

"Camp at Spring Hill, Tenn.  
May 29, 1863.

Dear Pa -

We have arrived at Gen. Forrest's Command at Springhill safe and sound. We met with a warm reception by General Forrest who had obtained Van Dorn's position. He was in the office of Major Watts, Commandant of the post (Columbia) when we went in to report as every person coming through the enemy's lines is required to do. He found that we intended joining the army. I stated to him my situation. He gave us choice to join his or Brig-Gen. Stearnes escort which he said would be a much easier place.

We have no guarding to do of any kind, no picketing, no scouting, we have only to act as couriers about the camps or different parts of the command and to attend him whenever he rides off and to carry his orders in battle. We are better armed and equipped than the other privates, we have better horses and the General chooses none but nice decent men. I have heard no swearing at all hardly since we got here. The escort camps around the Headquarters of the General are entirely separate from the rest of the Army, therefore like a different family from the privates. Gen. Forrest is a very nice clever man; he camps on the field like us. He seems to think himself no better man than his escort as he is very intimate with them, but Gen. Stearnes is still better. He occupies the same position that Forrest held before he was promoted.

We got up at 2 o'clock Friday morning at Mr. Durham's, got to the river (Cumberland) before sun-up. Mr. Stack swam my mare across first then Thomas' horse. They swam well, were no trouble at all. We kept the most private roads we could find, as we heard the Yankees were over there thick. We got out 3 miles to the left of Charlotte Saturday night, and staid with a Methodist preacher, Heath, who charged us 25 cts. We travelled 32 miles the next day overtaking a Mr. Dickson, a relative of Mrs. Patrick, and stayed at Major Gordon's 1 1/2 miles north of Williamsport. We got to Columbia Monday morning at 10 o'clock, left there at 3 with a courier from Gen. Forrest, arrived at Springhill before sunset. At this place we found Ge. Stearnes escort composed almost entirely of Montgomery County men, and we thought by joining it we could hear from home oftener. We always camp at a distance in the rear of the army, so we are not crowded. Capt. McLeomore is the colonel in Stearnes Regiment, I have not seen any of the boys from Williamson County as we are camped 3 miles from the Regiment. Our Capt. is one of the nicest men I ever saw. He is the son of Rev. Mark Gray and is a very pious man and a brave soldier. There are several batteries here, some very fine cannon. Woodard is here with his whole command. There are a great many soldiers scattered around through the woods. Columbia is being fortified. Several of the escort are West Tennessee men, some who are acquainted with Uncle Jim's family.

Stearnes' Brigade had a fight at Douglass' Church between the church and the Academy, the latter of which has fallen down. The Yankees have fortified Roper's Knoll near Franklin, and have considerable force there. While writing I am called by Capt. Gray to see Bro. North and Mr. Mosely who have come into camp. Bro. North's family are all well. He seemed very glad to see me. We have preaching often here. There are 3 churches ~~xxxx~~ in town. The soldiers attend well.

When we got over into Dickson, the Yankees were a great deal



worse than at home, and Mr. Stack did not dare stop inside their lines so we did not see Mr. Dodson. Board was so high that we just came on to this army, which I joined on condition in regard to my health. They are not as rigid as I supposed about swearing men into service and are not conscripting now, but will enforce it rigidly over the river and in Kentucky when we get there. This Brigade all have very fine horses, and horses sell high too. Ginny would bring \$500 very readily, in fact I have already been offered that for her by Capt. Gray. Gen. Stearnes also wants her. There is one horse in the Company, the owner of which has been offered \$1000, but would not take it. It cost \$7.25 to get here. Old Gin is fattening every day. We graze our horses on clover and blue grass, of which the Yankees have turned out great fields by burning the fences. The owners are paid 25 cts. a week for each horse for the use of the pasture. The wheat crop looks better it is said throughout the whole South than ever before.

I read my Testament regularly. My best love to Ma. Kiss the children and Nick and much love for yourself. Pray for me. Find enclosed \$25. I don't need it.

Jas. S. Brewer<sup>\*</sup>

Two years later, although depressed over the defeat in Tennessee, the young soldier expressed the same feeling of admiration for his commanding officer and devotion to the Confederate cause as well as his love for a good horse. From Tupelo, Mississippi on February 10, 1865 he wrote

<sup>\*</sup> Dear Pa and Ma:

Having just returned from a very tiresome and fruitless scout, I will write to you, if perchance I will be so lucky as to find some private means of sending it through. I am afraid the "flag of truce" mail does not work well for I cannot get any answers to my numerous letters. If I can manage some plan (which I think I can) of getting at least one letter from home to tell me if you receive my letters. I have no

received but one from you since I left home and that was near Paducah. I received that one just before I returned to Mississippi and cannot tell you how glad I was to hear from you and other friends. Thos. and I are very well now and have been ever since we left home. Thos. weighs 175 lbs. and I 151½, and he says I look better than he ever saw me. I feel well, I tell you. It seems that I am in my natural element. I wake to the sound of the bugles at 5 o'clock, get up, feed and curry my horse half an hour and eat my breakfast, which consists of good wholesome food, and then for a fight. Upon the whole, it is a very interesting life, although we have not been as successful as we might have been. It is all, yes I say all owing to the inefficiency of our general commanding. If ~~either~~ of the division commanders had been in his place, Nashville and the whole of our beloved state would have been ours. We would truly have eaten our Christmas dinners at home, a large number of us.

We did some of the most desperate fighting at Franklin and Brentwood that our soldiers ever did, but I gave you a full description of those battles in a previous letter.

I have a most beautiful and servicable horse, equally as good as my Ginny and even more pretty, and I have plenty of good clothing to last a year yet, blankets and plenty of money, both kinds. In a previous letter I sent you a \$50 bill and as I have not yet seen the man I sent it by and received no answer, I do not know whether you got it or not. I could send you more now if I thought you would be sure to get it. I have not much use for money here. A great many of the Tenn. troops were given furloughs home and I was offered one by our beloved Gen. Forrest but did not wish to go. This man will come out of the war next to Gen. Lee. There has been great dissatisfaction with Pres. Davis but I do not blame him so much as others do.

Dear Ma and Pa, I do not know when I can come home- but feel like if we do fail in our just cause, I will not give myself up to be dealt with as the tender (?) mercies of the hotheaded Abolitionists shall dictate



but will roam away to the far West to live with the Indians and wild beasts rather than submit to Yankee rule. Do not give yourself any trouble on my account, for He who has protected me thus far will finally bring me home to friends and loved ones. I believe now as ever, our cause is just and will continue to fight for it until the last man leaves my side. I am not actuated by any malice, but only with an invincible desire to defend right and justice. I am in a good place now, have no guard ~~amb~~ or picket duty to perform, a similar one to that which I was in before. Tom is by my side every time. He is "the model soldier", to use the words of a man high in office. He will not write and never has a single time since we have been out. I cannot tell the reason.

Write and direct your letter as I direct you and I will get an answer soon. I send this by a man who goes where he pleases, and if you will direct a letter to me at Memphis, Tenn. with a request if not called for in 10 days return to Clarksville, it will not be opened. Give my best love to inquiring friends and accept me as your dutiful son. Pray for

On the same date in a letter enclosed to his younger brother and sister, James described in poetic style how his dreams of home are shattered by battle noises:

"Sometimes when marching late at night, when all my fellow soldiers are sleepy and tired, my imagination wanders back across the whole breadth of my own dear state across the sparkling waters of the Tennessee and the Cumberland finally find myself at home, strolling as we often have done together in the garden among the flowers or through the stately woods in search of the delicate spring flowers. I hear your silvery laughter once more as if I were really present, but more than <sup>once</sup> I have been aroused from dreamy consciousness by the shrill blast of the bugle announcing "the enemy is in front" and then for the next few hours all is one confusion, uproar, the thundering sound of artillery and rattling of musketry, the tramping and prancing of thousands of war horses. I scarcely have time to think of anything except "strike for your home and firesides". What youth would not strike for all he holds



dear in life!

My bonnie steed is calling me to come and give him some food. He has been eying me ever since I seated myself here as much as to say "remember me to your friends, master." Don't laugh at my foolishness for soldiers love their horses almost like a brother. Thomas has one just as good as mine. Mine is named Dixie and Thomas' Jaff.

If a certain friend has left a picture for me be sure to send it and give her (Miss Alice W.) my best respects."

Attached to this letter is one in reply written by the father on April 9, 1865 saying

"All this talk about roaming to the far West - Indians and wild beasts is nonsense. Come home when you can do so honorably, I would urge upon you the advice I gave you at the back gate the evening you left. We have done well since you left and have had everything necessary to our comfort. There are no guerillas in our county and I should feel glad if there were never any more for I abhor that kind of war. Richmond has fallen with great loss to Lee's Army. The war(proper) must soon close unless there is some unexpected turn of affairs. Oh, how happy we shall all be when you can come home to stay. May God in his infinite goodness speed the day. My very soul is tired of this war. May God forever bless you, my dear boy. S.B. "

There was no word from James during the remaining months of '65 and it was almost a year after the war's end before his relatives received the news of his capture by Northern forces and imprisonment in Michigan. In April, 1866, they heard ~~about James~~ James when he wrote from Niles, Michigan to tell of his marriage to Louisa Borst, the daughter of a well-to-do Michigan nursery man, in July, 1865. He spent no time describing prison hardships but was deeply concerned over the sorrow he may have brought to his parents by this marriage and failure to come home.



"Our Room", Niles, Michigan

April 23, '66.

My Dear Father and Mother:

I received your letters dated the 10th of the month 3 days ago, but they were written before you received my letter informing you of my marriage last July and I really am very anxious to have an answer to the same to see if you censure me as much as I censure myself for doing you dear ones, so signal a wrong. I know you will forgive me and love me as before when you know how deeply and truly I have repented of my many sins against God and man. How I have wronged you-wronged my darling Lulu- wronged her friends and my friends. Oh! Dear Parents, Lulu's Pa is a good man and you will love him so much when you know him. I repeat he is one of the most influential and popular men in the state and he has treated me as a father in every sense of the word. Her mother is a most estimable woman. In short, there is not a spot or blemish in the characters of any one of the family. My Lulu is all I could ask or wish her to be. I have never yet at any time seen her betray the least ill feeling towards anyone. I wish to make us perfectly happy with your full forgiveness and blessing. Can we have it? Do not chide for God knows I have suffered quite enough already. Forget all this and make us happy.

Write us a good friendly letter as if nothing had happened for we anticipate so much pleasure in your letters. Now do not fail-write immediately a good kind letter and if you can forgive me, do not again refer to my transgressions, but write every week and we will do the same. Please write a letter to Mr. Borst, Lulu's father. Under the circumstances you can write a suitable one. Do not fail.

I registered my name and voted here in the county and district elections and voted with the Copperhead Party- though the Republicans were the cause of my voting. I was not asked my age at all but received my vote all right. Therefore I have fought the Abolitionists in the field and at the polls and am not yet one and twenty. I send you a Democratic paper. With



the exception of a cold and sore lung, I am well.

Goodbye, Lulu joins me in love. She will write when she receives a letter from you. All write.

Your own son,

Jan. Brewer

Three years later James died at the age of 24 as this entry in his father's Bible shows

"James Sterling Brewer b. June 10, 1845  
Died July 8, 1869 at 5 o'clock A.M.  
Oak Plain, Montgomery Co., Tenn.  
Disease- consumption."

His grave is in a corner of what was once the old garden of the home he left when he rode away to enlist. Although his wife and baby daughter visited his family in Tennessee, they continued to live in Michigan after his death.

Uncle Jennie's house was where  
the old home formerly stood, and the  
school - Oak Plain Academy & Church, <sup>Williams Chapel</sup> was  
across the road.)



In the aftermath of the War, families desperately sought to find out the fate of children and brothers from whom they had been separated. All normal communications had been disrupted by the fighting and the occupation by Union troops. Many letters sent never received replies and the writer could not know if that meant the intended recipient was dead or if the letter had fallen into enemy hands. Five months after Lee's surrender which ended the War, the family at Oak Plain still had not received word on the fate of their son and brother. One can only imagine the anxiousness with which they questioned each returning soldier for news. Sterling wrote Gen. N. B. Forrest for help and received this reply.

Memphis, Tennessee  
September 18, 1865

Mr. S. Brewer

Dear Sir-

Your letter asking information concerning the whereabouts of your son James S. Brewer, has just been received and in response I would say that he may have belonged to my command but never having met him (that I have remembrance of) I can give you no information of him.

My command was large with several General Officers; your son may have been attached to some of their escort companies, yet I have no knowledge of the fact. Not having a roll of my own escort with me, and the company being large, he may have belonged to it, if so I do not remember him.

Such is the fate of war, that many a gallant boy's name remains in obscurity, and not yet heard from by his doting parents.

Hoping sir that you may gain early information that your son still lives and will be with you very soon.

I am

Very Respectfully  
Your Obt. Svt.

N. B. Forrest

His parents' joy must have been immeasurable when they received his letter in April of the following year informing them of his whereabouts and marriage.

It was almost a year after the end of the War before Sterling was able to receive word about the fate of his brother and his family.

Gibson County, January 16th 1866

My Dear Brother, I received your welcome letter dated 24th Decr. last evening and hasten to answer it. I have not heard from you since this destructive war commenced. I did not know but you were all murdered

I have suffered enough seemingly to kill any man but Providence has spared by poor unworthy life--perhaps for some useful purpose. My health continues precarious--but I am enjoying at this time as good health as usual. I am at this time living at the house of Mr. Burrow, my brother-in-law. I have been here since last Spring. I shall leave here tomorrow, and go to live with Mary who is married and her husband is settling in a village



in Dyer County called Newburn. She married a young man by the name of George W. Locke. He was raised at Yorkville and educated at the Academy at that place with my boy--He and John were two of the most affectionate friends I ever saw. George is a very steady boy of a good family. His father is dead--he was once in affluent circumstances--and the family are independent now. He is going into the grocery business. I have lost everything by this detestable war--my Negroes (7 in all) have left me. I have nobody to do anything for me. I get up before day of a morning and make a fire--but this I don't mind.

George Locke and all my boys but James have served in the Army all the way. Sam had the command of a company in General Johnson's army. Hite [this must be a family name for Theodore] was in Forrest's Calvary. He was in many severe battles. He was at the taking of Fort Pillow (sic), was with the first that charged the breastworks. On one occasion he had a horse blown up by a shell & killed without hurting him. None of the boys got wounded. Sam & Hite were in the hard fought battles about Columbia, Franklin & Nashville. Moreau and William are here. William has been broken completely by the Yankees, has lost all his property, has sold his land & brought his two children with him to this place--William requests me to say to you that he would like to get you to take them & let them go to your school--So that he could go into some business to support them. He would rather have them with you than anyone else. His children are about the size of your children when in this country. James is the oldest & is a fine boy to work--he could help you make a crop & then go to school--he is an industrious & will do any kind of work you let him at. William is in a very bad condition and would be glad to get into any kind of business to make a living. I am totally unable to help him as I have nothing myself & no way to make anything--I tried last year to help make a little crop of cotton but my weakness was such that I had often to lie (sic) down in the field. Mr. Locke and Mary insist on my going to live with them. Newburn is a small town about 8 miles west of Yorkville in Dyer County. Moreau is staying at a Mr. Seward's a son-in-law of Mr. Burrows--he is anxious to go to Mexico. His wife and two little children are at or near Cleveland in Ohio--her father lives there, but I believe don't seem much inclined to do anything for them. Moreau can't get into any business by which to make any thing to assist them. Letters from Mexico written by Gov. Harris speak in such high terms of that country that it has put a good many persons in the notion of going there. I have no notion to go-- for am totally unable to do so.

My son Hite came to see me yesterday--but left this morning--he has been teaching a school at the college this year. Mr. Burnham a son-in-law of Banks Ben (?) now has charge of the college. He is a Methodist Preacher & will have Hite to live with him and go to his school. Hite intends upon joining the conference after he gets thro with his education.

Hite is one of the studiest boys I ever saw, just such a one as his brother John (my dear child) every body that knew John loved him. He was an example to all--He was I hope truly religious, and is now in Heaven. My dear brother you can't imagine how much I have suffered in the loss of my dear children. Napoleon was to me a dear child. He professed religion before he died & have hope that he was saved.

I am striving to live the life of a Christian and when I am called away from this world of sorrow my hope is that I shall meet with more of my dear friends in that world of Bliss and glory than I leave behind me. Oh my dear companions & children--the hope of meeting with them fills me with joy--My dear Brother if I get to that heavenly world I have no doubt but I shall see you there sometime or other--God grant it.

Sam at this time is studying law in Trenton--he has a pretty good education and is a good speaker for one of his age. I doubt not he will succeed well at the bar--he is very popular for a youth & many of his friends have promised him business as soon as he gets to practice--he expects to get prepared to take out License next Spring.

James, we intend to educate & put him into some business I don't know which. James grows very fast and is going to make a very tall man. He's learning fast and is very moral. Mary and Hite are members of the Methodist Church.



Our old friend G.W.D. Harris, I learn is fixing to move to Mexico--his brother the governor is the cause of it I suppose and is a gestation (sic) of the government. He didn't detest it more than a majority of our citizens. I would write more but have not room. We are all extremely anxious to see you and your family. Our love to all of you. Write again soon-- William says write to him when you get this letter.

I write with a wretched pen as you see.  
I remain as ever your affectionate brother J M Brewer

James Moody Brewer died in April of the following year and his family scattered from Mexico to Texas to Oklahoma to Kentucky.

The War over, the school resumed. Sterling's accounts for the first session of 1866 show 83 pupils on the rolls. Such familiar names as McCauley, Moody, Woodson, Montgomery, and Wilkerson are among those on the roll. Curiously, although Mary L. Brewer is listed, Edmund is not. Perhaps by age 15, he had completed his schooling.

The following note reveals that school teachers in the 19th Century also had their discipline problems. "Copy of a note written Feb. 26, 1866. Mr. Henry Rogers. Dear Sir, I decline teaching your children any longer. By continuing to teach them, I should admit a principle that would subvert a system of school discipline which has existed from time immemorial. That I did not abuse your child, I will prove to you, if you will take the trouble to come to the school-house. With all due respect, Your friend--S. Brewer" (Diary)

In May of 1867, Sterling Cage was born and the happy sounds of a new baby must have helped to lift the spirits of the war weary family. Also, the return of Jimmy with his Yankee bride and new daughter must have filled the house with laughter and hope. Tragically, this idyll was not to last. On July 8, 1869, Jimmy died of the consumption which he contracted while a prisoner of war. At the time of his death, he had been studying to be a doctor like the uncle for whom he was named. He was buried along side his sister Lucy by the garden at Oak Plain. His "darling Lulu" and baby daughter returned to her family in Michigan.

Sterling continued a full life of teaching and preaching. The Rev. Jeremiah W. Cullom noted in his diary, "Asbury Circuit 1867. Returned home in the afternoon after dining at Sterling Brewer's. He is a conscientious and true man - and he has a most agreeable family." Later "Attended prayer meeting at Williams Chapel and stayed at Bro. Sterling Brewers - a place I always enjoy my visits." Another entry, "Was too feeble to preach at Mallory's - Bro. Brewer filled my place."

In 1877 he preached the inaugural sermon at a new Methodist Church not far from Oak Plain and that sermon was so forceful that the membership voted to name the church Brewer's Chapel in his honor. It still exists today, a testimony to the moral leadership which he exerted throughout his lifetime in whatever community he found himself.

By the time of his death in 1885, he had had the satisfaction of seeing his son Ed and daughter Mollie married and settled and the pleasure of five grandchildren. His son Sterling Cage was almost a grown man who would follow in his Father's footsteps as an educator. Sterling was also buried in the



family burial ground behind the house at Oak Plain as was his wife when she died in 1903.

This tribute by J. B. McFerrin was published in the Christian Advocate:

"Brother Brewer was the son of Sterling Brewer, Sr., who was for many years a prominent citizen of Dickson County, and often a member of the Legislature of Tennessee. In his old age he resided in Nashville where the younger Brewer was brought up and educated. I found young Sterling in this city in 1831-1832. He was a young man of intelligence and great moral worth. At an early age he entered the ministry and united with the Tennessee Conference as an itinerant preacher. For several years he did effective work, but his health gave way, and he retired from the active service but spent a long and useful life as a local preacher and as a school teacher. He was an excellent preacher and a competent and successful teacher. Above all he was a man of spotless character and pure Christian life, loved, honored, and highly esteemed by his many acquaintances. His last years, as his (first) in the Christian life, were bright and beautiful and he passed away in full hope of a better country. He was long a citizen of Montgomery County, Tenn., where, and in Robertson and Cheatham counties, he preached and taught, accomplishing much good. A man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. He is at rest. I offer this tribute to his memory."

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted at a regular meeting of Fredonia Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, No. 225

Brother Sterling Brewer, though of a feeble constitution, lived out his allotted days to men (Three score and ten years). When young he gave himself to live in the hands of an everlasting covenant and joined the M.E. Church. Feeling it his duty to preach the gospel, he joined the Tennessee Conference and itinerated for some years. Then because of bad health, he located and engaged in school teaching. In that calling he did most noble work. He joined this Lodge and made a valuable member. He was an earnest and conscientious man and careful not to engage in anything his God did not approve. He ever approved the right and opposed the wrong. He loved the church, labored for her good and rejoiced in her prosperity spending his life as nearly as any of us perhaps, void of offense toward God and man. For some years he lived in almost constant expectation of death, feeling that, by God's grace he was ready, and that he anxiously waited the Lord's time. On the 4th of April, 1885, he peacefully and triumphantly died. He was strongly attached to the principles of our order and earnest in acting them out. He left a widow, who doubtless patiently waits the time when they shall meet to part no more, and three children who, we believe, will follow him as he followed his Savior."

Signed by Rev. H. L. Burney, R. B. Bigger, and N. K. Hagwell

What of the family of Sterling's brother James? It seems that the families remained in touch for a number of years through the efforts of Sterling Cage. A 1905 letter to him from Theodore, the "Hite" of the 1866 letter, lets us know something of the whereabouts of several of the siblings. The rest of the chart information, I have pieced together from census and other public records. Did Moreau go to Mexico? I don't know. William, who was apparently widowed by 1866, returned to Texas, remarried, and started a new family. Whether or not his two boys ever stayed with the family at Oak Plain, I have not been able to find out. The younger of his two boys evidently died prior to the 1870 Texas census.

Sterling was James' second son and is recorded as being 18 years old in the 1850 Gibson County, TN, census but is not mentioned in the 1860 census or his



father's 1866 letter. The assumption is that he was dead by then. Napoleon was the third son. One family source says that he was a Captain of Artillery in the Confederate Army and was probably killed. The 1866 letter says that none of the boys were wounded in the war but it does speak of Napoleon's death and of his brother John's. Disease probably killed as many soldiers as bullets. James would have been about sixteen in 1866. According to family sources he studied medicine and went to Arkansas. He is not mentioned in Theodore's letter so he must no longer have been alive in 1905. I have tried to find present day descendants of this family but have not yet been successful.

The following is the text of Theo. F. Brewer's letter to Sterling Cage, October 9, 1905. At this time he was President of Spaulding Female College, Muskogee, Indian Territory.

Dear sir & cousin: - I enjoyed very much the reading of your letter. I visited your father & family in 1870. You was a very little tot then. But I remember you very distinctly. Cousin Mollie was in her teens. Uncle Sterling was teaching in the old church. I was then a preacher & stationed in Vinton Mississippi. In 1872 I was stationed in Corinth Miss. I transferred that fall to Arkansas, but went back to Corinth & married in March 1873. I stayed in Ark. six years & transferred to the Indian Mission Conference. I have been in this conference twenty seven years. Have had five children - three boys & two girls. Only two of them are living.

Robert Paine is twenty eight years old. Has a wife & two children. He is cashier of the First National Bank of Quinton Ind. Ter. Bessie is twenty two years old. She is my principal music teacher. A fine girl. We could not run the school without her. Bro. Sam was Presiding Elder of the Louisville District when he died twelve years ago. His wife & youngest daughter live in Louisville. Theodore, his oldest son, is teaching in the Elkton Training School. Jennie is in Berlin, Germany finishing her musical education.

Brother William lives near Mt. Vernon Texas. He has two sons & three daughters. Sister Mollie Locke lives in Muskogee. She has one son & two daughters.

This is a great country. And it will be much greater in the very near future. I expect to spend my life here.

I hope you will write again. Remember me to Cousins Ed. & Mollie, also to your family. Very truly your cousin,

Theo.F. Brewer

(Bro. Sam's son Sam is a reporter on a New York paper. Has lived in N.Y. several years.)

In 1916, Theodore preached his semi-centennial sermon at First M.E. Church South, Muskogee, Oklahoma. He had it printed and sent as Easter greetings. His picture on the frontis piece reveals a very handsome and distinguished man. The sermon contains this family reference.

"I was born a Methodist. My father and mother were Methodists. My grandfathers and grandmothers and as far back as I know were Methodists. When I was a small boy I thought a man had to be a Methodist and a Whig to get any where.

I was born in 1845 just after the presidential election in 1844. My father was a Whig, but there were so many little Henry Clays in our county they named me Theodore Frelinghuysen. From then until now I have had no trouble in defining either my religion, or my politics."

Theodore was active in Confederate veteran organizations in Oklahoma. The September 1925 issue of Confederate Veteran, published in Nashville, Tennessee, contains an article written by him about the storming of Fort Pillow. His purpose in writing the article was to refute the widely held notion, especially among "our Northern friends" that it was a massacre.