is one great draw-back there. The Indians -



Stone Bridge constructed in 1806 near Veracruz

Mexicans & negroes are settled over the country - (and will not sell assets). They are an indolent, ignorant, superstitious class, working just enough for a bare subsistence - earn a dollar or two then frolic until they spend it. All the Government lands in the Cordova donation have been taken up. But there is plenty of good lands in other portions equally desirable. The natives are mostly

hostile to the present Government; and if the Foreign troops were withdrawn, the Emperor would have to leave also. There is no great security for life and property there yet. In company with a party of gentlemen I visited General Price. We found him sitting under a beautiful grove of Mangos trees. He received us very cordially, and offered to show his land and the surrounding country, which offer we readily accepted. We traveled across his land first, which is a fine body of land, well watered and pretty good timber. The under growth is so thick that nothing can penetrate it; have to travel in the roads all the while. The Genl. informed us that he already has one hundred logs hewn, to put up a double-log house, which will be a curiosity in that country. We after leaving his farm, visited the extensive ruins on the San Maguiel estate. The houses were built two hundred years ago, and are now in a delapidated condition. Some of the walls are good, others crumbling and falling. There was a church on the place, the only thing kept in repair. The buildings were all enclosed by a high stone wall. In some of the rooms, large trees were growing. The fine coffee field, belonging to the estate, has all grown up in trees, vines and undergrowth. Near the house we crossed a stone bridge - built more than a hundred years [ago] at a cost of a hundred thousand dollars. It is perfectly good - yet. The scenery there is unsurpassed by any in the world. One cannot help, being enraptured at the Magnificence and loveliness of the scenery around him. The climate is delightful soft and balmy, and the air is redolent and fragrant, with the perfume from thousands of flowers and trees. There is also quite a variety of bright plumaged birds making the finest vocals with their songs. After riding through several fine coffee fields, we returned to Carlota. When we arrived at



Gov. Isham Harris

Genl Prices, we found Gov Harris there *and* was introduced to him and spent several hours in conversation with him. Both him and Genl Price expressed themselves as delighted with the country. But I firmly believe if the President declare a general amnesty to all persons engaged in the late war, they will both return

to their old homes in the states. The fruits all grow there in the greatest abundance. While there I had plenty of watermelons, all kinds of garden vegetables and roasting ears. Very little meat of any kind is eat there, everything to eat (except fruits) command very high prices. They plant two corn crops every year. The rainy season commences in May and ends in June. Most of the Confederates with whom I conversed ex-

pressed themselves pleased - but were willing to sell out their claims on land.

During my stay I visited Genl Shelby to whom I had a letter of introduction. He is more Comfortably situated than any of the Confederates there, has a fine farm about three hundred acres in Cultivation. Mrs. S says she only likes tolerably well, thinks she would be much better pleased if she had some of her friends out there with her. In company with Genl. S. I visited quite a number of farmers; saw coffee, sugar cane and tobacco all growing finely, saw some peaches, but they were very small indeed, apples do not grow in the valley. I visited the large and handsome City of Orizaba (25 thousand inhabitants) it was founded since the Spanish Conquest and is well built, houses large and lofty. The walls often covered with paintings, while the roof is covered with ornamental & glazed tiles. "The Cathedral is one vast pile with little external ornament, but the interior is rich beyond description. The high altar is composed of marble and precious stones, with its numerous and lofty plinths and capitals of



Orizaba Mountains by John Phillips

burnished gold". Sunday is a great in Orizaba. It's the festive day of the week, yet it is not forgotten by the Mexicanos that the day has a sacred purpose. At the Morning Mass the churches are covered with kneeling worshipers, who say their beads and say their prayers with seeming earnestness and devotion. I watched them as they dipped their fingers in the holy fount, and stepped along the marble floor crossing themselves as they got opposite the sacred images, then kneeling down commence their silent worship. Sunday is the great day at the Café and restaurant. On no other day are their gains so great as on Sunday. They drink (the people, that is) sour wine all the week but on Sunday they will have none but the best. Spend all their earnings and savings of the week in one day. On the plaza I saw some very pretty women, they all dress in black with much taste. Orizaba is kept extremely clean - the chain gang are constantly sweeping the streets. The Rio Blanco a beau-

tiful stream runs through the city. They have snow and ice all the year round. Get it from the Mountains near by.

During our voyage home we were out in a most terrific storm, saw the wrecks of several vessels, that had been destroyed. All the passengers on the vessel I was on, fully expected her to be dashed to pieces. At times destruction seemed inevitable. I cannot describe the actions of the vessel as she plunged and tossed down into a trough of the howling waves. The waves grew higher towards night, and I think all on board that knew how said their prayers for none of us thought the vessel would remain above water until morning; but fortunately for us, she succeeded in weathering through the storm safely.

After the storm was over, one of the gentlemen on board, said if he could ever find the man that composed life on the "Ocean Wave" he would certainly kill him. I am sure I would willingly have changed places with almost

any body on land. I promised myself if I got safely to land I would never go to sea again, in a vessel of 45 tons - take a larger size one next time.

Don't you think I have written enough for one time? I know it is badly dictated and badly written - for I have had to write in a sick room - being frequently interrupted, and with a bad pen - also on different kinds of paper. Knowing your kind and generous heart, I feel certain you will pardon all imperfections.

I knew of nothing in the neighborhood to write about as I have just returned and have not yet learned any news, or anything about what has been going on during my absence. I hope the time will come, when I will have the pleasure of talking to you instead of having to write so much. Heaven knows I devoutly and earnestly wish for it. I was never more anxious to see any one [more] than I am you, just at this time. And I so fully expected to be with [you] this month. It seems the fates have conspired against me, but I "live with a hope"



A Life on the Ocean Wave by Henry Russell

that I will one day have the pleasure of seeing you and then to be constantly with you. Remember you, and you alone have my undivided love.

Please remember me to family - and don't fail to write soon. The perusal of your letters, gives me more pleasure than anything else. Wishing you every happiness I will say good-bye for to day.

Yours Sincerely & devotedly
J B McKennon

Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas
Monday, June 4th 1866

Miss Della. My Dearest Friend:

Having waited a long while for a response to my last two letter, I thought I would write again this morning, as I never weary of writing to you; and would write a great deal oftener if I could write more entertaining letters but regret to inflict the perusal of prosey letters on you so often. To day I have nothing interesting to communicate but write to remind you, that I never cease to think of you, and, that nothing will ever change my deep and devoted love for you. I hope the day will soon come when I can prove to you beyond the possibility of a doubt how "all sincere I am". My Father's health is improving, and I hope to see him quite well again soon. The times are very dull out here, no excitement of any kind. Every-body seems intent on attending to their own business. We have had an abundance of rain this year, and farmers are much pleased with the very flattering prospects of splendid crops.

As I told you in one of my letters written previous to my visit to Cordova, I think I will settle permanently in Texas. The unsettled state of affairs in Mexico, makes it rather undesirable as a country to live in. I feel that I could live happily anywhere when you will be with me all the time and reward me with your

bright smile and kind words, for my efforts in the battle of life. Many and bright are the day dreams I have of our future, as long as I have the hope of one day claiming you as my bride 'I will never more despair'. Always remember, no matter what occurs, that you are the sole possessor of my heart and love, and that time nor distance will never lessen my intense love for you.

Remember me kindly to the family. Please write soon, Wishing you health and much happiness I am.

As ever yours devotedly
J B McKennon

P.S. Did you receive the Photograph

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee

Wednesday, June 20th, 1866

Lieut J.B. McKennon. My dear friend.

Your letter of May 4th, written upon your return from Cordova, reached Fair View several weeks ago; but being absent from home a delay in reply was unavoidable. Your last letter I received yesterday and will now attempt replying. You did not tarry in Mexico as long as I expected. No doubt it is in many respects a most desirable country to live in, but from the weekly accounts we hear of the unsettled state of affairs there at present I agree with you in deeming it wise for all who can remain at their former homes to resist the temptation of emigrating. We see that our confederate colonists, are being frequently disturbed. I regret so much, they do not enjoy more peace, and security of life, greater protections from the Mexican guerillas. The description of your town, was so very interesting, and (with one exception, the storm at sea) how much you

must have enjoyed it. I felt very thankful to hear of your safe, and speedily return. I wrote as requested during your stay in Mexico, apprising you of the reception of your photograph. It was recognized at a glance, although we don't think the artist did you justice. Possibly I may be mistaken, but really from two, or three sentences contained in your last letters, my inference is that the visit of the original to Tennessee, has been postponed indefinitely. I was very glad to hear of your fathers recovery, and you will please inform me why it is you cannot now determine upon the time of your coming. In behalf of _____ whom is deeply concerned and with regard to what is _____ me. I prefer your coming to some _____ on that _____. You hope the time will _____ when you can prove _____ possibility of a doubt how all sincere you are _____. This certainly would _____ failed to give entire satisfaction if previously you had not have written several different times of your intended visit soon. I have trusted you Lieut, but you know that suspense is wearisome and "hope deferred maketh the heart sick". If you love me as you say you do, and would not have me doubt you for all the world contains deal candidly and honestly

If you love me as you say you do, and would not have me doubt you for all the world contains deal candidly and honestly with me. I ask no more.

with me. I ask no more. I have never expected any deception from you, and may I never no never give cause to believe anything to the contrary, but that you could, but could not be false. Let me hear from you very soon and often as possible. I am sorry to see it raining again; we have not had for years such an abundance of rain and cool weather. Crops

are not so promising as usual for this season of the year. Excuse this dull, prosey letter, such a one as you some-times mistake your beautiful entertaining ones to me. I promise a more lengthy one in future. The family are well and wishing that you may have a long,

bright and blissful (and that you, and your sweet-heart, may prove your-selves worthy of each other throughout the) future, I will subscribe my-self.

Yours sincerely and devotedly
Della R. Kinnard

Oakland, Colorado Co., Texas
Sunday, August 12th 1866

Miss Della. My Dearest Friend.

Considerable time has elapsed since I have had the pleasure of hearing from you, So I will write again, Hoping thereby to get a response from you, I have been prompt in writing to you, and am really at a loss to know the cause of your long and continued silence. As the mails are now tolerably regular, I presume you have long before this received my letter containing expla-

My love for you has undergone no change, unless it has grown more intense, It's the one all absorbing passion of my life...

nations, and informing you why I could not visit Fair View as I intended. I am in hopes the letter proved satisfactory, The statements there made were plain and frank, and if I live I will sacredly and sincerely fulfill each promise made. No one, was ever more disap-

pointed than myself, when I found it impossible to be in Tennessee at the time mentioned in my previous letters. At that time I thought surely nothing would arise to prevent me from visiting you and realizing my most cherished hopes. But fate was against me, and I had to deprive myself of that pleasure, for awhile. This winter I fondly

hope to be with you, Providence willing. Nothing can prevent me from being at Fair View by the latter part of December, and much earlier if I can possibly get off.

My love for you has undergone no change, unless it has grown more intense. It's the one all absorbing passion of my life, and I pray that all my dearest hopes, will be fully realized ere a new year is ushered in. I would write more, but dislike to thrush long, and unsolicited communications on one so Charitable as yourself. Please remember me kindly to the family, May heavens choicest blessing rest upon you is the heart felt wish.

of yours devotedly
JB McKennon

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee
Thursday, August 16th, 1866

Lieut J.B. McKennon. My dear friend.

Yours of July 8th was received several weeks ago, but owing to circumstances did not meet with so prompt a reply as here-to-fore. I regret exceedingly the necessity of telling you of the great reluctance I have felt to commence answering the letter of one, who has



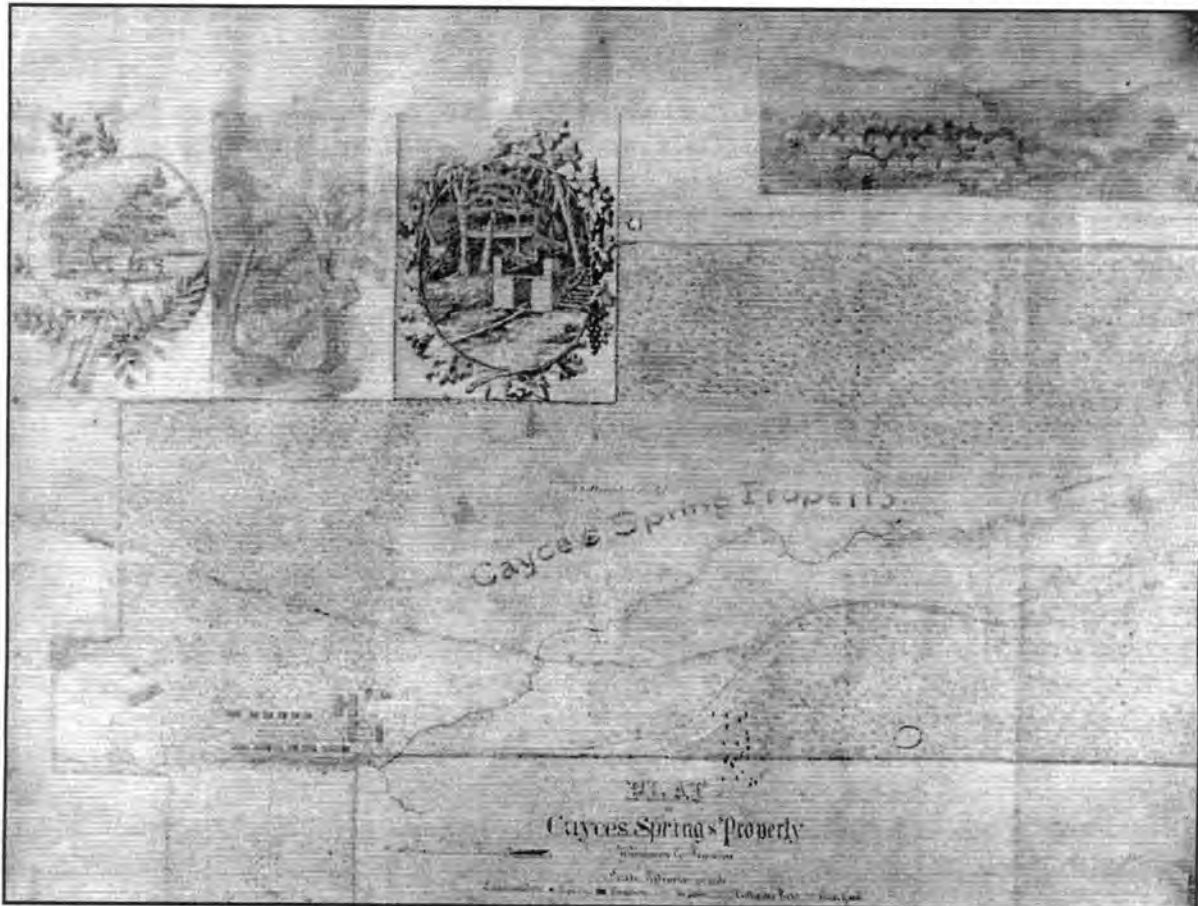
Katherine "Katie" Cannon Kinnard Brown circa 1886

disappointed me. You accuse me of learning to forget you. If you are really sincere in thinking me capable of such deception, I am afraid you are conscious, (from your seeming indifference) of having taught me the lesson. You will excuse my frankness - as I think "a noble anger at wrong makes all our softer feelings warmer, as a warmer climate adds strength to poisons, and spices."*

Omens of ill have been steating over my brightest moments, for some time. But while seated penning my thoughts to you, my pensive brow enlists the attention of my younger sister Kate; who hearing of you bids me banish care, as winter will soon be here. Katie has just returned from a visit to our married sister Mrs. Wade of Maury Co. During her visit to them, they were so unfortunate, as to have their large, and comfortable residence destroyed by fire. This is truly a very severe

stroke, after so much adverse fortune during the late war. I think it very probable my brother-in-law will now emigrate to the lone-star state. Cayce's Springs four miles distant from Fair View have become a very noted, and fashionable summer resort. They have many visitors from the surrounding states, and some enthusiasts predict their becoming the Saratoga of the South. A magnificent ball is given every two weeks, largely attended by the gay, and dancing, community. We have attended three sociable gatherings with-in the last week, one at Mr. Boxleys, Fair View, and a picnic at the springs. There was music, dancing, promenading, and such a quantity of nice refreshments. The old but fashionable game called Upon Honor, was played, and all exhibited a lively interest in the revelations, which in several instances, did not enlighten the participants, but rather

*The Ladies' Repository June 1866: A Monthly periodical devoted to Literature and Religion edited by Rev. I.W. Wiley.



Cayce's Springs Property

mystified them. On the hill side at the springs, there is said to be an enchanted spot, over which lovers were never known to pass, without experiencing the matrimonial influence. The day of the picnic several of our party acknowledged to have found it. I wish very much you could have been a member of our entertaining game, and so to have had the pleasure, and privilege, of questioning you upon honor. I was truly sorry to hear of your feeble health. I wonder what is the cause of your suffering from chills; If there is one who has your love, and truth held idly, forgive her; for perhaps she knows what she has done. "To err is human, to forgive divine".

About the first of Sept, my-self with a number of other ladies, and gentlemen, will visit the mammoth cave of Ky. It is believed that Miss Michie Wynn, and Capt Beech will marry soon. This is madame rumor's opinion. I know nothing as to the truth of the report.

As regards the weather there has been quite a long, dry spell. Crops are suffering for rain. Negroes through this section, have been surprisingly faithful, as regards work;

consequently crops are good. The family are well, and my health is so much improved, from what it has been the past three or four summers, I am happy to mention it, I hope your indisposition is of short duration, and although it may still be many, many months ere we meet, I trust we may yet understand, and know each-other, well. Please write soon to your

affectionate and devoted friend.

Della.

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee
undated

Lieut J.B. McKennon. My dearest friend.

The reception of your last letter, dated Aug 12th was on yesterday morning. It gave me satisfaction, and promised untold hapiness in the future. For the past few weeks, I have been troubled, deeply troubled, you have no doubt divined the reason why, from my last



Mammoth Cave Hotel and Stagecoach by Ferdinand Richardt circa 1857

letter; but if you have not, I will explain all when we meet. No doubt I have been too hasty, in forming some of my conclusions, and you will please forgive, and forget, the wrong I have committed, in the punishment I now suffer. Lieut I know you read my heart like a written scroll, and there see plainly that it was the selfish promptings, of a first, pure, and lasting love that caused me to grow weary, and sad at disappointment. But of this I will not speak again, and can forget since reading the sacred, and sincere promises made so recently by you. I pray that time may prove the superstructures, reared upon the base of your avowed partiality for Della Kinnard, most substantial indeed, as they now give promise, to last until we lay down our heads in the grave, where desire and knowledge cease.

We shall be most happy to see you at your earliest convenience, but should another contingency arise to prevent your coming, I shall despair of ever meeting you on earth. Yet I trust nothing else will ever again occur to perplex your intentions, nor disappointment enshroud our most cherished hopes.

Lieut I assure you I should never cease to regret my rather too protracted silence, on one or two past occasions, if I knew that to you it gave foundation for a moments unhappiness. Frankly, my motto, and desire hence-forward, will be to respond with the greatest possible promptness. The family are well, and return their warmest regards. I thank you very much for the beautiful, and consoling wish, expressed me in your last. God grant the fulfillment of a similar one on your behalf, by your

Ever sincere and devoted friend
Della.

Write very soon, fun, and long, long, letters.

Oakland, Colorado, Co., Texas

Wednesday, September 5th, 1866

Miss Della, My Dearest Friend,

Your long and anxiously expected letter, was received on yesterday. The disappointment you speak of could not have been more keenly felt, by any one one than my self. All of us are liable to be mistaken in our hopes and expectations. Let a man's judgement be ever so sound, he cannot foresee the many, and insurmountable obstacles that may arise, to prevent him from realizing his fondest dreams and hopes. I think I have mentioned before how great my disappointment was when I found it utterly impossible to visit you, as I fully and certainly anticipated doing. I thought you would not hastily and harshly judge me, but wait, and I would prove to you how sincere and devoted my love was. Heaven knows that if it had been in my power I would long since have been with you, for with you alone rests my hopes of happiness in this world.

The length of time you let my letter remain unanswered seemed very much like indifference on your part. I regret exceedingly that you even imagine I have done you a wrong and so most earnestly hope the time will soon roll round when I can convince you, beyond a doubt, that such a thought on your part was unkind and did injustice to one who intently loves you.

Thanks to 'quinine' the chills have bid me good bye, and my health is good as could be desired. No one has my love but yourself, and you know whether it is "lightly held" or not. I would have been most happy to have been presented and participated with you in the amusements, mentioned in your last letter, and would have willingly and gladly have been questioned Upon Honor, by a board of inquisitors. I believe my answers would prove satisfactory to you. I most heartily echo your wish that we may know and understand



Felicia D. Heman, English Poet

each well. If we do not it will be no fault of mine.

Is Capt. Beech in the vicinity of Spring Hill? I heard he was living in Missouri. I hope I will have the pleasure of meeting him there this coming winter; It would have been a great pleasure to me to have accompanied you in your visit to the Mammoth Cave. I have always had a desire to see it, and that desire would have been so pleasantly gratified if I had visited it in company with yours. Will you write me an account of your trip? If you kept a journal will you send it to me? I would be very glad to read it.

I have no interesting local news to communicate. The Citizens around here anticipate having one or two protracted meetings this month and perhaps a Camp meeting. But most of the people in this vicinity are such worshipers at the shrine of mammon that they

can find but little time to attend preaching. They all wish to grow rich and then get 'good'. If warmer weather is considered a blessing the Texians have enjoyed such blessing to the fullest extent; this summer having been remarkably warm. Crops throughout the state are very good. Have had plenty of rain during the whole year, Remember me to the family and accept much love for yourself. And write soon.

Yours devotedly & affectionately
JB. Mc.

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee
undated

Lieut J.B. McKennon. My dearest friend.

Yesterday on mother's return from Franklin, we anxiously inquired what mail to-day? She replied three packages for Della, and from a rapid glance of sister Annie's, she told me they were two papers, and a nice letter from your favorite. It was as usual perused with the interest they so richly merit.

They are not only fully appreciated by me, but sister Annie (who shares my griefs and joys) pronounced you a finished letter writer. I assure you I coincide with Mrs. Heman's, and sister and I often allude to the near approach of the happy day when I can transfer my confidence to the absent one.

We have never been blessed with a more beautiful fall. The yield of the cotton crop is much greater than was anticipated, and the farmers are encouraged to plant extensively next year. The freedmen are really troublesome, so many seeking homes, and anxious to hire for next year. Generally they are returning to their former owners for employment. My uncle, John Fleming has just arrived from his plantation on Red river, he tells me from there he met over a thousand families, going to Texas. Has your father returned from Miss? My health is entirely restored, and I am

blessed with a splendid appetite. The chills which were first yours descended to me, and now I have willed them to Capt Lyle, a refugee friend from Kty. He is a very proficient chess player, and this morning while he, and sister Annie were engaged in a closely contested game, I with several others, were fortune telling. The cards tell me I am to be an old maid, but I do not yet believe single-blessedness is my destiny.

The future presents a dark face indeed, contemplating it from the present critical conjuncture of affairs. True no good cause ever dies; but we fear the oppression of the Southern people is indefinitely delayed, and will continue during the will, and pleasure of those whose political platform is labeled hatred and revenge. The South fought and lost, but defeated causes when founded on truth and honor, are finally victorious in the flow of the ages. It is said the health of Jeff Davis, our once beloved president, is so far affected, he cannot live much longer free, or captive. It is heart-rending to think of his being detained so long, and ultimately to finish in prison. I am very sorry indeed to see accounts of the numerous depredations committed by the yankees and Indians of your state. We too have troubles but very few compared with the Southern sympathizers of the eastern portion of Tenn., the home of our Radical Governor Brownlow. He permits the most heinous crimes to be perpetuated regardless of punishment.

The marrying epidemic is again with us. I am to be bride's maid soon for a friend living in Spring Hill. The lovers have been engaged six, or seven years. I must confess such engagements are rather too protracted. Many of my school-mates have and continue to marry

gentlemen from a distance. Thus we see that the Rebellion (a curse in almost every other aspect) has I hope increased beyond conceptions, the life time happiness of many. I trust, and fondly hope (although the cards say differently) It will prove instrumental in casting the brightness of your lot over the shady spots of mine. May the happy moment of your return, and stay with us, be crowned with such pleasures and contentment to all, it may not seem possible, for fortune to bestow on us a greater favor.

I feel assured Lieut you will forgive me for writing such dry letters, as you will not much longer be under the necessity of reading them.

Tell me if you fancy my Rebel envelopes. I admire the name, but not the color very much. Write immediately, as your last was a long long time on the way.

The family join me in sending much love. Tell me in your next if you will spend Christmas with us. Good-bye for the present.

Yours truly and devotedly
Della R. Kinnard

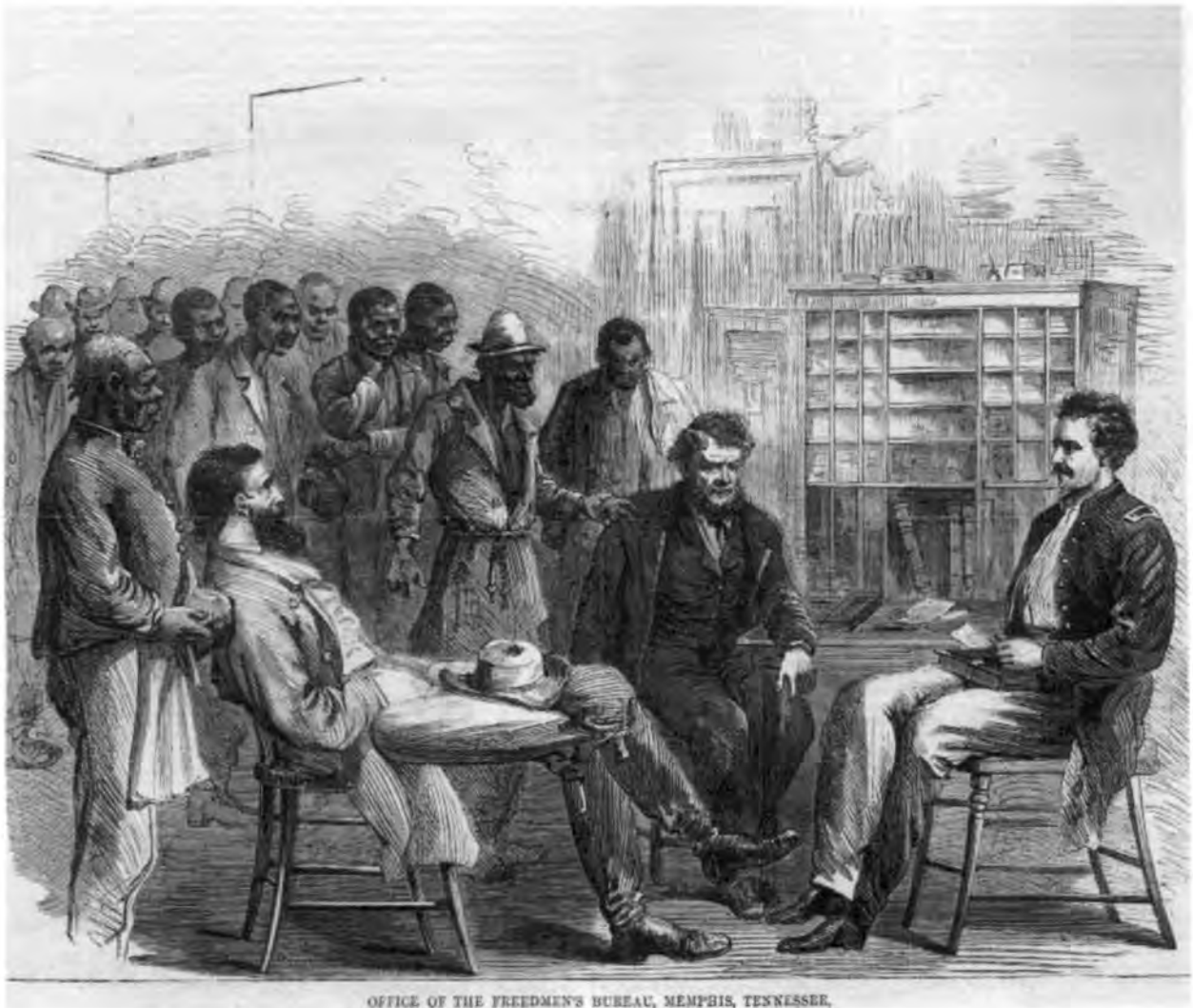
Oakland Texas, Colorado Co., Texas
Wednesday, September 19th, 1866

Miss Della, My Dearest Friend.

It commenced raining here about three weeks ago and has kept it up night and day until the present time, with few intermissions. The rise in the river and creeks has swept the bridges away, and prevented us from getting our mails regular. Your last favor was delayed an unusually long time. Texas once had the name of being a 'drougthy' state. This year will cause it to lose the name, for we have had



Gov. William G. Brownlow



OFFICE OF THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

an abundance of rain the whole year through, so much that it has proved more injurious to the crops than the drought generally did. As the planters could do nothing with their Crops during so much rain, They prevailed on the Preachers to Convenience a protracted meeting, agreeing to attend, despite the rain. The meeting Commenced and lasted for a few days only. The 'mighty efforts' of the ministers to get up a revival faded, and after getting well drenched several times and finding themselves growing hoarse, They concluded to discontinue the preaching until the weather become more favorable.

The town of Brenham, County seat of Washington Co. (adjoining this County) was burned a few days ago by the Yankees. The

citizens of this place and the troops stationed there had a skirmish previous to the burning very near all of the town was destroyed. As soon as the fire had got under way the Yankees withdrew and fortified themselves. The Citizens say they are determined to capture and hang every one of them. There is one hundred Federals stationed there. Brenham, has a population of fifteen or sixteen hundred. In this county we have no Yankees, except the "Freedmen's Bureau," and that is too many. Great will be the rejoicing when the troops, Bureau and all are ordered back to their Northern and foreign homes. The 'Freedmens Bureau' has been a curse (instead of a blessing) to the negroes in this state. Where there has been no Bureau as such, both white and

blacks have have done very well, but every where the agents have gone, they have caused contentions, difficulties and troubles. The south fought and 'lost' and now she has to quietly submit to the 'Land rule' of the Northern Radicals. We live with a hope that their "hold of power" will cease this fall, and that a more liberal Congress will succeed the present negro worshipping one, and that the southern states, will again be allowed representation in Congress.

The abundant rain during the summer, has caused our country (Texas) to assume a spring like appearance. The foliage of the trees is green as in April. The grass continues to grow luxuriantly, and the prairies are still covered with flowers of every imaginable hue and color. Garden vegetables are as plentiful as in May. Since the mails have become so irregular we scarcely know what is going on in the world. The last papers we had contained long accounts of the "Atlantic Telegraph", The "Philadelphia Convention," "Close of the European War", arrival of the "Empress Car-

lotta in France". Since reading of all the above 'Events' we have been in 'blissful ignorance' of what the world at large was doing, saying and thinking. Not even summing what 'news' we will be astounded with when the papers make their appearance. The people east of the Miss, are never kept in suspense about the news of the day, but we of the "Trans Miss Department" don't hear of excitements going on in the balance of the "world" until they have grown old and stale everywhere else. So much for living in a backwoods Country. However we console ourselves by 'thinking' we will one day become more civilized, and have telegraphs, and rail roads of our own, and then we will have Daily papers and "sensational reports, about frightful Rail road accidents, and "Steam Boat explosions" all our own.

How shall I thank you for that last 'sweet little letter of yours, brevity was the only fault it had. The contents were very gratifying to me, except the portion where you told me you had been in "trouble". The thought of causing

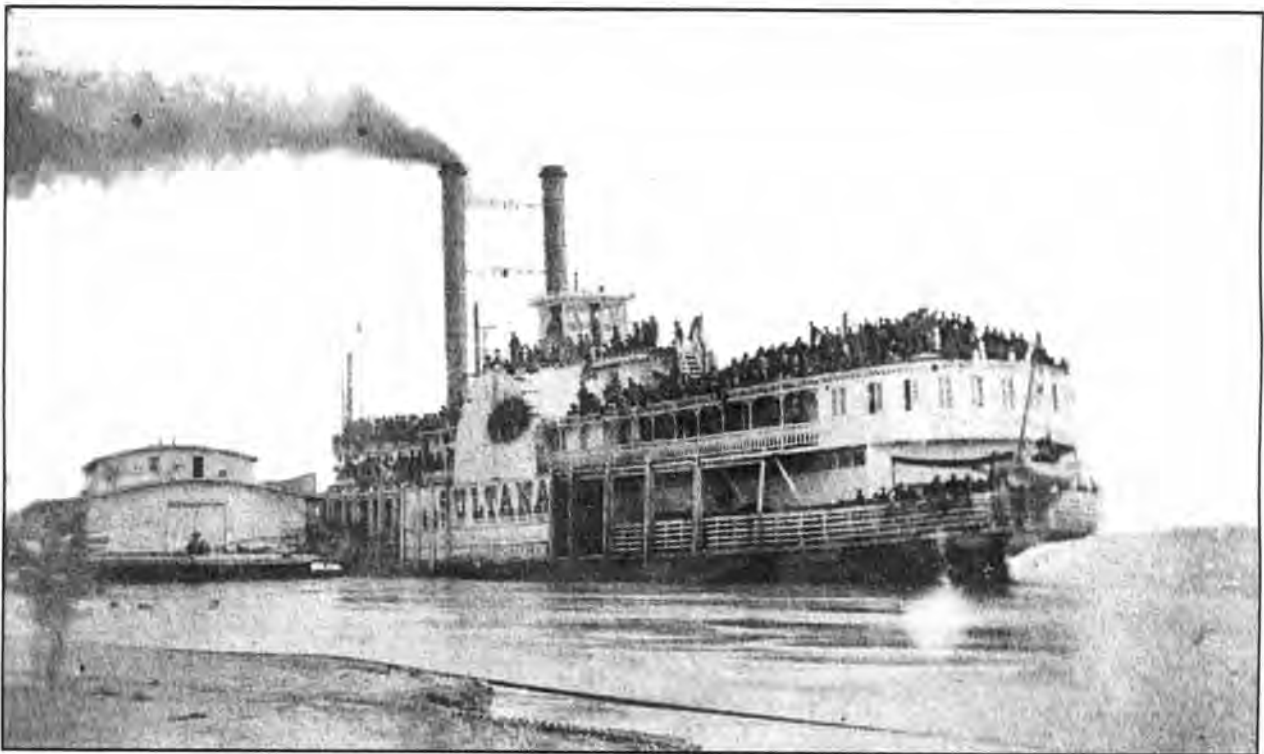


Photo of the Sultana, April 26, 1865 Helena, Arkansas. Taken the day before it exploded killing 1,800 passengers.

you sadness was very unpleasant. In the future I will use all my exertions to give you happiness and pleasure. The knowledge of having given you (who I love so well) unhappiness makes me angry with my self. I hope in the future there will never be anything between us that can or will a "sorrow give". Did you have a gay and pleasant time, during your journey to the Mammoth Cave? Don't fail to write such a long account of it, for anything from you proves interesting to me.

This letter is hastily written, and contains nothing of much interest, for I have no entertaining things to write about. But is needless for me to tell you that, as you have doubtless made the discovery long ago; my regards to the family, and may love and best wishes for yourself,

Yours devotedly
JB Mc

visit to Texana in Jackson County. I spent a week there very agreeably with some of my army friends. Of course we fought our battles over "again and again," discussed the "merits and demerits" of the plans of each campaign we participated in, always coming to the "sage conclusion" if things had of been managed differently, a "southern Confederacy" would undoubtedly have been established.

I enjoyed my visit very much indeed. Persons who associated together in the army for four years, naturally feel an attachment for each other, and derive much pleasure from talking over the various incidents that transpired during that time. I agree with you in thinking the future of the south appears dark and gloomy. Our Legislature, now in session has rejected the Constitutional amendment. The people were glad of it. I think it but right to reject all the Radicals propose by way of amendment to the Constitution in future; for

the reason, we are never satisfied that, there is no use trying to please them. The south has been trying to get into the good graces of the Northern people for something over a year. But their dissatisfaction has been on the increase all the while we can do nothing to satisfy them.

I think the people of the South had better as far as circumstances will permit endeavors to please themselves, since it is folly to reason with finaticism, and there seems no end to the Puritanical and tyrannical demands for further precedent to reconciliation between the two sections. We can do

nothing but assume a dignified passive resistance. The Southern people support the Johnson party not because they love their principles, but because that party opposes "a party" whose principles are hate. These are the only terms upon which I would ever agree to vote with the Johnson party. Even if we agree to everything the Yankees propose, They will not remove the Freedmans Bureau, or the



Oakland, Colorado, Co., Texas
Wednesday, November 14th, 1866

Miss Della, My Dearest Friend.

Kind fortune favored me to day with your dear letter of October 29th. It remained in the office here several days before I had the gratification of reading it, as I was absent on a

troops stationed in our midst. The oppression of the North is hard to bear, but it may be wiser for us to endure all which now so heavily presses upon us, than risk the experiment of New homes in distant lands, among strangers, who speak an unknown language, and whose habits of thought and action are so different from our own. The Emigrants that went to Brazil and Mexico, from all accounts are anxious to return to their old houses and friends.



President Andrew Johnson

Miss Della, you must really forgive me for writing so much about politics. I was aware that ladies generally dislike the subject. I did not intend to say half as much as I have, however if you will pardon me this time I will promise not to weary you with anything of the kind, to any extent again.

Although I am quite anxious to spend Christmas with you at Fair View, am fearful I will not be there before the 1st January. I think perhaps I will leave here by the 20th of December. If I do you may rest assured I shall not linger on the way, and may be there during the "Christmas holidays". But I do not wish to disappoint you and therefore will tell you not to expect me before the 1st of January, and then I hope our happiness will be Complete. You must not believe any such "fortunes" as the cards tell you. We will soon laugh at all such interpretations of your destiny. Before the month of January has passed if you are willing we will prove the cards false, beyond the possibility of a doubt.

We too have been favored with delightful weather this fall. The month of Oct. we had the loveliest days I ever experienced. The "old Texicans" called it "soft hazy Indian Summer". We have only had one Norther this

fall, and that was not at all severe. This week we have been having some rain, making it very disagreeable to travelers, the roads being sloppy & muddy. The cotton crop did not "turn out" (that's a farmer phrase) as well as was anticipated. The catapillar made its appearance earlier than usual and 'Nipped the hopes' of the farmers in the "bud". Many farmers here express their determination to abandon the cultivation of the "fleecy staple" in future and turn

their attention to grain, and stock raising. We hear of many families moving to Texas this fall. They will find plenty [of] land here and as the corn crop was very good indeed they will find no difficulty in getting bread. Beef you know is always plentiful in this state.

My Father will be at home by the last of this month, finding from his letters, the changes in Mississippi, was much greater than he expected. The land in North Miss is worn out (except the valley's) and nearly all of the fencing burnt. He prefers Texas now.

Did you get my letter of Sept 20th? I received none from you in exchange for it. By yesterdays mail I sent you a Texas newspaper. There was nothing of much interest in it, but thought perhaps you would like to see a paper from this state. Write soon and much. My love to the family & accept the largest portion for yourself.

Affectionately yours
JB McKennon

P.S. I like the 'Rebel envelope' very much, anything to be different from our Northern brethren;



Rebel themed envelope post marked Memphis, TN

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee
Saturday, December 1st, 1866

Lieut McKennon. My dearest friend.

The pleasure of responding to another of your most beautiful, and dear letters (of the 14th Nov) is again mine. Thank you for the Texas paper, which was perused with much interest. Night before last I attended a Reception party in Franklin. It was a brilliant affair, complimentary to Mr. Ewing* and lady, who were married that evening at 7 o'clock. The ceremony was performed at church, each had eight attendants. The supper was very costly, rare and magnificent. The form of the sweetmeat table was arranged in the center of which was a very large white candied pyramid, purchased in Louisville, Ky. It was very ornamental, and represented very perfectly the Egyptian Pyramids, so beautifully described in Moore's Epicurian. - I have not enjoyed a party so much in a long time. It was quite a cold evening but my gallant Mr. Degraffenried drove a spirited fleet-horse, and we were but a few minutes going in.

There is to be two elegant wedding celebrations in this neighborhood, the 17th and 20th of this month. I think I shall attend both, but Lieut where ere I am, still so gently, o'er

me steals the memory of your dark hazel eyes, whose brightness flashes under-neath those silken lashes. I shall anxiously expect you the 1st January, and as you will start about the 25th I will not write again, but will be happy to hear from, and see you; therefore please answer this my last attempt at letter-writing,

if you think it can reach me ere your arrival. Ere the close of the month of January, Providence willing, I trust our engagement will be happily commenced, and we reach the zenith of earthly happiness.

May every blessing of kind Heaven attend your coming steps, toward that expectant one, who hopes soon to accept you, as the Guide Star of her existence. Now Lieut an affectionate good-bye until we meet, and if you write again, write me a love letter. The family are well, and return this love.

She who sends first, and lasting love is -
 Della.

Fair View, Williamson Co., Tennessee
Saturday, February 9th, 1867

Capt J.B. McKennon. My dearest friend.

I was in Franklin yesterday, and was happy to receive a paper from you. Hope soon to get a letter with cheering news from your-self and sister. We are having a considerable snow-storm to-day. This morning Mr. Alderson feeling disposed to brave the storm, went to town; but there being no letter for me, my anxiety to hear from you all, has been greatly increased. Mother and I passed the time very pleasantly in Nashville, but did not

*William R. Ewing and Johnana C. Brown married November 29, 1866

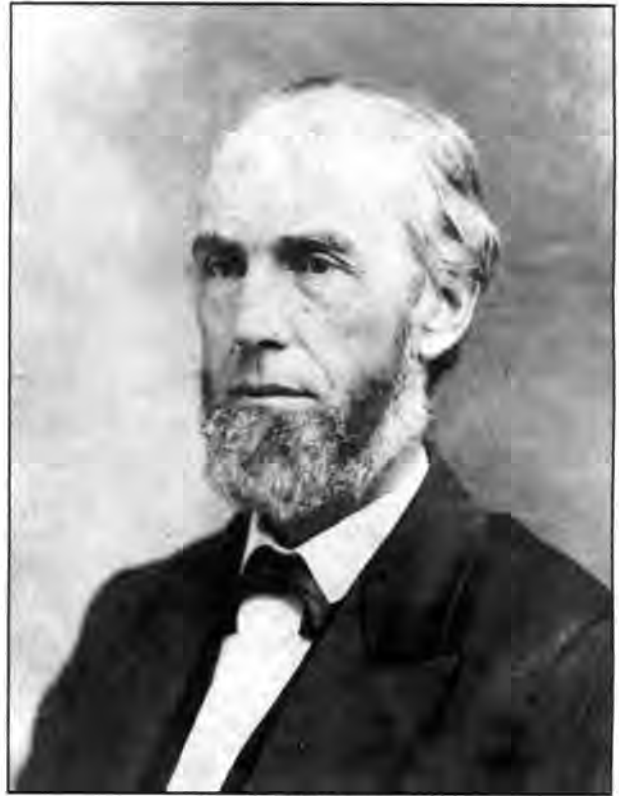
meet uncle and aunt during the day. We staid at the Commercial Hotel with quite a number of friends. One of my friends presented me with five beautiful songs, which I am learning to sing for you. I received three valuable presents to-day. Sam having been absent several days (and the dearest-one of all the earth to me absent) has caused me to feel very lonely indeed. You will return in a few days. Will you not? I trust you found Mrs Wooten recovering, and the remainder of the family well. I was thankful to know you arrived safely in Holly Springs, and will rejoice when you return again to Fair View, enjoying the best of health and spirits. The family are well, and express many wishes for your speedy and happy return. Excuse this short, and uninteresting letter. I have dreamed of you several times since our separation, and if I am so fortunate as to hear from you by the next mail, I will dream sweet-dreams of thee to-night. Write soon. Good-bye for the present.

From your devoted, Della

Fair View, Williamson County, Tennessee
February, no day given

Capt J.B. McKennon. My dearest friend.

Your very dear, sad letter of the 7th instant reached me on yesterday eve. Many are my tears of sorrow, and sympathy for you, and your bereaved family. What a pleasure, and consolation it would have been to all, if you could have been with your noble, and beloved sister, during her last moments on earth. To have heard from her pure soul, her dying messages; and precious words of advice; to have bathed her fevered brow, and breathed into her ear, the love that a good brother knows. I had pictured some of our brightest pleasures, were to be realized, while in the society of Mrs. Wooten's family. Of what untold value she would have been to me, in all respects, and it would have been my pride,



Rev. Fred A. Thompson

to have won her respect, confidence, and love. How blest I would have felt, if she had been spared but a short while longer; that I might with you, have felt her heavenly influence, and known her lovely disposition. I love sweet little children, and I shall ever assist in trying to lead those dear little ones, to their mother's celestial home. I want to be with you more, and more every day, and if in my power, comfort, and console you.

We too, but a few short years ago, lost a devoted parent, and a mild and gentle sister. Orlie's death was my first, and greatest trouble, preparing us no doubt for the loss of our fond father. In all things, the hand of Providence is felt, and seen by us at some time. Let us strive to wear the smile of resignation under all afflictions. There is but one important thing, now left for us to accomplish here, where all is vanity, and vexation of spirit. That is to prepare to join those dear friends, who have gone to that better and happy land above. On the 20th I will be ready, thankful and happy to become and make you (I pray and trust) a

faithful companion. Kiss your sister, Maggie and the little ones for me. Accept of boundless love from your devoted, and affectionate

Della

Cousin Fred Thompson, who will marry us, spent night before last with us. He is so anxious to see you, and I am sure you would be pleased with him. Much love and sympathy from the family. May God permit us to meet again soon. Excuse writing, for my pen is contrary.

Woodvale Mississippi

Wednesday, August 16th 1871

Dear Precious Wife

I thank you most heartily for your dear pleasant letters, can scarcely tell you how delighted I was to receive and read the same. You expressed a hope that I would write from the Junction[?]. I am so glad I did. Suppose you got my letter of the 11th, on Saturday. Darling I wrote that letter about 10 o'clock and expect you wrote yours of the same date about the same hour. It is a sweet and pleasant thought to think that though separated our thoughts were on each other at the same hour. You are seldom out of my mind. My thoughts by day and by night are constantly and lovingly with my darling wife. The purest, fairest noblest and best loved of wives. Tell my dear children I see them often in imagination and long to throw my arms around them and imprint kiss after kiss upon their sweet innocent lips. Tell Genie he must be a little man and take good care of dear Mama during Papa's absence. Tell little Daughter to be sure and save a nice apple for her papa so he will be convinced that she has not forgotten she is Papa's pretty girl. I can imagine I see her run looking so earnestly at me, and saying so sweetly My Papa's pretty girl. Kiss the dear innocents again and again from their absent

Papa. Maggie, I am fearful is growing worse and unless a speedy change for the better takes place cannot live but a few days longer. Her sufferings are intense and she only bears them by taking Choral[?] all the time. Rev William Craig, William Walker & _____ will be here on Thursday or Friday to take the sacrament with her. As long as she is in such a critical situation it seems that I should not leave her. Therefore cannot tell you exactly when I will be with you. If she continues the same until Monday I will start then _____, and be with you (the lord willing) on Tuesday. I don't see how it is possible for her to live but a few days longer. She bears her sufferings with pure Christian fortitude, seldom complaining at any thing, frequently speaking of the many kindnesses she receives from her friends & neighbors. Sends much love and _____ to you and the Children, also her love to Mrs. Kinnard & family

Remember me to the friends you visit, my love to your Mother and family. Did you see Mrs Harris? Hope she comes home with you. How do you like her! Well precious darling I must close. Walter is ready to start, and I will hurriedly finish. Dear one I miss you so sadly. Your sweet face is constantly before me, and it seems in imagination I can hear the loved tones of _____ voice calling me by some endearing name all the while. Good-bye my own precious wife. I feel that your pure prayers will shield me from all danger. Accept love, boundless love and Millions of kisses.

Your devoted husband
J B Mc

THE CIVIL WAR JOURNAL OF LT. JOHN BERKELEY MCKENNON

Transcribed by Great Grandson Berkeley McKennon, April 1997

John B. McKennon served with Ross's Brigade. This Texas Cavalry unit was named for one of its most famous commanders, Lawrence Sullivan Ross. There were those who described the men who fought in this unit as, "rollicking, rascally, and Brave".



Winfield S. Featherston



Patrick R. Cleburne



Alexander P. Stewart

June 28th 1864

This was a day of some importance. The enemy made a move on left demonstrating along the entire length of our lines, they succeeded in driving the pickets of Scott's Brigade for a short time, they tried those of Featherston's but was not able to do more than drive our pickets back to their skirmish line. The notorious old 3rd _____ was on picket in front of Featherstons lines. They ever lastingly suffered Feds so warmly that they were compelled to fall back. They went so far with _____ as to make a heavy _____ in the _____ Genl Cleburne's & Stewart's _____ but were repulsed with heavy losses- The skirmishing has been very light today so far,

Chattahoochee River July 14th 1864

"Hell is broke loose in Georgia," and has been ever since May 1st 1864 and how long it



Journal sketches by John B. McKennon

will continue I don't know. We have the river between us and the Vandal, Infernal, Unprincipled and eternally to be hated Yankees. And I hope that a wide expanse of river may ever be this barrier between us and them - we are now in 7 miles of Atlanta - I cannot write more at present - I will close and wait for further development of affairs - now that I am some 4 miles on rear of the line of battle I feel awfully mad at entire Yankeedom.

Near Atlanta, Georgia July 21st 1864

Nothing of any consequence more than what daily occurs in skirmishing, moving and falling back, since last writing has occurred. Till yesterday, we were move to the front and made a charge on the enemy. We carried the first line of the enemy's works, but afterwards fell back, our Col. (Mellan), was wounded in head, the loss of our Regt. was some 85 or 90 men and officers - in killed and wounded, the

following is a list of the killed and wounded of Co. "D" Viz:

Lt. J.P. Gressit - *Killed*
 Sergt. E.S. Edwards - *wounded in thigh*
 R.O. Harris - *wounded in thigh*
 H.W. Clearman - *wounded in head*
 R.L. Giles - *wounded in arm*
 S.J. Cooksey - *wounded in arm*

G.F. Reynolds was wounded in the right leg and fell in the enemy's hands -

Atlanta, Georgia July 23rd 1864

We have at last taken position in the fortifications of the City of Atlanta - the vandal foe pressed up immediately on our front. Lt Genl Hardee engaged the enemy on the extreme right yesterday evening for 3 or 4 hours, with a cheering result, in the capture of some four thousand prisoners and thirty pieces of artillery. The skirmish line in front of Genl Featherston's Brigade marched a charge on the Yankee skirmishers driving them back and held them in that position until ordered to resume their original position - All things seem to work pretty well under the supervision of Lt General Hood at present but what the ultimate result will be I think a short time will develop - It appears as though he (Hood) intends to make a final stand here fearless of Consequences.



William J. Hardee



John B. Hood

Atlanta, Georgia July 29th 1864

Yesterday was another day of slaughter - Our troops charged the enemy's works repeatedly, effected nothing, but lost a great many men - Gen's Stewart and

Loring were both wounded but not severely - our division was not engaged but supported those who were. We did the charging, we consequently lost no ground and in fact gained none - This occurred on the left - We are extending our lines far to the left - it is some 3 miles from here to Atlanta.... So the devoted City is still in our possession.

Atlanta, Georgia - August 5th 1864

No general engagement as yet - daily skirmishing. No changes in position. We still obstinately hold Atlanta. What the result will ultimately be it is impossible to tell. John Parkhill was again wounded on the 26th of July but his wound was slight, thro' the flesh on the inside of his left knee - F.J. Reynolds died on the 1st day of July of the wound he received on the 31st of May -

Atlanta, Georgia - August 21st 1864

We will hold Atlanta and are likely to hold it as long as we have any men to hold it - nothing stronger than usual has occurred since the last writing more than this - the Yankees have again cut the rail-road in our rear. (to what extent I am uninformed) and it is reported currently that Gen Wheeler is operating successfully in the enemy's rear in cutting off their communication - On the 19th inst. Lt Reynolds was slightly struck on the right leg with a small ball from an exploded shell - Sergt. Maj. Coakley was slightly glanced on



Journal sketches by John B. McKennon

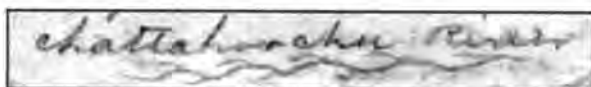


Joseph Wheeler

the back with a piece of a shell, wound very slight.....

**Lovejoy Station,
Georgia
September 6th 1864**

On the morning of the 2nd inst the last of our troops left Atlanta. So Atlanta is now in the hands of the enemy - long and weary some has been this campaign, and now is it ended? That is quite questionable. The Yankees left our front here at this point last night - I suppose a few days will develop their movement - The enemy at last got Atlanta but they lost thousands of men & "paid dearly for their whistle"



**Near Chattahoochee River, Georgia
25 miles west of Atlanta
Sept 6th 1864**

Here we have been for some days we left Lovejoy on the 19th inst. Came thru Palmetto[?] station on the 20th and on the 21st came out here some 6 or 7 miles from the R.R. - We have not come in contact with the enemy since they left our front at Lovejoy Some times we are on the march some time in line of battle some times in the trenches and some times in Bivouac. What will be the next move I can't predict.

**New Hope, Georgia - three miles west
Oct 7th 1864**

We crossed the Chattahoochee at Cross Anchor Sept 29th - and on the 30th we went to Brownsville, there we drew rations and

started on the raid Oct 1st we moved on slowly, and on the evening of the third inst. our, (Featherston's), Brigade formed in line of battle about ¼ of a mile from Big Shanty station and charged it, we taken the place killed & captured some 40 or 50 Yankees, a wagon and some other things. We lost 13 killed and wounded in our Brigade. The loss in the 3rd Regt was two slightly, none of Company "D" hurt. We then moved up near Acworth that night, and Canty's Brigade went to tearing up Rail Road - on the morning of the 4th Scotts Brigade formed in position & Acworth surrendered unconditionally. Our Regt. went to destroying the Rail Road early on the morning of the 4th We started back to Lost Mountain same evening & camped near it on the night of the 5th - on the 5th French's Division attacked a strongly fortified Garrison of some 25 hundred men at Alatoona and was repulsed with pretty heavy loss. Stewarts Corps was all that was on the rade - The whole Corps camped here last night _____ and all ready this morning to move on - where to I have not



the remotest idea. We have been having heavy rains for the last week but this is a fine clear morning - On the 1st 4 of "D" absconded and on the 2nd 3 more. *Verbum Sat*

P.S. W J. Reynolds with several others were taken prisoner at Altoona then more members of 37th Miss. Reg

**Summerville, Georgia
October 16th 1864**

Time flies swiftly by and still the war is raged hotly - Oh when will this effusion of blood be terminated. Well after the last writing near



Big Shanty Station

New Hope church we started on again, we came out thro' Van Wert and Cedar Towns and struck the dirt road leading from Blue Mountain to Rome about 7 miles from the latter, we then proceeded south for a few miles and then turned to the right and crossed the Coosa River, we then turned in the direction of Resaca Ga.

We struck the Rail Road about 2 miles above Resaca on the night of the 12th inst. just five months from the time we arrived there before, we tore up the full length of our command of R.R. that night after marching more than 20 miles same day French's Division struck the R.R. further out and 36th and 35 Inf. Rgts attacked a Garrison of the enemy near Tilton and killed and wounded some 8 or 10 and captured about 90 with some stores. They again next day taken another batch in a black house above Tilton with more stores and a Rgt. of Yankees - We still destroying the R.R. Lee demanded the surrender of Resaca they refused, and he concluded the place would not compensate for the loss he would

incur by storming the position and did not take it - Some of Cheatham's Corps taken Dalton on the 13th inst. with some 200 Yankees and 5 or 6 hundred negroes in arms - We have succeeded in destroying the R.R. from Resaca to Tunnell Hill besides what we done below Resaca.....

We left the R.R. at Dalton day before yesterday morning crossed two chains of mountains and are here in Bivouac at Summerville about 40 miles from Dalton near the Alabama state line. We have captured some 2000 prisoners.



On the Road Oct. 18th

We did not travel more than five miles yesterday and but a short dist the day before. We

Journal sketches by John B. McKennon

are going it pretty brash this morning, still going south. Our troops are sadly in need of shoes and clothing and all worn out.....



Allatoona Pass looking North

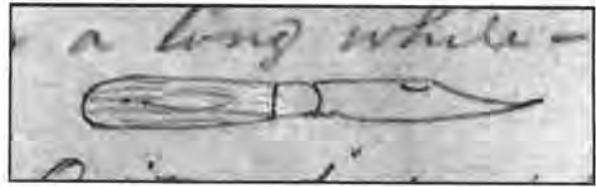
Near Galesville [Gaylesville] Alabama October 19th 1864

We have at last left the State of Georgia we crossed the state line yesterday. We are now in Cherokee County Ala - We do not know our destination but it may be Blue Mountain - We have been in quite a Mountainous Country now for a long while -

P.S. Quite a disgraceful order was tried to be put into effect night before last to-wit make mockinsons of green beef hide for the bare-foot men to ware they might have been well shod with good shoes long since. But the mockinsons order would not take.

Decatur Alabama, October 28th 1864

We are now in what was once the fair valley of north Ala - Here the horrors of war has shown its self - Those wide and level, Those beautiful and fertile plains, where once could be seen the beautiful undulations of golden grain - now grow weeds and grass - and still the effusion of blood goes on. Day before yesterday we marched from Summerville to



this place 16 miles through rain and mud - crossed the Flint River on a pontoon bridge. We have been confronting Decatur since night before last.

Skirmishing has been going on all the while - there seems to be a pretty heavy force of Yankees here with gun boats lying in the river near by; there has been some shelling from the gun boats - whether we will storm the enemy works here or not I am not able to say at the present. We have a beautiful and pleasant sun shine morning this - we had beef issued to us this morning without bread - one month to day since we crossed the Chattahoochee River -

Tuscumbia, Alabama Oct 31st 1864

We remained in front of Decatur, (despite the shells that rained from Gun Boats and Minie Balls from sharp shooting Rifles), till early on the morning of the 29th inst. when we drew off passed round the town and stuck out for this place - our loss was considerable at Decatur notwithstanding we made no attempt to charge the place - We have travailed thro' a rich and productive country since leaving Decatur, but it displays the track of Civil War for those wide and fertile fields are desolate - We arrived here to-day & are resting, will remain to-night, probably longer



Benjamin F. Cheatham

**Near Tennessee River 3 miles north of
Tuscumbia, Alabama
Nov 15th 1864**

Yesterday morning we moved from a camp out S.E. of Tuscumbia and came down here near the river. We have been here in the vicinity of Tuscumbia since Oct. 31st - Stewarts entire Corps is here and yesterday evening commenced fortifying the river where our Pontoon bridges are thrown across - Genl Lee and Cheathams Corps are beyond the Tennessee River. The prevailing opinion is that Stewarts Corps will remain here while the other two goes on into Tennessee and return again. But we really know nothing positive about it - our rations are still short.

**Near Columbia, Tennessee
Nov 27th 1864**

On the 20th inst. we crossed the Tennessee River and came up thro Wayne County, which we found to be flooded with Tories[?]. They fired into our men frequently, when they straggled off from the road. On the morning of the 25th we struck the Pike Road and camped near Henryville same night, on the night of the 26th we camped near Mount Pleasant Tenn. where we were received with great enthusiasm by the ladies. We are close to the enemy what will now be done I do not know - probably [more below, not visible].

**Columbia, Tennessee
Nov 28th 1864**

Early last night the enemy evacuated Columbia, and Company "D" with two other Companies of the "third" were on picket. They all went into town immediately after the Yanks went out - They captured a little of most every thing they were in need of. How much more pleasant than have to fight for them - This is a very fertile country here - The citizens appeared very much gratified at our ap-

pearance. The boys all in fine spirits at present but I guess hard times are closing around.....



Ross's Brigade

John B. McKennon enlisted as a private in the 27th Regiment, Texas Cavalry (Whitfield's Legion) in January of 1862, was elected 2nd lieutenant on June 27th that same year and 1st lieutenant on September 5, 1863. This unit was commanded by John W. Whitfield until December 1863 when command passed to Lawrence "Sul" Ross. Whitfield's Legion first saw action at the Battles of Pea Ridge and Elkhorn Tavern in 1862. They participated in the Battle of Corinth and raided the Federal supply depot at Holly Springs. In 1863 they fought Union forces at Thompson's Station, TN. During the Atlanta campaign of 1864 they spent 112 days under fire. After Confederate forces were defeated in Atlanta, Ross's Brigade as they were now known, joined with John Bell Hood's march into Tennessee. "Throughout the disastrous campaigns of November and December 1864, they served as vanguards and rear guards, raided Union supply trains, and battled federal cavalry." During the retreat of Hood's forces from Nashville they served to protect withdrawing Confederate troops from the rear. With the conclusion of the war McKennon was paroled on June 10, 1865. Citation: Judith Ann Benner, Texas State Historical Association.

ADVENTURE TO MEXICO AND THE CONFEDERATE SETTLEMENT OF CARLOTA DIARY OF JOHN BERKELEY MCKENNON

While reading an article in the "Galveston News" John B. McKennon was enticed by accounts of Carlota, a new colony in Mexico established by ex-Confederates at the invitation of Emperor Ferdinand Maximilian. The New Virginia Colony was the idea of Matthew Fontaine Maury who had befriended Maximilian during Maury's service as Superintendent of the U.S. Naval Observatory. Upon learning Maximilian desired immigrants from Europe to settle in Mexico, Maury conceived of a plan where ex-Confederates, displaced by the Civil War, might find a new home outside the Union. John B. McKennon entertaining the thought of immigration, along with three friends, take a trip in 1866 to see for themselves if the stories were true. The following is an account of their adventure.

March 11, 1866

This morning our party (Mexico Bound) all being together - then secured seats in the cars - and waited impatiently for the bell to ring the signal for departure. While sitting in the cars, we noticed an exciting little scene in front of the "Alleyton Hotel". Drew, one of the proprietors and a lady had a dispute about some baggage. The ____ ended in Drew's getting his face slapped. He didn't seem to enjoy the imprint of the delicate feminine fingers on his face. Poor fellow he looked like he would rather have been some where else.

Question why am I going to Cordova? Because as the Galveston News says

*"I've heard them tell of a sky more blue
and a sun more warm than this,
And I have sometimes thought
if thy tale were true,
To dwell in that clime were bliss."*

I suppose some such a feeling as described by the poet in the above lines ring in me to visit this New "Eldorado." For really just at this time I have very little idea of locating in

**NO, NE'ER
CAN THY HOME
BE MINE.**

I have told thee how sweet the roses are
In my home beyond the sea,—
There the dark eyed maid with her sweet guitar,
Sits under the orange tree,
Then fly, oh, fly from this isle of storm,
Where all that is fair must pine,
To a sky more blue and a sun more warm :
Henceforth let my home be thine.

"I have heard thee tell of a sky more blue,
And a sun more warm than this ;
And I've sometimes thought, if thy tale be true,
To dwell in that clime were bliss ;
But, oh, when I gaze on my tranquil cot,
Where the clematis boughs entwine,
The land of the stranger tempts me not,—
No, ne'er can thy home be mine.

I will sing to thee, if with me thou'lt rove,
The songs of the olden time ;
Thou wilt never compare with my ardent love,
The love of this colder clime ;
Thou wilt scorn the fruits of thy mountain home,
Beholding the purple vine.
Then come to the land of my birth, oh come,—
Henceforth let my home be thine.

"Alas, 'tis plain that my mountain home
Must ever be scorned by thee ;
And may I not fear that a time will come,
When thou wilt have scorn for me ;
And oh, there is one who loves me here,
Whose voice, if less sweet than thine,
To my simple taste is far more dear,—
No, ne'er can thy home be mine."

*Printed and Sold Wholesale at Harris' Printing Office,
S. E. cor. of Fourth & Vine Sts., Phila.*

974

Poem by Thomas Haynes Bayly

Maximilian's Dominion - But I must confess that the pleasure of being away from Yankees and Freedmen - would be great - And is enough to tempt a rebel to live anywhere they are not there. I will know more about when I return;

March 15, 1866

Spent three days in Galveston. Stopped at the Palmetto House, would not advise any body else to put up there. Left there at 1 o'clock and went on board of the "Oliver". She left



Lord Byron by William E. West

her anchorage at 2 o'clock, and this evening we have now fairly commenced our journey "O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea". All well and at sea except Mr. Paine, who is sea sick....

March 17, 1866

Our good ship continues to "walk the waters like a thing of life." And we are now a goodly distance from the Island City. No sunshine since we left Galveston. Norther continues storming - sea rather rough; very cloudy, DeGrf* lost his hat to day in Lat 25° 54", Long 96°, 44". How sad he look, as he stood and gazed on at his hat as the waves carried it from him for ever. Not that he had any particular affection for it, but the thought of the money it cost. Mr. P‡ remains quite unwell and I believe almost wishes himself back with the 'loved ones at home'. Nothing to be seen except somewhat sea sick yesterday, but half an hours promenade on the deck & the benefit of the strong fresh breeze soon effected a cure.

* DeG - probably DeGraffenreid, ‡ Mr. P - Paine

March 19, 1866

This is a bright and brilliant a day as one could wish for; the sun shines gloriously. Unfortunately for us the head winds set in to day, and we are at a stand still in Lat 21°, 8" Long 95°, 44". All well,

March 20, 1866

Pleasant wind spring up last night and ceased this morning, becalmed again Lat 20°, 32" Long 95°, 11". We can see the shadowy outline of a range of mountains on the Mexican Coast - don't know the names of the mountains.

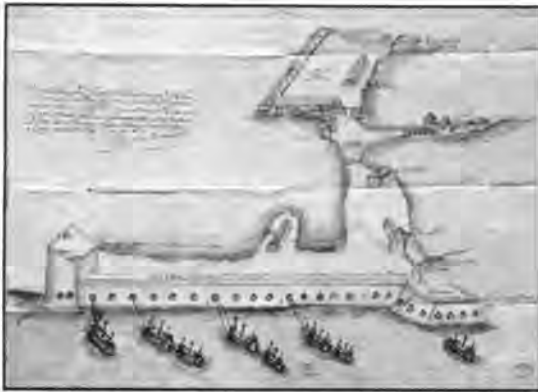
March 22, 1866

Yesterday we saw the mast of a ship that had sunk. The waves were so high, that the Capt. of our vessel would not send out a boat to ascertain what her name was. Last night about 12 o'clock we passed a large man of war, either French or American. The weather is decidedly pleasant to day. 9 o'clock this morning we saw some kind of a boat floating on the 'gulf, the Capt. had a small boat lowered and manned to haul it in. The steward of the 'Oliver' said it was nothing but a canoe, DeGrf said it was not. Consequentially they bet \$250 on their respective judgements, DeGrf lost and learned that he was unsuccessful.



French Man-Of-War, Harper's Weekly 1862

ful in betting on water. I do really believe it hurts his feelings as much to touch his purse strings as it does his heart strings. We all enjoyed the joke on DeGrf exceedingly. He looked some what provoked at our laughing. The wind ceased again at 10 o'clock and we were becalmed for 2 hours. The Gulf here looks "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue". Breeze commenced blowing at 11 o'clock, and we soon hove in sight of Castle San Juan De Ulua (the last hold of Spain in the new world) the walls bear the impress of the American Cannons. We anchored between the



Castle San Juan De Ulua by unknown artist

Fort and the City. Secured seats in a small pleasure boat and were soon on "Terra firma" once more. Passed the Custom House examination and proceeded to the Hotel Du Commerce, kept by a Frenchman, half-way on in the American style. Breakfast at 9, dinner 4, with tea, chocolate and cake to be found at any Café & they are numerous. The first sight of a strange city or country does some-how or other refresh all of ones preconceived notions. If a man gains knowledge from geography he has the position and shape & boundaries - Nothing else, all different. Last night we strolled over the walled city - (it is well lighted with gas) to see the sights and scenes - & there is many novelties in a foreign city to an American. They have a beautiful Plaza here; many rare and lovely flowers & ever-greens. It is laid off in beautiful walks - paved with Marble. The ladies are remark-

able for for their grace & beauty - they are mostly tall and slender with hair of glossy blackness, their eyes are large & lustrous full of vigor & fire. They dress in black with much taste. Congregate in large numbers every evening at the Plaza, & laugh talk and promenade with their friends until 10 & 12 o'clock. The sun is so warm they stay indoors during the day. Vera Cruz is well and handsomely built & its red & white Cupolas, towers and battlements have a splendid effect when seen from water. The streets are kept extremely clean, yet it is considered the most disagreeable of all places of residence. This arises not merely from the pestilence which _____ the atmosphere [but also] the surrounding country with sand blown in to hillocks which reflecting the rays of the sun, render the heat more oppressive.

March 24, 1866 Left Vera Cruz on the 2 o'clock train from Paso del Macho. Paine, DeGrf and myself. Fowlkes, complaining of being indisposed and having been conversing with some men who were dissatisfied with the Country concluded to remain in Vera Cruz & return by first steamer for America. The country between V.C. and the terminus of the rail road is any thing but prepossessing. Flat & barren looking, scarcely a tree in view of the _____ except those growing on the mountains, which are a few miles distant. The cars stop at the village of "Sociedad" for dinner, and a most villainous dinner it was, garlic &



Old streets of Vera Cruz

beef - garlic & mutton & garlic & onions &c & garlic. We arrived at the terminus of the R.R. about 7 o'clock P.M. Registered our names at the 'Universal Hotel'. They gave us a tolerable good meal, (dinner or supper) either we choose to call it. Furnished us with a good room with three clean looking beds. This town has about 12 hundred inhabitants - principally the lowered order of Mexicans. All the houses have thatched roofs - except four or five. Considerable talks of [bandits] robbing the passengers on the diligence between here and Cordova - I don't believe it - wonder if any-body else does?



Diligence

March 25, 1866

From some cause best known to themselves (and guessed at by me) Paine & DeGrf both expressed themselves as disgusted with the Country & people and said they intended returning to Vera Cruz. I told I would not go back. I bid them good-bye at 3 o'clock, A.M. & went to the Diligence Office to get my seat for Cordova. I was booked for No 3, found myself jammed in between a frightfully large woman and a small man, with a dirty looking face. There three seats make the complement of our one department of the Coach. The driver after seeing that his 12 mules are all right takes his seat then the conductor and his dog mount the top, and the people who have



Cordova Cathedral

friends in the stage says as many good-byes & adios - as if their friends were going on a voyage to the Arctic Ocean. The conductor shouted, the Cabman wheel out of the way, the little dog barks incessantly - the machine moves off and we thunder down the rocky road. Persons traveling in a Mexican Diligence must fortify themselves against hunger and sleep. Those who have jolted a night on The Calzada or paved road, between a fat lady & a man who smells of garlic, will know what it is to want the latter.

In front of us there was an old man and his wife - the most quiet of all, for the woman slept and the man smoked. In Cordova early this morning, pretty good looking city - 9 thousand inhabitants, remarkably clean & nice looking. Chain gang engaged constantly in sweeping the streets & side walks. Sunday is richly illustrative of the religious tendencies of the people it is the festive day of the week. Yet it is not forgotten by the Mexicans that the day has a sacred purpose. At the Morning Mass an hour when many good protestant people are dallying with sleep the pavement of the Churches are covered thick with kneeling worshipers, who say their beads & say their prayers - with earnestness & true devotion. In V.C. I stood with Mr. Paine, and here I stood alone and watched the comers as they diped their fingers in the Holy font and

stepped along the marble floor, crossing themselves as they passed opposite the sacred image, then a single rapid glance on the kneeling company then stood quietly till their knees met the marble pavement & began their silent



John Perkins

worship. Sunday is the great day at the Café & restaurant, on no other days are their gains so great. The savings of the week are lavished upon the indulgences of Sunday. They can drink sour wine all the week, but will have none but the finest and purest on Sunday.

Met quite a number of Americans in the City. Called on Judge Perkins (He is Colonization agent for this district). He informed me that the Confederates generally were doing well. That all the land in this donation had been taken up by actual settlers: who are now on them. I spent two hours in the office and gained some interesting items about Mexico the Government &c.

Moved down to the Alabama Hotel to day. Mrs. Bell superintends things generally. I believe she think every one admires her way manners & conversation - a common error of women of forty. Every body in this place seems to go slow, no hurrying about like there is in an American town. There was a delightful and refreshing shower fell here this evening. Fine Plaza in this City. Some pretty women and a few fine looking men. There is to be a grand bull fight here next Sunday. Will be attended (I am told) by all the ladies & gentlemen in the city & vicinity. They are far behind the times even in amusements.

Bill of Fare at the 'Alabama Hotel' Soup, Bacon & Cabbage, Snap beans, English peas, Irish potatoes, sweet dills, beef, pork, chicken, lettuce, tomatoes & radishes, eschalot & onions. Dessert - Pies & puddings, pine

apples, water melons, bananas & a zapotillo, oranges, raisins & figs - Coffee, cake & wine.

N.B. No ginger cakes grow in the valley. Miss D. M. says they would be an inducement to move here.

March 26, 1866

Met Gen. Shelby yesterday to whom I had a letter of introduction. Conversed with him half an hour, promised to call at his residence (3 miles distant) before I left Cordova Valley. This morning in company with a party of gentlemen, I started to Carlota, eight miles distant. The



Joseph O. Shelby

morning was a beautiful one, delightful & pleasant & Cool. The scenery on the road is magnificent, cannot be surpassed. We soon

reach the American (or rebel) town - found Gen. Price sitting under a beautiful grove of Mangoes. He received us very kindly and offered to show us his land and the surrounding farms & estates, which offer we



Sterling Price

gladly accepted. We traveled across his land first, which is a fine section, good soil, well watered - and plenty of timbers for all purposes in this Country. He told us that he intended building a double log house. Already had two hundred logs hewn & all the boards ready. They (the boards cost ½ Medio each).

Oranges, Lemons, pine apples, figs, plums, bananas, zapotillo, pomegranates, Mangoes &c&c all grow in abundance here. Also the Cocoa nut.

The air here is redolent with perfume from thousands of trees and flowers - The fruits are in the greatest abundance in the latter part of May.

No one could ride through this Country without becoming enraptured at the loveliness of the scenery. The towering mountains on each side of the valley look grand and beautiful in their foliage of greens. The snow covered mountains are also in full view from _____. The undergrowth here is so thick (vines & bushes) a person can not penetrate it. Hogs can scarcely go through it.

We visited the ruins on the San Lorenzo estate, the houses were built 2 hundred years ago. The dwelling was enclosed by a stone wall. The church was the only house on the premises kept in repair. The other buildings all delapidated & crumbling. Near the ruins we crossed a splendid bridge made of rock 1

or 2 hundred years ago, built by the owner of the estate at a cost of 100 Thousand Dollars. Has four arches, is good as when first built. After leaving this Hacienda, we crossed two running streams of clear cool water. Passed through the extensive 'Coffee

estate' which is all grown up in trees, vines and undergrowth. Cut me a Coffee tree for a walking cane. We next came to the San Magrid ruins. This Hacienda was once the finest in the valley. The house was built of stone and covered with brick tiles, was large and roomy. The stairs all stone and very narrow. Has ____ with heavy doors, bolts & bars. The rooms above have loop holes in them. There was also a kind of observatory



Empress Carlota by Winterhalter



Stone bridge constructed in 1806 near Veracruz



Isham G. Harris by Mathew Brady

in the house. 120 negroes houses this place. Extensive sugar house, fine Church, trees growing from the walls and all through the rooms ~~different kinds of trees are growing~~. Coffee trees among the others. These ruins are also enclosed by a strong stone wall This place has 80 or so thousand acres price 40 thousand dollars. Gen. Price says there is plenty of game, there is deer and turkeys in this neighborhood. Also pheasants, wild cats a few monkeys & panthers. Many beautiful birds, with bright & brilliant plumage. Early in the morning the forest is vocal with their many songs. The streams here are said to abound in fine fish, several varieties.

These lands were once owned & cultivated by the Spaniards, who owned slaves, but lost them by revolution. The negroes, assisted by the natives had an insurrection and massacred all the Spaniards who did not succeed in making their escape, some few of the Dons got off with their money to the Mother Country. After the owners left, the negroes occupied the land and commenced a life of idleness & ease. The Church then got the land

from the original owners, and the Juarez (or liberal) government confiscated the estates because they were not worked. When the Imperial Government, came into power it Confirmed the Confiscation decree and open the lands to immigrants. The natives are very lazy indeed & only cultivate enough land for a bare subsistence. A whole family only works one acre. They eat very little meats, sleep & smoke a great deal. Beans grow fine here without scarcely any work. Five or six stalks planted in a hill, the tree tops not even taken off the ground, produce 40 bushels per acre. Do not plough the corn, The Tobacco fields look well - and I am told the raising of it pays 2 or 3 hundred for each. Sugar cane fields look well. Corn also... They grind all the year round.

The frost never comes as it is perpetual spring during the whole year. Cotton grows well indeed & yields more than it does in the states. Rains commence in June & end in Oct. [They] do not irrigate. Lands were never Confiscated if they belonged to private individuals. _____ & _____ both own their lands near the city of Mexico. Gen. Price asked us if we had ever drank any aguardiente? We all answered in the negative. We halted at a wayside grocery & he called for it, poured out a glass full, we followed next - he drank it off - we did not succeed in drinking ours. He enjoyed the effect it had upon us. There was many grimaces & many faces made by the visitors. I never want to taste any more. It is pure alcohol. We returned to Corlota late in the evening & found Gov. Harris at Gen. Prices. We were introduced to him, and spent an hour or 2 in conversation with him. He gave us his views & opining about the government. All the Confederates here express themselves in delight with the Country, To day I saw some fine gardens and several large & growing Coffee fields. Gov. H & Gen. P are having a well dug in the Cordova Plaza - good spring near the town.

Paid my promised visit to Gen. Shelby,

He is more comfortably fixed here than any of the confederates. I was much pleased with both him and his lady. Mrs S. expresses herself as highly pleased with the country. Gen. S has 225 acres in Cultivation and will soon have 3 hundred cleared and ready for planting. Has a small coffee field. It is young but looks _____ well. He intends trying cotton, coffee & sugar cane. We rode through the neighboring of acres - saw the Celebrated _____ Coffee farm. Also saw corn for roasting ears growing, fair tobacco growing and sugar cane very large indeed growing finely. The persons we met seem very polite indeed. Corn is planted on May first before the rains begin. The Coffee is all in bloom - is shaded by a variety of fruit & forest trees. The surface of the land is covered with rock. The soil light, very coarse - easily Cultivated. The old roads both public & private are paved with round stones. They call them Calzada roads here. All the government land in their donation have been entered. Mrs. S has a fine garden - vegetables all look fine.

Liberals & Imperialists had a fight near here a few days ago... The Oriental Regt. of the French army fought and defeated the Liberals. Captured their entire camp equipage.

No oats or wheat grow in this vicinity. Peaches very small, no apples. All the above grow to perfection in Orizaba. Had an excellent supper. As I had to go early to Orizaba in the morning I bid the Gen. and lady good night & promised to call in the valley soon. Mrs S. advised me when I returned home to marry and bring my bride out to Cordova and live neighbor to them. Wonder if my sweet heart would be willing. Must ask her when I get home.

The weather here is delightful, soft balmy and inspiring. All the people here stated are daring and engaged in some lucrative employment, and pleasant. Others who doing nothing have plenty of time to grumble and mummer over their hard lot, in this little corner of ours. There is _____ blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, butcher shop, soap factory, livery stable, 2 Hotels - All Americans.

Arrived in Orizaba this evening. It is a handsome and well built city. Was founded since the Conquest. The houses are large and lofty. The walls often covered with paintings while the roof is covered with ornamental & glazed tiles.

The Cathedral is a vast pile with little external ornament, but the interior is rich beyond description. The high altar is composed of marble and precious stones with its numerous and lofty plinths & capitols of burnished gold. In a church in the high end of the city is the representation of the last judgment on the right. The angels are leading away the blessed in pairs. On the left a grinning devil with horns and a stout rope raised over his shoulder & clenched in his teeth is



Cathedral in Orizaba

tugging away at a legion of condemned souls.

There is 25 thousand inhabitants in this City. I would prefer living here to any place I have yet seen in Mexico - have snow and ice everyday strolled around the plaza. Nowhere are girls faces prettier than in Orizaba. That is in Mexico. Complexions not exactly to the fancy of a rebel. They have enough red in the cheeks to give them a healthy bloom. Their hands are as fair and pretty and _____ as their eyes are full of mirth & witchery. Confound it, I liked to have stood there all day looking at them. _____ uncomfortable to be for the first time in a strange City and not know the dangers. 3 fine factories here all doing a good business. The Rio Blanco is a fine stream clean river & working water. Met several Americans on the streets this morning. This town like the others is kept very clean. The chain gang is a good institution to people that don't belong to it.

Got in the coach & returned to Cordova quite a mixed Crowd. Not a single one could speak English. Except my humble self and it didn't do me any good for I could not talk to any fellow passengers. Just as the coach wheeled around a Mexican sitting on the front seat and glorying in himself - let his bunch of garlic fall out. I was glad of it. He sat there looking disconsolate, muttering over his "frustrate hopes". I should have grown very sulky in the 'Diligence' if it had not of been for the beautiful scenery we were passing through. I got in a good humor soon as possible, for to be out of humor with ones self is always profitless.

Gulf - on the Oliver-. The storm continues to increase - and there is no signs of an abatement; Thunder, lightening, rain, wind & waves - Nothing else. Between 7 and 8 o'clock to night our vessel shifted often. Every one on board thought their final hour had come. Fowlkes got thrown from his hammock. While groping about in the water on deck he yelled out - "Boys we are gone up". He never expected to _____ or see his

river Plantation any more. Was slightly bruised. Mr Paine and me were in the same berth. Had a lamp burning. He said nothing but looked as "sad as moonlight on a grave". Mr. DeG said, "oh my wife & children" and looked like, yes very like, almost exactly like, I don't know what. As for myself I don't know how I looked but thought Mr. Paine with U.S. Flag, Bible, and a deck of cards would get me safely through no matter where we went. I must say that did not feel very pleasant. Have felt much better on several occasions. When the vessel righted up, we all felt considerably relieved - that is so. The waves continue to toss her about unmercifully. At times she is completely under water, but struggles gloriously and gallantly with the warring elements and has succeeded thus far in riding the boisterous and unruly waves. There was very little sleeping - on board the 'Oliver' last night.

April 8, 1866

No better sky opened on us to day. We could get no observation and yet there we were, tearing away at a deuce of a rate. Heaven only knows where. There is one thing Certain, I will never go to sea again in a vessel of 40 tons. That's just as good as recorded.

We have concluded to try a mattress in Fowlkes departments. I woke up perfectly drenched - rains pouring down. DeG _____ sighing said he was dying. I know he was nearly crying. I went to him and did all I could for him to help him get well or die easy - and climbed on deck - it was no better or drier there. The winds had hauled around to the north east and the waves came driving at us like hungry dogs. I cannot describe the action of the vessel as she tossed and plunged down in to a trough of the howling waves. I went below to see how Mr. P was getting along. He was awake but said nothing. I expect he was thinking enough for 2 large volumes. Oh, ye pleasant romances about the gay

life on the sea, whose romances spend themselves in dreams and longings. I heartily wish you could have had the place of this from some on board the *Oliver* that night. If a man's thoughts are not lively enough, to run away or with his distresses at such a time, there is but little hope for him. DeG I know from his looks, had forgotten the emancipation proclamation and was thinking of _____ & the children and feverishly wishing himself with them. Mr. P., I suppose - was thinking [of] Heaven and the "loved ones at home". Fowlkes thought about his river plantation - at least looked like he thought it hard to die and leave it. [I] thought about and then my thoughts were frolicking through the Oakland neighborhood with very pleasant memories of the girls, the boys, the joys, the noise & the fun of our pleasant storm parties. Memorandum - I would rather attend forty

storm parties than be at one little storm on sea.

A gull would now and then battle with the winds but seemed struggling to get to land. The clouds thickened gradually into darkness for the sun was down. Black night brooded o'er the (our) world of waters. How will we pass the night! It was very odd, but even so, some how or other, in some other way, my old friends, companions of other days, the Chills found me in Lat 23°, 19" Long 96°, 44". Any other acquaintance would have been more welcome. When the storms commenced Mr. P., like the old lady when she heard the cut had masticated the circular instruments used for sharpening edged tools - exclaimed "Just as I expected". Too late, too late, he cried, I might have known we would be out in the _____ gales S of Ala. Said he would rather be in a Yankee guard, just at the time.



Illustrated London News 1880

H. of Tenn. said "such is life - and that he was willing to any fate" - but I know he didn't look like it. O.R. of Ill. asked the captain to please put him on a plank and let him steer for land - he was dreadfully frightened - The Capt. said he was mad as a March hare, raving distracted, as the boy said!. DeG said this is surely disheartening to live through the war & come to this & be drowned so far from any wheres. Barton said he would sell his interest in the Gulf of Mexico very cheap on long credit. Col _____ of _____ swore he could die contented if he could first kill the man - that composed "Life on the Oceans Wave," & "A home on the Rolling Deck", Fowlkes said not a word in defense of his preordination, predestination doctrines, just groaned and looked sad enough for 9 men. H. of Maryland said he wondered if the storm would have any effect on the price of bananas in Cordova. Said, that is me your humble servant, that a mule rabbit chase on the prairies was better than a ticket to Cordova. If I didn't say so, I thought it.

I intended proposing the following song:

"O what a gathering there will be
Upon that fatal morn;
All will be calm, even upon the sea,
When Gabriel blows his horn,

Some will hope for better fate
While having hurried on
But ah their prayers will be too late
When Gabriel blows his horn;
&c &c &c &c &c"

Children of John and Della McKennon

Eugene R. McKennon 1867
Orlena McKennon 1868
Berkeley McKennon 1872 - 1951
William Flemming McKennon 1874 - 1965
Adella B. McKennon 1878 - 1958
John McKennon 1881 - 1962

J.B. McKennon 1838 - 1892

A terrible accident indeed was that in which our friend, Capt. John B. McKennon of Oakland, lost his life at Columbus Monday night about 2 o'clock. From what particulars we could glean it seems that Capt. McKennon was stopping at the Likeoak Hotel in that city, he being foreman of the grand jury then in session. Sometime in the night he got up from his bed and went out on the gallery upstairs. Groping about in the dark he lost his balance and toppled off, falling to the earth below, a distance of about fifteen feet, and alighting upon his head, from the effects of which he died almost instantly.... His remains were laid to rest by the side of his father in the Odd Fellow's Cemetery at Columbus...a vast concourse of friends from all over the country being present, besides the family of the deceased and a large number of relatives. Capt. McKennon was always regarded as one of Colorado County's best citizens. A quiet, energetic, polished, honest gentleman, none knew him but to admire and respect him for his many good qualities. A devoted wife and several children are left to mourn the loss of a kind and indulgent husband and father, to whom in this dark hour of trial, "The Mercury's" heartfelt sympathy is extended. Rest in peace, noble, honest, Captain John McKennon! - The Mercury Newspaper

Della McKennon 1841 - 1915

THOMAS FEARN PERKINS, JR.: ONE OF THE IMMORTAL 600

By Joanne Cullom Moore



Thomas F. Perkins, Jr.
1842-1893

One of the most intrepid and gallant soldiers in the Confederate Army was from a prominent, established Williamson County, Tennessee, family. This soldier was Thomas Fearn Perkins, Jr., who was born December 6, 1842, in Williamson County. He was one of seven children born to Thomas Fearn Perkins, Sr., and his wife, Leah America Cannon Perkins. She was the daughter of Governor Newton Cannon.¹

Thomas F. Perkins, Jr., was educated at Western Military Academy in Nashville.² He later married Lousia Henrietta Cochrane. They had no children.³ After the war, she was a charter member and officer of Franklin Chapter 14, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and she participated in raising money

for the Confederate monument on the square in Franklin.⁴

In June 1861, when he was eighteen years old, Thomas F. Perkins, Jr., joined the Confederate Army. His Official Military Record at the National Archives states he had a fair complexion, dark hair, grey eyes, and was 6 feet, 1 inch tall. His character and personality are revealed soon afterwards by his actions. Linsley's *Annals of Tennessee (Confederate)*, records, "He helped recruit an artillery company with himself being chosen First Lieutenant. When the Captain, Richard Green, died, Lt. Perkins took command. The company was in the Battle of Ft. Donelson and lost eight men killed and fourteen wounded. The Confederates were surrendered at Ft. Donelson, but after being a prisoner for three days, Capt. Perkins escaped by exchanging coats with his servant. He went back to Williamson County, and in July-August 1862, he recruited sixty-five men in an independent cavalry company. This outfit became part of the Douglas Battalion, Partisan Rangers, and Thomas Perkins was made Captain of the company. Perkins' Company later became part of (Holman's) 11th Regiment, Tennessee Cavalry."⁵

"On the day after the organization of the company, Captain Perkins and his men, armed with eleven shot guns and eleven pistols, at Brentwood attacked a company of eighty Federal cavalry guarding a foraging train of thirty wagons loaded with corn and meat taken from citizens in the neighborhood. They killed eight of the enemy and captured the Captain (Garrett) and seventeen of his men. Perkins Company burned the wagons and carried off about 150 mules. Lt. Kirby and three men of Perkins Company were wounded. A few days later, the company on the Charlotte Pike near Nashville surrounded and

captured a Federal picket post, killing two of the Federals and capturing seven. In October 1862, Perkins Company, in connection with Capt. Hayes Blackburn, burned the bridge across Big Harpeth below Franklin and then attacked and defeated a large foraging party guarded by about 300 infantry, killing and wounding and capturing a number of the enemy. In June 1863, the company attacked about 200 of the enemy on Col. John Overton's farm, killed two, captured twenty whites and about 150 Negroes, and about 100 wagons and teams. In trying to get south with a number of wagons and prisoners, which had been taken in the vicinity of Nashville and Franklin, the company was overtaken about July 1, 1863, at Pulaski and was forced to abandon the prisoners and wagons, losing seven men captured. The company was so hard pressed by the enemy that it was difficult for them to reach the south side of the Tennessee River. Capt. Perkins's command was also led by his brave and dashing officers, Lieutenants John Bostick, M. Kirby, and Sol. Rozell. In the latter part of October 1863, Woolford's Brigade of Federal cavalry was camped in East Tennessee at Philadelphia. The Confederates sent an expedition to capture it. Capt. Perkins's horse was killed by grape-shot while making the charge, within 50 yards of the Federal battery."⁶

In December 1863, while recruiting in Middle Tennessee under orders from Gen. Wheeler, Capt. Perkins was captured and was incarcerated in the jail at Franklin for fifteen days. He was almost hanged by the Federals for bush-whacking, being mistaken for another man of the same name. (This other man could be Thomas Perkins, 11th VA Infantry, from Macon, Tennessee,

whose official military record is mixed in with that of Thomas Fearn Perkins of Williamson County.)

Thomas F. Perkins, Jr., was sent to the penitentiary in Nashville, where he was jailed about a week. Then, he was sent to the military prison in Louisville, Ky., where he stayed about four weeks. From Louisville, he was ordered to be sent to Camp Chase, Ohio, as a prisoner of war, but on the way, he managed to escape at Seymour, Indiana. He made his way back to Louisville, but was recaptured, chained to a thirty-two pound ball, and sent to Camp Chase, where he stayed for two months until he was taken to Ft. Delaware. He attempted another escape there by tying canteens to his body to keep him afloat, while he swam across the bay. This attempt also resulted in his being recaptured."⁷

It was at Ft. Delaware, located on Pea Patch Island in the Delaware River, midway between Delaware and New Jersey, in August 1864, that great misfortune struck Thomas Fearn Perkins, Jr. He became one of the group of Confederate officers known as The Immortal 600. "The Six Hundred Immortals were Confederate officers, prisoners of war, who were taken from Ft. Delaware prison, by order of Edwin M. Stanton, Federal Secretary of War, and confined in a stockade on Morris Island, S.C., under fire of the Confederate batteries shelling that point."⁸ This was done as a deliberate Federal policy of "Retaliation," made in consequence of supposed deliberate Confederate mistreatment of Yankee prisoners of war.

By 1862, procedures were in place to exchange captured soldiers, although the procedures were not consistent, and exchanges were on-again, off-again. One method was to



Capt. Thomas F. Perkins, Jr.
Co. I 11th Tenn. Cavalry

exchange soldiers in the field, usually on a one-to-one, rank for rank basis, but sometimes with a number of privates being equal to one officer. Captured soldiers could also be sent to a specified place of exchange, or home on a parole of honor and expect to be there for a short period of time before being exchanged. A formal set of rules for exchanging prisoners of war called the Dix-Hill Cartel was signed by both governments. Lincoln also had a policy called the Lieber Code. Lincoln used the Lieber Code⁹ to justify his arresting and imprisoning civilians, confiscating their property, and suspending the writ of habeas corpus.

Secretary Stanton, General Halleck, and General Grant decided in May 1863 and later, in 1864, not to have any more exchanges of prisoners of war. They knew the

South was unable to replace her soldiers killed, wounded and captured in battle, whereas the North had an unending supply of men. They also knew the South was short on supplies, food, and medicine (The blockade had severely cut off supplies of medicine from abroad), and that it was a hardship for the Confederates to feed themselves, as well as the vast number of Federal prisoners of war. Grant said it was cheaper and more desirable to feed a Southern prisoner than to exchange him to fight on the battlefield again. This policy of no-exchanges did hurt the Confederates, but at the same time, it meant Federal prisoners would be trapped and suffer in Southern prisoner of war camps. Sherman cut the rail lines bringing food into Georgia. Overcrowding and lack of food led to 600 Federal prisoners being sent to Confederate General Sam Jones in Charleston from Andersonville and other camps. Jones notified his superiors that he had no suitable place to put that many prisoners, and there was not enough food to feed them, and not enough guards to watch them. The only possible advantage of having the prisoners inside the city would be if their presence would be a measure of protection for the civilians in Charleston who were being shelled by the Federals. General John Foster, the Federal commander of the Department of South Carolina, Florida, and Georgia, was told by escaped soldiers and deserters of the presence of the 600 Federal prisoners in Charleston. Although Foster charged Jones with deliberately placing the Federals in a dangerous position under fire in Charleston, he contradicted himself because he had just written General Halleck that he knew the Confederates were so short of soldiers, guards, and food that they were forced to send the Federal prisoners to the only relatively safe places available, either Charleston or Savannah. Foster added, "As far as injury

goes to them, there can be none, for I know their exact location and direct the shells accordingly." Even though Foster knew the Confederates had the prisoners held among the civilian population in a non-military objective, and he admitted to Halleck that the Confederates were not deliberately placing the Federal prisoners under fire, he issued orders to have 600 Confederate officers held at Ft. Delaware sent to him, and Foster sent word to General Jones that Secretary of War Stanton intended to put the 600 Confederate officers in the line of fire as human shields as an act of retaliation. Secretary Stanton had received a letter from General Grant dated August 27, 1864, saying, "Please inform Maj.-Gen. J.G. Foster that in no circumstances will he be allowed to make exchange of prisoners of war. Exchanges simply reinforce the enemy at once, whilst we do not get the benefit of those received for two or three months and lose the majority entirely. I telegraph this from just hearing 500 or 600 prisoners had been sent to Major General Foster."¹⁰ Jones protested Foster's action and told him he would move the Federal prisoners from Charleston as soon as possible. He also reminded Foster it was the Federals' policy, not the Confederates', to stop exchanges.

When 600 imprisoned officers, including Captain Thomas F. Perkins, at Ft. Delaware were told they would be leaving, they were over-joyed because they believed they were about to be exchanged. Major Ogden Murray said those whose names were called dreamed they would be returning to loved ones and comrades in Dixie. Some of the men not chosen to go even paid with money or watches for the number of someone who had been picked to leave. Colonel Abram Fulkerson, Sixty-third Tennessee Infantry, said the 600 officers were marched out of the prison to the wharf, where they were searched for

contraband. Then, still believing they were about to be freed, they were very surprised not to be put on the deck of the steamer, *Crescent City*. Instead, they were ordered to go down a ladder into the hold, below the water line. There, rough pine shelves six feet long by three feet wide, stacked from the floor to the ceiling, served as bunks, with the officers lying head to foot, two men to a bunk. No seats were furnished, and there was barely standing room. They were heavily guarded by 300 of the "100 Day Men," soldiers from Ohio who volunteered to serve for only 100 days.¹¹ The steamer was escorted by two gun boats. The civilian crew of the steamer, which previously had sailed between Galveston and New Orleans, were mostly Southern sympathizers and tried to be helpful to the 600.

The hatch was closed, so that there was little light or ventilation in the hold. The outside temperature was about 95 degrees, and the heat was magnified when the boiler was fired for sailing and also, when the ship was at anchor. Captain John Gorman of North Carolina said, "It was a perfect Hell." Captain John Dunkle, 25th Virginia Infantry, said, "On every side was heard, "Oh, how hot! Oh, for fresh air!" "I am suffocating for fresh air." "We suffered very much from the scarcity of water. At first, water was given once a day in a barrel. This was exhausted long before the usual return of water the next day. Then, water was given in smaller quantities and not at regular intervals, thus causing great suffering. The water had a most unpleasant look, offensive smell, a disgusting taste, and usually sickened those who used it...At one time we had no water for forty hours...The intense suffering is beyond description, in the heat of summer, shut out from light and fresh air, and confined with a heated steam boiler...The only thought was

water, water, water...Many men bowed on their knees before their cruel tormentors and begged like children for a single draught of water." Captain Dunkle continued, "After this horrible agony of forty hours, water was returned. The condensing vessels were put to work, and we were supplied with boiling water to drink. Little food was provided, and it consisted of raw bacon and crackers (hardtack) full of worms and weevils."¹²

The twenty armless or legless amputees were compelled to lie on the floor under the ladder leading from the hold to the upper deck and were nearly helpless in getting to the latrine. All 600 lined up at one time to go above deck. Those who were too weak to stand in line very long had to drop out of line, and then lose control of themselves.¹³

The ship's rolling made the men seasick, and they started vomiting. The stench added to their misery. Captain Abram Fulkerson wrote, "When the vessel encountered the rough waters off Cape Hatteras, its rolling and pitching would dash and splatter this horrid combination of filth from one end of the hold to the other. For eighteen days, we were kept in this miserable place."¹⁴

"When the guards on the ship were changed, Lt. Col. Carmichael of the 157th New York Regiment came aboard. He was horrified to see our condition. A steamer was brought alongside the Crescent City, and a detail was made from the prisoners and the 157th to cleanse the ship. These new guards proved to be more kind than the previous ones. The guards gave the prisoners water and provisions. At this time, forty of the sickest Confederates and also twenty amputees were sent ashore to a hospital at Beaufort, South Carolina. Captain Henry Howe Cook wrote, "It was at this time as the ship rode at anchor in the bay that Capt. Thomas F. Perkins, Capt. Thomas Kent, and Capt.

George Ellison secured life preservers and slipped overboard in the darkness of the night, taking the chances of floating to one of the numerous islands, and thence making their escape to the mainland. It appeared that the venture must necessarily result fatally to the whole party. There was a swarm of sharks around the ship. I myself at one time saw five, with dorsal fins above the wave, moving with the swiftness of an arrow. After being out three days Perkins and Kent were captured and returned to the ship. They had become separated from Ellison."¹⁵

The Crescent City ran aground on Cape Romain Shoal about forty miles north of Charleston. The Confederates had dismantled the lighthouse there. The 600 consulted Capt. Thomas Pinckney of South Carolina because he was familiar with the area. They determined there was a chance of escaping by overpowering the guards and going on the shore before the next tide floated the ship. They were successful in taking over the ship and in getting the captain to surrender to them, but before their escape could be accomplished, the Federal gunboats appeared, and their desperate plan was foiled.¹⁶ The Crescent City's grounding led to court martial charges against the ship's officers at Port Royal. While the ship was lying in the Port Royal harbor, Capt. Thomas Pinckney related, "Eight of the 600 attempted to escape by swimming ashore at night. I had talked the matter over with Capt. Perkins and Lt. Allen of Morgan's Cavalry and had sketched out the route they would have to take to gain our picket posts on the mainland. I could have piloted them through my familiarity with Hilton Head, where I had spent many days on my grandmother's plantation, and Pinckney Island was the only other land between that and Dixie. But, I was so reduced that I did not think I had the strength to gain the shore.



Capt. Henry Howe Cook
Another Williamson Co. 600

Col. Folk and two others were recaptured attempting to get across from Hilton Head Island, and the others on Pinckney Island. The latter having been two days eluding searching parties, and with nothing to eat but green figs and fiddlers, were nearly starved, and had gone to a Yankee picket post and completely deceived them as to their identity, passing themselves off as Federals from Ft. Walker whose terms of enlistment had expired, and who refusing to reenlist had wandered off from the Post. They had been fed and were eagerly awaiting a favorable time to surprise the guard, take their boat and row across to our picket post in sight, when they were betrayed by an old negro, whom they had encountered previously, and from whom they had extracted information and would not agree that Perkins should pistol into silence afterwards, which he had been eager to do. Capt. Ellison of Alabama succeeded in making his escape; he must have swam eleven miles to reach the Confederate lines."¹⁷

On September 7, 1864, after being on the ship for eighteen days, the 600 were put

ashore on Morris Island, which is about 2-3 miles off the coast of Charleston and is mostly sand and marshland. When the prisoners left the boat, they were met by their guards, black soldiers of the 54th Massachusetts, whose commander was Colonel Edward Hallowell from Philadelphia, called by Capt. John Dunkle, "an inhuman brute." Capt. George W. Nelson of Va. said, "I always felt in his presence as if I had suddenly come upon a snake." The 600 were marched two miles to the stockade; many being weak from the trip on the Crescent City, fell out and were prodded on by the guards' bayonets.¹⁸

The Federals had two batteries, Gregg and Wagner, on the island, and the 600 were placed in a stockade between the two batteries. The palmetto log stockade encompassed about one and a half to three acres. It was about 150 yards from Wagner and 400 yards from Gregg. The two batteries were used to fire on Ft. Sumter and Ft. Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, about 1200 yards away. The prisoners could see the Confederate flag flying over Ft. Moultrie. On the outside of the logs was a parapet about twelve feet high with a platform for the guards to keep watch. Each corner of the parapet had a sentry post, covered with a roof to protect the guards from shell fragments and sand kicked up from the Confederates' shelling. About ten feet from the inside of the log fence was a rope that ran around the stockade. This was the dead-line, and to touch it was to be instantly shot. Also, artillery was trained on the stockade so as to fire on the prisoners, if an uprising took place. The rope dead-line enclosed tents the size for two men, but were now holding four.

On the second day after the 600 arrived on Morris Island, the Federal batteries on Gregg and Wagner opened fire on the Confederate forts and on Charleston. The Confederate batteries at Sumter and Ft. Moultrie

replied, sending shells too close for comfort to the stockade, but the prisoners soon found out the Confederate gunners were experts and knew their location exactly, and were directing their fire accordingly.¹⁹ Although the 600 knew their fellow Confederates were deliberately avoiding shelling the stockade, they were still under fire from four sides, including monitors on the seashore. They had to hear the incessant shelling day and night, and when the Yankees' heavy guns at Wagner were fired, the ground would shake and tremble, making the prisoners afraid the shells would fall short and land in the stockade. Capt. Dunkle said, "The mind was continually filled with the prospect of instant death." In addition, the 600 were constantly pressured to take the Oath of Allegiance to the United States government, although at this particular time, they would not have been paroled, since they were being held as special prisoners under retaliation.

The 600 formed a Relief Association, so that they could look after each other, and the strong could help the weak. Colonel Abram Fulkerson of Tennessee and Colonel Van Manning of Arkansas were the leaders of the Association. The 600 swore an oath never to take the Oath of Allegiance to the Federal Government, under any circumstance, even though taking the Oath usually was a way out of their miserable situation. The prisoners called taking the Oath, "Swallowing the yeller dog."

Major Ogden Murray wrote that their daily rations at first were four hardtack army crackers often filled with worms and weevils and covered with green mold, one ounce of rancid fat meat, and a half pint of sandy beans or rice soup, with the beans hard to find. After three weeks of this diet, the rations were cut a quarter, and the prisoners soon had acute dysentery from the tainted food, and the bad

water they had to drink. Their drinking water came from water seeping into holes dug in the sand. Once, the Ladies Aid Society of Charleston and the Confederate government sent a boatload of boxes of tobacco, sweet potatoes, and peanuts. Lt. Henry Howe Cook of Reed and McEwen's Company, 49th Tennessee Regiment, said, "You can live on a small amount of food better, if you use tobacco freely." Major Ogden Murray added, "It was all our government had to send, and it told us of want at home and gave us the cheering, silent news that we were not forgotten by our government. For several days, we just reveled in good old Rebel sweet potatoes and peanuts and blew off our misfortunes in the smoke of good old Dixie tobacco."

The 600 were placed under rigid rules. No more than ten men could assemble at one time, which was difficult to observe because of the limited space and the large number of confined men. If a light or fire appeared in a tent after taps, the guards were to fire into the tent. No talking was allowed after evening roll call.²⁰

Major Ogden Murray related, "The prisoners were allowed to buy items from the sutlers, such as writing materials, pipes, tobacco, and necessary clothing. They were allowed to write a half-page letter once a week, and the letters would be censored." In a letter to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Perkins, Sr., in Williamson County, Capt. Perkins evidenced this when he wrote, "As regard of my treatment I don't feel at liberty to give a statement, suffice it to say that it is not good." His other letters also do not go into detail about his health and living conditions, perhaps because of the censor, and maybe he did not want to worry his parents. Later, in April 1865, he wrote them that his "health is very good excepting a very sore mouth, something like the scurvy," and he

added, "I am getting very tired of this kind of life."²¹ He did ask for clothing and money because at times, the prisoners could buy food and other luxury items from the sutlers, and money could also be used to bribe the guards.

It did not take long for Captain Perkins to look for a way to escape from Morris Island. Captain Henry Dickinson, 2nd Virginia Cavalry, wrote, "Our pen was made of pine poles from four to eight inches in diameter, sharpened at the top and set upright about four feet in the ground, being fully fifteen feet above ground and so closely set that it was difficult to see between them. We at first did not know how far they were placed in the ground, and Captain Perkins and others in the next tent to mine commenced planning to get out, but they had many difficulties to overcome. They could get nothing but a few cracker boxes to carry away the sand and after they dug about nine feet a heavy rain filled up the hole and that night some scoundrel told the Yanks, who then let us know that the poles had been put under water level with a view to prevent mining. Of course, this stopped all mining operations."²²

When Yellow Fever broke out in Charleston, the Federal prisoners of war there were sent to Columbia. General Jones notified General Foster of this move. With no Federal prisoners in Charleston, there was no reason or justification for General Foster to continue his policy of retaliation against the 600. However, instead of the 600 being exchanged, they were sent to Ft. Pulaski on October 26, 1864. They had been held on Morris Island about six weeks.

The 600 were placed in two old schooners, and they thought they were about to be exchanged. While the ships were at anchor in the harbor at Morris Island, six or seven of the 600, including Captain Perkins, made an escape attempt. Captain Henry

Dickinson, 2nd Virginia Cavalry, described the attempt, "Captain Perkins of Forrest's Cavalry found an old saw and a knife and commenced cutting a hole through the boat near the stern, intending to get out during the night. Though assisted by Captain Lewis Harman, Captain Leon Jastremski, Captain Jacob Fickerson, Captain Holland Coffee, and First Lieutenant Dick Adams, they did not get through the thick plank before we were ordered to disembark. They remained on the boat, hiding in the hold and waiting for dark. Dark came, but the boat's crew sat about the hatches for some time, and during this precious time, one roll had been called; as a result, a guard was double-quickened back to the boat, reaching there just in time to meet Perkins coming up the hatchway, naked and preparing to take the swim. All hands, except Captain Coffee of Mississippi, who could not be found, soon surrendered, and the guard supposed he had escaped."²³ Captain Thomas Pinckney of SC later wrote that Captain Coffee, who was an excellent swimmer, planned to get in the water after dark and swim to Secessionville. He hid himself in a top bunk, and when things were quiet, he went on deck and became friends with a member of the crew. When the Yankee guards came back looking for the escapees, he was successful for awhile in impersonating a member of the crew, but then, he was finally recognized and captured.

"Ft. Pulaski is situated on Cockspur Island at the mouth of the Savannah River, and about twelve miles from Savannah. The fort covers four or five acres. On the inner side is the parade ground, consisting of about three acres. Facing Tybee Island is a semi-circle composed of casemates, in the center of which we were placed, and we were separated from the garrison upon the right and left of us by immense iron gates. The embrasures were

grated to prevent our escape, and guards were placed upon the banks of the moat in front of us...A casemate is about 22 x 20 feet, and there were twenty of these; each casemate contained about thirty prisoners.²⁴ The brick casemates were wet, cold, and damp, and the wind from the ocean blew directly into the openings for gun embrasures. Very few men had blankets, and their uniforms were in tatters. On Christmas 1864, there were four inches of snow on the ground outside. The men slept three to a bunk, spoon-fashion, to try and stay warm.

The 600 had more humane guards at Ft. Pulaski. The soldiers were members of the 157th New York Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Philip P. Brown. When the 600 first arrived at Ft. Pulaski, they were gratified to have ample rations, and they were encouraged by Colonel Brown's introductory speech, promising decent treatment, including a requisition for blankets, clothing, and full rations. Colonel Brown's promise was not fulfilled, however, because General J.K. Foster, who commanded the Department of South Carolina, Florida, and Georgia, ordered Colonel Brown to reduce the prisoners' rations to ten ounces of corn meal and a half pint of pickles each twenty-four hours. The meal had been put in barrels in 1861, and it was so moldy, dark, and full of worms and weevils that when the barrels were opened, the meal stood there in one piece.²⁵ General Foster had heard the Federal prisoners at Andersonville were only getting corn meal and molasses. Foster ignored the fact that poor rations were not a deliberate effort on the Confederates' part to starve the prisoners, but were all the Confederates had available. Sherman had cut the rail lines coming into Georgia with food and supplies. Besides the cut in rations, the 600 were only given twelve sticks of pine wood for twenty-eight men to burn in four

stoves that provided heating and cooking for the entire compound. This small amount of wood meant only one fire a day could be made. The prisoners had to cook their own food and use their own utensils. Those who lacked pots or skillets borrowed from those who did.

The prisoners were so desperate for food that they began to catch and eat any dog or cat that came into their stockade. The Yankee guards began missing their pets and became aware of what was happening to them when they saw hides floating in the moat of the fort. Lt. Henry Howe Cook said, "A baked cat is as good as a squirrel, if not better. Necessity overcomes many foolish prejudices. Many cats were driven to us by the soldiers."²⁶ Captain Perkins caught a cat and made a stew of it for his mess of four. They invited Lt. Samuel Hawes of Richmond to eat with them, but he refused, saying he couldn't "go cat." They asked if he would eat dog, if offered. He said yes, so Captain Perkins agreed to catch the fat setter puppy named Ponto belonging to a Federal officer. The puppy had been playing with Perkins and the other prisoners, but on the day Perkins approached him for supper, the puppy looked at Perkins, tucked his tail, and ran away, never coming again.²⁷ When the cats and dogs were gone, the men became adept at catching rats to eat. Captain John Dunkle said, "They were decidedly offensive to the taste, but they made a savory meal." Captain William D. Ballantine told of seeing a fellow prisoner sitting quietly in a corner. Thinking he was sick, he went over to help. The man had a string with a fish hook baited with a grain of corn. He dropped the hook through a chink in the floor and jerked up a rat.²⁸

The lack of an adequate diet, medicine, heat clothing, and blankets led to pneumonia, and usually death. There was a hospi-

tal, but the only drugs available were opium and ginger. Many of the officers became opium eaters.

The starvation diet led to acute dysentery and scurvy. "Scurvy led to their gums decaying, sloughing off, and their teeth falling out. A more serious case caused their arms and legs to swell, mortify, and turn black. Black spots appeared upon the arms and legs of some, looking as though the veins and arteries had decomposed, separated, and spilled the blood in the flesh. The joints are affected, as the blood swells them and prevents movement, causing excruciating pain. Most become blind to some degree. Another feature of the disease was the fainting produced by very slight exercise."²⁹

The 600 passed the time by producing minstrel shows; making beer out of dandelions, molasses, and yeast bought from the sutler; gambling; playing bridge and chess; having classes in Latin, Science and French taught by scholarly prisoners; and trying to get rid of lice on their bodies and clothes. There was no hot water for washing themselves or their clothes. Some made money by doing laundry, cutting hair, or making jewelry and trinkets from bone and gutta percha.³⁰ Religious services were held, which helped keep up morale. Sutlers' privileges, packages, letters, and money from home and from Northern friends were allowed, except at times when General Foster withdrew the privileges as a means of punishment and demoralization, which he did on New Years 1865.

In November 1864, General Foster and Colonel Brown decided Ft. Pulaski had become too crowded and unsanitary, so they sent 200 of the remaining 600 to Hilton Head. Lt. Henry Howe Cook said, "Among the number was Capt. Thomas F. Perkins, the only officer from my own county, and my

truest friend." When the 200 arrived at Hilton Head, they were put on the beach in the rain on the wet ground in the same worn-out tents they had on Morris Island. The weather turned very cold, so that by November 23, there was ice an inch and a half thick. It became obvious to the Yankees that the prisoners could not survive living in the tents in the freezing weather. The prisoners were moved to a stockade, where there were barracks formerly used to jail convicts. The rooms in the barracks were six feet square, with four men to each cell. Once again, General Foster ordered retaliation measures for the Confederates in response to the treatment of Federal prisoners at Salisbury, North Carolina.

While the Confederates were in the tents, Captain Perkins started to dig a tunnel, but before he could finish it, he was moved to the log barracks. Not deterred, Captain Perkins determined to escape. He, Colonel George Folk of North Carolina, Lt. John Kilmarten, Captain Campbell, Lt. John Cason, and Lt. Hugh Brinkley used their pen knives to cut through two of the thick logs forming the floor of a cell. When they reached the outdoors, they climbed over two wooden fences, and then became lost in the dark and found themselves waist-deep in a swamp, where they became covered with mud. They were tired, hungry, and thirsty when they went to sleep in some grass in the swamp. When they awoke the next day, their limbs were so numb, swollen, and painful, they could hardly walk. They took cover in some timber, but Lt. Brinkley was discovered by some black woodchoppers, who told the Federal soldiers about the white men in the woods. They were shortly in the custody of the 144th New York Volunteers and were taken back to prison.³¹

Capt. Ogden Murray gave a detailed account of another escape attempt by Captain

Perkins. "Not discouraged and still determined to be free, the same officers plus the addition of Captain William H. Kitchen of North Carolina, Captain Emmett Depriest, Lt. Peter Akers, Lt. Oliver, and Sgt. Denham planned another escape. They decided to send out scouts to find a route and report back to the others. Captain Campbell, dressed in a Yankee lieutenant's uniform, and Captain Perkins and Sgt. Denham in Yankee privates' uniforms, boldly walked out of the prison, passed the sentinel, and reached the outer guard before being challenged. When Captain Campbell identified himself as Lt. Thomas of the 22nd New York Volunteers, the guard saluted him and let the group pass. The prisoners boldly walked past the provost-marshal's office and went into the town of Hilton Head. From there, they were able to convince a Federal sergeant to take them over to a nearby lake. Captain Campbell had even forged passes for the group, who needed directions to get through the town of Seabrook. This was accomplished by promising a black man they encountered a cache of whiskey. The black man took Captain Perkins into town and showed him how to evade the guards and reach some boats. With the needed intelligence for a larger escape, the men headed back to Hilton Head to the prison, brazenly walked by the Yankee guards again, and rejoined their comrades inside the stockade. They had been gone for over thirteen hours. Before the big escape could take place, however, a spy inside the prison betrayed them.³²

On January 20, 1865, Colonel Van Manning was told by a guard that Lt. J.W. Davis, 20th Virginia Cavalry, had betrayed an escape plan, and that Lt. Davis had applied to take the Oath of Allegiance. A meeting was called in Captain Perkins's cell, where a committee of officers were to meet with Lt. Davis and find out from him what he had to

say for himself. Lt. Davis declared on his honor that he had not applied to take the Oath. Colonel Manning had a copy of Lt. Davis's application. Confronted, Davis finally admitted the truth, but he also became defiant and belligerent. At this point, the officers decided Lt. Davis had dishonored his uniform and insulted his brother officers by his act. Captain Perkins and Pete Akers cut the bars and buttons off his coat, and turned the coat inside out. Colonel Manning told him he would be ostracized by his Confederate comrades, and that he should get the Yankees to remove him from the prison at once because his fellow officers would not tolerate or condone his insult to them in taking the Oath. Captain Murray said, "Like a whipped cur, Davis ran and put himself under care of the guard."³³ The following day, Captain Perkins and the other officers who took part in the Davis affair were locked up in the prison reserved for convicts and deserters. The six officers were put in one cell, three feet wide by six feet long, for seven days. This cell was so cramped that the six had to lie down spoon fashion to sleep. The cell also contained a tub for the men to relieve themselves. The tub became very foul-smelling. The cell was swarming with vermin. The men had no blankets, so there was no cover between them and the cell floor, which was made of rough-cut pine logs. Above this cell was a cell occupied by convicts and deserters, as well as Lt. Davis. They cut a hole in the floor, and then proceeded to spit on and curse the six Confederates below them. Davis did worse. Colonel Manning finally got the guard to get the assistant provost marshal, Lt. Thompson, to come and see what was happening, but the Federal officer ignored their protest. When a general inspection of the prison was made, Lt. Thompson lied to his superior, Colonel Gurney, about the situation. Colonel Manning

was able to tell the truth to Colonel Gurney, who then had the six moved to another cell, but they were still confined for seventeen more days. The six were still in the midst of deserters who had taken the Oath, and they were still in the charge of Lt. Thompson, who did mean, spiteful things to them because they had denounced him to Colonel Gurney. The six never allowed Lt. Thompson to see how much he made them suffer.³⁴

In early March 1865, the remaining 600, except those expected to die, were put aboard the *Illinois*. Lt. Henry Howe Cook was again with his friend, Thomas Fearn Perkins, Jr., who told him in one of his escape attempts, he was recaptured and placed in a box or cage just large enough for him to lie down, but not high enough to sit upright. He was kept in the cage for more than a week.³⁵

The prisoners on the *Illinois* were extremely distressed to find out they were not going to be exchanged, but were being sent back to Ft. Delaware. Knowing the prisoners' feelings of desperation, the Yankee guards were on the alert, for fear the Confederates would try to take over the ship. The guards would only allow a few men at the time to come up from the hold to the deck. The Confederates considered trying to take the ship, but decided against it because of their weakened condition and because the *Illinois* was not carrying enough coal to get them to a Southern port.

As the *Illinois* headed towards Ft. Delaware, Captain Leon Jastremski, Thomas F. Perkins, Lt. Emmett Depriest, and Lt. Cicero Allen were befriended by an Irishman, who was a member of the crew and was a Southern sympathizer. The Irishman offered to help Captain Jastremski escape. He told him to go into the forepart of the hold, where the ropes and anchor chains were stored, stay there until the prisoners were landed at Ft.

Delaware, and remain until the ship reached New York, where he would give him some money and clothes. Captain Jastremski let the others in on the plan. The four officers got some crackers, canteens of water, candles, and matches and went to their hiding place in the hold. Unfortunately, Captain Perkins, who was already suffering from severe diarrhea, was suddenly struck with extreme pains in his bowels. The others urged him to go above deck and find the surgeon. He insisted on going with them, but the others would not agree to it and told him they would abandon the plan if he persisted. He reluctantly abided by their decision and left them in the hiding place. The other three made it to New York and freedom. Thomas Perkins was carried back with the other prisoners on the *Illinois* to Ft. Delaware.³⁶

When the *Illinois* docked at Ft. Delaware in March 1865, seventy-five prisoners had to be carried off the boat, and 125 were taken to the hospital. Captain Robert Park of Alabama said, "The feet and legs of many were so drawn by the fearful disease of scurvy as to compel them to walk on their toes, their heels being unable to touch the ground, and they used either sticks in each hand or rude crutches to aid them in hobbling at all." Captain John Dunkle later added, "We exhibited the appearance of having been treated with extreme cruelty and excessive horror. Our comrades scarcely knew us, so changed were our features and so haggard our countenances. Our number, too, was changed from what it had been, for we now numbered only one third we had at first. Many of us had diseases from which we never recovered. Some died in a short time, some lived longer, and some linger invalids still."³⁷

Conditions at Ft. Delaware were not good, but they were a decided improvement over Ft. Pulaski and Hilton Head. The prison-

ers could send and receive mail, and they had sutlers' privileges again to use when money was received from family and friends in the North. The Confederate government sent uniforms, and aid societies also sent clothing and other items. The prisoners could not receive visitors, but people were allowed on the parapets to look at the prisoners, as though they were animals in a zoo.

Spirits plummeted, when the Confederates heard Richmond had fallen, and Lee had surrendered. They wondered what would befall them. Would they be executed as traitors? The Federal authorities again expected them to sign the Oath of Allegiance, but the 600 refused. When Lincoln was killed, the prospect of parole ended, and the Yankees tightened their restrictions on the prisoners. On April 26, morale was so low that out of 1,900 officers at Ft. Delaware, only 600, most of them remaining prisoners from Morris Island and Ft. Pulaski, refused to take the Oath. Then, Johnston surrendered to Sherman in North Carolina, and Jefferson Davis was captured. Most of the officers felt the Confederate government no longer existed. On May 3, 1865, there were only 161 hold-outs. When these heard that Kirby Smith and Richard Taylor surrendered their troops, they felt as did Captain Henry Dickinson that there was "no necessity to hold out longer, and that painful as it was to succumb, he would now take the Oath." Taking the Oath was, as Captain Dickinson said, "A bitter pill to swallow." Captain James R. McMichael of Georgia wrote, "O how humiliating the thought of failing to gain that liberty for which so many have bled and died."³⁸

"When the first roll was called upon arrival back at Ft. Delaware, only 295 of the original Six Hundred could physically stand to answer the call. Statistically forty-four died of the ordeal, thirteen lie in unmarked graves

at Ft. Pulaski, five died at Hilton Head, and twenty-three lie buried at Finn's Point in New Jersey, having succumbed to their condition within days after the arrival back on March 11. Two died aboard the *Illinois*, and two died immediately after reaching home. Seventeen took the Oath of Allegiance before an army in the field officially surrendered. Seven escaped, all of whom returned immediately to their regiments and finished out the war in the service of their country. Of those exchanged in December 1864, a handful had returned to their regiments, several had died, and most had gone home too unfit for duty."³⁹

On May 10, 1865, Captain Perkins wrote a letter to his father, telling him that he had applied to take the Oath. He had written his mother on April 28, saying, "The armies of the south have been defeated. I expect to take the Oath of Allegiance and return home and devote the remainder of my days in supplying the wants of you and father. I am in hopes you will both approve of my course... am in hopes that I will never have a cause to repent of the course I have declared upon pursuing...and that you will not censure me for what I have done."⁴⁰

Captain Thomas Fearn Perkins, Jr., received high praise from his comrade, Major J. Ogden Murray, the official historian of the *Immortal 600*. Major Murray said, "Captain Tom Perkins was one of the most daring brave men I ever knew. He would take the most desperate chance to get away of any man in the prison. He was the most determined of men, yet to his comrades he was as gentle as a woman. He was a man positively without fear."⁴¹

After the war, Thomas Fearn Perkins, Jr., returned to Williamson County, where he farmed his father's estate. He was held in esteem by his neighbors and fellow citizens as seen in the positions and offices he held. He

was elected Brigadier General in the Confederate Veterans' organization; President of McEwen Bivouac; member of the Confederate Pension Board; he was a Mason; an Odd Fellow; a Knight of Pythias; and he was Vice-President of Franklin Bank. He served several times as Williamson County Court Clerk, and he was a member of the Tennessee State Senate, representing Williamson and Maury counties. Also, he was Clerk and Master of Chancery Court.⁴²

"On the night of the 15th of January (1893), the spirit of the noble, big-hearted, gallant Thomas F. Perkins took its flight... The Rt. Rev. Bishop Quintard officiated at the funeral... A large delegation from Frank Cheatham Bivouac and comrades and friends from a distance attended the funeral and accompanied his remains to beautiful Mount Hope Cemetery, Franklin, where he was buried with the impressive ceremonies of the Confederate Bivouacs. The Honorary pallbearers were General W.H. Jackson, John P. Hickman, John W. Morton, Mayor Geo. B. Guild. Pallbearers from McEwen Bivouac were Judge B.F. Roberts, Capt. E.H. Douglass, Jus. L. McGan, John M. Gaut, W.W. Courtney, Gus Watson, Col. S.E. Shannon, and Judge H.H. Cook." The Franklin Bar's memorial said, "He was honest, upright and accommodating... He was a warm-hearted friend, a kind and obliging neighbor, a good citizen in peace and a brave and intrepid soldier in war."

His obituary went on to say, "He was a sterling man, and a leader of men. He was frank, impetuous, decisive, honest; he advocated his convictions with a scorn of personal consequences... He possessed honor and courage. No emergency ever confronted him that he was not willing and able to meet. He never shrank from responsibility, no matter how great. Often defeated, but never con-

quered... He held Tennessee close to his heart."⁴³

As one of the Immortal 600 possessing timeless, admirable qualities and principles, his comrade, Major Ogden Murray, said of Thomas Fearn Perkins, "He was true to the end."

1. Directory of Williamson County Burials, vol. 2, published by the Williamson County Historical Society, 1975, page 152.
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3. McBride, Robert and Robison, Dan M., Biographical Directory of the Tennessee General Assembly 1861-1901, vol. II, 1979, page 719.
4. "Confederate Veteran," vol. VIII, 1900, page 5.
5. McBride and Robison, op.cit and Lindsley's Annals, op.cit.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid.
8. Murray, J. Ogden, The Immortal 600 (Little Rock: Eagle Press) 1986, facsimile edition of 1905 publication, page 9.
9. Joslyn, Mauriel Phillips, Immortal Captives (Gretna: Pelican Publishing Co.), 2008, pp. 13-14.
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11. Fulkerson, Abram, "The Prison Experiences of a Confederate Soldier," The Southern Historical Society Papers, vol. 22, 1894, page 133.
12. Fuzzlebug, Fritz (Captain John Dunkle), Prison Life During the War of 1861: A Brief Narrative of the Miseries and Sufferings of Six Hundred Confederate Prisoners (Wiggins, Ms., 1997), facsimile print of the 1869 edition, pp 23-24.
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14. Joslyn, op.cit., pp 75-76.
15. Cook, Henry Howe, "The Story of the Six Hundred," Confederate Veteran, vol. V, 1897, p. 117.
16. Joslyn, op.cit., pp 68-73
17. Ibid.
18. Joslyn, pp 85-88.
19. Murray, op.cit., pp. 44-47
20. Fulkerson, op.cit., pp 138.
21. Williamson County Historical Society Journal, op.cit., pp 87-91.
22. Joslyn, op.cit., page 90.
23. Joslyn, pp 109-110.
24. Cook, op.cit., page 148.
25. Murray, op.cit., pp 58-59.
26. Cook, page 149.
27. Joslyn, pp. 202-203
28. Murray, page 111; Joslyn, page 210.
29. Cook, page 149.
30. Joslyn, page 233; Murray, page 250.
31. Joslyn, pp. 188-190.
32. Murray, pp. 100-106,
33. Ibid.
34. Ibid.
35. Cook, page 220.

36. Joslyn, pp. 245-250.

37. Ibid.

38. Joslyn, pp. 258-266.

39. Ibid.

40. Williamson County Historical Society Journal, op.cit., pp. 90-91.

41. Murray, page 97.

42. Scrapbook in the Williamson County Historical Society Archives, information provided by Richard Warwick.

43. Ibid.

Additional Information: Bowman, Virginia (County Historian), "Henry H. Cook and the Six Hundred," Williamson County Historical Society Journal, vol. 18, 1987.



Back of medal reads: Capt. Co 111th Tenn.
Forrest Cavalry Forrest's Old Brigade

CONFEDERATE HOSPITAL IN FRANKLIN
PURCHASED BY SUBSCRIPTION
JANUARY 7, 1862

Williamson Co. Deed Book 1 page 56

Egin H. Spencer to John B. McEwen and James M. Gault, trustees for lots on both side of Cameron Street (2nd Ave.) and East Main Street known as the Bridges or Davis Tavern.

Spencer had acquired the property from a Chancery Court sale resulting from C.W. Davis vs. N.C. Davis. The price paid was \$2,762.14.

"...To have & to hold said property & c to them the said John B. McEwen and James M. Gault—Upon trust however & to the intent and purpose that said trustees allow & permit free charge the said property to be occupied & used as a hospital for sick soldiers by the Confederate States of America or the state of Tennessee during the present war between the Confederate States of America and the United States of America or whilst the occupation and use of said property during said war may be desired by either of said governments & at the end of said war or when during said war the said property shall be abandon as a hospital for sick soldiers- upon this further trust that said trustees or the survivor of them shall forthwith proceed to sell said property either at public or private sale for cash or upon reasonable credits at their discretions for the best price that can be obtained for the same & after paying the necessary expenses of this trust pay the balance to the persons named in said schedule in proportion to the sums paid by them respectively as shown by said schedule..."

Schedule A

David Campbell \$50.00	F.B. Carter \$25.00
John B. McEwen \$50.00	John Kirkpatrick \$25.00
Daniel German \$50.00	J.W. Neely \$25.00
William Cummins \$25.00	Thomas Peebles \$25.00
C.W. Callender \$25.00	M.B. Nolen \$25.00
Jeremiah Stevenson \$25.00	Robert L. Stevens \$25.00
John M. Byers \$25.00	J.C. Seward \$25.00
John Marshall \$100.00	Atha Thomas \$25.00
O.T. Craig \$25.00	James Park \$25.00
Robert Ragsdale \$25.00	I.W. Briggs & Son \$50.00
Samuel S. House \$25.00	William Matthews \$25.00
James A. McNutt \$25.00	H.S. Ewing \$25.00
Timothy Sheehan \$25.00	B.M. Hughes \$25.00
John D. Bennett \$25.00	Rebecca L. Bostick \$25.00
James Pinkerton \$10.00	John McGavock \$200.00
R.G. Ellis \$50.00	Lemuel Farmer \$25.00
L.R. Brown \$10.00	John Bowden \$25.00
T.W. Bullock \$10.00	H.B. North \$25.00

John S. Park \$50.00	A.P. Maury \$25.00
James M. Gault \$25.00	John W. Miller \$25.00
S.P. Hildreth \$25.00	Samuel W. Starnes \$ 5.00
F.S. Woldridge \$25.00	James P. Johnson \$50.00
M.H. Page \$50.00	John C. Carter \$25.00
Rufus Ledbetter \$20.00	James Carothers \$50.00
W.F. Carter \$25.00	Patrick Reese \$100.00
Thomas H. Oden \$50.00	D.M. Crafton \$25.00
M.F. DeGraffenreid \$100.00	Samuel N. Thomas \$25.00
Jacob T. Page \$25.00	C.A. Bailey \$25.00
R.M. Crook \$25.00	Edwin Walters \$10.00
James P. Maury \$25.00	William M. Nolen \$25.00
Thomas Moon \$25.00	Joseph Scruggs \$25.00
L.H. Mosley \$25.00	Joseph Motherall \$25.00
N. Edwin Perkins \$25.00	Samuel M. Copeland \$ 5.00
Rufus A. Rozell \$50.00	M.L. Andrews \$25.00
Samuel F. Glass \$50.00	John L. McEwen \$50.00
Henry Eelbeck \$25.00	William S. Campbell \$25.00
Samuel S. Morton \$25.00	Hiz Hill \$50.00
J.B. Davis \$25.00	Seth Sparkman \$25.00
Augustus Alston \$10.00	W.H.S. Hill \$55.52
J.C. Karr \$20.00	James W. Owen \$10.00
H.G.W. Mayberry \$25.00	William Maney \$100.00
A.C. Mayberry \$25.00	
John M. Cayce \$25.00	

Editor's note: It is interesting to note who contributed to the support of a Confederate hospital in Franklin at this early date before experiencing Federal occupation within a month's time. The hospital would have been located on East Main Street and 2nd Ave. North where Landmark Bank and J.J.'s Wine Bar are located today.

FRANKLIN DURING FEDERAL OCCUPATION AS REPORTED BY THE FEDERAL KNAPSACK

125th Regiment Ohio Volunteers Infantry
The Federal Knapsack
Franklin, Tennessee
March 13, 1863

Although we are not at liberty to state anything definite about the number and situation of the Union forces in and about Franklin, we may be allowed to state the following facts, interesting to our friends, without injury to the service. The men of the 125th Regiment are comfortably quartered in good houses in the town. We have plenty of clothing, provisions, &c, with which to make soldiering, as far as possible, agreeable. Col. Opydyck, though for the time taken from us and put in command of the post, does not forget to look in our interests. Under his tuition, in the short space of five months, we have become one of the best drilled regiments in the service; and although we have done little fighting, there has been manifested a laudable zeal which is a sufficient guarantee that we will do out duty before the foe.

Gen. Gilbert, by assigning to us the post of honor on entering this place, and by repeated acts of favor since, has shown himself to have confidence in us and our gallant leader.

Lieutenant Col. Banning, during the short time he has been with us, has been making rapid advances in gaining the entire respect of the men. He is now in command of the regiment, and is indefatigable in his efforts to make all under him comfortable.

We miss the genial temper and manly heart of Major Wood. We lament the cause

that separates him from us, and hope he may soon be able to return.

We are, indeed, in a country surrounded by the foe, but our hearts are in the work which we have set out to accomplish, and let what will come, we will patiently and cheerfully bear all for our country's sake.

Four men of Co E, 125th regiment, were struck by lightning at half past nine o'clock on Saturday evening last.

They were on picket duty, and stationed on the Columbia road, in a grove of small ash trees, a half mile from town. The lightning shivered the tree under which they sat, scattering the splinters in all directions for some distance round. They were all from Ohio, and their names and residences are as follows:

William Nickerson, Mount Vernon; J.E. Randolph, Morrow county; R. Beeman, Mount Vernon; E.H. Dillen, Gambier. The last named was killed, and the first seriously injured, though hopes are entertained of his recovery.

The other two have so far recovered that no serious consequences are apprehended concerning them. The first named was a corporal, and the other three privates. Private D. was a young man of moral and exemplary character, a good soldier, and his sudden death cast a melancholy gloom over the entire company of which he was so worthy a mem-

ber, Henry H. Thomas, sutler of the 125th Regiment, O.V.I., while taking some guns from a wagon on Friday last, accidentally discharged one of them with fatal result; the ball entering his right temple, inflicting a terrible wound, from which it is thought he cannot recover.

S.N. Jones, Serg't. Co. "C" 125th Regiment, O.V.I., has been placed in charge of the contrabands at this Post. He has now on his roll able for duty, with pick, axe, shovel, over 250 names.

The cars have been running into Franklin for several days.

Dr. Henry, of the 125th Regiment, O.V.I., has been appointed Post Surgeon, and is now in charge of the General Hospital (formerly a College building) in this place.

[Tennessee Female College was located on South Margin between 4th and 5th Ave.]

Herman B. Harmon, Lieut. Co. "C" 125th Regiment, O.V.I., has been appointed Ordinance Officer for the 10th Division, 34th Brigade.

The manner in which Colonel Opydycke is dealing with the secessionists about Franklin, is giving entire satisfaction to Union people, who previous to our possessing the town, were imprisoned, and paraded through the streets at the point of the bayonet. Even ladies were subjected to this most disgraceful process by the Southern chivalry, for no other crime than expressing a love of the old Flag.

In noticing the assistance rendered by various officers and men in getting up the paper, the Knapsack says of one of the Herald boys that "in this connection we would not forget the timely assistance rendered by Henry Glenville orderly Sergeant Co., "H" 125th Ohio regiment under whose supervision the Job Printing department of the office has been most successful conducted."

Editor's Note: This article provides interesting information as to what was happening in Franklin under Federal occupation. It is interesting to note that there were 250 contraband (ex-slaves) working on Ft. Granger at this time. Praise is given Col. Opydycke as a commander. Note the reference to the ill-treatment of Franklin Unionists before the Federals took over the town. It had been reported that ladies with Union sympathies were paraded through the streets and scorned. Col. Opydycke will later make a name for himself on the evening of November 30, 1864, near the Carter House, when his men plug the gap in the line on Columbia Pike as Confederates charge through.

A COFFIN FOR COL. NOEL NELSON, DECEMBER 1, 1865

Camp 12th Louisiana Regiment
Near Verona Station Mobile & Ohio RR
January 22, 1865

Mrs. Nelson,

Feeling it a duty to inform you of certain facts in reference to the death and burial of your beloved husband, I will now attempt to give what facts I am in possession of believing that it may attend to allay your bereavement to some extent. I can assure you that in the loss of Col. Nelson our Regiment has lost a friend that can never be replaced. And in him that is now no more I have lost my best friend and our whole band mourns his loss. He was a good friend of the Band and all the Band loved and honored him as much as if he had been a near Relative. He was a noble man and one who was honored and respected by all who knew him in the army. Well he fell at the head of his Regiment leading them on to the charge at Franklin. He was brought from off the field about midnight and died shortly after. I did not get to see him before he died, as I was over at another field infirmary and did not get to see him until daylight when I went over to see him not knowing he was dead until I got there and found him dead and he was the most natural corpse I ever beheld he looked as though he was merely asleep. So the first thing that I thought of was that he should be nicely put away in his grave. So I asked Dr. Field for a pass to go to Franklin and procure him a good coffin, which was two miles from the hospital, and so I got Mr. Hedgepeth, a member of our band, and we went to town in search of a coffin. There were two undertakers shops in

town but one the Yankees burnt down as he was a secesh I suppose and I went to the other and made inquiry if I could get a coffin and was told by the proprietor that he had none but 3 which I saw in the shop and they were plain ones just finished and he asked me if I had applied to the other shop and I told him that was burnt down but he then remarked that the owner had saved some and to go there and I could get one and so me and Hedgepeth went to the other shop and I made inquiry and the gentlemen told me that he had some but that they were all too small and then he remarked to me that if I would go to the other shop I could get one he thought but I told him that I had just come from there and he told me he had only 3 and they were spoken for, and he said that the man had told me a lie for he said I was upstairs at his shop only a few days previous and he had over a hundred and so when he told me that I was quite enraged and was determined to go and get one so just at that time I saw an old acquaintance from Florida who was in the same business as myself and so he joined us and we went to the shop and asked if we could get any coffins and the man of the shop having went out when I got back we asked the negroe boy who was working in the shop and the boy said he had none and we told him we did not want him to lie for we knew there was coffins there and he then said there was some upstairs but that they were fine cedar coffins. We told him

that was just the kind we wanted and so the old man who was out had the key that unlocked the door which led upstairs, and so we took an axe and forced the door open and went upstairs and there was a large room just full of coffins all painted and nicely varnished so we just took one and myself and Hedgepeth carried it on our shoulders to Mr. McGavock's where the corpse was and we procured a nice white sheet and buried him nicely just as nice as he could have been buried anywhere. Should you wish to move his remains ever the coffin will be good and sound for it is cedar and will outlast any other kind of wood. Hoping this may tend to give you satisfaction to his burial I will close from any further remarks, though I still mourn the loss of him yet and shall never forget him as long as I live. Our whole band deeply sympathizes with you. Well if there are any other information that you may wish to know and I am in possession of I will take pleasure in giving you information. Well I will now close hoping this may find you well and in good health. I am respectfully your obedient servant and friend.

Thomas P. Alies

Leader 12th LA Brass Band
 Scott's Brigade, Loring's Division
 Army of Tennessee

Descriptions of Nelson by his comrades:

(He) lay dying, torn to pieces by a discharge of grape and canister to close range...both legs were crushed by a cannon ball and his bowels torn by iron grape. His eyes, through exhaustion caused by pain, sank back into his head..."Give me forty grains of morphine! He called out through the night. He called out all through the night. "Give me forty grains of morphine and let me die! Oh, can't I die? My poor wife and child! My poor wife and child! O Merrill! Can you not get the surgeons to administer some drug that will relieve me of the torture?"

Col. C.E. Merrill, 49th Alabama Infantry, Battle of Franklin Recalled," *Confederate Veteran* Vol. 5 page 600.

According to Merrill's post-war recollections, state Noel Nelson was "near" General Thomas M. Scott, and a Mississippian matching the description of Capt. Roland Jones.

FRANKLIN COUPLE DESCRIBES DEATH OF SOLDIER

[Punctuation added for clarity, spelling remains the same.]

Franklin Tenn

May 26th 1865

Dear Friend, this morning I seat my self to answer your kind letter which I received last Saturday bearing the date of the 19 of April. You requested me to write the particulars of your husband. Mrs. Tompson it is a painful task to me to do it and a great deal more so to you. Your husband was brought to my house on the 1st day of December and Mr. McCameron and Mr. Tompson['s] Brother came with him here and stayed with him 3 weeks and 2 days, and also Mr Albn?, a nurse, was sent with him and they stayed until the morning of the retreat and they the Yankees were comeing in and they were compelled to leave, but Mr Tompson conversed with his Brother a bout staying and he told him to go and not to stay and be made a prisoner. I prevailed on him to stay and he said no that he thought it was best to go and he was fearful that his Brother couldnt live and perhaps he could be of some benefit to his wife and children. Mr. Tompson left on Saturday and your Dear Husband departed from this world on the next Friday. He died claping his hands and a praising his maker [page 2] and seemed perfectly desired to his heavenly farther['s] will he was engaged in prays during all of his sickness almost his last words was that he could see his dear wife and little ones once more, and all the time during his sickness would he express himself that way every day more or less

and that seemed to be his hole crave was to see his wife and little ones, and nerely every morning when I would get in to the room to enquire how they was, he would say, "O that looks like my poor Old Mother had come," and Mrs. Tompson Surely I was a mother to them for I done every thing that could be done, for they had every attention payed them that could be owing to the situation we were in. the Yankees come in to see them the next day after the rebels left and went into their room and talked with them and they treated them very kindly. 12 days before Mr. Tompson died, his wound broke and bled very frequently until he died and mortification took place in his thy the night before he died. He died on the th23 of December at 7 o clock in the evening and was buried the next day in our graveyard. Mrs. Tompson I have a lock of his hair that I took off for your special benefit and I have a very fine rifle that he gave me a week before he died to send to you, and I have a very nice needle case that he gave me at the same time and requested of me to be sure and keep them for you. [page 3] My Dear Friend I sympathize with you very deeply for the loss of your dear Husband but I hope you will put your trus in your Heavenly Father and prepare to meet him in Heaven. I will close for this time you must excuse bad writing and spelling as I am in a great deal of

trouble. I have a son in prison at Point Look-out Meral and and I cant here from him. you mus be sure and write to me as soon as this come[s] to hand.

I would of writen to you long since, but I did not know that I could get a letter through to you. when you write, pleas send me word whether Mr. Tompson['s] brother has got home or not.

Nancy T Dotson

A few lines for Mr. McCameron['s] sister: he died on 22 of Decem at 8 o clock in the evening and was buried on the 23 and he is buried by the side of Mr. Tompson. I went to him a few minutes before he died and took hold of his hand and he told me that he was scurd and I asked him what scurd him. and I said to him, "Jimmie, it is the Lords will to take you. are you afraid to go?" and he said no that there was plenty of room in heaven for him. just before he died, he gave me a heavy gold ring and a gold pen [page 4] and requested me to keep them until I could get a way to send them to you. Jimmie bore his sufferance with great fortitud and often spoke of his mother and sister.

I will write to you and Mrs. Tompson again when my mind is better composed and write all the particulars and try and give you more satisfaction a bout them. Answer this as soon as it comes to hand. I will close remain- ing your sincere friend.

Pressly Dotson and Nancy T Dotson

Pressly and Nancy Dotson lived on 3rd Ave. North, near the Old City Cemetery during the Civil War era.

DEAR MRS. MCGAVOCK

Willis Parrish, Texas

February 26, 1900

Mrs. Col. John McGavock

Dear Mrs. McGavock

Your exceedingly kind letter of recent date recd. And I have received your card also.

I have no language with which to thank you, as my heart would prompt.

I hope you will not think me unduly childish when I tell you that I have scarcely commenced in reading of your letter when I found my eyes blinded with tears, nor could I finish it until I had stolen away by myself and took a good hearty, old fashion cry over same.

I hope it was not unmanly, but somehow, as the years go on, I find there is a chord in my heart more easily touched, than when I was a 17 yr. old boy, and undergoing the trials and sufferings, such as you witnessed at Franklin. You speak of looking further for the grave of my friend. To aid you, I will try to give a more accurate description of the place. I have been there since the battle, or rather since our retreat from Nashville. I remember on the line of the battle as we approached Franklin, we were, I think, on the Columbia Pike. About 2 or 2 ½ miles, as I remember it, south of the town we came over a range of hills, the road we were on, passing between two knobs. Just over the north side of these hills we formed line of battle.



I am sure the field hospital spoken of was on a pike, but as I now remember its location it seems to me to have been considerably to the right of a line from the old gin house to the two hills mentioned.

There were other houses along the road between the gin house and the house where our hospital was located (one or two). These were on the west side of road. I can't recall any on the East side. The house I speak of was only small frame house-four or five rooms. It was near the road, on the west side. The garden was just south of the house, East, or rather S.E. of the house. Must have been a meadows but I can't recall any fencing. I went down S.E. some three to five hundred yards, hunt-

ing dead grass with which to make a softer bed for my friend. I went in a southern direction to a small branch with low banks but shelving rocks cropped out in places. Along its sides under one of these rocks and lying in the water I found a poor boy who had been wounded in the head and wandered back there and fallen in. the point I want to make is, if this branch crossed the road, there was no house on either side between it and the house where our field hospital was located. The garden we shared was south of house and the well was west or N.W. of house.

The grave of my cousin (A.M. Childriss) was the center of (this) garden. By the side was the grave of J.W. Hatfield, same Co. & Regiment. There were more than 20 graves there I presume of Ark. Soldiers. I saw a statement somewhere that there 120 Ark. Soldiers buried in your cemetery. Certainly these figures fall far short of the real numbers. My regiment consolidated 6 & 7 Ark. went in with 357 men. And had 55 to answer at roll next morning. Of my own company, every man was killed, wounded, or captured. When I looked over that terrible scene the next morning after the battle, it did really seem that it was good fortune that befell me that day before. I had been barefooted for several days, and as we were making the flank movement around Columbia—shocking the enemy at Spring Hill as we were double quicking over the rough country I cut my foot badly on a sharp stone and was ordered to remain behind. Knowing that a battle was imminent I managed to hop along and keep up with the rear of the division and to join my command just as the line of battle started for the enemies works. I followed them to the first line of works which our boys raced over without a halt. Here I found a Yankee whose shoes were about "my size" and as he could have no earthly use for them anymore, I appropriated them to my own use, likewise his blanket. My foot was too sore to wear the shoes and the next night someone stole them from under my head. But the blanket I have yet, thanks to the care which it has received from my wife and daughter. I believe they and our three sons would almost as soon see our go up in flames as to see any damage to that old blanket.

You reminded me of the severe weather that followed Franklin. Indeed, the remembrance of that winter is burned into my memory as with a red hot iron. Whilst around

Nashville, with a four inch sleet on the ground, which seemed would never melt. And from Nashville back to Cornith I was barefooted with sleet, rain and snow the whole way without under clothing. My pants frozen and _____ to the knees and so worn that I was ashamed to go to a house to ask for clothes or to be seen by a lady. I think I can truthfully say that I bled for our country every step of the way from Nashville to Cornith. And this was but the experience of hundreds of my comrades.

May God bless you dear Mrs. McGavock and spare you many years yet and for your life's work here give you many jewels in the life to come is the earnest wish of your friend.

Wm. W. Gibson



STORM AT FRANKLIN

Nashville Union and American
April 2, 1873

Our neighboring city of Franklin, the county seat of Williamson, about 18 miles from this place, was yesterday morning visited by a severe and very damaging storm, which resulted in the partial destruction of a large number of substantial buildings, including the Court-house, the new Methodist church, railroad depot, stores, dwellings, etc.

The hurricane, for which it may be called, struck Franklin a little before 7 o'clock a.m., and came from a southwest direction. The Court House, one of the best buildings of that kind in the State, was badly wrecked, the entire roof of which was blown across the square and fell with force against J.D. Bennett's large brick store, crushing in the entire side a distance of 150 feet.

The new Methodist Church was unroofed and badly damaged. The roof was of tin, and the loss heavy. Two handsome stores with mansard roofs, occupied by Campbell & Pope and Harrison & Bailey were also badly wrecked, the first floor, and the latter completely unroofed. The gable end of Hugh Duff's dwelling was blown down.

The railroad depot, a substantial brick building, 140 by 40 feet, is almost a complete wreck. The new machine shop in the same locality was unroofed. Rainey's dwelling house in the same neighborhood was also unroofed.

The gable end of the old John Marshall residence on Main Cross Street fell in. The office of the Franklin Review was

slightly damaged. Jo Frankland's store on Main Street was unroofed, and the rear wall fell in. The store of Baugh & Green building, owned by Col. House, was badly injured. The broom factory of Robert Toon was considerably damaged.

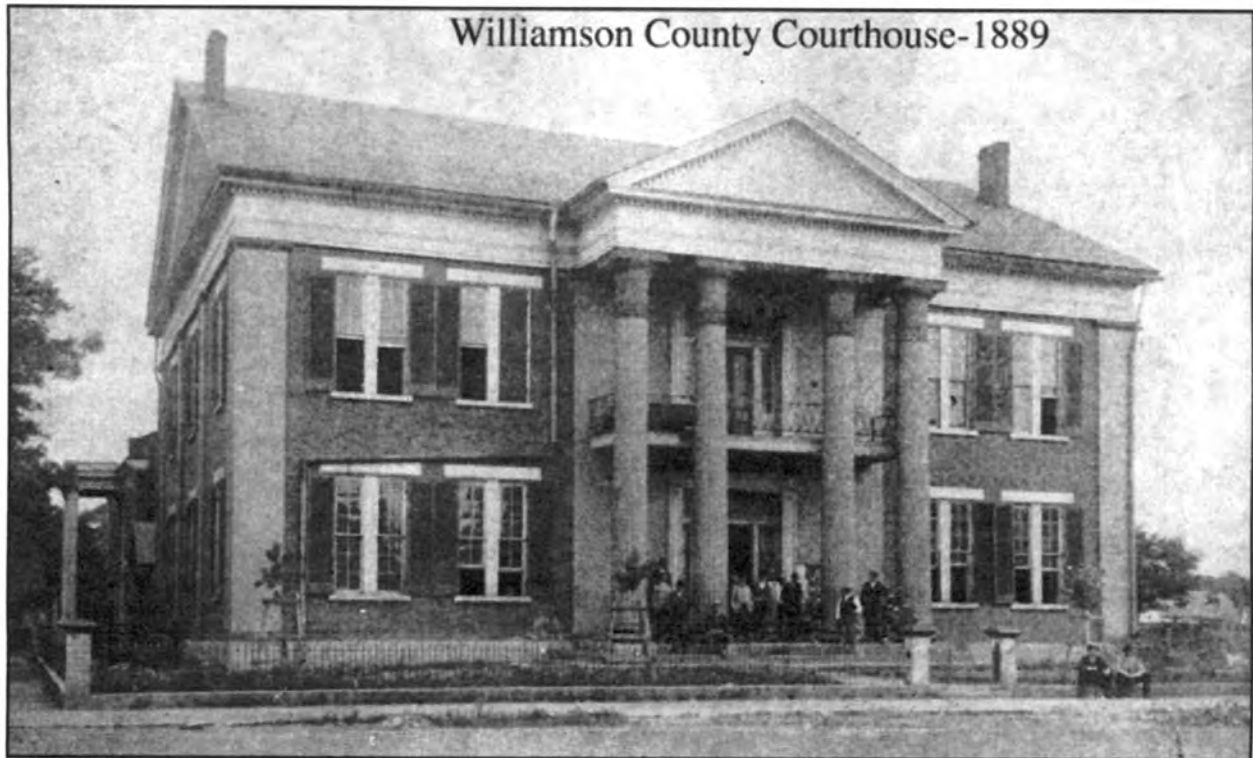
The dwelling of Frank Baltschwiler was unroofed and while endeavoring to shield his child from the crash, the gentleman was struck on the back by a falling timber, and slightly injured. We also hear that a lady was badly hurt.

With such a blow, and attended with so much damage, it is astonishing that there were no more accidents.

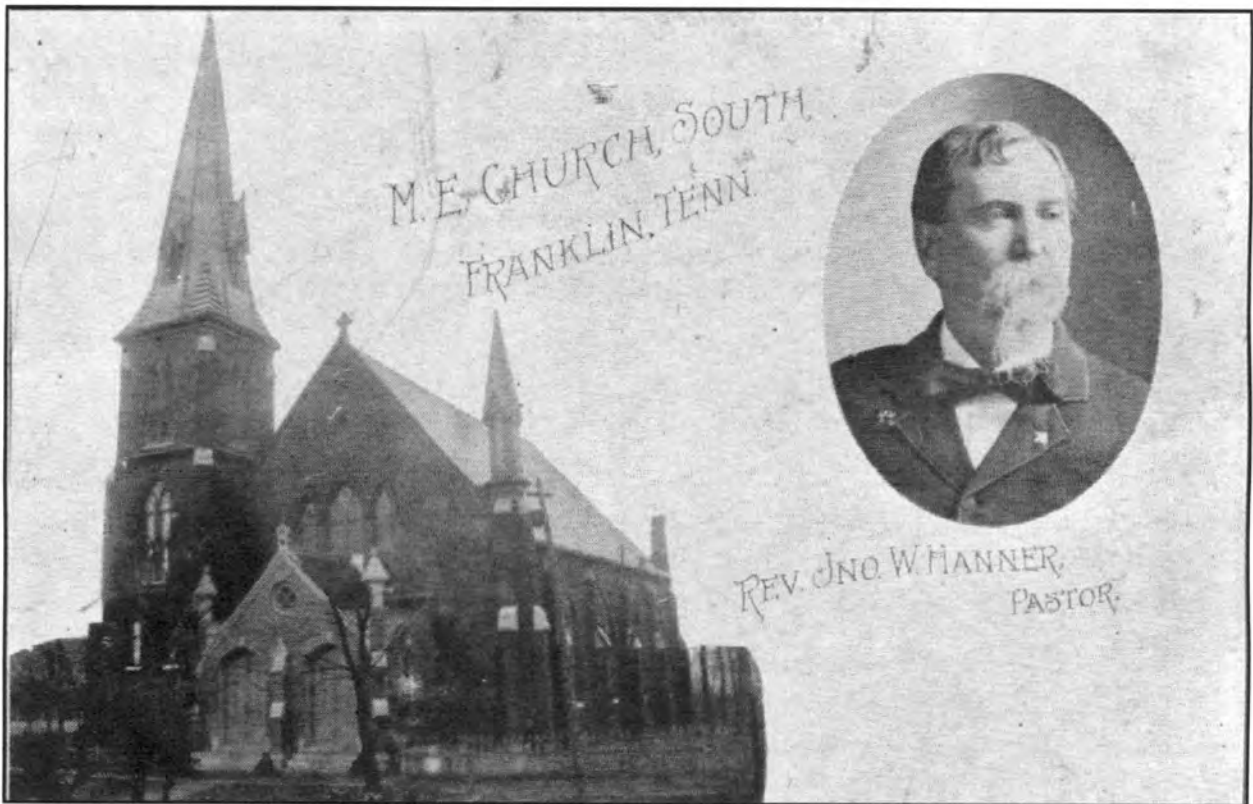
There was considerable damage to trees and fencing on the premises of Col. John McGavock just beyond the city, and no doubt the storm was serve in other localities.

A gentleman who was present speaks of the blow as terrific, and says that the town was full of timber, which was flying in all directions. Fortunately it lasted only for a few moments. The windstorm was followed by a considerable fall of hail, and afterwards rain.

The goods in many of the stores are no doubt greatly damaged, and at this time of writing it is impossible to estimate the loss.



A new roof was added after the 1873 tornado and this 1889 image shows the building at its best.



This 1898 image of the Franklin Methodist Church reveals a beautifully restored building.

THE WILLIAMSON COUNTY GIANT HOAX

Kevin E. Smith, Professor of Archaeology MTSU
Middle Cumberland Archaeological Society Newsletter, Vol. 35,
No. 5, pp. 2-6, Sept/Oct/ 2013

Western Weekly Review (Franklin)
November 11, 1845

Giant Bones—there have been recently dug up in Williamson county, Tennessee, seven miles from Franklin, the bones of a giant and no mistake. We have conversed with an intelligent and enterprising gentlemen of our city, who has seen, examined, and purchased an interest in the skeleton. From him we derive the following facts; A Mr. Shumate was boring for water near his residence, upon a hill of considerable extent and eminence, situated in a rocky, mountainous section country, where the bones were discovered about 60 feet beneath the surface. They were immediately exhumed, and were found embedded in a strata of the hardest kind of clay which had apparently filled an extensive cavern or opening in the rock. The position of the skeleton was that of a recumbent, making an angle of the horizon. The bones are not at all petrified as in the case with most of the skeleton monsters of animals which have been discovered in our country, but are, nevertheless, in a most perfect state of preservation, and weigh in the aggregate about 1500 pounds!

No doubt rests in the minds of any who have seen or examined them, that these bones belong to the genus homo. All the larger and characteristic bones are entire, and the skull, arms and thigh bones, knee pans, shoulder sockets and collar bones remove all skepticism as to their humanity. The whole skeleton, we are informed, is about 18 feet

high, and must have stood full 19 feet 'in his stockings' (if he wore any). The bones of the high and left measure 6 feet 6 inches, so that our friend, "the General," could have marched erect, in full military costume, between the giant's legs.

The skull is described as being about 2/3 the size of a flour barrel, and capable of holding in its cavities near two bushes; a coffee good size could be pout into the eye sockets—and the jaw teeth, which are all perfect even to the enamel, would weigh from 3 1/2 to 6 pounds, some of the smaller ones which were loose have been weighed—the front teeth are missing. These teeth bear evidence of extreme age, from their cavities are apparent diminution from use in wearing away.

An eminent physician and anatomist, properly assisted, is engaged in having the skeleton put together and the small deficiencies supplied by art.

We are further informed by our fellow citizen, who has purchased an interest of one fourth in this interesting and wonderful curiosity, that it will be ready for exhibition in about one month's time, when it will start on its tour thro' the civilized world, and proceeding from New Orleans will shortly be among us here. Our fellow townsman keeps the price he paid for his interest a secret, but says that \$50,000 has been offered and refused for the whole of this curiosity.

Tennessee against the World.

THE grand Monster TENNESSEAN, standing erect 16 feet high, which was recently discovered in Williamson County by W. J. Shomate while digging a Well, (on the top of a Hill some 100 feet high) at the depth of fifty feet below the surface, entombed in the fissure of a large rock apparently in a horizontal position.

It resembles the Human more than any other skeleton.

This Monster Skeleton of the Antedeluvian Age, will be exhibited at the Theatre, THIS DAY, from 9 o'clock, A. M., until 5 P. M.

In consequence of the liberality of the Legislature, His Majesty will be exhibited to the Citizens of Nashville at 30 cents, Children and Servants half price. Tickets may be had at the door.

S. B. MOODY, Agent.

December 12, 1845.

FIGURE 2. Advertisement for the "Monster Tennessean", *Republican Banner* 12 Dec 1845.

By December 12, the surviving parts of the Giant Skeleton had been reassembled and mounted—with the "missing" parts fleshed out using wood and rawhide. The skeleton was transported to Nashville and placed on display at the Theatre.

The Big Tennessean—the citizens of Nashville have enjoyed the opportunity during several days of examining the skeleton of a strange animal, whose bones were found imbedded amidst rocks at the depth of fifty feet below the surface, in the county of Williamson. Many have examined the bones, and all have been interested. Various opinions are expressed as to the species of animal to which it belongs, but all concur in pronouncing it a strange skeleton. In its arrangement for exhibition it presents all the appearance of a human skeleton standing erect and measuring sixteen feet from top of the skull bone. there was suspended by his side the skeleton of a man of ordinary size, and the contrast was truly striking. (figure 3)

Whatever doubts may be entertained in classifying this animal, there can be none

as to the fact connected with its finding and exhumation. It was found at least fifty below the surface of the earth, and seemed to be wedged in between two rocks, and many of the large bones are broken as if crushed between the rocks. The pelvis, for instance, is broken and crushes so that it could not be put together, and its place is supplied with wood—Although several of the important bones are missing, yet in general the corresponding ones are preserved so that a tolerably complete skeleton has been formed.

We are not aware that any scientific gentlemen has yet ventured to declare to what species the animal belonged. there are some strong indications that it was a biped animal, but we are unable to discover this—Nashville paper, *Dwight's American* magazine and Family newspaper, 1-776, 1845.

By late December, the exhibition had made its way to New Orleans where it met with equal astonishment and continued to make the pages of newspaper across the country through early January:

Jeffersonian Republican, January 8, 1846, pg. 2. **A Monster Skeleton.** *The Nashville Whig* of Dec. 13th gives a description of a monster skeleton recently discovered in Williamson county, Tenn., which was entombed in the crevice of a large rock, apparently in a horizontal position. The skeleton, standing erect, measures 16 feet, and resembles that of the human skeleton more than anything else. Gentlemen of intelligence who seen the fossil remains of mastodons and other animals exhibited at the eastward, say this is by far the most extraordinary antedeluvian specimen they have ever seen.

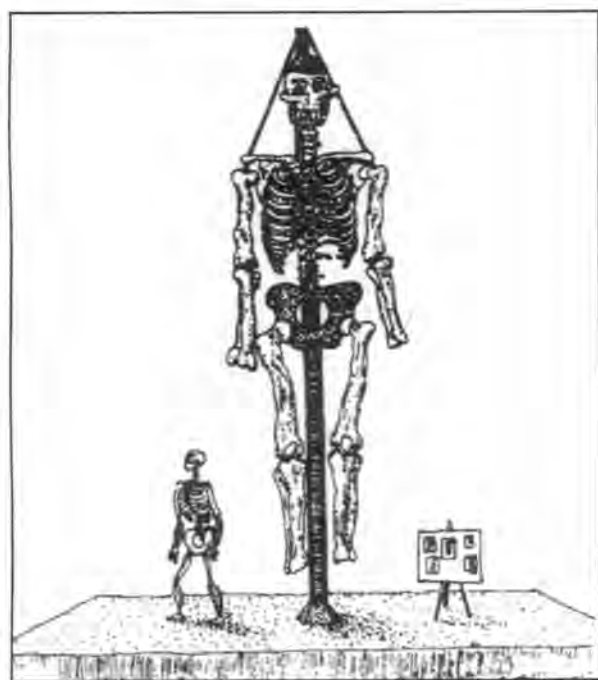
Alas, the Wonder of the Williamson County Giant was soon to fall prey to an unscrupulous scientist from the Medical College of Louisiana.

American Journal of Science and Arts, 1 (2): 244, 1846. Art. XII.—**Remarks on some Fossil Bones recently brought to New Orleans from Tennessee and from Texas**; by William Carpenter, M.D., Prof. in the Med. Co. of Louisiana. I. Fossils from Tennessee—the “gigantic Fossil Man,” (being the skeleton of a young mastodon.) Much interest has been recently excited by the announcement of the discovery in Tennessee of the remains of a man eighteen feet high. The papers teemed with accounts of the prodigy, and public confidence was secured by the assertion that the distinguished physicians of the west had testified that they were human remains. About the last of December these remains reached this city; and on the first of January I was requested by a distinguished surgeon here to go with him on the invitation of the proprietor to examine them, and give an opinion. They had been erected in a high room; the skeleton was sustained in its erect position by a large upright beam of timber. At a glance it was apparent that it was nothing more than a skeleton of a young mastodon, (one of Godman’s

Tetracaulodons, with sockets of four tusks.) the bones of the leg and ankle were complete, the metatarsal bones wanting. The bones of the anterior extremities complete to the metacarpal bones, which were present in one leg, the phalanges wanting. Most of the vertebrae were present; the ribs mostly of wood. The pelvic arrangement was entirely of wood; the scapulae were present, but somewhat broken, and were rigged on with a most human-like elevation; pieces of ribs supplying the want of clavicles. The osseous part of the head were portions, nearly complete, of the upper and lower jaws. Some of the molars were quite complete; of the tusks, only one little stump remained, but the four alveoli of the upper jaw had large incisive looking wooden teeth fitted into them, and the lower jaw supplied to correspond. The cranium was entirely wanting from the lower margin of the orbits, back; but a raw-hide cranium was fitted on, which was much more becoming to the animal in his new capacity that the old one would have been.

The artificial construction was principally in the pelvis and head; and take it as thus built it, with its half human, half beast-like look, and its great hooked incisive teeth, it certainly must have conveyed to the ignorant spectator a most horrible idea of a hideous diabolical giant, of which he no doubt dreamed for months. To one informed in such matters it really presented a most ludicrous figure.

The person who had it for exhibition was honest, I believe, in his convictions as to its being the remains of a man, having been confirmed in them by numerous physicians, who certificates he had in his possession, and having asked and received my opinion, he determined to box it up, never to be exhibited again as the remains of a human being. In this case, the discovery truly was a giant of the



FRANKLIN: GO-GETTERS PROD QUIET TOWN INTO FUTURE

By Hugh Walker
The Nashville Tennessean
September 25, 1962



Capt. Tom Henderson

The weight of the past and pressures of the future are at work in Franklin.

The Williamson County seat, just 18 miles from Nashville by the Franklin and Hillsboro Roads, could accurately be described as "the town with charm."

Nestled in a bend of the Harpeth River, Franklin was named for America's great philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin. And the river, according to the late historian Park Marshall, was named for the Harpath, a fanciful stream mentioned in Addison's *Spectator*.

Franklin is surrounded by a green, rolling landscape—cattle, horse, and grass country. Walking horses are popular, and quarter horses, too, since some take their riding western style.

Organized in 1799, Franklin is one of the oldest towns in Middle Tennessee, with a

population of 7,000. The town's weekly newspaper, the *Review-Appeal*, was established in 1813, and in a front page box says it has served Williamson County continuously for 149 years.

Stream of Trucks

A constant stream of trucks, some almost as big as boxcars, rumbles across the square at Franklin, bound north and south on Highway 31. A police car, generally seen in the middle of the square, seems bent on protecting the Confederate monument from the onrushing vehicles.

Just northeast of the square, and hard by the stream of traffic, Captain Tom Henderson, attorney, dispenses hospitality and legal advice in a serve little brick building that was put up as a doctor's office in 1813. Captain Tom, his crew cut graying now, and his eyes shaded from the light, has practiced law in Franklin since 1904.

Captain Tom is actually a colonel, a rank conferred upon him in World War II. But he likes "Captain" better. "I really earned that one," he says, "back in World War I."

The fact was that the captain raised his own artillery battery in Williamson and adjoining counties, trained it and took it through the war and brought his battery back home after the Armistice.

Horse-Drawn Guns

As a part of the 114th Field Artillery Regiment Captain Tom's battery was in the front line without relief from August 27 to

November 11, 1918, during which its four French Seventy-Fives fired 30,000 rounds of ammunition. The guns were horse drawn, and out of 160 horses all but 16 were lost during that period.

When the war was over Germany's Kaiser Wilhelm took refuge in neutral Holland. Col. Luke Lea, commanding the 114th, conceived the idea of kidnapping the Kaiser and taking him inside the American lines—and presenting him to President Woodrow Wilson as a New Year's gift.

Two of Col. Lea's companions on this memorable, but unsuccessful expedition were Capt. Tom Henderson and L.S. McPhail, famous for introducing night professional baseball. The adventurers narrowly escaped a

court martial—but the expedition made one of the great stories of the war.

Wants a Quiet Town

Captain Tom, a descendant of Williamson County pioneers, likes Franklin the way it has been in the past—a pleasant village with shady streets, ante-bellum homes and children playing on green lawns. He takes a dim view of new industry, prefers a "residential" town, and will applaud when a north-south superhighway takes some of the traffic off the square.

Marshall Morgan, who lives in his ancestral home two blocks east of the square, shares Henderson's view. At Franklin's Five Points, where an old school is being torn down, Morgan, newspaperman and magazine



McGavock Confederate Cemetery at Carnton

writer, favors a green mall or park rather than another parking lot, as some desire. "What we need," he contends, "is fewer automobiles in town, not more."

Franklin is a cosmopolitan town, with its social, intellectual and economic life tied in rather closely with Nashville. Many people live in Franklin or Williamson County and work in Nashville, and the Nashville residential suburbs such as Oak Hill, Forest Hills and Belle Meade are only a few minutes away.

The Great Battle

For three years the Civil War passed by and around Franklin, destroying bridges, building fortifications, but life went on about as usual, first under one army, then under the other.

Then, on November 30, 1864 Gen. John B. Hood's Confederate Army of Tennessee caught up with a Federal force under Gen. John M. Schofield at Franklin. The Federals started their wagon trains across the make-shift bridge and built hasty trenches and barricades around town, almost enclosing the loop of the river.

Late in the afternoon the Confederates charged down from Winstead Hill, Col. Ellison Capers, of the 24th South Carolina wrote:

"Bands were playing, general and staff officers were riding in front of and between the lines, a hundred battle-flags were waving in the smoke of battle, and bursting shells were wreathing the air in great circles of smoke, while twenty thousand brave men were marching in perfect order against the foe."

Thousands of quail whirled into the air and a long line of rabbits scampered in fright before the advancing army.

The charge almost succeeded, but it failed, and repeated thrusts could not move the Federals. That night, when the fighting

was over, they pulled out and marched to Nashville.

The battle was a drawn, bloody affair, but it deeply wounded Hood's little army, and it made its mark on Franklin.

Young Men Died

In the narrow, deep Confederate cemetery in front of Carnton, the old McGavock house on the Lewisburg pike, 1482 Confederate victims of the battle are buried.

They were young men who died in the charge—the average age was said to be 19. The bodies of five of their generals were laid for a while on the great back gallery at Carnton.

Perhaps half of the houses in Franklin were scarred by cannon balls, with the Carter House, now a Confederate shrine, getting the worst of it. People never ceased to talk about the battle, or tell stories about it. Visitors from every state come to the shrine and cemetery.

Changing Times

But times are changing in Franklin. New industries and new people are coming in, and they are less preoccupied with Franklin's past than with the future. The cemetery and shrine are symbols, to some of them, of a dead and tragic past and its memories, the other looking toward industrial expansion and the future.

A man who takes a moderate view on the matter is Rogers Caldwell, who lives in a restored brick house on a quiet street. Before the depression of 1929 Caldwell headed a great Southern financial empire, with headquarters in Nashville. He still goes in to work every morning, but spends afternoons reading and talking to friends.

"Franklin is a wonderful place to live," he said, "and I'd like to keep that way. I think some new industries and plants would be accepted here, and might do well. But I don't believe in bringing in just any kind of

industry, without regard to what it might do to the town."

A bridge between past and future in Franklin is Battle Ground Academy, smack in the middle of the historic battlefield. Although linked by location to Civil War days, it is looking ahead and growing fast, its physical plant doubling in value during the past years.

College Prep School

Headmaster Paul Redick, interviewed while mowing his lawn, said the school has 291 students, 33 living in dormitories, and had to turn away about 200 applicants this year.

BGA is a college preparatory school, and the boys do not wear uniforms. Many of the students come from the Nashville area, and a number live around Franklin. Headmaster Redick was particularly proud of the fact that for the past six years 100 per cent of his graduates have entered college.

Out on Hillsboro Road Principal Barry Sutton, a former Golden Glover, said Franklin High School now has 300 students and 24 teachers and is growing every year.

Laurence Howard, Jr., president of the Franklin Power Light Co., takes pride in the fact that his distributing system delivers TVA electric power cheaper than it is sold in Nashville. Rooted to the region by family ties of many generations he is sensible of past history—but takes a hard look at Franklin's future.

Franklin cannot go on indefinitely, he believes, as a "bedroom" or residential town, with its people working in out of town plants, which pay taxes out of town. Real estate taxes, he believes, are inadequate to provide education and other services, leaving just two alternatives: find new tax sources or bring new industry and new jobs to Franklin. Franklin's industrial plants are already expanding, with a mattress making plant and a

metal products firm recently added to the list. A shoe factory, concrete block plant, rock products plant, poultry and cheese plants, with a few smaller enterprises, add up to about 1,000 industrial jobs in the town. In the decade of the Sixties it has been estimated that the population of town and county will double.

It is true, perhaps, that Franklin has held out against change. But it is also true that the town is changing, even if slowly. The immovable object of the past is giving a little before the irresistible force of the future.

But the older part of the town, with shade trees, antebellum homes and memories of the great battle are still there, too. Perhaps an accommodation can be found somewhere in the no-man's-land between yesterday and tomorrow.

Maybe Franklin's leaders will find a way for the town to have its cake, and eat it, too.



Bill Ormes, Rock Jennings, Tyler Berry, III,
Rogers Caldwell at West Point Cafe

LAURA LAVENDER BAXTER



Laura Lavender Baxter

Some Representative Women of Tennessee by Annie Somer Gilchrist
Nashville Tenn, McQuiddy Printing Co., 1902



"WESTOVER," THE COUNTRY SEAT OF MR. AND MRS. NATHANIEL BAXTER.

SOME REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

MRS. LAURA LAVENDER BAXTER.

Mrs. Nathaniel Baxter, the daughter of James F. and Sarah Lavender, of Williamson County, Tenn., comes of patriotic and illustrious ancestry. Her grandfather, Nelson Lavender, fought in the Mexican War under General Scott, enlisting at the outbreak of the war and remaining until hostilities ceased. He fought in many important battles, among the number being Chapultepec, Cherebusco, and Monterey. She is the great-granddaughter of William Lavender, who enlisted in Virginia in the Guards' Corps, serving with such distinction in the Revolutionary War that he received a grant of land in recognition of his services.

Mrs. Baxter's mother, Sarah Horton, daughter of William and Elizabeth Elliott Kennedy, of Charleston, S. C., was a great belle and one of the most beautiful women of her day in a land celebrated for the beauty and grace of its womanhood.

In the military annals of the "up-country" section of South Carolina—so called from having been populated with people from the provinces of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia—the names "Elliott" and "Kennedy" have always been conspicuous. The two families have for generations been among the most prominent and influential in that portion of the country. This "up-country" section at the outbreak of the War of the Revolution

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was slow to take action; but when the troops of Cornwallis invaded their territory and perpetrated among them their high-handed cruelties, they rose *en masse*, and no people in the land gave more freely of their blood and means to the cause of American independence. With officers of their own choosing and no pay but their patriotic sense of duty done, they achieved a series of brilliant victories that did more toward securing the freedom and liberties of the American colonies than anything else, unless it was the French alliance.

Mrs. Baxter's maternal great-great-grandfather was the second son of Lord Kennedy, of Ireland, who was the owner of vast estates in the "Emerald Isle." This younger son emigrated to Virginia, and afterwards removed to the "Palmetto State." Her maternal grandfather was Rev. Henry Cato Horton, a minister of power and influence in the Methodist Church in Virginia and Tennessee.

Mrs. Baxter, the subject of this sketch, was born and reared in Mississippi. She was educated in Memphis, Tenn., at the State Female College, under the scholarly Dr. J. T. C. Collins. In the exclusive social coterie in which she moved she reigned an undisputed favorite, and in her early girlhood exercised in no small degree the fine womanly influences which have been so characteristic of her. She was married in December, 1868, to Mr. Nathaniel Baxter, of Nashville, Tenn. Mr. Baxter took an active

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part in the Civil War. He enlisted when a lad only fifteen years of age, and commanded a battery of artillery at the age of eighteen. He served for four years with distinction, and surrendered with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army at Hillsboro, N. C., in May, 1865, having been in forty-one battles.

Mr. Baxter has been eminently successful in his business, and has established for himself a most enviable reputation as a broad, conservative business man and an able financier. The *Daily News* of April 27, 1902, said: "Mr. Baxter was one of the foremost figures in the organization and development of the great Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company, which blazed the way for the establishment of the iron industry in Tennessee and Alabama. For years he was its president, and directed its complex affairs with a capacity which made him one of the famous iron masters of the country. He has lately resigned that position to accept the presidency of the Cumberland Coal and Coke Company, which owns vast properties along the Cumberland Plateau, traversed by the Tennessee Central Railroad."

Since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter have resided in Nashville. Their residence on Spruce street is noted for the elegance of its furnishings, containing as it does many fine works of art. Among them are Japanese bronzes of unusual size and rare workmanship, marbles, pictures, and plate. In the spacious hall, drawing-room, library, and dining room

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are antique bronze candelabra of exquisite design and great beauty; and these rooms are hung with rich draperies. One of the most notable entertainments ever given in the State had this elegant and hospitable home for its setting, when the gracious hostess celebrated "Flag Day"—June 14, 1898—she being at that time regent of the Cumberland Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The library was converted into a picture gallery; hung with the portraits of patriots, from Washington and Lee down to those of our own time; and many pictures of the heroes of our late Spanish-American War adorned the walls. In a conspicuous place was hung a picture of Betsy Ross fashioning with deft fingers the "Star-spangled Banner." Flags of nearly every nation were artistically draped in every available space, making a gorgeous background for the representative guests assembled there from many parts of the State. A magnificent silken United States flag of large dimensions draped the archway between the library and the dining room.

During Mrs. Baxter's regency of Cumberland Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, a very handsome sword was presented to Gen. Joseph Wheeler by this organization. The occasion was made one of importance and prominence throughout the State. The presentation took place at the State Capitol in the presence of a vast concourse of people, addresses being made by the Governor of the

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State, Hon. Benton McMillin, and Hon. Joseph E. Washington. General Wheeler and his daughters were guests of the Baxters at their Spruce-street home.

Four children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Baxter—Miranda Louise, Lollie Lavender, James Sharpe, and Nathaniel East. The boys died in childhood. The elder daughter married Mr. Robert F. Jackson, youngest son of Dr. Alexander Jackson, of West Tennessee, and brother of the late Judge Howell E. Jackson, of the Supreme Bench of the United States. Mr. Jackson is a prominent lawyer of the Nashville bar. Mrs. Jackson is a beautiful, attractive, and brilliant woman. She has fine literary acumen; wields a graceful, facile pen; and is State historian of the Colonial Dames of America in the State of Tennessee. Lollie Lavender, the younger daughter, has a most charming presence. She married Mr. Robert F. Maddox, a cultured gentleman and successful young banker, of Atlanta, Ga. His father, Col. R. F. Maddox, was a public-spirited man and leading citizen of that State, having filled many positions of trust and honor. He was distinguished for bravery as a colonel in the Confederate Army. Mrs. Maddox has a very fine musical education, and was welcomed to her adopted city as quite an acquisition in musical circles. Though a social leader in the "Gate City," the handsome residence on Peachtree street being frequently the scene of brilliant enter-

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tainments, she engages actively in charity and church work.

Mrs. Baxter has never been abroad. She desired first to visit the scenes and beauties of her own country. She has traveled extensively in California, Mexico, and Canada, and has spent many summers at Bar Harbor, Newport, Saratoga, Cape May, White Sulphur Springs, and other resorts. She is interested in numerous charitable organizations, and does much, in a quiet, unostentatious way, to assist the needy. She is a charter member of the Tabernacle Circle, which has done so much toward building one of the largest and handsomest auditoriums in the United States. The Vanderbilt Aid Society, of which she is an active member, was organized in her home. She also belongs to the Philharmonic Club, the Craddock Circle, the Epworth League, and the Young Women's Christian Association. Her serene, engaging manner; her culture and æsthetic tastes, secure for her hosts of friends; and one of her chief charms is her entire sincerity, which impresses all who know her. A member of the Methodist Church, she takes an active interest in the varied branches of its work, and is a fine example of the highest type of noble, Christian womanhood.



DINING ROOM IN MR. AND MRS. NATHANIEL BAXTER'S CITY RESIDENCE.



LIBRARY IN MR. AND MRS. NATHANIEL BAXTER'S CITY RESIDENCE.

SARAH EWING GAUT



Sarah Ewing Gaut

Some Representative Women of Tennessee by Annie Somer Gilchrist
Nashville Tenn, McQuiddy Printing Co., 1902

MRS. SARAH EWING GAUT.

Mrs. Gaut is the daughter of Mr. Alexander Ewing and granddaughter of Capt. Alexander Ewing, who fought in the Revolutionary War. Her mother was Miss Chloe Saunders, a popular belle of Sumner County, Tenn., in the palmy days of the South. Miss Ewing was one of the most beautiful girls of her day. She has been married thrice, her first

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husband being Mr. Boyd McNairy Sims, a young lawyer, of Franklin, Tenn., who died soon after his marriage. Some years afterwards she married Mr. Joseph Winlock Carter, a prominent lawyer of the Winchester (Tenn.) bar, who served several terms in the State Senate. After his death, she returned to Franklin, her old home, and went with unflinching heroism through those dreadful scenes of the Civil War that "tried men's souls." Her home was a haven for the sick and wounded. Her cousin, Mrs. Adelia Acklen, whose husband had gone from Nashville to his Louisiana plantations to look after his cotton, suddenly died; and as Sherman was advancing on the Confederate lines, an order had gone forth from Confederate officers for all cotton to be burned. Mrs. Acklen insisted that Mrs. Carter accompany her South and assist her in getting the order rescinded as regarded her own cotton. Leaving her four children at "Belmont," the suburban home of her cousin, she journeyed to West Feliciana Parish, La., to the domain of Mrs. Acklen. The mansion and grounds were near the confluence of the Mississippi and Red Rivers, in which lay a Federal fleet of seven gunboats, commanded by Captain Ramsey. Mrs. Acklen was physically unable to travel, and Mrs. Carter made as many as eight journeys one hundred and fifty miles overland to Confederate headquarters, in charge of General Dillon, and finally succeeded in getting countermanded the order to burn Mrs. Ack-

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len's cotton, and also permission to ship it to Liverpool, England. The officers of the Federal fleet frequently paid their respects to the inmates of the Acklen mansion, and were received with politic grace, the serene manner of Mrs. Carter charming them to such an extent that Admiral Porter, who made a visit of inspection during her stay, presented her with a very fine riding horse and a handsomely mounted lady's gun. Mr. Addison Hayes, son of the Mr. Hayes who owned much real estate in Nashville, and for whom Addison avenue and Hayes street are named, was staying with his cousin, Mrs. Acklen, during that time. This handsome, intellectual young man was a comfort and protection to the ladies, and often accompanied Mrs. Carter, who was a good equestrienne, on her rides, teaching her to shoot with the gun presented by the Admiral, which is still in her possession. Mr. Hayes afterwards married Miss Maggie Davis, eldest daughter of the President of the Confederacy. After the war, when Mrs. Carter was raising funds to erect a Confederate monument in Franklin, Mr. Hayes sent fifty dollars to her for that noble cause. Mrs. Acklen obtained permits from the Admiral to charter wagons to transport her cotton from the plantations to the Red River landing, her wagons having been confiscated, and to have boats brought up from New Orleans to carry the cotton to that city for shipment to Liverpool. She realized nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars from the sale of her cotton.

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When the battle was fought at Franklin, Mrs. Carter was a good angel to the sick and wounded in that trying time. Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter, one of the grandest of Tennessee's women, was State president of the society for supplying limbs for disabled Confederate soldiers, and had appointed Mrs. Carter, who had fine executive ability, president of the auxiliary society at Franklin. The latter realized eleven hundred and eighty dollars for the cause by two entertainments given in that town. Mrs. Carter was also president of the auxiliary local society at Franklin for the Confederate Orphan Asylum, located at Clarksville, of which Mrs. Mumford was president. She is still actively at work in the United Daughters of the Confederacy, in the Hermitage Association, in the Daughters of the American Revolution, and in the Young Women's Christian Association.

Ten years after the war Mrs. Carter gave her hand to Judge J. C. Gaut, a prominent lawyer and jurist, noted for his integrity both on the bench and in his private life. She has two children living—Mrs. Judge R. N. Richardson, of Franklin, a highly accomplished woman, who was president of Franklin Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, when the Confederate Monument was erected, and Mr. William Carter, who is connected with the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company at South Pittsburg. Mr. Carter's wife was Miss Narcissa Cotnam, of Marion County. They have two sons, Ewing and

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Cotnam. The former, a lad of eleven years, says he will enter the navy when he is of age, and draws battle ships on every stray piece of paper that comes in his way. Another highly respected son, the late Mr. Joseph Carter, of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, left three interesting children. His wife was Miss French, of Nashville. His death; the death of her daughter, Mrs. McFadden—a charming, accomplished woman; and the death of her granddaughter, Mrs. William A. Dale (before her marriage, Miss Sadie McFadden), have but served to intensify the lovely qualities of this woman of the old, aristocratic régime of the South. Miss McFadden was popular, accomplished, and beautiful. From among many suitors she chose Mr. William A. Dale, of Columbia, a gentleman of fine, æsthetic tastes, brilliant intellect, and prominent in social and commercial circles. It was an exceedingly happy marriage, but all too short. Death claimed the beloved, devoted wife in fourteen months.

Mrs. Gaut is a widow of some years. She is a lineal descendant of Lord Russell, of England, whose grandson was in the battle of King's Mountain, her grandmother being Miss Russell. Russellville, Ky., was named for her maternal great-uncle, Henry Russell, who went from Virginia to Kentucky after peace with England was made. Mrs. Gaut spends much of her time with her daughter, Mrs. Richardson, in Franklin.



Sarah Ewing Sims Carter Gaut
1826-1912



Mrs. Gaut with her daughters, Marienne Sims Richardson and Annie Sims, ca. 1910, at her home on 118 3rd Ave. North, a gift of her cousin Adelia Acklen.

MARTHA JONES GENTRY

**Martha Jones Gentry**

Some Representative Women of Tennessee by Annie Somer Gilchrist
Nashville Tenn, McQuiddy Printing Co., 1902

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Her exhibit of gourds in the Agricultural Building was the admiration of all visitors. She inherits her love for art, music, and letters from her mother, and takes a leading part in all literary societies of her town, which is a center of culture and refinement. To the memory of those who knew him, her analytical mind and conversational powers recall her uncle, the scholar and silver-tongued statesman, Meredith P. Gentry, of some three decades past.



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MRS. MARTHA JONES GENTRY.

Mrs. Gentry is the daughter of Dr. John Ridley Jones, who owned large plantations in Mississippi and Tennessee. He was a man of sterling qualities, noble and generous. Mrs. Gentry's mother was Miss Martha Lane Jones, a woman of great force of character, gentle, loving, and firm, and for whom everybody had "a blessing." She was gifted in art, wrought beautiful embroideries and patchwork. She exhibited the first silk quilt at the first State Fair held in Tennessee, taking the premium, a handsome silver goblet. She was ever the successful one when needlework was shown.

Mrs. Gentry is a lineal descendant of Joel Lane, John Hinton, and Tignol Jones, of North Carolina. Colonel Lane is known in history as "the enthusiast," "patriot and pioneer," and "founder of the city of Raleigh." He conveyed to the State a thousand acres of land, on a part of which Raleigh was built. He was a delegate from Wake County to the meeting at Hillsboro held on August 21, 1775, and also to the congress which met at Halifax on November 12, 1776, and was a member of the Committee of Safety. He served his State as Senator from 1782 to 1797, when he died, wealthy and in honors justly earned. He was a maternal great-grandfather of the subject of this paper. Col. John Hinton, also her maternal great-grandfather, took up large tracts of land in

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Wake County while in the Earl of Granville's office. On the Neuse River he erected a fine home, made of brick brought from England. He served as State Treasurer and fought in the Revolutionary War, being in the battles of Alamance and Moore's Creek. He was also a delegate from Wake County to the Hillsboro meeting. Col. Tignol Jones, Mrs. Gentry's paternal great-grandfather, was a delegate to both the Hillsboro meeting and the congress at Halifax. He was a member of the Council of Safety, and later was Senator from Wake County to the General Assembly.* He was a man of sterling worth, whose influence was felt throughout the State.

Just before the outbreak of the Civil War, Miss Jones married Watson Meredith Gentry, M.D. He was the first surgeon in his county to volunteer for service in the Provisional Army of Tennessee, and served throughout the war. He was with General Bragg; and his health failing the last year of the war, he was relieved of field duty and filled the position of surgeon in chief of the nine hospitals in Montgomery, Ala. Since the war he has been a practicing physician and skilled surgeon.

In her girlhood Mrs. Gentry was a typical Southern beauty, and was requested by a noted artist to sit for "A Beauty of the South." Being modest and timid, she replied: "No; I do not deserve such an

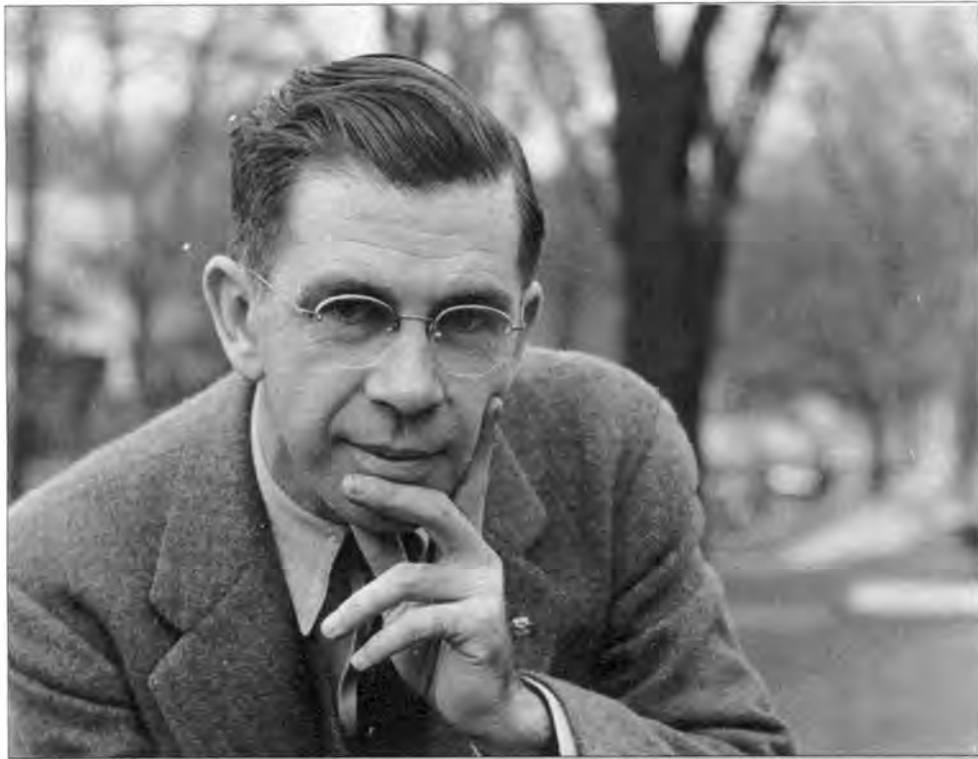
* Wheeler's "History of North Carolina," Martin's "History of North Carolina," and Tucker's "Early Times in Raleigh."

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honor. Give it to some one else." She is a good artist, and has adorned the parlors of her lovely suburban home—"Maplewood," near Franklin, Tenn.—with choice bits of her own handicraft. She is a musician, a facile writer, and is enthusiastic in all work for the betterment of humanity. She held the office of president of the Children of the American Revolution for four years, and was the originator of the Children of the Confederacy. She was the first Daughter of the American Revolution in her county, and was one of the organizers of the order of King's Daughters in her town. She has held offices in Old Glory Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and also in Franklin Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy. She did effective work as county chairman of the Tennessee Centennial. She is an inspiration to those who have the privilege of her friendship, a comfort to the sorrowing, and is ever ready to help the unfortunate. Like many other planters' daughters of the South, she befriends her old servitors by giving liberally to churches and schools in her section, and takes pleasure in encouraging them to higher and better efforts.

Dr. and Mrs. Gentry have one child, a daughter, Miss Susie, who is also public-spirited and energetic. She organized Old Glory Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, for which she was regent for some years. She was on the board of lady commissioners for her county for the Tennessee Centennial.

WILLIAM CLAUDE MONTGOMERY A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS



By Claudia Montgomery Page

William Montgomery (Bill) was born January first, 1908 and raised in Memphis, Tennessee by his parents William Claude Montgomery, Sr. and Mittie J. Montgomery. He received his education at the Memphis public schools and upon graduation from high school went to Southwestern University (now Rhodes College) and graduated from there in 1928. He was a member of the Kappa Alpha Order. Upon coming to Nashville, Bill received a Master's Degree in Physics from Vanderbilt University in 1932 and followed that with a Law Degree from Vanderbilt in 1935.

In 1936, Bill married Mary James Crockett and they have two daughters, Claudia Montgomery Page and Mary Montgomery Watkins. He has two grandchildren, Kirsten Montgomery Taylor and William Montgomery Butler.

When Bill was only 16 years old, he had a passion for radio. In those days it wasn't too easy to make a short wave radio transmitter and receiver because many of the parts were not available. That didn't stop Bill. He used round oatmeal boxes, wire and tapers and made equipment, which he used to talk to Admiral Byrd at the North Pole. This feat made the newspapers

and he was a "ham" hooked on the "world of the waves" for life. His four-letter call W4IV is well known around the world. He was recognized with a trophy and certificates for working all countries on 1 Watt in Morse Code. He preferred Morse Code to voice transmission even though he had the highest license possible for Amateur Radio transmission.

During his high school and college years, Bill worked at a radio station in Memphis. When he came to Nashville in 1929, he was hired by WSM radio as a member of the engineering staff for the transmitter and tower. He developed a directional antenna and made other improvements for transmitting programs. Many times during electrical storms, ice and snow, Bill went back out to the transmitter to put it back on the air or to keep it on the air. Later in life, Bill helped put many radio stations on the air by building equipment for them. He eventually built the transmitter for his own FM Radio Station in Franklin, which he sold to move on to other interests.

For a time Bill decided to practice law with his father-in-law, R.H. Crockett. He was also instrumental in getting legislative approval for the establishment of a General Sessions Court in Franklin. When Earl Beasley resigned as judge, Bill was appointed to fill the post and continued to serve until it was declared an elective office. He did not choose to run and secretly he was glad not to be called out in the middle of the night to see drunks post bond.

Bill was never idle. He and Sam Pearsall, another engineer at WSM, became close friends and business partners in their firm, Engineering Associates. They measured radio frequencies for all

the small stations in Tennessee to fulfill an FCC requirement to maintain the station license. This business closed in 1988 when the service was no longer required under the regulations.

When WW II was declared, the government ordered all "ham" operators off the air. When this happened, he rushed in the house and said his whole world had collapsed. At the beginning of the war all the single engineers at WSM either volunteered or were drafted. That left a skeleton crew to maintain the station. Since this was a strategic business, they were exempt from the draft. Bill served on the draft board and also taught Morse Code at Vanderbilt at night to soldiers in the services. Since he had a very powerful short-wave transmitter and receiver, it was requisitioned and used to break the German secret codes. After the war, he was sent a huge generator which sat in our back yard for a number of years until he found someone who could use it.

In spite of all his war efforts and working full-time (he took the 4 am shift to turn the transmitter on for the day), he also pursued hobbies. Perfectionist that he was, he turned to photography, bought the best equipment he could find, his Leica Camera was his pride, and proceeded to take award winning photographs. He also exchanged photographs and has hanging on his wall in the "shack" a photograph taken by the developer of Leica he was so proud of.

Then came archeology. The Indian pots and arrowheads collected by Dorsey Crockett fascinated him so he proceeded to read and then attend a dig in the summer of 1965 at the D.H. Lawrence ranch near Taos, New Mexico. Most of the diggers were college students, and they took one look at Bill and named him "Doc".

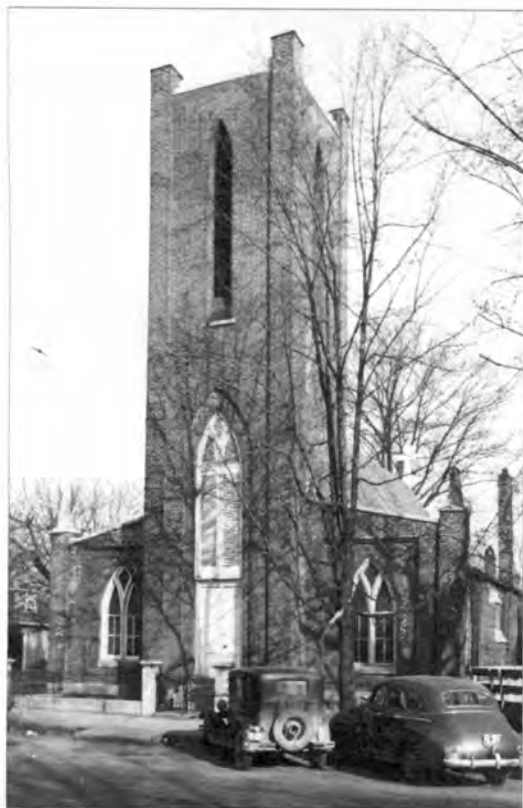
Another interest he pursued for a while was selling real estate. He studied and in due course, took the exam for his license. He was associate with Roberts and Green for a short period.

He was an avid fly fisherman and sports enthusiast. He was a frequent user of the YMCA's pool and track.. he could easily run a mile even after he celebrated his 80th birthday. He did not like games, however. Only once after marriage, was he persuaded to play bridge at a small couples' club. He studies his cards carefully for 5 to 10 minutes and then played the only card he shouldn't have played. End of bridge.

Bill also was a voracious reader of technical as well as classical and recreational literature. Surprisingly, he was a published poet. He was never without a pair of headphones. He loved music.. both classical and jazz. He loved taping programs of music by world renowned conductors. The tapes playing now were some of his favorites.

He also spent many a happy hour gardening or browsing seed catalogs. His reward was to cut a lovely rose for the house or eat some of his gigantic tomatoes and squash. Bill was a genteel man of many tastes, accomplishments, and interests. Once when discussing the definition of sin, he said, "Sin is what the other fellow does." He will be missed.

The following photographs were taken by Bill Montgomery in the late 1940s and supplied by his daughter, Mary Montgomery Watkins.



St. Paul's Episcopal Church est. 1827
510 West Main Street



Hotel Post on the north side of the Square
Mary Lou Postlewaite, owner



City Hall (1892-1958)
North corner of the Square



City policeman Ewine Frasier apprehends
an inebriated citizen for an over-night stay



Willow Plunge, Franklin's summer playground, provided hours of recreation.



Sunbathers enjoy the hillside above the two pools at Willow Plunge.



Sales floor at Jewell Brothers Tobacco Warehouse on 9th Avenue North.



Workers unload Williamson County's cash-crop at Jewell Brothers Warehouse



Lillie Mill, as seen from East Main Street, during the Flood of 1948



At the Nashville Pike Bridge on East Main Street during the Flood of 1948.



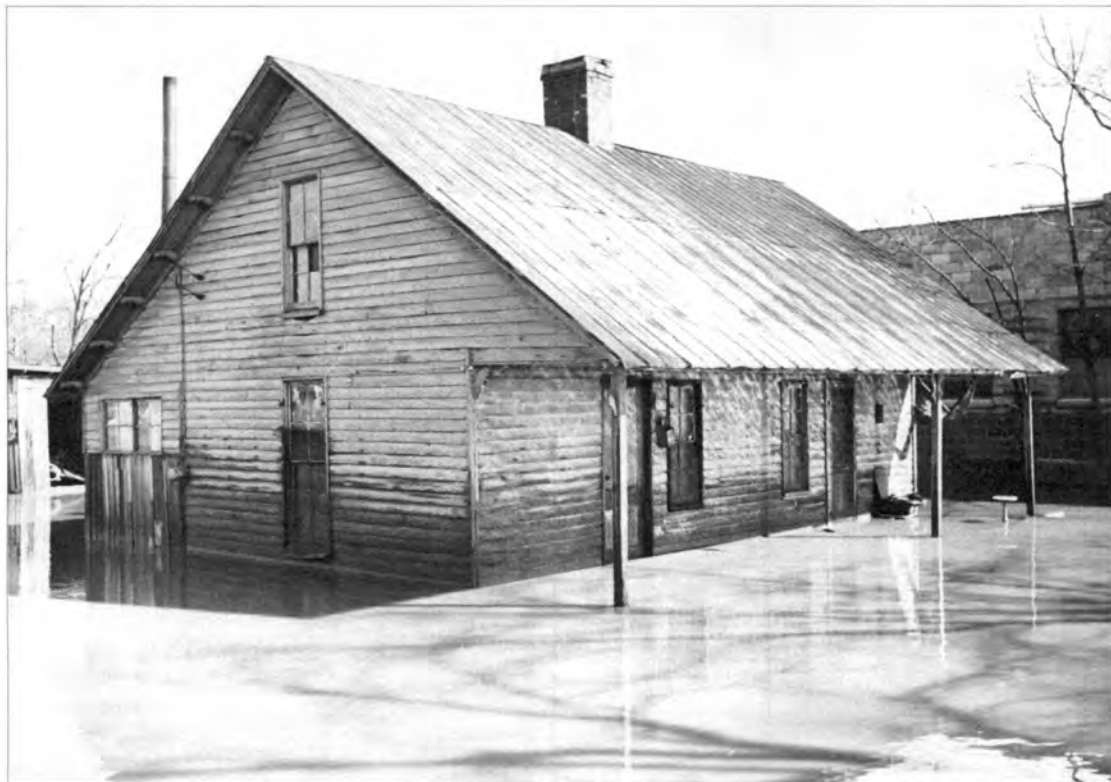
Two Negro tenements on North Margin and 2nd Ave. North during the Flood of 1948.



Eggleston's Bottom on North Margin Street during the Flood of 1948.



Negro homes located on North Margin and 3rd Ave. N. during the Flood of 1948.



Negro duplex located on 5th Ave. N. and North Margin St. during the Flood of 1948.



Canoeist on 5th Avenue N. during the Flood of 1948 between Bridge and North Margin.



Lewisburg Avenue near the railroad crossing and Thompson's Alley in 1948.



Murfreesboro Road bridge looking East during the Flood of 1948



Murfreesboro Road bridge looking towards Ewingville during the Flood of 1948



Third Avenue South at the Murfreesboro Road bridge during the Flood of 1948



A rural landscape taken of the Harold Meacham farm on Garrison Road

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Help Needed

Can you name the Franklin organization presenting Mrs. Ward Hudgins with an aerial photograph of Downtown Franklin and the unidentified man on the back row? Mike Hudgins has shared this photo with the Society but we do not know the occasion, the club or the date.



Tom Pinkerton, attorney, Mabry Covington, attorney, Robert "Dit" Garner, Lunn & Garner Shoes, Jere Fly, Jr., Wm. Co. Judge, Helen Hudgins, song writer, Joe Spencer, Franklin Laundry, J.C. Anderson, Franklin Laundry, Pat Wade, accountant, man in back unidentified (Help), Malcolm Wakefield, accountant, Turman Harper, Franklin Memorial Chapel, Tom Harlan, Red Cap Industries



Capt. Thomas F. Perkins, Jr. Immortal 600 Medal

