

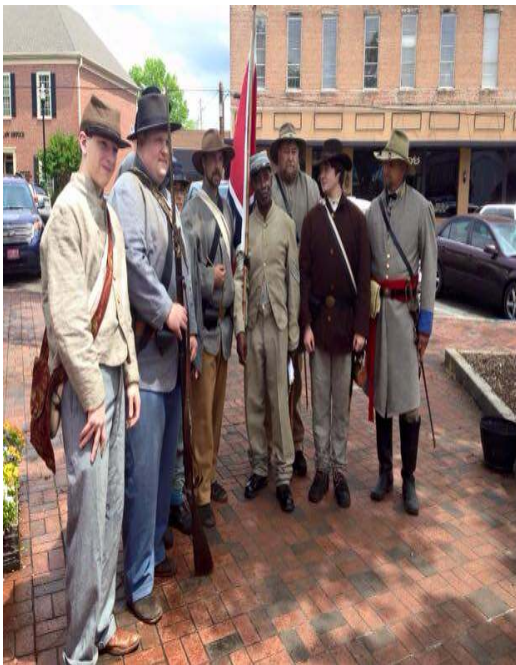


Rebel Underground

Sons of Confederate Veterans
Major John C. Hutto Camp # 443
Jasper, Alabama

Published Monthly

May 2015



Confederate History Month's Memorial Service on Jasper Square featuring the 31st Alabama Infantry Rifle Company and Speaker Mr. H. K. Edgerton

Major John C. Hutto Camp

May Meeting Notice

Sunday, 17 May 2015 - 2:30 PM

**First Methodist Church
1800 Third Avenue
Jasper, Alabama**

Speaker Mr. John McGraw

The first three (3) compatriots to come through the door get a free hardback, shrink wrapped copy of Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.'s book
“Speaking of Liberty”

[Friends of Forrest Victory Flyer Online](#)

The UDC and SCV work together with great results



Faye Gaston, UDC officer, looks at portraits of her great-grandparents, Margaret and Joel Barefoot, in the Confederate Memorial Park Museum in Marbury, Alabama.

At the Children of the Confederacy Christmas in the South at Confederate Memorial Park in Marbury, Alabama in December 2014, I was impressed with the participation of the SCV. This includes Commander Gary Carlyle who is always a gracious performer and so optimistic. He represents the Alabama SCV in a great way. The children were so precious and the ladies of the UDC (led by Tammie Evans) worked hard to make this a wonderful Christmas

event.

That day I carried three pictures of Confederate soldiers from a lady in Bullock County to the park museum, and Bill Rambo added these to the displays. Two criteria to have a soldier ancestor's picture displayed is that the soldier be in Confederate uniform and be from the state of Alabama.

The portraits of my Confederate great-grandparents are on display here.

One section has pictures of soldiers as they looked during the War and other pictures as they looked in their later years. A few years ago, I delivered photos of a pastor/soldier from Bullock County in his young and old ages. Contact Bill Rambo if you have pictures of your Confederate ancestors you want to be displayed. He will have them copied and return the original to you.

At the celebration of General Robert E. Lee's birthday at the Archives building in Montgomery on January 24, 2015, Commander Carlyle did a wonderful job as MC. The room was packed and folks stood around the walls and the overflow was in another room. The popular 1921 String Band from Tallassee was superb.

The speeches and prayers by the men and women honored the life of General Lee. Division UDC President Linda Edwards and OCR leader Tonnia Maddox spoke. A lady impersonated Mrs. Robert E. Lee in a monologue. Dr. John Killian gave a dynamic

speech, as always.

I did not get a printed program with the names of all on the agenda because the programs gave out. One man in the auditorium gave me his "Alabama Heritage" magazine that was packed with articles about General Lee. Our UDC ladies were so beautiful in their Confederate dresses!

A \$5,000 check was presented to Bob Bradley to go toward conserving a Confederate flag. A crowd of folks toured the "Confederate flags room" where Bob Bradley told about the Confederate flags and answered questions.

Being a UDC member has many rewards, such as being part of events such as these.

Faye Gaston - Historian, Admiral Semmes 57, UDC Alabama Division Former Chaplain, UDC Alabama Division

While Confederate symbols and monuments are under constant attack and removed from public view, we learn about an obscure treaty with the Soviet Union, that allows for the installation of "statues of well known Soviet cultural figures in our parks," as called for in the *General Agreement between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. on Contacts, Exchanges and Cooperation in Scientific, Technical, Educational, Cultural and Other Fields*, signed in 1985 and 1988 at Geneva and Moscow, respectively.

May 1865 - Reconstruction Begins



Traveling south from Washington, we shall not pause in Virginia, where the skies are clearing somewhat, looking in on the Legislature in Richmond found the spectacle repulsive nor in North Carolina, which we have visited before, but hurry on to Columbia, South Carolina, where the policies of loyal scalawag and carpetbaggers are in full flower.

The little capital is in a sorry state of debilitation, pigs grunting in the unpaved streets, the blackened ruins of flame-gutted buildings here and there, and near the town the pillars of the portico of what had once been the baronial mansion of the Hamptons. The town is teeming with Negroes, in from the plantations to enjoy their freedom, and a visit to their quarter reveals them living in one-room log cabins, with wooden shutters

and mud chimneys, and lolling and strolling in the sunny streets, some clothed in gunny sacks, and not a few of the children stark naked.

In the fashionable section of the fallen society, which had impressed the cultivated LeConte as one of the most refined and cultivated he had ever known, the fine houses are strangely silent now, little merriment floating out of the open windows on the night. A new society has displaced it, and there is no merging of the two. The new society, mixed in color, and composed largely of carpetbaggers, has gathered about the barracks, and this, known as the Gig Society parades the barracks grounds in its finery in the evening listening to the band, while politicians gather in groups in eager discussion of the latest swag.

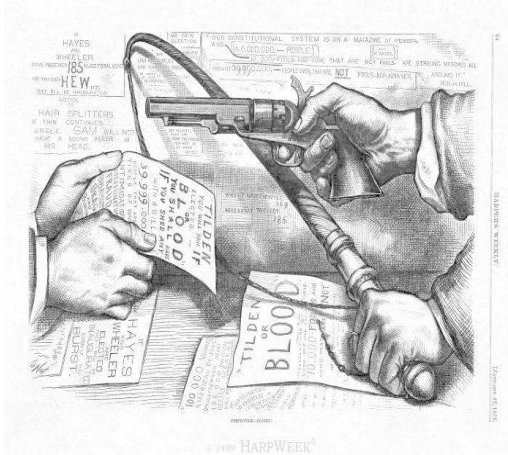
Near by, we find the grounds of the university so recently presided over by the brilliant and eloquent Preston, but the buildings are now in desperate need of repair, and the grounds are tragically sad, like a deserted garden overrun by weeds. The Legislature of 1869, illiterate and corrupt, had seized upon the old institutions for reasons of pillage, and soon the trustees had been involved in charges of corruption. A few poorly dressed, underpaid professors and a handful of students are all that are left of the once flourishing university.

Driving down the fine, wide street back of the State House, with its great spreading oaks, where the aristocracy had blossomed in

the old days, we find the blinds of the houses drawn. Occasionally we pass a scion of the old families on his blooded horse, the last of his luxuries, but it is the speculator and carpetbagger, sweeping by a little insolently behind a dashing team, that compels our notice. At length we reach the beautiful white marble State House surrounded by a rough wooden fence, the grounds littered with all kinds of filth. Here let us enter and pay our respects to His Excellency Robert K. Scott of Ohio, by the grace of bayonets, Governor of South Carolina.

A soldier of fortune, this carpetbag Governor, who had elbowed his way in the California gold rush, worked as a common miner and prospector, practiced medicine, won his shoulder straps by gallantry in the field, and entering South Carolina with the Freedmen's Bureau, had cleverly applied his demagoguery to Negro credulity and won his way to the State House. Congenial souls had accompanied him into office Niles G. Parker of Massachusetts, in flight from criminal prosecution in his native State, is in charge of the Treasury.

Now let us cross over to Arkansas, the barony of the most astute and stern of the carpetbaggers, Powell Clayton, who has just retired as Governor to enter the Senate, but whose work lives after him. No cowardly mediocrity he, but a daring, resourceful, unscrupulous man of vaulting ambition, with a touch of genius.



A brave soldier, even when he dismounted and laid the sword aside he remained a cavalry dare-devil. The fighting had taken him into Arkansas, and when the firing ceased he settled on a plantation and remained. From that point of vantage, he cunningly studied the situation, and at the psychological moment he grasped his opportunity.

Gathering the Negroes and carpetbaggers behind him, he seized on power. Coldly calculating, unsympathetic to suffering, autocratic, impatient of opposition or restraint, he ruled for three years as an absolute monarch.

The argus-eyed Henry Watterson observed him critically. “The distance between him and Washington, his friendliness to the Government, the ease with which his acts could be concealed, made him bold and careless. He knew his game. Clayton's policy was extermination. (Emphasis added)

Nothing could divert him. He is not a milksop, but a man of genius and his field is fruitful. His was the master mind that organized the Republican Party in Arkansas, that directed the framing of the new carpetbag Arkansas constitution, making a despot of the Governor; and he took the governorship. He waved his wand, and a system emerged that destroyed civil liberty, and reduced overwhelming majorities to impotency.”

This Clayton system reserved the loaves and fishes for the carpetbaggers alone. Adventurers from abroad, including the Governor and two Senators, controlled the executive department, the courts, the Treasury, the military power.

Nowhere such concentration of power as in the hands of Clayton. He distributed printing patronage to party papers, exacting as a consideration absolute obedience to his will. In him was lodged the power to award millions in aid of railroads, and demanded that aid be given. His militia was so tied up with voting registration as to make it a partisan army. In one campaign he set aside the registration in eleven counties, ten with heavy Democratic majorities, on the ground of interference with registration. (Editor’s note: And under martial law, voter fraud, and government by bayonet, the states throughout the South rewrote their state constitutions conforming to carpetbag rule, and ratified the Fourteenth Amendment.)

By the waving of his wand, this cavalryman

wiped out a Democratic majority of almost three thousand. When the people grumbled, he evoked the sword. His militia was frankly an instrument of party, his followers having demanded an instrument that would strike early and strike hard. The *Daily Republican* boldly proclaimed that of course the militia was to be armed to enforce the policies of the party.

Immediately the Negroes were enlisted and armed with the approval of Washington. The Republican Congressional Executive Committee was sending assurance that Federal troops were at Clayton's service whenever he declared martial law. The Northern press was being fed with stories of outrages in Arkansas.

Soon the proclamation of martial law; soon two thousand undisciplined Negroes were preying on the people of ten counties, stealing, arresting, imprisoning, executing, looting houses and occasionally violating women. Clayton soon was sending the officers lists of men to be arrested, with the comment that many of them could be executed. "It is absolutely necessary that some example be made," he wrote. So infamous did the brutality become that the *Daily Republican* bitterly denounced the proceedings, but when he was disciplined by his removal from the Speakership of the House, and deprived of public printing, the editor made a hasty recantation with the inspiring statement that "we'll make Arkansas Republican or a waste howling wilderness."

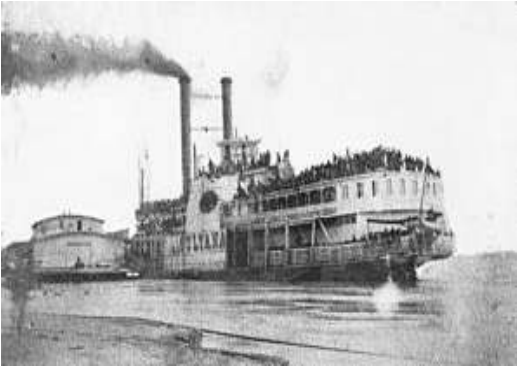
This political army, mobilized for partisan war, cost the people \$330,676.43. With a military autocrat as Governor, with terror spread by gunmen from the mountains, and armed Negroes posing as militia, with no recourse to the ballot, the people, oppressed with unbearable taxation, have no recourse to the courts for these too are packed with the tools of the system. Chief Justice John McClure, a notorious carpetbagger, is boasting of his guilt of bribery, editing the *Daily Republican* from his chambers, and handling the slush funds for the debauchery of the Legislature.

The above were taken from first hand accounts of northerners visiting the south.



150th Anniversary (1865–2015) Sultana Disaster

April 1, 2015 by Trevor



Sultana at Helena, Arkansas on April 26, 1865, a day before its destruction. Note the crowd of paroled prisoners covering her decks.

Sultana at Helena, Arkansas on April 26, 1865, a day before its destruction. Note the crowd of paroled prisoners covering her decks.

In the early morning of April 27, 1865, boilers on the steamboat SS Sultana exploded, killing more than a thousand recently released POWs in what is often called the worst maritime disaster in U.S. history.

Toward the end of the Civil War, huge numbers of paroled military prisoners needed to be sent home, which was often done via steamboats with government contracts. Imprisoned Union soldiers at Cahaba (Alabama) and Andersonville (Georgia) prisons were sent to Camp Fisk, near

Vicksburg, Mississippi, to be released. Because steamboat captains were paid per head, more than 2,000 of these soldiers were crammed aboard the Sultana, which had the legal capacity to carry only 376. Between the private passengers (including women and children), the soldiers, and crew, some estimates place the number aboard the boat as high as 2,600. There were so many people that the decks of the multi-level steamboat had to be reinforced to keep them from collapsing under the weight.

Sultana Inspector's Certificate

After leaving Vicksburg, the now overcrowded and top-heavy Sultana made its way up the Mississippi River toward Cairo, Illinois, picking up and letting off a few private passengers along the way. Shortly after leaving Memphis, however, around 2 a.m. on the 27th, the boat's boilers exploded (though some later suggested it was sabotage), releasing scalding steam and setting the boat on fire. Most of the people jumped into the water, but since many of the POWs were in a weakened condition, they quickly drowned.

About an hour and a half later, the first survivors drifted down river to Memphis, where their cries summoned help. Rescue parties were sent out, but by the time they were called off that afternoon, only about 700 had been saved, 200 to 300 of which died soon after from injuries and exposure. Estimates vary, but one commonly accepted death toll for the disaster is 1,700.

No one was ever really held responsible for the Sultana's fate. Captain Frederick Speed, assistant adjutant general for the region, was found guilty at a court-martial for his role in overcrowding the boat, but the verdict was later reversed.

To learn more about the Sultana Disaster, browse Fold3's Sultana Disaster collection to see original documents and records.



"Secession Hill Sign" by Efy96001

Secession Hill, just east of modern-day Secession Street in Abbeville, South Carolina, is the site where local citizens gathered on November 22, 1860 to adopt the ordinance of South Carolina's secession from the Union. It was here that delegates to the

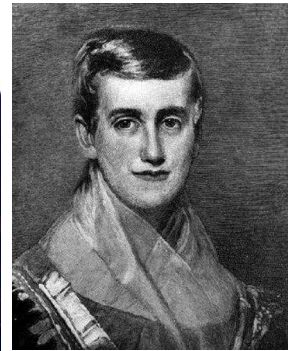
December 17, 1860 secession convention in Columbia, South Carolina were selected.

Abbeville is nicknamed "the birthplace of the Confederacy," as the meeting on Secession Hill ultimately led to its formation.

There is an unknown Confederate soldier from Alabama buried on Secession Hill.

Today, Secession Hill is owned by the Columbia-based Southern Culture Centre, which plans to develop the site into a park.

Connecticut's Black Codes



Prudence Crandall (1803-1890)

The Connecticut General Assembly designated abolitionist and teacher Prudence Crandall as State Heroine in 1995

Prudence Crandall was born in 1803 in

Hopkinton, Rhode Island, the daughter of Quaker parents. In 1831 she opened a private school for girls in Canterbury, Connecticut.

A year after opening she admitted Sarah Harris, a young black woman who wished to train to be a teacher. Crandall's neighbors were violently opposed to the prospect of her teaching African American girls, and she quickly lost her white patrons.

In 1833 Crandall decided to open a school exclusively for African American girls. She had approximately 15 to 20 pupils from prominent black families across New England. There were many attempts to close the school through boycott, insult and abuse.

Only a few months after the school's opening, the Connecticut legislature passed the so-called "Black Code." This law prohibited the establishment of schools that educated African-Americans.

Connecticut's Black Codes and Trials

On May 16, 1833, the General Assembly passed the "Black Law," making it illegal for African American students to attend a Connecticut school without permission. By August 23, 1833, authorities arrested Crandall for violating the Black Code, and she was brought to the first of three trials for operating the school.

Her lawyers argued that while Crandall was operating a school for black students, the Black Law was unconstitutional because

blacks were citizens and were guaranteed equal rights, including access to education, as provided to citizens by the Constitution.

The first trial ended in a deadlocked jury, but the jury at her second trial found Crandall guilty when the Connecticut judge declared the Black Code constitutional, arguing that African Americans were not citizens and thus not guaranteed constitutional rights.

For her blatant violation of this law, Prudence Crandall was arrested, imprisoned, and tried a total of three times. In her final trial the charges were dropped due to a legal technicality. However, she continued to suffer the harassment of the townspeople.

After an attack on her house, and attempts to burn down the school, Crandall and her husband moved out of state, eventually settling in Illinois. She continued her struggle there for abolition and for women's rights.

After her husband's death in 1874, she moved to Kansas. For the last four years of her life (from 1886-1890) the Connecticut General Assembly granted her a small pension to apologize for their previous actions in outlawing her school. Crandall died of influenza in 1890.

Arguments from her trials were used in the US Supreme Court's *Brown v. Board of Education* school desegregation case in 1954.

War for Southern Independence comes to Baltimore, Maryland - The Baltimore Riots of 1861

On April 19, 1861 a group of local secessionists in Baltimore attack Massachusetts troops bound for Washington, D.C. Four soldiers and 12 secessionists were killed.

One week earlier on April 12, 1861 Confederate shore batteries opened fire on Union-held Fort Sumter in South Carolina's Charleston Bay. During a 34-hour period, 50 Confederate guns and mortars launched more than 4,000 rounds at the poorly supplied fort. The fort's garrison returned fire, but lacking men, ammunition, and food, it was forced to surrender on April 13. There were no casualties in the fighting, but one federal soldier was killed the next day when a store of gunpowder was accidentally ignited during the firing of the final surrender salute. Two other federal soldiers were wounded, one mortally.

On April 15, 1861 President Abraham Lincoln issued a public proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteer soldiers to help put down the Southern "insurrection." Northern states responded to the call, and within days the 6th Massachusetts Regiment was en route to Washington. On April 19, the troops arrived in Baltimore, Maryland, by train, disembarked, and boarded horse-drawn cars that were to take them across the city to where the rail line picked up again.

Secessionist sympathy was strong in Maryland, a border state where slavery was legal, and an angry mob of secessionists gathered to confront the Yankee troops.

Hoping to prevent the regiment from reaching the railroad station, and thus Washington, the mob blocked the carriages, and the troops were forced to continue on foot. The mob followed close behind and then, joined by other rioters, surrounded the regiment. Jeering turned to brick and stone throwing, and several federal troops responded by firing into the crowd. In the ensuing mayhem, the troops fought their way to the train station, taking and inflicting more casualties.

At the terminal, the infantrymen were aided by Baltimore police, who held the crowd back and allowed them to board their train and escape. Much of their equipment was left behind. Four soldiers and 12 rioters were killed in what is generally regarded (by Yankees only) as the first bloodshed of the Civil War.

Maryland officials demanded that no more federal troops be sent through the state, and secessionists destroyed rail bridges and telegraph lines to Washington to hinder the federal war effort. In May, Union troops occupied Baltimore, and martial law was declared. The federal occupation of Baltimore, and of other strategic points in Maryland, continued throughout the war. Because western Marylanders and workingmen supported the Union, and

because federal authorities often jailed secessionist politicians, Maryland never voted for secession. Slavery was abolished in Maryland in 1864, the year before the Civil War's end. Eventually, more than 50,000 Marylanders fought for the Union while about 22,000 volunteered for the Confederacy.



Ralph Waldo Emerson

Concerning The War for Southern Independence Ralph Waldo Emerson said, “If it costs ten years and ten to recover the general prosperity, the destruction of the South is worth so much.” In 1859 before John Brown was executed,

Emerson referred to Brown as “The Saint, whose fate yet hangs in suspense, but whose martyrdom, if it shall be perfected, will make the gallows as glorious as the Cross.” Truth in History Ministries





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17 U.S. Code § 107

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