



# CCHGA Bytes

## September 2006

R.D. Huffines - President  
Cleo Hogan - Vice President  
Judy Mayo - Secretary  
Betty Cannon - Treasurer



PALS Chapter will conduct cemetery cleaning at the Hooper and

Allen cemeteries on September 16, beginning at 8:00 a.m.



October, November, December and January are designated new CCHGA membership drive months.

New members joining CCHGA in October 2005 (for individual membership of \$15.00) will get 3 extra months and membership will run until January 2008.

Membership will include CCHGA's monthly newsletter and help go toward funding the new Cheatham County Museum.

If you have any questions, please contact the CCHGA office at 615-746-3623 or Lisa Walker ([lisaewalker@bellsouth.net](mailto:lisaewalker@bellsouth.net)).

**The next CCHGA meeting is September 28, 2006 at 7:00 at the Cheatham County Public Library! There will not be a program.**

### October 26, 2006 CCHGA Meeting

At October's CCHGA meeting, David Currey will give a presentation on the Nashville Cemetery. Opened in 1822, the City Cemetery is the oldest continuously operated public cemetery in Nashville.

David Currey is currently the Executive Director at Travellers Rest Plantation and Museum. He holds an undergraduate degree in Film Production from Southern Illinois University and a Master's in Public History from Middle Tennessee State University.

Over the past four years he has successfully introduced new interpretive streams to the site, including Civil War history, that have boosted attendance by more than 10 percent.

Outside Travellers Rest, he has worked with Metro Parks and the Metro Historical Commission to elevate Civil War tourism in Nashville. He was historian for Fort Negley Historical Park and is currently developing the interpretive plan for a new visitor's center and 20-acre Civil War campus at the site.

He also served as President of the Nashville City Cemetery Association in 2005 and helped secure \$3 million from the city to restore the city's 1822 public burial ground. As a filmmaker he has recently produced *The Battle for Nashville*, a Civil War documentary, and in March was part of an expeditionary team that visited France in search of the Sergeant York battlefield of which he is currently producing a 90-minute documentary on York and the American experience in the Meuse-Argonne offensive during World War One.

When he is not making films or promoting Civil War resources he spends time with his wife and two daughters.

All members and guests are invited. Refreshments will be served, dress in a Halloween costume if you are brave enough!

## News from the Communities - *contributed by Greg Poole*

**Henrietta:** Maddened by Jealousy. Dr. R.B. Macon came to Clarksville from Henrietta, bringing the information of a shooting scrap that occurred at that place at the home of Samuel Jarrell about 10 o'clock Saturday night.

Late Saturday afternoon, Finis Jarrell married a daughter of Wash Fielder. Al Fielder a cousin of the young lady, it is alleged, had sworn that he would kill the girl and Jarrell if they married, she having rejected Fielder, whose reputation, it is said, is not the best. Young Jarrell and his bride attended service at the Baptist church at Henrietta Saturday night. After leaving there they rode to the home of Sam Jarrell, brother of the bridegroom, where they intended staying all night.

Fielder had heard of the wedding and started out to make good his threat. He represented to Ross Nicholson, a neighboring farmer, that he had been attacked in the road by a mad dog, which had snapped viciously at his horse's heels. He asked Nicholson to lend him his gun, as he wanted to go back and kill the dog. Suspecting nothing Mr. Nicholson let Fielder have a loaded musket. With this, Fielder, riding a borrowed horse, rode to Sam Jarrell's to intercept Finis Jarrell and his bride, and so we are told, reached the house just as they were in the act of getting out of the buggy. It was dark, but Fielder rode up to the buggy close enough to be recognized by its occupants. Miss Fielder saw him and became greatly alarmed. In the meantime, Mrs. Sam Jarrell had come from the house to meet the visitors. Miss Fielder jumped hurriedly out of the buggy and was in the act of climbing the yard fence, the gate being temporarily nailed up awaiting some repairs. Mrs. Jarrell was assisting her over the fence when Fielder raised the gun and fired point blank at the party of three persons, young Jarrell, his wife and Mrs. Sam Jarrell. The musket was loaded with shot of several sizes. Mrs. Sam Jarrell received several wounds in the arm, while some of the shot took effect in the side and arm of the young lady, Finis Jarrell receiving a portion of them in his hip. The latter fell to the ground, but succeeded in drawing a pistol which he discharged at the would be assassin three times as he fled away in the darkness, having dismounted from the horse and thrown away his gun. None of the shots took effect. Fielder, it is said, believed that he had killed Jarrell, as he told parties at the church that he had killed him. The last heard of Fielder, he, with a companion, was in the neighborhood of Ashland City. The young

man with him, it seems had previously arranged to leave that part of the country with Fielder.

Fielder is the brother of Hillman Fielder, who accidentally, it is claimed, killed his father at Ashland City during a cutting affray. The affair was universally denounced a most cowardly one. *Clarksville Daily Leaf Chronicle*, August 30, 1897.

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**Amanda's Chapel:** Know all men by these presents that I G.T. Harris have donated and conveyed to Mrs. Lucy A. Sears, Joseph Harris, B.L. Pack and B. Harris a certain lot of land containing one acre, lying in Davidson County, District 17, for the purposes of erecting a church building for the use and benefit of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South and the Cumberland Presbyterian church. The said building is to be called St. Amanda, which building is to be used only for the worship of God. /signed/ G.T. Harris. Wit.: B.L. Pack, L.D. Pack. (1855) Cheatham County Deed Book A, pf. 230-231.

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### An Early Cheatham County Election

(The following was found in the Tennessee Secretary of State Records located at the Tennessee State Library and Archives.)

Please send commissions for the following named persons elected Justices of the Peace, on the first Saturday in March last for Cheatham County, Tennessee, to wit:

A.M. Allen  
W.H. Blankenship  
B.F. Binkley  
J.W. Hunt  
J.D. Dismukes  
Wiley J. Gossett  
Henry Hunter  
Robert T. Gupton  
B.J. Barnes  
E.L. Darrow

W.W. Williams, Clerk  
Cheatham County Clerk  
June 16<sup>th</sup>, 1862

#### CCHGA Bytes Editors

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Greg Poole - [greg.poole@state.tn.us](mailto:greg.poole@state.tn.us)

# An Eyewitness to the Dark Days of 1861-1865, or A Private Soldier's Adventures and Hardships During the War - *contributed by Greg Poole*

(The following memoir was written by N.J. Hampton, a member of the 18<sup>th</sup> Tennessee Volunteer Infantry. Many Cheatham County young men fought in the 18<sup>th</sup>. This firsthand account, written in 1897, provides a closeup view of life for the 'common' soldier during the war. Several years ago the full roster of Company E, 18<sup>th</sup> Tennessee was printed in this newsletter. ed.)

## Chapter I

I was born in Davidson County (now Cheatham) Tenn. December 6, 1844. From my earliest recollection I had a great fondness for listening to the stories told by my father of the great wars in which our country had been engaged, and from these stories and the small advantages I had of books I formed a great admiration for heroes and heroic deeds. My first ambition was to serve my native State as a soldier. When the war broke out between the states, on hearing the first drum tap calling for volunteers, I decided to become a soldier for the Confederacy; and being young (under seventeen years), I ran away from home and joined Captain Buck Joyner's company as a private, and was sworn into the service of the Confederacy by the hero of heroes, the glorious Isham G. Harris (Governor of Tennessee) on the 22d day of May, 1861.

After being sworn in, our company went to Camp Trousdale, near Fountain Head, Sumner County, Tenn., and there was organized into the Eighteenth Tennessee Regiment of infantry, our colonel being Joseph B. Palmer, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. Here we went into camp and drew our first arms, which were old flintlock muskets. Then we thought we were indeed warriors, and here we ate our "white bread."

Our first move on leaving Camp Trousdale was to Bowling Green, Ky., after the blockade had been raised between Trousdale and Bowling Green. On our way to Bowling Green we came near having a serious accident. Our train could not accommodate so many men inside the coaches, so some had to perch themselves on top. We met a passenger train in a curve, which so frightened us that some of our men fell off and several lost their muskets. I was one of the men on top, but I managed to hold on to my gun. Fortunately there were none hurt. After reaching Bowling Green we built fortifications on Mullgoe's and Vinegar Hills. We were then moved to Greenville, Ky., where there were a small garrison of bluecoats. Just as we were getting in sight of the garrison they left. Upon our arrival we found only a Union flag, of which we took possession. At that time our brigade was composed of the 18<sup>th</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup>, 26<sup>th</sup>, and 32<sup>nd</sup> Tennessee and the glorious old 2<sup>nd</sup> Kentucky, commanded by Brig. Gen. S.C. Buckner of Kentucky. My regiment numbered one thousand young men, and at this time (1898) only 65 of us survive, and those few are nearly all beginning to get feeble with age. During this first raid we began to experience some of the hardships of war. We were out ten days on three days' rations, and were compelled to subsist on green pumpkins and peas. On one day we did without water from daybreak until 9 o'clock at night, the day being very hot and I suffering greatly with earache. From that place we were ordered back to Bowling Green, and remained there until the middle of January. From Bowling Green we were ordered to Russellville, Ky., and there camped a few weeks. There we began grumbling, thinking the war would be over before we were engaged in battle. But we were soon to experience war in its awful reality. We were ordered to Fort Donelson.

*Continued next issue.*



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CCHGA Yard Sale September 22 and 23 at the house that's for sale on Highway 49 across from the Dollar Store in Ashland City. Workers and donations are needed! Call the CCHGA office at 792-3623!

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Each month 150 newsletters are mailed to our members at a cost of about \$1.00 each. Today, our organization is faced with a dilemma. The mailing of the newsletter each month is becoming cost prohibitive. We can either mail the newsletter quarterly or accept donations from our membership to keep it coming monthly. Let us hear from you via our email [cchga007@bellsouth.net](mailto:cchga007@bellsouth.net) or direct mail to CCHGA, PO Box 703. Ashland City, TN 37015. Thelma Heflin

**“Life on the Creeks” (The PALS Book)  
will be published soon!  
It’s time to order your copies now!**

**“Life on the Creeks”** (The PALS Book) is almost ready to go to press and will be published in plenty of time for you to give for Christmas. It’s packed with over 160 articles from people in the communities of Pond Creek, Lillamay and Sams Creek and has over 500 photos and documents from the past and the present. It will have a four-color laminated soft cover with large, easy-to-read print.

“Life on the Creeks” captures a lot of history, stories, photos, old papers and family ties and it paints a picture of the ways we’ve lived and how things have been done by our ancestors as well as how things are today in these beautiful creek valleys and the river bottom of the Cumberland. Anyone who lives here now or has ever lived here will enjoy this treasure chest from the PALS Chapter of CCHGA. For more information, you may call Judy Mayo at (615) 352-4408, Marie Garland at (615) 646-6473 or June Nixon at (615) 792-1658.

The book is \$25 (plus \$5 for shipping if you can’t pick up your copies.) To order your copies now, complete the order form below and send with your check made payable to: The PALS Chapter of CCHGA.

NOTE: When the books are ready for delivery, you will be notified of a community area pickup location and the dates and times you can pick up your books. Remember to include shipping and handling of \$5 per book if you need yours shipped.

We know you’ll enjoy **“Life on the Creeks”** and we look forward to accepting your order!

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**Order Form For “Life On the Creeks” (The PALS Book)**

Please reserve \_\_\_\_ copies of “Life on the Creeks” for me \_\_\_\_\_  
Name of Purchaser

My Phone Number to notify me when the books are ready for pickup: (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

My Address for Shipping is: \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is my check for \$25 for each book, plus \$5 shipping and handling for each book if shipping is needed. **Make your check payable to: The PALS Chapter of CCHGA**

Total amount enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Send your order and check to: Mrs. June Crouch Nixon  
1285 Sams Creek Road  
Ashland City, TN 37015

## Frank

continued from August 2006 newsletter  
Contributed by R. K Hunter rccoopac@charterinternet.com

Frank's garage was a wondrous place for a young kid. With cars, trucks, tractors and engines all in various states of repair, there was always something interesting to see. In one corner, a dirt track race car might be sitting, streaked with red clay from some Saturday night duel and awaiting Frank's magic touch of tuning an engine and squeezing just a few more horsepower out of it. In another corner there would perhaps be a pickup in need of an oil change or points and plugs. Near the door a farmer's M Farmall might be awaiting service on its clutch or transmission.



The smells were to me fascinating as well. The pungent smell of parts cleaning solution or carburetor cleaner hung in the air along with the smell of brake pads and clutch plates. Thinking back, it's amazing how many smells still come to me; antifreeze, "burnt" motor oil, gear oil and hydraulic fluids and the glue used with the old Camel tire tube patches.

The shop was more than just a place for getting your oil changed or a car fixed. It like most small businesses in the rural south was a social place where people congregated and interacted. Old wooden cold drink cases, fat wide race car tires and rickety old ladder back chairs served as seats. Problems with crops, families, machines and livestock were all "cussed & discussed" there. In the summer, any open space was used, yet in the colder months, the old potbellied stove was the center of the forum.

Years ago, a big mixed breed dog lazed around the shop. His unimaginative name fit him well; Big Un. Big Un had a huge lanky frame covered by tawny hair. He was not a temperamental dog at all. Around the shop in the summer he usually found a cool spot to bed down and in the winter wasn't too far from the potbellied stove. If you took the time to pet him, he would rouse from his sleep briefly as if to say, "Yeah thanks buddy, but now I need my rest".

The reason Big Un needed his rest was because it seemed he had a very active nightlife. He would rest up during the day and roam all night. Big Un was quiet a Romeo and whenever a female dog in the community was "in season", he was sure to pay a visit. Of course he wasn't the only boy dog with love on his mind and it was inevitable that fights would happen. I suppose between the pups that looked like him and the other male suitors that were chewed up, folks were bound to become miffed at him. Some did in fact decide to put an end to his playing and fighting days, yet not in a deadly way.

On one visit to the shop, I commented to Frank that Big Un seemed even more lethargic than usual. "Well, I guess someone finally got tired of his ways and put an end to them, but I'll be danged if I can figure out how they managed to do it" was Frank's reply. When I requested more information, Frank filled me in. "Well Big Un ain't a boy dog anymore. He was gone for several days a week or so ago and when he finally came dragging home he had been castrated!" As if on cue, Big Un raised his head and woefully looked at us as if to say, "Yeap, they got me".

As far as I know, the rest of Big Un's days were spent meekly laying around the shop or following Frank home at night. Who ever gelded Big Un still remains a secret till this day.

Of course Frank had his own share of adventures. One that sticks in my mind concerns the day he gave a grass hopper a ride. Frank, like most mechanics enjoyed good cars. He owned a Chevy El Camino which was his pride and joy. I suppose Frank and his El Camino were similar in a sense. The El Camino was the product of working man roots as far as its similarity to a pickup truck, yet it had a style all its own. Much of the same could be said of its owner.

I heard Frank relate the story many times as to how he had fired up his El Camino for a run into Nashville.

“Well, I had gotten out on the road to Pleasant View and was cruising along when I noticed this grasshopper out on the front edge of the hood” he would say. “I just thought to myself, old boy as soon as I pick up some speed, you’re a goner.”

Someone who hadn’t heard the story before would ask, “Well, how fast was ya going when he slid off?”

Frank, in that deep rich country voice full of humor, would continue. “That’s just it. I couldn’t get him to turn loose. He did slide once, but he just latched onto the hood ornament and hung on tight. Next thing you know, it had turned into a bit of a battle with me and Mr. Grasshopper.”

Like any good story teller, Frank would pull his listener into the story. As one listened, they could just see the little green fellow hanging on. “Every time I got on the gas a bit more, he would just adjust and hunker down. 45,50,60, even 65 miles an hour and he was still there. Finally I got tired of playing with and opened the four barrel up but there he sat there like he was loving the ride. At around 80 I finally decided, old boy either you love a fast car like me or you have some place important to go and I backed off so we both could enjoy the ride”.

Frank has been gone for many years now but his son, Dale has continued the family business and the shop in most ways is still as it has always been, a place to get your problems solved and see your neighbors.

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## **CCHGA BYTES**

Cheatham County Historical and Genealogical Association

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<http://www.rootsweb.com/~tncchga/>