

THE HOWLING DAWG

July 2016



"Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." - Philippians 2:3

16th Georgia Volunteer Infantry Regiment, Company G

"The Jackson Rifles"

THE BATTLE PEACHTREE CREEK



Rick Reeves

150 Years Ago: July 20, 1866 /Atlanta – An anonymous veteran observed:

"I have read every word in the Daily Intelligencer. I have read about the advances of the Liberals at Matamoras, Mexico; about the defeat of the Italian navy in battle; about a June snowstorm in Utah; about the upcoming elections for delegates to the National Union Constitutional Convention; about the State Prison Commission who will be in the area next month to determine the location of the new State Prison; all these and other worthy stories. I have not read one word of the events of this day, two years ago, on Peachtree Creek.

Am I the only one who remembers?"

"By four o'clock it sounded like a hundred thunderstorms across the fields, pastures, barns, and mills of the Collier family as our Johnny boys in Gray assaulted the invading horde of blue as they entrenched themselves on this side of our Peachtree Creek? It was not a long fight, but a vicious one; in just over two hours, 2,500 Confederate soldiers lay dead or dying alongside about 1,900 Yankee boys breathing their last breath in a land far from their homes and families...."



Peachtree Creek burials, photographed by George Barnard, sometime between September 2, and November 17, 1864

"The Northern dead did not stay on the battlefield very long; they were removed to the Federal Cemetery at Marietta, but the Southern Boys are still in the ground, on the battlefield, in shallow graves that were marked hastily and temporarily."

It would be three more years before the Ladies Memorial Association would be strong enough to remove those men to better accommodations at the City Graveyard, later to be called Oakland Cemetery. (Larry Upthegrove)

The Battle of Peachtree Creek was fought on July 20, 1864, as part of the Atlanta Campaign. It was the first major attack by Lt. Gen. John Bell Hood since taking command of the Confederate Army of Tennessee.



Larry Upthegrove

150 Years Ago ...

Every day I get an email, courtesy of this gentleman, and I greatly appreciate them. Often I reprint these brief articles about historical events of 150 years ago (like the cover of this issue). This excellent material comes from a man who "loves looking back at the lives of people past, knowing as much as we can about them, how they lived, how they died, and how they are perceived after their final tally is in." Thank you, Larry, we are all the richer for your devoted efforts.



THE CAMP OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(2218) of Old Clinton, Jones County, GA held our most recent meeting of 2016, on Thursday, July 21st. We gathered at our usual meeting place of Chevy's Pizza on the Gray Hwy. to eat at 6pm and around 7pm, our guest speaker, Lt. Col. Robert Edward Shelor (Ret. USMC) of Georgia Military College, brought a splendid

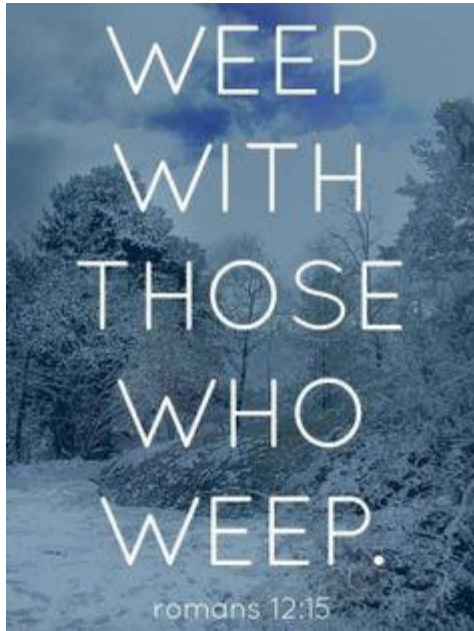
program about General Robert E. Lee's years after the War. Lt. Col. Shelor has promised to accept an invitation from us again in 2017.

On August 18th we will welcome newly-elected GA Division SCV Commander, Scott Gilbert. The September 15th program will be a special musical presentation by Brenda Dobson and daughters. For our October 20th meeting we await the return of Georgia Division Historian Mark Pollard. On November 19th we meet off site with Right Wing Commander Lt. Col. Steve Walczak, of the Georgia Volunteer Battalion, delivering the keynote address at our annual Griswoldville Battlefield Commemoration. Since we do not meet in December, our guest speaker openings for Camp 2218 meeting programs in 2016 have all been booked. We are both pleased and proud to announce that Past SCV Camp 1399 Commander, former Georgia Volunteer Battalion Commander and legendary 16th Georgia commander, Steve Smith of Byron, Georgia will be our keynote speaker at our annual Lee-Jackson Banquet on Thursday, January 19th, 2017. Georgia Division Adjutant Tim Pilgrim will come in February of 2017. To schedule meeting programs for 2017, contact Adjutant Wayne Dobson to apply.



Lt. Col. Shelor

*"To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish. **Remember, it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations.**"* Lt. General Stephen Dill Lee Commander General, United Confederate Veterans, New Orleans, April 25, 1906



To all the members and friends of the Dixon Camp, (Illinois): "I have just returned from nearly two weeks of being in Washington State as my older sister was dying. She finally died last Tuesday, and I returned home Friday morning very early. I have much to catch up on, especially sleep. I am so very grateful for all of the thoughts and prayers of so many of you as my sister was dying. That was very supportive and helpful. It was a very difficult journey. My sister, Lynn, went peacefully in the end and is back with our parents and God. I sincerely appreciate the outpouring of love and support. Thank you so very much."

Confederately,

Gale Red 7/23/16



WELCOMING A FUTURE RECRUIT

Meet Everett James Whitehead, 7lbs., 9-1/2 oz., 18 inches long, born July 11, 2016 at 9:52am to Matthew and Katelyn Whitehead. Matt, a long-time 16th GA member, is on detached duty with the U.S. Navy. He is the son of Bruce and Mary Whitehead and brother of Joel and Charles. As well as being 16th GA members, all these men are members of SCV Camp #2218.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

AUGUST 18 – SCV CAMP 2218 MONTHLY MEETING

SEPTEMBER 9-11 – TUNNEL HILL (GA)

SEPTEMBER 15 – SCV CAMP 2218 MONTHLY MEETING

SEPTEMBER 17-18 – HURRICANE SHOALS (Rev. Joey Young @ 678-978-7213)

OCTOBER 1-2 – ANDERSONVILLE (Lee Murdock @ 478-986-5290)

OCTOBER 7-9 – BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, KY – REGISTRATION \$20 BY 9/22

OCTOBER 20 – SCV CAMP 2218 MONTHLY MEETING

NOVEMBER 4-6 – IRWINVILLE (Lee Murdock @ 478-986-5290)

NOVEMBER 11-13 – NASH FARM – HAMPTON, GA

NOVEMBER 19 – GRISWOLDVILLE COMMEMORATION (2218 MONTHLY MEETING)

DECEMBER – NO SCV CAMP 2218 MONTHLY MEETING

THE 16TH GEORGIA, CO. G – “The Jackson Rifles”

Brig. Gen. Herbert Burns - 478-668-3598
Honorary Colonel J. C. Nobles - 478-718-3201
Rev. Joey Young - Honorary Life Member - 678-978-7213
Capt. William “Rebel” Bradberry, Cmding. – 404-242-7213
1st Lt. Noah Sprague – 706-491-9755
2nd Lt. Charles Whitehead – - 478-986-8943
Color Sgt. Kevin Sark - 478-731-8796
Adjutant: 5th Corp. John Wayne “Duke” Dobson 478-731-5531
Treasurer: 6th Corp. Earl Colvin – 478-214-0687
1st Sgt. Alan “Cookie” Richards - 478-308-9739
2nd Sgt. Nathan Sprague – 478-320-8748
1st Corp. Dan Williams - 478-230-7189
2nd Corp. Brick Lee Nelson - 478-986-1151
3rd Corp. Avery Allen - 478-662-3732
Lead Chaplain – Joel Whitehead, Jr. - 478-986-8798
Honorary 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 - Oliver Lummus – 302-668-8029
Musician - Al McGalliard - 478-318-7266

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

150

YEARS AGO TODAY

July, 27 1866: Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, today is made historic with the successful completion of the Transatlantic Cable. A cable was successfully laid in 1858, but the wire was deficient for the purpose; it was extremely slow in messaging and efforts to improve the voltage flow caused the cable’s insulation to fail, destroying the wire. Last year, a huge ship was built just for the project of laying a much larger, improved wire across the deep, the “Great Eastern”. Last July she laid 1,200 miles of cable before it snapped, losing the broken end. Two weeks ago this most recent attempt began at Valentia Island, Ireland, and by



Arrival of the cable in Heart's Content, Newfoundland

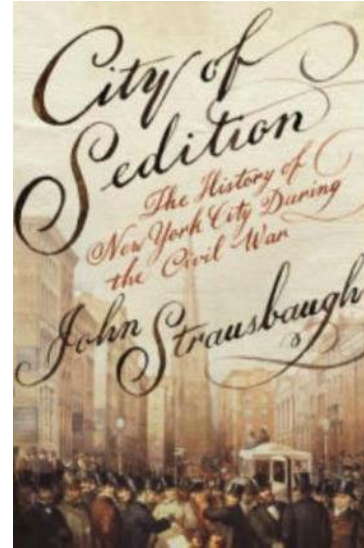
tonight, news from all over the world will be flowing through the completed wire. Wealthy merchant Cyrus West Field is to be given much credit for his leadership and financial guidance to make a big dream a reality. The “Great Eastern” has enough cable left in her massive holds to complete the 1865 wire, if the end of it can be found. She will immediately return to sea with that purpose in focus. (Larry Upthegrove)

An interesting topic

City of Sediton - The History of New York City during the Civil War

by John Strausbaugh

In a single definitive narrative, CITY OF SEDITION tells the spellbinding story of the huge-and hugely conflicted-role New York City played in the Civil War. No city was more of a help to Abraham Lincoln and the Union war effort, or more of a hindrance. No city raised more men, money, and materiel for the war, and no city raised more hell against it. It was a city of patriots, war heroes, and abolitionists, but simultaneously a city of antiwar protest, draft resistance, and sedition. Without his New York supporters, it's highly unlikely Lincoln would have made it to the White House. Yet, because of the City's vital and intimate business ties to the Cotton South, the majority of New Yorkers never voted for him and were openly hostile to him and his politics. Throughout the war New York City was a nest of antiwar "Copperheads" and a haven for deserters and draft dodgers. New Yorkers would react to Lincoln's wartime policies with the deadliest rioting in American history. The city's political leaders would create a bureaucracy solely devoted to helping New Yorkers evade service in Lincoln's army. Rampant war profiteering would create an entirely new class of New York millionaires, the "shoddy aristocracy." New York newspapers would be among the most vilely racist and vehemently antiwar in the country. Some editors would call on their readers to revolt and commit treason; a few New Yorkers would answer that call. They would assist Confederates in an attempt to burn their own city down, and collude with Lincoln's assassin. Here in CITY OF SEDITION, a gallery of fascinating New Yorkers comes to life, the likes of Horace Greeley, Walt Whitman, Julia Ward Howe, Boss Tweed, Thomas Nast, Matthew Brady, and Herman Melville. This book follows the fortunes of these figures and chronicles how many New Yorkers seized the opportunities the conflict presented to amass capital, create new industries, and expand their markets, laying the foundation for the city's-and the nation's-growth.



QUOTES

"Hate the evil, and love the good." – Amos 5:15

"History is written by those who have hanged heros."

– Robert de Brus (12th Century Scottish King)

"Make America grate again! Ban shredded cheese."

– The Huffington Post

Camp Oglethorpe - Union Prisoner of War Camp, Macon, GA

In 1862 a prison, known as Camp Oglethorpe, was opened in Macon. Wedged between railroad tracks and the Ocmulgee River, the site was enclosed by a rough stockade on fifteen to twenty acres. Nearly 1,000 prisoners arrived in May to find several buildings within, including one large enough to use as a hospital. The prisoners were mostly officers



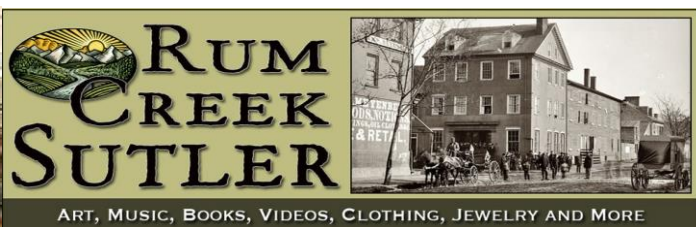
with some enlisted men. Their living quarters consisted of sheds or stalls already on site or shelters constructed from materials found within the stockade. As a result of a formal exchange cartel agreed on by the combating powers, most of these prisoners gained their freedom, and by the beginning of 1863, Camp Oglethorpe was nearly abandoned. However, the breakdown of prisoner exchanges, combined with Sherman's Georgia campaign, forced the Confederacy to reopen the facility as an officers' prison. By the summer of 1864, more than 2,300 Union officers were housed there. Shelter

was barely adequate, and rations consisted of beans, corn meal, and rice in meager amounts. The lack of sanitation, coupled with a dwindling diet, led to the usual litany of such diseases as chronic dysentery and scurvy. An official death total for the prison is unknown. Most of the prisoners were moved from the Macon facility by late July 1864 because of Union cavalry raids in the general vicinity, although some officers were held there until September.

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THE BRIGADE SUTLER store can now be found on the web at www.BrigadeSutler.com. We don't go to a lot of events now, so shop our secure online store for the same good selection and low prices. \$5 shipping per order for all GA troops. We've been your uniforms and re-enactment supply source for 38 years. We take Master Card, Visa, Discover, Pay Pal and offer gift certificates. Items may be exchanged for other items or sizes. Contact us for more information @ 798 Day Road Meansville, GA 30256 706 648 4268. Looking forward to hearing from our old friends, *John & Pat*



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Updating Our Prayer List



**Rev. Joey and Amanda Young
Tommy and Elaine Wallace
Roy and Dana Myers
Mrs. & Mrs. Herbert Burns
Ervin and Barbara Garnto
Perry Harrelson
Ed Lusk
Ben Jones
Chris and Shelby Faulkner
Richard Durham
Charles and Marie Hill
Paul Jerram
U.S.A. & Israel
Law Enforcement Officers
Paramedics & Firefighters
Our political leaders, judges & voters
Me & You ... And let me know of others.**

(For privacy, in some cases, I do not publish the details of these requests but will share them if you contact me.)



REGISTRATION DEADLINE 9/22/16 \$20 PER PERSON
www.perryvillebattlefield.org

"We will register as the Ga. Volunteer Battalion. They know the GVB will be under Jack King so no need to put that. We will all camp military and it shouldn't be an issue. Look at the way I registered on the Perryville website if there is any confusion. " – 1st Lt. Noah Sprague – 16th GA, Co. G 6/20/16

Sam Watkins Recalls The Battle of Perryville, KY. - October 8, 1862

"I was in every battle, skirmish and march that was made by the First Tennessee Regiment during the war, and I do not remember of a harder contest and more evenly fought battle than that of Perryville...I stood picket in Perryville the night before the battle - a Yankee on one side of the street, and I on the other. We got very friendly during the night, and made a raid upon a citizen's pantry, where we captured a bucket of honey, a pitcher of sweet milk, and three or four biscuits. The old citizen was not at home - he and his whole household had gone visiting, I believe. In fact, I think all of the citizens of Perryville were taken with a sudden notion of promiscuous calling about this time; at least they were not at home to all callers. At length the morning dawned. Our line was drawn up on one side of Perryville, the Yankee army on the other. The two enemies that were soon to meet in deadly embrace seemed to be eyeing each other. The blue coats lined the hillside in plain view. You could count the number of their regiments by the number of their flags. We could see the huge war dogs frowning at us, ready at any moment to belch forth their fire and smoke, and hurl their thunderbolts of iron and death in our very midst. I wondered why the fighting did not begin. Never on earth were our troops more eager for the engagement to open...About 12 o'clock, while we were marching through a corn field, in which the corn had been shocked, they opened their war dogs upon us. The beginning of the end had come...from one end of the line to the other seemed to be a solid sheet of blazing smoke and fire. Our regiment crossed a stream, being preceded by Wharton's Texas Rangers, and we were ordered to attack at once with vigor... From this moment the battle was a mortal struggle. Two lines of battle confronted us. We killed almost everyone in the first line, and were soon charging over the second, when right in our immediate front was their third and main line of battle from which four Napoleon guns poured their deadly fire. We did not recoil, but our line was fairly hurled back by the leaden hail that was poured into our very faces. Eight color-bearers were killed at one discharge of their cannon. We were right up among the very wheels of their Napoleon guns. It was death to retreat now to either side. Our Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson halloed to charge and take their guns, and we were soon in a hand-to-hand fight - every man for himself - using the butts of our guns and bayonets. Such obstinate fighting I never had seen before or since. The guns were discharged so rapidly that it seemed the earth itself was in a volcanic uproar. The iron storm passed through our ranks, mangling and tearing men to pieces. The very air seemed full of stifling smoke and fire which seemed the very pit of hell, people by contending demons. The sun was poised above us, a great red ball sinking slowly in the west, yet the scene of battle and carnage continued. I cannot describe it. The mantle of night fell upon the scene. I do not know which side whipped, but I know that I helped bring off those four Napoleon guns that night though we were mighty easy about it. They were given to Turner's Battery of our brigade and had the name of our Lieutenant-Colonel Patterson and our color-bearer, Mitchell, both of whom were killed, inscribed on two of the pieces ... I saw these very four guns surrendered at Missionary Ridge ... I remember one little incident that I laughed at while in the very midst of battle. We were charging through an old citizen's yard, when a big yellow cur dog ran out and commenced snapping at the soldiers' legs - they kicking at him to keep him off. The next morning he was lying near the same place, but he was a dead dog. After the battle was over, John T. Tucker, Scott Stephens, A. S. Horsley and I were detailed to bring off our



wounded that night, and we helped to bring off many a poor dying comrade – Joe Thompson, Billy Bond, Byron Richardson, the two Allen boys – brothers, killed side by side – and Colonel Patterson, who was killed standing right by my side. He was first shot through the hand, and was wrapping his handkerchief around it, when another ball struck and killed him. I saw W. J. Whittorne, then a stripling boy of fifteen years of age, fall, shot through the neck and collar-bone. He fell apparently dead, when I saw him all at once jump up, grab his gun and commence loading and firing, and I heard him say, "D—n 'em, I'll fight 'em as long as I live." Whit thought he was killed, but he is living yet. We helped bring off a man by the name of Hodge, with his under jaw shot off, and his tongue lolling out. We brought off Captain Lute B. Irvine. Lute was shot through the lungs and was vomiting blood



all the while, and begging us to lay him down and let him die. But Lute is living yet. Also, Lieutenant Woldridge, with both eyes shot out. I found him rambling in a briar-patch. I cannot tell the one-half, or even remember at this late date, the scenes of blood and suffering that I witnessed on the battlefield of Perryville. But its history, like all the balance, has gone into the history of the war, and it has been twenty years ago, and I write entirely from memory. We marched on. The scene of a few days ago comes unhidden to my mind. Where are many of my old friends

and comrades, whose names were so familiar at every roll call, and whose familiar "Here" is no more? They lie yonder at Perryville, unburied, on the field of battle. They lie where they fell. More than three hundred and fifty members of my regiment, the First Tennessee, numbered among the killed and wounded—one hundred and eighty-five slain on the field of battle. Who are they? Even then I had to try to think up the names of all the slain of Company H alone. Their spirits seemed to be with us on the march, but we know that their souls are with their God. Their bones, today, no doubt, bleach upon the battlefield. They left their homes, families, and loved ones a little more than one short twelve months ago, dressed in their gray uniforms, amid the applause and cheering farewells of those same friends. They lie yonder; no friendly hands ever closed their eyes in death; no kind, gentle, and loving mother was there to shed a tear over and say farewell to her darling boy; no sister's gentle touch ever wiped the death damp from off their dying brows. Noble boys; brave boys! They willingly gave their lives to their country's cause. Their bodies and bones are mangled and torn by the rude missiles of war. They sleep the sleep of the brave. They have given their all to their country. We miss them from our ranks. There are no more hard marches and scant rations for them. They have accomplished all that could be required of them. They are no more; their names are soon forgotten. They are put down in the roll-book as killed. They are forgotten. We will see them no more until the last reveille on the last morning of the final resurrection. Soldiers, comrades, friends, noble boys, farewell! We will meet no more on earth, but up yonder some day we will have a grand reunion."



Macon's Old City Cemetery (1825-1840)

The Old City Cemetery in Macon, Georgia was established in 1825 and used by many until 1840. That year marked the opening of Rose Hill Cemetery, a much larger and more beautiful landscape that attracted most Maconites for decades to come.

Today, the City of Macon maintains the grounds of the old cemetery. The grass is growing well even in the dry conditions of this summer of 2016 and obviously has been cut regularly but little else seems to be done. Evidence of vandalism remains but such acts were documented in the 1880's, as well as general neglect.

Many graves were moved to Rose Hill. The Weekly Telegraph, Macon, Georgia of Wednesday, February 25, 1891 said *"moving of the bodies will begin tomorrow. The Confederate dead who had died in the hospital at Macon were buried in an unoccupied lot adjoining which was enclosed for that purpose. The last assemblage of people there was on the 26th of April 1867, when the members of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Macon, with many of the surviving comrades of the heroic dead, repaired thither to scatter flowers and render appropriate tributes to their memory. In 187- the remains of these soldiers were removed to Rose Hill cemetery and since that time the old cemetery has been abandoned. In 1871 the city council had a new fence erected around it for the protection, against intrusion, of the graves, lots and tombstones that remained."*

The tombstones of those left behind left in the cemetery are now in poor shape and most of the brick walls surrounding family lots have crumbled. Several plaques state that restorations were done, many in the 1960's, but the cemetery is now a shell of what it once was. More restoration could be done at little or no expense by simply putting stone markers back where they belong, making simple repairs and maybe cleaning them. – Gratefully Attributed to: Stephanie Lincecum

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southerngraves@gmail.com



HARD LUCK ROCKS

National Civil War parks usually don't discuss theft from battlefields for fear it will encourage more of the same. However, a recent post on the blog of the Gettysburg National Military Park has changed that by publicizing the theft of rocks because those illegal souvenirs may be cursed. Boxes of rocks have shown up in the mail for many years according to a park official. The blog says the packages are usually addressed just to the park without any department or person noted. There is rarely a return address. Sometimes a note is enclosed. Two of those notes were included in the blog, both of them claiming lives had been ruined because of a long-ago visit to Gettysburg and what was then considered an innocent picking up of a stone or two. After that visit, a note read, *"our lives fell apart. My wife took my son and walked out on me. I lost my house and the majority of what I owned and ended up in jail for nine years. My now ex-wife has fared no better. She has been plagued with health problems and other issues."* The writer goes on to say that after he was released from prison, he searched through boxes of his belongings that his mother had saved for him. There, he found the three souvenirs from Gettysburg. He recalled reading somewhere that they were cursed. *"I'm sorry that we took them,"* he wrote. Another letter, sent to the park in June 2015, told a similar story. The writer had also suffered some personal setbacks after taking a small stone from the battlefield. He acknowledged that he knew at the time it was the wrong thing to do. *"Since then I have had nothing but horrible times, injured on the job, several surgeries, relationship failures, etc. Coincidental, maybe, but I'm returning this small stone and twig."* Park Ranger Maria Brady blogs, *"it is indeed a federal violation to take anything from the battlefield. If these individuals had been caught in the act, they would have been cited and fined \$100 plus a \$30 processing fee,"* she wrote. *All in all, they may have preferred that. "*

An Inhuman and Barbarous Act

Fully aware of the sufferings of Northern prisoners in the South due to the blockade, President Jefferson Davis in the summer of 1864 sent commissioners to Washington to bring US surgeons to the Southern camps to dispense medicine. No reply was ever received and Lincoln refused to meet the commissioners, leading Davis to wonder if Federal were prisoners left to suffer, and afterward photographed "to aid in firing the popular heart of the North?"

"The South had been dependent upon the outside world for medicine of all kinds, except "home remedies" used by many of its people. Of all imported, none was so necessary in the South as quinine, since malaria was prevalent over most of the region. As if striking at the most vulnerable spot in the Confederacy, the United States, immediately upon the outbreak of war, placed medicine on the contraband list. Few war measures caused feeling to run so high in both the North and the South, for many felt this to be an inhuman, barbarous act. When the American Medical Association met in New York in 1864, some doctors decided that they would try to get the restrictions regarding medicine going into the Confederacy lifted in the name of humanity, but their motion to that effect was tabled "indefinitely." And the restrictions were not removed for the duration of the war. A poem urging the continuance of the contraband principle was widely circulated in the Northern newspapers as follows:

"No more quinine – let 'em shake; No more Spaldings pills – let their heads aches; No morphine – let 'em lie awake: No mercury for the rebels take though fever all their vitals bake; No nitre drops, their heat to slake; No splinters though their necks they break, And, above all, no Southern rake, Shall have his 'wine for stomachs sake,' Till full apology make."

From the adoption of Federal restrictions, there was never sufficient medicine to relieve the sickness and suffering in the Confederacy. Medicines and surgical equipment were captured from time to time, but this became increasingly rare as the course of the war turned against the Confederates. And when such supplies were captured, they were diverted to military channels and had no effect on the supply of medicines for civilians. The second source of supply, through running the blockade, proved far more successful. Small in bulk and high in price, medicine became part of the cargo of nearly every blockade runner. Land blockade-running was more interesting than running of the water blockade. Drugs were sent down the [Mississippi] river originally from Paducah, Kentucky, or Cairo, Illinois, by Northern speculators or traders and were sent ashore into the Confederacy at night. During the late winter and early spring of 1862, a story was widely circulated that some of the quinine sent into Tennessee and Arkansas in this manner was poisoned; heated editorials and warnings followed. The quinine was believed to contain strychnine, and the people were cautioned against its use." ***Bernhard Thuersam, www.Circa1865.com The Great American Political Divide*** (Ersatz in the Confederacy, Shortages and Substitutes on the Southern Homefront, Mary Elizabeth Massey, University of South Carolina Press, 1952, excerpts, pp. 115-117)

JESUS

SAVIOR, LORD, GOD, AND FRIEND

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." - Galatians 5:1

"For, brethren, ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another." - Galatians 5:13

"But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." - James 1:25

Jesus is God! We say Savior and friend but very seldom Lord. Savior, most take to mean, I am not going to Hell. God's definition of Savior is His Son Jesus who died for the sins of the world.

The definition of friend is different too. To many Christians it means no sorrow, no pain, and getting everything their way. But Jesus defined a friend as a brother, someone to walk and to talk with and be close to. But we don't want him to Lead us because we Like to think we are in charge.

That is when we look at Jesus through the cracked lens of the world. The distortion is so wrong as to make it seem as if Jesus is our servant. The opposite is true that we are His servants of Christ Jesus. Being bound to Him by His blood with the Liberty to act for Him. He gave us that authority by His resurrection from the dead.

We Christians do not fully understand this Liberty and will not use it. We think Jesus will forgive us if we sin for awhile. That deception is the kind of thinking that trips us up in the first place because it leads to the broad path to Destruction or highway to Hell. When what we need to do is follow Jesus and take the narrow way or the old mill path. Jesus is the only way to Heaven. Will you at the end of time have used your Liberty to tell people about Jesus and hear well done my good and faithful servant or will you hear depart from me for I never knew you? (Matthew 25:23) That choice is up to you. I hope you choose Jesus as your Lord.

- Chaplain Joel B. Whitehead, Jr.

Editor's Note: We would like to publically express our deep gratitude to Chaplain Joel. B. Whitehead, Jr. for taking the time each month to share God's Word in this newsletter. Joel serves with great distinction as the Chaplain of the 16th GA, Co. G – "The Jackson Rifles" and also for SCV Camp 2218, The Camp of The Unknown Soldier of Old Clinton, Jones County, Georgia.