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During the entire Peninsula Campaign General Robert E. Lee kept President Jefferson Davis informed of his army's progress in driving the Federals out of Virginia. On day six, June 30, 1862, of the Seven Day Battles, General Lee was poised to destroy the retreating Federal Army of General George McClelland at an intersection known as Glendale.

Aware of the impending battle President Davis rode out from Richmond and at 2:30 PM found General Lee with Generals James Longstreet and A. P. Hill in a forward area. President Davis said "General Lee, what are you doing here? You are in too dangerous a position for the Commander of the Army." General Lee replied, "I'm trying to find out something about the movements and plans of those people," meaning the Federals. "But you must excuse me, Mr. President for asking what you are doing here, and for suggesting that this is no proper place for the Commander-In-Chief." President Davis then said, "Oh, I am here on the same mission that you are."

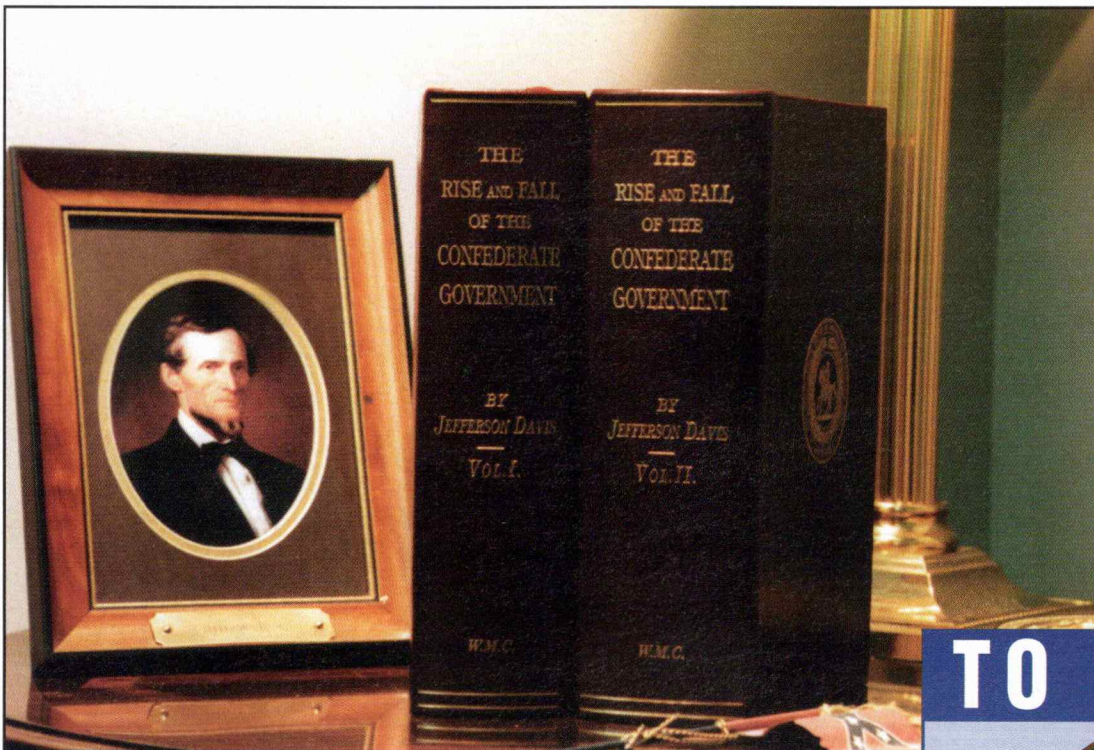
Within minutes of the exchange between President Davis and General Lee the Battle of Glendale commenced with Confederate artillery fire. The Federals in response started firing blindly into the area where they were. General Hill explained, "This is no place for either of you, and, as Commander of this part of the field, I order you both to the rear!"

With a smile, President Davis said, "We will obey your order," and he and Generals Lee and Longstreet rode back a short distance, halted, and continued to watch the battle develop. As Federal artillery fire grew more intense, General Hill came galloping up and stated to President Davis, "Did I not tell you to go away from here? And did you not promise to obey my order?" A single Yankee shell could deprive the Confederacy of its President and the Army of Northern Virginia of its Commander!" Following General Hill's admonishment President Davis, Generals Lee and Longstreet rode beyond the range of the Federal Guns and away from the front line.



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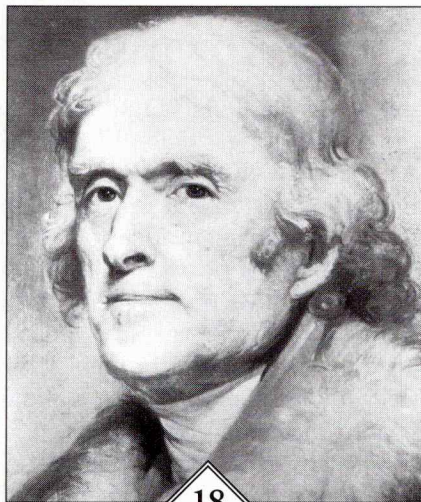
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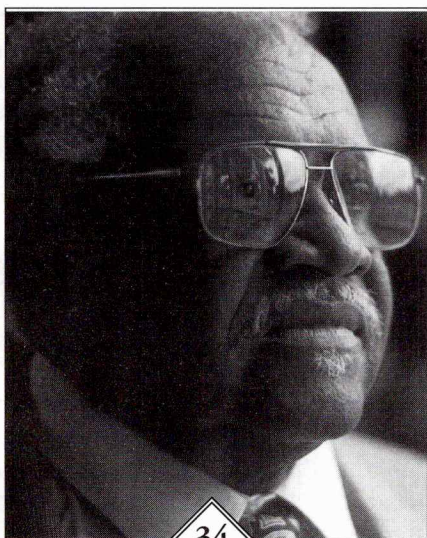
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Southern
PARTISAN

"If there were a Southern magazine, intelligently conducted and aimed specifically, under the doctrine of provincialism, at renewing a certain sort of sectional consciousness and drawing separate groups of Southern thought together, something might be done to save the South..."

—Donald Davidson to Allen Tate
May 1927

"No periodical can well succeed in the South, which does not include the *political* constituent...The mind of the South is active chiefly in the direction of politics...The only reading people in the South are those to whom politics is the bread of life."

—William Gilmore Simms
Southern Quarterly Review, April 1853

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★ R.C. REPLIES

Gentlemen:

I would like to reply to a letter by Mr. Stephen Gatlin, of Cleveland, Tennessee, which appeared in the last issue of your magazine. For informational purposes, I am a member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, the Military Order of Stars and Bars, a sympathizer of the Southern League and a direct descendent of General James Dearing, the last Confederate General to die in the War Between the States. I believe that this pedigree qualifies me as a loyal son of the South. My family consists primarily of Roman Catholics and Episcopalians. Therein lies the purpose for this letter.

It distresses me that Mr. Gatlin does not consider Roman Catholics to be capable of being good Southerners. He apparently wishes to discount the fact that the majority of the population of south Louisiana, the Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida Gulf Coast are predominantly Roman Catholic and have been Roman Catholic since their ancestors arrived in this country. My compatriots of the Sons of Confederate Veterans Camp Beauregard #130 are equally disturbed by Mr. Gatlin's letter. The majority of them, being from south Louisiana and the greater New Orleans area, are Roman Catholic. They were very surprised to find out that there are so called Southerners who view them as something foreign and non-Southern. (I suppose General P.G.T. Beauregard was a heinous Yankee in disguise sent to foment a northern and papist plot on the Confederacy.) Mr. Gatlin's comments smack of ignorance and prejudice best left to members of the KKK.

*Reinhard J. Dearing
Slidell, Louisiana*

Gentlemen:

I find it rather odd that Mr. Gatlin, an Episcopalian, believes that Southerners convert to Catholicism because "it's a class thing, a political

thing, a social thing." Funny, that was the response I got when I fielded the idea of my converting to Episcopalianism some 25 years ago.

My first known ancestor on this side of the Atlantic arrived in Virginia in 1619 as an early Colonial official. Most of the rest of my ancestry arrived in the South long before George Washington and company began working on Independence.

I converted to Catholicism for many reasons and knew, before I did so, that to convert would imperil my social acceptance in many circles, but I could not remain in the Methodist Church. I was not raised a Methodist as my parents left that church in 1962, and I never met anyone who could give me a good spiritual reason for being a Methodist.

Due to having grown up in a family that flew apart rather spectacularly due to the social upheavals of the 1960s and early 1970s, I sought structure, rules that didn't change from day to day, sound spirituality, and tradition. Most of my early knowledge of Catholicism came from reading my way through my college's collection of Catholic books, most of which had been published between 1940 and 1965, which made for some surprises as I confronted the Catholicism of the mid-1970s. Fortunately, there have been some changes for the better, such as the publication of the first post-Vatican II catechism and a resurgence of devotion to Our Lady.

Conservative parishes, clergy, and Catholic media can take some effort to find, but the effort is definitely worth it. Two examples of conservative Catholic media are Mother Angelica (and her Eternal Word Television and Radio networks) and Ignatius Press. (Mother Angelica has lived in a suburb of Birmingham for thirty years or so.)

I have no difficulty in being both Southern and Catholic as I became a Catholic due more to the inspiring example of Pope John Paul II than to any agreement with the Catholicism,

usually quite Liberal, that is depicted most often in the media. There are culture clashes between we Southern Catholics and some of the transplants from the North, and I have been a participant. I'm always happy to instruct the ignorant.

*Elizabeth Whitaker
Bethune, South Carolina*

Gentlemen:

If you remember Captain Hook in J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan*, you will remember that he was obsessed with good form. He secretly believed (quite correctly) that despite having been educated at the proper schools, he did not have good form. His hatred of Peter Pan stemmed from the fact that Peter Pan, who had not gone to the right schools, had the good form that Hook lacked. Good form was of course more than just rigid formalism. It was based on chivalry. One didn't hit a man when he was down, shoot before the man said, fire, and so on.

I bring this up because I recently came across an astonishing case of bad form in your magazine, in the unsigned obituary for James Dickey. The obit writer praises James Dickey for his Southern-ness; so far so good. That is just and proper. But then, presumably in order to praise Dickey, the author goes on to disparage Allen Tate. Bad form! It was not necessary nor proper to use an obit for James Dickey as an opportunity to denigrate Allen Tate.

In addition to using bad form, the author of the obit was not correct in his criticisms of Allen Tate. He claims Dickey was a better poet and it better Southerner than Allen Tate. Well, the better poet statement is debatable, but I have no desire to disparage Dickey in order to praise Tate. Let us just say on that point that they were quite different poets. As to the issue of who was the better Southerner, it really depends on what makes a man a Southerner. If a complete identification with all of the folk ways, habits and customs of the people of the South makes one a great Southerner, then I suppose James Dickey was the better Southerner. However if one loves the traditions of one's native-region so much that one spends one's life trying to trace them

back to their source, and then tries to share the fruits of that search with his own countrymen and the world at large, is one less of a Southerner for that effort? Or is one more of a Southerner than men who refused to look for the source of the South's greatness?

Allen Tate's love of the South led him to search for the source of the South's nobility. He discovered that the South had fought the Civil War, not for the Constitution, but for the old ways. From whence came the old ways? They came from Europe. And what made Europe? Yes, we know the answer to that question; the Roman Catholic Faith made Europe.

Tate is criticized for being one step removed from his own people. But I would suggest that something different was the case. The Southern people were one step removed from themselves. They were and are, to the extent that any of them are still Southerners, Burkean conservatives. And Burkean conservatism wants the result of a hierarchically structured Catholic society without adhering to the Catholic Faith. The Civil War brought out the weakness of that type of conservatism. When challenged by an implacable enemy possessed by a demonic creed, the South was unable to summon up a metaphysic capable of sustaining them through the war. Both Weaver and Lytle have pointed out this fact. But Tate went even further. He did not want to just point to the unidentified source of the South's true metaphysic; he wanted to support it. This much maligned man, supposedly abstracted from "real issues" and "real folk," made a very unabstracted decision to join his heart and spirit to the one, holy, Roman Catholic Church, the only church that claims Christ is really present in the flesh, not just an abstraction, in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. Yes, Tate kept himself at arm's length from his countrymen on many issues, but I would claim that was because his countrymen refused to travel the Catholic road which he traveled not because Allen Tate was not a genuine Southerner.

No region of the country, not even the one we live in, can claim our loy-

alty, if its provincial customs are not linked to a larger metaphysics. There is no virtue in merely adhering to the customs of one's native region if those customs do not stem from a religious dogma worthy of respect. In the absence of a metaphysical underpinning, local customs lose all significance. Allen Tate knew this; I often wonder if anyone else does.

*Daniel Neyer
Scranton, Pennsylvania*

★ CANADIAN CONFEDERATES

Gentlemen:

Under the category of strange but true, a Canadian was killed on either side, in the last engagement in naval history, fought between wooden ships and iron men. On June 19, 1864, the *CSS Alabama* squared off against the *USS Kearsarge*, in a battle that lasted less than an hour.

The only fatality on the Union vessel was Canadian born Ordinary Seaman William Guoin. Ordinary Seaman George Applebee from New Brunswick, was among the twenty-one men on the Confederate ship who perished. Both Canadians are buried in the communal cemetery in Cherbourg, France.

An even stranger case was that of two French brothers, Jacques Mathias Gallien, and Jean Baptiste Gallien. Unbeknownst to either, their father watched the battle from shore, completely unaware that his two sons were involved, one on the *Alabama*, and the other on the *Kearsarge*. Both Galliens survived.

Concerning the *CSS Shenandoah*, three Canadians, John Vanarery, James Ross, and Henry Reily, were hired on for service in Melbourne, Australia. The Canadians were joined by a host of English, Irish, Scots, Welsh, Danish, Spanish, and Portuguese volunteers. Most surprisingly, the ship's roll also listed two recruits, John Stevenson, and Edward Wicks, both of whom are described as being "Negro."

*Tom Brooks
Gravenhurst, Ontario
Dominion of Canada*

Modern Editions of Classic Works for Today's Readers

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE A STUDY IN AMERICAN POLITICS

Fourth Edition

By Russell Kirk

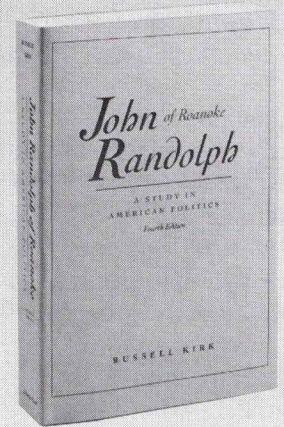
This new fourth edition of a classic political biography incorporates the revisions provided by Russell Kirk shortly before his death in 1994. Included is a transcription of the first-hand account of Randolph's death that confirms information that historians have deemed apocryphal. Unique in the annals of American political history, John Randolph (1773-1833) was only twenty-six when he was elected to Congress in 1799. Rapidly he became the most forceful figure at the Capitol—and also, in the words of Dumas Malone, “a merciless castigator of iniquity.”

For most of his public career Randolph was a leader of the opposition, first to Jeffersonians, later to the Federalists. Never before—nor since, in fact—has there been in American life so colorful and so principled an opponent to national mischief, nor so fiery an orator. Randolph was, Kirk writes, “devoted to state rights, the agricultural interest, economy in government, and freedom from foreign entanglements.” Perhaps the quintessence of Randolph's eminently American credo is found in his famous declaration, “I love liberty; therefore I hate equality!”

594 pages. Prefatory note, appendices, Randolph chronology, select bibliography, index.

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Race & Guilt

From time to time, we devote this page to a guest column, when we see a message that has special relevance to the issue at hand or when we think our readers will be especially interested in the column's content. This recent essay by Joe Sobran, whom we regard as an honorary Southerner, fits the bill on both counts. Therefore, without any sort of apology, we designate the following guest column as our current Partisan View.

President Clinton's proposal of a national apology for slavery, an idea he seems to have dropped, briefly stirred up two sets of passions. Many whites immediately felt aggrieved that they should be charged with guilt for a practice none of them had anything to do with. Many blacks felt that such an apology would be pointless or inadequate.

Personally, I thought it was silly. Slavery is so ancient, and until recently was so widespread, that I don't know how anyone who has stayed awake through a single history course could think the "peculiar institution" was peculiar to America. It existed there only because it existed in Africa first. Whites didn't capture slaves in Africa; they bought them there and shipped them here.

Should Africa apologize, then? I don't really think so, even if there were some way for "Africa" to apologize corporately. Slaves were usually the losers in war. The value of captives as slaves was what often saved them from slaughter. As for the people who were slaughtered, there isn't much sense in anyone's apologizing to them.

The U.S. Government was founded when slavery was already a fact. If slave states were going to join the confederation, slavery was going to be part of the deal. Of course you can make an argument that the U.S. Government should never have come into existence in the first place, but this isn't exactly what Mr. Clinton had in mind when he made his proposal.

That proposal was just another of Mr. Clinton's moral stunts, one more gesture to make him look sensitive and magnanimous. He likes to think that if he had been around in the olden days, all that bad historical stuff would never have happened. He is said to wish he could have been president during World War II. It figures. He isn't said to wish he could have served in the infantry in World War II. He thinks of himself as more the civilian type—"even more a civilian than most civilians," as the Peter Ustinov character in *Spartacus* memorably puts it.

Doesn't Mr. Clinton have faults of his own to acknowledge? If he were a Catholic, he would probably enter the confessional with the words: "Bless me, father, for we have sinned. (Not me personally, of course, but most people)." I sometimes wonder why so many white people seem to enjoy acting morally superior to other whites in matters of race. But maybe I already know the answer.

Once when I was ten years old,

lunching in the cafeteria of my all-white elementary school, a kid by the name of Earl laughed at a baseball card of a black player. He called the player "Chocolate Chip Hank" and thought it was hilarious.

A bunch of us at the same table glared at Earl in unison. We told him it wasn't funny; it was mean. And we didn't stop there. We told Earl he was pretty funny-looking himself, pointing out that he wore glasses. How would he like it if people laughed at his physiognomy? (I paraphrase, of course. At the age of ten, most of my classmates didn't know the word "physiognomy," and

I myself used it sparingly.)

We humiliated poor Earl. Made him squirm. Left him on the verge of tears. And we felt so virtuous! Actually, he was the only innocent party at the table. He'd only made a dumb joke. The rest of us were a bunch of nasty little prigs. The memory still makes me wince. I only hope we didn't turn Earl into a permanent liberal.

Oh, the sweetness of moral superiority! Especially when it allows you to feel part of a moral elite, above the common herd. "You are idle, shallow things; I am not of your element."

Liberalism is pretty much the use of guilt in the service of power. We are made to feel guilty about as many things as possible, as the government stands over us like a beadle with a whip. The odd thing is that politicians like Mr. Clinton actually seem to lack a sense of guilt about so many things that would disturb a person with a normal conscience.☹

"Liberalism is pretty much the use of guilt in the service of power. We are made to feel guilty about as many things as possible, as the government stands over us like a beadle with a whip."

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Liberty and Religion

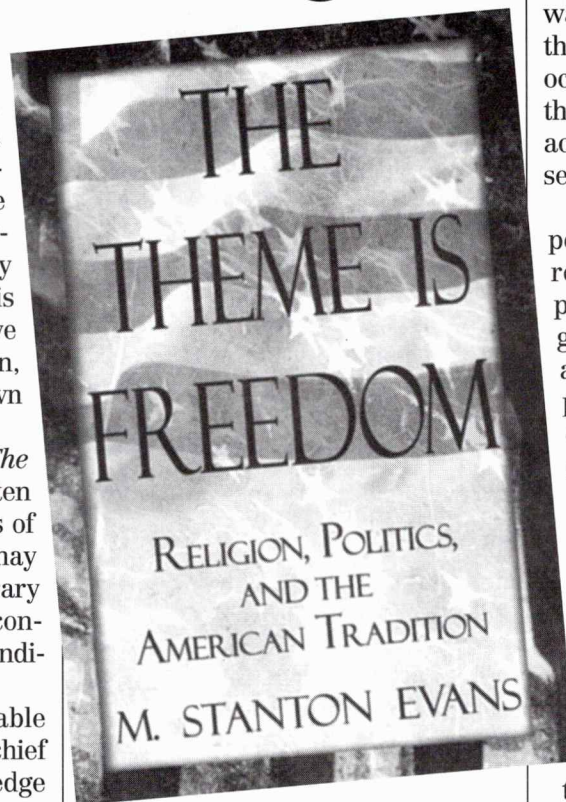
M. Stanton Evans—who currently heads the National Journalism Center in Washington—has been a newspaper editor, a syndicated columnist and a college professor. He's also a native Texan and one of the most important figures in the contemporary conservative movement. He is among the few men who have lived for years in Washington, D.C., and never once sold his own people down the river.

In his seventh major work, *The Theme is Freedom*, he has written one of the most important books of our time, an instant classic that may well change the way contemporary Americans view the historical connection between religion and individual freedom.

Some of the most valuable works of history have as their chief virtue the recovery of knowledge which has somehow slipped between the cracks that separate the generations. Evans has reexamined the history of individual liberty from classical times to the present and in the process told us something our great-grandfathers knew as well as their own names: that far from being sworn enemies, religion and political freedom are old and close friends.

The standard account is far different. As Evans points out, most college students are taught “the liberal history lesson”—a politically correct notion that freedom flourished in pagan times, that it was cruelly stamped out by the medieval Christian church, and that it reappeared “when ‘humanist’ scholars of the Renaissance and Enlightenment threw off the shackles of religion, rediscovered the learning of the ancients, and set modernity on the road to freedom.”

Such a thesis, Evans says, stands



the truth on its head. In a series of carefully argued chapters, he demonstrates beyond reasonable doubt that: (1) the ancients had no use for freedom as we understand the concept, (2) the vital Western tradition of individual rights had its origins in the theology of the Middle Ages, (3) it was nurtured by the church, and (4) our own founding fathers celebrated the relationship between personal liberty and faith in God.

This brilliant discourse routs a whole army of liberal academicians. In a book barely 300 pages long, Evans turns back the complete works of Clinton Rossiter, Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Herman Randall, Jacob Burckhardt, Robert C. Whittemore and a legion of others.

If you could only read one chapter of *The Theme Is Freedom*, you might choose Evans' discussion of the Magna Carta, which offers the best example of the medieval contri-

bution to the “modern” concept of individual freedom. Most people know that King John was forced to sign the Magna Carta “sometime way back yonder.” Evans reminds us that not only did this historic event occur during the Middle Ages, but that everything about it was as characteristic of the medieval world as serfs, guilds and Gothic architecture.

The medieval church, Evans points out, had every reason to restrain the temporal power of princes. Secular rulers posed the greatest threat to ecclesiastical authority, as succeeding ages have proven. In addition, the theology of kingship placed the monarch not only under God but also under the law.

And surprising as it may seem to modernists, such medieval Christian thinkers as Fortescue affirmed a belief that kings should govern with the consent of the governed. As Fortescue put it: “that a people governed by such laws as are made by their own consent and approbations enjoy their liberties securely, and without the hazard of being deprived of them, by king or any other.”

Evans goes on to point out that not only were two prominent church thinkers, Langton and Grosseteste, in attendance at Runnymede, but that “[t]he church lent its prestige to the Magna Carta in other ways as well ... One archbishop ordered that it be posted in every cathedral, while another had it read out to the people both in Latin and in English. This considerable record of church involvement with the charter, again, is directly contrary to the standard treatment.”

In his discussion of the American founding fathers, Evans also reminds us that America's most important official guarantees of freedom—from the Mayflower Compact to the Declaration of Independence to the Constitution itself—gave strong religious justifi-

cation for casting off the yoke of a repressive and aristocratic society and establishing instead a freer and more broad-based form of government.

He also discusses at great length the false notion that Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and the other founders were mostly Deists, apostles of the Enlightenment who believed in human reason rather than in a transcendent God. Even more importantly, he shows the degree to which they insisted, almost to a man, that religion play an important role in the public life of the nation.

He is careful to make the traditional distinction between religious expression and sectarianism, and he recognizes the importance of the First Amendment in guarding against the establishment of a state religion. His point is not that we should engage in public religiosity, but that we should

not distort the past in order to manipulate the present.

One last point. *The Theme Is Freedom* is easy reading. Evans writes clearly and persuasively, even entertainingly. If you read one book this year for the edification of your mind and the nurture of your soul, this should be your choice.

The book also contains discussions of social-contract theory, the Puritan fathers, the American Revolution, the Declaration, the Constitution, the First Amendment, Calvin, economics, the totalitarian regimes of Hitler and the Soviets, and other important matters. If this list of subjects seems intimidating, then cross it off your mind. The book is not a schoolboy's chore. It is a good read—and a significant revelation.

If you want to know where our tradition of individual liberty really comes from, then by all means read Evans' book from cover to

cover. You'll never get a better chance to understand why the current campaign to purge religion completely from our nation's history and public life is misinformed and wrong-headed. ☪

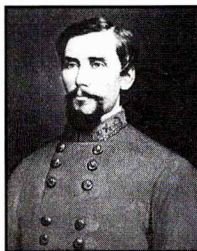
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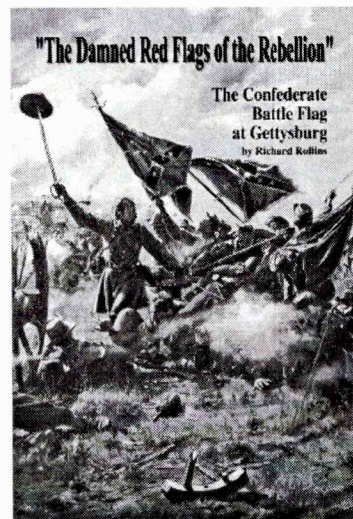
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Three Car Pick

Dale Earnhardt might not be having his best year on the NASCAR Winston Cup circuit, but his taste in movies hasn't suffered any. *Inside NASCAR* magazine asked Dale and a number of drivers to name their favorite movies. Darrell Waltrip deserves honorable mention for *Patton* and Ted Musgrave's *Cool Hand Luke* isn't bad.

But the pole goes to Dale "The Intimidator" Earnhardt. His pick? *The Outlaw Josey Wales*, the only modern movie whose hero is a Confederate soldier who refuses to give up. After Appomattox, Josey continued to fight Yankees as they chased him across Texas and into Mexico. Come to think of it, the old Confederate Indian in *Josey Wales* offered sage advice that might serve Dale well in future races: Don't be so easy to sneak up on.

A Worthy Stop

Next time you're in Morgan City, Louisiana (halfway between Gretna and New Iberia) you may want to stop at the Young-Sanders Center for the Study of the War Between the States. The Center is full of reference and geneological materials and concentrates on the causes of the War as well as its outcomes. South-friendly museums and libraries are hard to find these days. Young-Sanders deserves our support. The somewhat misleading address is 511 *Federal Avenue*.

A Footnote to UPS Strike

Far be it from us to take sides between union and management (after all, we remember what happened to Jimmy Hoffa). But still, one small news report on the UPS strike captured our attention.

In the middle of the strike, when negotiations appeared to be hope-

lessly deadlocked, a small news story appeared reporting that AFL-CIO leaders met in emergency session and agreed to send large sums of money (amounts undisclosed) to the Teamsters to help them wait out the strike. It was, no doubt, a material gesture of worker solidarity.

But what would have happened if Federal Express and General Motors and a couple other corporate giants had decided to send money to UPS, to help prevent the strike from breaking management's back? What would have happened? Can you imagine the outcry? Heads, like apples in October, would have rolled down the hillsides of corporate America.

In the world of American labor law and practice, apparently what's good for the goose is not so good for the Teamster.

Buy South

A good Southern partisan from Raleigh, North Carolina recently sent us a clipping from *The Shelby Report*, a journal of the retail food industry, which contained (brace yourself!) the Confederate Battle Flag in a full-page advertisement for a confection familiar to all Southerners called "chess pie." The full-color ad displayed not only the Southern Cross and three slices of very tasty-looking pie, the copy also explained that "chess" came from "the storage chest Confederate soldiers used to hide their pies from Yankee soldiers."

Who was the brave advertiser? Best Brands, Inc. and American Products Company of Dallas, Texas and St. Paul, Minnesota. We are aware of at least three other companies who project positive Southern pride in their advertising campaigns: Bryan's hot dogs ("The Flavor of the South"); Rich's department store ("Its All About the South"); and MacKenzie Frozen Vegetables ("Our Roots are Deep in Southern Soil"). These companies aren't stupid. They know

Southerners love their region and are likely to spend their money for products and services provided by people who are friendly to the South.

By our cultural nature, Southerners are not comfortable aggressively complaining about our mistreatment (if you can't say something nice, our mamas told us, don't say anything at all). So, here's a chance to send a positive message. Support companies who support the South. Send them a compliment. And while you're at it, tell them to contact our advertising department. That would be as sweet as a slice of chess pie.

How Mighty Is Hercules?

The mighty Hercules (we're talking about the movie here) has been, relatively speaking, a flop at the box office. Of all the big Disney animated features in recent times, *Hercules*, measured by its gross income to date, has been the puniest by far.

Has anyone wondered why? Well, if they have, no one in the entertainment industry is talking about it. Out in public, Disney executives are still laughing about the Southern Baptist boycott. How foolish. How silly. But can't you hear them whispering in the corporate Board rooms? "Cccould it be? Is is actually working?"

If it does work, the Southern Baptists will never get the credit. But if you want to know the real story, watch and see whether Disney tries to upgrade the family-friendly content of its future movies. If it does, find a Southern Baptist and thank him (or her).

Decline of Oakwood

In the cold earth of Oakwood Cemetery, near Richmond, Virginia, 17,000 Confederate soldiers rest in peace. At this moment however, they are not resting with much dignity in their perpetual accommodations.

Oakwood, according to reports

filed here by correspondents, has fallen into a state of embarrassing disrepair, with stones toppled, markers and headstones damaged and defaced. One visitor even reported the need to rebury bones found protruding from the ground. These grim conditions are in stark contrast to the gorgeous, well manicured lawns of the Union cemetery a mile and a half away.

Once upon a time, Oakwood was well-maintained by the State of Virginia. In the 1930s, however, the State turned care-taking duties over to the City of Richmond with a \$30,000

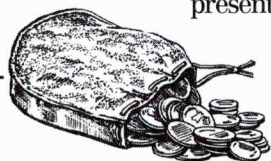
grant to cover the costs. For a time that plan worked, until city government in Richmond began to neglect, rather systematically, all of its Confederate treasures, landmarks and memories; hence, the gradual disrepair and, in some cases, the wanton destruction at Oakwood.

Something must be done to save Oakwood. As things usually go with bureaucrats, at this writing blame is being shifted all over the state, as one level of government points its finger at another. But one fact is clear: a 1930 law, still on the books, requires the Governor "to annually

visit the plots and register his approval or disapproval or the care of said plots to the mayor of the city of Richmond."

Those who care about speaking up for the silent dead at Oakwood should write Governor George Allen of Virginia. The address: The Honorable George Allen, Governor, Commonwealth of Virginia, Richmond, Virginia 23219. A special website has been developed to document the Oakwood tragedy and to explain what else you can do to help. The address is <http://www.cstone.net/~wmm/SCV-VIRGINIA/OAKWOOD>. ☸

Scalawag Award



The State of Manners in Georgia

A loyal reader from Roswell, Georgia shared with us a peculiar encounter that took place in Atlanta this past May at the grand opening of the recently restored Margaret Mitchell House. Herewith, a sketch of the details:

One of the invited guests to the grand opening was an accountant named John C. Hall, a man who greatly admired *Gone With the Wind* (book and movie) and whose grandmother actually attended the premier of the movie in 1939 and saw Captain Butler and Scarlet in the greeting line. More to the point, Mr. Hall is a man who loves the South and, to prove it, showed up for the 1997 gala dressed in a very authentic Confederate uniform, complete with boots, frock coat and Kepi hat.

In a normal world, Mr. Hall's historic attire would have been seen by the other guests and by the curators of the Mitchell House as quaint or clever or, at least, as amusingly colorful. But no sir, not this time. Right away a couple of security guards tried to give him the bum's rush, whereupon Mr. Hall

presented them with his handwritten invitation from a staff member at the Margaret Mitchell House, whom the guards promptly fetched for counsel on how to handle this highly sensitive matter.

In an effort to make Mr. Hall's appearance less "objectional" he was asked to hang up his hat and jacket, which he did; but he still looked a lot like, well, a Confederate officer without his hat and jacket. Nevertheless, with a verified invitation, he was granted the privilege of entrance.

As he mixed and mingled and generally attempted to enjoy himself, Mr. Hall approached Miss Mary Rose Taylor (who is executive director of the Margaret Mitchell House) to pay his respects. But before our hero could open his mouth to say hello, Miss Taylor gasped: "How did you get in here?"

"Well, I was invited," he said. "Who invited you?" she shot back. Once again he produced his invitation, which she inspected with nervous disbelief. Mr. Hall subsequently reported that he was made to feel rather much like a black man might have felt fifty years ago upon arriving at an event for whites only. Indeed, one of the few people who treated Mr. Hall cordially was a black physician whom Margaret Mitchell had assisted years ago with his medical education. The two men talked affably about mutual friends and experiences.

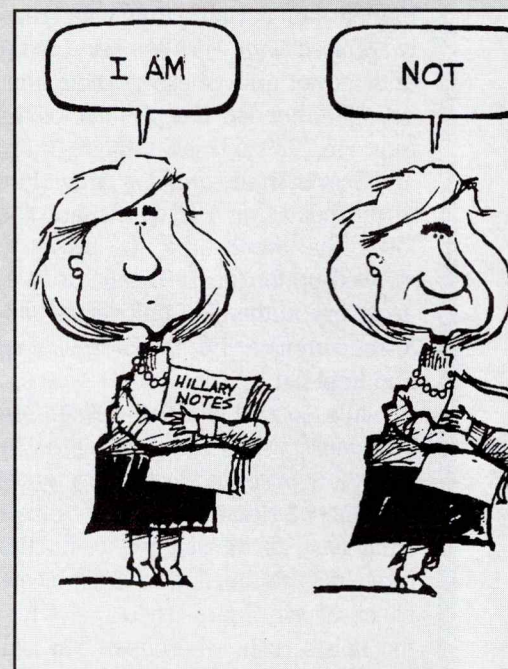
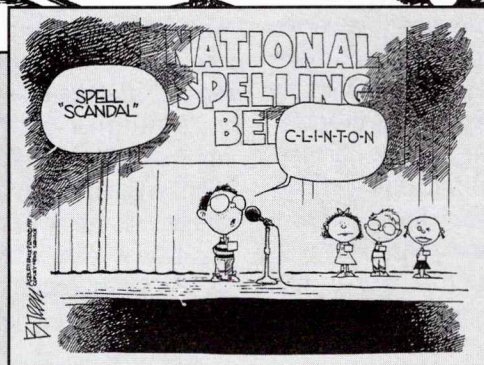
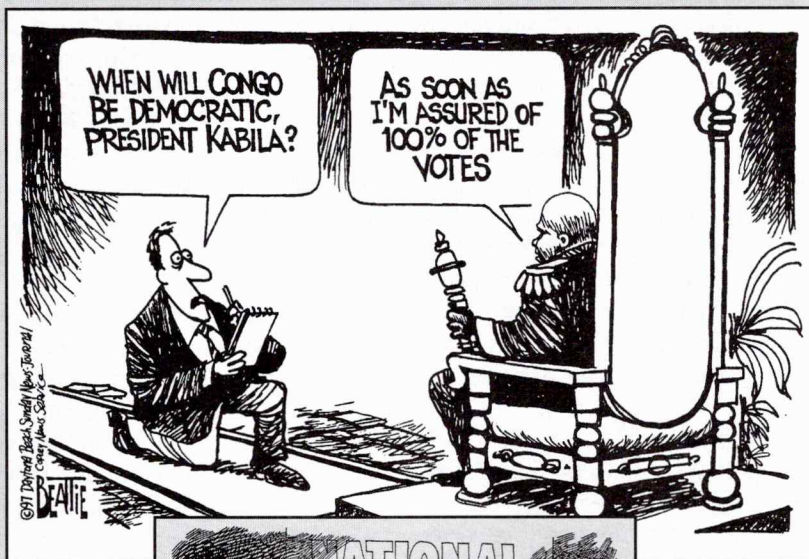
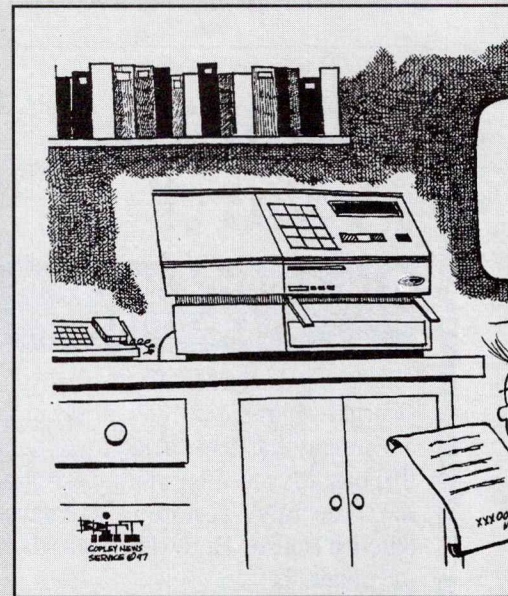
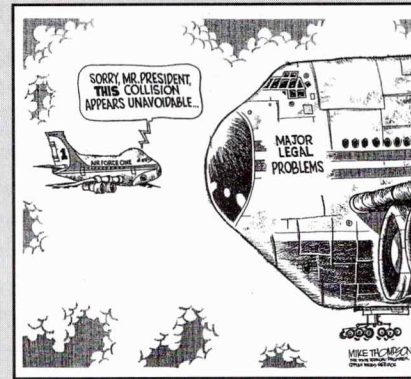
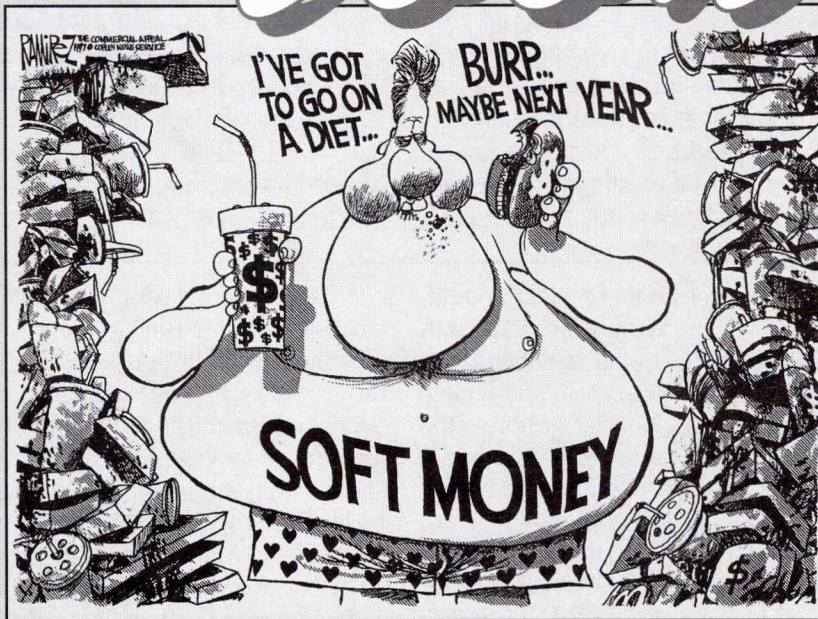
Clearly, Miss Taylor, who seemed so offended by Mr. Hall's presence, created the tension by her peculiar sensitivities which were especially odd at an event celebrating a woman best known for creating *Gone With the Wind*. Even more odd were the contents of the gift shop which contained, according to Mr. Hall, no Confederate flags, books or memorabilia at all, but rather books like *Marching Through Georgia* (referring, in case you didn't guess, to Sherman's march) and *Going Against the Wind* (a pictorial history of African-Americans in Georgia).

So, there you have it. Unfortunately, however, we cannot give Miss Mary Rose Taylor our full-fledged Scalawag Award. She has us on a technicality.

A true scalawag is a Southerner who betrays his or her region. Alas, Miss Taylor is from Michigan. We must therefore create a neologism this time and think of her as a "silly wag" who needs to look up the meaning of the word restoration, which is what she is supposed to be doing with Miss Mitchell's house and legacy, a legacy Miss Taylor obviously and woefully misunderstands.

Meanwhile, Miss Taylor, on a dark summer night, after the lights have been switched off at the Margaret Mitchell House, listen carefully. Maybe you'll hear Aunt Pitypat's complaint, spoken with renewed agitation and disbelief: "Heaven help us. Yankees in Georgia!" ☸

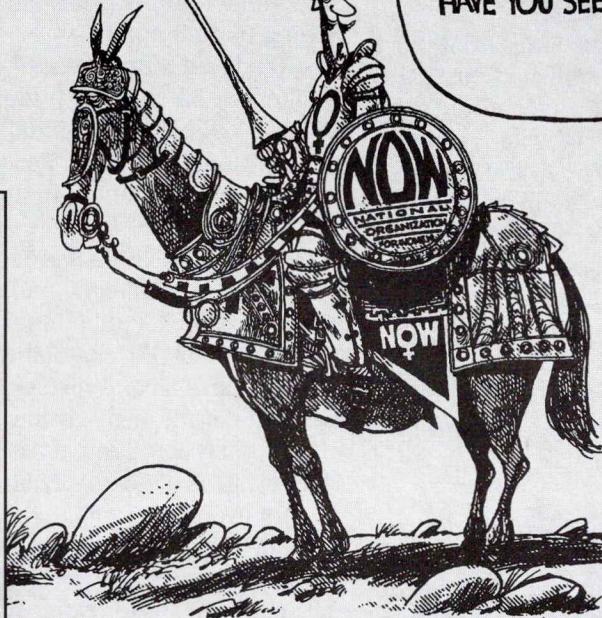
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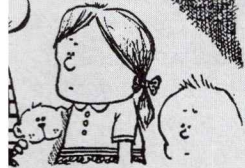
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HER ABOUT
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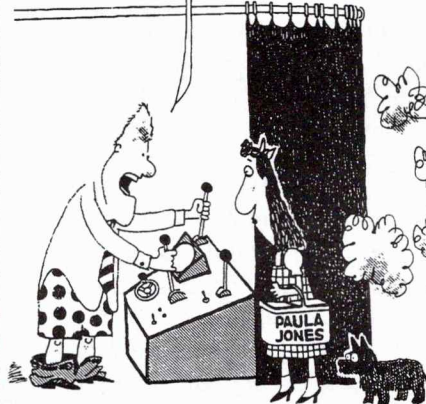
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YES WE ARE BEING
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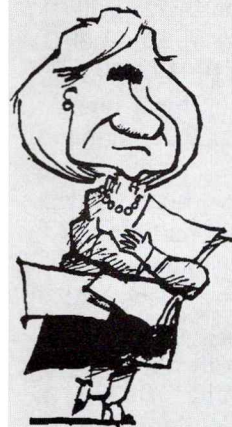
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I AM OZ,
THE GREAT and POWERFUL!
UM...PAY NO ATTENTION
TO THAT MAN BEHIND
THE CURTAIN...



A

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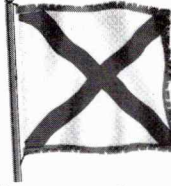
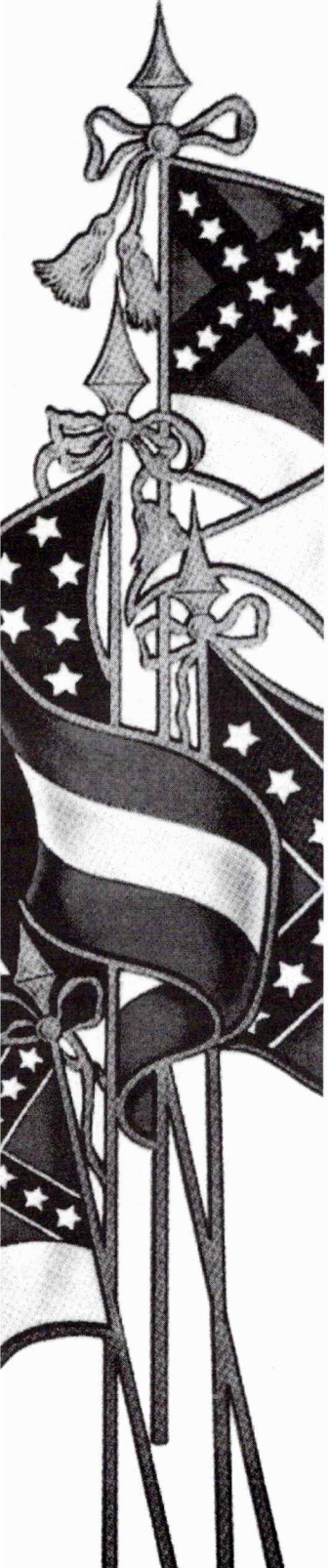


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CSA TODAY




ALABAMA



Madison Jones of Auburn has just published his 10th novel, this one about the Battle of Nashville. Entitled *Nashville 1864: The Dying of the Light*, it is the story of two boys caught up in one of the bloodiest actions of the War. But it is also about the arrogance of Yankees and their deliberate attempt to destroy an entire civilization.

Madison Jones' novels indicate the degree to which the Northern forces have thus far failed. (See *Criticus* for a review.)

ARKANSAS



The Paula Jones problem still plagues the White House, and they haven't quite learned the rules in coping with the Arkansas woman's imminent law suit.

For example, Robert Bennett, Clinton's attorney in this annoying little matter, said in a recent interview that if Paula Jones insists on having her day in court that she should be prepared to have her own personal past explored.

Before the words had died on the spring air, feminists were throwing themselves around, tearing their hair, and reciting Wiccan maledictions.

Said Patricia Ireland, president of the National Organization for Women: "I would urge President Clinton to rein in his lawyers on this. Women who file sexual harassment complaints should not face personal attacks designed to intimidate them into silence."

The ironies abounded (See *Partisan Toons*). In the first place, the feminists—who from the beginning of the Jones saga have remained uncharacteristically silent—have belatedly realized that this business is turning into a stereotypical case against Bubba, in which Bubba's lawyer attempts to get the plaintiff to admit on the witness stand that

she's done it many times before and was just aching to do it again.

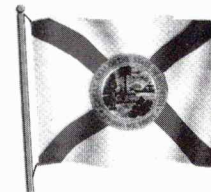
In addition, President Clinton had recently signed a bill making it harder to bring out the past dalliances of sexual harassment victims during a trial. Yet here was his lawyer apparently threatening to do just that.

At some point Bennett was reined in.

A weak smile on his face, sweat on his forehead—he denied he had ever said he was going to exploit Paula Jones' sexual history: "I'm not a fool. I'm not planning an attack on this woman's sexual history... [I]t's my intention to take the high ground in the case and attack her reputation on issues of veracity. Her sex life is of no particular concern to me."

Yet even as he spoke, the press corps was spreading the word that Bennett had a witness willing to testify about Paula Jones' sexual exploits. Prediction: If the case ever comes to trial, Bennett will put his witness on the stand. Paula Jones will be dragged through the mud.

FLORIDA



If you think religion is dead in America, then take a quick trip to Pensacola and attend services at the Assembly of God Church—if you can get in. According to reports, the Brownsville Assembly of God is bringing in up to 6,000 people every night. More than 100,000 have signed visitor cards saying they have been saved. These include a busload of gang members from Chicago.

Pastor John Kilpatrick says he doesn't quite know how it happened, but on Father's Day in 1995, the Holy Spirit descended on the church and has hung around ever since. At this point, the fame of the "Pensacola Outpouring" has spread worldwide; and visitors from Argentina, Australia, Bolivia, Britain, Germany, Russia, Scotland and Sweden have begun to shown up, eager to receive the Gifts.

GEORGIA



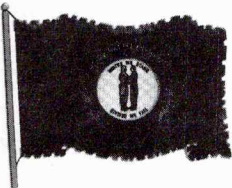
Georgia Attorney General Michael Bowers has resigned and is now running for governor. His replacement is Democrat Therbert Baker, who was appointed to fill Republican Bower's unexpired term by Democratic Governor Zell Miller. Baker, a black man, is a former sharecropper who remembers getting up at 5 a.m. to work in the cotton fields.

"I knew we were working hard," he said. "I didn't realize how hard we were working. I thought everybody worked like that. It wasn't a huge issue for me. It was just my way of life."

So much for the resentment and self-pity expressed in "Ol' Man River," which was written by a white boy from New York City.

Baker says he doesn't support racial quotas and wants to make domestic violence his key issue. *Southern Partisan* wishes him well.

KENTUCKY

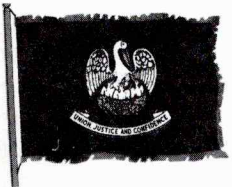


In Nancy, the descendants of more than 140 Confederate soldiers came on Memorial Day to pay tribute to their ancestors, who for 135 years had lain in a mass unmarked grave where they died, fighting in the Battle of Fishing Creek. (As you might have guessed, the Union dead were buried in a nearby national cemetery, under neat rows of white headstones. To the victor belongs the spoils.)

At last the Confederates lie in their own cemetery with headstones marking their graves.

Mary Sue Wright of Iuka, Mississippi expressed the sentiments of most of the descendants, when she said of her great-great-grandfather, Sgt. William Thomas Wilson: "It finally puts my mind at ease that he was somebody and that he stood up for what he believed in."

LOUISIANA



The national press has said little about the turmoil created in the Louisiana legislature two years ago when the FBI released transcripts of tapes in which members allegedly discussed

payoffs with representatives of the gambling industry. As a result of this sting operation, two lawmakers were recently brought to trial.

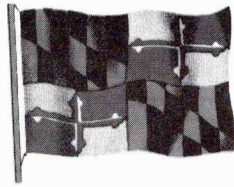
However, in the wake of ensuing publicity, 13 senators out of 39 either quit or were defeated. In the 105-member House, the departures numbered 31.

The issue at stake is video poker, which is a growing controversy through the South.

As of now, we don't know how the trials of Larry Bankston and B.B. "Sixty" Rayburn will come out, but we predict the video poker issue will haunt the state of Louisiana for years to come. Last year, 33 of 64 parishes outlawed the game, in which the player plays five-card draw and wins "free games" if he improves his hand. (The proprietor redeems the games for cash.)

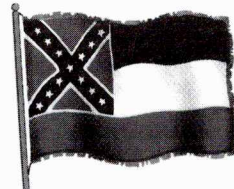
One neo-Confederate from Monroe took a dim view of the state's future: "In the end," he said, "video poker might well finish what Sherman started. It certainly turned our legislators into a bunch of scalawags."

MARYLAND



Drill Sergeant Vernell Robinson Jr., defending himself against charges that he had sex with five female trainees at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, took the witness stand to moan, "I don't know what happened. I'm so sorry! I got out of my character. I lost the ground I was standing on. I got the devil in me."

MISSISSIPPI



Trent Lott, behaving more and more like Bob Dole, cringed, groveled and retreated from a confrontation with the

White House on chemical weapons, the budget and disaster relief. Then, as if to show he wasn't a coward after all, he came out four-square in defense of—adultery.

Lt. Kelly Flinn, an Air Force officer, admitted she had had an affair with a married enlisted man, then moved in with him and set up light housekeeping. (Sexual intimacy between officers and enlisted personnel is called "fraternization" and is a crime under the Uniform Code of Military Justice.)

Enter Trent Lott, sounding for all the world like one of the sleazier Kennedys: "I'll





tell you, the Pentagon is not in touch with reality on this so-called question of fraternization. I mean, get real. You're dealing with human beings... I think at the minimum she ought to get an honorable discharge."

Rumor has it that Lott will recommend her for the Congressional Medal of Honor.

So now we know which issues the majority leader really believes in, what he'll strap on his pearl-handled pistols to defend. For the moment, at least, he replaces Barney Frank as the chief champion of the sexual revolution on Capitol Hill.

What happens to Southern politicians when they get to Washington? Do they put something in the crab cakes at the Capitol Club to erase the memory of home and blunt the moral will? Does Senator Lott even remember where Mississippi is?

We mean, get real.

MISSOURI

Hundreds of people gathered in Kansas City to watch the end of an era in American retailing. Experts detonated 2,500 pounds of dynamite, and the nine-story Sears catalogue warehouse disappeared from the skyline, leaving a mushroom of dust that looked for all the world like an atomic cloud.

One farmer, who drove 85 miles to witness the destruction, shook his head sorrowfully.

"I guess this means we'll have to start buying Charmin."

NORTH CAROLINA

President Clinton named Duke professor-emeritus John Hope Franklin of Durham to head an advisory panel on race relations. The panel will consist of three whites, two blacks (including Franklin), one Hispanic, and one Korean-American. A Harvard University law professor, Christopher Edley, will act as consultant to the panel, and you can expect the group to start picking at the scab of Southern race relations in the very near future.

It is imperative for the President—and for the many activist organizations supporting him—to keep the racial pot boiling in the South. Organizations like the NAACP and the

SCLC can't survive when race relations are untroubled—and trouble in Washington, New York and Los Angeles doesn't bring in the Eastern Establishment contributions. On the other hand, anything that happens down our way, however insignificant, translates into big bucks. You can bet the panel will concentrate its efforts on the Confederate flag and church burnings. Both non-issues have recently diverted attention from growing racial troubles in the rest of the country and raised the blood pressure of Yankee donors.

Franklin is 82-years-old, so watch for Edley to drive the panel's agenda.

OKLAHOMA



Timothy McVeigh has been convicted of the Oklahoma City bombing and has been sentenced to death. Now that the trial is over, it's instructive

to note what *didn't* happen.

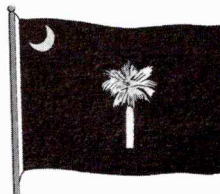
1. Right-wing activists didn't demonstrate in the streets, loudly proclaiming McVeigh's innocence and charging that the U.S. government framed him.

2. Conservative organizations all over the country didn't mount a massive direct-mail campaign, asking for contributions to defend this guiltless political prisoner.

3. The television networks didn't air two-hour specials questioning the integrity of the prosecutors and raising doubts about the evidence they were presenting.

Had McVeigh been a member of a left-wing organization like Students for a Democratic Society, he could have counted on all of the above. Why do we say this? Because that's exactly what happened in the 1960s when the SDS blew up government buildings and killed innocent people.

SOUTH CAROLINA



A jury awarded Darlene Henderson of Branchville \$607,500. While she was eating at KFC, she bit into what can only be described as

a Kentucky Fried Cockroach. She was given \$375,000 in actual damages and \$300,000 in punitive damages, though the amount was reduced by 10 percent because members of the jury felt the plaintiff should have been looking at what she was eating.

KFC maintained that Darlene put the cockroach in her own meal, and promised an appeal.

Court clerk Liza Mizell summarized nearly everybody's reaction to the verdict: "Wooo! Six hundred thousand for a little of roach. That's a trip."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

On May 25, Senator Strom Thurmond became the nation's longest serving U.S. Senator—at 41 years, nine months, 30 days—and counting. At 94 he's also the oldest in history.

Ironically, Thurmond didn't come to the Senate at an early age. When he was elected in 1954 as a write-in candidate, he was already well over 50. By contrast, Teddy Kennedy was elected at the age of 29—and looks about five years older than Thurmond.

In an interview to mark the occasion, Thurmond announced that he would not run for reelection and came out in favor of term limits—which is a little like Madonna coming out in favor of virginity.

In South Carolina, no one is betting that if he feels good in another five years, Thurmond won't run for reelection.

TENNESSEE



Bill Coats, of Nashville, who publishes books for people like us, has just issued a two-volume edition of Jefferson Davis' *Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*. This handsome set is a facsimile of the original edition, right down to the maps, the leather binding, the 22-karat-gold Confederate seal, and the gold-tipped pages.

The Coats edition is numbered and limited to 500 copies. It is a genuine collector's item. If you want to order a set, see the ad in this issue.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

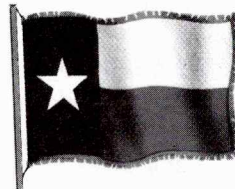
In LaFollette, a fireworks factory exploded killing four workers.

"At first I thought it was an airplane crash," said Sheriff Ron McClellan. "It rumbled five or 10 seconds, and then there was a massive explosion followed by numerous smaller explosions."

According to the AP, a team from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms is investigating.

Investigating? Somebody should be checking out their alibis.

TEXAS

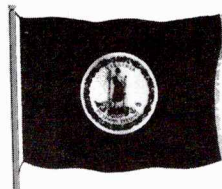


The Armadillo Wars have begun late this year, probably because of the unseasonably cool spring.

The first skirmish occurred on June 10th along the Rio Grande, and the so-called "blue armadillos" seem to have routed the "northern reds." A fisherman from Brownsville found seven "red" armadillo corpses along the U.S. bank of the river and reported this information to the Texas Armadillo Watch (TAW), which has kept statistics on these curious creatures since 1968.

"We're hoping the confrontations won't be too bloody this year," said TAW spokeswoman Andrea Houston. "But it depends a lot on the weather. The heat drives your armadillo to commit violent acts. If the summer is a mild as the fall, we may see no more than 20,000 - 25,000 casualties."

VIRGINIA



Guess who's talking about God again? Why, Brother Ralph Reed, leparting Executive Director of the Christian Coalition!

After telling his followers last year that they should concentrate on economic policy and worry less about those embarrassing religious, moral, and social issues, a thoroughly evangelical Reed is back calling for a constitutional amendment to permit voluntary prayer in schools.

With a gospel choir to provide mood music, he told the world that the Christian Coalition would make this proposition a top priority.

"Many in our society," he intoned, "have turned away from God and left our children rudderless."

Why didn't he say that last year, instead of dancing around rudderless Bob Dole, wagging his tail frantically, like a wire-haired terrier begging for a Milk Bone? Instead of holding to the principles his organization was pledged to defend, Reed sold out his substantial constituency to the liberal wing of the GOP.

To many former admirers, his recent resignation seems long overdue.

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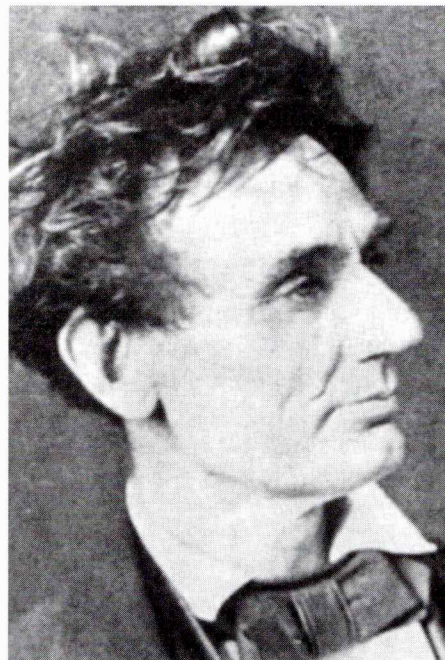
A *t a recent luncheon in Washington, Thomas DiLorenzo gave a speech about Abe Lincoln that gave Jack Kemp heartburn. Kemp was, in fact, so agitated that he stormed out of the meeting. Here are the ideas and insights Mr. Kemp didn't want to hear.*

Last February the *Wall Street Journal* celebrated Lincoln's birthday with an essay entitled "The Gift of Lincoln" by historian Bruce Newman, who argued that Lincoln's "gift" was that he "taught Americans to revere the Declaration of Independence." Nothing could be farther from the truth. In 1861 most Americans—North and South—still believed that the right of secession was fundamental to preserving freedom and self government. They understood that the main principle their fathers and grandfathers fought for in the Revolution of 1776 was Jefferson's dictum in the Declaration of Independence that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed" and that "whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government." After all, secession was the very principle upon which the American Revolution was based.

Jefferson reiterated the importance he assigned to the right of secession in his first inaugural address on March 4, 1801. "If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this Union or to change its republican form," the great man proclaimed, "let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety

with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

The New England Federalists, whom Jefferson had just defeated electorally, hated Jefferson "with an unholy hate," writes Jefferson biographer Claude Bowers. Because of his staunch opposition to state-sponsored religion, "more false witness had been borne by the ministers of New England and New York against Jefferson than had ever been borne by any other American publicist." Consequently, the New England Federalists spent much of the next 13 years plotting secession. During this time there was no debate among the New Englanders over the *right* of seces-



How Lincoln Destroyed

sion, only over its wisdom as a political strategy.

The leader of these "Yankee secessionists" was Timothy Pickering, a U.S. Senator from Massachusetts who had also served as a member of Congress, Secretary of War, and adjutant general and quartermaster general of the Revolutionary Army. Many of the others (George Cabot, Elbridge Gerry, Theophilus Parsons, John Quincy Adams, Fisher Ames, Josiah Quincy, Joseph Story, Aaron Burr, and Theodore Dwight, John C. Calhoun's academic mentor at Yale) had similar backgrounds.

Pickering wrote in 1803 that "I will rather anticipate a new confederacy, exempt from the corrupt and corrupting influence and oppression of the aristocratic Democrats of the South." To which Aaron Burr added, "The Northern States must be governed by Virginia or must govern Virginia. There is no middle ground."

"The Eastern States must and will dissolve the Union and form a separate government," Massachusetts Senator James Hillhouse announced.

The cause these men struggled for was virtually identical to the Southern Confederacy's a half century later: They believed they were defending the principles of states' rights and self government from an overbearing federal government. They believed that the South—especially Virginia—was gaining too much political power and that it would use that power in ways that would adversely affect New England. With the election of Jefferson the Federalists believed the federal government had "fallen into the hands of infidel, anti-commercial, anti-New England Southerners," explains historian James Banner. Roger Griswold, the governor of Connecticut, sounded much like the great Southern statesman John C. Calhoun when he

complained in 1804 that New Englanders were “paying the principal part of the expenses of government” without receiving commensurate benefits. To him, the only choice was “a separation of the confederacy” (i.e., the Union).

There was general agreement in the early 19th century that the United States were part of a compact, and that any state could withdraw from the compact if it so chose. Like Southern Confederates, these men considered themselves to be citizens, first and foremost, of their respective states and only secondarily as members of the Union. The Federalist politician John Lowell Jr. declared that in any conflict between his own state and the federal government, “it is our ... most solemn duty, to ... support the interests of the state we represent.” Pickering added that his loyalties were ranked in a “natural order toward Salem, Massachusetts, New

England, and the Union at large” in that order.

The New England Federalists believed that racial and ethnic homogeneity were necessary for a successful republic, and that Jefferson’s Louisiana Purchase rendered this an impossibility. Josiah Quincy warned that the Louisiana Purchase obligated the nation to assimilate “a number of French and Spanish subjects, whose habits, manners and ideas of civil government are wholly foreign to republican institutions.” To him, the purchase meant that “the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; that the States which compose it are free from their moral obligation; and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation, amicably if they can, violently if they must.”

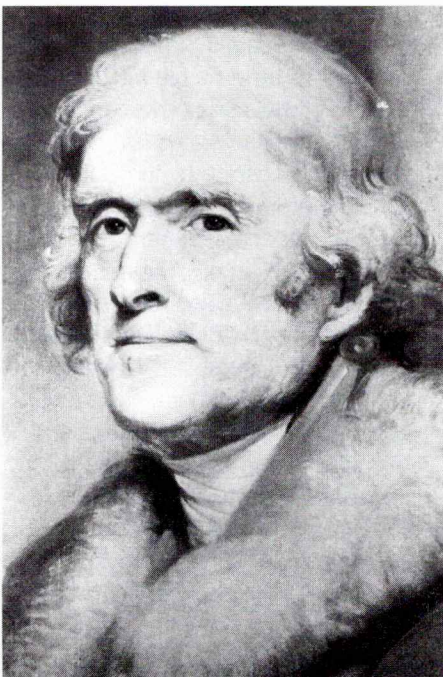
The New England Federalists well understood that the primary principle of the Revolution of 1776 was the right of secession. In a letter to George Cabot, Pickering concluded that “the principles of our Revolution point to the remedy—a separation.” To Pickering, secession was inevitable because “the people of the

duel. Hamilton was killed. Hamilton’s popularity and Burr’s association with the secessionists dealt their movement a setback.

Export-dependent Massachusetts declared Jefferson’s 1807 embargo of international trade (because of British attacks on American ships) “not legally binding,” a precursor to South Carolina’s nullification of the 1828 “tariff of abominations.” This must have been a bitter pill to swallow, for the principle of “nullification” was first articulated by none other than Jefferson himself in the Kentucky Resolution of 1798, a response to the Alien and Sedition Acts.

The Federalists also railed against the three-fifths clause of the Constitution, which they believed artificially inflated the Congressional representation of the South. “The slave representation is the cause of all the difficulties we labor under,” complained Josiah Quincy. They made no case against slavery; they wanted blacks to be counted a zero rather than as three-fifths of a white man for purposes of Congressional representation. “Freed, the Negro was more of

The Jeffersonian Ideal



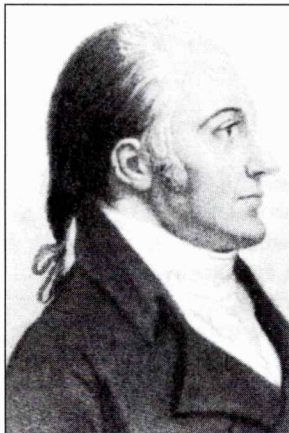
East cannot reconcile their habits, views, and interests with those of the South and West.”

In 1804 the federalists began plotting their political strategy. Pickering believed that Massachusetts would “take the lead,” and would be quickly followed by Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. They were unsure about New York, so the Federalists cut a deal with Aaron Burr: They would help get Burr elected governor of New York if, once elected, he joined the secessionists. Burr lost the election, after which a bitter feud with Alexander Hamilton ended with Burr challenging Hamilton to a

political threat than enslaved,” writes historian James Banner.

And they strongly opposed the War of 1812. Massachusetts went so far as to arrest any man recruited by the federal government on fictitious charges of not having paid his debts. The Federalist courts then ruled that as debtors these men were the “property” of creditors and therefore could not leave the state.

In December 1814 the Federalists finally convened a secession convention in Hartford, Connecticut. The convention issued a number of proclamations but failed to organize secession, as it came to be dominated by political careerists. “Separation would have severed their last chance for preferment at the



AARON BURR

national level,” explained an exasperated John Lowell.

The Secessionist Legacy of New England Federalism

Throughout this period there was never any debate over the inherent right of secession, which was correctly described by Pickering as “the” principle of “our Revolution.” This belief was still almost universal in 1861, as chronicled in a fascinating 1,100-page, two-volume book, *Northern Editorials on Secession*, edited by historian Howard Perkins. The overwhelming majority of editorial writers—the most influential opinion makers of the day—were in favor of allowing the South to secede

the cotton States *will secede.*” If so, Southerners will be allowed to regain their “sense of independence and honor.” On November 24, 1860, the Concord, New Hampshire, *Democratic Standard* complained of “fanatics and demagogues of the North” and appealed for “concession of the just rights of our Southern brethren.”

Addressing the heart of the issue, the Bangor, Maine, *Daily Union* stated on November 13, 1860, that a Union “depends for its continuance on the free consent and will of the sovereign people of each state,” and “when that consent and will is withdrawn on either part, their Union is gone.” If military force is used, then a state can only be held “as a subject province and can never be a co-equal member of the American Union.” The *Providence Evening Press* echoed this sentiment when it editorialized four days later that “the right of secession must be maintained” or we shall establish a “colossal despotism” against which the

the Union. “The great principle embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration,” Greeley wrote, “is that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed.” If Southerners want to secede, “they have a clear right to do so.” The *New York Times* stated on March 21, 1861, “It cannot be denied, there is a growing sentiment throughout the North in favor of letting the Gulf states go.”

There were of course Northern papers that editorialized against secession, but they usually acknowledged that they were in the minority. “The leading and most influential papers of the Union,” the anti-secessionist Davenport, Iowa, *Democrat and News* editorialized on November 17, 1860, say “that any State of the Union has a right to secede.”

The Secession Movement in the Mid-Atlantic States

Dishonest and biased historians have all but erased the above-mentioned facts from the public’s memory. Another piece of history they have worked diligently to ignore is the fact that there was a large secessionist movement in the Mid-Atlantic states—Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York—in 1861. This movement is documented in great detail in William C. Wright’s book, *The Secession Movement in the Middle Atlantic States*. Wright documents how the big majority of elected officials and newspaper editorialists in these states favored either peaceful secession by the South, joining the Southern Confederacy, or the creation of a “Central Confederacy” among the mid-Atlantic states. The secession movement “had the support of the Democratic Party in all of the states,” and “the large cities of Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia were centers of secession.” The New England Yankees were universally despised: “Persons who proposed a central confederacy advocated leaving New England out of the reconstructed Union.”

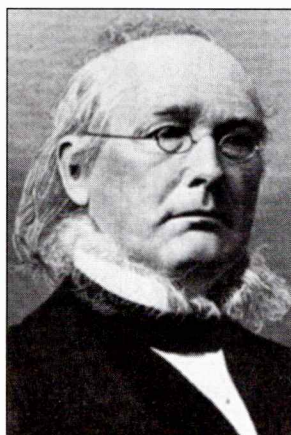
“The majority of Maryland’s

Lincoln’s use of military force and his utter disregard for civil liberties were the keys to destroying the secession movement in the Middle Atlantic States. My own state of Maryland—where Lincoln won only 2.48% of the vote in 1860—would likely have seceded in 1861 had it not been for Lincoln’s brutal crackdown on its citizens.

peacefully.

For example, on November 10, 1860, the Albany, New York *Atlas and Argus* editorialized that “we sympathize with and justify the South” because “their rights have been

HORACE GREELEY



invaded to the extreme limit possible within the forms of the Constitution.” If Southerners wanted to secede, “we would applaud them and wish them God-Speed.”

Eleven days later the *Chicago Daily Times and Herald* declared that “like it or not,

founding fathers “uttered their solemn warnings.” Secession is “the very germ of liberty,” the Kenosha, Wisconsin, *Democrat* wrote on January 11, 1861.

Horace Greeley’s *New York Tribune* was by far the most influential newspaper in the North. Greeley wrote on December 17, 1860, that if tyranny and despotism justified the Revolution of 1776, then “we do not see why it would not justify the secession of Five Millions of Southrons from the Federal Union in 1861.” On February 5, 1861, Greeley attacked Lincoln’s latest speech as “the arguments of the tyrant—force, compulsion and power” and surmised that “nine out of ten of the people of the North” were opposed to forcing South Carolina to remain in

leaders favored one kind of secession or another,” according to Wright, and “Delaware’s sentimentality traditionally wed it to the South.”

Delaware’s governor was “unwilling to help the federal government suppress the Confederacy. New Jersey, more than any of the other five Middle Atlantic States, supported the central confederacy.”

There was never any possibility that Pennsylvania would join either the Southern or the Central confederacy, but many Pennsylvanians wanted to see the South go in peace. “With Pennsylvania [the secession movement] was confined primarily to the city of Philadelphia, the southern border and in some areas of northeastern Pennsylvania.”

All the Democratic Congressional representatives from New York city favored peaceful secession, as did almost all of the Republicans there. Fernando Wood, the mayor of New York City, favored making New York a “free city” independent of any state or federal government, as did businessman Daniel Sickles, who later became a Union general.

Lincoln’s use of military force and his utter disregard for civil liberties were the keys to destroying the secession movement in the Middle Atlantic States. My own state of Maryland—where Lincoln won only 2.48 percent of the vote in 1860—would likely have seceded in 1861 had it not been for Lincoln’s brutal crackdown on its citizens. Lincoln acted “like a dictator with regard to American Constitutional law,” wrote Henry Steel Commager, Samuel Morison and William Leuchtenburg in *The Growth of the American Republic*.

Fearing that the legislature would soon vote to secede, Lincoln suspended habeas corpus and, during a midnight military raid throughout the state federal troops arrested 31 state legislators, the mayor of Baltimore, one of the state’s congressmen, and dozens of newspaper publishers. They were all thrown into military prison without trial, where some languished for years.

A Maryland judge who had charged a grand jury to inquire into illegal acts of federal government officials was beaten by federal soldiers and dragged bleeding from his bench and imprisoned. When Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court Roger B. Taney of Maryland, ruled that only Congress could constitutionally suspend habeas corpus, Lincoln issued orders for Taney’s arrest (which were not carried out).

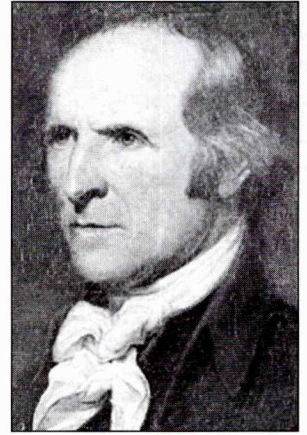
The mails and telegraphs were censored and numerous newspapers shut down. The Maryland legislature was never able to convene, as General Benjamin Butler was given the authority to order the bombardment of Maryland’s cities if that was necessary to prevent such a meeting.

During the November 1861 elections in Maryland armed federal troops patrolled the voting places and were ordered to arrest anyone suspected of opposing Lincoln and the Republicans. Just prior to election day thousands of federal troops were furloughed and instructed to cast ballots for the Republican party even if they weren’t state residents. Lincoln’s tyrannical behavior was successful. Maryland became an occupied state and the rest of the Mid-Atlantic secession movement was intimidated.

Many more Northerners supported Lincoln’s war after Fort Sumter was fired upon. There is clear evidence, moreover, that Lincoln maneuvered South Carolina into firing the first shot by resupplying the fort. As he said in a May 1, 1861, letter to Assistant Secretary of the Navy Gustavus Fox, commander of the federal expedition to Fort Sumter: “You and I both anticipated that the cause of the country would be advanced by making the attempt to provision Fort Sumpter [sic] even if it should fail; and it is no small consolation now to feel that our anticipation is justified by the result.” This “result” ended the secession movement in the Mid-Atlantic states.

The federal government’s victory in the War for Southern Independence destroyed the right of secession in America, which had been so

cherished by all the founding fathers as *the* principle of their Revolution. But British historian and political philosopher Lord Acton, one of the most significant intellectual figures in Victorian England and Prime Minister William



TIMOTHY PICKERING

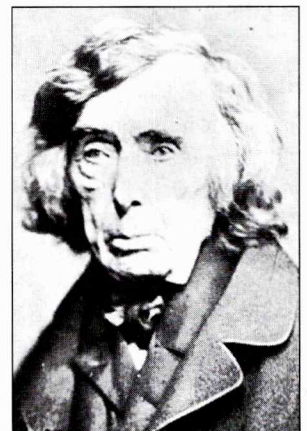
Gladstone’s confidant, understood the deeper meaning of Southern defeat. In a letter to General Robert E. Lee dated November 4, 1866 (*Selected Writings of Lord Acton*, Liberty Press), Lord Acton wrote that “I saw in States Rights the only available check upon the absolutism of the sovereign will, and secession filled me with hope, not as the destruction but as the redemption of Democracy ... I deemed that you were fighting the battles of our liberty, our progress, and our civilization; and I mourn for the stake which was lost at Richmond more deeply than I rejoice over that which was saved at Waterloo.”

Lord Acton was prescient. As Illinois Governor Richard Yates stated in a message to his state assembly on January 2, 1865, the war had “tended, more than any other event in the history of the country, to militate against the Jeffersonian ideal that the best government is that

which governs least.” ☪

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ROGER B. TANEY



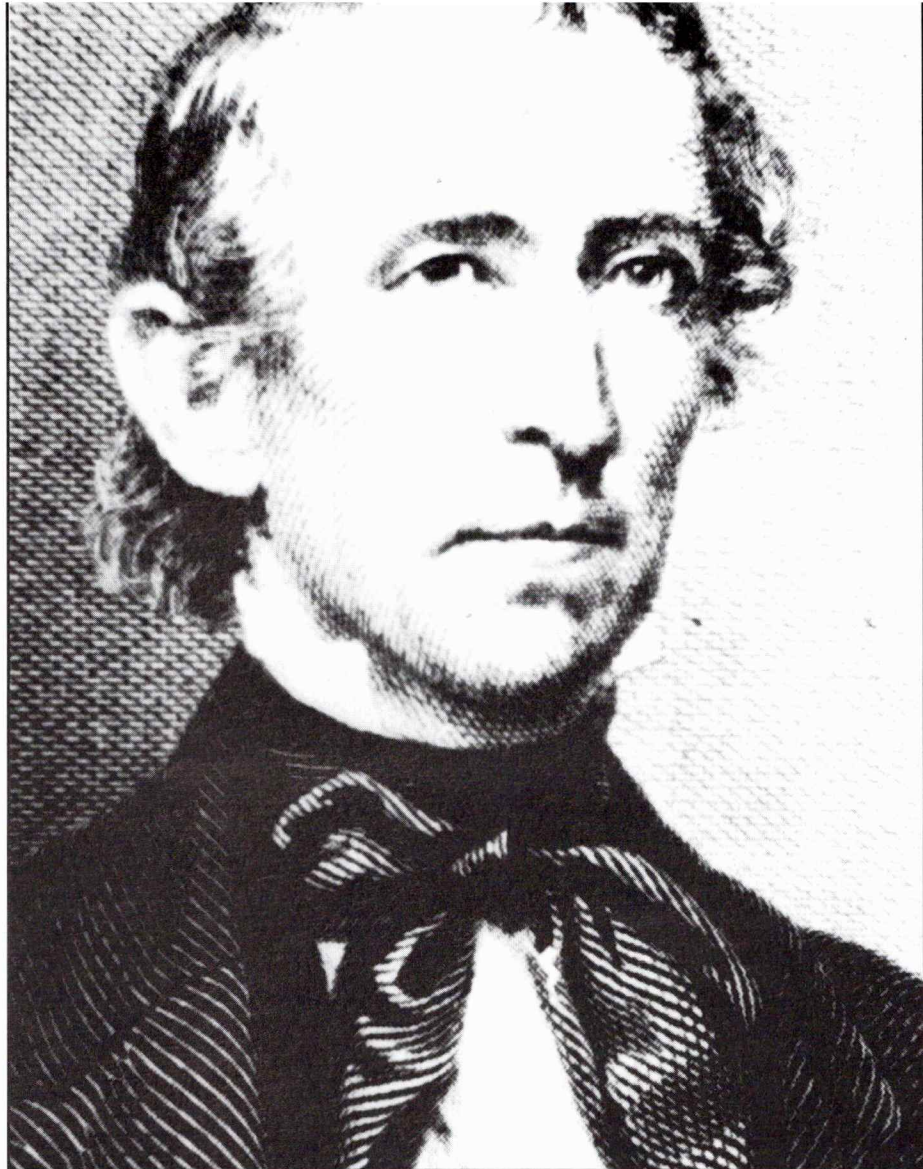
Cheering crowds and the thunder of an artillery salute greeted Jefferson Davis as he arrived by rail in the new Confederate capital of Richmond. Virginia had just seceded from

Abraham Lincoln's Union and cast her lot with the Confederate States. On this 29th day of May 1861, a committee of beaming dignitaries escorted the Southern President from the train station to a hotel festooned with flags and flowers. "The mantle of Washington," pronounced Richmond's *Daily Enquirer*, "falls gracefully upon his shoulders." Virginia, "Mother of Presidents," embraced Mississippi's Jefferson Davis as one of her own. The old Dominion was proud too of her son, John Tyler. In this spring of 1861, he remained the South's only living former president of the United States.

Educated at William and Mary, admitted to the bar while still in his teens, elected to the Virginia legislature at 21—Tyler seemed destined to surpass the political career of his father, a former governor. After serving in the United States House of Representatives, young Tyler became chief executive of the Commonwealth in 1825 and a United States Senator two years later. Along the way he found time to hunt deer, play the fiddle, write some romantic poetry and win the hand of the beautiful and gentle Letitia Christian. Together they would raise a family of eight children.

Tyler was a man of rigid principles and honorable motives, qualities even then possessed by too few politicians. In his public life he built a solid reputation as a supporter of the Constitution strictly interpreted, low tariffs and states' rights. He upheld secession as the states' ultimate recourse against federal encroachment. He could not bring himself to support John C. Calhoun's contention that a state might nullify federal law and remain in the Union. But he was angered by President Andrew Jackson's threats against South Carolina when that state acted against the tariff. In 1836, the Virginian broke with Jackson and his Democratic Party to run unsuccessfully for vice president as a Whig. Four years later he and William Henry Harrison swept to victory under the slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!"

Harrison's death just weeks after taking the oath of office made the ex-Democrat the first vice president to succeed to the American presidency. Tyler immediately let it be known that regardless of the political



consequences he would act on his principles, not expediency. Vetoing bills for a national bank that he thought unconstitutional, the President angered the Whig-controlled Congress and alienated many in his own administration. Nearly the entire cabinet—all Harrison holdovers—resigned in protest. The Whig Party even expelled Tyler from membership. There were death threats and demonstrations. Congress failed in an impeachment attempt, then carried on their petty warfare by cutting off funds for White House maintenance. For daring to frustrate Whig financial policies the President was forced to pay his own utility bills.

After but a few months in office the embattled President's wife Letitia died—victim of a stroke. Tyler dealt with his grief by working even harder. But he would not remain a widower. Soon he began courting a young woman of his acquaintance named Julia Gardiner, daughter of New York's Senator David Gardiner. The whirlwind

The old Dominion was proud, too, of her son, John Tyler. In this spring of 1861 he remained the South's only living former president of the United States.

romance took most by surprise and their 30-year age difference raised a few eyebrows. Tyler was overwhelmed by his good fortune in winning the beautiful Miss Gardiner.

The Confederacy's Other President

Walter Brian Cisco

Julia and the President were quietly married in New York City in June 1844. The press was informed only after the ceremony. "Lucky honest John," was what one reporter called the 54-year-old Tyler. The marriage would be a long and happy one, producing seven children. Julia, just 24 on her wedding day, relished her new role as America's First Lady.

Tyler as President was most successful in his handling of foreign affairs. A long-standing boundary dispute between Maine and Canada was resolved by treaty, the United States recognized Hawaiian independence and the first Chinese-American trade agreement was negotiated. Most importantly, he and Secretary of State Calhoun laid the groundwork for annexation of the Republic of Texas.

A President without a party, Tyler chose not to run for re-election. Liking himself to something of a political "outlaw," he whimsically renamed his James River plantation home "Sherwood Forest." In retirement he remained an active and interested political observer. He strove always to be a peacemaker. But in Tyler's view, anti-slavery agitation was tearing his country apart, fostering hatreds that defeated every attempt at compromise. He agonized over America's future. The conqueror will walk

at every step over smoldering ashes and beneath crumbling columns," should war break out between North and South. "The picture is too horrible and revolting to be dwelt upon." He deplored the rise of abolitionism's new political vehicle—the

Republican Party—and argued for a united front against Lincoln in the 1860 election. With opposition to Lincoln split three ways he could only hope that no candidate would win a majority of Electoral College votes, throwing the election into the House where someone acceptable might emerge.

When all the returns were in it was just as Tyler feared. Lincoln had won with a plurality of less than 40 percent. The triumph of a sectional candidate, backed by a revolutionary party, prompted seven states of the Deep South to declare their independence. Rather than submit to a Union dominated by these "Black Republicans" they would have their own government in place by the time Lincoln took the reins of power on March 4. Yet the Upper South held back, praying for peace and some kind of accommodation. In January 1861, Tyler publicly called for a meeting of the Border States. He hoped for an 11th-hour compromise that might keep the Upper South in the Union and guarantee peace.

The Peace Conference in Washington in February was not what Tyler had hoped for. Delegates elected him their president, though agreement began and ended there. All the states had been invited, but since seceded states would send no representatives the North dominated by default. Republicans saw no need for concession anyway. Some candidly admitted that their sole purpose in attending was to slow secession's progress until Lincoln could take office. After all was said and done the conference's proposed compromises offered too little, too late and were dead on arrival in Congress.

During the conference Tyler was in frequent consultation with President James

Buchanan. Tyler could not convince Buchanan to withdraw federal troops from Fort Sumter and other outposts in the new Confederacy. But Buchanan promised to make no warlike moves. Neither man wished to stand in the way of a peaceful settlement, no matter how tenuous that prospect was becoming.

For Tyler the turning point came near the end of the conference when he led a delegation to pay their respects to the President-elect. Lincoln had just arrived in Washington—secretly, for fear of an assassination attempt. Meeting him at Willard's Hotel, almost immediately several delegates—Northern and Southern—challenged the Republican leader to give some assurance that the current crisis would not lead to war.

It had been a long day and Lincoln tried at first to fend off their questions. When that failed his patience gave out. He had been elected, he declared, to "enforce" the Constitution throughout the land. There would be no war so long as the South did not resist federal authority. With that, several delegates walked out in disgust. Clearly, Lincoln was prepared to use force against Americans who declined to remain in his Union. Tyler lingered as Lincoln was asked about the future of the western territories. With Republicans now in the saddle was there even a theoretical possibility of statehood for territories that retained slavery? Tyler was stunned by the answer. "It will be time to consider that question when it arises," said Lincoln. "In a choice of evils, war may not always be the worst."

Tyler had traveled to the Peace Conference in search of "that true glory" he believed would be his reward for mending the Union. But without liberty the Union was not worth saving. Coercing citizens of sovereign states—denying them their right to self determination—violated the most fundamental of American principles. Virginians had entered the Union of their own free will and could leave the same way. Tyler returned home a determined secessionist.

For some time he had been pondering Virginia's options should it come to this. The old Union of the Founding Fathers was gone, but there could now at least be a peaceful parting of the ways. Back in January he had imagined a scenario in

which the South might secede, re-adopt the Constitution (only slightly amended) and unfurl the Stars and Stripes.

Conservative Northern states would then be invited to join this "reformed" United States of America. If successful, such a move would unite the South and West, leaving troublesome New England to go its own way. But events had moved so swiftly. Now in early March, with a southern government already in place, Tyler hoped that every state of the Upper South would rally to the Confederacy. Virginia's prestige was such that "very likely she will be able to draw off, which would be glorious, a couple of northern states." This new Republic, made up of perhaps as many as 17 states, Lincoln would find impossible to bully.

Tyler and his longtime friend Jefferson Davis had both been reluctant secessionists, shunning the radicalism of disunionist "fire-eaters." Davis had struggled to find a way out of the dilemma almost until the very day Mississippi's secession convention met. Tyler had spent anxious weeks in search of accommodation. Still, once his decision was made he found himself in advance of opinion in Virginia, choosing secession while that was yet the minority view. Now he must persuade fellow citizens that the time had come to break away. Tyler's task was formidable, but Davis regarded the former president "as the most felicitous among the orators I have known."

Tyler stood before the Virginia Convention on March 13 and 14, his remarks delivered over two days to conserve his strength. He reported that all hope of compromise was gone, that the Old Dominion must now make common cause with her sister states of the new Confederacy. He was given a respectful hearing, but the unionist majority held firm. For them, nothing had happened yet to justify abandoning the Union. They looked forward to the convening of a new Peace Conference and perhaps even the voluntary return, after a few years, of the seceded states.

Unionists decried the firing on Fort Sumter a month later but refused even then to be stampeded into precipitate action. Only on April 15, when Lincoln finally decided to declare war on the seceded states,

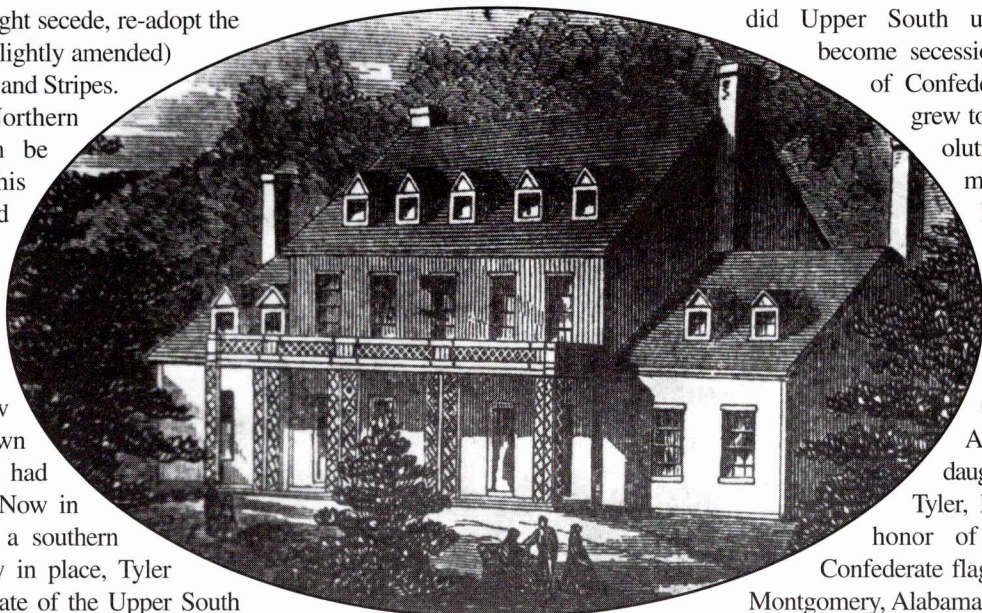
did Upper South unionists overnight become secessionists. The number of Confederate states quickly grew to 11, then 13 as revolutionary state governments in Missouri and Kentucky added their stars to the flag.

Two of Tyler's sons and five of his grandsons entered Confederate service. A teen-age granddaughter, Letitia Christian Tyler, had been given the honor of raising the first Confederate flag over the capitol in Montgomery, Alabama.

Even before secession could be ratified by popular vote, John Tyler authored the agreement that placed Virginia's military under the command of Jefferson Davis. Tyler urged that a force of cavalry swiftly cross the Potomac River and seize a nearly undefended Washington. The convention hesitated, concerned about legal technicalities. After all, secession had yet to be endorsed by referendum. By the time the votes were in it was too late—U.S. troops were marching into northern Virginia.

The Virginia Convention unanimously chose John Tyler to represent his state in the Provisional Congress. Beginning in July that body met in the new capital of Richmond. Elections under the permanent Constitution were to be held in November 1861, and friends convinced the former president to run for a seat in the Confederate House of Representatives.

Lincoln, said Tyler during the campaign, had destroyed liberty in the United



*Sherwood Forest
Home of the Tylers*



Greenway, home of President Tyler's father, Judge John Tyler



President Tyler's home, Sherwood Forest, as it appears today

Photos by K.R. Constantine Gutzman

States. “Those very people who basely submit to a despotism so unrelenting and cruel invade our soil without a shadow of right, and declare it to be their purpose to force us back into a union which they have destroyed, under a Constitution which they have rendered a mockery and made a nullity.” When the votes were counted in the Third District the former president had garnered twice the combined total of his two opponents.

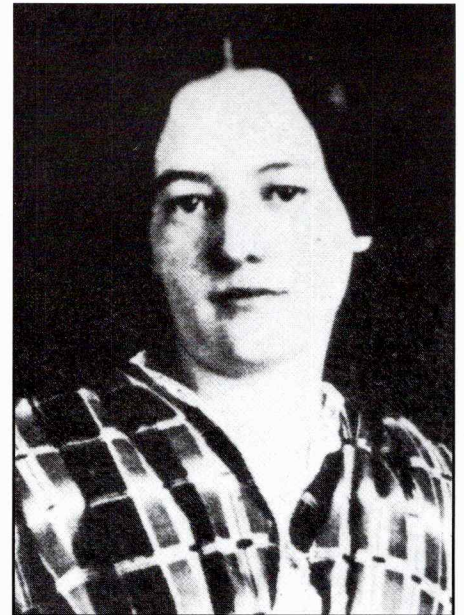
On New Year’s Day 1862 there were few in the Confederate capital who would disagree with the editor of the *Richmond Whig* when he declared the past year “the most eventful of the present century.” Citizens of the Confederate States of America could look back with pride at what had been accomplished. A new government formed, a Constitution written and Southern independence gallantly defended. There had been military setbacks, to be sure. But Confederates could only be encouraged by a series of battles and skirmishes that kept the invaders at bay. In July the largest military force ever assembled by the United States marched into Virginia only to be routed at Manassas. Tyler had been at home, sick in bed, when news of the triumph reached him. He ordered champagne brought out and everyone drank a toast to the victors.

The First Congress of the Confederate States was scheduled to convene in Richmond in February 1862. Anxious to be about his country’s business, Congressman-elect John Tyler arrived in the city in early January and checked into the Exchange Hotel. Julia remained at home with their young children. There she was awakened one night by a dream in which her husband was ill and near death. Frightened, she hurried to Richmond only to find him in good health. Two days later the 71-year-old Tyler woke up nauseated and went downstairs to the hotel dining room for a cup of hot tea. It helped at first, but as he was leaving the table he fell to the floor unconscious. Carried to a sofa, Tyler soon claimed to feel better and insisted on returning to his room.

When his cough and headache persisted the president’s physician, Dr. William Peachy, recommended that his patient go home to rest. Reluctantly, for he hated to miss the opening of Congress, Tyler decided to begin the journey on Saturday, January 18. Late Friday evening Tyler experienced great difficulty breathing. Julia immediately sent for his physician.



Letitia Christian Tyler



Julia Gardiner Tyler

“Doctor,” whispered Tyler, “I am going.”

“I hope not, Sir,” he replied.

“Perhaps it is best,” said Tyler.

When Julia tried to give her husband a sip of brandy he was unable to take it. He smiled up at her, then closed his eyes for the last time. It was 12:15 on the morning of January 18, 1862.

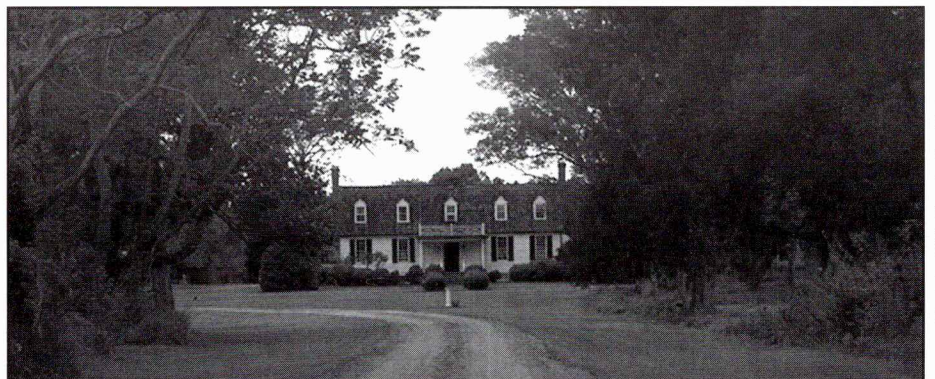
News of the president’s death spread quickly through the city and was telegraphed across the country. He had requested, in his will, a simple burial at Sherwood Forest. It was not to be. All social events in Richmond were canceled as politicians eulogized the former chief executive. His experience, prestige and moral authority would be missed in Congress. On Monday, January 20, Tyler’s body lay in state in the capitol as thousands came to pay their last respects. On his chest was placed a wreath of evergreens and roses. The casket of the former United States president was draped with the flag of his country—the

Stars and Bars of the Confederate States of America.

His funeral was held the following day at St. Paul’s Episcopal Church. President Jefferson Davis delivered the eulogy before a congregation that included hundreds of Confederate soldiers and government officials. A line of carriages, a procession one quarter mile in length, followed the hearse to Hollywood Cemetery as a light rain fell. Long denounced as a traitor by the Lincoln regime, the passing of America’s 10th President went without notice north of the Mason-Dixon Line.

Near the grave of John Tyler, on that high ground overlooking the James River, Jefferson Davis would be laid to rest in 1893. Virginia had claimed the Mississippian as a son. United finally in death were the two men Confederates could call “Mr. President.”

Walter Cisco writes from his home in Cordova, South Carolina.



Home of Judge John Tyler, anti-federalist delegate to Virginia’s ratifying convention.

Photo by K.R. Constantine Gutzenan



Christendom's Last Stand

BY THOMAS E. WOODS JR.

Richard Weaver begins *Ideas Have Consequences* by admitting that “this is another book about the dissolution of the West.” American conservatives have frequently looked to the New Deal for the origins of this more general dissolution, but both of these “great leaps forward” had precedents earlier in U.S. history. The real watershed from which we can trace many of the destructive trends that continue to ravage our civilization today, was the defeat of the Confederate States of America in 1865.

Our so-called intellectual class insists that the war was fought over slavery, pure and simple—an argument which the Southern activist finds himself responding to with a depressing frequency. A similarly myopic approach to history would conclude that America’s First War for Independence was fought over a small tax on tea.

Astute observers on both sides of the conflict, in fact, recognized the war less as a clash between two systems of labor than between two kinds of civilization. Southern theologian James Henley Thornwell

described the two sides this way: “The parties in this conflict are not merely abolitionists and slave-holders—they are atheists, socialists, communists, red republicans, Jacobins on the one side and the friends of order and regulated freedom on the other. In one word, the world is the battleground, Christianity and atheism the combatants, and the progress of humanity is at stake.”

This assessment was quite common among Southern theologians. “To the South,” wrote Benjamin Morgan Palmer, “is assigned the high position of defending before all nations the cause of all religion and of all truth.” Looking back on the conflict, Robert Lewis Dabney, one of the most brilliant of the Southern Presbyterian theologians, agreed that it had fallen to the South to defend eternal truths from the onslaught of an alien ideology. “Providence ordained that the modern rationalism should select as its concrete object of attack our form of society and our rights.”

Much of the conflict, in fact, can be summed up in what Richard Weaver identified as the “two types of American individualism,” each of which is endemic to a particular section of the country. Henry David Thoreau represents the philosophy of Northern radicals. His is an

atheistic philosophy, which refuses to recognize any authority to which the individual has not explicitly consented, and which in any case tends to shun collective affiliations of any kind.

Anticipating Thoreau, many modern political philosophers, when speaking in favor of individual liberty, have criticized not simply the state, but also the various intermediary institutions—such as family, church, and community—that stand between the individual and the state. This is certainly true in the case of Hobbes and Rousseau, who viewed with extreme suspicion any independent association that existed wholly outside of and prior to the central state. Rousseau feared that such associations, by dividing the individual’s allegiance, would impair the functioning of the General Will. And John Stuart Mill is only one of many classical liberals who considered the bonds of community and other such affiliations to be nearly as threatening to individual liberty as the state itself.

But the cult of the individual that has flourished since the Enlightenment, and which has celebrated man’s progressive emancipation from the various corporate bodies that once commanded his allegiance, can no longer claim the moral high

ground; for what was supposed to have been mankind's most progressive and enlightened century has yielded only disillusionment and alienation.

This kind of individualism coincides well with the designs of the omnipotent state. The central state also wants to liberate the individual from his traditional attachments—not because they infringe on his liberty—but because they compete with the central state for his allegiance. In order to attain absolute power, the centralizers seek to crush all competing sources of authority.

Historically, such despots have concealed their true intentions by claiming that only a strong central authority can adequately protect the individual. But in practice, from whom did the state “protect” the individual? From family members (wives from their husbands, children from their parents), from churches, from communities. And it has done so by increasing its own power at the expense of these institutions.

What Thoreau and his followers were too foolish to realize is that man is a social creature. Once these institutions have been destroyed, once they have ceased to perform their traditional roles, something will step into that vacuum, and that something is the absolute state.

The political scientist J.N. Figgis was particularly prophetic when he remarked early this century: “More and more is it clear that the mere individual's freedom against an omnipotent State may be no better than slavery; more and more is it evident that the real question of freedom in our day is the freedom of the smaller unions to live within the whole.”

Pace most libertarians, radical individualism and Big Government are two sides of the same coin. It has been part of the genius of Southern civilization to have recognized this all along. Repelled by a philosophy that would lead to a combination of moral anarchy and political tyranny, John Randolph of Roanoke—Weaver's second type—would have none of Thoreau's pop theology of radical individualism. He acknowledges with Aristotle that man is a political animal, and that it is only through his interaction and relationships with other people, and through his membership in society, that he becomes truly human. Randolph's defense of states' rights, on the one hand a repudiation of arbitrary central

authority, explicitly recognizes the individual's status as a member of a corporate body—in this case, a state.

It is almost unnecessary to point out that over the past few centuries it has been Thoreau's brand of individualism that has flourished and Randolph's which has suffered a precipitous decline. As Richard Weaver explained in 1948: “For four centuries every man has been not only his own priest but his own professor of ethics, and the consequence is an anarchy which threatens even that minimum consensus of value necessary to the political state.” Today, of course, the message imbibed by our children—and by all too many adults as well—is that no moral court of higher appeal exists apart from individual whim.

It is highly significant, therefore, that the U.S. Constitution makes hardly any reference to individuals at all. It views Americans—not as part of an undifferentiated mass—but as members of particular states with rights and traditions of their own. The Bill of Rights, moreover, erroneously invoked by modern Civil Libertarians, was never intended to protect individuals from the state governments. Jefferson is far from alone in insisting that only the federal government is restricted from regulating the press, church-state relations, and so forth. The states may do as they wish in these areas.

For the first seven decades of its existence, the United States found its constituent parts very rebellious indeed. Many Americans would have agreed with John Randolph of Roanoke, about whom John Greenleaf Whittier once wrote:

Too honest or too proud to feign
A love he never cherished
Beyond Virginia's border line
His patriotism perished.

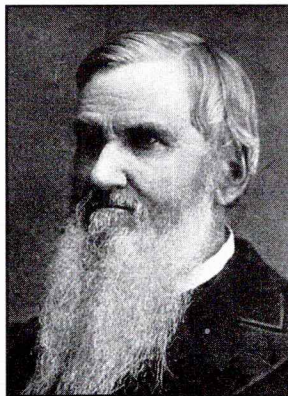
Upon ratifying the Constitution, for example, several states explicitly reserved the right to withdraw from the new union “whenever the same shall be perverted to her injury or oppression,” and all the states retained this spirit of resistance well into the 19th century. John Taylor of Caroline, repelled by the Alien and Sedition Acts, advocated secession as early as 1798. Madison and Jefferson drew up the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, respectively, the latter of which suggested the doctrine of nullification, whereby a state government could “interpose” between the people and the federal government when the latter exceeds its legitimate constitutional authority.

After the Louisiana Purchase, and then again after Jefferson's 1807 embargo, former Secretary of State Timothy Pickens gained some temporary support for a plan by which New England and New York would secede and form an independent country. The 1814 Hartford Convention is often cited in this regard, as secessionist in character, but we now know that it was convened by moderate Federalists who hoped to keep secessionist sentiment at bay. The point remains, however, that secessionist sentiment was widespread, and by no means was it confined to the South. And these are but a few of the lesser known examples of the jealousy with which the states once guarded their sovereignty and independence. (The nullification crisis of the early 1830s, for instance, has not even been mentioned.)

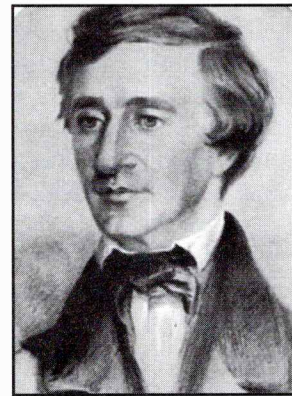
The secession of the Southern states was virtually the last sign of life to emerge from a once-vibrant federal system. For by the 1860s, such figures as Andrew Johnson and Ben Wade were prepared to dismiss as traitors anyone who even appealed to the Constitution, let alone advocated seces-



RICHARD WEAVER



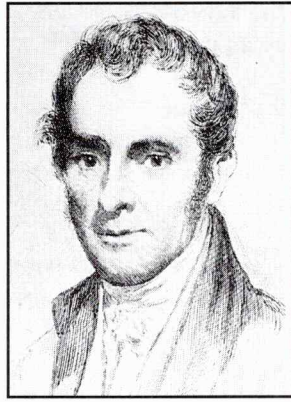
ROBERT LOUIS DABNEY



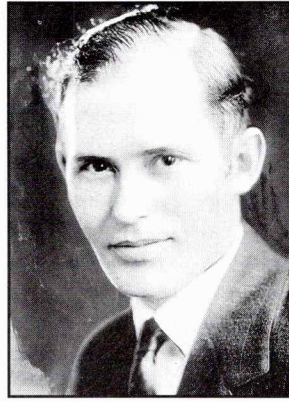
HENRY DAVID THOREAU



JOHN RANDOLPH



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER



DONALD DAVIDSON

sion. And in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, the Supreme Court ruled in *Texas v. White* (1869) that secession was unconstitutional. Not surprisingly, after the war it became common to replace the old expression—"The United States are"—with "The United States is."

Most significant for our purposes was the ratification—by highly questionable means—of the 14th Amendment. Now we can debate the "original intent" of this amendment, but it seems clear that it inaugurated a radically new stage in American constitutional history. From the point of view of the central government, the fundamental units of the federal Union were no longer the several states, but the individuals of which those states were composed.

The architects of this constitutional revolution were less than candid about what they were doing. The beginning of this process by which American federalism was destroyed was couched in the saccharine language of justice and rights. The states cannot be trusted to protect the individual, Americans were told. Only the federal Leviathan can do this. So once again, in the name of protecting individual liberty, the central state set out to crush an important intermediary institution—the state governments.

Although a moderately conservative Supreme Court was able to keep at bay the utter obliteration of the federal system, the 14th Amendment has since become Washington's favorite tool for imposing its will on what remains of the states. The "human rights" that it seeks to protect grow stranger and stranger every year. The Fourteenth Amendment was invoked a few years ago, as you no doubt will recall, to vindicate the inalienable human right of an unqualified, overweight woman to

attend an all-male military academy.

The British libertarian and Southern sympathizer Lord Acton saw all of this coming and expressed his profound anguish to Robert E. Lee in 1866: "I saw in State Rights the only availing check upon the sovereign will, and secession filled me with hope, not as the destruction but as the redemption of Democracy Therefore I deemed that you were fighting the battles of our liberty, our progress, and our civilization; and I mourn for the stake that was lost at Richmond more deeply than I rejoice over that which was saved at Waterloo."

Just as Northern radicals sought to make the individual the fundamental political unit, so also did they attempt to make him supreme in the moral and ethical sphere. This is particularly true in the case of the abolitionists, many of whom stated frankly that if forced to choose between their private beliefs on the one hand, and the Holy Scriptures on the other, they would be compelled to jettison the Bible.

What Southern theologians found especially alarming was the dubious method of argumentation which the abolitionists employed. They might have argued, to offer just one example, that biblical slavery might not be analogous to modern slavery. There were certainly a number of such arguments which, if not compelling, at least were based on relevant considerations. But the abolitionists tended instead to make vague appeals to the spirit of the New Testament," and the result of this kind of reasoning, the Southern divines recognized, was the moral anarchy that ensues when, as Weaver put it, every man becomes his own professor of ethics.

It is worth recalling that a good number of anti-slavery feminists took the next

step and compared the status of the slave to that of the married woman. In fairness, a great many abolitionists were horrified by this line of argument, but having made their bed, they were now being forced to sleep in it. Dabney was rather amused at the spectacle of anti-feminist abolitionists desperately trying to refute feminist claims when in fact the feminists were only using the abolitionist approach to biblical exegesis.

The South has never been fertile soil for religious liberalism. This is not to say that Southerners are guilty of the unforgivable sin of "intolerance." As Professor Eugene Genovese reminds us, a kind of tolerance is observed in both North and South, but it is a different kind in each place. In the North where religion is more frequently considered a matter of mere individual preference and whim, the attitude is: "You worship God in your way and we'll worship him in ours." But in the South, where tolerance is not the same thing as indifference, people are more likely to say: "You worship God in your way and we'll worship him in his."

Unitarianism, for example, utterly failed to take root in the South, and in 1860 only 20 of the country's 664 Universalist churches could be found below the Mason-Dixon Line. Resisting the spirit of the age, Southern Calvinists refused to adulterate the Christian faith with 18th century philosophies, and refrained from turning Jesus Christ into a divine Barney the Dinosaur.

Many Southern observers noticed that Northern society, in which individual conscience and rationalist philosophies had replaced scripture as the generally accepted authority, lacked a certain stability that was so conspicuous in the South. As Donald Davidson put it in *The Attack on Leviathan*:

"While the North has been changing its apparatus of civilization every 10 years or so ... the South has stood its ground at a fairly safe distance and happily remained some 40 or 50 years behind the times ... The South has never been able to understand how the North, in its astonishing quest for perfection, can junk an entire system of ideas almost overnight, and start on another one which is newer but no better than the first. This is one of the principal differences, out of many real differences, between the sections.

In his own assessment, Dabney was

characteristically blunt: "We might safely submit the comparative soundness of Southern society to this test: that it has never generated any of those loathsome *isms*, which Northern soil breeds, as rankly as the slime of Egypt its spawn of frogs. While the North has her Mormons, her various sects of Communists, her Free Lovers, her Spiritualists, and a multitude of corrupt visionaries whose names and crimes are not even known among us, our soil has never proved congenial to the birth or introduction of a single one of these inventions."

The South has indeed stood firmly over the years against a series of deplorable trends in politics and religion. But her adversary is tenacious. Liberalism has no logical stopping point, no point of rest. Once one traditional belief or institution has been undermined, the liberal proceeds to his next conquest. The number of practices we are expected to "tolerate," for example, seems to increase by the hour. The University of Massachusetts, apparently in all seriousness, has added pedophiles to its list of protected groups under its nondiscrimination policy.

The same is true in the political arena. The Revolution that began in the 1860s has proceeded to this day with a cold and relentless logic. It was a vain hope that the Left would be satisfied with undermining state and local authority. Now its target is national sovereignty. The old struggle between the local and particular on the one hand, and the abstract and universal on the other, is being carried out on this new level.

Two years ago, while at Harvard, I attended an address by Jack Kemp, who could hardly contain his excitement as he described the ideal international order that he saw coming rapidly to fruition: what he called "a world without borders." Kemp's "world without borders" is the logical outcome of the process I have described in which the smaller associations which once claimed men's allegiance have been gradually and deliberately weakened. We have witnessed over the past decades, and especially since the end of the Cold War, the growth of transnational, globalist elites for whom patriotic sentiments and national sovereignty are so many obstacles to be overcome in the construction of a New World Order. In the course of building a centralized national government, it suffices to weaken the competing authorities of

families, churches, local governments, state governments, and so on. But for those who would construct a unitary global state, there remains the persistent problem of national allegiance and loyalty. (A few of the methods of choice employed by those who would absorb the United States into a global regime include a policy of open immigration, which balkanizes the populace and makes resistance to the central state's designs less likely; the promotion of multiculturalism, intended to make children ashamed of their country and its history; and trade agreements like NAFTA and GATT, which delegate legislative authority to unaccountable supranational bodies.)

Madeleine Albright, our new Secretary of State made a quite revealing remark in a recent Commencement address at Brandeis University. Because our country was founded on individual liberty, she claimed, and not on loyalty to family or clan, Americans are particularly suited for real global citizenship. Without these competing loyalties, Americans can be disinterested advocates for the entire human race.

There was a time, of course, when one was considered part of the lunatic fringe for suspecting that we were moving toward world government. Today, our rulers are amazingly frank: Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich, for example, recently remarked that the United States and Western Europe should enter into what he called an "Articles of Confederation-type relationship." Strobe Talbott looks forward to the day when nationhood as we know it will no longer exist, when we will all look to a single global authority. (And who do you suppose will be staffing that?)

There is no point in multiplying examples. Let it suffice to say that recent trends toward global centralization provide ample reason for concern. Equally certain is that the global statists do not particularly like places like the American South, and they detest all she stands for. Like all centralizers, they prefer a subject population of atomized individuals with no particular attachments—people, in other words, who are content to eat Big Macs, vote in sham elections, and watch *Seinfeld*. It would be naive to suppose that the South is not also cursed with this kind of apathy. But the growth of the Southern League and the continuing popularity of *Southern Partisan* reminds us that many Southerners are

prepared to defend their civilization, and a people that still possesses even a spark of resistance, a sense of history and tradition, an attachment to the locality, and a strong Christian faith—is a potential threat to the Left's new order.

Indeed, Southerners have had too many strange philosophies shoved down their throats already to go quietly in the face of this one. As former presidential candidate Pat Buchanan explained, speaking not of Southerners in particular but of his supporters in general: "We love the old republic, and when we hear phrases like 'New World Order,' we release the safety catches on our revolvers." Make no mistake: the persecutors of the South hate her today for the same reasons they hated her in 1860. An 1868 article in the pro-South periodical *The Land We Love* summed them up quite well:

"Her conservatism, her love of the Constitution; her attachment to the old usages of society, her devotion to principles, her faith in Bible truth—all these involved her in a long and bloody war with that radicalism which seeks to overthrow all that is venerable, respectable and of good repute."

So the War Between the States, far from a conflict over mere material interests, was for the South a struggle against an atheistic individualism and an unrelenting rationalism in politics and religion, in favor of a Christian understanding of authority, social order and theology itself. The intelligent Left knows this, and even the incurably stupid, like Carol Moseley-Braun, must at least sense it. For all their ignorant blather about slavery and civil rights, what truly enrages most liberals about the Confederate Battle Flag is its message of defiance. They see in it the remnants of a traditional society determined to resist cultural and political homogenization, and refusing to be steamrolled by the forces of progress.

I have been a Northerner for my entire 24 years. But when we reflect on what was really at stake in the "late unpleasantness," we can join with Alexander Stephens in observing that "the cause of the South is the cause of us all."

Thomas E. Woods Jr., a founding member of the Southern League, is a doctoral candidate in history at Columbia University in New York City.

A Yankee Apology

BY JAMES PERLOFF

As a conservative, I normally take an uncompromising stand on every issue, whether abortion or gun control, defense spending or religious freedom. So I long wondered why I felt ambivalent about the War Between the States.

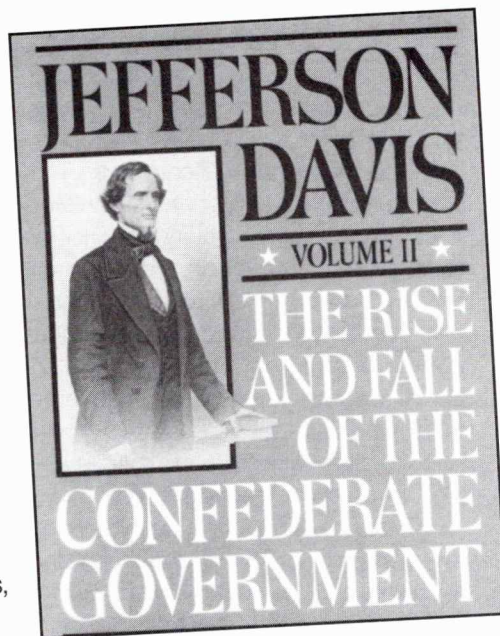
On one hand, I could never condone slavery. Who could doubt the universal intent of the founding fathers in declaring "All men are created equal"? And hadn't the Yankees fought to preserve the USA I treasure as a patriot? On the other hand, I admired the South's deep-rooted conservatism.

During the War Between the States, few people were uncertain about their sympathies. So had I lived then, resolute conservative that I am, surely I would have taken a stand. But on whose side?

Deciding to investigate, I obtained a heavy volume of Abraham Lincoln's correspondence and speeches. Having recently read the distinguished letters of America's patriarchs, such as Washington and Jefferson, I expected something commensurate.

I was surprised and disappointed. Lincoln's early writings often sounded rather neurotic, and presented a politician not above penning anonymous denigrations of opponents in the local press. I saw little of the nobility of Lincoln's Mount Rushmore neighbors.

But, age often yields character, and as Lincoln approached the presidency, his writings began to manifest deep-felt concern for mankind. During the war, he appeared steeped in its gravity. One could sense a burden over the casualties, sincere patriotism and reverence for God. After reading Lincoln, I concluded he had been on right's side. However, Proverbs 18:17 says: "The first



to present his case seems right, till another comes forward and questions him." Deciding the Confederacy deserved equal time, I was pleased to find a dusty copy of Jefferson Davis' *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*.

Previously, I had not known such books existed. Being raised in the North, I had only heard Yankee perspectives on the war. The South's viewpoint reached me through prisms of Northern historians. I even attended Colby College—alma mater of Benjamin Butler, whose infamous order, permitting his troops to treat any disrespectful lady of New Orleans "as a woman about town plying her vocation," made him one of the most hated figures in Dixie.

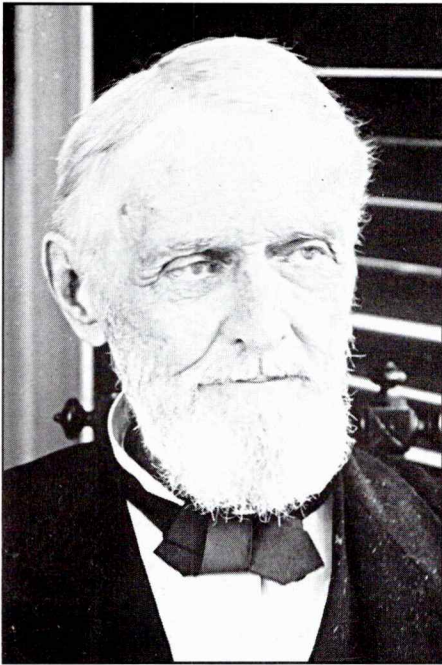
Davis' book revealed a new world. Here were not the words of a politician, but of a statesman, like his namesake, our third president.

Rise and Fall not only contained a blow-by-blow of the entire war, but an exhaustive, lucid exposition on secession and states' rights. Jefferson Davis apparently did far more homework than President Lincoln. He not only studied the Constitution, but the original minutes of the constitutional convention, the ratification statements of each state, and nearly all the important debates and correspondence related to those proceedings. Davis exploded the arguments of Lincoln, Webster and other 19th-century Unionists, and demonstrated that the states originally confederated understanding that each would retain its sovereignty.

I was astonished to learn from Davis that in 1844, Massachusetts, of which I am a lifelong resident, passed a resolution threatening secession from the Union over the annexation of Texas. Massachusetts politicians had made similar noises in 1803 and 1811 following the purchase of Louisiana and its subsequent admission as a state. Thus, Yankee views on secession's legality appear to have hinged more on Yankee advantage than constitutional observance.

Lincoln claimed to have waged war to keep the Union together. Recently I read some of the famed diaries of Confederate women, which opened my

Without Northern victory, Washington could not have so easily burdened us with income tax; FDR could not have ushered in socialism with the New Deal; and no Supreme Court could have banned school prayer or forced abortion on unwilling states. Now, via federal law, the "politically correct" are attempting to destroy every vestige of Christianity and morality.



Jefferson Davis at the time of the writing of *The Rise and Fall*.

eyes to the devastation Union armies visited on the South, and helped me realize why Southerners so long spoke the name "Yankee" with contempt. So I am forced to ask: Was it by Lincoln's great love for the South that he wanted to remain united with it? If so, he seems to have been saying, "My Southern brethren, I cherish you so much I am going to invade you, burn your cities, plunder your homes, and starve your children."

To this, Lincoln apologists would reply, "It was not Lincoln's love of the South, but his love of the Constitution and principles therein that motivated him to keep the Union together." Indeed, in his 1861 inaugural address, he claimed to fear that the South's secession would lead to "despotism" there. He glossed over the fact that the Confederacy's Constitution was nearly a duplicate of the U.S. Constitution, slightly amended. In *Rise and Fall*, Davis placed the two side by side, with the amended language italicized, so that any reader could objectively compare them. The Confederate Constitution admitted of despotism no more than that of the U.S.

In 1788, the Massachusetts state convention ratified entry into the Union by a vote of just 187 to 168. Let us suppose that, a couple of years later, a second vote had rescinded the first, and Massachusetts respectfully announced:

"Upon further consideration, we have decided that belonging to the Union is not in the state's best interests." I wonder if anyone can imagine George Washington issuing the following proclamation:

"It has come to my attention that Massachusetts intends to depart the Union. I declare Massachusetts to be in rebellion! I am requesting the governors of the other states to muster armies which are to proceed to Massachusetts and invade it. I am dispatching federal warships to blockade Boston Harbor. Upon capture, the city is to be burned to the ground. Federal commanders shall torch other Massachusetts cities and towns as they see fit.

"I, George Washington, do further declare, that because the people of Massachusetts have perpetrated this brazen treason, all of their rights are forthwith revoked. Of course, if any Massachusetts resident disavows his state's dastardly decision, and swears an oath of loyalty to the federal government, his rights shall be restored. Such cases excepted, federal soldiers should feel free to loot any Massachusetts home. Crops not seized for army provisions should be destroyed without regard to the needs of the rebels and their families. After all, war is hell.

"And you citizens of other states, take warning! Consorting with the Massachusetts rebels will not be tolerated. It has come to my attention, in fact, that certain leaders and legislators in New Hampshire and Connecticut have expressed sympathy for their cause! I am ordering federal troops to round up these "border state" turncoats. They will be jailed without hearings. I hereby revoke the right of habeas corpus just accorded under the Constitution. In times as these, suspicion alone shall be suitable cause for imprisonment ..."

No one believes Washington would have issued such a proclamation. And if he had, he would have swung from a tree. True, Lincoln did not state things so bluntly, but the foregoing accurately reflects Yankee policy. What had changed between 1789 and 1861 to warrant such a response?

Lincoln claimed to be fulfilling the will of America's founding fathers. Yet those eminent men had not gone to war

over slavery. Would they have warred over secession? Davis supplied ample quotations from Washington, Madison, Hamilton and others to establish that they would not. It was quite difficult to coax several of the states into the Union; had they for a moment believed withdrawal would be branded as treason punishable by invasion, no state would have joined. And as Davis incisively pointed out, the Declaration of Independence, to which Lincoln professed such homage, itself constituted secession from Britain!

Comparison of Davis to Lincoln highlights the former's integrity, but surprising duplicity by "Honest Abe." Regarding Fort Sumter, Davis laid out the correspondence between Washington and the South's envoys. He demonstrated that the Lincoln administration acted deceitfully—perhaps to ensure that the Confederacy would fire the first shot, and thus justify, in the world's eyes, armed conquest of the South.

Apparently, one reason the South lost the war was that it behaved honorably. But, to the North, the ends justified nearly any means.

Lincoln frequently invoked God's name in association with his cause. Referring to the war, he declared: "The will of God prevails. In great contests each party claims to act in accordance with the will of God. Both may be, and one must be, wrong. God cannot be for and against the same thing at the same time." Lincoln implied that Northern victory bespoke God's favor.

Perhaps so. Or did we Yankees win simply because we possessed vastly superior numbers, weapons and ships? Victory does not certify heaven's approval. Did Stalin's seizure of Lithuania signify that God loved the Red Army? When a woman struggles against two muggers and they overwhelm her, does their "triumph" mean providence has conferred its blessing on them?

Conduct, not victory, best measures fulfillment of God's will. Generally, the record attests that the South fought and managed its diplomacy more honestly. It did little to reciprocate the North's pillaging style of warfare—a style that continued with the rape of Reconstruction. To

me, these matters attest to righteousness far more than the verdict of Appomattox.

What were the war's results? True, the evil of slavery ended. However, had the South won, does anyone believe the institution would still exist there? Industrialization and modernization would have purged it, just as they had previously in the North.

From a conservative perspective, the war's most lasting significance was the crushing of state sovereignty. It made the states and their people little more than vassals of a powerful centralized government.

Without Northern victory, Washington could not have so easily burdened us with income tax; FDR could not have ushered in socialism with the New Deal; and no Supreme Court could have banned school prayer or forced abortion on unwilling states. Now, via federal law, the "politically correct" are attempting to destroy every vestige of Christianity and morality. Davis declared: "The result established the truthfulness of the assertion ... that the Northern people, by their unconstitutional warfare to gain the freedom of certain Negro slaves, would lose their own liberties." How right he was!

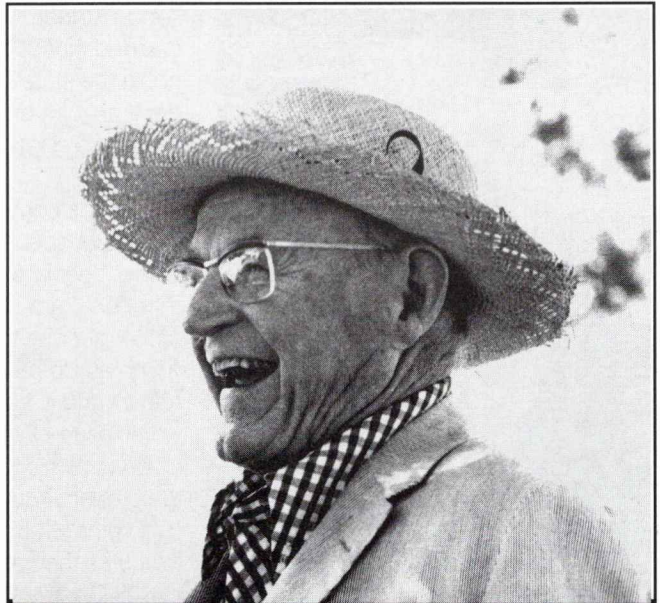
I believe the war had even broader implications. In my 1988 book *The Shadows of Power*, I examined American foreign policy from Wilson through Reagan. I concluded that certain U.S. diplomats in this century have labored to place America under a world government. This goal is today shared by a number of liberals, socialists and Clinton foreign policy officials, and is pursued

through such stepping stones as the GATT, environmental accords and the U.N. Its ultimate fulfillment would ominously threaten mankind. For if the world came under a single government, whose policies would rule it? If a global authority turned despotic, where could one turn to escape it?

Thus the War Between the States stands as a haunting forerunner of a critical danger now on our horizon: then it was state sovereignty versus national government; today American sovereignty versus world government.

I understand that you Southerners call the war "The Lost Cause." I do not consider it lost. Today, if anyone fights for conservatism and the Judeo-Christian ethic, battles against federal bureaucracy and our submersion into world government—I believe that person rides beside Robert E. Lee and carries a Confederate banner with Stonewall Jackson.

In the preface to *Rise and Fall*, Jefferson Davis wrote that his intent was "to furnish material for the future historian, who, when the passions and prejudices of the day shall have given place to reason and sober thought, may, better than a contemporary, investigate the causes, conduct, and results of the war." For me, that moment has arrived. Finally, I know where I stand on the War Between the States. And as for you Southerners, I wish you had driven our Yankee hides all the way back to Boston. It is my great sorrow to be saying this to you 135 years too late.



—Photo by Lyn Hutchinson (1985)

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James Perloff's *The Shadows of Power*, sold 90,000 copies. He has written for numerous magazines, but is a new convert to Southern Partisan.

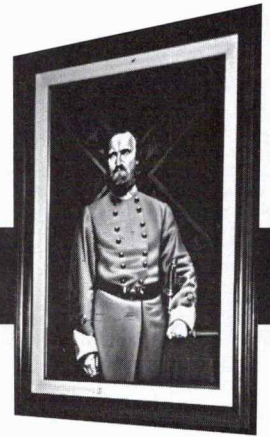
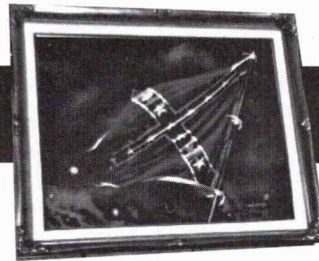
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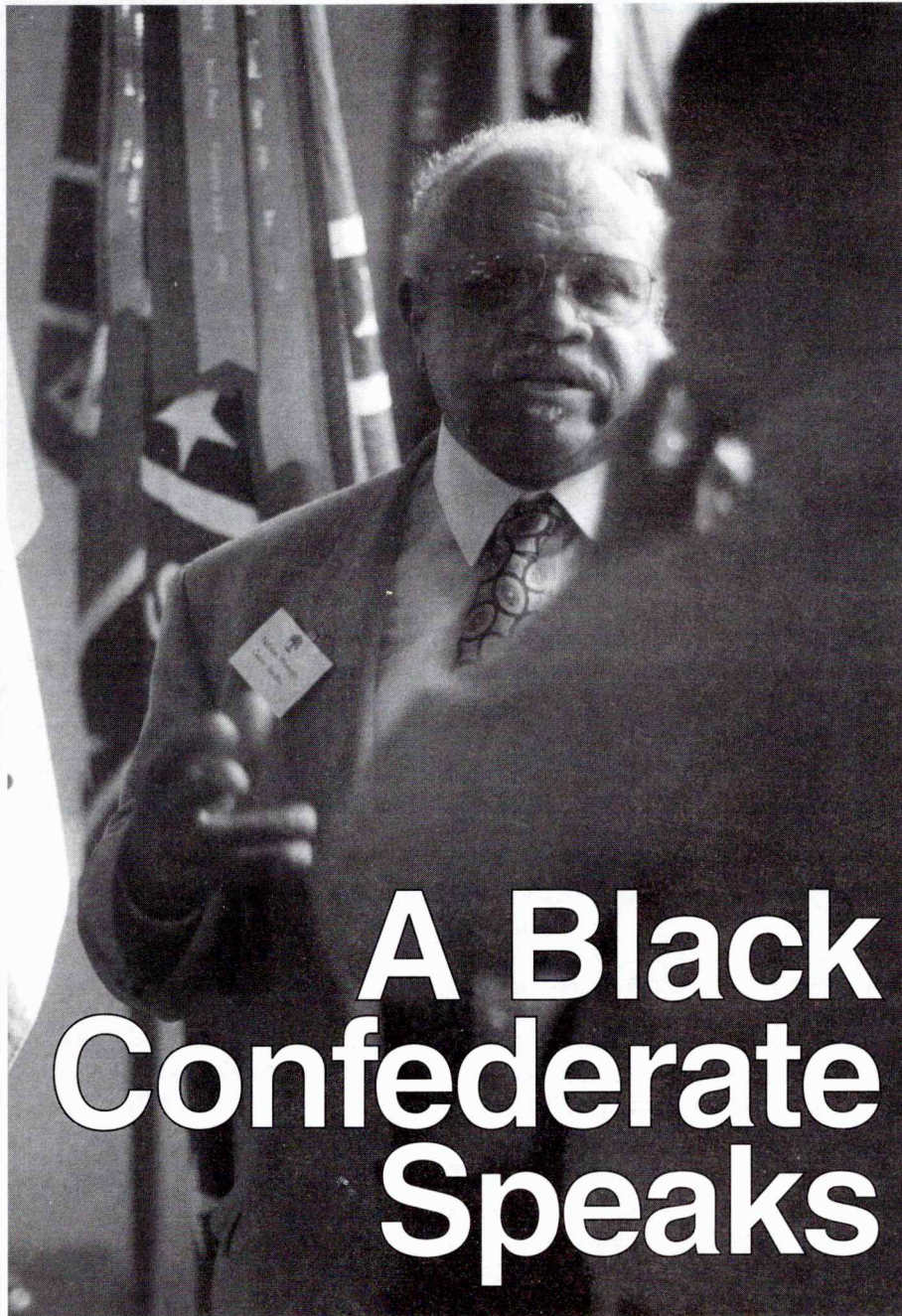
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A Black Confederate Speaks

Nelson Winbush is an anomaly to some: a black man who loves to talk about his grandfather the Confederate soldier. A retired teacher and coach from Kissimmee, Florida, Winbush is outspoken in his defense of the Confederate cause and eagerly relates the story of his grandfather's service to the South.

When we spoke to him about his heritage, he was at his home resting up between his many speaking engagements.

Southern Partisan: Tell us a little about your Confederate ancestor. What was his name?

Nelson Winbush: Louis Napoleon Nelson.

SP: With a name like Napoleon he should have been a fighter, I guess. What was his role in the war effort?

NW: Well he went to war along with his master and son, E.R. and Sidney Oldham of Lauderdale County, Tennessee. They were Company M, 7th Tennessee Cavalry.

SP: And so he basically served as a body servant to these ...

NW: Yes. Initially he went as E.R. Oldham's cook and bodyguard. As things progressed, he assumed other roles, too. E.R. was the son of his master, Mr. James Oldham.

SP: Was he ever an actual rifle-toting soldier in the War?

NW: He was in combat at Lookout Mountain, Bryson's Crossroads and Vicksburg.

SP: What year did he die?

NW: 1934.

SP: As a modern-day Confederate, you, yourself are sort of a minority within a minority. Do you ever find that to be a difficult position?

NW: No. No problem at all. Where I was born and raised in Lauderdale County, everybody, black and white, knew about my grandfather. I used to ride in a buggy with him. I was 5 when he passed on. I remember things that he told me that occurred, prior to, during and after the War.

SP: How old was he when the war started?

NW: He went to war at age 14, which was common. He was born in 1847.

SP: He must have had a lot of stories?

NW: Yes. He went to 39 United Confederate Veterans reunions. When he got ready to go to reunions, he just took his hat, walked around the courthouse square. When he got all the way

around, he had more than enough money to go to and come back from wherever the reunion was. He and two other gentlemen, W.B. Drake and Mr. J. Buchanan, both of whom were white, always traveled together. They would board the train in Ripley, Tennessee and pay a grand total of 15 cents one-way.

SP: So you grew up there in Tennessee?

NW: Yes. I lived in his house until I moved to Florida in 1955.

SP: What brought you to Florida?

NW: I came to teach one year, to see what Florida was like, and the sand got between my toes and I haven't gotten away yet. And, as I reflect on things he told me about Florida, coming to reunions in Tampa and Jacksonville, in a sense I feel like I was in Florida long before I ever got here. After I got here, I began to recognize things that he described to me as a kid at 5 and younger.

SP: Obviously, you have a lot of personal stories. What's been the source of most of your information about your grandfather?

NW: Stories he told members of the family and all. Just like I said, I used to ride in the buggy with him. Sit on the porch and talk to him. And then, my mother, my grandmother and I, we always talked about him even after he had passed. My grandmother died in 1953 and my mother lived until 1983. In the living room downstairs, we had oodles of pictures, reunion pictures, clippings, newspaper articles, some of which I have in my possession. I happen to have a reunion cap and jacket that were his. I have the Confederate battle flag that draped his coffin when he passed. So ...

SP: So ... at his funeral, he had a Confederate flag on the coffin?

NW: Yes. He was buried in a gray casket, in a Confederate uniform, with a Confederate battle flag. And, I have that flag in my possession. With things like that, there is no argument. People can't argue with what my grandfather told me about himself.

SP: What did he do after the war?

NW: He came back to Lauderdale County and stayed with his former master, Mr. Oldham, for 12 years after the War. So that wasn't a problem with him. My grandfather became a plasterer by trade and he plastered houses all over west Tennessee, parts of Arkansas, Mississippi, Kentucky. Even though he couldn't read or write, he could walk into a house under construction and say, "I need so many bundles of lathe, so many yards of sand, so many slack lime, quick lime, so many kegs of nails." There was very little left when he plastered the whole house. He was good at it.

SP: Do any of your other family members share your view of the Confederacy?

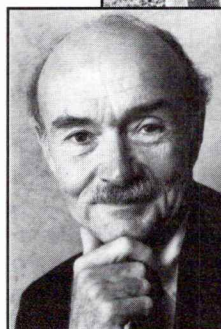
NW: Well, you see my grandfather was married four times. When one wife died, he married the next one. My grandmother having been his fourth wife. They are aware of it and when I do something or make a video or something appears in the paper, I see that they all get copies of it. Yeah. They are all proud of it.

SP: What do you do for a living?

NW: I taught high school, coached athletics, and was assistant principal for the last eight years before I retired in 1982. After that time, I got involved in real estate, selling securities, then a group of us got together and chartered a national bank. We sold it in 1995, so I was free again. I just travel and talk and speak and I'm proud of going to various places that my grandfather went and told me about.

SP: In your view, what was the South fighting for?

NW: Well, secession was perfectly legal the way the Constitution was writ-



Southern Partisan contributor Robert Drake.

"The Big Three" included Drake's grandfather (center) and Winbush's grandfather (right).

ten. Lincoln decided he wanted to declare war on the South. So, when the South was invaded the Southerners saw fit to defend their homes. The Yankee historians want to make people believe that the war was about slavery. The war wasn't about slavery. The war was about states' rights and tariffs; they call 'em taxes now. The system was skewed toward the North.

See, I grew up less than 18 miles from the Mississippi River. We used to go down and watch the barges go up and down the river and I never saw a barge break away going upstream. Every barge I ever saw break away was going downstream. But it cost more money to send cotton and other goods and produce up the river than the refined goods and textiles back down the same river. And the money always stayed up North.

SP: Do you have to defend yourself to friends and just the general public?

NW: No. No, I don't have that problem. People at home in Ripley knew all about my grandfather. The local blacks know all about my grandfather through me and through the media. They'll see me and say, "I saw you in the paper and I cut the article out," because the major-

ity of the blacks here, that have been here any time, I had them as students anyway. So they know me real well. I don't have a problem. Same thing with the whites. The Yankees that come down, they just have to fall in line!

SP: There has been a lot of attention recently and several newspaper articles written on the general question about blacks who served in the Confederacy and how many served, whether they served willingly, and that sort of thing. Have you been able to do much research on this?

NW: Well, my grandfather was quoted in newspapers, The *Commercial Appeal* out of Memphis and the *Lauderdale County Enterprise*, the county paper there at home, as saying that if he had wanted, he could have left any time during the war, but he didn't. So I see him as typical.

SP: What do you know about his, I guess we might say, his political views? Obviously, there have been a lot of changes from his day to this.

NW: After the war was over there was a lot of unrest in and about the Memphis area. Especially among the blacks, and they were really getting to riot. They met and met. Finally they decided that they wanted somebody to come in and talk to them. Of all the people in the United States, I'll bet you can't guess who they invited to come talk to them. Nathan Bedford Forrest.

SP: That is interesting.

NW: He obliged their request. He went and spoke with them. They met for three or four days, so my grandfather said, when the thing wound down in the end, Gen. Forrest had basically one thing to say. He said, "These people in office, they're not doing what they are supposed to do. When it comes time to vote, just be sure you go vote and vote their a**** out."

Then my grandfather, who could not read or write his name in boxcar letters, came back to Lauderdale County and every time they said, "let's vote," he voted. He really didn't care if he was the only Democrat in Lauderdale County, because he hated the Republicans with a passion.

SP: What do you say to those

who, today, try to remove Confederate flags and monuments from public display?

NW: You can't erase history. That's history. It's a disservice to people on both sides to say, "Let's omit it."

SP: What was your experience growing up in the South? Was it a good experience? Bad experience?

NW: I've had no problem. I've done any and everything I wanted to do at any age. Of course, I wasn't trying to do unreasonable things. My kids were raised as far South as you can go and still be in the United States, there in Florida. My daughter graduated from FSU in criminology at age 20. My son graduated high school here and went on and graduated Annapolis the same year I retired. He's in the Naval Reserves now. He's a lieutenant commander. He works for IBM. The number two man in the South. So, the South is not a problem. The problem is with people who are looking for problems or who make problems, I guess. Regardless of color.

SP: If the South had won, do you think we'd be better off than we are now?

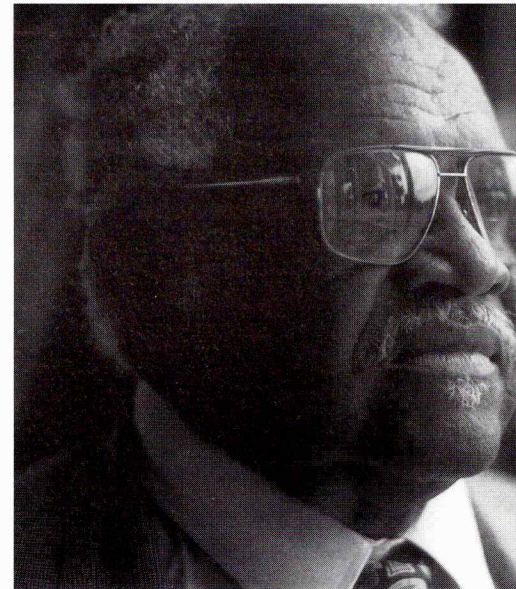
NW: I don't see where we could have been any worse off. That's my opinion.

SP: Do you think Southern blacks would be better off if the South had won?

NW: Perhaps so. Because, you see, what the Yankees don't tell you in the history books is that people back then lived as extended families. They went to the same churches, were named on the same church rolls, buried in the same cemeteries. The problems almost look to me to be like they're mythical.

SP: The Confederate flag that flies over the statehouse in South Carolina and the Georgia and Mississippi state flags include the Confederate flag design and have been in the news a lot as political controversies in those states. I'd be interested to know what your view is on those controversies.

NW: Well, I'll tell you the same thing that I told reporters who have inter-



viewed me in all of those states. I believe the people of each state are intelligent enough to sit down, discuss and make their own decisions about that flag. Part of the problem that I see occurring is due to the fact that you have some outsiders run in and are half-competent and make suggestions, then they pack up and leave and leave the local folks to live with it.

SP: What do you see when you see the Confederate flag? What does it mean to you?

NW: To me it represents a point in time when there was great stress in this country. And, going back to where you were talking about the flag flying over these capitols, if blood is on it, then it is wrong. The American flag flew in the same war. The American flag was flying when the Native Americans were run off of their property and forced to go on reservations. There is just as much or more blood on it than there would be on the Confederate battle flag.

SP: If you had been alive at the time, back in the 1860s, would you have been willing to fight for the South?

NW: I probably would have been right along there with my granddaddy. You see, what people don't realize, when the Yankees came South, they were hoodlums. The first thing they did was rape the black women, then they raped the black missy girls, those that are approaching young womanhood. Then the jokers went and got drunk

See, I grew up less than 18 miles from the Mississippi River. We used to go down and watch the barges go up and down the river and I never saw a barge break away going upstream. Every barge I ever saw break away was going downstream. But it cost more money to send cotton and other goods and produce up the river than the refined goods and textiles back down the same river. And the money always stayed up North.

before they could rape the white women. Well, now if that was enough to make the white Southerners mad enough to go fight them, then why in the hell couldn't the black Southerners be just as angry? He's had a double dose before the white Southerner had a first dose.

SP: That's an interesting point.

NW: Then they proceeded to burn the houses to the ground. Now if the house I was living in was burned to the ground, would it make a whole lot of difference whether it was my house or my master's house? Now if racism had existed like the Yankees would like to lead people to believe, when the master and his older sons went off to war (and we're talking about the boys 12 years old and older) who is left to take care of the missus and the children? Did anything happen to them? No.

They were respected, guarded and taken care of. If racism had existed like the Yankees want you to believe it existed, explain to me how in the world all of those white babies lived suckling a black mammy's breast?

SP: There's a lot of press coverage today given to the state of race relations, a lot of talk about how bad race relations are. Do you agree with that or do you think ...

NW: The people who are saying that, most of them: Where do they live? Where do they come from? And what do they represent? The majority of them?

SP: I guess they're newspaper reporters.

NW: That's right. And you see, this country is controlled by that old dirty Yankee money that controls the media. That's the electronic media and the printed media. See, all your major networks, major newspapers, are controlled by who? Yankees!

SP: So, based on your experience, you'd say that it is something that's pretty much the media's making a big deal out of ...

NW: They're selling papers and air time.

SP: And on a personal level ...

NW: They don't give a damn what happened or what will happen. The more controversy that can be stirred up, the more papers they sell.

SP: You've been interviewed a lot in the newspapers, do you find a ready audience for your perspective?

NW: Yes. You see, I restrict my speaking to Sons of Confederate Veterans camps or SCV-sponsored activities, United Daughters of the Confederacy and Civil War Round Table meetings. Now sometimes they might invite the public but they are the people that invited me and if one is off the wall, people could raise the question, I'll tell them where to get off right in a hurry! Because, my position is, you can't argue with me about what my grandfather said he did and what actually happened to him.

SP: So you just cut straight to the point?

NW: That's right. And see, what I find in traveling, people are all saying the same thing. After they hear me speak and we sit around and talk afterwards, people my age and older, especially if they're old, "I remember my great-great-great somebody, grandmother, grandfather, uncle or somebody, said something happened in our family between the races." And everything is positive. These are all people who come from different places, different names, different incidents, but the underlying thing is that the people were concerned about each other, black and white. They were caring for each other.

SP: What's been your main source of research on your grandfather? Has it been personal papers?

NW: Personal papers, pictures ...

SP: Have you been able to go back and do much research as far as newspapers from the time, archives, and that sort of thing?

NW: We have the newspapers right here in the house. And then other people have been curious and they have researched and sent me copies of stuff they've researched. Some pictures.

SP: In the research and reading that you've done, do you have any idea about how many others there may have been like Napoleon?

NW: See, there are some that are not even counted ... What about all of those who stayed back and were working in foundries, making weapons? You know, cannons, rifles, muskets? If it had been a race thing, don't you think those damn things would have blown up in Johnny Reb's face?

I happen to have had the chance to be in Rome, Georgia, to speak. I was carried to where they would test fire the cannons across the river, shooting into the riverbank. Blacks were there. They also carried me to a place in Alabama called "The Furnace" where they were smelting pig iron to make weapons and blacks were involved there. That's just one locality. The same thing happened all over.

SP: So, have you had a lot of contact with others who tell a similar story?

NW: A good example is Robert Drake, who lives in Knoxville, Tennessee. He wrote about my grandfather in a past issue of *Southern Partisan*. Robert Drake's grandfather, W. B. Drake, and my grandfather, Louis, were two of the three that always traveled together for these reunions. So Robert's grandfather, my grandfather, and Mr. J. Buchanan were referred to as "the big three" by all three families. All of them lived in Lauderdale County.

SP: Are those the three men in the picture that was published ...

NW: That's right. The one that's in the center is W.B. Drake, the taller one. Then, inside was a lengthy article about the three of them, their escapades going to and from reunions. You know,

(Interview Continued On Page 49)

Madison Jones Goes to War

BY TOM LANDESS

A REVIEW OF: *Nashville 1864: The Dying of the Light*

by Madison Jones
J. S. Sanders & Co., 1997
144 pages, \$17.95

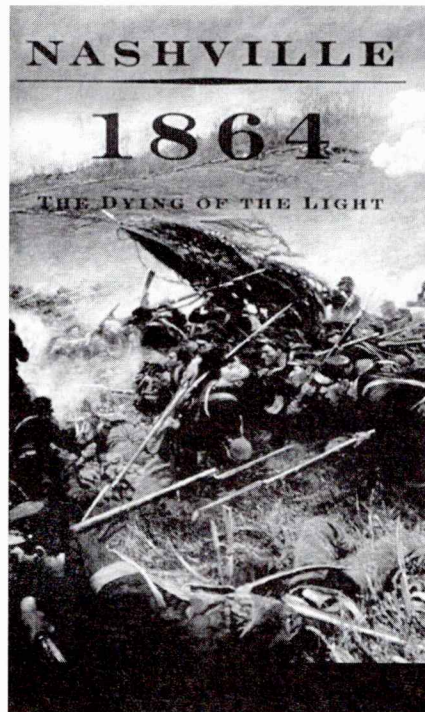
Madison Jones, who recently retired from teaching at Auburn, is the best Southern fiction writer still at work, and one of the top two or three American novelists writing in the second half of the 20th century. Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, all the earlier masters published at least one embarrassingly bad work in the process of winning the highest recognition from literary critics. Jones has never come a cropper—not once in 10 tries, which may be a Guinness record. He has written ten superb novels, all of which are gripping stories as well as genuine examples of literature.

Nor has he ever compromised the integrity of a narrative in the service of political correctness—or, for that matter, incorrectness. When he published *A Cry of Absence*, a novel set during the civil rights era, some of his Southern friends grumbled about the flaws in the Southern conservative protagonist, while Northern critics were offended by his even more damning portrait of the Yankee liberal. In the end, the Southern heroine emerges as the better of the two because she acknowledges the reality of guilt and the necessity for repentance—ideas the quintessential Yankee intruder finds utterly bewildering.

Of course, *A Cry of Absence* isn't really about the civil rights movement. It is concerned with sin—something Southerners are more inclined to believe in than Northerners, which is one good reason why Madison Jones is properly

regarded as a Southern writer. His novels are always about sin rather than about something as unimportant as politics. But occasionally he fools you into believing you're reading social or historical commentary disguised as fiction. Then, after you think you're headed in the right direction, you suddenly find yourself on a dark, unfamiliar highway with the wrong road map in your glove compartment.

For example, Southern partisans will want to read Jones' new novel as a stark expose of Yankee arro-



gance—and the book is certainly that. Nowhere in contemporary fiction are you likely to find a passage like the final sentences of *Nashville 1864*, spoken by Steven Moore, the narrator:

And looking out from the hilltop over the green field and the ridge of hills beyond, I again remembered [a woman in a buggy] that cold day, saying that she could not believe God would ever

forgive them. They might have been my father's words. Or my own words, even now, though thirty-five years have passed.

This speech—along with Steven's fair-minded and convincing account of slavery at the beginning of the narrative—helps to frame the action that takes place in between: the adventures of two young Southern boys (one white, one a slave) during the darkest days of the War in the West. Steven and the slave boy, Dink, embark on a dangerous journey through enemy lines to locate Steven's father, who is fighting at the front and desperately needed at home. The youngsters suddenly find themselves caught up in the Battle of Nashville, one of the bloodiest encounters of the war. What they learn during the ensuing carnage (rather than Steven's pronouncements on the meaning of history) is the true focus of the narrative, though you're perfectly free to enjoy the Yankee-bashing along the way.

Steven Moore speaks for his generation, as well as that of his father—those Southern men old enough to have fought the Northern hoards. But what Steven has to say is ambiguous and troubling. While he may remember the institution of slavery as flawed but benevolent, his own recollection of his friend Dink is guilt-ridden—and with cause.

As for Dink, the battle changes his attitude toward the relationship he has previously enjoyed with his white owners. During the earlier stages of their perilous journey, Dink and Steven encounter a black Union soldier, who tells the slave boy, "How come you ain't free? All you got do is walk away. Mr. Lincum done freed you long time ago."

Dink's reply to the black soldier indicates where his loyalties initially lie:

He had turned half around to say, loud enough

for the black man to hear him, "I'm a Confed'rate."

Later, however, after the boys have watched a black Union regiment mowed down by Confederate fire, Dink becomes sullen and uncommunicative. Steven intuitively knows what's wrong and attempts to explain the massacre in terms Dink can accept.

Finally, all but bursting out with it, I said, "They were Yankees too, come to take our country away from us. We got to fight back."

The silence again, but this time it was brief. He said, "They was niggers just like me."

Something has intervened to destroy the friendship of the two, as well as the loyalty of black to white. It is not the Yankee promise of freedom that alienates Dink from Steven. There is no indication that the boy is chafing under the yoke of involuntary servitude. What we witness instead is a sudden and instinctive awareness of personal identity that has nothing to do with the institution of slavery. The ensuing action simply confirms the irrevocable breach that has occurred between black and white, one over which neither boy has control. Thus the ending of Steven's story is inevitably tragic, not merely because Southern civilization is destroyed, but because these valuable human relationships are too fragile to survive the cataclysm of total war.

Steven is left embittered, less by defeat than by the contemptuous cruelty of the victorious army. Thus his final questioning of God's capacity for mercy is not merely a commentary on the conduct of the Yankee barbarians, but an unintentional revelation of the state of his own soul.

Of course, you can't entirely trust Steven. Like every good first-person narrator, he is flawed. His view of his region's history may be skewed by bitter experience. However, his por-

trait of the Union soldiers is trustworthy. They behave as badly as he says they do—and he gives concrete evidence to prove his point, while admitting there were good Yankees as well as bad ones.

But that argument is of secondary importance, because this book isn't really about Yankees or their historical crimes, despite the book's dust jacket, which shows nothing but the boys in blue. The novel is about Southerners who accept responsibility for their own actions. It's important to note that Steven, while treating the Old South with respect and affection, reserves the harshest judgment for his own conduct—despite the fact that at the time he was only a 12-year-old boy caught up in a man's war.

He sees history as an action in which individuals are responsible for their own part, however small. That's why the narrative's true battle takes place within his own mind and heart rather than on the hills and fields surrounding Nashville.

Yet, in this novel, the Battle of Nashville is as convincing as any fictional conflict in literature. The guns, the shelling, the stark terror of the participants, the bloody aftermath of carnage, the odor of death—all are rendered in terms so graphic that they overrun the imagination. Novelists don't always do well when they go to war. Jones can make you believe he's a grizzled veteran full of first-hand information.

Nashville 1864 (published by J.S. Sanders & Company, P.O. Box 50331, Nashville, Tennessee 37205) is a short novel, a mere 144 pages—and small pages at that. But it deals with moral complexities as immense as any treated in *War and Peace*. If you're young enough to buy books that you'd still want to read 25 or 50 years from now, then at \$17.95 this is a steal. As a matter of fact, you can rest assured that your great-grandchildren will still be able to read it with interest and understanding, provided they can still tell the difference between a Southerner and a Yankee. And if they can't, this book will make the distinction abundantly

clear. The Southerners, they will soon see, are the ones with consciences. ❖

Tom Landess has served as an advisor, editor, and contributor to *Southern Partisan* for over a decade and a half.



Madison Jones is the author of nine previous novels, including *An Exile* (made into the film *Walk the Line*), *A Cry of Absence*, and most recently *To the Winds*. His first novel, *The Innocent*, has been reissued by J.S. Sanders & Company. He is a native of Nashville, Tennessee, and lives and works in Auburn, Alabama, where he is professor emeritus of English at Auburn University.

**HELP
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Partisan
KEEP UP
THE FIGHT!**

**Visit the
Southern
Partisan
General Store
(page 53)**

The De-Deification of Mr. Lincoln

BY CHARLES ADAMS

A REVIEW OF:
*Emancipating Slaves,
Enslaving Free Men*

by Jeffrey Hummel

Open Court Press

421 pages, 1996, \$17.95

Jeffrey Hummel subtitles his *Emancipating Slaves, Enslaving Free Men*, with "A History of the American Civil War." You may wonder, haven't enough histories of that great conflict been written already? The answer has to be, "Of course not." With more than a century of sanitizing, *ad nauseam*, the Northern zeal to deify Lincoln and his war, one would suspect that all the Lincoln Ivy League idolizing historians would have to die off, like the Bolsheviks in Russia, before we can have a truly objective history. In 1930, H.L. Mencken, a witty and no-holds-barred journalist with a Will Rogers style, wrote that an honest history of Lincoln could not be written now that he had become a national diety.

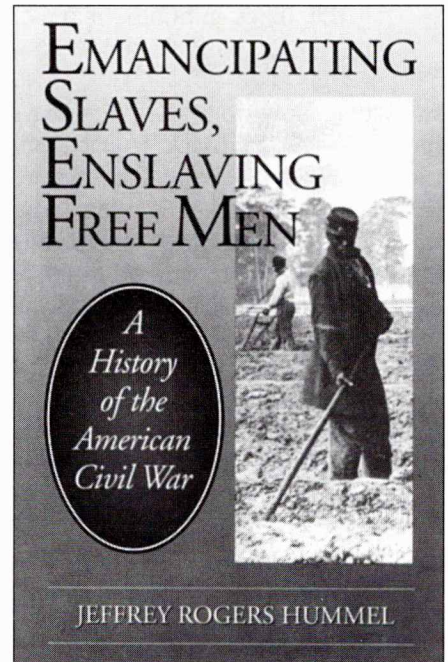
I grew up in the Northern society, like Hummel, that did indeed deify Lincoln. I was taught in my early childhood that this god-like man could probably have walked on water had he tried, what I have since called, "The Walk on Water Lincoln Syndrome." Hummel is no Lincoln idolizer, despite his upbringing. His book puts forth a vast array of facts that show Lincoln more like a Russian Tsar than a democratic leader. As he shows, Lincoln did not believe in the right of the self-determination of peoples, the essence of democratic thought embodied in the

United Nations Charter and the Atlantic Charter. Had Lincoln so believed, notes Hummel, the Civil War would not have occurred.

The author grew up in eastern New York, a descendant of a Northern general, commander of the 123rd Regiment, New York Volunteers, so he has every family reason to whitewash the war, but he doesn't, which speaks highly of his objective scholarship. He learned to love history as a boy, and became fascinated with the War Between the States from a board game on the Battle of Gettysburg. He is now a professor of History and Economics at Golden State University in San Francisco. Professor Hummel's book has been widely acclaimed by Northern historians, and even they acknowledge that his is a refreshing book of real scholarship about America's great national tragedy.

Any reader who wants a brief but clear history of slavery will find this a good read. Hummel shows that slavery was not a good economic system. But it did cause secession, said Hummel, in the solid South. The border states like Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas seceded because they weren't about to provide troops for Lincoln's invasion of the South.

It seems to this reviewer that the cause of secession had been brewing for decades. There was a yearning for independence once it became evident the equal partnership in the Union was over. The election of 1860 showed that the tables had finally turned. No longer would Southern politicians form a significant bulk of leadership in the federal government. In short, Southerners were out;



Northerners with hostile attitudes to the South, were in. Since Lincoln was prepared to give slavery more protection than it had ever before enjoyed, it was not slavery, but the inferior in the Union that compelled secession.

Professor Hummel acknowledges that Lincoln's war against the South came from a single mind-set—to prevent the secession of the Southern states at all costs—even if it required the slaughter of almost 650,000 men and half a million wounded and disabled for life. Even if it meant the total destruction of civilized life in the South and a land filled with widows and orphans. In his second inaugural address, racked with guilt over the carnage, Lincoln blamed the war on God—it was God punishing America for having tolerated slavery. If so, you may ask, how come the rest of the civilized world that had slavery got off without being punished?

When you get down to the nuts and bolts of Lincoln's decision to go to war, you come up with hard-boiled economics—what most wars are really about. Lincoln went to war because he and his powerful commercial interest in the North saw the Confederacy as a dangerous threat to Northern prosperity. Once this became

apparent, Northern newspapers in March of 1861, shifted from an attitude of letting the South go, to "Destroy the South," "Bring utter ruin on the Confederacy," and "Blockade every port." These inflammatory editorials gave Lincoln the support he needed to go to war. Charles Dickens saw this as the real cause of the war. I am surprised Hummel, being an economist, didn't see the war the same way.

Hummel, like so many scholars, believes slavery would have been abolished no matter what, and he suggested the emancipation in Brazil may have been a course the South would have followed. I believe Russia set the best example. The Tsar in 1861 freed over 30 million serfs, 10 times as many slaves as in America. He took 10 years to develop a program of emancipation, designed to assure the assimilation of the serfs into Russian society. Economic ideals were given to the serfs as goals to achieve. Unfortunately in America, after Lincoln's huge army devastated the South such an enlightened course was not possible.

Hummel analyzes the war economies of both the North and South. He calls the South's system socialism, (i.e., government ownership of war industries). In the North, he calls the war economy new mercantilism, which was centered in fiscal gamesmanship—paper money and myriad taxes. The military draft was unpopular on both sides and produced some bloody riots. Hummel also gives an honest account of Lincoln's imprisonment of those who spoke out against his war. Lincoln even signed an order to imprison the chief justice for writing an opinion declaring his arrests unconstitutional. Lincoln believed that he alone was the final arbiter of constitutional issues, not the courts or Congress. Like a Russian autocrat he could imprison anyone who disagreed with him, and he could shut down newspapers that didn't agree with his views on just about anything. Big government in

Washington that has survived to this day was Lincoln's doing, said Hummel.

Hummel's remarkable book suffers from what most Civil War historians have to contend with—more than a hundred years of sanitizing the war by thousands of books. Unwittingly, even an historian with the best of intentions will end up in the sanitation brigade. For example, Fort Sumter was a "starving garrison," and Lincoln's "provisioning only" was a humanitarian effort. If so, then why was his naval force to consist of 11 warships, 285 cannon and 2,500 men? If they were starving, what were they buying in the markets of Charleston right up to a week before Sumter? They even had their own butcher. When the fort ran out of cigars, Confederate officers saw to it that the desired cigars were provided with their compliments. Starvation my foot!

Like every historian who has ever written on the subject, Sherman's March to the Sea is never analyzed from the standpoint of international law. Hummel tells a chilling story of the barbarism and he should be congratulated for that, but what is always omitted is that this destruction of civilian society violated the laws of war at that time as they were codified in the first Geneva Convention. Northern historians are not about to raise the war-crimes issue and brand Sherman, Sheridan and Grant as criminals. But the day may come when someone will have to explain to brainwashed Americans about their deified Civil War leaders—what the Russians have just had to explain to their citizens about the deified Lenin and his associates.

Professor Hummel's final chapters on Reconstruction have a strong Northern flavor, and he is hardly sympathetic to the plight of a conquered people with an army of occupation and alien bureaucrats running their society. The Reconstruction story is easily understood if you recognize what

many historians have stated is a common truth. The seeds of the next war are usually sown by the army of occupation following the last war. Under such circumstances, secret societies are born from a disenfranchised populace. Formation of the Ku Klux Klan was inevitable, and the KKK played a role as a *de facto* government of the defeated citizens of the Confederacy. It was the next war on a new level, but a war nevertheless to oust the intruding Republicans of the North and their alliance with freed slaves. In the end, the army of occupation gave up the fight, leaving the blacks to face an angry and embittered Southern society that took out their rage. One could easily blame the Black Codes, segregation and the loss of the black man's civil rights on the Republican Reconstruction policy.

Scholars have praised Hummel's work. It is a half-way house between Lincoln idolators and Southern historians. The middle ground should make the book palatable to both sides, especially Northern readers who have been force-fed Lincoln adoration since childhood, as I was. Increasingly, the truth about the war is being accepted by the North, but not the whole truth at this time. Hummel's book is a fine piece of work, but it is still only a half-way house along a path that may someday lead to the whole truth. ☼

Charles Adams is a regular Southern Partisan contributor and author of For Good & Evil: The Impact of Taxes on the Course of Civilization.

★ COMING SOON ★

Lincoln, the Man
by Edgar Lee Masters

A new edition from the Foundation
for American Education



WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

"In the introduction to a *Treasury of Civil War Tales*, I wrote, 'This volume does not begin to exhaust the rich lode of Civil War material available.' The same is true of the present volume. Hopefully, though, *Civil War Trivia* will prove to be an enjoyable challenge to every student of this most unusual of wars, the ramifications of which continue to our own time."

—Webb Garrison in the introduction to *Civil War Trivia*


1. Though not a word might be said, what message was communicated when cooked rations for three days were issued?
2. What commercial agency delivered mail in both the North and the South for several months after Fort Sumter?
3. For as long as a letter could be sent from one warring region to another, what was the cost?
4. What Confederate general had on his staff a wire-tap expert who sometimes penetrated the Federal telegraph network?
5. When Lee considered it imperative that Magruder understand orders for Malvern Hill, what did he do?
6. In one of his letters, whom did General McClellan characterize as simply "a teller of low stories"?
7. When McClellan was removed from command of the Army of the Potomac, how did he get word of the demotion?
8. Ordered in May 1862 to move against Stonewall Jackson, General McClellan required how long to advance seventy miles?
9. What famed transportation route crossed the Blue Ridge Mountains at Turner's Gap Kentucky?
10. How did Stonewall Jackson typically begin messages in which

he reported victories?

ANSWERS

1. "Prepare to attack."
2. The American Express Letter Company.
3. Twenty-five cents.
4. Cavalryman-raider John Hunt Morgan.
5. He rode to Savage's Station to explain them in person.
6. Abraham Lincoln.
7. From a day-old newspaper.
8. About eight days.
9. The National Road
10. "Through God's blessing..."

Webb Garrison is a veteran writer who lives in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. Formerly associate dean of Emory University and president of McKenree College, he has written 40 books, including A Treasury of White House Tales, and A Treasury of Christmas Stories. Civil War Trivia and Fact Book. ©1992 by Webb Garrison and reprinted by permission of Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, Tennessee.



SOUTHERN SAMPLER

ON STATE SOVEREIGNTY

"The great mass of legislation relating to our internal affairs was intended to be left where the Federal Convention found it—in the state governments."

—Andrew Jackson

ON WHY WE FOUGHT

"It was not for slavery but the sovereignty of the states, which is practically the right to resume self government or to secede."

—Edward Porter Alexander, General, CSA

ON ROBERT E. LEE

"I think that military critics will rank General Lee as a decidedly the most audacious commander who has lived since Napoleon."

—Edward Porter Alexander, General, CSA

ON STANDING ON PRINCIPLE

"... in his old-fashioned way, he would accept no pardon, for pardon could be construed to imply wrongdoing, and wrongdoing was what, in honor and principle, he denied."

—Robert Penn Warren, explaining why Jefferson Davis never sought a pardon from the U.S. government

ON THE DIFFERENCE, NORTH AND SOUTH

"The parties in this conflict are not merely Abolitionists and slaveholders, they are Atheists, Socialists, Communists, Red Republicans, Jacobins on the one side and the friends of order and regulated freedom on the other. In one word, the world is the battleground, Christianity and Atheism the combatants and the progress of humanity the stake."

—Rev. James Henley Thornwell, South Carolina minister, during the war.

ON ANDREW JACKSON

"Of a noble nature and incapable of disguise, his thoughts lay open to all around him and won their confidence by his ingenuous frankness."

—George Bancroft

DEVOUTLY SPEAKING

BY ROBERT HILLDRUP

In *Love In The Ruins*, his remarkable novel of comedy and Christian hope written more than 25 years ago, the late Walker Percy had his leading character, Tom More, M.D., offer this lamentable self-diagnosis:

"I believe in God and the whole business but I love women best, music and science next, whiskey next, God fourth, and my fellow man hardly at all."

I think of Percy often when I think of all the things the churches of America have come to love, a particularly sad situation when one remembers that this includes so many of the churches of the South, churches that should know better.

Percy, heir to a distinguished Mississippi name and fortune, was himself a nonpracticing M.D. and, as an adult, a convert to Catholicism. Yet his books were and are remarkably prophetic when it comes to the modern church, for, God knows, we have come to love and worship every fad and fashion, forgetting in the process not only the truths of our history, but the sufferings of our past.

There is a theme that runs throughout much of Percy's work—his essays as well as his novels—that can perhaps be expressed like this. Two men are lost in a wilderness. One discovers that he is lost; the other does not. Which of the men is worse off?

Some might say that the one who does not know he is lost is the better off, for at least he has the peace of his ignorance, while the other realizes that he is in peril and suffers frightfully because of that knowledge.

And yet the one who comes to know he is lost at least also knows that he must begin the search for a way out of the wilderness.

The modern church so often combines the worst of both men lost in the wilderness: it thought it was lost when it was not, and so began to wander in search of what had already been found, turning down each and every new path and trail until it had gone so far from its center that it had at last lost its way.

Which is where Percy's fictional Dr. More is one up on the modern church. He is indeed lost, knows it, and sets out on a search to put himself right again whilst laying waste to the false gods of psychology and scientism and doing battle with the eternal tempter, Art Immelman who, as any pilot would recognize from his name, never travels in a straight line and can fly marvelous loops and whirls.

The Southern church, regardless of denomination, is historically a suffering church. It is a church that lived through the agonies of Union invasion and destruction and the occupation that followed. Its buildings were destroyed, its communion services stolen and its supporters often bankrupted. Yet the God who sustained the Southern churches in their suffering seems to have been, if not forgotten, at least subordinated. The grand old hymns

that gave perspective and hope have been purged from so many hymnbooks. Sin has been labeled an "alternative lifestyle." The majestic confession that precedes receipt of holy communion reads and sounds like a fast food order.

The result, of course, is the mass exodus of membership that so many main line churches have experienced—an exodus which proves that substituting sociology for scripture is to reject the time-proved road map for the time-trendy one.

Cleanth Brooks, the distinguished Louisiana State University writer and critic, wrote in 1936, "If the Christian assumptions are valid, then the Christian theologian and pastor, whatever the world may think, can hardly have a more important vocation."

But, he added, if Protestant liberalism triumphs, Christianity may well be doomed, at least in those churches, and the triumphant liberals therein will be free to create their own religion "which puts the material well being of man first, the liquidation of certain classes and whatever else may be necessary."

Which is why, looking back at the fictional Tom More, it's refreshing to see a sinner who knows he is one, a sinner in the traditional sense who has the courage to confess. Like the "sovereign wayfarer" with whom Walker Percy has been compared, there are, thank god, always those who can point the modern church to where it lost its way. ☛

Robert Hilldrup lives in Short Pump—a suburb of Richmond, Virginia—and is a Methodist layman. He is the first of a number of authors who will share duties as writer of this new column.

Original Meanings: Politics and Ideas in the Making of the Constitution

by Jack N. Rakove

Knopf, 1996

439 pages, \$35, cloth

In a 1986 article in *The Atlantic* entitled "Mr. Meese, Meet Mr. Madison," Prof. Jack N. Rakove of Stanford University set up a straw man argument for "original intent" jurisprudence, attributed it to then-Attorney General Edwin Meese, and knocked it down. Two years later, in a law review article entitled "The Madisonian Moment," he adopted the fiction of James Madison as lawgiver.

Now, in his third book, Rakove expands on the latter theme at full length. With swipes at Robert Bork and kind words for a Warren Court partisan, he undertakes to show that the Constitution's meaning is indeterminate at root. Some of the book is very persuasive on that score. The conclusion Rakove would have his readers draw is unappealing, to say the least.

Rakove uses the word "reactionary" to describe Madison's attitude toward the states in the 1780s. He was, Rakove makes clear, completely disgusted with the influence the Revolution had given the common man in state government, and he was determined to see that power was taken away from the states and given to the federal government. His devices of choice were apportionment by population, (cutting the state legislatures out of election to the federal legislature), and a federal veto over all state laws.

Madison's favorite devices were rejected. He lost on the majority of votes held in the Philadelphia Convention. He remained unhappy with the proposed United States Constitution for months after, and his interpre-

tations of various clauses were famously inconsistent. Why, then, elevate him to "lawgiver" status?

If Madison was the lawgiver, and if he was wildly inconsistent, then "original meanings" must be impossible to divine. There you are, judges, do what you like. One can see why Sanford Levinson, whom Robert Bork says called himself a constitutional "Nietzschean," provides an adulatory blurb for the back of Rakove's book. (Ironically, Rakove says that Bork's book on constitutionalism gives no evidence Bork has ever delved into the primary sources in a serious way, but the citation to Bork's book he provides does not lead to a passage illustrating that point.)

Famously, Article II of the federal constitution is nearly devoid of content. It simply says, in the relevant section, that the president will have the executive power. Rakove persuasively demonstrates that the reason the provision is so opaque is that there was effectively no intention of the framers on this question. They wanted, he said, to leave it to time and experience to determine the limits of the presidency's power. The ratifiers, too, were basically silent about the content of "the executive power."

Here, then, there is room for ... what? For delegating control of our fundamental legal document's content to the legal profession? That conclusion is what lies behind Rakove's question whether "we" wish to be bound by the intentions of people long dead. It is not that those people were our moral superiors. They probably were not. It is not even that they were profound political thinkers (although the first two senators from my state, Virginia, were certainly a cut above the current pair intellectually). Rather, we must insist that judges be, as Jefferson put it, bound down by the chains of the Constitution because if they are not, they will merely exercise their own will.

Few Americans, it seems likely to me, would choose rule by lawyers over rule by plumbers or by police officers or by teachers or by, well, anyone else. Rakove's discussions of American attitudes concerning rights and Federalists' use of the idea of ratification are interesting, and his expertise in matters Madisonian is relevant. However, 1787 was not Madison's moment.

—K.R. Constantine Gutzman

Sectional Crisis and Southern Constitutionalism

by Don E. Fehrenbacher

LSU Press, 1996

200 pages, \$10.95 paper

Stanford Professor Emeritus Don E. Fehrenbacher is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Dred Scott Case: Its Significance in American Law and Politics* and the finisher of David Potter's similarly acclaimed *The Impending Crisis: Sectional Crisis and Southern Constitutionalism* presents under one cover six of his essays/speeches previously published in two separate books. For anyone interested in the constitutional history of the years up to 1865, this new book is worth reading.

The first section of the book, "The South and Three Sectional Crises," includes chapters on the Missouri Crises of 1819-21, the events culminating in the Compromise of 1850, and the Kansas fracas. In straightforward narrative, Fehrenbacher makes his case for the centrality of the South in the divergence of constitutional views between North and South.

Fehrenbacher's assumption—ubiquitous but mainly unsupported—is that slavery was the issue that brought on the war of 1861-1865, and little attention is paid to other issues. For example, one reads little of the ongoing tariff argument, which started in the first federal

Congress and ended with Lincoln's first inaugural address (wherein he promised the citizens of his rump Union not that he would free slaves, but that yes, he would enforce the tariff). The policy of Henry Clay, which had been trumpeted by the Kentucky senator in his famous "American System" speech of 1824 as an intersectional transfer of wealth, was the North's favorite reason for "Union."

Leaving aside the question whether slavery really should be paid more attention than the tariff, one might also think that a book about a divergence should at least state an argument about fealty to an original understanding. In other words, if two parties grow apart, one might think the one whose views remain invariable could be absolved of blame.

Let there be no mistake, though, Fehrenbacher's is a nuanced account. He concedes that constitutional argument, which is often treated as mere puffery, did help to shape political attitudes in the period under consideration.

To take the theoretical to the concrete, if there was an agreement regarding the future of slavery between slaveholding and free-labor states in 1787, and if free-labor states subsequently decided to refuse to live up to their end of the bargain, the onus of infidelity should lie on the fickle. All one receives from Fehrenbacher on this score is a bald statement that the idea the South would never have joined the union of 1787 without the fugitive slave clause is a myth. I, for one, am unpersuaded. Madison's notes of the Philadelphia convention, besides the bare 10-vote margin by which Virginia ratified, seem to support the "myth."

The second half of the book, "Constitutions and Constitutionalism in the Slaveholding South," includes three excellent essays: one on state constitutions, one on the South and the United States Constitution, and

one on the South and the Confederate States Constitution. Readers of *Southern Partisan* will know that Marshall DeRosa's *The Confederate Constitution of 1861: An Inquiry into American Constitutionalism* has supplanted Fehrenbacher's essay as the best work on the subject, but the other two essays remain state-of-the-art.

Readers interested in clear introductions to some of the major issues in antebellum political and constitutional history cannot go wrong with this classic collection. The opportunity to gain familiarity with the writing of a major historian is an added attraction.

—KRCG

Dixie Rising: How the South is Shaping American Values, Politics, and Culture

by Peter Applebome

Times Books, 1996

385 pages, \$25 hardback

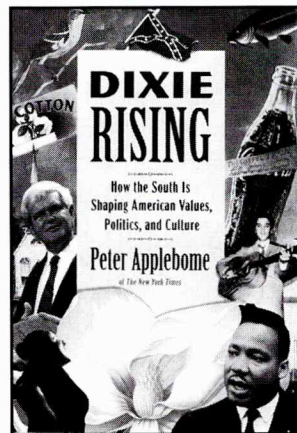
Dixie Rising is the most ambitious tour of the Southland since V.S. Naipaul's 1989 book, *A Turn in the South*. There are, however, major differences in the way the authors approach their subject. An internationally famous novelist, Naipaul was discovering the South for the first time. And in doing so, he came away with positive impressions that did not amuse the East Coast literati.

Peter Applebome, on the other hand, has lived in the South for more than 20 years. Since 1986, he has been the region's *New York Times* bureau chief. A native New Yorker, the author admits that despite his years in Texas and Georgia he is not a Southerner, at least not yet. But that hardly stops *Dixie Rising* from

being a colorful, highly readable portrait of the South. Simply the appearance of books like *A Turn in the South* and *Dixie Rising* confirms the South's standing as the only geographic region of the country with a distinct and vital culture all its own. The fact that the South has even survived as a cultural entity after all these decades of reconstruction is miraculous enough. Ongoing (and often annoying) liberal commentary aside, *Dixie Rising* should stand as a definite account of Southern life in the 1990s.

The book's most interesting thesis is that prosperous Sunbelt suburbs do not represent the end of the South. Communities like Cobb County, Georgia, despite its urban sprawl, still uphold traditional religious values—and conservative politics, too. Mr. Applebome quotes Flannery O'Connor as saying that the South is "not really connected with mocking-birds and beaten biscuits ... anymore than it is with hookworm and bare feet ... It is not made from what passes, but from those qualities that endure." This comment sums up Applebome's own wishes for the region as well. He seems certain that the religious underpinnings of Southern culture can survive overdevelopment or large scale Northern migrations.

On the back jacket, Pat Conroy notes Applebome's "love affair with Dixie." There's plenty of examples. The author, for example, prefers the honky tonks in downtown Nashville to the slick, corporate-style clubs like Planet Hollywood and Hard Rock Cafe. He salutes War Between the States reenactors for keeping ancient memories alive in a nation of "historical amnesiacs." The contrasts between booming Nashville and booming Charlotte to rural poverty in Mississippi and South Carolina are vivid enough.



Indeed, the chapters on Mississippi alone are worth the price of admission. Elvis, the Jefferson Davis house in Beauvoir, the rise of the catfish industry, middle-class blacks and whites in Jackson, a moment when a “market and beer joint” in the Delta on a hot August afternoon “[seems] like the most peaceful place on earth”—in short, the timeless mystique of life in Mississippi reaffirms that the Magnolia State, even with its new gambling economy, remains the most Southern state below the Mason-Dixon line.

The chapter emphasizing George Wallace’s continuing influence on American politics contains this little jewel: “It was Wallace, spreading out from the South like an ink stain on a white napkin, his shirt pocket full of cheap plastic-tipped White Owl cigars, whose appeal to working-class whites in Michigan and Wisconsin as well as Mississippi and Alabama first shot holes through the comfortable illusion of a racist South and an enlightened North.” But the author’s assertion that only the Republicans learned anything from the Wallace phenomenon is questionable. The South has been the GOP’s only area of growth for the past 30 years, but the 1996 election also saw Jack Kemp bitterly attacking the Nixonites—old Southern strategy while the Democrats’ presidential ticket included a former governor of Arkansas and a former senator from Tennessee.

On the subject of politics, Applebome weighs in against both the “neo-Cons” (that’s not Irving Kristol and friends, but most specifically the folks at *Southern Partisan* and The Southern League) and the world view of columnist Lewis Grizzard. The Southern League and other 10th amendment movements have only come into being because the war against the South has never let up. There is no mention here of Virginia Military Institute or The Citadel or the current tobacco wars. (No matter what one thinks about

smoking, if tobacco was grown in say Massachusetts or Connecticut or California, could anyone imagine the ongoing attempt to destroy the tobacco industry)? The Brahmins in New York, Washington and Boston remain as determined to exterminate all of Southern culture as their ancestors were 136 years ago. An Old Right counter attack should exist, if only as a measure of self respect.

Applebome spends several pages praising Grizzard, mainly the columnist’s nerve and imagination. Like the country music mavens, Grizzard ignored the New York/Los Angeles cultural elite and aimed straight for conservative-leaning Southern audiences. But Grizzard, despite some off-handed remarks cited here, was no racist. He never published anything remotely resembling racism. Furthermore, he formed genuine friendships with much of Atlanta’s black political class. During one of Grizzard’s later heart surgeries, Andrew Young joined millions of other Southerners in praying for the ill-fated columnist. However, Southerners who talk back to the region’s enemies don’t receive the author’s sympathy.

Applebome is not on a mission of reconstruction. The South’s in-bred traditionalism remains a stubborn fact of life, but one that has moments of transcendence as well. “The conservative and liberal traditions of the South,” the author observes, “have enough in common that plenty of nonconservatives continue to believe the abiding instincts of the South—respect for religion, love of the land, suspicion of the Leviathans of big government or big corporations, fundamental human virtues of kindness and community, a healthy skepticism about what government can and can’t do, and what individuals should do on their own—a tradition of extraordinary values.”

One recalls the time when liberals and traditionalists united to save the Manassas battlefield from

greedy developers who wanted to build a Disney theme park nearby. One also recalls the conservative elite of Washington and Manhattan supported the bulldozers. *Dixie Rising* won’t make the reader a liberal. It might, however, make one wish such a coalition could arise more often.

—Joe Scotchie ♣

IS THE WAR OVER?

*Perhaps,
but the Cause
lives on!*

The Southern Heritage Association is dedicated to forging a cohesive strategy not only to defend the symbols of the South but also to promote and the principles and ideals for which so many Southerners suffered and died.

The causes for which our ancestors fought are not over. In fact they have hardly disappeared from the nation’s headlines.

The SHA is committed to preserving the ideals of traditional values and constitutional government.



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Southern Cooking

BY SALLY JEAN

SIZZLIN' SUMMER SPECIALTIES

My husband has recently struck up an acquaintanceship with one of the officers at the Virginia Military Institute. Nothing wrong with that. But when he related to me—apparently with approval—how the officer had told him that Lexington, Virginia, had always been a more moderate place than that home of the fire-breathers, Charleston, South Carolina, and the Citadel, I quickly diagnosed a debilitating weakness, that creeps over many men who work inside the Washington beltway and points further north. I remedied it as any good Southern wife and mother would—by surreptitiously dousing his food with Tabasco sauce. It worked. Soon he was full of fighting vim and vigor again. There's a reason Pat Buchanan won the Republican Louisiana primary—I believe that reason is Tabasco sauce.

Spicy foods might not guarantee virtue, but they certainly can't hurt. Enduring chilis without tears, hot Texas salsa by the *tablespoonful* (rather than by the chippy dippy full), and eggs splattered in Tabasco sauce would seem certain to any rational mind to build manhood, though, as with any exercise program, one must start slowly.

As the mother of two young children, I would never dream of inflicting this culinary sweat treatment on them. Certainly, one must start children young—so they don't get spoiled—but not too young. Spicy foods should be a rite of passage—perhaps coordinated with the purchase of a boy's first shotgun or a girl's coming out party. In the latter case, it will keep the young lady placid, as she will be worrying too much about glowing. In the former case, the fire in a lad's belly will steady his nerves, distracting him from fears of missing

with the firepiece in his hands.

For most adults spicy foods simply taste good. And if they do cause one to glow—that's actually a physiological advantage in our sunny Southland.

So here's a recipe for adults that's spicy, but certainly mild enough to share with the family. I can't claim it's an original, though. It is adapted from a recipe shared with my mother's group at church.

SALLY JEAN'S CHURCH-INSPIRED JAMBALAYA

2 C rice (uncooked)
1 can beef broth (14.5 oz.)
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce (also use the can for 1 cup of water)
1 lb. bag frozen, small, peeled, deveined shrimp (thawed)
1 lb. beef sausage, cut bite-size
1 bunch scallions, diced
1 large onion, chopped
3 tablespoons olive oil
1 stick (1/2 C) butter

To taste: Thyme (1 tsp.), Coriander (1 tsp.), Creole Seasoning (2 T), Minced Garlic (1 T), Tabasco Sauce (4 good shakes).

Saute scallions and onions in olive oil over medium heat in a large soup pot. Add spices, shrimp and sausage. Cook and stir for 5 minutes (10 to 12 minutes if shrimp have not been thawed). Shrimp should just be starting to turn pink. Add butter and liquid and bring to a boil. Add rice and simmer over very low heat for 20 to 30 minutes, stirring occasionally until liquid is absorbed, rice is tender and shrimp are cooked.

MINT JULEPS

To wash it down—that neglected Southern specialty, the Mint julep. Here's a basic recipe to make 10 to 12 tall ones. Experts might have variations, but the necessary ingredients are crushed ice, bourbon and mint sauce.



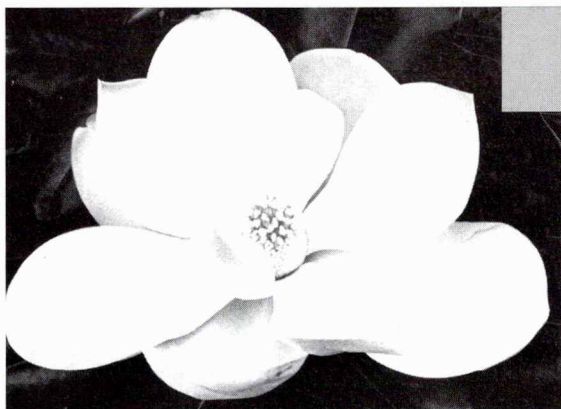
To make the mint sauce, place 1 1/2 cups of chopped mint in cheesecloth or in a coffee filter. Place in a saucepan with 1 cup of water and 1 cup of sugar. Bring the mixture to a boil, stirring until the sugar dissolves. Simmer for 2 or 3 minutes, cover and remove from heat. Cool completely before serving. To make each julep: mix 2 tablespoons mint sauce and one-quarter cup of bourbon. Pour the elixir into a tall glass full of crushed ice.

FROZEN KEY LIME PIE

And for a cooling dessert, how about a Frozen "Key Lime" Pie. All it requires is two baked, 9-inch pie crusts, one carton of Breyer's Key Lime Pie Yogurt, one small can (6 oz.) of limeade, and one small carton (8 oz.) of Cool Whip. Mix the yogurt and limeade in a large bowl. Fold in Cool Whip and pour into crusts. Freeze until firm (approximately 2 hours). A great way to close the day.



Sallie Jean is a new contributor to *Southern Partisan*. She is one of several who will provide us with the best of Southern Cooking.



SOUTHERN

Civility

by Ted Roberts

Willow Park's down at the corner—a feeble rival these Summer days to *The Simpsons*, *Beavis and Butthead*, or other enlightening kiddie programming. But June and July are great park months. Business isn't bad in September either when the after-school crowd stirs up the dusty brown grass with a trifecta of football, baseball and soccer.

It's a fair to middling park as they go. Tennis courts on one end, picnic grounds on the other. Playground in between. And there's a huge sand pile designed for kids, but also utilized by the local dogs and cats. Willow Park is a green spot for all ages and all seasons. Even in February you'll see parents pushing a swing occupied by a quilted bundle with red cheeks.

It isn't exactly Six Flags Over Georgia, but there is a slide—just like the flume in Nashville—minus the drenching. And there are swings, propelled by parents, that'll take the curl out of a four-year old's hair. The big cottonwood tree by the tennis courts towers over all. The park is surrounded by young trees with the exception of this giant who can turn, on your allergies or sing you a lullaby, depending on the wind and his disposition.

Willow Park is where I run (my wife calls it a controlled stumble) and conduct my experiments in civility. The running path borders the street, you see. What finer laboratory for my social experiments than a park in

Huntsville, Alabama; Dixieland—the Universal Capital of Couth.

So, I'm puffing along the other day and approaching me are three of those city mower machines. With drivers, of course. They waddle along the road blocking a lane and a half and a lotta cars are lined up between them, but nary a horn from those patient Huntsville drivers. A good sign, I think. Now, let's conduct our experiment. I wave at the first mower and I smile, too, even though my legs feel like mush. He waves and repays my smile. One for one.

Here's the second driver. He gives me a huge wave like I just dismounted from the space shuttle.

Driver No. 3—ditto. Three for three.

Well, remember the old Phil Harris song? "That's What I Like About the South." Not Mammy, cornmeal mush, baked possum (ugh) and all that stuff in the song. Just civility—that's what I like about the South.

If this social encounter had occurred in New Jersey, we'd all have been arrested for soliciting. Southerners wave and smile at passersby like they're the Grand Marshall of every parade around every town square. And have you noticed that if eye contact is made with a female passerby, say in a mall, very often you'll get a smile—cheerful, not seductive.

I know. I spent my meditative middle years in the Northeast Massachusetts and Jersey. The Southerner is definitely a sweeter breed of species. He will stop along

life's way and smell a magnolia blossom. Destinations are not as fascinating as sightseeing along the way. We like to slow down for a hello or a congenial chat.

This is not to say that Dixie's heart is warmer or plumper. There's no more love behind those smiling eyes than those of a flinty New Hampshireman, but who cares? The scent of honeysuckle has no world-shaking significance either, but it sure brightens your day.

You can't judge a melon by its skin. My Boston neighbors were just as decent and helpful as their Southern counterparts. Their hearts were just as generous. But their mouths didn't make the same sweet lullaby that you get from the Southerner. It took longer to use my name. And he never learned the name of my cat who slept under his porch. If you saw him in the backyards, he'd wait for you to shout "Hello—how's your apple tree doin'?" first. Then he'd talk about wormy apples as well as any Alabamian.

Maybe the Southern sun does the same thing to temperament that it does to female innards. Ladies mature earlier in warmer climes, you know. And I have observed that transplanted Northerners—ripened by our sun—develop the indigenous Dixie friendliness. Just as native Japanese matured on U.S. vittles grow bigger and taller than their relatives at home.

When I contrast the Northern and Southern environments, the two

(Continued On Page 49)

(Continued from page 48)

real differences are climate and taxes. Maybe the total adult population of Massachusetts is perpetually stewing over the injustice of laying out three thousand bucks in taxes for a clean, 3 bedroom/2 bath house that costs an Alabamian 400 bucks in taxes. Could be.

Or maybe it's that gripping winter that comes down from Canada in September and loves the Northern half of America so much he won't leave 'til May. A ton of snow on a 25-year-old roof doesn't inspire you to smile at passersby in the mall. And icy sidewalks lined with lawyers promoting lawsuits aren't a bit of fun.

Don't let the sociologists tell you we're all alike. We ain't—at least we Southerners ain't. The South is still the heartland of civility. Oh, maybe the din of TV has blurred our regional colors. And maybe the Spanish

moss is a little tattered, but when it comes to courtesy, civility and gentility, I think we are still the champs.

We're not talking morality or goodness, we're talking about the daily conversational relationship with our fellow human beings. And that applies to pets, too. Southern dogs and cats are friendlier. I've NEVER been bitten by a Southern dog, cat or squirrel.

But once while doing my controlled stumble down a peaceful street in Shrewsbury, New Jersey, a nasty little terrier—still obsessed with the War for Southern Independence—chased me for half a block. And I wasn't even whistling "Dixie." ☘

Ted Roberts of Huntsville, Alabama is *Southern Partisan's* favorite humorist.

Interview

(Continued From Page 37)

there's no way that you can make me believe that he could go to 39 reunions if he wasn't supposed to be there. Somebody would have found that out and said, "Look old man, you don't need to come back no more because you ain't got no business being here." He might have gotten away with one or two, but not 39!

SP: I imagine those old veterans were a pretty proud bunch.

NW: And then I have a few letters from other Confederate veterans to my grandfather. You know, they were in their 80s when these letters were written. The major content of these letters ..., you couldn't do anything but believe they were on a very friendly basis because the only time they would see each other was at reunions.

SP: Do any other examples come to mind?

NW: Well, there is one from an 80-year-old white man, a Mr. Hays from Richmond, wrote to my grandfather back

in '32 or '33, that he was farming his seven daughters out of Richmond to Washington, D.C., New York, overseas, Europe and all. So he would have plenty of time for his gin and tonic. Now an 80-year-old white man writing this to an 80-year-old black man. There had to have been some bond of friendship, in my opinion.

SP: Absolutely. What other kinds of things were in these letters?

NW: Well that's one letter. Another letter was from a gentleman down in St. Petersburg, Florida after the reunion was in Tampa. This was about 1927. He previously sent to my grandfather some pictures that were taken during this reunion. This letter was kind of like a follow-up. He wondered if my grandfather had gotten the pictures and if my grandfather happened to know the names of the beautiful young ladies that were on the dance floor with them. Now these are 80-year-old men! You have to see it to believe it! You don't have any hint about color. It's just man-to-man.

SP: Well, it certainly has been interesting talking to you man to man. I appreciate your taking the time. ☘

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Shades of Blue and Gray: An Introductory Military History of the Civil War

by Herman Hattaway
University of Missouri Press
281 pages, \$29.95

Despite its hokey title and cover design, *Shades of Blue and Gray* is a wonderfully concise military history of the Civil War.

It offers useful background, covering the Seminole Wars, the Mexican War and the lessons learned, or not, from the Crimean War, as well as tracing the development of a professional officer corps and education at West Point.

The narrative is brisk and the author's opinions—even when, to my mind, dramatically wrong—are provocative and interesting. For example: "Strangely, although a full general, [Lee] wore the insignia of a Confederate colonel—three stars. Why? Was it modesty? Or was it, perhaps, an act of extreme egotism: could it be that he was identifying with George Washington. While the regulations did not explicitly stipulate that they do so, colonels typically wore a larger star in the middle of the array of three; Lee wore the stars of uniform size—the same as Washington's historic insignia." An interesting idea, yes, but homage to a hero is an act of humility, not egotism.

Hattaway is fair-minded, yet never dull, and has the quirky likes and dislikes of an expert. Each chapter concludes with an annotated bibliography. Among Hattaway's recommendations—Harry Turtledove's novel *The Guns of the South*: "The picture on the cover says it all: a computer-enhanced portrait of Robert E. Lee holding an AK-47—guns supplied to the South by time-traveling South Africans. Despite the far-fetched premise, this is a great and insightful novel—really, it should be must reading for all

truly devoted students of the war." Only a self-confident aficionado would be so bold.

And best of all, Hattaway steers clear of well-traveled ruts, while never neglecting the great anecdotes that other historians (annoyingly) are sometimes loathe to repeat. There is nothing worse than, say, reading a history of England, coming to the reign of King Alfred, and not being told the story of the cakes or reading about King Canute and not being told the story of the tides. These once famous stories are progressively being forgotten.

Hattaway, on the other hand, tells a good story. *Southern Partisan* readers might be particularly tickled by Hattaway's re-telling of this incident from the Federals' charge up Missionary Ridge: "Sheridan leaped astride one of the cannon barrels that had sprayed him with dirt. Wrapping his short legs around it, he waved his hat and cheered ... Colonel Harker, however, had a more unhappy experience on the ridge crest than did Sheridan. Harker decided to jump up on a gun and cheer, too; but he mistakenly chose a piece that only shortly before had been fired, and he scorched his behind so badly that he was unable to ride a horse for more than a week."

Shades of Blue and Gray would make a great gift for any young student of the war—especially if he's at a military school—and is an enjoyable read and brush-up for the expert. Highly recommended.

The Blue & The Gray on the Silver Screen: More than 80 Years of Civil War Movies,

by Ray Kinnard
Birch Lane Press
284 pages, \$24.95

Ray Kinnard reviews nearly 100 films in this well-illustrated, but poorly selected survey of Civil War

movies from *Birth of a Nation* to *Gettysburg*. While covering marginal titles, Kinnard inexplicably ignores major films like the glossy *Escape from Fort Bravo* (1953) and Clint Eastwood's *The Outlaw Josey Wales*, the best Civil War film of the 1970s and one of the all-time greats. These oversights are hard to forgive.

He does include an appendix of silent movies about the Civil War, which is helpful, and he has certainly cast a broad net. He even includes a few men-back-from-the-war films. But then, why not *Bend of the River*, *Vera Cruz* and *The Searchers*, rather than such B-grade fare as *Young Guns of Texas* or *Arizona Bushwhackers* or spaghetti oaters like *Kill Them All and Come Back Alone*? Somebody ought to do a better job.

John Randolph of Roanoke: A Study in American Politics,
Fourth Edition

by Russell Kirk
Liberty Fund
588 pages, \$15 hardcover,
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The latest edition of Russell Kirk's famous study of John Randolph—Virginia's own planter-statesman version of Lord Randolph Churchill—is handsomely produced, inexpensive and dedicated to *Partisan* partisans James McClellan and David Bovenizer. Need one say more?

— H. W. Crocker III is executive editor of Regnery Publishing and an editorial adviser to the Conservative Book Club and the Movie & Entertainment Book Club.

Clinton and Media Are Blind to Evidence of Real Bigotry

"We still see evidence of bigotry," preached Bill Clinton in his less than epic oration on "racial reconciliation" in San Diego last month. "There is still much work to be done by you, members of the class of 1997," he lectured his audience of college students. Well, there's bigotry and then there's bigotry, but the president only sees the kind he wants to see.

Less than a week after Mr. Clinton finished reconciling the races in San Diego, we got a good, long look at the bigotry he doesn't see and won't talk about. The kind he did mention—the burning of black churches and supposed corporate discrimination against blacks—is the only species of racial hatred that's ever acknowledged. In Flint, Michigan, far from the tones of the gospel music that framed Mr. Clinton's smarmy address, the other kind had a different song to sing.

There, on the night of June 19, three white teenagers faced the music of racial hatred head-on. Having hopped a train from their middle-class white suburb of Highland Township into the not-so middle class and not-so white city of Flint, they were greeted by a gang of blacks—four men and two "youngsters." When the little seminar in racial reconciliation was over, one 14-year-old white boy was dead with a bullet in his head. Another, a 14-year-old white girl, had been raped. The third, a 15-year-old white boy, was luckier, with only a gunshot wound in his skull.

Was this a "hate crime"? Of course not. Hate crimes are crimes committed against blacks and other minorities by whites. Besides, you can always tell it's a hate crime because Jesse Jackson and the

NAACP, the Southern Poverty Law Center and the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and a dozen other high-powered, deep-pocketed organizations are on the scene at once. Janet Reno appoints a task force to spy out "bigotry" in the neighborhood, and the Christian Coalition launches yet another minority outreach program to prove it's not racist.

None of that happened in Flint, and indeed after a few press reports the next day, the story vanished down the memory hole. The police announced at once that the motivation of the crime was robbery (the whopping sum of 10 dollars was stolen), and the local authorities were full of wisdom about why and how the attack happened.

"They just ran into each other at the wrong place and the wrong time," said a local school official. "It was a bad thing to happen at a bad time, but it was not racially motivated."

It's quite true that if they had been blacks, they might well have been attacked anyway, but the undiscussible truth is that black criminals target white victims deliberately. In 1995, Australian reporter Paul Sheehan used Justice Department statistics to prove this.

Writing in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, Mr. Sheehan noted that about 20 percent of the more than 6.6 million violent crimes committed in the United States are interracial. The vast majority (about 90 percent) of the victims of these violent crimes—murder, rape, assault, and robbery—are whites.

In 1992, wrote Mr. Sheehan, "almost 1 million white Americans were murdered, robbed, assaulted or raped by black Americans ... compared with about 132,000 blacks

who were murdered, robbed, assaulted or raped by whites."

"Blacks thus committed 7.5 times more violent crimes than whites even though the black population is only one-seventh the size of the white population.

When these figures are adjusted on a per capita basis, they reveal an extraordinary disparity: blacks are committing more than 50 times the number of violent racial crimes of whites."

Well, so what? Everyone knows that blacks commit more crimes than whites. But Mr. Sheehan also pointed out that the FBI's most recent annual report on murder showed that "most interracial murders involve black assailants and white victims, with blacks murdering whites at 18 times the rate that whites murder blacks."

Is there indeed still much work to be done when it comes to rooting out bigotry? I'll say, but it's not bed sheeted crackers burning black churches or white corpo-crats making jokes about different colored jelly beans. If the interracial violence were merely random, you wouldn't find an overwhelming pattern of black assaults on whites. If whites were infested with bigotry toward blacks, you'd find far more white violence against blacks than the statistics show.

The truth is that the numbers prove that black crimes against whites are racially motivated—regardless of whether the criminal uses nasty racial epithets during the attack or confesses to explicit racial hatred afterward. But in Flint, as just about everywhere else in this country, that truth doesn't exist, and the only "evidence of bigotry" that's permitted is the kind that Mr. Clinton and his allies choose to prattle about.

Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist.

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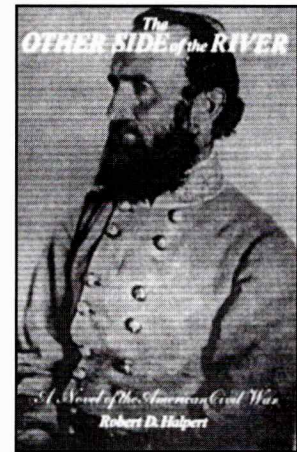
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The Other Side of the River

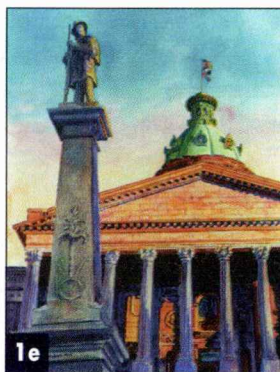
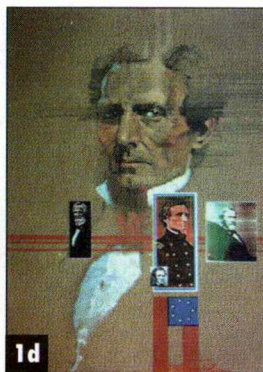
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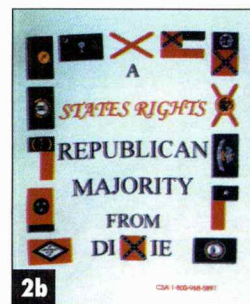
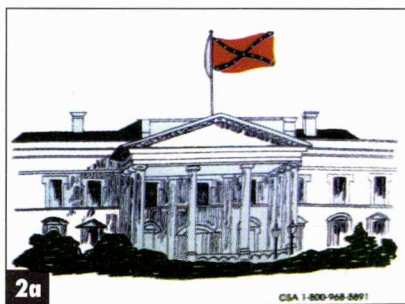
Collector's Prints—whether you trace your family history to the banks of the Rappahannock or the banks of the Boyne, you will hang these prints proudly in your home or office. All prices listed are for unframed prints. (Please call for our very competitive quote on framing.)

"Braveheart" Prints Imported From Scotland

- 1a *William Wallace Before the Battle of Stirling Bridge.* Famed Scottish hero ordering the charge on the English Army deploying over Stirling bridge. (16x24) **\$75**
- 1b *The Battle of Bannockburn-24 June 1314.* Fought in sight of Stirling Castle, this panoramic painting depicts the charge of the English knights against the massed spears of the Scots who stand firm. An incident made famous in the movie *Braveheart*. (32x15) **\$85**
- 1c *Southern Steel.* An interesting find from our Scottish contact. Artist Simon Smith portrays Confederate Cavalry on the attack (16x23) **\$65**

Rare Confederate Prints

- 1d *Jefferson Davis.* A real collectors item. Print from an early cover of *Southern Partisan*. Signed and numbered. (18x23) **\$50**
- 1e *South Carolina Legacy.* A special commission depicting South Carolina's Statehouse with Battleflag atop dome and Soldier's Monument in the foreground. Signed and numbered. (15x20) **\$60**
- 1f *Stonewall Jackson.* Produced by special commission for the *Southern Partisan*. Signed and numbered. (18x30) **\$50**

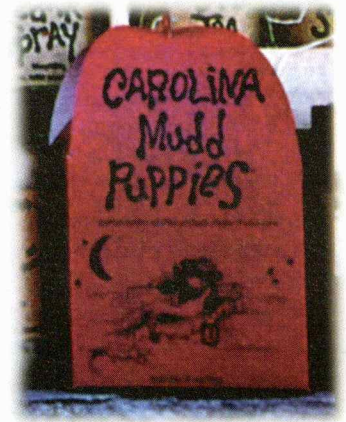
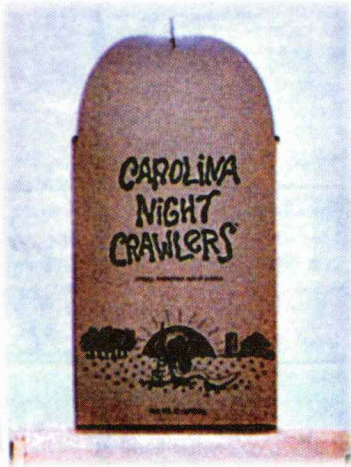


Confederate T-Shirts—

These 100% cotton shirts are sure to get attention.

- 2a Front: I HAVE A DREAM. **\$15**
- 2b Front: LINCOLN'S WORST NIGHTMARE **\$15**
- 2c Front: PROTECT THE ENDANGERED **\$15**





Carolina Goodies—Don't let the names fool you. These ready to eat treats are scrumptious and offered here only in large packages, so share!

- 3a Carolina Night Crawlers—crisp, herb-seasoned spiral pasta (6 oz) **\$10**
- 3b Carolina Mud Puppies—peanut butter stuffed pretzel chunks dipped in chocolate (12 oz) **\$15**
- 3c Carolina June Bugs —smokey, molasses flavored pecans (16 oz) **\$15**



Georgia Goodies—Wow. These are great tasting and as Confederate as Bedford Forrest's Cavalry.

- 4a–m Four Jars (approx. 9.5 oz each) **\$20**

Select four from the following list in any combination:

- (a) Peach Preserves (b) Pear Preserves (c) Blackberry Jam
- (d) Peach Butter (e) Spiced Peach Chutney (f) Strawberry Preserves
- (g) Blueberry Preserves (h) Fig Preserves (i) Muscadine Jelly
- (j) Wild Honey (k) Chow Chow (l) Vidalia Onion Mustard (m) Vidalia Onion Relish.

Goodies will arrive in an attractive gift box.



Boykin Grits—ever wonder what real, mill grits taste like? Here they are. Sold on QVC for \$25.

- 17 Our price is only **\$10**



- 5 Robert E. Lee (a, b, c, d, e)
- 6 Stonewall Jackson (a, b, c, d, e)
- 7 J S Mosby (a, b, c)
- 8 Jefferson Davis (a, b, c)
- 9 JEB Stuart (a, b, c)
- 10 Bedford Forrest (a, b, c)
- 11 Lee on Traveler (a, b, c)
- 12 Great Seal of the Confederacy (a, b, c)
- 13 Flags of the Confederacy (a, b, c)
- 14 Last Meeting of Lee and Jackson
 - x- 16x18 \$60
 - y- 25x30 \$160
- 15 Lee's Farwell to the ANV (12X14) **\$60**
- 16 The Union is Dissolved! (11X18) **\$34**

Historical Prints—

These are the classic prints essential for any Confederate to have and to hold. All prices are for framed prints. Call for information about prints only.

PRINTS KEY

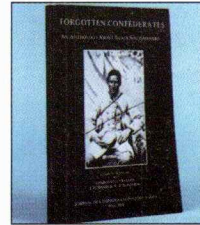
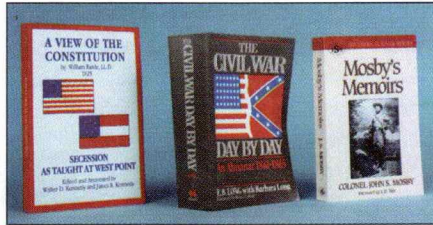
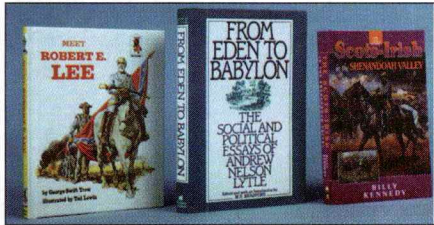
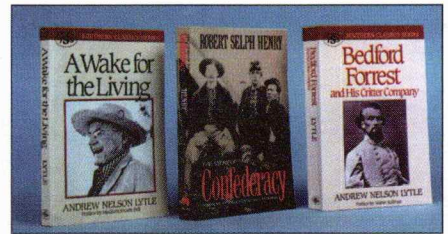
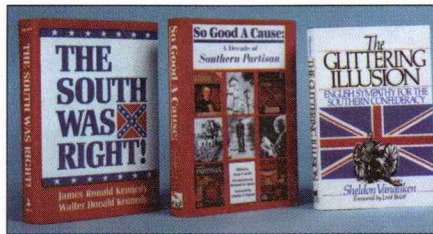
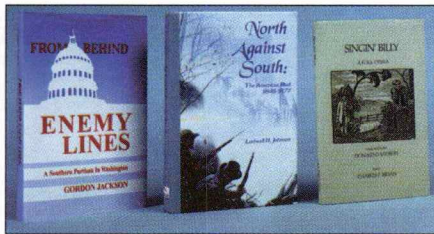
- a 5x7 **\$34**
- b 8x10 **\$48**
- c 10x12 **\$60**
- d 15x18 **\$130***
- e 20x24 **\$160***

**Note: These sizes are premium quality Victorian style frames.*

Confederate Tie—this is a tie worthy of its subject. Historical booklet describing each tie included.

- 18a Blue Background **\$38.50**
- 18b Burgundy Background **\$38.50**

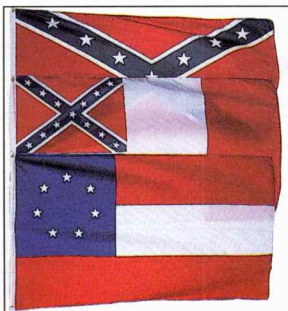




19p *Forgotten Confederates: An Anthology of Black Confederates*
Who says they didn't fight for their homes?
Here's proof.\$15

Confederate Books— This is the essential Southerner's library. But if we slighted your favorite author, or you want a book not listed, give us a call!

- 19a *From Behind Enemy Lines: A Southern Partisan in Washington* all of Gordon Jackson's best from the pages of SP\$20
- 19b *North Against South* by Ludwell Johnson
A history of the War from our perspective for a change!.....\$25
- 19c *Singin' Billy* by Donald Davidson
The play about William Walker, author of *Southern Harmony*\$15
- 19d *Meet Robert E. Lee* by Trow and Lewin
The 1969 children's book about our hero. Now banned.\$15
- 19e *From Eden to Babylon: The Social & Political Essays of Lytle*
The last of the agrarian Confederate has his say.\$20
- 19f *The Scots-Irish in the Shenandoah Valley* by Billy Kennedy
Stuart, Jackson, Woodrow Wilson, Sam Houston—all Scots-Irish!.....\$15
- 19g *The South Was Right!* by Kennedy and Kennedy
You've heard about it. Now read it. "If at first you don't secede..."\$25
- 19h *So Good A Cause: A Decade of Southern Partisan* A great way to educate your friends\$25
- 19i *The Glittering Illusion: English Sympathy for the Confederacy*
Vanuaken's story of why the British didn't intervene. Rare.\$20
- 19j *A View of the Constitution: The secessionist history book used by West Point pre-1860*\$20
- 19k *The Civil War Day By Day* by Long
What happened on 3/15/62? This essential reference will tell you.\$20
- 19l *Mosby's Memoirs* by J.S. Mosby
J.O. Tate's introduction is worth the price of the book!\$12
- 19m *A Wake for the Living*
Lytle's novel of his family in Tennessee ..\$12
- 19n *The Story of the Confederacy* by Robert Selph Henry
A treasure back in print! Originally published in 1931.\$15
- 19o *Bedford Forrest and His Critter Company*
Andrew Lytle's classic biography.....\$15



Flags, Flags, Flags — Here's most every banner of the South that existed, and a few we made up! All Flags 3' X 5'

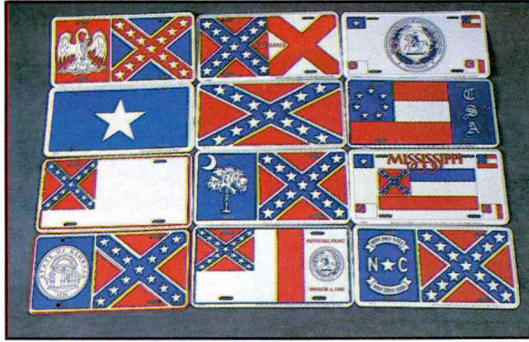
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|-----------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| State Flags | 31 N. Carolina (b, c) | 39 Second National (b, c, g) |
| 22 Alabama (b, c) | 32 Oklahoma (d, e) | 40 Third National (b, c, g) |
| 23 Arkansas (b, c) | 33 S. Carolina (b, c) | 41 Battleflag (b, c, h) |
| 24 Florida (d, e) | 34 Tennessee (b, c) | |
| 25 Georgia (b, c) | 35 Texas (d, e) | Other Flags |
| 26 Kentucky (d, e) | 36 Virginia (d, e) | 42 Big Red Citadel Cadets Flag (d) |
| 27 Louisiana (d, e) | | 43 Battleflag North Carolina (a) |
| 28 Maryland (d, e) | National Flags | 44 Battleflag South Carolina (a) |
| 29 Mississippi (b, c) | 37 Bonnie Blue (b, c, f) | 45 Flag Pole Kit \$15 |
| 30 Missouri (d, e) | 38 First National (b, c, f) | |

FLAG KEY	
a	Polyester\$25
b	Nylon\$36
c	Cotton.....\$36
d	Nylon\$55
e	Cotton.....\$55
f	Hand Sewn\$55
g	Hand Sewn\$86
h	Hand Sewn ..\$120



Songs of the South — there's no better sound than authentic instruments lovingly played, especially when the songs have titles like "The March of the Southern Men," and "Strike for the South." Cassettes are \$12; Compact Disks are \$17

- 46a Songs of the CSA Volume I (cassette)
- 46b Songs of the CSA Volume II (cassette)
- 46c Songs of the CSA Volume III (cassette)
- 46d Songs of the CSA Volume IV (cassette)
- 46e Songs of the CSA Volume V (cassette)
- 46f Songs of the CSA Volume I (CD)
- 46g Songs of the CSA Volume II (CD)
- 46h Songs of the CSA Volume III (CD)
- 46i Songs of the CSA Volume IV (CD)



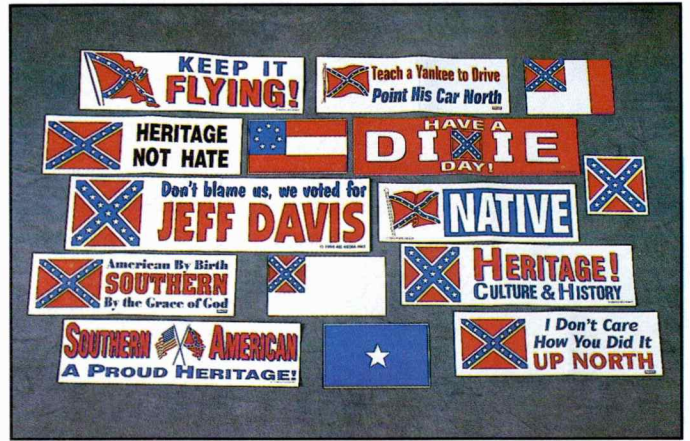
Officially Licenced — These tags will let the world know who you are, even at 65 miles per hour! **\$15 each**

- | | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|-----------------|
| 48a Battleflag | 48e Second National | 48i N. Carolina |
| 48b Bonnie Blue | 48f Third National | 48j Alabama |
| 48c Great Seal | 48g Mississippi | 48k Louisiana |
| 48d First National | 48h S. Carolina | 48l Georgia |



Here's Mud in Your [Yankee] Eye — One of a kind Confederate Mugs. **\$12 each**

- 50a First National Mug
- 50b Great Seal of the Confederacy Mug
- 50c Battleflag Mug



Stick with us — Note to subscribers north of the Mason-Dixon: you may want to make sure your insurance is current before risking one of these! **\$5 each**

- 49a "Teach a Yankee to Drive...Point His Car North"
- 49b "Native" with Battleflag
- 49c "Heritage, Not Hate" with Battleflag
- 49d "I Don't Care How You Did It Up North" with Battleflag
- 49e "Have a Dixie Day" with Battleflag
- 49f "Heritage, Culture, & History" with Battleflag
- 49g "Southern-American: A Proud Heritage" with CS and US Flags
- 49h "Keep It Flying" with Battleflag
- 49i "American By Birth: Southern By the Grace of God" with Battleflag
- 49j "Don't Blame Us, We Voted for Jeff Davis" with Battleflag
- 49k Bonnie Blue Flag
- 49l First National Flag
- 49m Second National Flag
- 49n Third National Flag
- 49o Battleflag

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"Heritage"

Sunrise at the South Carolina State House

Background, tradition, ancestry, birthright, inheritance, legacy, right tradition.

South Carolina's State house was proclaimed to be "one of the most notable buildings of the world" by Charles C. Wilson, who was the last architect of the State House. Taking over 50 years to build and costing more than \$3,500,000, the South Carolina State House has survived war, Depression and a devastating fire to make a statement to all that view the building, a statement of perseverance, determination and pride.

From the granite which came mostly from the Granby quarry, to the brass stars that mark the attempted ruination by Sherman's army in 1865, we are reminded of the togetherness which remained among all South Carolinians. The devastating fire that consumed the old State House and the wonder which arose

out of the ashes to remind us all of the comradery and cooperation that all South Carolinians have long been known for. Family helping family, friend helping friend, neighbor helping neighbor. Working together for the good of all, working together toward a common cause. Peace, tranquility and bounty for all of those that choose South Carolina as their home.

Stephen O. Gunter, born in South Carolina, has captured the awe and spirit that the South Carolina State House brings to all that view it. From the

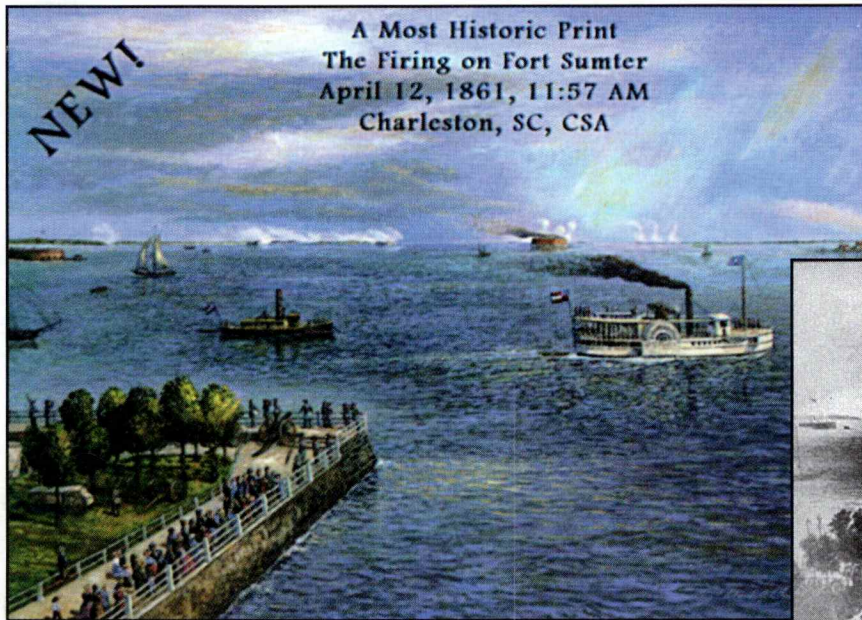
Confederate Monument to George Washington standing guard over the steps of this great landmark, Steve has painstakingly worked over 800 hours to bring out the finest of details and the serenity that seems to surround the most historical building in the state.

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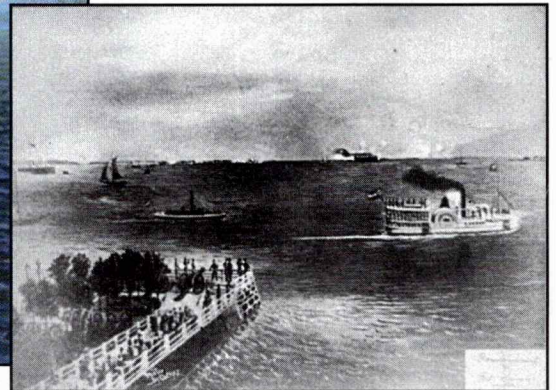
An Historical First

APRIL 12, 1861, 11:57 AM CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA CSA



A Most Historic Print
The Firing on Fort Sumter
April 12, 1861, 11:57 AM
Charleston, SC, CSA

Based on the only
purported photograph
of the first firing on
Fort Sumter



“Day One”

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- Signed & numbered (750) \$125
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Overall size 28.75" x 24" • Image size 25.5" x 19.25"

Archival paper, fade resistant inks,
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Each print comes with a certificate of
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The opening shots of the War Between the States -
not an artist's conception but an actual recreation.

There have been many attempts to recreate the
scene and drama of Charleston, South Carolina, on April
12, 1861. Purportedly captured in a photograph from a
signal station in the Ashley River on top of a bathhouse off
Charleston's Battery, this image has survived to be passed
on to future generations. David Clark has researched this
image and concluded that it is what it purports to be, a
photo of Charleston on this historic morning.

For instance, all of the images in motion are blurred
and those static are clear. David Clark compared this
image to others taken in the war years and after. He
reviewed historical accounts to learn about the weather
and other details which allowed him to create an image
accurate even down to the weather. Next, he researched
maritime records to identify the boats in the harbor, and
what happened to them during the ensuing war. He
checked the defenses of Charleston Harbor to ensure they
were accurately positioned and portrayed. And, he
reviewed the offensive positions to portray with perfection
the attacks on the fort. Through detailed analysis, he was
able to identify which flags were there on this historic day.
From civilians to soldiers to the dissipating rain shower
moving out to sea, all is there as history is recreated
before your eyes. You can feel the excitement in
Charleston and see a city determined to exercise its claim
to independence by reclaiming a fort in its harbor occu-
pied by a perceived enemy and foreign power. What other
artists could only imagine, David Clark has provided in a
real peephole into the past. And you are there.

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