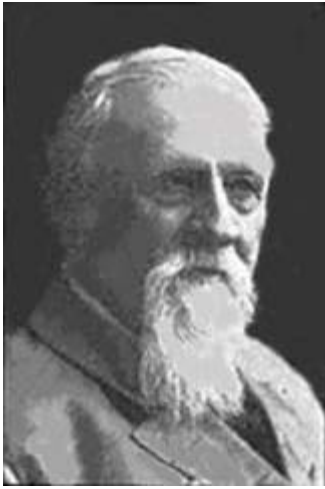


## CAPTAIN SAMUEL JOSIAH ABNER FRAZIER



Born some 40 miles north of here at Washington, in Rhea County, Tennessee. At his birth, 29 January 1840, his mother became blind. She never had the mother's pleasure of seeing her newborn son. His father was a lawyer who attended Washington College in Greene County, and Samuel did also. Finishing there, he enrolled at the East Tennessee University at Knoxville - presently U T - where he graduated with honors in 1860.

He then returned to Washington, and within a few months Tennessee began preparing for the Great War. He enlisted and was boated up-river to Knoxville where the volunteers drilled and trained. He was elected Second Lieutenant in Company D, 19th Tennessee Infantry.

They marched into Kentucky where their first action was in the Battle of Fishing Creek. Next they moved to Corinth where Joseph Frazier became Captain with Samuel moving into 1st. Lieutenant. The new Captain Joe was his cousin.

After that they fought at Shiloh. Company D lost heavily. From Shiloh, they marched to Vicksburg, and during the first Federal attack on Vicksburg his Regiment CHARGED a gunboat. Now they did not just stand and shoot at it. Not from breastworks did they lay fire on it. They charged !! Rebel yell and all ! No damage to the gunboat. But they did that only once.

Then a sad thing happened at Murfreesboro. In that battle Captain Joseph Frazier was killed. This made Samuel the Captain of the Company. Shortly after that his Regiment wound up in Chattanooga, and on through Chattanooga near LaFayette and Chickamauga Georgia. This began the most eventful day of his life.

Early Saturday morning of September 19th they crossed Chickamauga Creek several times and advanced rapidly to the edge of a wide, open field. Some 200 yards away both infantry and artillery were pouring out deadly fire. The 19th TN charged across the open space, and after about 100 yards Frazier was shot. Two of his men attempting to carry him off were wounded. There he was, left for dead, a minie ball had entered and exited his throat right through the windpipe. He could hardly breathe. (GASP) He received two additional wounds while lying there.

Soon the Federals came up, and a Lieutenant took the sword he had captured at Shiloh. He could not talk, had to use pencil and paper. Then a Chaplain from Massachusetts knelt and asked him if he was ready to die. Before he could write an answer, "Rebel" bullets began to fall all around. The chaplain jumped up, rushed to his horse, mounted and rode away in haste apparently, he was not ready to die!

They put him in an ambulance wagon and the next morning, Sunday Sept 20th, he was in Chattanooga and saw an old friend and schoolmate, Rev. Dr. T. Hooke McCallie standing

on the curb on the south end of Market Street. He motioned him over and McCallie quickly gained permission to take him to his house. Rev. McCallie asked two of his friends, Dr. Sims and Dr. Milo Smith to come help, and they immediately removed the bandage and began pulling silk handkerchiefs through the wound in his throat, removing clotted blood and particles of windpipe. Frazier got a breath of fresh air, and had a new lease on life.

Both of those fine Doctors said that if he had gone to the hospital and waited with all those wounded others he would have died that night. The McCallie house was only three blocks away from here, where the First Centenary Methodist Church stands today on McCallie Avenue. Dr. McCallie kept Frazier in the basement, but General Rosecrans, Commander of Union Forces at Chickamauga, had spotted the house when he entered Chattanooga and decided that was where he wanted to stay. At first, he didn't know there was a Confederate prisoner of war in the basement, but when he found out he called for a guard to be placed there.

Now, Union soldiers were scouring the landscape looking for firewood and there was a large oak tree in the McCallie yard. Fortunately, the guard kept them off the oak, and the tree survived. Not many trees did.

Frazier asked permission to be sent home to Rhea County to finish his recuperation at his mother's home, but Rosecrans said no, that he would have to go to a prisoner of war camp. As soon as he was able to travel they sent him north to Johnson's Island, Ohio. He was confined there as a prisoner for 18 months, and released two months after the War ended in 1865.

While he was there, he found he could make a little money carving rings out of Gutta Percha wood for visitors to the prison. He used that money to rent, for 50 cents a day, an old volume of Blackstone's Law. Thus, he was able to continue his study of the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1866. He practiced law for 12 years, including 8 years as Attorney General of Rhea County. He was regarded by the bar and people as one of the most painstaking, honest, and efficient attorneys general that the State ever had. In 1878 he abandoned the profession for reasons of health and private business, and in 1882 moved to Chattanooga.

He purchased a tract of land north of the river, laid out a suburb quite successfully and called it Hill City. The neighborhood developed to where they needed access to Chattanooga so engineers developed plans for a handsome bridge over the river. Frazier donated \$10,000 toward the bridge and Hill City was connected with Chattanooga. That bridge still stands. It spans the river from Walnut Street in Chattanooga to Frazier Avenue in Hill City, presently North Chattanooga. He lived to see Hill City grow to a population of six or eight thousand population.

He also developed land in Florida calling it Frazier Beach, near Port Tampa. He owned a winter home there, and he and his wife Annie were wintering there in 1921 when on 11 December he died. At his funeral, honorary pallbearers were members of the Nathan Bedford Forrest Camp of the United Confederate Veterans.

Samuel Frazier was gifted with a brilliant mind, being proficient in both Latin and Greek; he

was a versatile writer, a magnetic and eloquent speaker, a fair and impartial lawyer, and popular with all classes of people, being most thoughtful always of the poor, so at his death they said: "We have lost our best friend."



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