

# THE HOWLING DAWG

June 2020

16th Georgia Volunteer Infantry Regiment, Company G - "The Jackson Rifles"



*"After your wounds have healed and after all the crosses have been planted in silent fields"  
After The War Was Over*



Greene County, Georgia

Frances Butler Leigh was born in Philadelphia in 1838 to Pierce Mease Butler, a slave-holding Georgia planter, and Frances Ann Kemble, a British actress and anti-slavery writer. Her parents' opposing views of slavery and the South contributed to their divorce in 1849. In 1866, Frances Butler Leigh returned to Georgia to help her father, Pierce Mease Butler, reclaim his family plantations on the Georgia coast ... *she wrote about it...*

## The First Year After the War

"The year after the War between the North and the South, I went to the South with my father [Pierce Mease Butler] to look after our property in Georgia and see what could be done with it. The whole country had of course undergone a complete revolution. The changes that a four years of War must bring about in any Country



Frances Butler Leigh 1838-1910



Pierce Mease Butler - 1810-1867

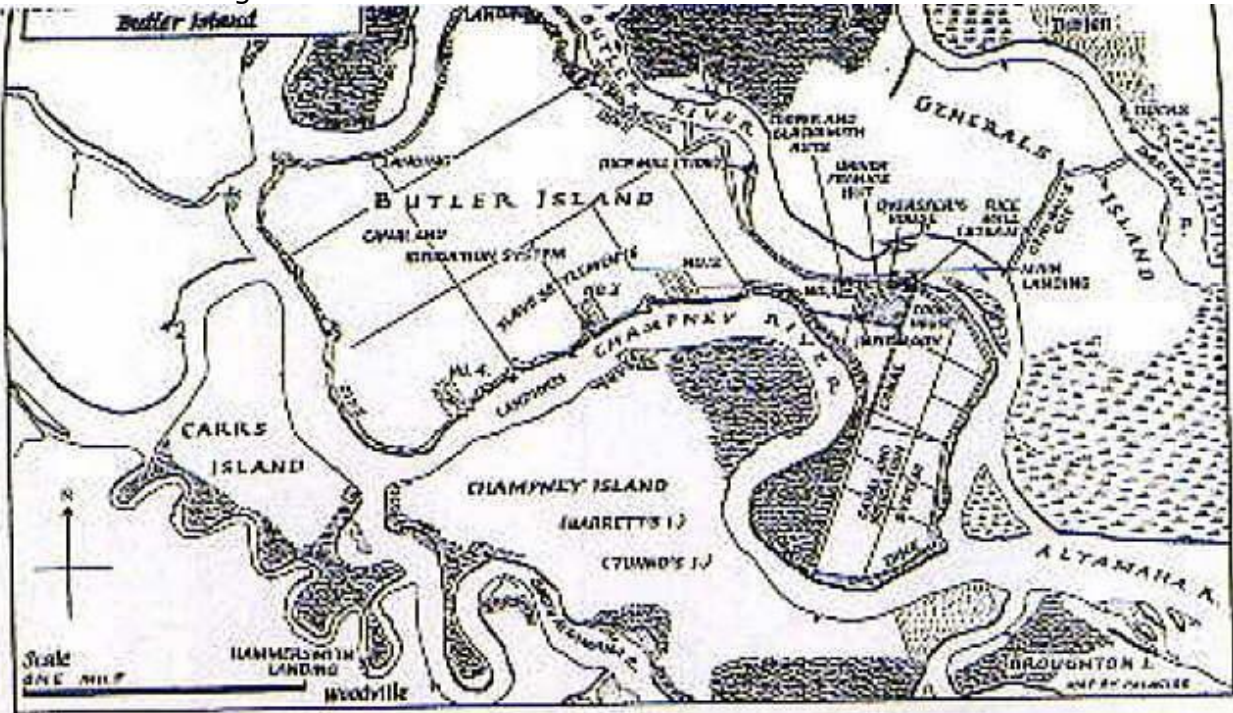
would alone have been enough to give a different aspect to everything; but in the South, besides the changes brought about by the War, our slaves had been freed. The white population was conquered, ruined, and so disheartened, that they were unable for the moment to see anything but ruin before and behind.

Moreover, the Southern people were too wedded to the fancied prosperity of the old system to believe in any possible success under the new. Even if the people desired to begin at once to rebuild their fortunes, it would have been in most cases impossible. In many families the young men had perished in the War and the old men were just not up to the labor and effort it required to set the machinery of peace going again. Also, most people were poor and had not even money enough to buy food for themselves and their families, let alone their former slaves, to whom they now had to pay wages as well as feed. Besides this, the South was still treated as a conquered Country. The white people were disfranchised, the local government was in the hands of either military men or Northern adventurers who had no desire to promote either the good of the Country or people, but only to advance their own private ends.

Into this state of things we came from the North (her father was a Georgia-born, pro-Southern Philadelphia lawyer), and I was often asked to write some account of my own personal experience of the condition of the South immediately after the War, and during the following years. I never felt inclined to do so until now ... Soon everything would be so changed, and the old traits of the slave entirely vanished, as to make stories about them sound like tales of a lost race. Even now, so little is really known of the state of things politically in the South.

## Leaving the North

It was on Thursday, March 22, 1866 that my father and I left the North. The Southern railroads were destroyed for miles, not having been rebuilt since the War, and it was very questionable how we were to get as far as Savannah. We did accomplish it, however, in about a week's time. First we stopped in Washington, DC and went all over the new Capitol, which had been finished since I was there five years ago. On Saturday the 24<sup>th</sup> we left D.C. and reached Richmond at four o'clock on Sunday morning. I noticed that it was a peculiarity of Southern railroads that they always either arrive, or start, at four o'clock in the morning. We spent that day quietly there, where half the town was a heap of burnt ruins, showing how heavily the desolation of War had fallen upon it. In the afternoon I went out to the cemetery, and after some search found the grave I was looking for. There he lay, with hundreds of others who had sacrificed their lives in vain, their resting place marked merely by small wooden headboards, bearing their names, regiments, and the battles in which they fell. The grief and excitement made me quite ill, so that I was glad to leave the town before daylight the next morning, and I hope I may never be there again.



We travelled all that Monday of March 26<sup>th</sup> by train, reaching Greensborough that night at eight o'clock. Not having been able to get any information about our route further on, we thought it best to stop where we were until we did find out. This difficulty was one that met us at every fresh stopping place along the whole journey; no one could tell us whether the road ahead were open or not, and, if open, whether there were any means of getting over it. So we crawled on, dreading at each fresh stage to find ourselves stranded in the middle of the pine woods, with no means of progressing further.



## RUIN and DESOLATION

That night in Greensborough is one never to be forgotten. The hotel was a miserable tumble-down old frame house, and the room we were shown into was more fit for a stable than a human habitation; a dirty bare floor, the panes more than half broken out of the windows, with two ragged, dirty calico curtains over them that waved and blew about in the wind. The furniture consisted of a bed, the clothes of which looked as if they had not been changed since the War, but had been slept in. There were also two rickety old chairs, and a table with three legs. The bed being entirely out of the question, and I, being very tired, took my bundle of shawls, put them under my head against the wall, tilted my chair back, and prepared to go to sleep if I could. I was just dozing off when I heard my maid, whom I had kept in the room for protection, give a start and exclamation which roused me. I asked her 'what was the matter', to which she replied, a huge rat had just run across the floor. This woke me quite up, and we spent the rest of the night



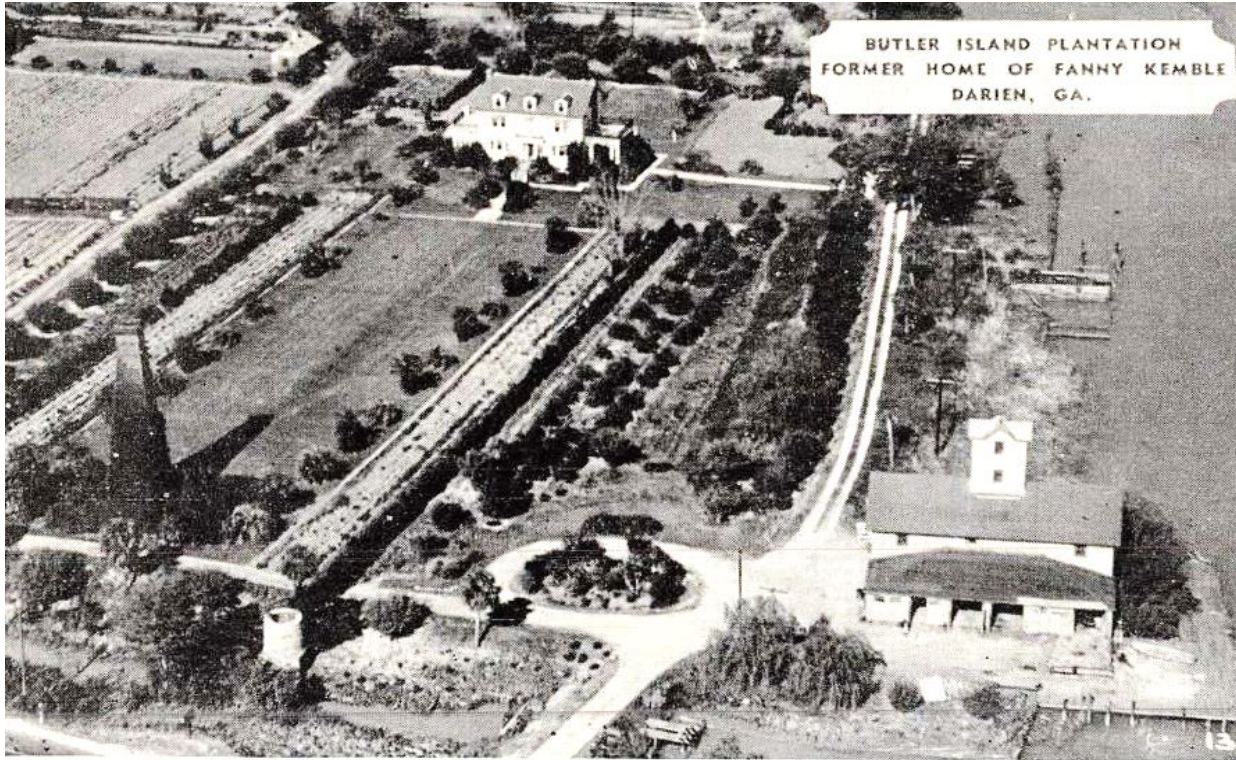
shivering and shaking with the cold, and knocking on the floor with our umbrellas to frighten away the rats, which from time to time came out to look at us.

At four in the morning my father came for us, and we started for the train, driving two miles in an old army ambulance; this was Tuesday, March 27<sup>th</sup>,

1866. From that time until eight in the evening we did not leave the cars, and then only left them to get into an old broken-down stage coach, which was originally intended to hold six people, but into which on this occasion they put nine, and, thus cramped and crowded, we drove for five hours over as rough a road as can well be imagined, reaching Columbia at three o'clock A.M., March 28<sup>th</sup>, by which time I could hardly move. Our next train started at six, but I was so stiff and exhausted that I begged my father to wait over one day to rest, to which he consented. At this place we struck General Sherman's track, and here the ruin and desolation was complete. Hardly any of the town remained; street after street was merely one long line of blackened ruins, which showed from their size and beautifully laid-out gardens, how handsome some of the houses had been. It was too horrible!

## Savannah

On Thursday, March 29th at six A.M., we again set off, going about thirty miles in a cattle van which brought us to the Columbia River; the bridge over which



Sherman had destroyed. This, we crossed on a pontoon bridge, after which we walked a mile, sat two hours in the woods, and were then picked up by a rickety old car which was backed down to where we were, where the rails began again, having been torn up behind us. In this, at the rate of about five miles an hour, we travelled until four in the afternoon, when we were again deposited in the woods, the line this time being torn up in front of us. Here, after another wait, we were packed into a rough army wagon, with loose boards put across for seats, and in which we were jolted and banged about over a road composed entirely of ruts and roots for four more hours, until I thought I should not have a whole bone left in my body. It was a lovely evening however, and the moon rose full and clear. The air was delicious and balmy, filled with the resinous scent of the pine and perfume of yellow jessamine, and we were a very jolly party; four gentlemen, with ourselves, making up our number, so I thought it good fun on the whole. In fact, rough as the journey was, I rather enjoyed it all; it was so new a chapter in my book of travels.

Between nine and ten in the evening we arrived at a log cabin, where, until three A.M. (Friday, March 30th) we sat on the floor round a huge wood fire. The train then arrived and we started again, and did not stop for twenty-four hours; at least, when I say did not stop, I mean, did not leave the cars, for we really seemed to do little else but stop every few minutes. This brought us, at three A.M., Saturday, March 31<sup>st</sup> to Augusta, where we were allowed to go to bed for three hours, starting again at six and travelling all day, until at seven in the evening we at last reached Savannah. Fortunately we had started from the North with a large



basket of provisions, that being our only luggage, the trunks having been sent by sea; and had it not been for this, I think we certainly should have starved, as we were not able to get anything to eat on the road, except at Columbia and Augusta. The morning (Sunday, April 1, 1866) after our arrival in Savannah, my father (Pierce Mease Butler) came into my room to say he was off to the plantation (Butler Island) at once, having seen some gentlemen the evening before, who told him if he wished to do anything at all in the way of planting this season, that he must not lose an hour, as it was very doubtful even now if a crop could be got in. So off he went, promising to return as soon as possible, and report what state of things he found on the island. I consoled myself by going off to church to hear Bishop Elliot, who preached one of the most beautiful sermons I ever heard, on the Resurrection, the one thought that can bring hope and comfort to these poor heart-broken people. There was hardly anyone at church out of deep mourning, and it was piteous to see so many mere girls' faces, shaded by deep crape veils and widows' caps. Yet, you hear no bitterness towards the North, showing how crushed and sad the people are. Too sad to be bitter; the grief is overwhelming. Nothing makes any difference to them now; the women live in the past, and the men only in the daily present, trying, in a listless way, to repair their ruined fortunes. They are like so many foreigners, whose only interest in the country is their own individual business. Politics are never mentioned, and they know and care less about what is going on in Washington than in London.

### With Open Arms

They received us with open arms, my room was filled with flowers, and crowds of people called upon me every day, and overwhelmed me with thanks for what I did for their soldiers during the War, which really did amount to but very little. I say this, but the answer was, 'Yes, but your heart was with us.'

We had, before leaving the North, received two letters from Georgia, one from an agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, and the other from one of our neighbors, both stating very much the same thing, which was that our former slaves had all returned to the island and were willing and ready to work for us, but refused to engage themselves to anyone else, even to their liberators, the Yankees. They were very badly off; short of provisions, and would starve if something were not done for them at once, and, unless my father came directly (so wrote the Freedmen's Bureau agent), the former slaves would be removed and made to work elsewhere.

On Wednesday, April 4, 1866, when my father returned, (from Butler Island) he reported that he had found the former slaves all on the place, not only those who were there five years ago, but many who were sold three years before that. Seven had worked their way back from the up country. They received him very affectionately, and made an agreement with him to work for one half the crop, which agreement it remained to be seen if they would keep. Owing to our coming so late, only a small crop could be planted, enough to make seed for another year. I was sorry we could do no more, but too thankful that things were as promising as they were.

Most of the finest plantations were lying idle for want of hands to work them, so many of the ex-slaves had died; 17,000 deaths were recorded by the Freedmen's Bureau alone. Many had been taken to the South-west, and others preferred

hanging about the towns, making a few dollars now and then, to working regularly on the plantations; so most people found it impossible to get any laborers, but we had as many as we wanted, and nothing could induce our people to go anywhere else. My father also reported that the house was bare, not a bed nor chair left, and that he had been sleeping on the floor, with a piece of wood for a pillow and a few slave blankets for his covering. On the day after, armed with five hundred bushels of seed rice, corn, bacon, a straw mattress, and a tub, my father arrived again at the plantation, leaving me to buy tables and chairs, pots and pans.

We heard that our overseer had removed many of the things to the interior for safety at the approach of the Yankees, so I wrote to him about them, waiting to know what he had saved of our old furniture, before buying anything new. This done, I decided to proceed with my household goods to the plantation, arrange things as comfortably as possible, and then return to the North.

I wish I could give you any idea of the house. The floors were bare, many of the panes were out of the windows, and the plaster in many places



was off the walls, while one table and two old chairs constituted the furniture. It was pretty desolate, and my father looked at me in some anxiety to see how it would affect me, and seemed greatly relieved when I burst out laughing. My bed was soon unpacked and made, my tub filled, my basin and pitcher mounted on a barrel, and I settled for the rest of the night.

The next morning (Thursday, April 5, 1866) I and my little German maid, who takes everything very cheerily, went to work, and made things quite comfortable; unpacked our tables and chairs, put up some curtains (made out of some white muslin I had brought down for petticoats) edged with pink calico, covered the tables with two bright-colored covers I found in the trunk of house linen, had the windows mended, hung up my picture of General Lee (which had been sent to me the day before I left Philadelphia) over the mantelpiece, and put my writing things and nicknacks on the table, so that when my father and Mr. J - came in they looked round in perfect astonishment, and quite rewarded me by their praise.

Our kitchen arrangements would amuse you. I have one large pot, one frying-pan, one tin saucepan, and this is all; and yet you would be astonished to see how much our cook accomplishes with these three utensils, and the things don't taste very much alike. One of the ex-slaves shot and gave me a magnificent wild turkey, which we roasted on one stick set up between two others before the fire. The broiling was done on two old pieces of iron laid over the ashes. Our food consists of corn and rice bread, rice, and fish caught fresh every morning out of the river, oysters, turtle soup, and occasionally a wild turkey or duck. Other meat, as

yet, it is impossible to get.

Is it not all strange and funny? I feel like Robinson Crusoe with three hundred men Fridays. Then my desert really blooms like the rose (Isaiah 35:1). On the acre of ground enclosed about the house are a superb magnolia tree, covered with its queenly flowers, roses running wild in every direction; orange, fig, and peach trees now in blossom, give promise of fruit later on, while every tree and bush is alive with red-birds, mocking-birds, blackbirds, and jays, so as I sit on the piazza the air comes to me laden with sweet smells and sweet sounds of all descriptions.

There are some drawbacks; fleas, sandflies, and mosquitoes remind us that we are not quite in Heaven. The ex-slaves seem perfectly happy after getting back to the old place and having us there, and I have been deeply touched by many instances of devotion on their part. On Sunday mornings, after their church, having nothing to do, they all come to see me, and I must have shaken hands with nearly four hundred. They were full of their troubles and sufferings of the Country during the War, but always said how glad they were that we were back. I said to about twenty strong men, 'Well, you know you are free and your own masters now,' when they broke out with, 'No, missus, we belong to you; we be yours as long as we lib.'

Nearly all who have lived through the terrible suffering of these past four



years have come back, as well as many of those who were sold seven years ago (March 2-3, 1859 near Savannah). Their good character was so well known throughout the State that people were very anxious to hire them and even lied to the ex-slaves telling my father was dead. These lies were in vain; as an old man said, 'If Massa be dead then, I'll go back to the old place and mourn for him.' So they not only refused good wages, but in many cases spent all they had

to get back, a fact that speaks louder than words as to their feeling for their old master and former treatment.

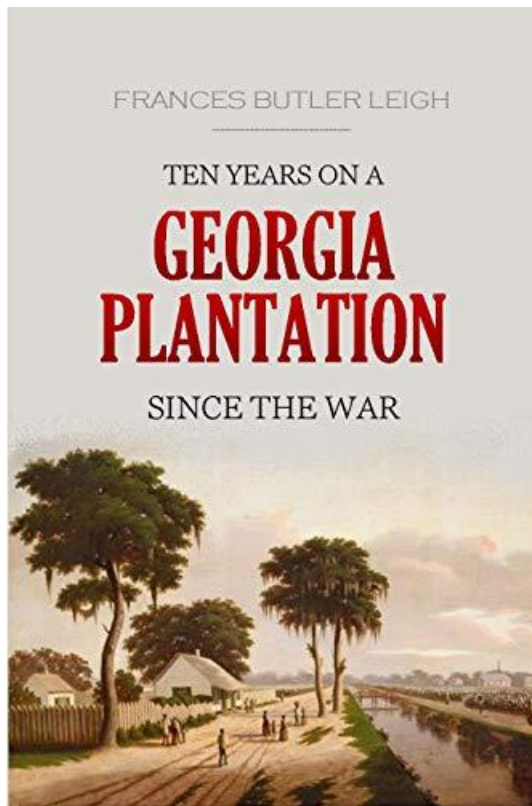
Our overseer, who was responsible for all our property, has little or nothing to give us back, while everything that was left in charge of the former slaves was taken care of and given back to us without the hope or wish of reward. One old man had guarded the stock so well from both Southern and Northern marauders, that he had accumulated ninety odd sheep and thirty cows under his care. Unfortunately they are on a pine tract some twelve miles away up the river, and as we have no means of transporting them we cannot get them until next year.



One old couple came up yesterday from St. Simon's, Uncle John and Mum Peggy, with five dollars in silver half-dollars tied up in a bag, which they said a Yankee captain had given them the second year of the War for some chickens, and this money these two old people had kept through all their want and suffering for three years because it had been paid for fowls belonging to us. I wonder whether white servants would be so faithful or honest! My father was much moved at this act of faithfulness, and intends to have something made out of the silver to commemorate the event, having returned them the same amount in other money.

One of the great difficulties of this new state of things is, what is to be done with the old people who are too old, and the children who are too young, to work? One Northern General said to a planter, in answer to this question, 'Well, I suppose they must die,' which, indeed, seems the only thing for them to do. My father has agreed to support the children for three years, and the old people till they die; that is, feed and clothe them. Fortunately, as we have some property at the North we are able to do this, but most of the planters are utterly ruined and have no money to buy food for their own families, so on their plantations I do not see what else is to become of the elderly former slaves who cannot work except to die."

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Pierce Mease Butler (1810-1867) inherited two plantations in the Sea Islands of Georgia from his wealthy Southern family; one on Butler Island and another on St. Simon Island. After Butler's death from malaria, his daughter Frances Butler Leigh and her husband James Leigh, a minister, tried to restore to productivity and operate the combined plantations, but were also unsuccessful in generating a profit. They left Georgia in 1877 and moved permanently to England, where Leigh had been born. Frances Butler Leigh defended her father's actions as a slaveholder in her book, *Ten Years on a Georgian Plantation since the War* (1883), intended as a rebuttal to her mother's critique of slavery from twenty years before.

Editor's Notes: We selected and used this lesser-known recollection of the War period by Frances Butler Leigh because it vividly describes one segment of the time immediately after the War was over. I say "lesser-known" because her writings may not be as publicized as the more famous *Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839* of her actress mother Fanny Kemble who was in many ways the Harriet Beecher Stowe of the South. Thus the excerpts we have herein edited for length and content are often squelched by the current political climate. That in no way makes them in less true. *Jwd*

## THE 16<sup>TH</sup> GEORGIA CO. G - "The Jackson Rifles"

Colonel (Ret.)-Steven L. "Red Bone" Smith-478-951-4863 or 478-956-3858  
Honorary Colonel J. C. Nobles - 478-718-3201  
Rev. Joey Young - Honorary Member - 678-978-7213  
Captain Wm."Rebel" Bradberry, *Commanding* - 404-242-7213  
1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Noah Sprague - 706-491-9755  
2<sup>nd</sup> Lt. Charles Whitehead - 478-986-8943  
Color Sgt. Kevin Sark - 478-731-8796  
Adjutant: 5th Corp. "Duke" Dobson 478-731-5531  
Treasurer: 6th Corp. Earl Colvin - 478-214-0687  
**1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. (RIP) James "Barefoot" Boyd - 770-219-8302 or 706-344-7588**  
1st Sgt. Alan "Cookie" Richards - 478-308-9739  
2nd Sgt. Nathan Sprague - 478-320-8748  
Corp. (Ret.) Mike "Beezer" Banks - 770-467-8123  
1<sup>st</sup> Corp. Brick Lee Nelson - 478-986-1151 or 955-2074  
2<sup>nd</sup> Corp. Matthew Whitehead - 478-607-0235  
3<sup>rd</sup> Corp. Cody Sprague - 478-542-1802  
4<sup>th</sup> Corp. Tommy Shover - 478-230-3483  
Lead Chaplain-Joel Whitehead, Jr. - 478-986-8798  
Hon. Chaplain Ronnie "Skin" Neal - 478-808 8848  
Assistant Chaplain - Charles Hill - 770-845-6878  
Musician - Drew Edge - 478-365-1897  
Musician - Chance Sprague - 706-491-9755  
Musician - Aaron Bradford - 302-668-8029  
Musician - Al McGalliard - 478-259-5786



(Courtesy: Val Elliott)

ON FACEBOOK: "JACKSON RIFLES". And @ scv2218.com, thanks to Al McGalliard

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### SCHEDULED & RE-SCHEDULED 2020 EVENTS

June 25 - SCV Camp 18 Meeting - At Ft. Hawkins.  
SCV Camp 2218 Meetings - Not meeting yet.  
October 10 - Confederate Memorial Day Services at Rose Hill/Macon  
June 7-12 - Georgia Confederate Youth Camp 2020 as scheduled.  
July 10-11 - Georgia Division SCV Reunion/Macon, GA - Moved from June.  
July 21 - Mid-GA Civil War Roundtable Cannonball House/Macon.  
September 19-20 - Hurricane Shoals Re-enactment  
October - Andersonville Historic Fair & Re-enactment - Canceled  
October 10 - Confederate Memorial Day Services at Rose Hill/Macon  
October 17-18 - Manassas (GA) Re-enactment.  
November 21 - Griswoldville Battlefield Commemoration

## In Heartfelt Sympathy

Robert "Bob" G. Buckey, 82, of Gray, passed away Wednesday, May 20, 2020. He was born August 7, 1937 to the late Alfred Wirt Buckey and Frances Lucille Wardlow Buckey. He was also predeceased by his sister, Shirley Brooks. Services for Mr. Buckey were private. A visitation was held on Sunday, May 24, 2020 from 5:00PM to 7:00PM at Hart's Jones County Chapel. Mr. Buckey was a retired Colonel from the US Air Force after 30 years as a fighter pilot. He was a Vietnam combat veteran and served at the Pentagon and in Central Command. He was a volunteer pianist for Lynn Haven Nursing Home and frequently played for his wife. He was active in the



American Legion; Jones County Cruisers, SASS (Single Action Shooters Society), **75th Ohio Volunteer Infantry Civil War reenactor** and Red River Valley Fighter Pilots Association. He was a member of Bradley Baptist Church.



Mr. Buckey is survived by his wife, Harriett Buckey of Gray; children, Stephen M. Buckey of Fort Worth, Texas and Kristine E. Blocker (Chip) of Hot Springs, Arkansas; grandchildren, Darren (Justine) Blocker of Austin, Texas and Taryn Blocker of Louisville, Kentucky; step daughters, Elizabeth Berry (Steve) of St Augustine, Florida and Suzanne Johnson (Jeff) of Gray; step grandchildren, Eli Reinhardt of St. Augustine, Florida and Ella Johnson of Gray.

Pallbearers will be Doug DeLoach, Jerry Garden, Barry King, Ken Cordier, Phil Dufrene, Phil

Backus, and Ronny Griggs. Honorary pallbearers will be John Fox, Jeff Johnson, Virgil Williams, Allen Harrell, Ronnie Miller, Donnie Rogerson and Al Gunn. In lieu of flowers, memorials may be made to the Bradley Baptist Church, 821 Monticello Highway, Gray, Georgia 31032.

Please visit [www.hartsmort.com](http://www.hartsmort.com) to express condolences.

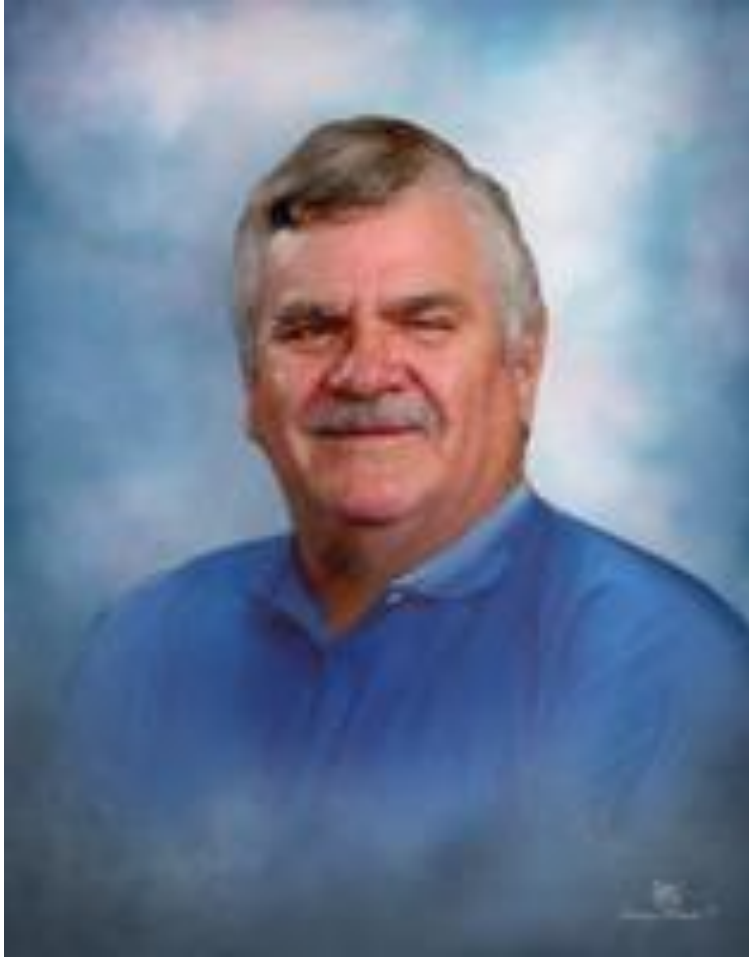
Hart's Jones County Chapel, Hart's Mortuary and Cremation Center, 307 Pecan Lane, Gray, GA 31032 was in charge of the arrangements.

*".....we lost a true American hero. Whenever I introduced Bob Buckey to new people I always called him "the most interesting man in the world." He always laughed but it was true." (From the Sgt. Mel Daniel; FACEBOOK)*



# In Deepest Sympathy

Donald Ray Millwood October 16, 1946 - June 3, 2020 Forsyth, GA.



Don, 73, passed away Wednesday, June 3, 2020. A Celebration of his Life was held at 2:00 PM Sunday at Macon Memorial Park Funeral Home. Visitation began at 1:00 PM. Rev. Mark Magoni officiated. Burial was at Macon Memorial Park Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, the family requested that donations be made to Pine Pointe Hospice, 6261 Peake Road, Macon 31210 or the Wounded Warrior Project, PO Box 758516, Topeka, KS 66675.

Don Millwood was born in Macon, Georgia as the son of the late Rosie Lee Brewer Millwood and H.C. "Bill" Millwood. He was a United States Vietnam Army veteran and was retired from Robins Air Force Base. Mr. Millwood was a member of Martha Bowman United Methodist Church, where he was a member of the

Romeo Club and was also a member of the **10th Georgia Volunteer Infantry** and the American Legion Post #3.

Don is survived by his wife, **Susan Hall Millwood** of Forsyth; children, Missy Brooks (Chuck), Wendy Barnard (Kevin), Jeunesse Millwood (Greg Beni), Rebekah Storey, and Nathan Millwood (Teela); 19 grandchildren; 6 great-grandchildren. Visit [www.maconmp.com](http://www.maconmp.com) to express tributes.

Macon Memorial Park Funeral Home and Cemetery, had charge of arrangements.

# QUOTES

"I have no purpose, directly or in-directly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so," - Lincoln's First Inaugural on March 4, 1861

"My policy sought only to collect the Revenue (a 40 % federal sales tax on imports to Southern States under the Morrill Tariff Act of 1861)."

- Paragraph 5 of Lincoln's First Message to the U.S. Congress, penned July 4, 1861

"It should not be forgotten that it was the African, who for the most part, carried on the slave raids by means of which his fellow-African was captured and brought down the coast for sale."

- Booker T. Washington Papers, Vol. 10, pg. 161, Sept. 11, 1909

" One old farmer who owns a thousand acres of land not far from Tuskegee said: 'We's jes' so ign't out heah, we don't see no diff'rence twe'n freedom an' slav,ry, 'cept den we's workin' fer someone else, and now we's workin' fer oursel's.' "

- Booker T. Washington Papers, Volume 10, page 172.

"During the near isolation of the pandemic I had no problem staying home. There, I may get tired but I am never bored. During this respite I found myself doing more of what I wanted to do and a little less of what I had to do and I was not idle."

- Duke

"In the State where I live," said Ohio State Senator, John Sherman, [**brother of Union General William Tecumseh Sherman**] on April 2, 1862 [in the Senate] "we do not like negroes. We do not disguise our dislike. As my friend from Indiana (Mr. Wright) said yesterday, 'The whole people of the Northwestern States, are, for reasons, whether correct or not, opposed to having many negroes among them, and that principle or prejudice has been engraved in the legislation of nearly all the Northwestern States.'"

- Southern Historical Society Papers volume 36.djvu/337

"Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of HIS saints.

- Psalm 116:15



## **CHICKEN CORN SOUP**

1 stewing chicken, cut in pieces  
1 cup diced celery  
2 tbs. parsley  
Salt and pepper to taste  
12 ears of corn, cut from cob  
3 hard cooked eggs  
Handful of noodles

Wash chicken and place in kettle. Add enough water to cover. Boil until tender. Remove chicken from broth and pick meat from bones. Return meat to broth. Add celery, parsley, corn and seasonings. Add noodles. Cook for 10 minutes. Add hard-cooked eggs and cook for 5 more minutes.

## **SPLIT PEA SOUP**

2 cups dried split peas  
3 stalks celery, thinly sliced  
Ham bone  
3 qts. cold water  
4 tbsps. butter  
½ cup flour  
1 tsp. sugar  
2 tps. salt  
½ tsp. pepper

Wash peas; cover with water and soak overnight. Place dried peas, celery, ham bone and water in kettle and heat to boiling. Place on low heat and simmer (with lid on kettle) for 2 or 3 hours. Strain, reserving stock. Melt butter; add flour and blend. Then add 3 cups of pea stock, stirring until smooth. Add remaining stock and seasonings. Cook until thickened.





The Cannonball House of Macon, Georgia is excited to announce that we have reopened for public tours as of Monday, June 1, 2020. We will follow social distancing guidelines and provide hand sanitizer for guests that request it. We are disinfecting daily both for the protection of our employees and for guests who visit. Our staff have been provided masks. If you are unwell or have recently been exposed to the virus, please stay home.

We have missed seeing our friends and guests and encourage you to stop by soon. We are open Monday-Saturday, 10am-3:30pm each day. For the month of June we are showcasing June Brides of Georgia, featuring the many bridal gowns in our collection. We also have a number of new items, including some really cool Civil War books for sale in our gift shop.

Come visit!

Cheryl Aultman, Executive Director

# **CATHY'S CLOWN**

## *The Humor of Kenny Stancil*



Here are some jokes for the June issue...

### Grandparents' Answering Machine

"Good morning. At present we are not available, but please select from the following menu items: If you are one of our children, press 1 and then select the option from 1 to 5 in order of "arrival" so we know who it is.

If you need us to stay with the children, press 2

If you want to borrow the car, press 3

If you want us to wash your clothes and ironing, press 4

If you want the grandchildren to sleep here tonight, press 5

If you want us to pick up the kids at school, press 6

If you want us to prepare a meal for Sunday or to have it delivered to your home, press 7

If you want to come to eat here, press 8

If you need money, press 9

If you are going to invite us to dinner or want to take us to the concert, start talking — we are listening." (Beeeeeeep...)

"Pardon me, Mam," I said as I was trying to get back to my seat in the darkened movie theater, "but did I step on your toes a few minutes ago?"

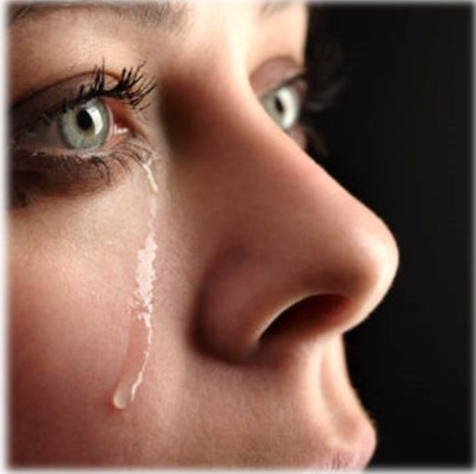
"You certainly did!" said the woman in the aisle seat.

"Good, then I'm on the right row," I said as I went back to my seat.

What's the difference between a hippo & a zippo? One is quite heavy. The other is a little lighter.

Stay safe & healthy!

*Love y'all,      Kenny*



## PRAYING IN PERILOUS TIMES

Probably no one living can recall more perilous times. Just a few months ago, life seemed so normal, so easy even full of promise. It is not just the threat of COVID-19 but personal tragedies, illness, accidents and evil running rampant. Start early and stay at it with prayer. In between, be sure and listen to what GOD will say to you and remember HE – more often than not – speaks through HIS WORD. You may not recognize many of the names on this page, but does that really matter? They represent real people – genuine needs. Just because you do not know them personally nor

the nature of their circumstance does not mean that you cannot pray for them. Bow your heart and head for a moment – just a moment - and ask GOD to meet these needs – ALL OF THEM – according to HIS will ...

**Don Millwood's family - Bob Buckey's family- Ty & Gina Burnsed - Steve Smith - Jimmy Jan Bohler - Kyle, Kole & Jolynn Wilkinson - Brenda Dobson - Sammy Hankey - Shelley Berryhill - Serena Welch - Madeline Sanders - Rev. Gary Berrier - Voncille Sark - Bob Holloway - J.C. Nobles - Rev. Joey Young and family - Tom Adkins - James & Kellie Morgan and Maddie - Ben (Cooter) Jones - Mark "Watch Dog" Thompson - Cathy Wheeler - Reba Aultman - Kasey Larson - Matt Whitehead - Will Butler - Val & Ed Elliott - Tommy Wright - Gale Red - Ethan & Crystal Bloodworth - Tom & Ruth Stevens - Harold & Toni Buchanan - Dale & Becky Rankin - Kay Busbee - Roy and Dana Myers - Rev. Alan Farley - Ed Bearss - Mrs.& Mrs. Burns Richard Durham as well as, those who preach & teach The WORD, UDC, C.S.A., U.S.A., Israel, Law Enforcement, Paramedics & Firefighters, Judges Political Leaders, Missionaries, Our Compatriots, Ministers, Travelers, The lonely, bereaved families, The Cannonball House Staff, Our enemies ... And for Me & You, that we witness boldly, risking awkwardness and seeming to be foolish. Especially those infected with COVID-19 and fighting for their lives and those faithfully ministering help to them.**

**Please, let me know of others that should be on this list.**





## "To the End"

by William Gilbert Gaul (1855-1919)  
*Painted somewhere between 1907  
and 1909*

### William Gilbert Gaul

(Written by Teresa Biddle-Douglass)

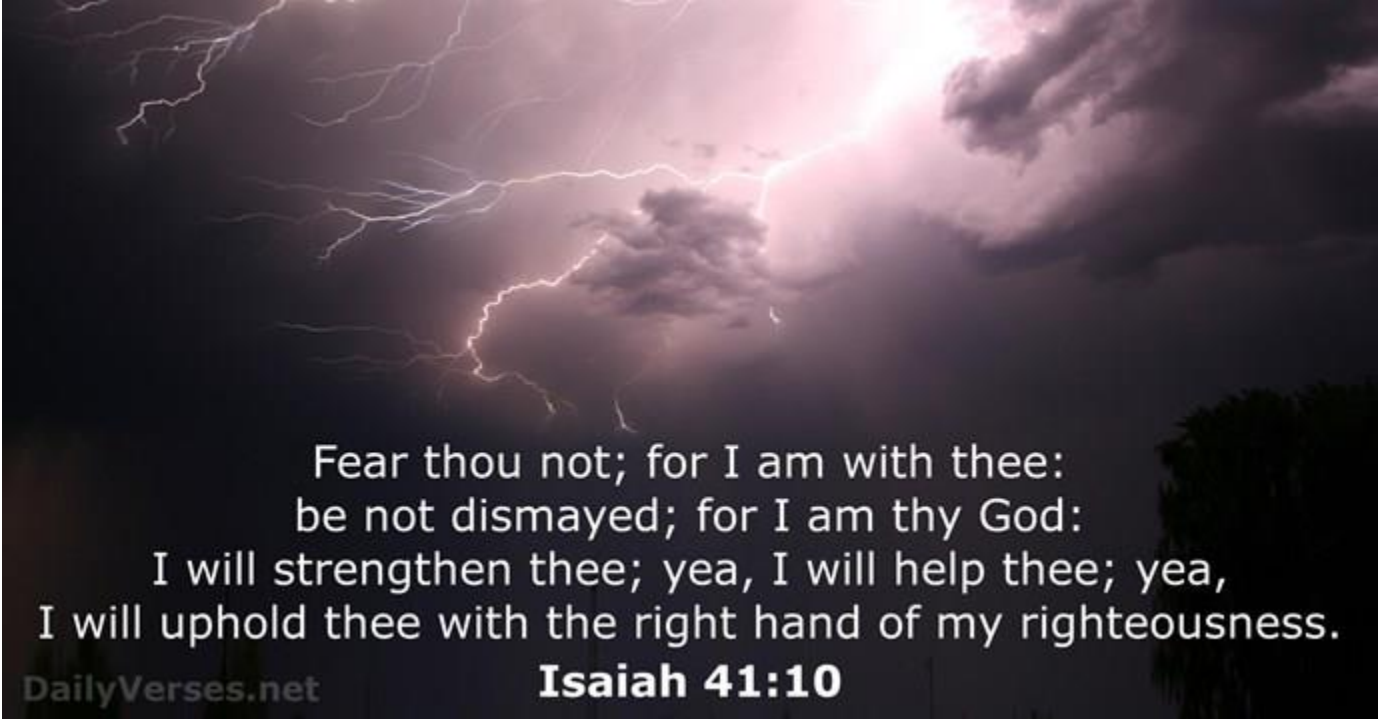
Gilbert Gaul, late 19th-century artist, is best known for his depictions of military topics, particularly scenes of the Civil War. Born in Jersey City, New Jersey, he entered the National Academy of Design in New York City at age seventeen and emerged as one of the era's leading illustrators. Gaul moved to Tennessee and established a studio on property near Fall Creek Falls in Van Buren County.

Gaul published illustrations in Harper's and Century Magazine. His Civil War paintings of both Union and Confederate soldiers portray a variety of experiences from fierce battles to quiet

moments in camp. Works such as "Holding the Line" "At All Hazards" and "Charging the Battery" captured the War's severity and brought him awards from the American Art Association and the 1889 Paris Exposition. The height of his career came in 1893, when he received numerous awards at the World's Exposition in Chicago. Gaul also produced several landscape paintings including Rafting on the Cumberland River (Tennessee State Museum).

Gaul's popularity eventually began to wane, and by 1904 he had accepted a teaching position at Cumberland Female College in McMinnville. He soon opened a studio in Nashville and published the first in what was to be a series of paintings titled With the Confederate Colors in 1907. The project, however, met with little success, and subsequent paintings were canceled. Gaul then left Tennessee and eventually returned to his native New Jersey, where he produced paintings of World War I before his death.

## FEAR NOT



Fear thou not; for I am with thee:  
be not dismayed; for I am thy God:  
I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea,  
I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

DailyVerses.net

**Isaiah 41:10**

How many times must we be told to fear? The World has a new fearful problem every day. You see it on TV, on line and in newspapers. They tell us *what the new fear is*. Just weeks ago it was Covid19 and shortages now it is looting by the so-called protesters.

*"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun."* (Ecclesiastes 1:9). GOD told us that all this is not a new thing. HE also told us not to worry or fear because HE is with us – the one who never leaves us nor forsakes us (Hebrews 13:5).

We are fighting against powers and principalities (Ephesians 6:12) that wish to destroy the Country as we know it; and that may be.

Things get destroyed but the LORD tells us not to *"lay up for ourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."* (Matthew 6:19-21)

If your heart is GOD's then the fear of what is in this world is not in you. If your Heart is not GOD's it is not too late to put your trust in JESUS. Anyone who calls upon the name of the LORD shall be saved (Romans 10:13). If you put your trust in GOD, HE will give you a spirit of boldness and fear will fail (II Timothy 2:17). Do not fear anything that GOD has already taken care of (Luke 12:5). Do not fear what the world tells us to fear. "Fear not" – GOD said so.

– Chaplain Joel B. Whitehead, Jr. – 16<sup>th</sup> GA – SCV 2218

## "The Stonewall Slaves"

*Tom Jackson seems to have never sought to own slaves ...*

"Jackson was a brilliant warrior and a deeply complex man. Before the war he was pro-Union and actively tried to organize a national day of prayer to stop the war. He was a kind and benevolent, though stern, slave owner and had a complex relationship with the peculiar institution, as many southerners did. He owned 6 slaves. Three came to him through his marriage. One of those, Hetty, raised his wife Anna from birth and was like a surrogate mother; Hetty's two rowdy sons drove the family carriage. Jackson himself purchased three slaves: one was a man named Albert who came to him and begged Jackson to buy him so he could then be allowed to buy his freedom; another was 4 year old girl with learning disabilities whom Jackson bought after an elderly woman who could no longer care for the girl begged him to buy her; the last, Amy, was about to be sold off to pay debt and also begged Jackson to buy her to deliver her from "her troubles." Regarding the latter, a neighbor of Jackson's wrote to him, "The cup of cold water you have administered to this poor disciple may avail more in the Master's eye than all the brilliant deed with which you may glorify your country's battlefields." When Albert and Amy got sick, he took them in and cared for them. More significantly, Jackson founded, financed and ran a Sunday school for slaves, in direct contravention of Virginia law, which stipulated that slaves could not be taught to read. Jackson, who was accosted several times in the street by citizens who told him he could not get away with it, taught his students to read the Bible anyway. In 1906, an African American minister at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in Roanoke, Virginia, an African American church, erected a stained glass window memorializing Jackson's "colored Sabbath school," where his parents had both learned to read and been converted to Christianity. The window is there to this day." Credit: John Waters July 15, 2015

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### *Does Your Vote Matter?*

As if we do not have enough problems, there are many elections to be held this year. Campaign signs litter every intersection and the TV is full of obnoxious ads. I plan to vote as I always have since I was eligible – after all, it is one of the few token rights we have left. At times, however, I wonder just how much my vote matters. Sure elections have been decided by small margins but our age when vote fraud has never been more sophisticated does my vote count and does it matter.

We would like to think that it matters to the candidates who are running, but does it really? Sure they want your vote on Election Day but you may not exist to them on the day after. Are you of an ethnic group that matters to them? If you are not same as the elected official, you just might not. What about your heritage – does your candidate know of yours and that it is important to you? And lastly, what about your spiritual life? Are you religious? Maybe you are one of those "born-again believers". Few politicians seem to listen to GOD much less believe in HIM. Does that matter to you? It would be rare to find an elected official truly cares about the wants, needs, beliefs and rights of their constituents and who has enough guts to even try to make a difference. All VOTES (should) MATTER - *"It is better to trust in the LORD than to put confidence in man."* Psalm 118:8 - Duke



## ONE MAN'S OPINION: Taken for Granted

*"I'm glad we fought against them, I only wish we'd won. And I don't need no pardon for anything I've done."* (Good Ol' Rebel)

A May 25th Marlow Stern article in "The Daily Beast" was entitled "Leonardo DiCaprio's Big Middle Finger to the Confederacy." This referred to The History Channel miniseries "Grant," by executive producer Leonardo DiCaprio, which "celebrates Ulysses S. (Hiram) Grant's Civil War heroism and exposes the evils of the racist Confederacy. "Grant is an active attempt to rehabilitate the historical record, positing Confederate adversary General Robert E. Lee as a symbol of the intolerant, aristocratic, treasonous old guard, and Grant as an emblem of a more open, just, unified modern America. Grant's disgust for the Confederacy and the rancidness it stood for is on full display..." This is the typical twisted History Channel stuff and the reason so few of us bother to watch it anymore.

The argument between North and South will not be resolved until the Good Lord comes back to set everything in order. We are different people – anyone who says otherwise is willfully ignorant. This is not to say that one side or the other has the monopoly on saints or sinners. We do not talk alike, eat alike, think alike nor will we ever believe alike no matter how much you call it a "Brother's War." The Northern reaches of The United States have always sought to subjugate and exploit their Southern brethren who only asked to be left alone. Perhaps there has never been a time when a lower opinion of the Southern people and The Confederacy, in particular, existed. As General Patrick Cleburne warned, the side that wins the War tells the history and true to his words, they do. In no way does that guarantee accuracy simply because most of those who are trying to define the War were never in it!



Justin Salinger as Ulysses S Grant

Remembering the surrender at Appomattox, U.S. Grant said "I felt like anything rather than rejoicing at the downfall of a foe who had fought so long and valiantly, and had suffered so much for a cause, though that cause was, I believe, one of the worst for which a people ever fought, and one for which there was the least excuse." Notice that I did not edit this quote to suit the point of this commentary. Here, Grant is expressing his opinion of General Robert E. Lee, the soldier, while not endorsing the Southern Cause. On the other hand, miniseries script writers can make characters say anything they choose and even misrepresent history by their personal opinions, fully expecting us to accept it all as fact.

Granted, some like for their "American heroes" to be fueled by alcohol and cigars instead the Spirit of God. This miniseries, admittedly, is yet another attempt to sell the "fact" that the War was all about slavery, despite Grant's declaration: "if I thought this War was to abolish slavery, I would resign my commission and offer my sword to the other side..." Grant, being a staunch traditionalist, kept slaves well after the War because "good help was hard to find", but I doubt that will make the miniseries cut.

As far as DiCaprio's little series delivering the ultimate insult and injury to The Confederacy, it is easy to pick on dead men and it pales in comparison to what Southern manhood withstood from the most powerful army on earth at the time. Is it a rebuke equal to the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" that the "vile Yankee nation" has always heaped upon their Southern countrymen who only asked sovereignty? DiCaprio, The History Channel and all their ilk can feel as proud, as noble and accomplished as they like despite the fact that they "never smelt the fray" of War that dis-respected Confederates did.

I personally doubt that Grant (who knew what that War was really like) would endorse this production about him, if he alive today. As far as Mr. DiCaprio, he would do well to remember that the "*Southern man don't need him around, anyhow.*" (Neil Young)

– John Wayne Dobson

## 150 Years Ago

**May 30, 1870:** Today is "Decoration Day" in the North, later in the North than in the South to accommodate availability of fresh flowers. It is a day of remembrance for the soldiers that died in the Civil War. Like in the South many communities decorate both Yankee and Rebel soldier's graves.

**June 1, 1870:** In Atlanta, Georgia, today's "Constitution" has this: "Trade with China. In the last sixteen years this country has spent sixty-eight millions of specie in China, while China has bought less than 4 million dollars of trade from us."

**June 3, 1870:** In Atlanta, GA, today's issue of "The Constitution" has this from Middle Georgia: "Macon, June 2.—The board of trustees of Oglethorpe College, in a meeting here today, determined to begin the erection of college buildings in Atlanta, to be finished in time for the commencement of exercises in January next. David Wills, D.D., accepts the Presidency and will enter on the duties immediately. The college buildings at Midway are to be converted into a high school."

The "Car Shed," or "passenger depot," in Atlanta was destroyed by the Federal soldiers in Fall of 1864, the railroads now depending on a ramshackle temporary structure that is an embarrassment to the railroads and to the city. After many complaints from passengers and city officials, today the owners of the four railroad lines decide to build a new one and do it right away.

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### The Middle Georgia Civil War Roundtable at The Cannonball House

The Cannonball House is re-planning to hold the July 21st meeting at this point. We will ask attendees to let us know if they plan to attend so that we can place chairs appropriately in the parlors. Since social distancing won't be possible, we will provide a mask to anyone who requests one. We will ask all attendees to enter through the gift shop and offer them hand sanitizer if they want some. We will ask that anyone who is not well or who has recently been exposed to the virus please stay home.

*Cheryl Aultman, Cannonball House Executive Director*