

# *Jackson County Historical Society News*

VOLUME EIGHT, NUMBER FOUR

JULY 2001



Captain Dilmus Lyle Jarrett, 18th Georgia Regiment, Co. C

**NEWSLETTER**

The Jackson County Historical Society News is published quarterly and mailed before the next meeting. Back issues can be obtained for \$2.50 each plus postage. Please send your Jackson County family connections with your dues and they will be published in the next newsletter.

**QUERIES**

Send queries to be published the month before the next issue. Next deadline September 15, 2001.

**DUES**

The Jackson County Historical Society's Dues Year runs from July to July. Checks should be written to the Jackson County Historical Society and mailed to the address shown below addressed to the Historical Society. There is no longer a staff person affiliated with the Jackson County Historical Society at the Crawford Long Museum.

Individual	\$10.00
Family	\$15.00
Life Member	\$100.00

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The following is a historical essay written by Andrew J. Bell and read by Mrs. O. C. Branch before Jefferson Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, July 23, 1909

**1861**

From the Jackson Herald, July 1909

Memorable year to those who wore the gray. There is a sound about its simple repetition, even to the present day, that smacks of the drum and fife, rattling of musketry and roaring of cannon. Gray shadowy forms, with stars, compressed lips, flit about in the mind's eye, followed by bent, broken women and weeping children and in fact a painful scene of general desolation seems to cover the south's entire world. Yet do or die seemed to be the watchword, and never more was this displayed with greater determination by the people on earth than by the people of this blessed county of Jackson on the day that this brief sketch opens.

It was on the 9th day of June, 1861, and the time of the day appointed for departure of the first company of Confederate soldiers from the county of Jackson to the seat of war in Virginia and to say that it was the saddest day ever known before or since is the town we now occupy, is simply telling the saddest of truths. And why was this? You ask. With bated breath, we answer thus: War? Dreadful war! With all the attendant horrors, had suddenly enveloped our fair Southland from the mountains to the seaboard and all this without a single rift on the frightful cloud. In fact, for a month previous, nothing has been heard on the streets of our then devoted little village, save the rattle of the drum, the soul-piercing notes of the fife, and the quick, short words of military command and hot words of protest against the Northern tyrants of invasion. And on this eventful day, as before men-



Andrew J. Bell, 1st Ga. Co. C

tioned, Jackson county was to make her first move in the way of resentment.

From earliest dawn, carriages, wagons and other vehicles of transportation had been slowly entering the village, and in each was seated one, and often two, gray-coated, heroes whose final destination was of course the seat of war. Close by the side of these were older men, stern and defiant, and women, pale and drooping; and with anxious expression; plainly telling to that extent—the iron was entering their souls.

A pen picture of some of the leading characters on this occasion, perhaps, might be interesting at this juncture; therefore, we give it:

That slender, muscular gentleman, with long flowing beard and piercing gray eyes, clad in a uniform denoting the rank of a Confederate captain, is Captain Dilmus L. Jarrett, of the Jackson County Volunteers; and when I tell you that he is leaving a

devoted wife and six lovely children this day, to go and offer up his life in defense of his Sunny Southland and this without the seeming quiver of a heart-string. It will tell you of what kind of stuff the Southern boys of that time were made.

The large framed, muscular gentleman at his side is Lieutenant McCulloch, his second in command, and the kindly, genial expression of his countenance shows his heart is in the right place; and why, also, that he has already become a general favorite with the boys.

The next is Second Lieutenant J. B. Silman. He, like his captain, is married, and is this day tearing himself from the arms of a loving wife, to die, if need be, for the land of his birth.

That tall, slender beardless young hero in gray, with dark complexion and raven hair, is Ensign. Bill Callahan, and you have only to look for once into those fierce black eyes, now flashing with defiance, to be firmly convinced that when those colors trail in the dust they will be beneath his dead body.

Suddenly the clocks in the village strike 2 p.m. and the hour for the dreaded parting has come. The drums sound the long roll, and each gray clad hero, after a long agonizing embrace with father, mother, wife and children, tears himself away, and with ashen lips, but nerves of steel, quickly takes his place in the ranks of the company. The sweet old notes of that never dying song, "Good Bye" ring out upon the air, the drum beats again and at their head they are gone.

Yes, gone; and did they return? Let us see. Here is the record:

Captain Jarrett killed at Manassas. Lieutenant McCulloch killed at Appomatox. Wesley McElhannon killed at Gaines Farm. Jack McElhannon, killed at Manassas. Willis Anglin killed at Gaines Farm. Jimmie Thurmond killed at Gaines Farm. Andrew Harvil killed at Gaines Farm. Jimmie Appleby killed at Gaines Farm. Gerald Moore killed at Gaines Farm. Jim Oliver killed at Manassas. John Miller killed at Manassas. Jas. Espy killed at Manassas. John Howard killed at Manassas. Harrison Williamson killed at Manassas. John Mitchell killed at Manassas. J. O. Wilson killed at Sharpsburg. John R. North killed at Crampton's Gap. Geo. Morgan killed at Fredricksburg. John Lord killed at Fredricksburg. Harrison Callahan killed at Fredricksburg. Tom Lord killed at Chanslorsville. Andrew Oliver killed at Gettysburg. Jim Rogers killed at

Knoxville. John Winfield killed at Knoxville. William Clanton killed at Manassas.

Twenty-seven is the number, with ten more to add whose names are forgotten, makes the number of 37, who were killed from this Jackson County company, outright on the field.

### **WHERE THEY WON THEIR SPURS**

It was at Gaines Farm, in Virginia and the time June 27, 1862. The Jackson County Volunteers were attached to the corps of Stonewall Jackson at the time of the battle, and the famous general having ascertained early in the conflict that before the enemy could be forced from his position, a very strong point on their lines defended by a heavy force of artillery must be taken, and that by storm.

Immediately brigade after brigade of brave boys in gray were thrown against this position, but only, it seemed, to be hurled to their death by the storms of shot and shell from these murderous cannons and finally came the time of the Jackson County Volunteers to storm this seething carnival of death, and they were ready for the call.

Glancing up the line as they move under the terrific fire, we see the stalwart form of Lieutenant McCulloch, with drawn sword, and the picture of stern determination in the glance of his eye, and do or die expressed in his cast of countenance and upon his left was the Chivalier Bayard of Jackson County soldiery, Ensign Callahan actually laughing with delight as he approached this carnival of death. Up and down the lines, the same look of composure and firmness rests upon the features of every private and non-commissioned officer of the command. Rapidly crossing in deep ravine and advancing to the high ground on the opposite side, there breaks suddenly upon their view the desperate task they have in hand. From the crest of a hill, some two hundred yards in front is planted sixteen of the enemies largest cannons belching forth from their murderous throats every moment upon the devoted hand of Jackson County Volunteers and their regimental comrades.

At their first fire, the noble chivalried McCulloch goes down to rise no more, with the smile of victory still fixed upon his countenance, even in death. Yet

nothing daunted, the company still moves forward with a bravery sublime, until it is beautiful.

At the next fire of the cannon, the gallant Lieutenant Silman, now in command, is prostrate with a terrible shell wound in his shoulder; but no matter, for that dare-devil Bill Callahan, with his black eyes shooting stars, is already in his steps, and all this without band of Jackson County heroes and their comrades. "Don't fire, a man of you," now exclaims Callahan, "until you can see the whites of their eyes." This order is strictly obeyed, but in a moment the time had come, and as the "Fire now, everybody," is shouted by Callahan, and an almost instantaneous deafening roar seems to shake the very earth, and a great struggling mass of riderless, wounded horses now wandering into our lines truthfully proclaims that the fight is over and the day is won.

### **A VETERAN OF JACKSON LIONIZED AT THE REUNION HELD IN ATLANTA**

Jackson Herald, October 29, 1908

Among those who went from Jackson County to the Confederate Veterans reunion held in Atlanta last week was Rev J. W. Lord.

Wearing an old Confederate cap and a gray, tattered coat that has holes in it made by Yankee bullets during that great strife between the states, carrying an old Confederate canteen and musket, he attracted considerable attention and was one of the heroes of the hour.

Dozens of people were anxious to give him bread and near beer. He was carried into a half dozen near beer saloons, and urged to take something to drink. One admirer fitted a pair of glasses on Mr. Lord's eyes, and made him a present of them. The women patted him on the back, and one exclaimed, "God bless you; my daddy was killed while wearing a suit of gray just like that." The old men applauded the Jackson county veteran, and the young men sent up shouts of joy. One company of the National Guards made him an honorary member, and he marched with the young soldiers from Atlanta to the fair grounds. At different places, Private Lord entertained groups with speeches, stories and songs.



Private James W. Lord, 18th Georgia Regiment, Co. C

Such a great attraction was he, that the Atlanta Constitution printed his picture on its front page.

He has returned home, happy, and in speaking of the reunion, said: "It was the greatest reunion I ever saw, or ever expect to see. Atlanta treated us royally, and we shall never forget the people of that city. It took old Sherman a long time and hard fighting to take Atlanta, but we old vets took it in a day, and without the firing of a gun."

#### **THE LIFE STORY OF WILLIAM T. THURMOND**

On March 28, 1844, near Price's Bridge on the Mulberry River, in Jackson County, Ga, about one mile east of said bridge, in the home of Thomas J. and Elizabeth

Worsham Thurmond, there was born a little baby boy and they named him William T. the little boy grew up as the years went by with some minor incidents of which there was a little mule colt came into our horse lot when I was about four years old and I, like most little boys, wanted to get friendly with the little mule and I got rather too close to his hind legs and he flew up with his hind feet and struck me just above the left eye and knocked me over and left the print of his foot, which at this time is very plain. After this incident things went along very well until in August 1852, when my mother died with typhoid fever and about the last of December of the same year my father broke up housekeeping and put his children, five of us, out to live with strangers; one to a home, and he put me in the home of Mr. James H. Greer and I lived as one of the Greer's family, working on the farm with the Negroes. On of my duties was to go to Jefferson on Saturday evening on horse back for the mail. Also to get a little jug of whiskey for Mr. Greer. I lived on with him until July 4, 1861. In the meantime, while attending a revival at Cabin Creek in 1860, conducted by Rev. A. J. Kelly, I joined the church there and remained a member of this church until 1876, when I moved my membership to Harmony Grove Baptist Church, and I have remained a member of said church up to the present time.

After leaving Jefferson July 4, 1861, with Thompson's company, we went direct to Richmond, VA. After getting to Richmond I, having a brother in Jarrett's company, exchanged places with a man in said company and went to Jarrett's company. After this we were detailed to guard prisoners who had been captured at the first battle of Manassas. We stayed on this duty until sometime in 1861. In the meantime, with nine other Georgia companies, we were formed into the 1st Regiment Georgia Infantry, and were sent up to Dumphries, Va., to do picket duty along the Potomac river. Early in February we went back towards Richmond, and the first battle my company was in was at Fredricksburg, Va., in which fight the Southern arms were successful, but we had our first two men in Jarrett's company killed. I was not in this fight, having been sent to the hospital at Richmond with pneumonia. I rejoined my company at Ashland, Va., in April 1862, and went with the regiment to Yorktown to reinforce

Gen. Johnston as the enemy was about to cut him off from Richmond by landing troops up the James and York Rivers and when Johnston left Yorktown we got into a little fight just above Williamsburg, Va., when we fell back to the main line about six miles below Richmond, and remained there until about the 17th or 18th of June, 1862, when we were sent around to join Gen. Jackson. He attacked the McClelland flank on June 27th, 1862, at Cold Harbor, driving the enemy from the battlefield. Jarrett's company had fifteen men shot down, seven killed in this battle, and my brother was one of those killed. The 18th Georgia regiment captured eighteen pieces of artillery. We followed the enemy on to Malvern Hill, fighting as we went. In August 1862, we went to Manassas, Va, and was in that fight August 30. Jarrett's company had sixteen men killed and wounded in this fight, I being wound in the left elbow, and was sent to the hospital at Lynchburg, Va, where I remained until Nov. 1862, when I got a furlough and came home and stayed until April 1863, when I rejoined my company and came around to Chattanooga with Gen. Longstreet's command. We were in the battles of Loudon and Knoxville, Tenn, in 1863.

Next we went to Wilderness, Va, on May 5 and 6, 1864, and were in the charge which routed Grant's army; then Spotsylvania Courthouse, also in the main charge at this point. Next we were in the Horseshoe fight, but not the heaviest part of the fight; next to Rappahannock River, but fighting was light; next at Gaine's Farm, second battle, which was a very hard fight; then Petersburg, just after the "blowup," which ended the fighting in 1864, except some small skirmishes. In 1865, I was not in very much fighting. The last main fighting I was in was at Sailor's Creek, Va, on the 5th and 6th of April 1865. Most of the 18th Georgia regiment was captured at Sailor's Creek, and only six of Jarrett's company escaped capture, and I was one of the six. We went on up to Appomattox Court House and were there on April 9, 1865, when General Lee surrendered, but I did not surrender, but came home without being captured, getting home about May 1, 1865. The man I lived with when I went to the army in 1861, Mr. Greer, had broken up housekeeping, and I went to Mr. Mike Williamson's and lived the balance of 1865, working on the farm with the Negroes; also

worked a part of the time in his mill for what I could eat and wear. In the meantime, I traded with Mrs. Almada Williamson to work on her farm in 1866, moving to her home the last of December, 1865. I had only \$1.00 in silver money when I reached home and an army pony, which I used on the farm. As stated above, I worked with Mrs. Williamson for a part of the crop, and we made a very good crop and in the fall traded with Mrs. Williamson to work again in 1867 for a part of the crop. We enlarged our farming operations, putting more land into cultivation, and this year we did much better than in 1866, making a much larger crop. During this year Mrs. Almada Williamson and I decided to marry, and were married on Jan. 9, 1868. When we were married Mrs. Williamson had four small children living, three boys and a girl. We managed to give these four children a good common school education; and to our union there were seven children born, two boys and five girls. One girl died when three years old, and the remaining six we reared to manhood and womanhood, giving each a good common school education. I farmed and worked on the farm until the latter part of the seventies or early eighties, when I became public cotton weigher for the town of Harmony Grove, weighing cotton for all merchants. I moved my family to Harmony Grove in the winter after I began the weighing of cotton. In the fall I weighed cotton and delivered fertilizers until the early nineties, when I went into the general building and contracting business, which business I followed until 1903. In the meantime I represented Jackson County in the Georgia legislature in 1892 and 1893. In 1904 I went to south Georgia and went in to a general saw mill business near Fitzgerald, and we lost our entire plant by fire in 1907, losing about one hundred thousand dollars. In 1908 I returned to Commerce and went on the road, thereby regaining some of my loses in the saw mill business. In 1914, I got the appointment to the post-mastership for Commerce, Ga, under the Woodrow Wilson Administration, holding this appointment until Aug. 1, 1923. I secured this appointment through the personal friendship of U. S. Senator Hoke Smith. After this I did but little until 1827, when Governor L.G. Hardman was inaugurated. Governor of the State of Georgia. He gave me the appointment of Custodian of the State's property in the city of Atlanta, which place

I am still holding.

Two things stand out in my personal life that I am very proud of. One is that I treated and handled the Williamson children in such a way that all honored and respected me up to the present time, and the other is that my personal life has been such that I have had the personal confidence and friendship of the people I have lived among.

### 1916 STATE OF GEORGIA JACKSON COUNTY

Barrow County was cut from Jackson County in 1915. This document found in the Jackson County Probate Office. The following contains a true list of the Pensioners that have died, moved out or transferred into some other county since last payment of 1915.

#### DISABLED SOLDIERS

Hudson, T. P. died July 9, 1915  
 Moulder, E. M. transferred to Barrow Co.  
 Starnes, Michael transferred to Barrow Co.  
 Picklesimon, W. J. transferred to Barrow Co.

#### INDIGENT SOLDIERS

Brewer, A. L. transferred to Barrow Co  
 Coker, J. R. transferred to Barrow Co  
 Chrisler, W. S. transferred from Oglethorpe Co  
 Duke, John died July 20, 1915  
 Edgar Henry transferred to Barrow Co  
 Hammond, B. B. transferred to Barrow Co  
 Johnson, J. M. transferred to Barrow Co  
 Lyle, G. R. transferred to Hall Co  
 Martin, E transferred to Barrow Co  
 Mote, F. died Nov 19, 1915 – left widow  
 Rooks, G. W. transferred to Barrow Co  
 Stewart, R. G. transferred to Barrow Co  
 Simpson, J. W. transferred to Walton Co  
 Toney, J. M. transferred to Barrow Co

#### FIRST CLASS WIDOW

Sailors, Nancy V. died in spring 1915

#### INDIGENT WIDOW

Gee, Frances E. died June 1915  
 Wiley, May E. died Aug 23, 1915

#### SERVICE SOLDIERS

Allen, T. J. transferred to Hancock Co June 11, 1915  
 Campbell, Jno. W. died Nov 13, 1915 – left widow  
 Fulcher, James H. transferred to Barrow Co  
 Garrison Caleb P. died Dec 24, 1915

Haridgree, David I. transferred to Barrow Co  
 House, Wm. H. transferred to Barrow Co  
 Herrin, Milford C. transferred to Barrow Co  
 Lyle, Jesse B. transferred to Barrow Co  
 McCurry, S. M. died March 25, 1915

### FROM TEXAS – FORMER JACKSON COUNTY CITIZEN WRITES OF FRIENDS AND COMRADES

Jackson Herald, February 10, 1916

Dear Sir: Having been born and reared in your county. I feel a longing to know something of the people with whom I was associated, and with whom I served during the war. I left Jackson county in 1874, and have been living in different parts of Texas since that time. I am the only one living of Clark Catlett's family, who was one of the old residents of Jackson County. My brother, B. L. Catlett, died in this State two years ago.

I served in the war in Company G, 16th Regiment, which was organized in Jackson county under Captain A. C. Thompson. I would like to know how many of the old Company is still alive in Jackson county.

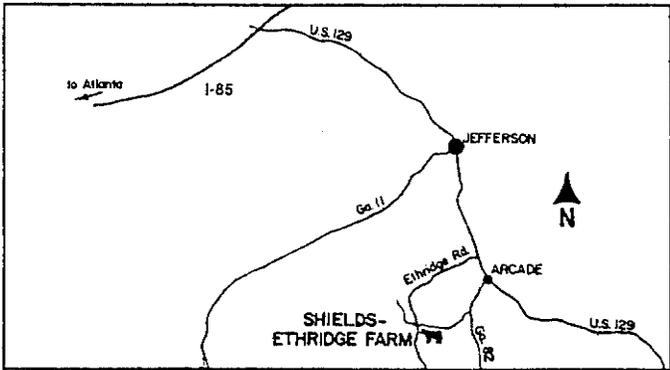
What has become of F. M. Bailey, Rache and Andrew Bell? Is Jack Storey still living? and Milt Thompson, Wash and Hill Randolph, and R. B. and Frank Marlow were four of my old school mates. Also, what has become of Thomas Highfield? Is he still alive? I would like to know what has become of the sons of my brother, J. F. Catlett? Have lost all trace of then.

George W. Black, of our old Company, lived in this, Upshur county, Texas; but is now dead. Two others, Tom Black and Dave Lyle, still live in this county. John Wilson, also of Company G lives in Rockwall, Texas.

Now, Mr. Editor, please print this in your valuable paper, if you please I am sending remittance, for which you will please send a copy of the paper containing this letter, to myself and also to Dave Lyle, Rhonesboro, Texas. Please send paper to my address as long as remittance will pay for.

—Respectfully, J. D. Catlett, Sr., Big Sandy, Texas

THE ANNUAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOT DOG PICNIC will be held at the Shields-Ethridge Farm , July 19, 2001 beginning at 6:00PM. All members and their families are invited. Following the meal, Frank Gilbert will present a program on the 18th Georgia Company C, Jackson County Volunteers, Confederate Army. He will be in the uniform of the confederate soldier and display items carried by the soldier. A musical performance of 1860's tunes played on string instruments will be presented by J. H. "Pete" Doster and his music students, Clark and Micheal Ivey.



Historical Society Picnic — July 19, at 2355 Ethridge Road



Walton Cicero Davis, 18th Georgia Regiment, Co. C

JACKSON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
— c/o Crawford W. Long Museum —  
28 College Street  
Jefferson, Georgia 30549