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All around the world and in every age, the Confederate Battle Flag means one thing: Freedom from Tyranny. From the venue on our cover (Belgrade, Yugoslavia) to Athens, Georgia and from South Carolina College boys in 1861 to Brigid Kerrigan's feminine crimson, college students who believe in liberty and heritage are taking a stand. We provide ten pages of well-deserved acclamation in the heart of this issue.

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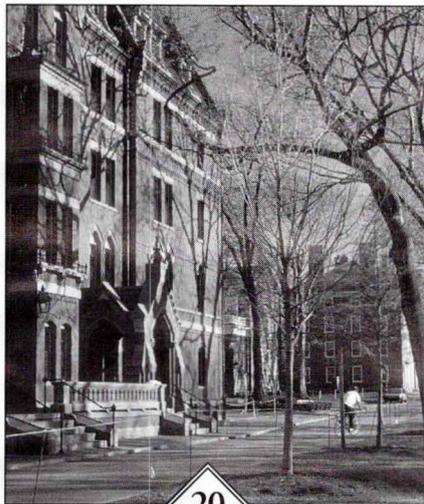
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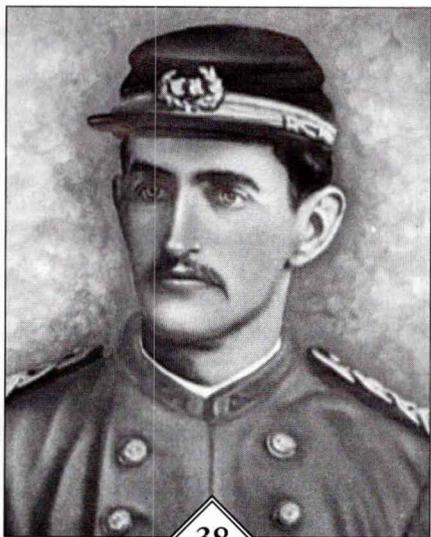
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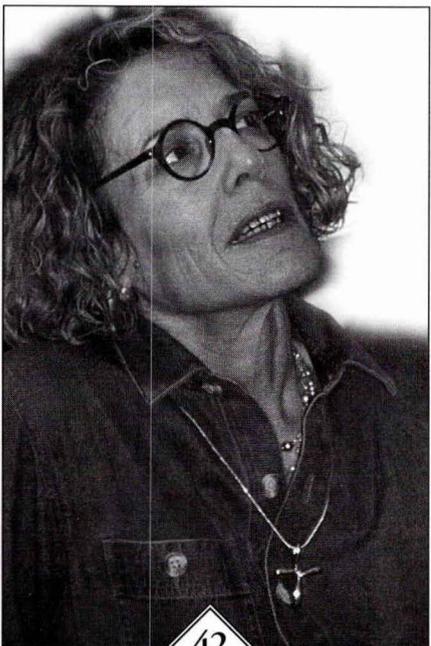
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Southern PARTISAN

"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

Publisher: CHARLES S. HAMEL
Editor-in-Chief: RICHARD M. GUINN
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THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN QUARTERLY REVIEW was founded in 1979 by Tom Fleming of McClellenville, South Carolina who published two issues. The magazine was later purchased by The Foundation for American Education and the publication was resumed under the shorter title in the Summer of 1981. In 1984, the magazine was purchased by **THE SOUTHERN PARTISAN CORPORATION**.

Rates: The annual subscription rate is \$18.00, with a single issue price of \$4.50. Subscribers in Canada and Mexico should add \$4.00 to the annual rate (\$1.00 to the single issue rate). All other foreign subscribers should add \$8.00 to the annual rate (\$2.00 to the single issue rate).

Correspondence: Please address all correspondence, including Letters to the Editor, to Southern Partisan, P.O. Box 1170B, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. Manuscripts: Southern Partisan welcomes unsolicited manuscripts. All manuscripts should be typed, double spaced. Return guaranteed only if stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Advertising Inquiries: Contact Rebecca Quinn at P.O. Box 1170B, Columbia, South Carolina 29211, (800) 264-2559. Copyright: 1997 by The Southern Partisan Corporation. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without permission is prohibited. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor or publisher: Southern Partisan (ISSN 0739-1714) is published quarterly for \$18.00 per year by The Southern Partisan Corporation, 1600 Gervais Street, Columbia, South Carolina 29201. Second Class postage paid at Columbia, South Carolina and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Southern Partisan, P.O. Box 1170B, Columbia, South Carolina 29211.

PARTISAN LETTERS

★ LONGSTREET REACTION

Gentlemen:

The article by Mary Alice Cook, entitled "General James Longstreet: Partisan or Pariah?" (*Southern Partisan*, Third Quarter, 1996), reminded me of my puzzlement over Gen. Longstreet's obstinate refusal to hurry his troops toward Gettysburg when General Lee repeatedly urged him to do so.

I believe that Longstreet was able to get by with these actions because he was an able general, his men loved him, Lee trusted and needed him, and charges against him after Gettysburg would have disrupted the whole Confederacy and accomplished little except for clearing the historical record.

*Marion P. Lelong
Falls Church, Virginia*

Gentlemen.

In regards to the article in the issue on Longstreet, (*Southern Partisan*, Third Quarter, 1996) should I take modern historians' judgment of Longstreet or that of Early, Mosby, Davis, Pendleton, D. H. Hill, and others? Do I accept Shaara's fictional work as truth or listen to the UCV and UDC of the turn of the century? Yes, it is true that Longstreet claimed to be militarily superior to Lee or Jackson, but I believe I will listen to the decisions of his contemporaries. I also believe I'll pass on that donation for his monument.

*David Franklin
Hawkins, Texas*

Gentlemen:

As an avid reader of your publication, I feel it necessary to voice my opinion regarding the "Longstreet: Partisan or Pariah?" article that appeared in the Third Quarter issue, in particular the comments made by Mr. Robert Thomas of the Longstreet Memorial Fund.

Mr. Thomas alleges that Longstreet was "railroaded" and his career "trashed" because of "politics," and that he deserves a statue simply because he was "Lee's most trusted corps commander, and that is backed up by the record." I would remind Mr. Thomas that during World War I, Marshal Henri Petain was one of Marshal Ferdinand Foch's most "trusted commanders" as well,

and like Longstreet, served his country with honor and distinction. However, because of his collaboration with the Nazis during World War II as the leader of Vichy France, Petain is not remembered by his countrymen as an heroic figure.

I am sure that there are many who share my sentiments when I say that I don't care if Longstreet had parted the Red Sea with a wave of his hand, or could walk upon water; all of his feats of military genius were relegated to the realm of moral insignificance the minute he gave his militia the command to open fire upon his own countrymen [in New Orleans during Reconstruction]. From that moment forward, it mattered not to his fellow Southrons, nor should it matter to us, their posterity, how many battlefield accolades he had received from General Lee, or whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. To his fellow (or should I say "former"?) countrymen throughout the South, Longstreet's political affiliation was no longer the issue; all that really mattered to them was that, when push came to shove, Longstreet—"Old Pete", General Lee's "Old War Horse"—not only sided with the oppressors of the Southron people *politically*, but ordered the carpetbagger-backed military forces under his command to shoot down his own people, some of whom (as noted by Michael Grissom) were former Confederate soldiers, in cold blood. Thus, the reason that there have been no monuments built to honor Longstreet is for the same reason that there are no monuments to Petain in France or to Vidkun Quisling in Norway; such monuments would have to be erected by their fellow countrymen who knew them for who they *really* were—traitors and murderers of their own people, totally undeserving of *any* immortalisation, and rightfully so.

*G. W. Hunt
Broadway, North Carolina*

★ REAL WIDOWS ONLY

Gentlemen:

Although I realize it was not your intent, you do a disservice to the courageous and often heroic women of the Confederacy when you honor a woman born 41 years after the War Between the States ended as a "Confederate widow." Even though the 21-

year-old Alberta Martin married an 82-year-old Confederate veteran and lived with him for five years, she cannot be placed in the same category with or honored as one of our beloved Confederate women.

Confederate women, both widows and those who predeceased their husbands, have a place all their own in our heritage of courage, honor, and sacrifice. We must respectfully remember and tell our children about their great sacrifices and their courage under the most difficult of circumstances. While Confederate men were fighting battles elsewhere, Sherman and his marauding troops terrorized Confederate women and those for whom they were caring—children, aged, the sick and handicapped. Northern soldiers raped, pillaged, and destroyed animals, crops, houses, and businesses in their sixty-mile-wide path of destruction through Georgia and the Carolinas. We must remember and honor the strength, courage, and character of Confederate women who endured unimaginable atrocities at the hands of Northern men and, in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles, continued to take care of those for whom they were responsible. Although it was difficult for everyone in the South after the war, imagine the challenges faced by Confederate widows with children.

With all due respect to Mrs. Martin, let's give honor where honor is due. How about an article on our heroic Confederate widows and how they started over after the war?

*Laura Ellen Truelove
Columbia, South Carolina*

★ MORE FROM TED

Gentlemen:

The CNN production "Andersonville" is a prime example of the brainwashing to which the people of the world and especially our own citizens, north and south have been subjected ever since the mid 1860s. Would not the choice of Elmira or Point Lookout have provided a more desirable location to show the evils of the rebel rabble? Or had the producers despite their scant respect for honesty been unable to find a similar degree of moral turpitude among the deliberately poorly fed and scantily clad Southerners in unionist hell-holes?

Granted the unfortunate unionist prisoners did suffer from starvation but their rations were no less than Confederate soldiers manning their depleted lines. Did the

noble citizens of Elmira give from their own ample supplies as did the starving citizens of Charleston to their greater number of surrendered charges?

There were honorable and hospitable men and women on both sides but it is less conceivable that men united in defense of their native land would rob, cheat and murder their kin.

In Point Lookout the unionist guards could not persuade their Confederate prisoners to change sides whereas in Charleston the kindness of the civilians seduced one third to abandon the unionist cause and enlist as soldiers of the Confederacy.

*Alexander Ranald Mackenzie
Point Lookout, New York*

★ THE NEW BATTLEFIELD

Gentlemen:

Despite however many victories we win in the legislature or in the courts, we are losing the most important battle, that of education. While many readers of this magazine recoil from the education system for fear of being associated with the NEA, we must hold our noses and wade in before the (well, you know what) gets any deeper.

An example; A current 11th grade literature book is packed with New England writers, but few classic Southern writers. Where they are mentioned, they are mentioned in passing with relatively short examples of their works. A supplemental reading assignment for the same class allows students to choose from among half a dozen books as reading material. None of the authors is Southern. The teacher has never heard of Andrew Nelson Lytle. Nearly all of the out of class reading for the first semester is by Northern authors. A history class at the same grade level offers only two men, in short passages, to support the right of secession (not that John C. Calhoun needs any help), but cites many prominent Northerners. The same book claims that eventually abolitionism was accepted by the entire North and was considered the primary reason for the war.

In battle, the closest man to the flag picked it up when the color bearer went down. But if we can not turn out quality Southern Gentlemen then someday, no one will be there to pick up the flag and it will remain forever in the dust. Our enemies are

still fighting a war of attrition, and if we do not break the blockade on a quality, Southern education, we shall go the way of the country we are still fighting to defend.

*Robert Campbell Elder
Cary, North Carolina*

Gentlemen:

Southern Partisan has been close to my being for many years. Not only because of its informative content, but by virtue of its constant stand in defense of the South and its history.

As you state, the demeaning of the Southern people, Southern history, and Southern heritage has been intensified. It has disturbed me greatly.

I am in this with you—and not just "holding your coat," as I have long since taken off mine.

*Francis M. Coiner
Hendersonville, North Carolina*

★ TEXAS MILITIA

Gentlemen:

The CSA Today article entry for Texas (*Southern Partisan*, Third Quarter 1996), is incorrect.

In the article, a spokesman for the "Republic of Texas" group is quoted as saying "We have control of all the militias in Texas" and "We've organized all the existing militias into what we call the Texas Defense System." The article also states "members of the group warn of an uprising," implying that Texas militias would be involved.

The Republic of Texas Movement originally began in a lawful and upbeat manner and was supported by most militia units in Texas. However, President John C. Van Kirk and Chief Ambassador Richard L. McLaren became disenchanted with each other. The resultant infighting and accusations caused a split in the movement with both sides losing credibility with the militias. At present, the movement has the sympathies of only a very small number of militia units at best. By their very nature, the citizens' militias make their own decisions and are not "controlled" by the Republic of Texas Movement or anyone else.

*David Martin
Editor, C.S.A. News
Past Commander, Blanco Militia
Blanco, Texas*

★ CONFEDERATE CATHOLICS?

Gentlemen:

As a Confederate, Episcopalian, and new subscriber to *Southern Partisan*, I'm curious about the article on Sheldon Vanauken (*Southern Partisan*, Fourth Quarter, 1996), whom I read and enjoyed years ago.

I share your feelings about the Episcopal Church. But why, pray, would Vanauken jump ship all the way to Rome? Is this the chief, or only, option for a discontented Episcopalian in the South? Maybe. But I find it amusing that one would need to exercise this culturally unlikely solution to regain Christian orthodoxy, when it mushrooms throughout the South in so many home-grown, and I believe genuine, varieties.

Go to a Baptist Church, a Pentecostal Church, a "Jesus Only" Church? The proposition perturbs. Herein lies, I fear, the rub for Southern intellectuals who have to look North—or to Europe—for spiritual solace. It isn't a new thing, of course. One thinks of the Agrarian intellectuals, whose deeply reactionary obsessions caused them to overlook real, Southern, people all around them.

No doubt it's a class thing, a political thing, a social thing, an educational thing, as well as a thing that merits reflection. The territory is familiar and embarrassing enough. Flannery O'Connor, you may recall, praised Southern preachers through the back door. She was Roman Catholic, I imagine, because her Momma and Daddy were and because it's an excellent thing to be. But it's not a particularly *Southern* thing to be. The theology of Hazel Moates—however extreme, or just *because it was extreme*—O'Connor preferred to modernist alienation, the lot of those "interleckschuls" who had gotten, in the words of the taxi-driver in *Wise Blood*, "too damned good to believe in anything." It's peculiar that champagne has to be smuggled in when Tennesseans make the best whiskey in the world.

Stephen Gatlin
Cleveland, Tennessee

★ MORAL FLAG

Gentlemen:

Thank you very much for my first issue of *Southern Partisan*. It is good to know I have discovered a sincere magazine filled with honest Southern Spirit and written for

folks who want to know what in the hell is going on! I appreciated your article on *the Moral Case for the Confederate Flag*. I agree 100% and only wish I could have been a part of the fun in putting it together!

Lately, I have found myself frustrated and emotional due to the heritage attacks, not only from the NAACP and like groups, but from some of my own kin who are divided on the subject almost as bad as when the War came along 135 years ago! My kin in New Mexico and Oklahoma are about as mixed up as the ones who settled in California! Anyway, I am sending the ones I think still have enough sense to read, a copy of the article I enjoyed so much. (I hope you don't mind!)

I belong to an organization of heritage-keepers known as the Order of the Confederate Rose, est. in 1993, in Alabama. I am also a re-enactor with the 7th Arkansas Infantry. There's about 30 of us ladies who are striving to keep heritage alive around these parts and I think we are doing pretty good. Sometimes I see it as a Lost Cause...but that doesn't make it a Wrong Cause nonetheless, and it's worth the high blood pressure attacks just to get some Yankee's goat!

Sandra Belk Nelson
Oxford, Arkansas

★ THEY STAND

Gentlemen:

In small Southern towns, and large, they stand. On the square by the courthouse, in a park, or in a lonesome field, they stand. Some large and ornate, others more the image of the hard times in which they were erected than the soldiers they honor. Reminders of glorious deeds and sacrifices which often go beyond our ability to comprehend. They are silent, proud and patient. Waiting for the day when again they will be objects of affection, attention and care.

They represent the heroes of the South, those who fought, those who died and those who refuse to let the memory of our history die. They are modest, but essential reminders of a people who sacrificed everything. They are a link, however tenuous, to our past.

Often names of the dead are etched in stone. They are indeed heroes, but there are so many more whose names do not appear. Those who fought and lived with the terrible images of war. Those who tried to keep a place where tired soldiers could once again become husbands and fathers. Those who

lost husbands and brothers and fathers and sons. Those who were forced to watch as their country was destroyed town by town and farm by farm. Those who worked so hard to see that we could not forget.

Stop a moment, bow your head and honor them. Never let their battles be forgotten; never let their story be rewritten; never let their banners be dishonored; never let their lives be cause for shame.

They stand; though some would tear them down. They stand; though many turn their back. They stand; thank God, they stand.

Jack Kean
Starkville, Mississippi

★ LONDON EXPLANATION

Gentlemen:

This is the best periodical I have ever read. Thank you for your service and your willingness to stand for the truth of the South. As a son of the "Heart of Dixie," I was in great joy to see the crest (not seal) of this great state appear in Oran P. Smith's article "Britain Looks South" (*Southern Partisan*, Second Quarter 1996).

You see, the stained glass window from St. Paul's that was featured in the article is the center of the crest of the great state of Alabama. It is designed to commemorate the history of this wonderful land. Each flag in the crest represents each nation who has flown her flag over Alabama soil (France, Scotland, England, the C.S.A., and the U.S.A.). The remainder of the seal has a banner with the motto of the state beneath it: "We Dare Defend Our Rights."

Once again, thank you and keep up the good work. May the Lord continue to use you to "dare defend our rights."

Rev. William C. Lamkin
Montgomery, Alabama

Gentlemen:

My maternal great-grandfather is said to have been a Confederate soldier, although I have never been able to document his service. However, my paternal ancestors were still in Scotland at the time of the late unpleasantness. Thus, because I also take considerable pride in my Scottish heritage, I felt that there might be a bit of a cloud on my status as a true son of the Confederacy. Now, thanks to "Britain Looks South," (*Southern Partisan*, Second Quarter, 1996) the issue is resolved. "The connection

between Scotland and the South is almost intuitive." I suppose the intuition was always there, but because I was unable to articulate the connection, some of the doubt remained. The doubt is now gone and I can superimpose the battle flag on my family tartan.

*Lawrence L. Orr, Jr.
Marietta, Georgia*

★ THE LAST DONKEY

Gentlemen:

Despite the title of your magazine, I can't help wondering if you and most of your readers really are Southern Partisans. From your cartoons, editorial comments, and some articles I get the clear impression that you support what Bob Dole proudly called "the party of Lincoln."

You know your history. There is no reason for me to remind you of the devastation, the suffering, the misery and the many injustices the Republican Party bought upon our Southland.

The Republicans showed what they thought of our Southern values when they used old Yankee propaganda we hadn't heard in years to discredit Patrick Buchanan and deny him the Republican nomination for President. How you and many other Southern people who claim devotion to the South can support "the Party of Lincoln" is more than I can comprehend.

Aren't you forgetting that President Clinton and Vice-President Gore are good ole boys, meaning friends and good neighbors, from good old Southern States? They speak with Southern accents, and very likely their ancestors fought for the Southern Cause.

Neither Mr. Clinton nor Mr. Gore grew up in a vacuum. Their lives were influenced by Southern society and by Southern values. They have been called "radicals" but I don't see this in their personal lives or in the policies they promote in government. Slowly, they are bringing America back to sanity and economic stability.

Forget the malicious gossip you've heard about Mr. and Mrs. Clinton.

I think you should reverse your position, or change the name of your magazine. Maybe *Modern Scalawag* would suit you better than *Southern Partisan*.

*Charles Hendon, Jr.
Huntsville, Alabama*

★ TELL IT LIKE IT IS

Gentlemen:

This letter is in answer to Larry Orr over the term "Civil War" (Third Quarter 1996 *Southern Partisan*). To define Civil War we find it means "of or pertaining to citizens and their government." That's government (singular not plural).

Put the North on the defensive for a change. Call it what it was.

The War of Northern Aggression or The War for Southern Independence.

*Jimmy Jetton
Paragould, Arizona*

★ COLOR MT GOP

Gentlemen:

In your otherwise excellent issue of *Southern Partisan* (Third Quarter, 1996), I have one complaint. In your article "Election '96: A Special Report" you show Montana as having gone for Clinton. I don't know how many subscribers you have in Montana, but I for one was deeply disappointed with the map showing Montana voted for Clinton. It's bad enough that the scalawag won reelection, but to suggest that Montana helped is too much to bear in silence! Dole won Montana 52% - 48%.

*James H. VanDenburg
Bigfork, Montana*

★ ANOTHER CONFEDERATE FAMILY

Gentlemen:

In response to T. H. Wilkinson's letter (*Southern Partisan*, Fourth Quarter, 1996), thank you for sharing your great-great-grandfather's and his family's history. You are fortunate. So much of our collective history has been lost. I claim nine ancestors who fought for the Confederacy, and the remainder of those histories are sketchy at best. My great-great-grandfather Robert Jordan served with the 13th Kentucky Cavalry (only one of its several designations throughout the war), and went home about two weeks after Appomattox. He refused to state, on his pension, anything about taking the "Oath of Allegiance." He had a difficult time getting his pension, as he was not on the muster rolls, and had three of his friends attest to his service. He could neither read or write, and, as I discovered about 54 years after his death in 1923, who-

ever had written his name down, misspelled it, spelling it "Jerdin," just as I'm sure he had pronounced it with his Eastern Kentucky drawl. From all accounts other family members, some now gone, have told me, he was fiercely proud of his service. It's also interesting to me, that his future wife's birthplace was along the path of march that they often traveled between Abingdon, Virginia, and Kentucky. Did they meet during the war? I hope someday to know for certain.

*John Frazier
Paducah, Kentucky*

★ FLIP FLOP

Gentlemen:

Please let me assure you that nothing excites me more than future issues of *Southern Partisan* arriving as subscription at my door. But, it would appear that the flags of Louisiana and Maryland have been inadvertently changed around. I also wanted to mention an interesting historical comment to the excellent article on the Christian nature of several Confederate unit flags as an historical piece of trivia. I distinctly remember reading once that the first public usage of "In God We Trust" was on a Confederate unit flag from Florida. In course, the phrase was soon borrowed by the Union and began appearing on the coin of the Realm. Please check into this remembrance for historical confirmation. Thank you for the excellent scholarship and many days of eagerly anticipated readings. I was given this issue of *Southern Partisan* by Edwin Meese, attorney-general under President Reagan.

*Bradley T. Hayes
Blytheville, Arkansas*

Editor's Note: Yes, Mr. Hayes, "In God We Trust" was a Confederate motto before it appeared on U. S. coins in 1864. A number of Confederate units in the Western theater used the slogan, usually stitched into the middle white bar of a "stars and bars" (First National) flag. As for the flopping of the Maryland and Louisiana flags, we found the mistake too late to correct it without great expense and left it to see who would notice it first. You win ☺

**THIS SPACE
RESERVED... FOR YOU!
WRITE SOUTHERN
PARTISAN TODAY!**

Fishtale

I've caught bigger fish since that evening 40 years ago, but somehow, out of all others, this is the catch I remember, and I didn't even hook him myself. There were five of us fishing Big Pass, standing on the point where the Gulf tide rushes in and out of Sarasota Bay. In those days, there were no hotels, few houses in sight—only sea oats, a couple of slim palms, the bright white beaches, and the Gulf of Mexico.

Eddy, my father's boyhood friend, had come down from Nashville to see what Florida was all about, bringing his two boys, ages 8 and 10. Late one afternoon we drove out to Big Pass, so they could get a taste of saltwater fishing. In those days, we used fiberglass casting rods and Shakespeare reels, the rods shorter and considerably sturdier than spinning rods, which came a little later. We had three rigs, and my father and Eddy used one and I shared the other with the two boys. I was almost twenty at the time.

The tide was moving swiftly into the bay; and as soon as we got to the Pass, we knew we were in luck. About 30 yards offshore we saw the water broiling and the fish breaking. Quickly my father and Eddy waded into the water and began casting. We were using a lure called a "Potbelly" that had the best action of anything we'd seen up until then. Sometimes, when I was fishing with my father, I'd see his Potbelly zigzag by and kick at it, thinking it was a sardine. That afternoon, both my father and Eddy got strikes on the first or second cast. In each case the long eel-like fish danced across the waves on their tails.

"Ladyfish!" my father shouted.

It was fun to catch ladyfish if you didn't care about eating what you caught. They were full of tiny bones

that made them inedible, but they would come out of the water, dance, and shake their heads—and they could tear up a wire leader quicker than any fish in the Gulf. When you got into a school, you could catch five or six as quickly as you could snatch pinfish out of the grass flats. I thought the boys would enjoy catching one apiece, so I cast the Potbelly out into the splash and broil of the water and handed the rod to the ten-year-old.

"Reel it in and then jerk it once or twice, then reel again."

He caught on in a hurry, but no strike. So I made another cast and handed him the rod again.

Meanwhile my father had hooked another ladyfish that leaped and twisted against the reddening sun like an Olympic ice skater. I smiled. He was enjoying himself, as he always did when he was fishing. He couldn't have cared less what he had on the end of his line.

Suddenly I heard a cry of anguish beside me, and I saw the rod



and Shakespeare reel leap out of the ten-year-old's hand and skid down the beach toward the water. I ran and made a dive, just as the rig hit the shallow water. When I snatched it up, I saw the granddaddy of all snarls; and at the same instant the rod bent double. I was off balance and was pulled forward into water that swirled around my

shoulders. Then around my ankles I felt the strong undertow, trying to upset me and haul me into Big Pass, where the water was now rushing like river rapids.

I managed to hold the rod above water, but I couldn't give the fish any line because of the snarl. For a moment or two I stood in perfect balance, wondering whether I would pitch forward into water over my head or pull backward into shallow-water. I knew that if I lost my balance, I'd either have to lose the rig or else risk drowning. The sand was dissolving underneath my feet, but I managed to take a step backward, then another, while holding the bent rod steady.

Then the fish jumped and danced. But it wasn't a ladyfish.

"Snook!" my father yelled. "Don't horse him around! He's a whopper!"

It was typical of him that he was more worried about losing the fish than losing me. He figured I could take care of myself, and he thought I was trying to manhandle the snook, unaware that I couldn't give him any line because of the snarl.

As best I could, I played the snook for a minute or so and got two more jumps out of him. Then, when he seemed to tire a little, I tried to turn the reel. It was slow business, but I was able to grind it slowly, the wet line wrapping itself around the mare's nest as I fought for every inch.

Ten minutes passed, and every time I thought the fish had given up, he made another run. By then the point we'd been standing on was almost gone, and my fish was in Big Pass. I wouldn't be able to beach him. Quarter turn by quarter turn I brought him in, afraid that each twist of the reel would be the last. Finally I saw him, on his side, as exhausted as I was, floating a foot below the surface in the rushing water.

By then the two men had stopped fishing and were watching me. My father knew exactly what I was planning to do.

"If you go in after him," he said, "you'll be full of hooks by the time you scramble out—if you get out."

I nodded. He was right. It would be a stupid thing to do, and we both knew I wanted to do it—and do it alone.

I looked into his eyes for a moment, and I saw his questioning look. He wondered if I cared enough, or had the guts. He wasn't worried that I'd get hooked. He was worried that I'd cut the fish loose. I really had no choice.

With my eyes on the hook in the fish's lower lip, I leaned forward and plunged into the current. I put my left arm around the fish. Then I snatched at his upper lip. I sank underneath the water and when I came to the surface, I was a couple of yards off shore, the fish firmly in my grasp. I kicked with my feet and lurched shoreward. My father stood and watched me, a thin smile on his face. Somehow I scam-

bled out of the water on my knees and held the fish in the air, like an Indian brandishing a scalp.

"You're a fool," My father said, smiling broadly, completely satisfied with me for one of the few times in my life. The snook looked as big as the ten-year-old who'd hooked him; but when we got him home, he weighed only 18 pounds, nothing like the world record I was thinking of when I reeled him in. After I landed mine, my father caught three snook and Eddy caught one. The boys were too afraid to take the rod again.

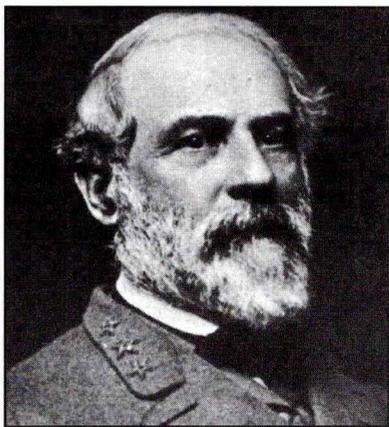
As I say, I've caught bigger fish, including a tarpon that weighed over 100 pounds; but no catch ever brought a thrill like the snook I brought in on that snarled line.

My father's been dead for over 40 years now. He died of a massive coronary two weeks after that evening—which was the last time we ever fished together. We didn't really have

much in common; but we both loved fishing, and I'm glad I plunged into the water to bring that snook out. He told my mother the next day—and she immediately told me—that he'd had his doubts, but he'd finally concluded I'd make a man after all. It was the only way I could have convinced him. ☺

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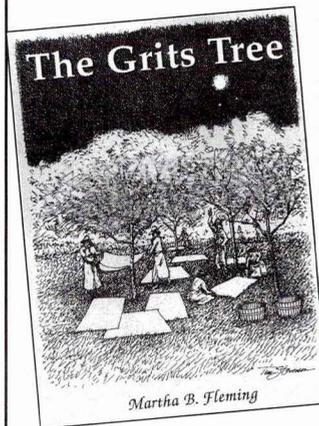
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Advancing Whom?

We may soon learn exactly who the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People really hopes to advance.

We have all seen NAACP officials on national news shows attacking federal legislation designed to give tax vouchers to parents—vouchers that would allow their children to attend private and/or religious schools instead of the public school system. The NAACP, in concert with the powerful national teachers union, argues that such vouchers would damage funding for public education.

Well, a Gallup poll is out and guess what? Over 73% of low-income respondents favor vouchers. Another study in the Detroit area found that 87% of blacks favor school choice. In fact, support for school vouchers is higher in the black community than it is among whites. So whose agenda will the NAACP advance? Stay tuned.

Cooter Hangs Tough



Former Georgia Congressman Ben Jones (better known as Cooter on "The Dukes of Hazzard") was a recent guest on ABC's new late night talk show "Politically Incorrect with Bill Maher." The subject turned to the

Confederate battle flag. The host and the guests all ganged up on Jones who stood his ground pretty forcefully. Here are a few excerpts from the exchange..

Julianne Malveaux: ...*the Confederates lost. Get over it babe.*

Ben Jones: *I don't think you have to inform the people of the South who won the war. And I think you will find that most good-hearted, thoughtful Southern people, black or white, understand those issues with more complexity than you do. The fact is that, first of all, it was not the Confederate flag. It was not the flag of the Confederacy...*

Bill Maher: *What do you mean? What was it?*

Ben: *It was a battle flag. A St. Andrew's cross. A Christian cross.*

Bill: *Well, that's mincing flags.*

Ben: *No it's not. It's not....all those other flags were put away in museums. But that one [battle flag] represents the spirit of the South. Yes, it has been misused. And as a white Southerner, I apologize to anyone who has been rightfully offended as I am when pin-headed bigots desecrate that flag as they desecrate the American flag and the Christian cross and use it for racist purposes. The fact is [the battle flag] symbolizes something to me and to most Southerners, white and black, something much larger...*

The guests and the studio audience were clearly stunned that any one would actually defend the Confederate battle flag. Julianne Maleveaux kept sputtering that the flag was offensive and represented bigotry, to which Jones calmly replied "Please don't try to patronize me because you don't like my point of view." A spirited defense of the flag on national television. Cooter did good.

More on the Cracker Barrel

Last time we reported that the Cracker Barrel restaurant chain has apparently stopped selling merchandise in its gift shop that contained the Confederate battle flag. Indeed, several readers reported that a set of U.S. Grant/Robert E. Lee bookends had the American flag in Grant's hands but the battle flag had been removed from Lee's grasp.

You will be happy to note that a number of readers wrote Cracker Barrel at their Tennessee corporate headquarters to complain. In each case, a lengthy reply was received signed by Rick Parson in the merchandizing department. Mr. Parson's letter—carefully worded—insists that Cracker Barrel's "merchandise selection is driven by what pleases our guests."

Then he writes a most curious sentence: "Specific to your inquiry, we do not have any written policy which prohibits carrying merchandise featuring the Confederate national flag." Now, what exactly does that mean?

First of all, "the Confederate national flag" is not the same thing as the battle flag. Does Mr. Parson know the difference and think he's being clever? Or is he ignorant of the distinction?

Second, he says there's no "written" policy. Does that mean there may be an unwritten policy? As one of our readers suggested, Mr. Parson's reply is an example of "weasel wording in the finest Yankee-lawyer tradition."

We still don't know for sure whether or not Cracker Barrel has banned the flag. But we have their attention. So let's keep asking Cracker Barrel about the flag, and please let us know what they say. Once gain, the address and phone numbers: Cracker Barrel Old Country Store, P.O. Box

787, Hartmann Drive, Lebanon, Tennessee 37088-0787, Telephone 615-444-5533. If we keep up the pressure, who knows, maybe the barrel will crack.

Black Conservatives

Yes, Virginia, there are black conservatives. And their opinions can be read in a periodical called *Issues and Views*. For example, they believe that many of the problems in the so-called "black community" today come from policies pushed by "the civil rights lobby" defined as liberal black leaders and their guilt-ridden white allies. *Issues and Views* regards affirmative action (aka racial quotas) as unAmerican and believes that the key to future prosperity is to cultivate a new class of black entrepreneurs to engage in free enterprise.

As we've noted before in *Southern Partisan*, the writers at *Issues and Views* skewer the liberal mindset with style and insight. Here is a sample:

A remarkable (perhaps even inscrutable) phenomenon is the almost total capitulation of American whites to the political demands of black elites, feminists and homosexual activists. Even given the normal tendency of most people to take the path of least resistance, what we're witnessing today has got to be unprecedented. Thirty years of living in fear of being denounced as a "racist," "sexist," or "homophobe" has obviously done its work.

So there you have it. Articulate black conservatives who want less government and a return to traditional values. They are a bold group, pre-

pared to stand up to the left wing radicals who claim falsely that (a) the black community is monolithic and that (b) the civil rights lobby speaks for it. *Issues and Views* certainly shatters that mythology. But don't expect to hear from these fearless writers any time soon in the mainstream media. Dan Rather is too busy interviewing Kwesi Mfume. However, if you are interested in subscribing to *Issues and Views*, you can write them at P.O. Box 467, New York, NY 10025 or call (212) 886-1803.

Flag Tags



By now, most of our readers are aware that bureaucrats in the State of Maryland recently made an effort to prevent members of the Maryland Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV) from purchasing personalized license tags because the group's logo includes the Confederate battle flag in its design. Even though other groups were afforded the privilege of purchasing personalized tags, apparently a few complaints were registered that the SCV "flag tag" was offensive to black legislators. So it had to go.

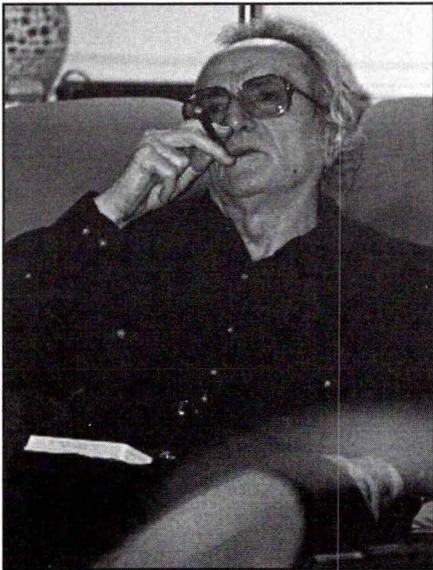
However, in a major victory for the good guys, U.S. District Judge Frederick Smalkin ruled in favor of

the SCV and found, contrary to the prevailing view, that descendants of Confederate veterans also have a few rights under the Constitution.

Not to be outdone by their colleagues in Maryland, several members of the South Carolina General Assembly (who are also members of the SCV) proposed a new law authorizing personalized SCV tags in the Palmetto State as well. It was a bold move, in view of the fact that South Carolina's Republican Governor (David Beasley) backed by big business, is leading an effort (unsuccessful so far) to remove the battle flag from the state house dome.

As we go to press, we can report several items of good news: (1) Maryland's SCV license plates have been reissued. (2) By an act of the state legislature, SCV members in South Carolina can now also purchase Confederate flag tags. (3) The South Carolina legislature passed another law protecting Confederate street names and monuments from being moved, destroyed or renamed. And (4) the Confederate battle flag still (at this writing) flies atop the South Carolina State House. Unless the legislature reverses itself before its adjourns in approximately thirty days (which is not impossible) the effort by Governor Beasley to move the flag this year appears to have failed.

We should also report that South Carolina has created, in a single piece of legislation, two new official state holidays: one for Martin Luther King and another for Confederate Memorial Day. We can hope that the "spirit of biracial respect" implicit in such legislation will reduce the intensity of the calls to take down the battle flag. Yes, we can hope. But don't count on it.



Genovese at Harvard

Elsewhere in this issue, (*Partisan Conversation*, page 42) you will find a fascinating interview with Elizabeth Fox Genovese, the brilliant wife of our favorite ex-Marxist, Professor Gene Genovese, whose writing and lectures

continue to illuminate the truth about America's past and present.

While we were waiting to interview his wife, Professor Genovese shared a story with us which we happened to capture on tape. Since the story relates so nicely to our cover theme for this issue (on what students are up to these days) we decided to transcribe it for posterity.

Professor Genovese told us of a series of lectures he was giving on the South (specifically he was talking favorably about John C. Calhoun at Harvard, which—as you can imagine—takes a great deal of nerve). Here is how he described it...

It was a large audience...I had followed Toni Morrison and Gore Vidal... I figured there was going to be an uproar. Consequently I prepared myself better than usual, particularly when I took up Calhoun. I figured that Harvard sharpies would be all over me on that.

But I didn't get the attacks I

expected— not a word out of 'em! Then I reminded myself what I have always told my graduate students or young colleagues when they are going up to lecture on the South. You go to some small Southern college somewhere in the boondocks, and you'd better know what you are talking about. There will be people in the audience who will pick you up on every misplaced comma. If you go up to the Ivy League and lecture on Southern history, don't worry. Nobody is going to know anything.

The audience was full of all these noted historians, but they didn't know anything about the people I was talking about. They were fuming! I could see smoke rising out of their ears. But they kept coming back, which was the thing that astonished me. At which point I reminded myself that Harvard liberals are masochists!

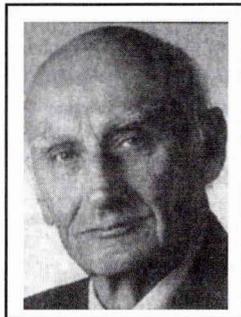
(Continued On Page 11)

R MIKE ROYKO

REST IN PEACE

The death of a columnist for a Chicago newspaper would not normally arouse more than passing interest here, except for the natural human compassion we feel for any grieving family. But Mike Royko was a different kind of Yankee. He spoke for the working man, the little guy; and he had a refreshing, two-fisted, blue collar type of conservatism that outraged all the people who deserved it.

Mike Royko proved his worth by the enemies he made, particularly in the gay community. Just last



December, the Illinois Federation for Human Rights demanded a meeting with Royko's editors at the *Chicago Tribune* to "discuss the chronic problem of Mike Royko."

It seems the Illinois Federation for Human Rights (IFHR) got in a snit

over the columnist's ideas about gay marriage. According to Royko, domestic violence cases would plunge with the official recognition of gay marriage, because "two guys ought to be able to duke it out on their own and not involve the cops and the courts."

Taking him seriously, the IFHR stamped its foot: "Mr. Royko's description of domestic violence is heterosexual and unrealistic...[He is] sexist, homophobic, inaccurate, and insensitive...He is a bitter, arrogant, and ignorant man out of tune and out of touch."

Royko is best known, however, for his 1971 biography of Richard J. Daley entitled *Boss*. Obviously Daley, the one who mysteriously produced just the right number of votes to swing Illinois to Jack Kennedy in 1960, didn't care for Mike. Daley's wife even persuaded a grocery store chain into dropping plans to promote the book.

We will miss Mike Royko. And the gay boys were probably right. In some ways Mike was out of tune with our times. That was what we liked best about him.

Then we must be sadists. Because the thought of Harvard intellectuals being given a dose of Calhoun by Gene Genovese gives us significant pleasure.

Tunnel In or Out

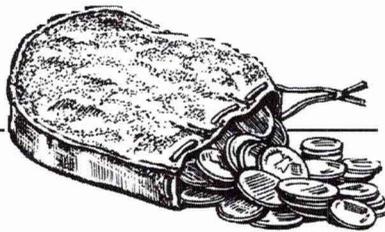
Contractors building a movie studio in Virginia have found an underground tunnel that historians say was a mine used by Confederate troops

during the War. The mine's existence is corroborated by accounts that describe a tunnel stretching from the Confederate trenches to a nearby house owned during the War by a Dr. Duval. There is no word yet on how the tunnel will be preserved or even interpreted, but we can expect a flurry of theories.

Ken Burns, for example, might theorize that the tunnel was probably a torture chamber for runaway slaves. Jesse Jackson can be

expected to appeal for back wages to be paid to the descendants of the black construction workers who probably dug it. Meanwhile Bill And Hillary Clinton are said to favor a dig project that would continue the tunnel all the way to the basement of the White House. An escape route might be useful to the first family when process servers start knocking on the front door with indictments. ☛

Scalawag Award



Our Scalawag this time is not really a significant person. In fact, unless you live in Yanceyville, North Carolina, you've probably never heard of him.

He speaks *ex cathedra* about how bad most Southerners are (not him of course; he has uniquely achieved a new level of moral superiority). After writing such self-congratulatory blather, you can bet visions of Pulitzers dance in his dreams.

Bad Blood

But he was chosen because he is a type we have seen all over the South, a type who misunderstands the meaning of genealogy, a type who thinks that blood means something independent of character. Typically this form of pedigreed scoundrel is an editorial writer or a columnist who yearns to be seen as cut from the same cloth as Hodding Carter or Tom Wicker or Bill Moyers; that is, they are journalists of Southern origin who claim to be ever so superior to their base roots.

A favorite device of this type is to lay out for his reader a direct lineage to the Old South, to trace the blood line to a Confederate soldier as if, somehow, that qualifies the writer to

Such a type is Gordon Bendall, editor of the *Caswell Messenger* in Yanceyville, North Carolina. A recent editorial follows the formula. First he tells us he is related to Jeb Stuart. Then, in a self-righteous editorial, he not only argues that celebrating the Confederacy is *un-Christian*, but mocks the singing of the old hymn *Onward Christian Soldiers*. "[P]eople," he writes sanctimoniously, "will probably forever kill each other and say God is on their side."

But Mr. Bendall goes on: "I saw a Confederate flag hanging on a wall the other day. It had a picture of Hank Williams Jr. in the middle of it. The slogan around the flag said, 'If the South had won, we would have it made.' I think I know exactly what

that means."

No, Mr. Bendall, you don't know what that means. Obviously you have never heard the song by Hank, Jr. in which he lovingly describes something positive and beautiful about each state of the Old South, from fiddles in Tennessee to Arkansas wine. Mr. Williams was not singing about race.

What Gordon Bendall and Southern journalists like him who pander to the politically correct nostrums of our time fail to understand is that blood lines are meaningless without the character and the strength that animated the bones of the people from whom they are descended. No, "meaningless" is the wrong word. Blood lines do matter even when they turn to water.

That's why we are naming Gordon Bendall our Scalawag for this issue and extending the same recognition to every Southern journalist who has cited his lineage to a Confederate ancestor as a preamble to saying ugly things about the South. For those who betray their inheritance in an effort to make themselves look good, there will be a special place in Hades. The Scalawag Division. And where they are going, they will not be embarrassed by the company of their ancestors. ☛

Standing in for Richard Quinn in this issue is Charlie Reese of the Orlando Sentinel, one of the few sound minds left in the press and a loyal Southern Partisan subscriber.

Rob the South of its Symbols?

by Charlie Reese

Some Yankees and Southern scalawags won't quit fighting the Civil War—at least the Reconstruction part. They want to purge the South of the Confederate flag, Confederate monuments and other historic symbols. Well, we Southerners have always been willing to be reconciled, but we won't be reconstructed. We are not going to allow people to obliterate our history and its symbols. We strongly advise our fellow Americans in other parts of the republic to defend their history and their symbols. There is a flap about the Georgia flag, which incorporates the Confederate battle flag. There is a flap about the Confederate battle flag, which flies over the capitol in Columbia, S.C.

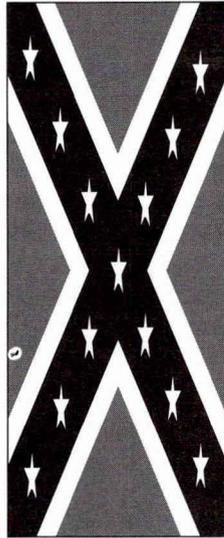
I'll tell you why Southerners defend these symbols. The best way to do that is to address the lies told about those symbols.

The Confederate battle flag is not a racist symbol. I understand perfectly that any black person who has had it waved in his or her face by some 20th-century racist, would consider it in that light. But 20th-century yahoos have nothing to do with the 300,000 men who fought and died for that flag in the 19th century.

Those men did not fight a race war. They did not even fight, as many think to preserve slavery. They fought for Southern independence and for the constitutional

republic created in 1787, which they believed that Northern states had betrayed.

That's better understood if you get rid of the Hollywood images of the Old South. Watching movies or television, you would think that there was no one in the South except rich plantation owners and slaves. Nothing could be further from the truth. In 1860, there were 7 million whites in the South, and 6.6 million



... the Confederate flag symbolizes—the valor, honor and sacrifice of men who put their lives where their love of liberty was.

of them did not own a single slave. There were 250,000 free blacks living in the 15 slave states. Some of them owned slaves. Five slave states fought with the North. Some blacks, slave and free, voluntarily fought for the Confederacy.

History is infinitely more complex than demagogues, historically illiterate journalists and screenwriters try to make it.

Another lie repeated over and over is that Georgia changed its flag and that South Carolina raised its Confederate flag in defiance of the civil-rights movement. Not so. Airheads often think that whatever obsesses them obsesses everybody. Nevertheless there were other things going on in the 1960s besides the civil-rights movement. One was the centennial of the Civil War.

Georgia changed its flag in anticipation of the centennial, and South Carolina raised its flag during

the centennial. Next to the American Revolution no event is more significant in American history than the War. About 100,000 books have been written about it, and still more are being written about it. Tens of thousands of Americans visit the battlefields, collect memorabilia, participate in Civil War roundtables or in heritage organizations such as the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Sons of the Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic. Other thousands spend big sums on uniforms and equipment to re-enact the battles.

Trying to reduce interest in the Civil War to racism is nonsense.

Winston Churchill described the South's valiant fight against overwhelming odds as "one of the glorious

moments in American history." That's what the Confederate flag symbolizes—the valor, honor and sacrifice of men who put their lives where

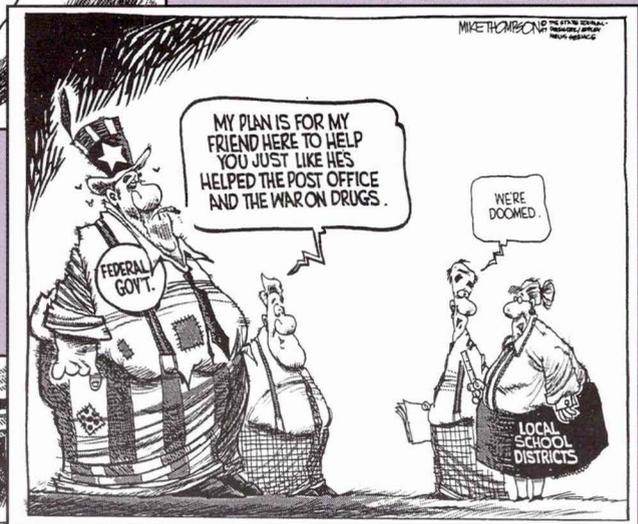
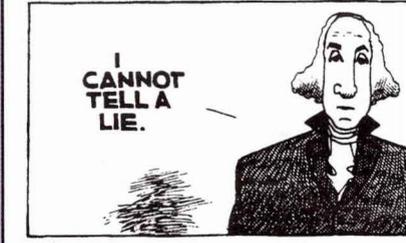
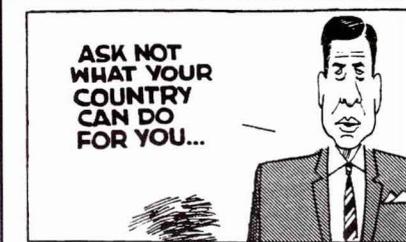
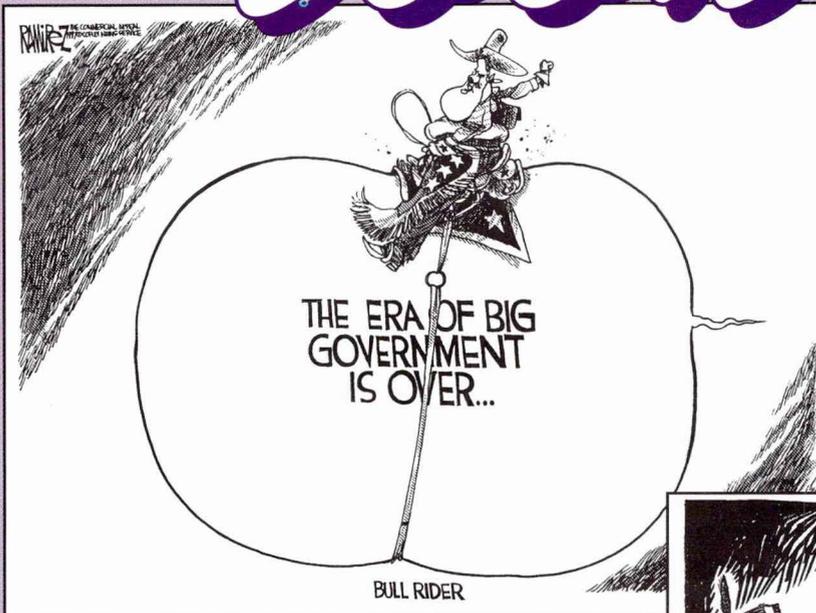
their love of liberty was.

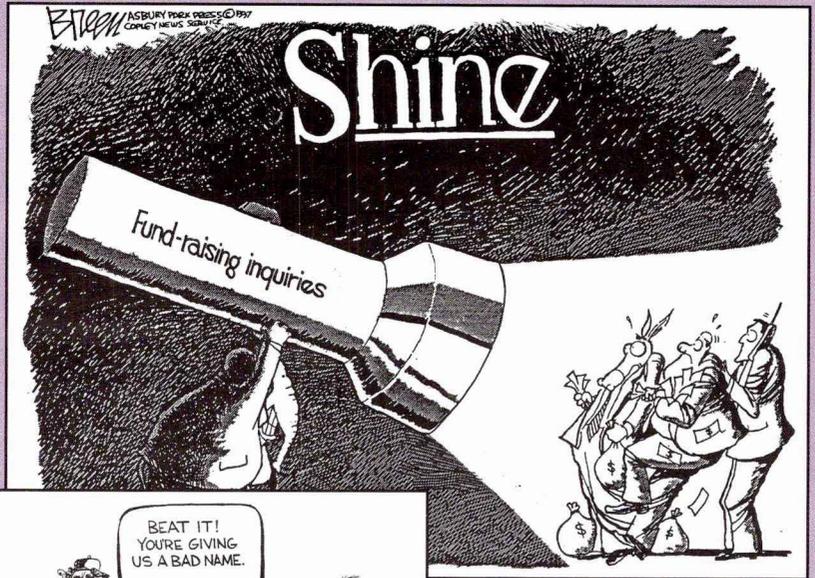
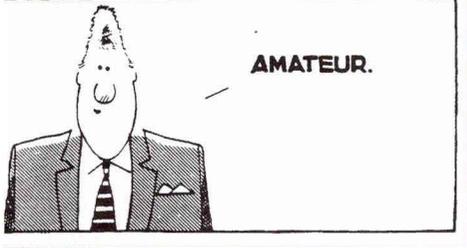
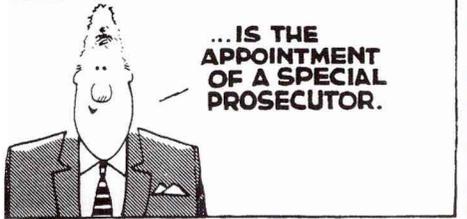
Anyone who wants to ban racist yahoos from waving the flag will get my help. They desecrate it. But if our Yankee high court won't let us protect the other flag we love, the American flag, it darn sure won't allow us to protect the Confederate flag.

We have more pressing problems to solve than to be quarreling over historic symbols. People who attack the Confederate symbols are racist and divisive. But trust me: As long as the flag is attacked true Southerners will defend it. We will not allow our history and heritage to be made hostage to the ignorance and malice of others. ☺

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PARTISAN 'toons





CSA TODAY



ALABAMA



Governor Fob James and Rep. Robert Aderholt won Round One of the Great Decalogue Debate when the U.S. House of Representatives voted 295-125 to support the public posting of the Ten Commandments. Round Two will be staged in the U.S. Senate, where the vote should be closer.

If Moses wins Round Two, Round Three will be fought before the U.S. Supreme Court, where Baal seems to hold a majority. But it will be fought beneath a marble portrait of the Lawgiver holding a scroll of the Ten Commandments. So if the Court rules against Moses, it may have to banish him from its own chambers. Incidentally, the last time we heard, the Supreme Court began its sessions with the phrase, "God bless the United States of America and this honorable court."

ARKANSAS



According to some observers, special prosecutor Ken Starr's brief attempt to desert ship exposed a yellow streak. Catching big fish like the Clintons, they say, would require masculine equipment Starr lacks. Maybe so. But Jim McDougal's decision to cooperate may have super-charged Starr and his team with testosterone. Once again, the net appears to be encircling the Clintons.

FLORIDA



It's a star search that hasn't been equaled since David O. Selznick went looking for Scarlett O'Hara in the late 1930s. Literally hundreds of eager actors were auditioning in Tampa, each saying the same magic words: "You know, I'm really worried about Mr. Moose. He's not acting like himself lately. He hasn't even tried to trick me with a knock-

knock joke."

No, the part they're trying to land isn't Rhett Butler or even Ashley Wilkes. It's the new, improved version of Captain Kangaroo, which is coming back to the small screen next season. And who's helping to sponsor this revival? Anheuser-Busch. Maybe instead of a knock-knock joke, Mr. Moose will be offering the Captain a cold one.

GEORGIA



Gov. Zell Miller has come out of his liberal closet again, after hiding there for a couple of years following his disastrous attempt to alter the Georgia flag.

This time he appeared at a joint press conference with Jane Fonda, talking about teenage sexuality. Ms. Fonda has sponsored an organization called the Georgia Campaign for Adolescent Pregnancy Prevention to promote sex education that features information on birth control. Both the U.S. Department of Education and the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services have issued reports saying that (1) programs of this type are unsuccessful, and that (2) programs that talk about only abstinence reduce teenage sexual activity and pregnancy.

But never mind the facts. There's Zell Miller, once again flying his true colors in behalf of a wrong-headed cause. Some folks learn and some folks stick their hand in the fire again and again.

KENTUCKY



William "Docky" Davis of Lexington isn't particularly impressed by the news that a sheep has been cloned.

"I'm a clone myself," Docky says. "I was the result of an experiment that a scientist conducted 35 years ago. It was the man I was cloned from who married Gladys Davis 14 years ago and wrote all those bad checks. I've never met the woman

myself," he claimed, "though I can understand why she might think so."

LOUISIANA



Rap singer Luther Campbell was cleared on charges that he threw a girl from a stage during a performance. Somebody came forth with a bootleg video that proved two male dancers actually committed the crime.

In speaking to the press afterwards, Campbell's attorney said the performer was pleased to be acquitted but doubts he will ever return to the state. That's what is known as a win-win verdict.

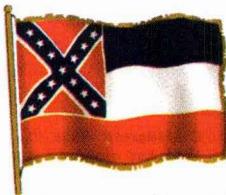
MARYLAND



Since Baltimore is known as "the City of Monuments," Will Smith organized a group — a very small group — to collect money for a monument to Maryland's own Vice President, the late Spiro Agnew. Unfortunately, they met with rejection at every turn. They were only able to collect a few hundred dollars, and no one wanted to talk to them about an appropriate public site.

Cheer up, Will. It's those nattering nabobs of negativism again.

MISSISSIPPI



The recent movie, *Ghosts of Mississippi*, is one more fictionalized account of the South's past. The truth is, even in 1963, Mississippians never embraced Byron De La Beckwith as the film suggests.

Consider the following anecdote.

When Beckwith's mother was pregnant, she visited a relative in California. While she was there, her child was born prematurely. After mother and child were old enough to travel, she went back to Mississippi, where Byron grew up.

When he was arrested for the murder of Medgar Evers, one of the Mississippi newspapers reported the story under the headline: *CALIFORNIAN ARRESTED FOR EVERS MURDER*.

William Faulkner's kin folks say they'll retrieve all personal effects from the University of Mississippi if the folks erect a

statue of the Nobel-prize winning author.

"[W]hat they are trying to do," said nephew Jimmy, "is to have a tourist attraction. That is the worst thing that William could have thought have happen to him."

We might not have said it quite that way, Jimmy, but we agree with you.

MISSOURI



Russell Hadley served 12 years for sexually assaulting an 82-year-old woman. In 1995 the American Civil Liberties Union came to his rescue, found a judge who would say Hadley had not received adequate legal counsel, and obtained his release. Five days later he dropped dead of a heart attack. He was only 34 years old.

Maybe it was just bad luck and maybe some Higher Power is tired of the ACLU messing around with the criminal justice system.

NORTH CAROLINA



Rep. Russell Capps of Raleigh recently introduced a bill in the state legislature that would prohibit the teaching of evolution *as fact* in North Carolina public schools. Predictably, the *Charlotte Observer* was upset and tried to ridicule the idea in an editorial that said, in part: "Some people won't accept evolution because it contradicts their belief that God created every living creature in its present form. Science has demonstrated that it didn't happen that way. Mr. Darwin's theory about how things happened continues to be examined and modified, but evolution is a scientific fact."

Never mind about whether or not Darwin's theory of evolution is true. Clearly the *Observer*, like many contemporary newspapers, doesn't know the difference between fact and opinion. As Richard Weaver pointed out in *The Ethics of Rhetoric*, that fossils exist is fact; that they reveal a pattern of evolution is an opinion about fact; that this theory is true is an opinion about an opinion about fact. A very simple distinction that Rep. Capps obviously grasps.

Incidentally, plenty of scientists doubt the validity of Darwin's theory because the fossil evidence just isn't there to support it. Perhaps the most well-known expert in the field, Stephen Gould, has developed an alternative theory more in keeping with the known facts.





But, to quote the *Observer's* own words, the newspaper's editors "know and care more about politics than about science."

OKLAHOMA



Bishop B.E. Underwood of the International Pentecostal Holiness Church in Oklahoma City has called on the nation's churches to feed the poor and hire the unemployed as an act of Christian charity. "Unless the church comes in a dramatic way to the aid of these people," he said, "there will be a great deal of hunger, suffering, and pain." He was speaking in support of a resolution put before the convention of the National Association of Evangelicals.

But David Williams of Ft. Worth, tried to head off passage of this resolution by arguing that the churches really couldn't make much of an impact on the problem.

We all know the story. Jesus spoke to the 5,000, and when it came time to eat, the disciples pointed out that there were only five loaves and two fishes. Whereupon Jesus said, "Oh, you're right. We can't take care of all these people with just five loaves and two fishes. Let's make Caesar feed them."

SOUTH CAROLINA



Attorney General Charlie Condon has stirred up a fire storm with one of his proposals to reform S.C. prisons: He wants to restrict their TV viewing to South Carolina Educational Television. No more *Baywatch*. No more soaps. Just educational television. In testimony before the South Carolina Senate, he gave three arguments in favor of this proposal:

1. "Given the quality of current network programming, I would think this would be a minor deprivation.

2. "Our prisons should not be entertainment centers. Watching television is one of the privileges you should forfeit when you are convicted of a crime against the people of South Carolina. If you are a big TV fan, the loss of this privilege may make you think twice before you commit the same crime again.

3. "Educational television helps to enrich the mind and expand the imagination. A steady diet of this fare is one form of rehabilitation. We should try it."

Bleeding hearts are crying that this would constitute cruel and unusual punish-

ment under the U.S. Constitution.

TENNESSEE



Dateline NBC came to Nashville to look at country singer Tanya Tucker and got more than they bargained for. After "a few drinks," Tanya made off-color remarks to fellow Opry star Ty Herndon and then flashed her breasts.

The next day she sounded relatively unrepentant.

"It's no big deal. I can't believe people don't have anything better to do or talk about."

This incident is more evidence of the decline of country music. Can you imagine Minnie Pearl doing such a thing?

TEXAS



• Two Bushes were in the news recently — Governor George W. Bush for injuring his left knee while jogging, and ex-President Bush for jumping out of an airplane in his 70's and landing safely.

A couple of comments: (1) They're not making Bushes the way they used to and (2) at least for a month George W. won't be running for anything.

• Marie Barrow, Clyde's sister, is selling off some of his personal possessions in an effort to fulfill his wish that he be buried with Bonnie Parker.

"Bonnie begged her mother to bury them together, and her mother promised all the time that she would," Marie told the *Dallas Morning News*, "but she didn't do it. I guess she thought Clyde had taken Bonnie off and got her killed. You know how mothers feel."

VIRGINIA



Spike Lee, speaking at Washington and Lee about movies and the Internet, looked around Lee Chapel and said, "Part of my ancestors probably built this place — they just didn't get paid for it." He also cracked, "I'm sorry the bookstore wasn't open. I would have bought myself a Confederate flag and a CD of Confederate songs."

Why not a book, Spike? We would suggest *Time on the Cross*, which documents the historical fact that slaves were paid wages. ☪

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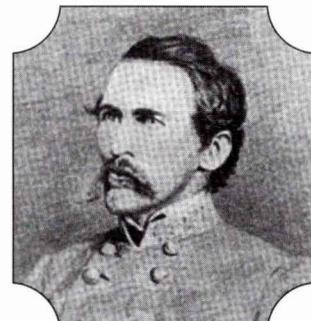
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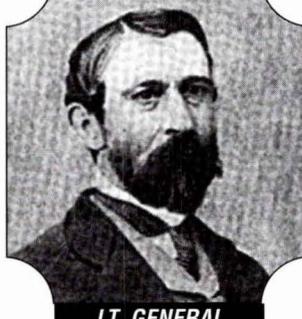
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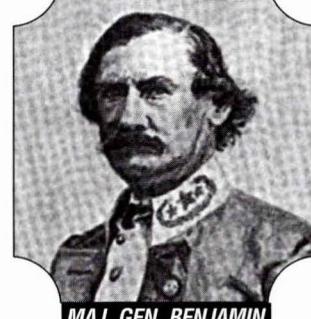
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Collegiate Confederates



Though college students have the reputation for late night revelry and changing majors more frequently than clothes, the university campus is where many Southrons find the tried and true principles that last them a lifetime. Such was the story of the editor of this magazine, who devoured his first *Southern Partisan* while an undergraduate. Such is the story of the Collegiate



elections. Their banner of freedom was a familiar one.

In "A Southern College Goes to War," we reach back into history to tell the sometimes amusing tale of South Carolina College and its will to enlist *en masse*, whether the state wanted their services or not.

Two hundred fifty miles west, and 125 years later the word from between the hedges is not as good. Political correctness has reared its head at UGA. But

Confederates, those brave young people from Athens to Belgrade to Cambridge who love the South, its principles, and its flag. Some of us fight for the South in the legislatures and on the editorial pages. They fight for their heritage amongst the ivy (or kudzu).

We focus on these brave young collegians in this special section. Most intriguing are those freedom lovers who grace our cover. Fed up with authoritarianism, these Yugoslavian youth took to the streets to demand that the government abide by the results of free

much to their credit, at least two students resisted. This is their story.

And finally, we turn to a most unlikely place to find Confederate sympathy, the divinity school of Harvard University. Here a lonely Confederate fights a rearguard action on both sides of the James, refusing to surrender the colors to the new Sumnerians. We hope you enjoy this special section and will pass it along to your favorite collegian.

—The Editors

A Southern College Goes to War

BY JOHN CHANDLER GRIFFIN

1 8 6 0

It was the first Monday in December of 1860, and some thirty-eight proud young men from the South Carolina College sat on the stage of the college chapel waiting to receive their bachelor's degrees at the college's fifty-fifth commencement exercise. On that memorable occasion Thomas M. Logan, a Charleston native and the class salutatorian, delivered a scholarly speech in faultless Latin to an admiring audience, while Alexander C. Haskell, an Abbeville native and the class valedictorian, pre-

sent a learned discussion of the Greek sophists.

By war's end, some four and a half years later, Haskell would have repeatedly distinguished himself in battle and risen to the rank of colonel.

As for Thomas Logan, in 1865, at the age of twenty-four, he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, one of the youngest general officers to serve on either side during the entire war.

It might also be noted that of the thirty-eight students who received their degrees this night, eleven would die for the Southern cause before war's end.

(SCC Continued On Page 21)



Brig. Gen. John Haskell, the elder brother of Alex Haskell. His right arm was shot away at Fredericksburg in 1862. (For this photo he had his right sleeve propped on the table beside him to hide his wound.)



Brig. Gen. Milledge L. Bonham ('34) was an attorney by profession and served as a colonel in the Mexican War. He served in the U.S. Congress from 1858 until the outbreak of the war and was then appointed a brigadier general by Jefferson Davis. He was elected governor of S.C. in 1862. He later served as Railroad Commissioner of S.C. until his death in 1900.

Between December of '60 and March of '61 talk on campus centered around the Union's refusal to evacuate Ft. Sumter, and the lads of the SCC were wild with excitement.

(SCC Continued From Page 20)

Between December of '60 and March of '61 talk on campus centered around the Union's refusal to evacuate Ft. Sumter, and the lads of the SCC were wild with excitement. What tidings would tomorrow's communiques bring? Would there be a fight? Would they be allowed to join the battle?

The president of the college, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, a noted scholar and author (*Georgia Scenes*), in an effort to quell talk of war and keep our young men happy on campus, gave the SCC boys permission to form a company of cadets. This move alarmed the SCC faculty, however, and they insisted that the students abide by a set of rules which stated that the cadet company could not engage in any military operation without the consent of the college president and faculty, and that the president and faculty had the right to dissolve the cadet company at any time. The young men eagerly agreed to these conditions, and thus was formed the First Company of SCC Cadets. It included every student enrolled at the college.

To say that these romantic young patriots were ecstatic is putting it mildly. The SCC outfitted them in neat gray uniforms, and the State arsenal equipped them with shiny new muskets. They met in the college chapel and elected John H. Gary of Abbeville as their captain; E. Dawkins Rogers of Union as their first lieutenant; Iredell Jones of York as their second lieutenant; T. S. DuPont of Beaufort as their ensign; and S. M. Richardson of Sumter as their first sergeant. In addition to these luminaries, there were also eleven non-commissioned officers and ninety privates.

By early April of '61 news of the impending battle at Ft. Sumter raced across campus, and the SCC Cadets

were in a frenzy to join the fight. Captain Gary, therefore, telegraphed Governor Pickens in Charleston offering the services of the First Company of SCC Cadets in defense of our Port City. Then, as a happy afterthought, he also sent a note to President Longstreet requesting, as demanded by the college, that the Cadets be granted permission to miss two weeks of classes in order to participate in a military operation.

To the Cadets' chagrin, President Longstreet responded with a resounding "NO...UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES." Governor Pickens, likewise sharing Longstreet's concern for the safety of the Cadets, wired Captain Gary that the services of the Cadets were accepted, but with a catch—they were to remain on campus in a reserve position unless otherwise called upon to play an active role in the coming conflict.

So that was the end of the matter, right?

Wrong.

Deeply disappointed, Captain Gary called in his fellow officers to help devise a plan that would free the Cadets of the frivolous restrictions imposed upon them by the overly cautious SCC. After much consultation, they had their answer. All agreements, they decided, had been entered into strictly between the college and the First Company of SCC Cadets. Therefore, they would disband the First Company, and thereby dissolve any agreements entered into by that body, and simply organize the Second Company of SCC Cadets. They would then be totally free of all agreements and restraints.

The next morning, April 12, 1861, the Cadets met in the college chapel and voted unanimously to do just that. And so the Second Company of SCC Cadets came into being. More importantly, now that they were free men once again, they also voted to depart as quickly (and quietly) as possible for Charleston.

To insure that everything was

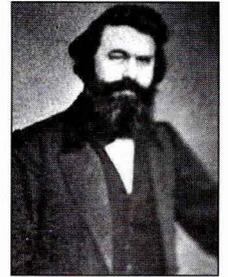
perfectly legal, these impulsive young Carolinians left their state-owned firearms stacked in the college library (since they had been issued to the First Company and not the Second). Then they marched en masse to the South Carolina Railway where they caught the next train out for Charleston. Interestingly enough, each Cadet was responsible for purchasing his own ticket to the front.

While his exuberant army waited eagerly in the railway cars that morning, now that it was too late for faint hearted authorities to halt their march to glory, Captain Gary took a few moments to wire a much-harried Governor Pickens in Charleston that help was on the way. Yes, said Gary, 107 stouthearted Cadets from the South Carolina College were now enroute and should arrive in Charleston that very afternoon, just in time for the great battle. (One can only imagine the distraught governor's reaction when he read this cheery message!)

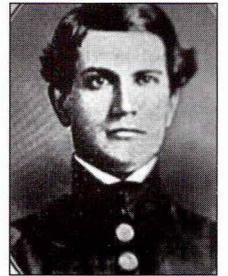
As for President Longstreet, when advised at the last moment of the Cadets' latest ploy, he grabbed his hat, dashed out of his office and ran six blocks to the depot, arriving just moments after the train had pulled away from the station. He could only watch helplessly as his entire student body vanished down the railroad tracks.

Only a few hours later our happy warriors alighted from the cars in Charleston. They then marched to Hibernian Hall in the midst of a driving rainstorm, surrounded by the delightful sounds of cannon fire thundering all about them. At last, they were in the thick of the fight.

Governor Pickens, who was totally distracted at the moment with myriad other problems, was annoyed when an aide informed him that 107 rosy-cheeked students from the SCC were now standing outside his very

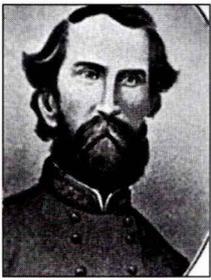


Maj. Gen. Louis Trezevant Wigfall ('37) A notorious hell raiser while enrolled at the SCC, he would later study law at the University of Virginia. He moved to Texas and served in the U.S. Senate (1860) where he fought a duel with Preston Brooks. It was Wigfall who took a row boat to Ft. Sumter and persuaded Major Anderson to surrender the fort. He fought gallantly in Virginia until elected to the Confederate Senate in 1864.



Brig. Gen. James Cantey ('38) served with the Palmetto Regiment during the war with Mexico. He was elected to the S.C. Legislature (1848-52) before moving to Alabama. He fought under Stonewall Jackson in the valley campaigns, and was with Gen. Johnston when the final surrender came in N.C.

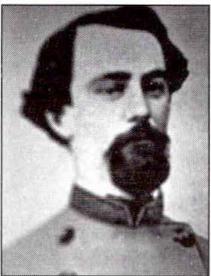
They then marched to Hibernian Hall in the midst of a driving rainstorm, surrounded by the delightful sounds of cannon fire thundering all about them. At last, they were in the thick of the fight.



Brig. Gen. John K. Jackson ('46), a native of Augusta, Georgia and a lawyer by profession, served as a fearless leader in the Army of Tennessee. He died of pneumonia in 1866.



Brig. Gen. Thomas Logan ('60), a Charleston, SC native, became a member of Hampton's Legion in '61 and was promoted to brigadier general at the age of 24, one of the youngest general officers in the war. He was with Gen. Johnston at war's end and it is said that he made the last cavalry charge of the Civil War. An attorney, he moved to Richmond following the war and founded the Southern Railway and became a close associate of John D. Rockefeller.



Brig. Stephen Elliott ('50), commanded forces at the site of the "crater" at Petersburg. The explosion killed 667 of his men and left Elliott's left arm paralyzed. He died of his wounds in 1866.

doorway awaiting orders. Thus he turned to General P. G. T. Beauregard, warning him that these smiling young soldiers were "the pride and flower of the state," and requested that the general take them in tow. Beauregard, in turn, then ordered an aide to ferry the Cadets to Ft. Moultrie on Sullivans Island, well out of harm's way, but where they would have a ringside seat to watch the fireworks.

Our unarmed Cadets looked at one another in disappointment. They had apparently hoped that they would be allowed to swim the channel, storm the walls of Ft. Sumter and throttle the yankee invaders with their bare hands. But they manfully complied with the general's orders without protest.

Following Major Anderson's surrender of Ft. Sumter on April 13, the Cadets busied themselves for three glorious weeks pulling guard duty at Moultrie and drilling on the warm sands of Sullivans Island. Professor Robert Barnwell, the SCC chaplain, was sent down to oversee the boys' conduct and to try to persuade as many as possible to return to classes. Some did not.

On May 4 Governor Pickens had the Cadets returned to Charleston. There they paraded up the streets accompanied by a band playing martial music appropriate to their newfound status as dusty Confederate veterans. City officials saluted them when they trooped by *The Charleston Mercury* office. Then, when they reached the Mills House, they were addressed by Governor Pickens himself. The entire state owed them a debt of gratitude, said the governor, and then he delighted the boys by returning to them the firearms they had earlier left stacked in the SCC library.

But the applause they received in Charleston could hardly compare with the fanfare that greeted their arrival in Columbia. There, assuming the grim expressions befitting men baptised in blood, they marched in a body from the depot to City Hall where Mayor Thomas Jefferson Goodwyn spoke of them in heroic terms to a large audience composed mainly of adoring young ladies. Our young gallants were

Poor President Longstreet, who was trying so valiantly to protect these impetuous young patriots from the horrors of war, could only stand and watch in dismayed silence.

then unleashed on a long table stacked high with delectable foods prepared by the mothers of the city. It was written that they "attacked with gusto."

Poor President Longstreet, who was trying so valiantly to protect these impetuous young patriots from the horrors of war, could only stand and watch in dismayed silence.

Over the next month numerous students drifted away singly or in pairs to join the Confederate army. Indeed, whereas there had been 143 students enrolled in December of 1860, there remained hardly more than one hundred in June of '61. Understandably, these young men still remembered the thrilling days of their Ft. Sumter excursion and found it difficult (if not impossible) to concentrate on their classical studies. By now it was only with the utmost difficulty that Longstreet and the faculty could continue to maintain even a semblance of academic life at the SCC.

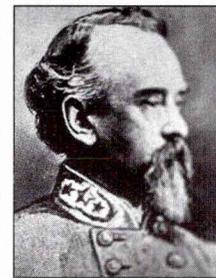
With the end of the spring term, in June of '61, the remaining students organized a new company of cadets, and their commanding officers, S. M. Richardson and H. W. Rice, immediately journeyed to Edgefield to offer their services to Governor Pickens. The college was in summer recess, they pointed out, and thus there was no reason whatsoever why the Cadets should not be allowed to spend their vacations fighting for the Confederacy in Virginia. Should their request be granted, they promised, they would return to the SCC in September in time to enroll for the fall semester. (The Battle of First Manassas was still a month away when these brave young patriots made this naive proposal.)

Again Governor Pickens replied that he would gladly accept their services but only if the Cadets had the written permission of the SCC faculty.

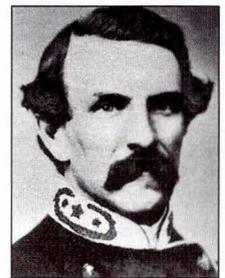
Captains Richardson and Rice, aware that gaining permission from the college faculty was highly unlikely, resigned themselves to watching the war from the sidelines, at least for the time being. In defense of the faculty, however (if they need any defense), let it be pointed out that these gentlemen were genuinely concerned for the welfare of their young charges (the average age of a freshman at the SCC in 1860 was fifteen to sixteen years old), plus they were also aware that to grant the Cadets permission to depart would in fact mean the closing of the SCC, and the demands of war at that early stage, they felt, did not justify the closing of this state's sole institution of higher learning.

(It seems likely that had the SCC Cadets been allowed to join the fight in Virginia during that bloody summer of '61, few would have survived to return to classes in the fall.)

By October of 1861 enrollment at the SCC had dwindled to only 75 students. Of the eight professors on hand in 1860, six now remained, with Professors Charles S. Venable and



Brig. Gen. James R. Chalmers (class of '51), a native of Mississippi who commanded the First Division of Cavalry under the famous Nathan Bedford Forrest. His colleagues jokingly referred to him as Old Pillow because of his brigade's participation in the so-called Ft. Pillow massacre. An attorney, he would be elected to the U.S. Senate in 1875. He died in 1898.



Brig. Gen. James Connor ('49). A Charleston native and an attorney, he was appointed U.S. District Attorney in 1856. He became a member of Hampton's Legion in '61 and was severely wounded on two occasions during the war. He was appointed state Attorney General in 1876, and died in 1883.

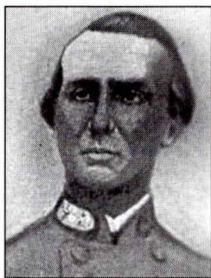
Robert Barnwell fighting for the South in Virginia.

The next great crisis arose on November 8, 1861 when news erupted on campus that Port Royal had fallen to Union forces. This time, assuming that they would not receive permission from the faculty to join the fight, the SCC Cadets (they now called themselves the Fourth Company) very cleverly used this current disaster to persuade Governor Pickens to accept their services with no strings attached. Surprisingly, the governor agreed to their request and further promised to furnish them with firearms and equipment, to secure transportation for them to Charleston, and to write them a letter of introduction to General Thomas Drayton, commander of the coastal forces under attack. Thus late in the evening of November 10, 1861 the Fourth Company of Cadets secretly departed the college in a body for Charleston, the faculty be hanged.

Longstreet and the faculty were greatly surprised to awaken on the morning of November 11 to find the campus deserted. Utterly dejected at this turn of events, Longstreet wrote Pickens a strong letter of rebuke for accepting the services of the Fourth Company of Cadets without the written permission of the faculty. He also



Brig. Gen. John Bratton ('50), was a physician by profession and known as "Old reliable" during the war. General Lee appointed him brigadier general following acts of extreme courage at the Wilderness. He would serve in the U.S. Congress from 1883-88, and was also a Trustee of the South Carolina College.



Brig. Gen. States Rights Gist ('50), studied law at Harvard. He commanded Gen. Bee's regiment briefly, then fought in the western campaigns. He was killed at the Battle of Franklin in 1864.

...as an educational institution, the SCC ceased to exist on March 8, 1862. (It would reopen for several years following the war, then be closed again during Reconstruction.)

requested that the governor at least return the SCC's 31 seniors so that they could take their final exams and graduate in December.

But Pickens refused any compromise. In a brief reply, the governor reminded Longstreet that there was a war going on, then rubbed salt in the president's wounds by ordering him to forget about final exams and award degrees to the 31 seniors in absentia.

In retrospect, this flareup seems to have been premature. For following the Union victory at Port Royal, military movements along the coast came to a standstill. As for the Fourth Company of Cadets, meanwhile, they were safely ensconced in Charleston as Governor Pickens' "personal bodyguards," comfortably whiling away their days, drilling and parading around the Washington Race Course and attending parties at some of the finest homes in Charleston.

Finally, on December 10, 1861, with the Union forces sitting quietly at Port Royal, the SCC Cadets were mustered out of service, only a month following their enlistment, and ordered to return to college. A great many of them refused to do so. The seniors, who had already been granted their diplomas by government decree, had no reason to return.

Prior to the beginning of the spring semester in January of 1862, in order to justify its existence as an educational institution, the SCC relaxed its stringent entrance requirements and thus managed to attract a total of 72 students. The faculty, recalling their bitter experience of November, immediately informed these young men that they would not be allowed to form a company of cadets. Their purpose in being at the college, said the faculty, was to study the classics, not to fight wars.

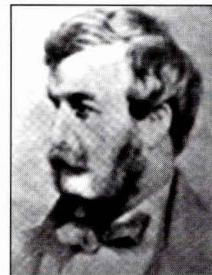
Which was all well and

good. But then in February of '62 another great crisis arose when Jefferson Davis called on South Carolina to furnish 18,000 troops to the Confederacy. Soon afterwards, on March 5, Governor Pickens called for volunteers, adding that should the state fail to meet its quota, a system of conscription would be enforced for healthy males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. This order from the governor was read to the SCC boys at breakfast on March 8. That afternoon—since our young patriots felt there was a terrible stigma attached to becoming a draftee—all 72 of these young men silently fled campus to join the Confederate army.

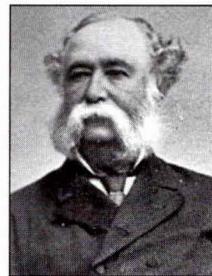
Thus, as an educational institution, the SCC ceased to exist on March 8, 1862. (It would reopen for several years following the war, then be closed again during Reconstruction.)

On June 25, by order of the governor, the SCC was transformed into a Confederate hospital, and medical authorities immediately took possession of Rutledge, DeSaussure, Harper, Elliott, Legare, and Pinckney Colleges. By war's end the SCC was considered one of the finest military hospitals in the South, with over three thousand soldiers, both Southern and Union, having received treatment there. Indeed, it is said that during the grim summer of 1863 not a table or bench could be found on campus. They were being used as operating tables for the hundreds of wounded soldiers streaming in from the various battle fields throughout the South. (The Confederacy, by the way, originally agreed to pay rent to the SCC for the use of its buildings. By May of '65 a total of \$99,410 was owed. To date it has never been paid.)

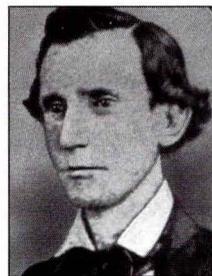
On the terrible evening of February 17, 1865, when Sherman's drunken army ravaged Columbia, the SCC's commanding physician, Dr. Hugh Thompson, informed Federal authorities that dozens of Northern



Colonel Frank Hampton, the younger brother of Wade Hampton. He would be killed at Brandy Station in 1863.



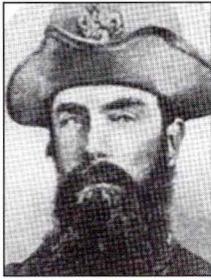
Lt. Gen. Wade Hampton (class of '36), organized Hampton's Legion early in the war and saw duty throughout Virginia. Following the death of Gen. J.E.B. Stuart, Hampton was given command of cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia. During the dark days of Reconstruction it is said that "the voice of Hampton was the only law in South Carolina." He was twice elected governor of the state and later to the U.S. Senate. In 1890 President Cleveland appointed him U.S. Railroad Commissioner. He died in 1902.



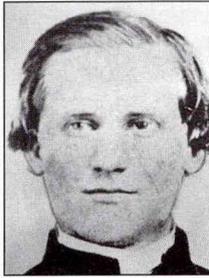
Maj. Gen. John A. Wharton (class of '50), a native Texan who commanded a brigade of Texas Rangers, he fought gallantly throughout the war in the western campaigns. He was killed in a duel in 1865.



Maj. Gen. Matthew C. Butler was expelled from the SCC in 1856 for his role in the Guard House riot. He married the daughter of Governor Pickens in 1858 and became an officer in Hampton's Legion in 1861. Despite having his leg shot away at Brandy Station in '63, he was given command of Hampton's Legion in '64. He would later serve in the U.S. Senate from 1867 until 1888. He was then appointed a major general in the U.S. Army by President McKinley.

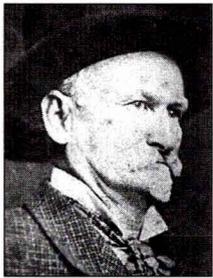


Brig. Gen. Maxcy Gregg ('35), served as class valedictorian. He became an attorney and served as a delegate to the State Convention that executed the Ordinance of Secession. He also commanded the first regiment of troops organized in this state (1860). Called "the hero of Groveton," he would be killed at Fredericksburg in 1862.



Col. Alexander C. Haskell ('60) repeatedly distinguished himself in battle throughout the war.

... to say that those young heroes were magnificent is an understatement. They were the very personification of the attitudes that were so prevalent in the South during the war years and more than eager to take up arms against whatever invader might threaten our sovereignty.



Maj. Gen. Martin W. Gary was expelled from the SCC for his participation in the Great Biscuit Rebellion. An officer in Hampton's Legion, he was a fearless leader throughout the war (he was the elder brother of John H. Gary, commander of the First Company of SCC cadets). He refused to surrender with Johnson's army in N.C., instead making his way through enemy lines and joined Jefferson Davis' party in Cokesbury, S.C. An attorney by profession, he was called "the bald eagle of Edgefield" for his opposition to Reconstruction. He died in 1881 at the age of fifty.

troops were then recuperating in the college hospital. Thus a yankee captain and ten enlisted men were stationed at the entrances to the college with orders to shoot to kill any yankee marauders who might attempt to force their way on campus. As a result, while the rest of the city went up in flames, the SCC remained safe. Several buildings bore scorch marks for many years, but the SCC was left standing. (The yankees did ignite Flinn Hall, located at the corners of Pendleton and Sumter Streets, but thanks to the heroic efforts of the hospital staff and several faculty members, the fire was finally extinguished.)

In retrospect, it seems safe to say that few institutions in the South gave more and at a greater sacrifice than did the South Carolina College.

Of our eight faculty members on campus in 1860, two are known to have given their lives for the Confederacy. Professor Beverley Means, librarian at the college, died of wounds at Seven Pines in 1862. Professor Robert Barnwell, a physician working in the hospitals of Richmond, died of typhoid fever in 1863.

As for the SCC alumni, a complete list of the dead has never been compiled. But in 1907 a partial list

was made bearing 107 names. It is estimated that a true accounting would be closer to 200. (Between 1840 and 1860 the SCC awarded fewer than 500 degrees. Thus to say that 200 alumni gave their lives for the South truly represents a terrible toll.)

From the ranks of the SCC alumni came many distinguished citizen-soldiers. Twenty became general officers, including one lieutenant general, four major generals, and fifteen brigadiers.

Doubtlessly the most illustrious of the SCC alumni is Wade Hampton (class of '36), commander of the famous Hampton's Legion. He was promoted to lieutenant general and is recognized as one of the war's finest cavalry officers, despite having had no military training prior to 1861. (Upon the death of J. E. B. Stuart in 1864, General Lee selected Hampton to command Stuart's Cavalry.)

There was also Major General Matthew C. Butler of Edgefield, S. C., another fine cavalry officer.

Another high spirited SCC miscreant who found fame in the Civil War was Major General Martin W. Gary of Abbeville, the elder brother of John H. Gary, commander of the First Company of Cadets in 1861. As a youngster Gary had been expelled from the SCC for his participation in what was called The Great Biscuit Rebellion. (Why it was called The Great Biscuit Rebellion is open to conjecture.)

There was also Major General John A. Wharton (class of '52), a native Texan who fought gallantly throughout the war in the western campaigns and returned to Texas following the war.

Among the brigadiers, in addition to the illustrious Thomas Logan,

there was James R. Chalmers (class of '51) of Mississippi, who commanded a brigade under the famous Nathan Bedford Forrest. Not only was Chalmers the class valedictorian, he was also the college poet laureate. (He also authored the students' favorite drinking song of that era.)

Other brigadiers were James Connor and Stephen Elliott of Charleston, John Bratton of Fairfield, William H. Wallace and States Rights Gist of Union (an oxymoron if ever there was one).

Then there was Brigadier General Maxcy Gregg (class of '35) who distinguished himself early in the war at Groveton, Virginia. Vowing to hold a strategic hill against repeated Union assaults, Gregg was advised that his men were out of ammunition and that a retreat might be in order. Gregg replied, "We'll hold it with the bayonette." (And they did!) He would be killed at Fredericksburg in 1862.

Both Colonels Thomas B. Jeter of Union and John Peter Richardson of Sumter would later serve as governors of the state.

Very unfortunately, the role played by the young men of the South Carolina College is little remembered today. But to say that those young heroes were magnificent is an understatement. They were the personification of the attitudes that were so prevalent in the South during the war years and more than eager to take up arms against whatever invader might threaten our sovereignty.

Why the University of South Carolina has never erected a monument to the memory of these valiant young men who were willing to sacrifice their very lives for the South remains a mystery. ☘

John Chandler Griffin teaches English at the University of South Carolina at Lancaster.

WAR

BETWEEN THE STATES

TRIVIA

"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. Of the many signals transmitted to cavalry units by buglers, which one alerted them for march or combat?
2. In what vehicle did Lt. Col. Robert E. Lee travel in 1861 from Fort Mason, Texas, to Washington?
3. What was the difference between Union and Confederate directional bugle calls?
4. When Maj. Gen. Nathaniel Banks burned many freight cars following Cedar Mountain in August 1862, how did he move what was left of his supplies?
5. What important military message was found by the enemy after being used as a wrapper for cigars?
6. Whom did Robert E. Lee call the "eyes of the army," who "never brought me a piece of false information"?
7. What was the shortest time required for a letter from San Antonio, Texas, to reach Washington?
8. What noted Confederate leader refused to write a letter that would be in transit on Sunday?
9. How many transportation units did C.S.A. General John H. Morgan confiscate during a raid on Lexington, Kentucky?

10. What was the most active and successful Southern port for blockade running?

ANSWERS

1. "Boots and Saddles."
2. An army ambulance.
3. Practically none; they were almost identical.
4. In horse-drawn wagons.
5. Lee's General Order No. 191, the famous Lost Order.
6. Cavalry General J.E. B. Stuart.
7. Ten days.
8. Stonewall Jackson.
9. Seven thousand horses.
10. Wilmington, North Carolina.

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 forty 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 SECESSION

"Secession is nothing but revolution."

—Robert E. Lee, 1861

ON LEE

"He was Caesar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward."

—Senator Ben Hill (D-Ga.)

ON GOVERNMENT

"...I do not want a government that will take care of me, I want a

government that will make other men take their hands off me so I can take care of myself."

—Woodrow Wilson

ON YANKEES AND DIXIELAND

"No lie, the average Yankee knows as much about the South as a hog knows about the Lord's plan of salvation."

—William Price Fox

ON THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE

"No man is fit to sit in a village council... who does not recognize that the will of the people... is the fundamental law of free government."

—W.C. Brann

ON THE DECLINE OF RELIGION

"The divinity has been taken out of the church leaving only the husk, which are merely manners and mores."

—Andrew Nelson Lytle

Miseducation at the University of Georgia



Political Correctness runs amok in Athens

1 9 9 4

BY DAVE HENRY & ROD MILLER

Condom machines in the dormitories. "Same-Sex Marriage: A Civil Right" seminars paid for with student activity fees. The playing of "Dixie" banned. Drag queens in the dormitories. The homecoming queen tradition abjured to appease a vocal minority. "Beyond Tolerance: Affirming Gays & Lesbians" seminars by the Counseling and Testing center. All this may sound like what you'd expect at U.C.-Berkeley or the University of Massachusetts, but tragically this plague of political correctness is afflicting one of the South's most beloved institutions of higher education, the University of Georgia.

The University is well-known across the south for its beautiful campus, the inviting college town of Athens, and, of course, its formidable "Dawgs" who battle their Southeastern Conference opponents between the hedges in Sanford Stadium. But few alumni, state lawmakers or taxpayers are aware of the tide of leftist, politically correct culture which has flourished between the lines in recent years, thanks not in small part to the university's administration.

The most shocking and shameful example of this has been the outright promotion of homosexuality and the homosexual political agenda. In 1992, two gay activists were paid \$3000 in student activity fees to give a lecture entitled "Same-Sex Marriage: A Civil Right." This program was held in Tate Student Center, a state-owned building. The student activity fees

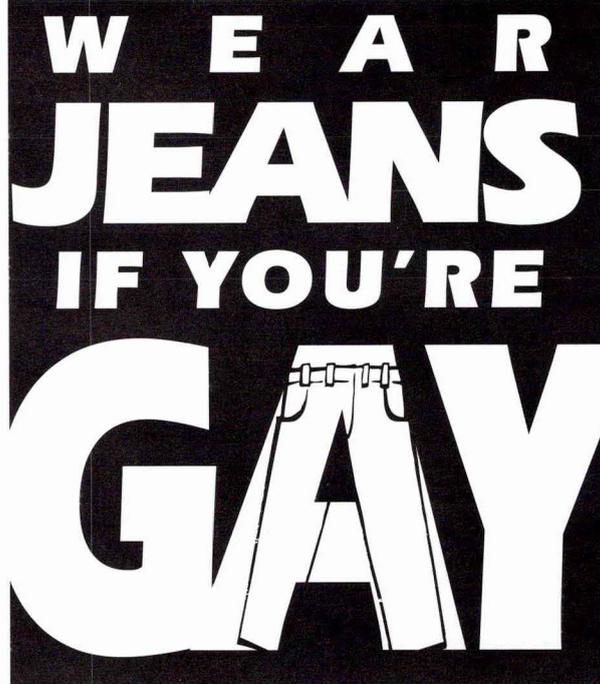
used to finance this "educational programming" are mandatory; that is, they must be paid by all registered students along with their quarterly tuition. In effect, Christian and conservative students were forced to underwrite this filth.

UGA's Department of Student Housing prints and distributes a brochure entitled *Have You Ever Wondered? : Understanding Gay and Lesbian Friends and Roommates*. This question-and-answer pamphlet asks questions like "My friend is gay, and I have always been curious about gay sex. Should I try having sex with my gay friend?" Also under the Housing Department's watch, drag queens (men dressed as women) were brought into university residence halls to "entertain" students during "Dagnet '95." And university administrators enthusiastically oversaw the installation of condom machines in student dormitories in 1994.

While supporters of the homosexual agenda often pronounce that they only seek "tolerance," UGA's Counseling & Testing Center has held group counseling sessions entitled "Beyond Tolerance: An Affirming group for students who want to discuss a variety of personal concerns such as coming out (of the closet)." Both the Women's Studies Department and Psychology Department sponsor courses dealing with homosexuality. The University has authorized gay groups and routinely allows them use of taxpayer-financed facilities and university funds. They include the Lesbian and Gay Student Union (LGBSU), Gay, Lesbian or Bisexual Employees and Their Supporters (GLOBES), and Straight But Not Narrow. The LGBSU sponsors a yearly awareness week under the theme "We Are Family"

...few alumni, state lawmakers or taxpayers are aware of the tide of leftist, politically correct culture which has flourished between the lines in recent years, thanks not in small part to the university's administration.

Today is National Coming Out Day, so...



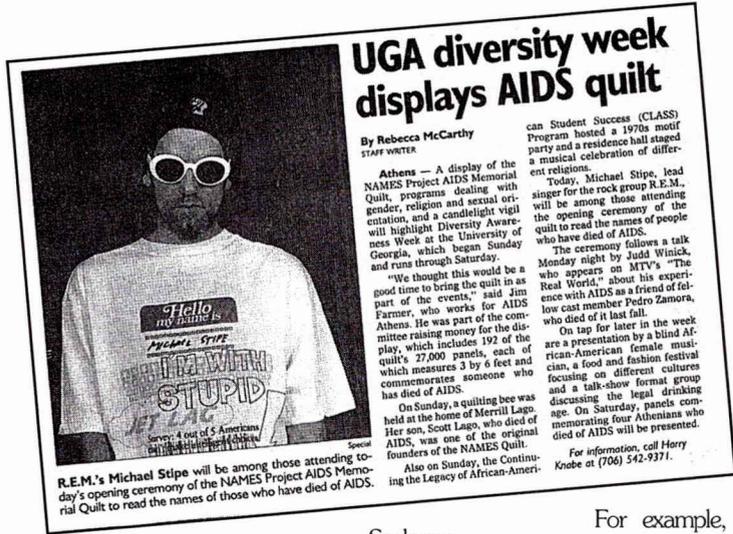
Nat'l Coming Out Day Tuesday Oct. 11th

Georgia tax dollars at work?

and featuring a "Wear Jeans if You're Gay Day." The homosexual activists' goals, according to their own statements in *The Red & Black* student newspaper, are a university Office of Gay And Lesbian affairs, a Department of Homosexual Studies, and inclusion of "sexual orientation" in diversity and affirmative action programs.

Posters strewn across campus invite UGA students to "Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual Teen Pizza Parties" and ask questions like "Just what do men and women do in bed together? How can they truly know how to please one another, being so anatomically different?" and "If you've never slept with a person of the same sex, is it possible all you need is a good gay lover?" Perhaps most sickening of all, according to announcements in *The Red & Black*, just this past May 23, 1996 the university allowed its beautiful Chapel on north campus to be used for yet another panel discussion on "Same-Sex Marriage." Apparently, no one in the university's administration cared to question this vile act of blasphemy.

The UGA administration's tacit support of the homosexual agenda smacks of outright defiance toward the state legislature, and ignorance towards the values of most Georgia taxpayers and alumni of the university. Georgia's legislature has made itself very clear with respect to public policy on the issue of homosexuality.



UGA diversity week displays AIDS quilt

By Rebecca McCarthy
STAFF WRITER

Athens — A display of the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt, programs dealing with gender, religion and sexual orientation, and a candlelight vigil will highlight Diversity Awareness Week at the University of Georgia, which began Sunday and runs through Saturday.

"We thought this would be a good time to bring the quilt in as part of the events," said Jim Farmer, who works for AIDS Athens. He was part of the committee raising money for the quilt, which includes 192 of the quilt's 27,000 panels, each of which measures 3 by 6 feet and commemorates someone who has died of AIDS.

On Sunday, a quilting bee was held at the home of Merrill Lago, Her son, Scott Lago, who died of AIDS, was one of the original founders of the NAMES Quilt.

Also on Sunday, the Continuing the Legacy of African-American Student Success (CLASS) Program hosted a 1970s motif party and a residence hall staged a musical celebration of different religions.

Today, Michael Stipe, lead singer for the rock group R.E.M., will be among those attending the opening ceremony of the quilt to read the names of people who have died of AIDS.

The ceremony follows a talk Monday night by Judd Winick, who appears on MTV's "The Real World" about his experience with AIDS as a friend of fellow cast member Pedro Zamora, who died of it last fall.

On tap for later in the week are a presentation by a blind African-American female musician, a food and fashion festival focusing on different cultures and a talk-show format group discussing the legal drinking age. On Saturday, panels commemorating four Athenians who died of AIDS will be presented.

For information, call Henry Knobe at (706) 542-9371.

R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe will be among those attending today's opening ceremony of the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt to read the names of those who have died of AIDS.

Sodomy is illegal in the state, and the statute saying so was upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court in a famous 1986 case won by Georgia Attorney General Michael Bowers. Recently, the state legislature overwhelmingly passed into law a ban on same-sex marriage. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, a majority of Georgia's people are religious and politically conservative, and clearly would not favor their tax monies being used to promote perversion. The UGA administration—in at least going out of its way to tolerate, but often outright promoting, the homosexual agenda on campus—seems to be thumbing its nose at state legislators, taxpayers and alumni.

The radical left-wing environment on the UGA campus is not just confined to the homosexual agenda. The school adminis-

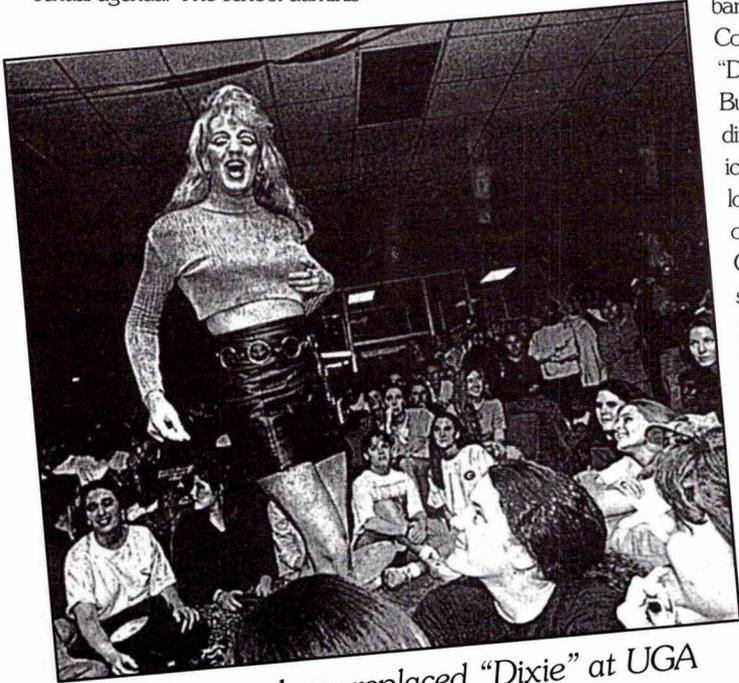
tration makes no effort to be politically non-partisan. For example, a beaming school president Charles Knapp attended on and off campus rallies for both Al Gore and former Democrat U.S. Senator Wyche Fowler in 1992, joining such left-wing luminaries as R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe in speaking on their behalf. Graduation speakers are consistently part of the state's shrinking Democrat clique, including politicians like Lt. Gov. Pierre Howard in 1994, Sen. Sam Nunn in 1995, and former Atlanta mayor Andrew Young in 1996. No word on when U.S. House of Representatives Speaker Newt Gingrich (R-Ga.) will be invited to address graduates, but we're not holding our breath.

A supercilious attitude towards Southern heritage has also emerged on campus. Despite the best efforts of the student-led Culture of the South Association (CSA) to reverse the policy, the university has long banned its acclaimed Red Coat band from playing "Dixie" at football games. But the latest school tradition to fall prey to political correctness was the longstanding crowning of a Homecoming Queen each fall. It seems that in 1994 none of the women nominated as finalists happened to be black, and a tiny but vocal minority staged a protest in front of Sanford Stadium during the Homecoming game to protest this "gross injustice." Never mind that black women

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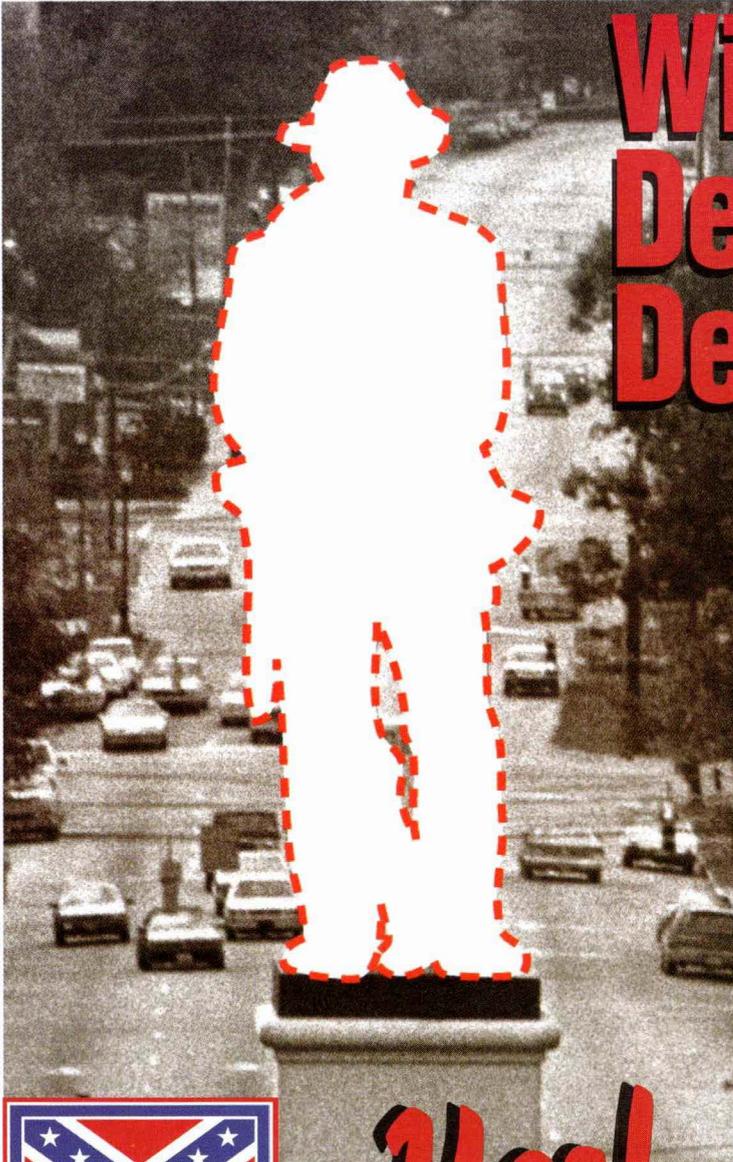
had been crowned Homecoming Queen two of the previous three years. As usual equal opportunity just wasn't enough, and a cowering UGA administration soon thereafter helped orchestrate the discarding of the Homecoming Queen tradition. In its place the school now has a "Mr. and Ms. Dawg" competition to be run in compliant accord with Black Student Union demands.

Reversing the course of political correctness at UGA and restoring the university to its roots as a proud reflection of a conservative, Southern people and state will not be easy. Appointments to the Board of Regents and, by consequence, to the leadership of UGA itself, are dominated by a liberal Democrat Governor. But if alumni are made aware of this culture of political correctness and voice their displeasure, the university—ever hungry for monetary support from alumni—will be forced to listen. And if Georgians express displeasure to their state legislators, perhaps political pressure can be brought to bear on the Chancellor of the University System, State Board of Regents and UGA administration. All of us who love the University of Georgia: alumni, fans, and citizens alike, should demand a return to respect for traditional values and Southern heritage in Athens. ★



Drag Queens have replaced "Dixie" at UGA

Dave Henry and Rod Miller are UGA graduates who served in the university's student senate from 1993-1994. Henry is now Director of Development for Family Concerns, Inc., a pro-family organization in Atlanta. Miller is a third-year law student at the University of Memphis School of Law.



Will You Help Defend The Defenseless?

*“In death
their voices
are silent.
Only we can
speak for
them now.
Only we can
defend the
meaning of
their lives.”*

All across the South the forces of left-wing extremism are relentlessly campaigning to *erase* all Confederate symbols. From license plates in Maryland to the battle flag at the South Carolina statehouse, they will not rest until every relic of the Old South is gone forever.

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



Christopher M. Sullivan
Executive Director

Post Office Box 11719
Columbia, SC 29211

CONTACT US AT:
803•376•5078
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FAX 803•256•9220
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Yes!

I would like to join the Southern Heritage Association.
My membership should be enrolled as follows:

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, ZIP _____

The level of membership I select is as follows (check one)

- Vanguard \$1000 per year minimum
- Benefactor \$500 per year minimum
- Sustaining Member \$160 per year minimum
- General Member \$45 per year

Payment Options: My check for full annual membership is enclosed

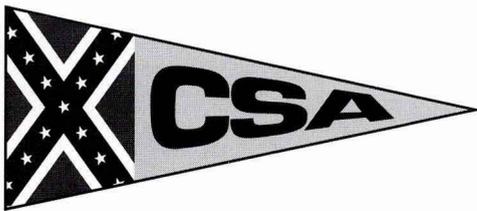
Please bill me

Please charge my membership to my credit card: Visa Mastercard

Account Number _____ Exp. Date _____

Authorizing Signature _____

DEO VINDICE: A Southerner at Harvard



1 9 9 7

BY SCOTT POOLE

If W.J. Cash is correct in his claim that the South is a kind of “Cloud-CuckooLand,” then the Southern exile is the cuckoo that has left his cloud. This would at least be the opinion of many of my uninformed and apparently uninformed Yankee friends here at Harvard University.

Of course, as one who believes that there is more right than wrong with the land of my fathers, I choose not to use the metaphor of the troubled Mr. Cash. Perhaps the Psalmist, who spoke not of cuckoos and clouds, but of the loneliness of a “pelican in the wilderness” would be more apt. The Psalmist was speaking of those who find themselves exiled in desert places, wandering in wildernesses of heart and soul. A wilderness this great American university has surely become, a desert droughted by the ravages of postmodernist deconstruction and carved up into political principalities by the tribal animosities of multicultural rhetoric.

Perhaps this would not be so bad if its effects were confined to the admittedly isolated pseudo-intellectualism of Cambridge, Massachusetts. If this were the case we (or at least you) could be pleased that we don't have to live there, call down the judgment of God on this modern Sodom, and then take the wife and kids out to the fish camp for family style. Unfortunately, the heathen have a missionary impulse as strong as the chosen people and more access to the instruments of social control. The value system of Harvard, the value system of Enlightenment liberalism colliding with twentieth century moral malaise and disillusionment, has its proponents at every level of society and has, I'm sorry to report, infiltrated old Dixie like Sherman on the march. I must insist throughout that the problems of the intellectual temper at Harvard are the problems of America, problems that

the South must resist as if its life depended on it. Because it does.

I was born and raised among the proud and independent people of the South. There my mother and father taught me to be a Christian and a gentleman, to worship a stern but loving God, to know my place and respect those above me, to treat women with deference, and to care for the weak. I am here at Harvard studying Southern religious and cultural history. I came and I have stayed because of the incisive scholars I have found here, those who, while not being “Southern Partisans,” at least try to live up to Harvard's motto; “Veritas”—Truth. Yet I find myself in a land far from the land of my fathers in more than geography, a land where the traditional values of the agrarian South are turned upside down. Christianity is watered-down or assaulted and God is reduced to a social construct. Authority is not only ignored, the very existence of viable authority is denied. Women demand to be treated “no different” from men and thus fall victim to domestic violence, date rape, and economic exploitation, the realities that constitute the equality of the jungle, a demonic egalitarianism. The needs of the poor and the weak are disregarded by being sentimentalized into a syrupy and utterly repugnant mixture of Dickensonian gush and tired “Great Society” social proposals. Instead of fulfilling the duty of Christian charity, the crassly materialistic northeastern liberal holds forth from his Beacon Hill townhouse on the necessity of more government aid to dole out to the “unwashed masses.”

The ironies of this situation are immense and saddening to anyone who cares about tradition as much as Southerners are supposed to. Boston and Cambridge, originally hotbeds of American radicalism that opposed the intrusion of a centralized and foreign authority, has become a kind of provincial capital for tax-and-spend Big Government. Its penchant for radicalism has become infected by elitist intellectual tendencies and faddish reliance on every conceivable left-wing trend. I have sat in a classroom and listened to a Marxist interpretation of the Arthurian legend a stone's throw from where George Washington took command of the Continental army. I have listened in disgust to a fellow student, an overeducated and thus ignorant Yankee woman, spoke condescend-

ingly of the “overt racism” of our brother Southerners in Arkansas and densely insisted that racism was more of a problem in that state than here in Massachusetts. She has apparently forgotten that, for all the fuss, Little Rock schools were integrated before the schools of enlightened and liberal Boston.

Harvard itself was founded by sturdy Puritan folk who wanted to lay the foundations, not for the creation of an intellectual elite or the incubation of corporate lawyers, but rather for “a learned ministry.” How would these hardy souls feel looking down the three hundred year corridor of history and finding a group of young wastrels interested in, among other things, the cultural implications of cross-dressing? It is well known that a number of innocent women were burned in New England (why is Yankee fanaticism so often tied to pyromania?) during the Salem witch trials. But, one is inclined to believe, these dour Yanks would find much kindling should they make an appearance at modern day Harvard. How would they react to my own college, the Divinity School, that recently featured a religious group for women that was, more or less, a witches coven. That's right, a witches coven. They get together and “compose rituals” and attempt to “release the feminine.” The mind is curious and yet it turns back, does it not?

Examples like these are surely the lunatic fringe and probably more or less what you would expect from a subverted Yankee University. They are proofs that, to paraphrase Chesterton, when one ceases to believe in the God of the Bible one is as likely to believe in everything as in nothing. The real dangers of Harvard are more subtle. These are twofold; 1.) The rejection of moral absolutes and of even the possibility of an objective, knowable truth 2.) the new orthodoxy of multiculturalism.

In his earthshaking book *The Closing of*



A wilderness this great American university has surely become, a desert droughted by the ravages of postmodernist deconstruction and carved up into political principalities by the tribal animosities of multicultural rhetoric.



The second great bane of Harvard is the current fascination with what is euphemistically referred to as "multiculturalism," or, as I would prefer, tribalism. It is a self-congratulatory and self-righteous celebration of the various styles of human existence without the critical aid of the moral sense.

the American Mind, Allan Bloom writes that, "There is one thing a professor can be absolutely certain of almost every student entering the university believes, or says he believes, or says he believes, that truth is relative." This is true of Harvard, most colleges, and unfortunately of American society. Again, it is important to keep in mind that we are not simply talking about a band of pseudo-intellectuals talking incessantly to one another in Cambridge. If we were, we could ignore it or consider it a curiosity, nodding knowingly to one another and agreeing that "These are ideas so foolish that only an intellectual could believe it." However, as the late Richard Weaver was wont to remind us, all ideas have consequences consonant with their nature. And the ideas about the absence of moral absolutes promulgated by intellectuals

and used by iniquitous New Yorkers and Los Angelinos to justify their lifestyles are spreading like a contagion throughout America and even into our beloved South. How else can we explain the successes of the "Talk TV" phenomenon where values are relativized in a ridiculous carnival of fuzzy thinking and the mouthing of the pious platitudes of tolerance? Though elitist Harvardians would surely be indignant to be told that Ricki Lake and her brood are their own monstrous progeny, it is close to the truth. One can discourse learnedly on the impossibility of accepting moral absolutes, but in the end it is only the language of the gutter and the law of the backalley. There is a story that the great Dr. Johnson was once told that one of his dinner guests did not believe in moral absolutes. Knowing that ideas do have consequences,



Harvard Campus

Johnson replied "Hide the silverware."

Again, if the disavowal of absolutes could be limited to the American university, it would be tragedy, but not a disaster. Unfortunately, one does not have to make a sojourn to the northeast to discover moral nihilism. How unfortunate that Southern accents are so often heard on the sorry talk-show circuit mentioned above. And how unfortunate that theological liberalism is so often tolerated in the grand old Southern denominations. Do not mistake me, this is not a call for the kind of witchhunt intolerance that is more at home in frigid New England than in the sunny South. We Southerners never engaged in the "witch hunt" craze so popular in Salem, Massachusetts. John C. Calhoun was known to oppose the nativist tendencies of mid-nineteenth century America (which many abolitionists did not). But allowing for a free and public discourse is very different from countenancing wholesale betrayal of the Christian faith from Church pulpit and denominational printing house. And when one is as likely to hear the frothy sentiments of the latest self-help book as the Christian Gospel when attending even one of the "conservative" churches, then it is time to take a stand. Unless we accept the modern dictum that tolerance is to be valued above truth, we will fight this unfortunate and ultimately anti-intellectual trend in our Southern fellowships of faith.

I would argue that the belief in absolutes, in morals, art, political theory, and theology, are essential for creative activity and a well-ordered society. The South must preserve this belief and evidence it in its own common life.

The second great bane of Harvard is the current fascination with what is euphemistically referred to as "multiculturalism," or, as I would prefer, *tribalism*. It is a self-congratulatory and self-righteous celebration of the various styles of human existence without the critical aid of the moral sense. It can discourse with profundity on the sexual habits of South Pacific islanders (as Margaret Mead was so fond of doing) and never raise the question that perhaps these islanders are simply living in sin. It can speak of the evils of the "European conquest" without blinking an eye as it explains away the Aztec's taste for human sacrifice. In short, multiculturalism is the result of minds that have suffered a moral atrophy.

It is easy to get oneself in trouble by attacking multiculturalism because the primarily white, northeastern proponents of it have set the terms of debate to such an extent that to oppose their muddle-headed programs sounds like racism or "Eurocentricism." Perhaps the best way to counter this is to attack the Yankee with the charge to which he is most vulnerable; hypocrisy. That is, it must be pointed out that in large degree, the academic and cultural satraps who insist most stri-

dently on multiculturalism don't mean it. Though they might get excited by the customs of Australian aborigines and Alaskan Eskimos, the same fascination is not extended to the thriving culture south of the Potomac. This is exactly what my fellow Harvardian, Brigid Kerrigan, discovered when she attempted to celebrate her own ethnic identity by displaying the Army of Northern Virginia's battleflag in her dorm window overlooking the Yard (*Fourth Quarter, 1990, Southern Partisan*). The results were predictable.

This northeastern fear and hatred of all things Southern certainly has old roots. Charles Sumner breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the South long after Preston Brooks tried to give him an attitude adjustment. But an earlier generation of northerners in this century learned about the South under the romanticizing tutelage of Miss Margaret Mitchell and, while this taught them little about what Dr. Frank Owsley called "the plain folk of the old South" (or even about the planter class!), it at least taught them respect and it was surely a superior introduction to our people than the modern Yankee receives via Hollywood stereotypes of inbred covites tormented by perverted lusts and the bizarre religious beliefs of primitive religion. I refer to *Pulp Fiction* and *Cape Fear* as two recent examples, where the psychotic killers and rapists are Confederate flag-flying menaces with Southern accents. These cultural stereotypes are compounded by the Harvardian intellectual elitism that so influences the northeast and that, I'm sorry to say, often convinces Southerners of what Yanks themselves believe; that the northern cities are the true and only centers of cultural and social gravity.

The modern Yankee (and his bootlicking creature, the modern scalawag) draws liberally on what Robert Penn Warren used to call "the treasury of virtue" granted to them by their victory in the war of the secession. The "treasury" provides the north with a cultural checking account that they can use to justify any outrage perpetrated against the South. At Harvard, to extend the metaphor further, they are overdrawn. Believing they are justified by history, they then forget or condemn, or transform history so that it becomes a propaganda sheet for northern arrogance. Further, rather than a true multiculturalism that would celebrate racial/ethnic differences and yet view the world with eyes trained by moral absolutes, the czars of the new "tolerance"

insist on the paradox of a "multicultural conformity," a mental world where all things stand equal and compliance with oppressive codes of speech are the *sine qua non* for entrance into the bastions of cultural and social power. This atrocity, that has been labeled "the tyranny of virtue," will result in nothing but a backlash of racial hatred that does not bode well for the future of the Republic. The bizarre lengths that the rhetoric of multiculturalism is willing to go will provide ammunition for every racist cockroach in America, setting back race-relations a generation or more.

How can the South respond to Harvard and its challenge? How does it respond to a society in which the cultural and economic institutions are firmly under the hegemony of people who share the bankrupt value system of the Ivy League?

First of all, Southerners must retake the academic and cultural field. The Yankees and their great behemoth Universities have too long acted as if Dante and Shakespeare, Bach and Brahms, Michelangelo and Velasquez are their bailiwick. They are ours by birthright and will perhaps soon be ours by default since the past is being so radically reevaluated and revised by modern intellectuals that these great figures and their works may soon be thoroughly repudiated as "reactionary" and "apolitical." If so, pray God our Southern schools will have the moral backbone (many will not since Harvard is often their *beau ideal* to become the preservers of culture, acting as did the monastic institutions of the Dark Ages, preserving the treasures of Christian/Classical culture while the world lived out its barbaric fantasies beyond the gates.

Secondly, while we are laying claim to the larger cultural resources of the west, we Southerners must never forget that we have a culture all our own. Walker Percy once pointed out that the South has created artists like William Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor while the Northeast has created scholars who write essays about William Faulkner and Flannery O'Connor. Beyond this, the Southern people have their own set of arts i.e., the art of conversation and telling a good story, the art of the hunt and the crafts of quilting and cooking. These are, as John Crowe Ransom termed them, "arts of living and not arts of escape... community arts." We must not allow these things to be taken from us, paved over by our "strip mall civilization." We must practice them with pride and relearn them if they have been forgotten and thus call up the good spirits of our ancestors as we

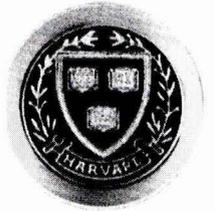
struggle to be Southerners in the fading twilight of the twentieth century.

Third, we must beware of the newest versions of the "New South" myth that would seduce us from the old ways. A trip by train through the northeast will show you how Yankee materialism has fouled its own nest and we cannot allow it to turn our Southland into the industrial waste that inevitably follows the "Boom Town" mentality. R.L. Dabney, Presbyterian minister and "Stonewall" Jackson's chief of staff, deplored the eagerness of post-Civil War Southerners who raced to be "reconstructed" if only it meant material gain. These Judas', Dabney fulminated, "are willing to be basely consoled with the lures of the oppressor." (*Southern Bivouac* 9 1872).

Soon after the fall of the Confederacy, an unreconstructed Mississippi preacher spoke the oft quoted phrase that "If we cannot attain our political independence, let us have our mental independence." We must make it so. We must retake and preserve the values of Western civilization for we are those who really care for them. And we must also continue to develop or own style of that civilization, what Edward Pollard called "a peculiar and noble type of civilization," and thus call down confusion on all those who would believe that our ways and our land died at Appomattox.

"Deo Vindice." He will vindicate us. ☪

Scott Poole is a native Southerner studying at Harvard Divinity School.



The modern Yankee (and his bootlicking creature, the modern scalawag) draws liberally on what Robert Penn Warren used to call "the treasury of virtue" granted to them by their victory in the war of the secession. The "treasury" provides the north with a cultural checking account that they can use to justify any outrage perpetrated against the South.

The Mugging of



The furor over the supposed racism of Texaco's management dramatizes, in miniature, the tragedy and danger of so-called civil-rights legislation. The Texaco story paints a vivid picture of what we've become: an economy distorted and abused by a racial spoils system, in which race is pitted against race, employees pitted against employers, and all power is held by federal bureaucrats and magistrates who "resolve" disputes by taking capitalists to the cleaners.

BY JUSTIN RAIMONDO

It is a rotten system designed to incite and live off of ethnic hatred and class struggle. The winners are trial lawyers and their government allies, and the official victim groups that make off with what remains of the loot. The real victims are ordinary stockholders, who are denied a voice in where their money goes, and American workers and midlevel managers, who are cheated out of jobs, subjected to invasive and demeaning "diversity training," and terrorized by the "civil rights" thought police.

The Texaco saga began two years ago when Mary Devorce, a black accountant in Texaco's Denver office, filed a complaint of racial discrimination. As managers do these days, her boss fell all over himself to reassure her that her job was safe. Not only that, but her supervisor proposed changing her work situation to remove her from what she regarded as a hostile work environment. The goal in this shuffle is always twofold: prevent the story from coming to the attention of the media, which are never interested in the facts, and keep the complaints out of the courts. Sometimes that works, unless the plaintiffs lawyers are dealing with larger corporations with big pockets.

Soon five more people were added to the suit, and it was expanded to a class-action attack on behalf of 1,500 black employees of Texaco. The Justice Department then got interested. What needs to change, said the government, is the corporate culture itself; it must

be ruthlessly purged of all resistance to one-way, race-conscious politics.

In this unstoppable racket, only whites and only management, never blacks, can act in a racist manner and are therefore vulnerable. And once the spotlight is on your company, there is practically nothing you can do to clear yourself and avoid the inevitable terror campaign. Your company's name will be dragged through the mud, your stockholders will be looted, and there's nothing you can do to stop it.

The real problem, the plaintiff's lawyers said, is that Mary's supervisor called his supervisor, who then reportedly said he would have fired the so and so. Thus began the strange focus on the language of senior and middle management. This focus took a bizarre turn when one disloyal employee—Robert Lundwall, the former personnel manager later put on the payroll of the plaintiffs' attorneys—carried a hidden tape recorder into a strategy meeting of Texaco executives.

According to the transcript the plaintiffs' lawyers gave to the media, the taped meetings captured managerial racism, and thus proved company-wide bias. The dreaded n-word was supposedly employed throughout, while the cabal of executives allegedly plotted the destruction of requested documents. In particular, the managers were fretting about the black employees demand for a celebration of the black holiday, Kwanza. Senior manager Robert Ulrich used the n-word, and called them "black jelly beans."

An orchestrated hysteria began.

Though the transcript had not been independently verified, Texaco claimed to be "shocked and dismayed." The guilty parties were fired, and the retirees had their company benefits revoked. "The statements on the tapes arouse a deep sense of shock and anger among all the members of the Texaco family and decent people everywhere," said CEO Peter Bijur.

Groveling even more, Bijur announced that Texaco would make amends with a six-point program to instill proper respect for political correctness. A special subcommittee of the board would oversee the company's racial preference programs; a manager would be in charge of race relations; executives would travel to all Texaco regional centers to communicate the company's "personal embarrassment," while all employees—not just managers—would be subjected to further "diversity" brainwashing sessions.

But no amount of groveling, no matter how abject, was enough to appease the looters: they smelled blood, and quickly moved in for the kill. "While this is a first step," said Cyrus Mehri, a plaintiff lawyer, "it's too little, too late." Bijur hinted at a generous settlement, but the civil-rights vultures circling overhead were not interested: why settle for a few pieces of flesh when you can devour the whole thing?

As Texaco's instinct for self-preservation finally kicked into gear, the company hired outside investigators who analyzed the tape and produced their own transcript. It turns out that the "n-word" was never used; in speaking about the various religious holidays during the holiday season, Ulrich, said: "Poor St. Nicholas." "Nicholas" was rendered by the plaintiffs' lawyers as "niggers," which the *New York Times* excused as an "aural illusion."

It also turns out that Ulrich never called blacks "jelly beans." The plain-

tiffs' original version of the transcript has him saying, "this diversity thing. You know how black jelly beans agree." What he really said was: "You can't just have black jelly beans and other jelly beans. It doesn't work." This was a reference to a "diversity" brainwashing lecture that analogized diversity to jelly beans in a jar.

The independent listening of tapes revealed that the meeting was no hate-fest. The managers were alternately jocular and confused about what was going on around them. Why was one group of employees setting itself against the interests of the company and those of the other employees in pursuing a hostile and baseless class-action suit?

Wanting to avoid confrontation, Bijur said he was unmoved by the new transcript: this does "nothing to change the categorically unacceptable context and tone of those conversations." Yet even this could not keep the looters at bay. Jesse Jackson, who often speaks as a proxy for the justice Department, immediately declared a boycott of Texaco products.

The press frenzy went into overdrive. What the civil-rights racketeers were after this time was a Texaco policy of "equal opportunity with teeth." The problem: Texaco gives regular performance evaluations that take no account of race, a practice antithetical to the caste system now being imposed on American business.

An audit by the Labor Department accused Texaco of violating federal civil-rights regulations because minority group employees in one division "had to wait far longer for promotions and were far less likely to receive evaluations that would help them in their careers." Texaco was ordered to "compensate" the minority workers for the "lost" wages.

These bureaucrats—whose economic advancement is tied to seniority—can't conceive of the idea of rewards from productivity. In the private sector, wage increases and promotions are the result of an increase in perceived abilities. It's true that bad

decisions about promotions are made all the time. But they are never made with the deliberate intent to lower profits and productivity; quite the opposite. If employees want to advance, they must demonstrate that they are more capable than their peers.

This absurdity is the logical conclusion of civil-rights laws that give government oversight over hiring and promotions. Short of mind reading, there is no way for the courts to know precisely what motivates managers in their promotion decisions. To be made legally operational, the government measures discrimination in terms of results, i.e. race quotas. If outcomes less than favorable to minorities can be spiced with reports of impolite language, you've got a class-action lawsuit guaranteed to net millions.

Let's say that blacks as a group are advancing on the corporate ladder more slowly than whites. There are any number of possible explanations for this fact, other than a gigantic conspiracy to keep blacks in their place. But so long as government can centrally plan the racial composition of a company's workforce—all the way down to scheduling the racial makeup of promotions—we aren't allowed to consider any of them.

The crucial point here is that this Texaco mess did not result from "quotas" or "affirmative action" as such. The only law necessary to bring about this legal race riot was the 1964 Civil Rights Act which enforces nondiscrimination. So long as the government is in charge of determining what is and is not discriminatory, these kinds of lawsuits will become more and more common.

That is why the conservative critique of race quotas—they are bad but anti-discrimination law is great—is useless. There's nothing inherently wrong with private quotas, for example. If a private company wants to promote only blacks, whites, men, or women to its top ranks, that is no one's business but the company's. The competitive marketplace will render a judgment on any such policy.

Why should anyone care whether

Black Enterprise magazine has an all-black management, or whether they institute a quota system giving whites special privileges? The competitive marketplace provides a myriad of job opportunities. Just because whites can't work there—and why would anyone want to work where he is not wanted?—does not mean they can't work anywhere, or that their overall economic prospects are sunk.

Let's say that Texaco did indeed irrationally discriminate against blacks in wages and promotion. That would imply that the skills of blacks are being under-appreciated. In that case, there will be plenty of others anxious to pay a marginally higher wage to get a much better employee. The employee should quit and go to work elsewhere. The very prospect of losing good employees is what causes businesses to give promotions and wages matched to skill levels.

When Texaco agreed to settle what they hoped would be the final payment (fat chance), it agreed to: pay \$115 million to 1,500 current and former black employees, provide \$26.1 million in pay raises to blacks over five years, give all black employees an immediate 10 percent raise, and spend \$ 35 million to set up racial monitoring and more sensitivity training for employees. It was the largest settlement of its kind.

Jesse Jackson still says it's not enough, and the government agrees. As the Texaco tragedy shows, and the left has long known, civil rights will always trump property rights so long as the courts are choosing between the two. There is only one solution to this mess: end government intervention in the labor market, and restore the freedom of association. ☺

This article is reprinted from the January issue of The Free Market, the newsletter of the Ludwig von Mises Institute in Auburn, AL. Subscriptions to The Free Market are free with membership. For information on the von Mises Institute call (334) 844-2500, fax (334) 844-2583, or visit their website at www.mises.org.

Out of Egypt

BY DAVID WADE

A REVIEW OF

Illinois Rebels: A Civil War Unit History of G Co., 15th Tennessee Regiment Volunteer Infantry

by Ed Gleeson

Guild Press of Indiana, 1996, 126 pages, \$15.00

Ed Gleeson is Commander of the Illinois Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. His first book, *Rebel Sons of Erin*, chronicled the exploits of the 10th Tennessee Infantry, a regiment of Irish-Americans who fought for the South. This slender volume pursues an even more exotic theme—Company G of the 15th Tennessee.

G Company had the distinction of being the only unit of fighting men raised for the Confederacy from the state of Illinois. It had its origins in the defiant counter-proclamation of one Mr. Harry Hopper, citizen of Williamson County.

Williamson County is in that southern region of Illinois known as “Egypt,” because the spring floods of the Mississippi inundate its fertile soil with the same regularity of the Nile encroaching on the Egyptian delta.

Egypt was largely populated by settlers who had moved up from the South. They were not slave-holders, but tended to be States’ Rights Democrats and anti-Abolitionists.

Lincoln’s April 1861 proclamation for 75,000 volunteers to put down Southern secession rankled a good many Egyptians, and there was concern in Washington about “holding Egypt.”

Harry Hopper’s counter-proclamation, denouncing the Lincoln administration and asserting the right of the Southern states to secede, led to a mass indignation meeting and a call for volunteers to resist, by joining the Confederate Army. But, while many were called, few were chosen. Only twelve showed up later at a Marion, Illinois saloon to take up arms. These “twelve apostles of Jeff Davis” were the start of Company G. They were led by Hibert A. “Hibe” Cunningham and John M. Cunningham.

The Cunninghams were related by marriage to the most popular politician in Egypt, Congressman John A. Logan. Logan had wed Mary Cunningham, the daughter of John, and sister of “Hibe.” Southern sympathizers had hoped that Logan, a conservative Democrat, might join them in their defiance of Lincoln’s tyranny. The Congressman’s eloquent opposition to Lincoln’s policy of coercion kindled that hope. It was said that Logan alone could raise an entire regiment for the Confederacy from his constituents in southern Illinois.

Instead, after months of vacillation, the Congressman finally cast his lot with the Union. He wound up a Yankee war hero—“Black Jack” Logan, who took command of the

Army of the Tennessee after the death of McPherson at Atlanta. He would turn out to be one of the very few of Lincoln’s political generals to acquit himself well in the field.

Bereft of Logan, only 34 volunteers went south from Egypt: 28 from Williamson County and 6 from Jackson. Like many narratives from the early days of the War, theirs was tinged with more farce than heroism.

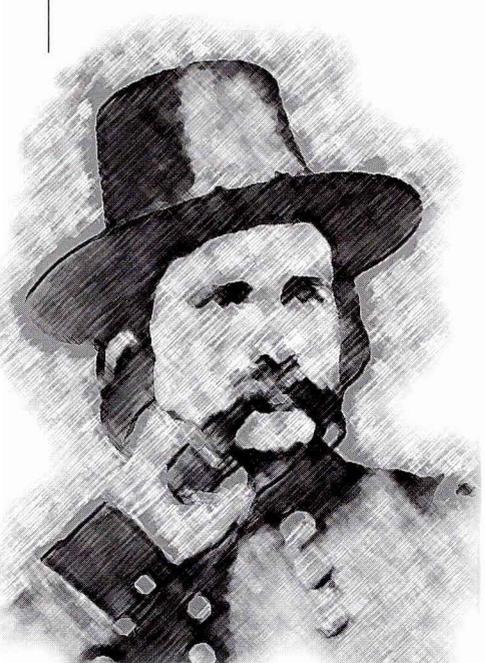
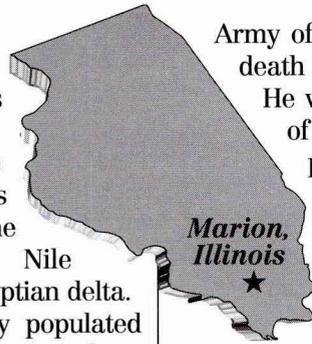
The Illinois militia sent out a cavalry patrol to stop them, but it took the wrong turn at the hamlet of Metropolis and got lost, thus cheating the history books out of what otherwise would have been the only Civil War engagement fought on Illinois soil—“The Battle of Metropolis.”

There was a big welcome for the Egyptians in Paducah, where they were now under the command of Illinoisan Thorndike Brooks; and additional volunteers from Kentucky brought their number to 63, enough to pass for an infantry company.

They were an anomalous company in an anomalous regiment: the 15th Tennessee. The 15th was supposed to be a western Tennessee regiment, but there wasn’t a single man in it from that part of the state. Instead, one company, called the Washington Rifles, was predominately German immigrants. So was another company, although it was called the Swiss Rifles. Then there were the Montgomery Guards, who was supposed to be Irish, but mostly were not. A band of Egyptians was right at home in such a colorful and confusing patchwork.

A drunken brawl in the ranks led to the first regimental commander being dismissed by General Polk because he could not maintain discipline. He was replaced by Robert Charles Taylor, who was to prove himself an able administrator and a brave man in battle.

G Company’s baptism of fire at



Union General John A. Logan chose political ambition over principle.

the Battle of Belmont in the Boot-Heel country of Missouri ended yet again in farce, but of a darker hue. Coming down the Mississippi by steam-boat, the men were mistaken by Confederate batteries on the shore as reinforcements for Grant's army, and fired upon.

At Shiloh, Company G, along with the 15th, served in Bushrod Johnson's Brigade, and were in the thick of the fight. Tyler was seriously wounded, and command of the regiment temporarily passed to Thorndike Brooks—who became the only Illinoisan ever to command a Confederate regiment.

What had been left of the 15th after Shiloh was destroyed at Perryville, G Company along with it. "Hibe" Cunningham led a charge there along with his Egyptian color-bearer, Spince Blankenship, that captured two guns from a Hoosier battery, but the general results were inconclusive. Union commander Buell

thought that he was fighting a mere skirmish, and Confederate Braxton Bragg characteristically failed to press his advantage. Only 9 out of 30 Union brigades and 5 out of 20 Confederate brigades were fully engaged.

But the 15th lost an estimated 46% of its effectives. It was so chewed up that there were only enough men left to make two good companies, and so Company G officially ceased to exist. The 15th itself survived only by being consolidated with the 37th Tennessee.

Thorndike Brooks became an aide to the commander of the newly consolidated regiment, Colonel Dudley Frazer, and served valiantly throughout the rest of the war.

But Hibert Cunningham went A.W.O.L., and in February of 1864 was officially listed as a deserter. It turned out he had crossed the lines, and surfaced as an aide on the staff of his Brother-in-Law, "Black Jack" Logan.

Logan himself had "crossed the

lines" once by becoming one of Lincoln's political generals after having at first violently opposed his policies. He showed his gifts for opportunism again when he later became a Republican. In 1884, he was James G. Blaine's running-mate in the Presidential election. Blaine, of course, was beaten by Grover Cleveland—"Grover the Good" who braved the denunciations of the Grand Army of the Republic by returning to the states of the former Confederacy their captured battle flags.

Mr. Gleeson has told the tale of one small but hitherto forgotten drama of devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, arising under most unusual auspices. One cannot help but wonder how many such tales still remain to be told. ☼

David Wade is an Illinois Copperhead and is a regular contributor to Southern Partisan.

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Can The South Survive A "Universal Nation?"

BY JOSEPH SCOTCHIE

A REVIEW OF

The Immigration Mystique: America's False Conscience

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Basic Books, 1996, 202 pages,
\$23.00.

"The New Class is antirural, anti-Christian, and it loathes American culture. Why shouldn't it love immigration?"

—Chilton Williamson, Jr.

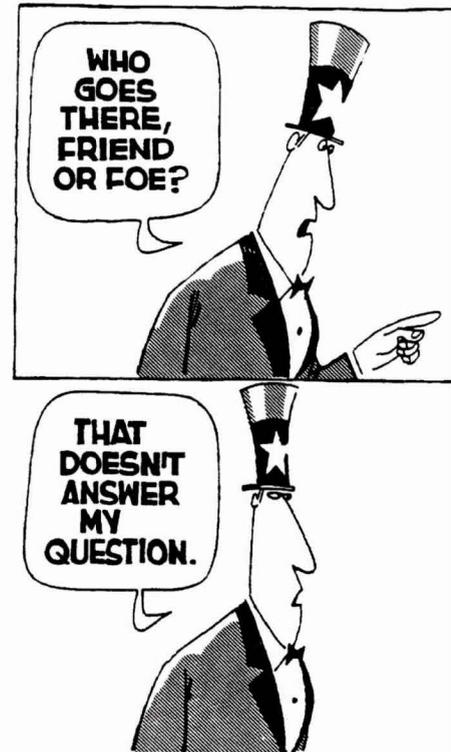
In this penetrating, remarkably even-handed book on immigration, Chilton Williamson, Jr. comes up with another arresting thought, one that should wake up even the most ambivalent observer of this nation-breaking issue.

"Some years ago, Norman Podhoretz....remarked that the American Civil War was as ancient and irrelevant to him as the War of the Roses, his own family having arrived in the United States at a considerably later date. As an aging generation of American writers, critics, and politicians regards America before 1865 and the first epoch of mass immigration as irrelevant and in some sense contemptible, so perhaps a coming

generation will view America before 1965 [when the nation's current liberal immigration laws were enacted] in the same way."

No one in America is more qualified to write about immigration than Chilton Williamson, Jr. One of the most courageous writers of his generation, Williamson singlehandedly made immigration an issue at his former employer, *National Review*. After leaving that publication for the more hospitable atmosphere at *Chronicles*, Williamson then saw *National Review* essentially swipe the *Chronicles* position and call for its own restrictions on immigration.

Familiar arguments against immigration on cultural, economic, and environmental grounds are presented in this volume. But *The Immigration Mystique* is the most historical and philosophical tract yet written on the subject. The roots of our immigration crisis lie in a false reading of American history (that we were intended to become a "nation of immigrants") and in the way American culture is now defined; namely, the rejection of a republic with a British Protestant core for the fantasy that "anyone in the world" can become an American. The U.S. Constitution and the Declaration of Independence were products of an exclusive Anglo-Saxon-Celtic civilization. In short, it was the character of 18th century Americans and not mere documents that created the first republic of the modern world. Nations are not, as Williamson cites Ben Wattenberg, "just people" rather they are, as Daniel Patrick Moynihan claims, an aggregate of "people who believe they are ancestrally related." Does anyone believe this condition exists now? Or that it will exist in the



future?

The suicidal idea of the United States as a "universal nation" has plagued the nation from its beginnings; however, it wasn't until the mid-19th century that such juvenile sentiments began to take hold. The Founding Fathers, from Washington to Jefferson to Franklin mercifully avoided defining the nation in millennialist terms: A constitutional republic was good enough for them. But before and after the Civil War and continuing into the 20th century, politicians, philosophers and poets alike could not resist utopian rhetoric. Here are some of the more foolish examples.

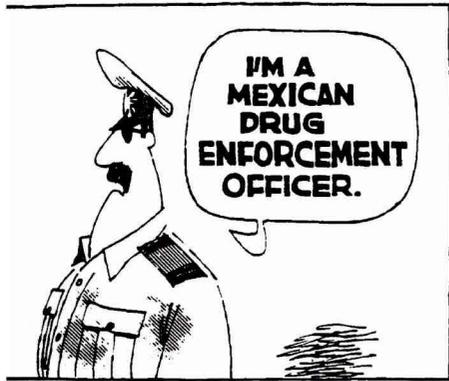
"In the beginning, all the world was American." John Locke.

"[Americans are] an almost chosen people." Abraham Lincoln.

"America is eternal." Ronald Reagan.

"We are the heirs of all time, and with all nations we divide our inheritance." Herman Melville.

"For five hundred years, America has been the biggest story



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S.K. Allen



American inner city—for all time to come.

However, a universal nation cannot, at the same time, be a Western, Christian nation. Most of us have learned the hard way what multiculturalism really means. And yet for the most part, the dreary conservative elite in Washington and Manhattan still refuses to draw the connection between massive immigration, rapidly changing demographics, and both the rise of multiculturalism and affirmative action. In fact, the *Wall Street Journal* has tried to blame the defeat of the morbid Dole-Kemp ticket, at least in part, on the Buchananite restrictionist wing of the GOP. Liberals like Wattenberg and Moynihan must take the lion's share of the blame for our present predicament, but conservatives sure haven't been much of an opposition party.

Williamson's more controversial statements concern the earlier European immigration of the late 19th and 20th century. Such migrations fit in nicely with the catastrophic changes wrought by the Civil War. The war heralded the triumph of an urban/industrial society over a hierarchical/agrarian one, thus replacing "the casual and unselfconscious nationalism of the early republican era with an instrumental nationalism better suited to an industrializing and modernizing nation with growing imperialistic ambitions."

Our first massive immigration wave fed the growth of the modern Leviathan state.

In fairness, not all early immigration was into urban areas. Many European immigrants settled into the rural Midwest, building agrarian communities rooted firmly in the

Jeffersonian tradition. Italian immigrants who settled in West Virginia, Alabama, or Louisiana quickly became Southerners as did previous generations of French and German migrants.

But this was immigration on a much smaller scale. The 20th century South never experienced large-scale immigration until Cuban refugees were given preferential treatment following the failed Bay of Pigs military caper in the early 1960s. Unassimilated Latin American immigrants aren't the only reason Florida is the "least Southern" state below the Mason-Dixon line, but, to say the least, it's been a major one. Massive immigration always brings social and cultural upheaval, high crime and unemployment rates—which is why it has never had any public support throughout the country's history. But lest we forget, immigration, for the New Class, drives the engine of an anti-Western cultural and political revolution. Observes Williamson: "[The] American people [in the New Class worldview], being smug, self-righteous, and racist, *deserve* to lose their country to the nonwhite peoples of the world."

Restrictions on immigration alone won't win the cultural war—a more concrete definition of American civilization other than "democratic capitalism" or "equality of opportunity" is needed. But failure to restrict immigration will certainly give the multiculturalists a final victory—and with a bleak future of continued racial and ethnic conflict also assured. The hour is indeed later than most Americans care to believe. ☪

in the world." Ben Wattenberg.

"[The U.S. is] the country of the Future, a heterogeneous population crowding on all ships from all corners of the world to the great gates of North America and quickly contributing their private thoughts to the public opinion, their toil to the treasury, and their vote to the election." Ralph Waldo Emerson.

And so the downhill slide from George Washington's somber warnings about empire to our modern-day arrogance commences. If the United States really is "eternal" then by all means it can continue to accept over one million immigrants—most of whom are from Third World countries, who don't speak English, and who are more impoverished than the average dweller of the most desperate

"[The] American people [in the New Class worldview], being smug, self-righteous, and racist, *deserve* to lose their country to the nonwhite peoples of the world."

—Chilton Williamson

Joe Scotchie, of Bayside, New York continues to mount a rear-guard action for the South. He has become a regular advisor and contributor to Southern Partisan.

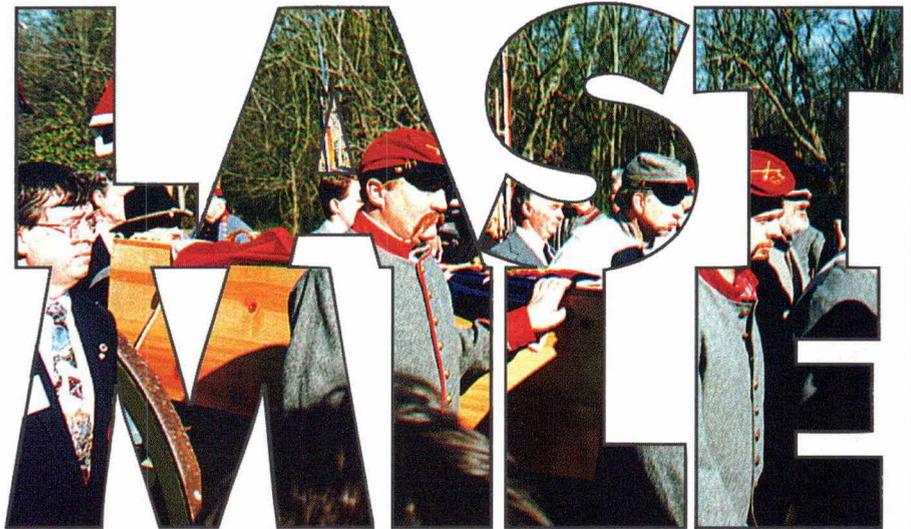
WILLIAM THOMAS OVERBY'S

William Thomas Overby was a Confederate hero, murdered under orders from George Custer. For 133 years, he lay buried in Virginia, far away from his home in Coweta County, Georgia. But this year he came home. This is his story.

1861: THE 7TH GEORGIA

Like many in the Newnan Georgia area, William Thomas Overby chose to fight for Southern independence. He enlisted in Company A, 7th GA Infantry, known as "The Coweta Guards." He borrowed a Confederate uniform and posed for a tin type that he took to his loving mother Martha Stith Overby. Then, like so many others, he shouldered his Enfield across his grey jacket and, with his bayonet slapping against his medium blue pants, marched toward the gunfire in Virginia. As they left their home county, The Coweta Guards became the first Georgia unit to answer Richmond's call.

By all accounts, the 7th Georgia brought honor and ferocity to the Cause. Battle hardened by August of 1862, they engaged the Yankees at Second Manassas. In this epic battle, William Thomas Overby took an awful wound. By the time he recovered in the Confederate hospitals, the 7th Georgia had moved to other battles and continued to fight bravely and well. Thomas Overby dutiful-



A caisson bore Ranger Overby to his final rest.

ly rejoined the fight for his country. He gained acceptance into Company D, 43rd Virginia Cavalry, the famed mounted pistol fighters of John Singleton Mosby. Private Overby's acceptance by the Rangers was an indication of his ability as a soldier. The skills needed by infantry differ greatly from those needed by cavalry. John Mosby demanded skilled horsemanship and mastery of the twin Colt pistols. One of Mosby's men would write after the war that the average Ranger could plant three pistol balls in a tree trunk while passing it at full gallop. An unlucky Yankee patrol stumbling on ten Rangers faced 120 well placed .44 caliber balls before anyone had to reload.



*"Mount and follow me!"
Col. John Mosby stated he learned the art of war from Napoleon, not Walter Scott.*

1862: THE 43RD VIRGINIA

From 1862 until the end of the war, the Rangers raided, harassed, and fought

the Yankees in Fauquier and Loudoun Counties, Virginia, the land both sides called "Mosby's Confederacy." During these years Mosby's force of fewer than 200 killed or captured more than 1000 Yankees at a loss of 20 casualties. Author and historian William C. Davis correctly points out that modern Special Forces and Airborne training come directly from Jeb Stuart's Cavalry.

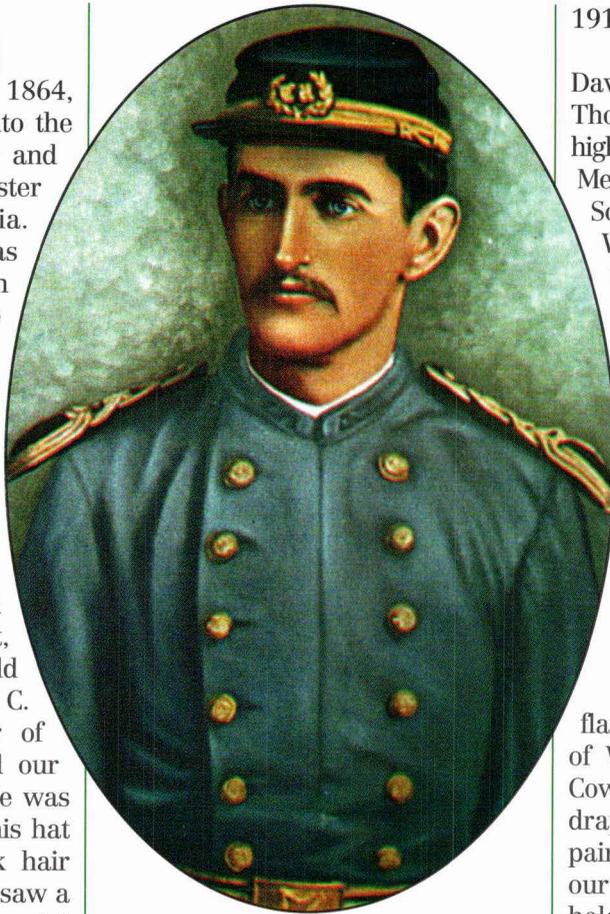
So feared were the Rangers that the Yankees pulled the boards nightly off the only bridge leading into Washington. They quaked in their boots at the thought that Mosby might steal into the White House and make off with the Great Baboon. For all the glory heaped upon Philip Sheridan by the other side, even Yankee historians list Sheridan's pursuit of Mosby's Rangers as a dismal failure. John Singleton Mosby remained undefeated. He refused to surrender and disbanded his men at Salem in 1865. He still carried pistols in 1866. John Mosby remained unapologetic to the end of his days in 1916. William Thomas Overby contributed his share to Mosby's success from the hour he saddled up until a fateful day in September 1864. On that day, he contributed more.

All Photos: Steve Hyde & Mike Thacker

1864: MARTYRDOM

On Friday, September 23, 1864, six of Mosby's Rangers fell into the hands of the self promoting and craven George Armstrong Custer near Front Royal, Virginia. William Thomas Overby was one of them. Thwarted on numerous occasions, the Custer command resorted to war crimes to crush the unstoppable Rangers. Custer executed the six men without trial. Wrists bound with nooses around their necks, each of the Rangers sat upon his mount facing certain death. When offered his life in exchange for Mosby's hideout, William Thomas Overby would not betray the Rangers. Dr. R. C. Buck witnessed the murder of Private Overby. He described our heroic Cavalier as follows. "He was seated upon his mount with his hat and coat off, his wavy black hair floating in the breeze. I never saw a finer specimen of manhood." Another witness stated, "He was a famous soldier—and died unafraid." Brave to his last breath, William Thomas Overby accepted his fate. A lady who witnessed the crime later stated, "He died a Christian—unafraid." With a slap of his horse, the grey clad Cavalier joined his comrades in arms. A stunned Blue Coat uttered "He was the Nathan Hale of the Confederacy!" Grizzled Unionist soldiers openly wept at the sight of bravery that far exceeded their own.

John Singleton Mosby mounted an appropriate response to the despicable murders of his men. He dispatched the enemy some Yankees in kind. He then wrote Phil Sheridan a letter and sent it to him under a flag of truce. He stated that if Sheridan's commanders committed no more atrocities, he would consider the



The oil portrait of William Thomas Overby taken from his tin type.

matter closed. History records that Sheridan got the message. Heinous war crimes ceased under Sheridan's command. John Mosby held George Custer personally responsible for the cowardly murder of his Rangers. Revisionists and Custer apologists have sought to distance Yellow Hair from murder, but concrete evidence exists that no one ever professed George Custer's innocence to John Mosby's face. Loudoun County, Virginia reports no gut shot or pistol whipped historians prior to May 18,



Private Overby in state at the Coweta County Courthouse with Confederate Honor Guard.

1916, the date of Mosby's death.

The Government of Jefferson Davis awarded Private William Thomas Overby the Confederacy's highest decoration, the Confederate Medal of Honor. Of all who served the South during her time of need, William Thomas Overby remains the only Georgian to be so honored. After the cowardly murders, the father of one of the other slain Rangers claimed his son's body and that of Private Overby. The grieving father buried them side by side on private property in Markham, Virginia.

1997: COMING HOME COURTHOUSE

The Confederate Honor Guard flanked the simple wooden casket of William Thomas Overby in the Coweta County Courthouse. Upon it draped the Cross of St. Andrew. A pair of crossed sabers rested upon our flag. A simple yet elegant frame held the Confederate Medal of Honor. Behind him an easel supported the oil portrait painted in 1981 from the tin type showing the Ranger in the pride of his twenties. Behind his portrait proudly stood the flags he had so valiantly served. A tear welled in more than one eye as we all passed.

Ann Williams of the Newnan Chapter UDC told us the story of how it all came to be. For fifteen years, the UDC had been trying to bring Private Overby home, all government red tape had been cut, but the owner of the Virginia plot where Overby rested remained uncooperative. Then the Sharpsburg Sharpshooters

Camp of SCV joined the quest. For a time united efforts hit a stone wall as well until the private land in Virginia changed hands. The new land owner agreed to the move, and Newnan attorney Mike Booth donated his expertise and time until legal

ducks stood end to end.

The Coweta Countians moved quickly. David Corley, Commander of the Sharpsburg Sharpshooters, led a detachment to Virginia to bring Georgia's hero home. The swift move forced everyone to act on short notice. But the Confederate telegraph operated with speed and efficiency that would have pleased Jimmy Bulloch. From Atlanta and Savannah, Texas and Virginia, word of the funeral spread. From all walks of life they came in tribute to the

Ranger. A steady stream flowed through the courthouse until the wee hours of the morning. The Honor Guard vowed to stand their post all night if need be. They did.

The Atlanta news media, generally no friend to Southern culture, were forced to behave on this Confederate story. Particularly powerful was the snubbing they suffered on Saturday afternoon. A handsome, powerfully built black man stood in line at the courthouse. The Cross of St. Andrew graced the front of his white T-shirt. He paid his respects to the Ranger, signed the guest book, and then engaged several members of the Honor Guard in spirited conversation. He then shook hands and quietly left, refusing countless requests for interviews. The conduct of all others echoed the dignity of this Confederate descendant. It set the tone for the coming event. On this solemn occasion, the news media were agendaless and respectful.

An Overby descendant from North Carolina had heard of the ceremony from kin in Atlanta. She brought her entire family to Newnan, Georgia. This pretty blonde woman spoke of her great pride in her Confederate heritage. She told of how she had grown up with the Ranger's story passed to her from the previous generation. She stated that when teachers in the government schools required reports on the Civil War, she wrote of Ranger Overby. Her offspring continue that tradition.



The mounted Cavaliers riding in tribute to William Thomas Overby.

CEMETERY

In the Newnan City Cemetery the Cross of St. Andrew flew at half staff. Seven cannon, including two mountain howitzers, moved into position next to a phalanx of mortars. We drove to the designated parking area. The Honor Guard stated that the parking area held spaces for a thousand cars for the three o'clock grave side service. The spaces completely filled by eleven. Two shuttle busses rumbled back and forth carrying Confederate descendants.

The artillery men with the three inch gun busied themselves with the special duty given them. They first unlimbered the caisson from their green wheeled gun. They then took the box off and set it aside. The Honor Guard then assembled around the caisson. They bore it to the courthouse where it rested until two o'clock. The Confederate artillery then began their eight man drills and test fires. Surprisingly, the smaller mountain howitzers roared as loudly as the field guns. John Mosby favored the compact and agile mountain howitzer. It moved speedily over tight mountain trails and packed plenty of intermediate range firepower. The gunners then readied their guns for the final salute to William Thomas Overby. They would three times fire the mortars, then all seven cannon at one second intervals.

As we viewed the artillery drills,

I ran into Mark Pollard of the Sharpsburg Sharpshooters. Mark explained that a number of the reenactors adopted particular uniforms worn in particular periods of the war and by specific units. He stated that the full Honor Guard would present a rich pallet of butternut and gray. Mark then showed me his rifle, not a reproduction but a real Confederate Enfield. The "English gun" possessed the two best traits of a battle rifle. It should

ered easily and the sights lined up quickly. Mark then chronicled the gun's history. The '62 Tower ran the blockade at Galveston. The .577 then made its way to northern Virginia where it found the waiting hands of the 27th Georgia. At the time of Appomattox, the rifle served Georgia some distance away. The soldier who carried it refused to give a fine gun to Yankees. He carried the Enfield home to Georgia. Mark now carries the family heirloom. As he finished the rifle's history, the horn sounded on the last shuttle bus to the courthouse. Mark shouldered his Enfield and ran for the bus to take his rightful place in the Honor Guard. As the Honor Guard escorted the flag draped caisson into the Newnan Cemetery, the fife and field drum played "Onward Christian Soldiers," "Amazing Grace," and "The Bonnie Blue Flag." No one who viewed or heard this remained unmoved.

The caisson rolled solemnly to rest at the grave site. The Infantry Honor Guard cut a smart right turn, then a left, and formed ranks more than a hundred strong in the cemetery. The mounted Cavaliers rode behind them and took their positions on the cemetery path. Behind the cavalry, the artillery men manned their guns and stood at the ready. The Cross of St. Andrew and the Nationals proudly flew in numbers rarely seen in this or any other time. With the last note of fife and drumbeat, there came a respectful

silence. Against this backdrop, Master of Ceremonies James O. Hardin Jr. announced William E. Poe, Chaplain of the Sharpshooters, who gave the invocation.

Newnan Mayor L. Keith Brady, Commissioner Jim McGuffey, Rep. Lynn Smith all gave greetings. James C. Reynolds, past Commander of the Georgia SCV introduced former Gov. Lester Maddox, who spoke of the joy of being American by birth and Southern by the Grace of God. Hardin read letters from numerous elected officials. Mr. Hardin then introduced Mr. P. Charles Lunsford, spokesman for the Heritage Preservation Association who gave a rousing address.

Concluding the ceremony the Rev. W. Winston Skinner, a fine writer and rock of faith Baptist preacher, presented the folded Cross of St. Andrew to the Overby family. The Honor Guard fired three 21 gun rifle salutes followed by the mortars and field guns at one second intervals. Then the Infantry fired a mass volley salute, followed by the Cavalry salute, and the massed artillery fire. Mr. William Smedlund played "Taps" and the Rev. John Freeland gave the final benediction. Then followed the traditional Confederate walk in review. In that tradition, each passes the coffin saying some private words and leaving buttons or tokens of respect for the dear departed. As the last soldier walked by, the ceremony concluded.

Afterward, Confederate descendants from near and far mixed and mingled with one another. The news media came looking for interviews and swooped down on several of the reenactors. A black television crew cornered one of the black reenactors to question him about his Confederate uniform. They stood mouth agape as this extremely articulate young man told them history they had not learned while getting their journalism certificates in the government schools. He spoke with great pride of both his black and

Confederate heritage. He then gave them dates and events from black and black Confederate history while referencing the first two Black PhDs from Harvard.

Just prior to his interview, this writer spoke with the Black reenactor about Mr. Ben Weatherly's research. Mr. Weatherly now crafts his book on the Griswold and Gunnison Revolver. In one of the battles around the factory, Ben found reference to a group of Enfield toting Black Confederates who defended the ravine of the 1st Georgia. They laid down murderous fire for an entire afternoon before being overrun. Col. Williston of 103rd Illinois grudgingly gave them very high praise for their soldiery and marksmanship. When the Black reenactor told the news crew that Black Confederates fought in integrated units instead of segregated like the Yankees, myths began to disappear.

Though this Black Confederate did not make the news cast, several

manner, spirit, and character of our people remains very much alive and doing extremely well. They also learned of those who came before us and wore the gray. As the Cavaliers were, so we their children are—unapologetic, unbowed, and unconquered. The stone marker in the Confederate portion of the Newnan Cemetery reads "Outnumbered ... Not defeated." Simply put, the fallen Confederates were then, are now, and forever shall be Our Cavaliers.

EPILOGUE

Douglas Kiker in his boyhood walked the same streets in Griffin, Georgia as did Sidney Lanier, John Henry "Doc" Holliday, and this writer. Mr. Kiker, a very fine writer, became a "start with a blank page" reporter before the era of blow dries and sound bites. In 1976 while working for NBC News, he broadcast the following while standing across from Griffin's Stonewall Confederate Cemetery. He stated: "Southerners are often thought of as being mired in history and ancestor worship. That is not so. It is that in the fast and dizzying pace of this world, we know who we are and where we come from."

Zelda once remarked to F. Scott Fitzgerald that he could never know how she felt about the Confederate graves. Zelda spoke the truth. All who came to Newnan, Georgia on this special day know that she did. On this day we paid deserved tribute to William Thomas Overby and all that he stood for. We came together to honor one of the best of our own and, in so doing, honored all who wore the grey. ☺



The war criminal, George Armstrong Custer, so judged by the cavalry of two nations.



The three inch field gun whose caisson bore Ranger Overby to his final rest.

others did. Their appearance on Atlanta television made news in itself. Their very visage countered the degrading selective history taught about their people in the government schools. It should be stated that neither these fine men nor anyone else had come to make a political statement. We came to Newnan, Georgia to honor one of the best of our own. In doing so, those who knew us not learned something about us. In the reenactors, they viewed the look of the South in the War of the Sixties. In them, they caught a glimpse of the mighty army of multicolor and multi-faith that stood for Southern liberty. In all of us they saw that the

In addition to his namesake, who was a Confederate soldier, Mr. Cartledge descends from Gen. William Campbell, hero of Kings Mountain and the four Campbells who rode with John Mosby.

The author wishes to acknowledge the assistance of: Al Medcalf, Brenda Beall, Eddie Page, III and Dan Peterson in the preparation of this article.

ELIZABETH FOX GENOVESE

Mawr College in 1963 with a double major in French and History which included a stint at the Institut d'Etudes Politiques in Paris, she earned a doctorate from Harvard and has been teaching at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia for the last ten years. For most of that time she has been the Eleonore Raoul Professor of the Humanities.

Her books include *Feminism Is Not the Story of My Life* (Doubleday, 1996), *Feminism Without Illusions: A Critique of Individualism* (North Carolina, 1991) and *Within the Plantation Household: Black and White Women of the Old South* (North Carolina, 1988) which received two book prizes and was named the Outstanding Book that year.

Charles Hamel, Oran Smith, and Chris Sullivan visited with the Genoveses and their two canines, Patience and Kindness (gifts of Reid Buckley) in their Atlanta home.

Southern Partisan: Some of the most fascinating things that I think you've been involved in

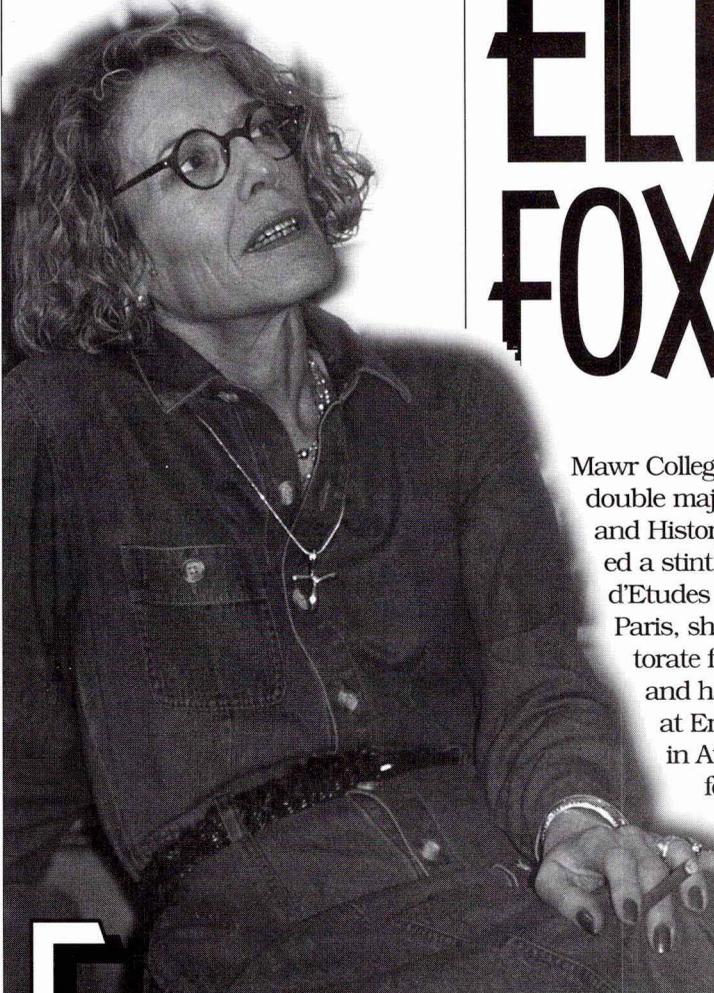
were related to the VMI and Citadel cases. I understand that you were an expert witness for VMI in its legal struggle.

EFG: I was indeed. It may be very immodest of me, but they even say I won it for them at the Appeals Court level.

Southern Partisan: What was the pro-woman case for VMI?

EFG: The pro-woman case for VMI is a very simple one. If VMI and the Citadel go down, so does single-sex education for women, and I can't see how any self-respecting woman would want single-sex education for women and not for men. It's a very straightforward case.

Now, the lawyers for Shannon Faulkner and the government in the VMI case kept insisting that, after all, this was only about the public sector (which I always took to mean that they didn't want Smith and Bryn Mawr touched if Smith and Bryn Mawr didn't want to be touched). But this is the acme of bad faith. First of all, the public-private boundary makes no sense. It is hopelessly permeable. Typically, public schools get 60% public money, 40% private, private schools the reverse. In other words, if single-sex education goes down in the public sphere, and anyone is brash enough to test Bryn Mawr or Mount Holyoke, if they persist in remaining



Elizabeth Fox Genovese is a writer, scholar, and lecturer. The feminine half of "academia's royal couple" (her husband of 27 years is Eugene Genovese), she is always provocative, and usually controversial. Known for her no-holds-barred debate style, she has silenced most of her critics and seen the rest mysteriously cancel opportunities to match wits with her. Her call for a pro-family feminism and her redefinition of the term to include a role for men in society has wrangled the Feminist Industry as has her defense of the values of plantation women horrified the History Establishment.

Having graduated from Bryn

all-female, they will lose their tax-exempt status, all federal support for their scholarship program and so on. That's the first level.

But the second level, (and you have to understand makes people very angry at me) is my conviction that they simply do not care about less affluent people. One of the things I was able to do for both VMI and the Citadel was to go through basic statistics on their students.

Southern Partisan: The "rich kids" who attend the Citadel and VMI...

EFG: Yes. At the Citadel, more than 50% of their students come from families with combined incomes of \$60,000 or less per year; one or both parents never finished college. This is not your elite white male bastion. At the time I was testifying two years ago, we had gone from one in four American families could afford private school for their kids to one in 19, and the percentage of Americans who can afford private education is dropping further yet because the colleges can't afford to subsidize.

Southern Partisan: You said you weren't sure which the anti-VMI lawyers hated more, men or the South. What exactly did you mean by that?

EFG: It was quite clear that they didn't want boys to be able to be boys. The perfectly consistent position would have been: girls can do anything boys can do; and therefore, all we ask is that girls, women, be sub-

I mean, it's not that I'm bound by traditional ways in the normal sense, but some acknowledgement of the difference between women and men, the very safe feeling that, all other things being equal, the man you are with would treat you with courtesy, would try to protect you if some danger materialized: I find this comforting and appropriate.

ject to exactly the same conditions as the cadets in order to receive the same benefit, the equal opportunity. Just let them in and, if they make the football team, fine, let them play. But this isn't what is desired at all. The goal was to transform the institution so that it could no longer do what it does so very well: namely, take really quite rough young men and turn them into responsible citizens, husbands, etc...

Southern Partisan: Why not accept that position? It's so consistent. There were so many women I spoke to who said, we don't want Shannon in the Citadel, but if she does get in, "shave her head."

EFG: Well, but you see, that's not what it's really about. The scene in the courtroom, when they were protesting the knob haircut for Shannon, was extraordinary. All of a sudden, we were treated to pictures of women with shaved heads who were French women at the close of

World War II who had collaborated with the Nazis, and the Resistance shaved their heads in order to shame them. But it was also clear that they knew perfectly well that if you really subjected women to equal conditions, they wouldn't have any takers. So part of it was simply a marketing consideration.

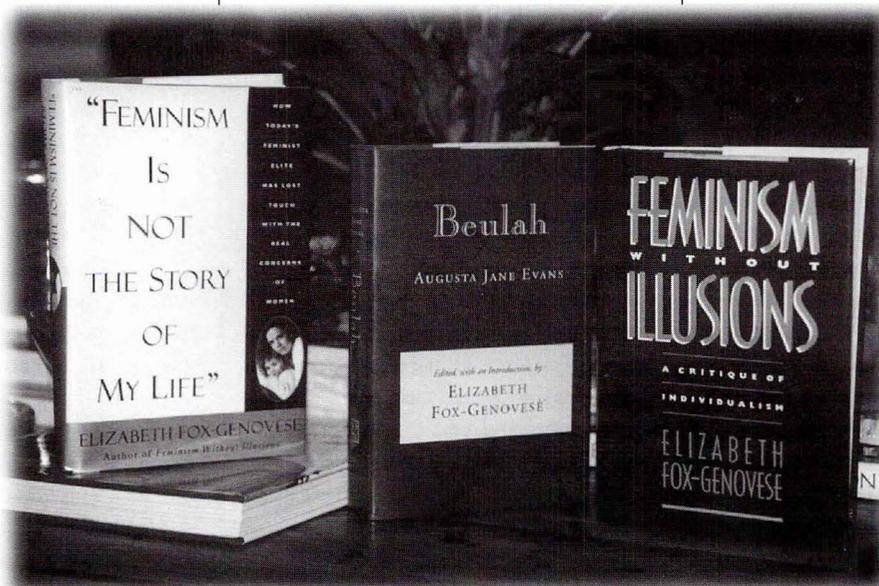
Southern Partisan: Did you get the definite sense that none of these lawyers even knew what they were destroying? They were literally carpetbaggers, riding in...

EFG: They were bicoastal, Beltway DC Washingtonians, New Yorkers, and Californians.

Southern Partisan: I suppose that Shannon Faulkner's lawyers and those for the VMI plaintiffs would define feminism in a quite different way from you.

EFG: Well, the general feeling seemed to be that since Citadel men do not swear in front of women, do open doors in front of them, and do have their own version of the chivalric code, that this is in some way demeaning to women, presumably because it suggests that women are not men's equals or need doors held for them or aren't up to barracks language or who knows what. It is

so hard, seriously, for me to put myself in that mindset. I mean, it's not that I'm bound by traditional ways in the normal sense, but some acknowledgement of the difference between women and men, the very safe feeling that, all other things being equal, the man you are with would treat you with courtesy,



would try to protect you if some danger materialized: I find this comforting and appropriate.

Southern Partisan: What do you see on the horizon as issues that conservative Southern Partisan women should pay attention to?

EFG: I think the issue of life has acquired a new salience. I think the recent revelations about partial birth abortion are telling us, were we willing to listen, that this is basically the way second trimester abortions work; and therefore, if there has to be a political compromise between those who favor abortion and those who oppose it, we better start working for a *first* trimester limit because when they come back with how many partial birth abortions were performed, then it looks a whole lot like we were killing babies. Not merely do I object to that out of my personal moral and religious beliefs, but I think in an age of increasing HMO's and scarce medical resources, it behooves us to question very seriously the notion that any one human being has the right to decide on the life of another.

This assisted suicide: I don't see why the people who are pushing for it don't understand that its first casualties are going to be poor people with AIDS, exactly the people who, wearing another political cap, they're out there defending on the barricades. That's going to be the first group that we can't afford. Then it will be everybody's parents. Life is an issue every bit as much for men as for women, but in the measure that the women are the ones who are at risk to be pregnant, it has an immediate concern for them.

Working mothers is the most important issue of all in a practical sense for most adult women, and I don't believe that joint parenting solves the problem. I believe that children need fathers and that



I do believe in Original Sin. I do not believe that society is responsible for everything about us. And if biology or genetic endowment or Original Sin, however you want to phrase it, limits us in some way, it gives us a potential rock or rootedness in other ways. That is tremendously important to me.

fathers can play an important role and it doesn't all have to be the mother's responsibility, but the pregnancy and the first 9 months or a year after the pregnancy are uniquely the mother's, and I see no reason on earth that civilized society should rip a mother away from an infant child who needs her attention and physical interaction. Daycare at eight weeks does not produce your school-ready, bright, inquisitive, self-confident, loving, generous child, at least not in a predictable way.

I would put defense of marriage very high on the list of women's issues also. I do not regard single motherhood as freedom or liberation for women. Perhaps some upscale women such as *Murphy Brown* who can afford it think that's what they want, but by the end, even *Murphy Brown* was getting married.

Southern Partisan: You have written that education has become political, not intellectual. Our publisher Charles Hamel recently reviewed a book for us called *Not Out of Africa*. Mary Lefkowitz's point in that book was that some say "so what if it's not quite true, it makes a lot of people happy, and it's part of our agenda" so it should be taught. Is this where we are in the academy today?

EFG: It's a lot of where we are—particularly "interest group education. But here you run into the contradiction. The folks we're talking about who like a very politicized curriculum and believe that everything is a power play, that all words, all art, all everything represent some folks' attempt to impose their views, their interests, on others are precisely the people who emphasize identity and say we've got to have Black Studies, Native American Studies, and Women's Studies. I don't think they've come to terms with the contradiction: If you say that gender is simply an

artifact of language, that it is a form of organizing the world that reflects men's determination to wield power over women that is imposed from the outside, that there is nothing organic or natural about it, and then you turn around and talk about the necessity of Women's Studies or studies that reflect your own identity, immediately it is a contradiction. Either it exists or it doesn't.

Southern Partisan: Something you said there makes me think that you actually believe in Original Sin...

EFG: I do believe in Original Sin. I do not believe that society is responsible for everything about us. And if biology or genetic endowment or Original Sin, however you want to phrase it, limits us in some way, it gives us a potential rock or rooted-

ness in other ways. That is tremendously important to me.

Southern Partisan: We seem to be looking for something bright in in the academic world. Have you seen any light, any hope?

EFG: Well, you know, I do see hope. There are some organizations that nationally are attempting to encourage a return to a more classical education. There are schools, colleges mainly, who are beginning to edge back in the right direction and interestingly enough, I think it takes the form of a "Great Books" program, and if you can get to the point that Great Books can be a major, then even at a rather *laissez-faire* institution with a more politicized curriculum, students nonetheless have the possibility of reading their way through some important and challenging material.

Southern Partisan: Have you been black-balled for your views?

EFG: Someone that Gene and Forrest McDonald and I wrote a textbook with, after my most recent book came out, called me up and said that he was planning to take my name off the textbook because the women at the big state institutions where he hoped to sell it could block its adoption because they would be so hostile to someone as anti-feminist as I was.

Southern Partisan: Two of the most interesting things that I've read that you've said, and I'll try to tie them together, had to do with the personal becoming political and in another case, you mentioned that if every part of the curriculum is a personal experience, that everything is personal, then we will have no general history, there will be no canon...

EFG: No canon, and no common meeting ground, which is the real tragedy. No terrain, no body of words, to which each of us brings

different experience, and from which each of us goes away in some sense enriched. We have no meeting ground. It's like the demise of civil society. It's either personal or it's the state. But the common ground keeps getting eroded.

Southern Partisan: You used to co-edit Marxist Perspectives. Were you a radical?

EFG: Lord, no, I was never a radical. I don't think I've had a radical bone in my body. I don't have a revolutionary temperament. I do have a pretty logical mind, and I tend to push things, or try to push them, to their logical conclusions. If A, then B. I don't much like fudging.

My father really did, in a very secular but deeply Calvinist way, bring me up to believe that intellectual honesty was the highest of virtues and the most difficult form of courage was moral courage. You know, physical courage anyone could have. So, that was always there. We were very close, he and I, and certainly he took my vocation very seriously, and as I got older, I think enjoyed me as someone to talk to and work things out on, to think things through with. But I did a lot

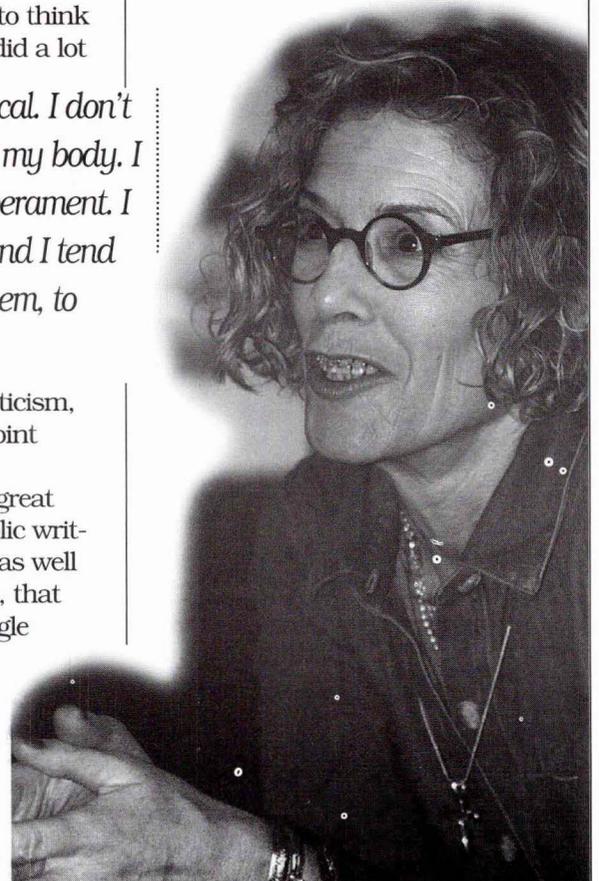
Lord, no, I was never a radical. I don't think I've had a radical bone in my body. I don't have a revolutionary temperament. I do have a pretty logical mind, and I tend to push things, or try to push them, to their logical conclusions.

of medieval history, scholasticism, Jacques Maritain, I was a joint major in college in French Literature, so I read all the great 20th-century French Catholic writers. I knew Eliot's criticism as well as his poetry. Looking back, that was probably the major single thread in my own liberal education. Oh, plenty of Shakespeare and Hobbes and Locke and all the rest of it, but a lot of my longer papers had in one way or another to do with Catholic

medieval art or scholastic philosophy or neo-scholastic literary criticism or one thing or another.

Southern Partisan: I don't know if conversion is the right word, but you have had a rediscovery, or a redirecting attention to your Faith. Most of the people who read our magazine are very serious about their Faith as well.

EFG: My parents were resolutely secular, but as I say, my father ensured that I had this deep, good Catholic education: Latin, all of that. We had to read the Bible on Sunday. We learned part of the Bible by heart. Where we went in the Summer, there was hymn-singing Sunday evening. All the children in the community went up to one of the houses to sing hymns. We weren't allowed to play cards on Sunday. You know, all the very religious, that kind of sensibility, respect was built into our lives. My parents weren't believers. There was no palpable faith except for the grandmother whom I was very close to and when I was 14 and 15, I went to a



Huguenot school in France, a Huguenot boarding school. Fiercely devout: to the Church twice a week and prayers a third night a week, Catechism, and that impressed me deeply. I had no difficulty with it. I didn't then go and join a Church and then I went to college and graduate school and what-have-you, and when I started to think seriously about joining a Church, coming back to that part of my heritage. I knew that the thing to do was to join

Victorian period in which women were more engaged in various forms of community-building and amelioration rather than just work?

EFG: In a sense we are, and that is a good thing, but I don't see it being very widespread without some serious attention to the solidity and the sanctity of marriage. We need to make divorce more difficult. If we treat marriage as a contract into which people enter and which they leave according to the whims of personal gratification, women are the ones who are much more likely to

movement has a tendency to continue to need justification for its own existence. If you get X, then you up the ante if you're going to continue to need lobbies.

Southern Partisan: So we have a feminist industry?

EFG: We certainly have a feminist industry, particularly in education. They're going to change the SAT's so that girls do as well as boys. They're going to change the way teachers teach so girls aren't silenced in the classroom. There's a good-sized industry there and people

with a very heavy investment in it. Another part is that feminism, or the women's movement, has been so incredibly successful, in part through its own efforts, in part but more through the combination of the sexual and economic

As I read the numbers, American women have improved their general position in the workforce and their general standing more in the past 30 years, than any other working group in the history of the world. It's that simple.

end up with the children and if they have devoted themselves to nonmarket activities or even a greater share of nonmarket activities than their husbands, they can find themselves economically strapped. I think we should make divorce much more difficult where there are children.

revolution. Our world really has changed in extraordinary ways in a very short space of time. But people get impatient. As I read the numbers, American women have improved their general position in the workforce and their general standing more in the past 30 years, than any other working group in the history of the world. It's that simple. No, we still do not have as many women CEO's as male CEO's, as many women full professors as male full professors, as many women scientists as male scientists, but that's where it gets complicated, because part of it is generational. If there aren't as many women in the pool from which the CEO's are selected, then women's odds will automatically be lessened. Also, it remains possible that not as many women as men want to be scientists or active combat soldiers.

Southern Partisan: Why is the centrist position that you've articulated, between social cohesion and sort of freedom for women not more prevalent among feminists? It seems that would be the logical place for the pendulum to stop.

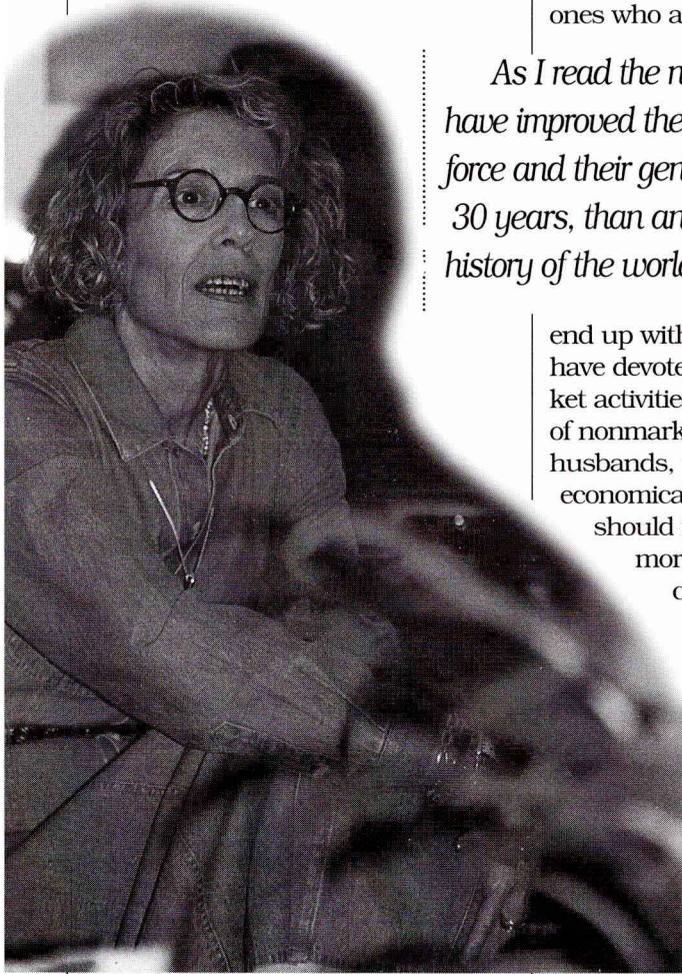
EFG: Yes, it does seem so, and I think it is a position toward which a good number of women are moving. They do want to be treated with respect. They do want equal pay for equal work if they do equal work, all the rest of it, and most women also want a family life, partnership, children, all the rest of it. I think part of the reason that feminism doesn't come to a middle ground is that any

Southern Partisan: We saw that even in the Citadel case.

EFG: Exactly. We've seen it all over the place. Feminists don't accept that very easily. They're not happy to say, "Look, *that's who we are.*" They don't want to really make women more like men, they want

the Catholic Church. It wasn't a dramatic emotional turnaround. It wasn't a Road to Damascus or anything like that. It sort of fell into place, but what moved me in the general direction—it was over a period of several years before I made the final decision to join the Catholic Church and then began to take instruction.

Southern Partisan: As we approach the end of this century, are we seeing a swing back to the



women to have the same results as men. But different activities, different talents, give you different results. Another big problem is that the world has changed so fast. Many people's lives have been so deeply rocked and destabilized. Yes, I think there really are some men out there who don't have sure codes to fall back on in their relations with women, who don't have clear guides about what their responsibilities are, and who may indeed feel they're losing out on opportunities and promotions because of women. That is such a complicated morass, it defies talking about. For example, I don't know whether we're looking at an increase in rape, or an increase in reporting rape, or an increase in what we call rape.

Southern Partisan: The definitions change as the politics change.

EFG: Exactly. But no matter how bad the world is, there is no excuse for men beating up on women, and I am not remotely tolerant about that for one split second. At the same time, I'd probably be happier if young women did not feel themselves under pressure to go out and be sexually attractive to men in ambiguous situations because if the message you're sending is that you want to be sexually attractive, then even if you don't want it, you may seem to invite more than you're ready to handle. The idea that we could possibly have a little less visible sex and violence in our society strikes me as a good starting point.

Southern Partisan: Within the Plantation Household still has a whole lot of relevance because of the new ground it plowed...

EFG: Believe it or not, it was unpopular in many academic feminine circles. The complaints ranged from too many footnotes to too soft on Southern women.

Southern Partisan: Even though roughly half the book was about Black women?

EFG: Now that you've put it that way, it's really quite striking, because I have reason to believe that a good number of Black women, who are not as vocal on these things, do note that a good part of the book was about Black women and do think that I treated the women of their people with respect. But the critics, especially the White academic feminists, were just so deeply hostile to the possibility that I'd say anything nice about the White slave-holding women.

Southern Partisan: I'm amazed what we're subjected to these days about the Old South in general. I took a tour of an historic home recently, and the tour guide explained to me that the kitchen was built separate from the house, and I got ready for the real explanation why, then came "because White people didn't like Black people to be near them."

EFG: What?

Southern Partisan: Yes. She actually thought white people did not like Black people to be near them, so that was the reason for

I'm very comfortable both explaining and defending. It is not clear to me that we've had any perfect population on the face of the earth, any perfect social system.

a kitchen separate from the house!

EFG: But they had them sleep in their bedrooms with them? And suckle their babies?

Southern Partisan: Oh, the politics of historical research.

EFG: Well, people like that do not understand that these were deeply decent serious people.

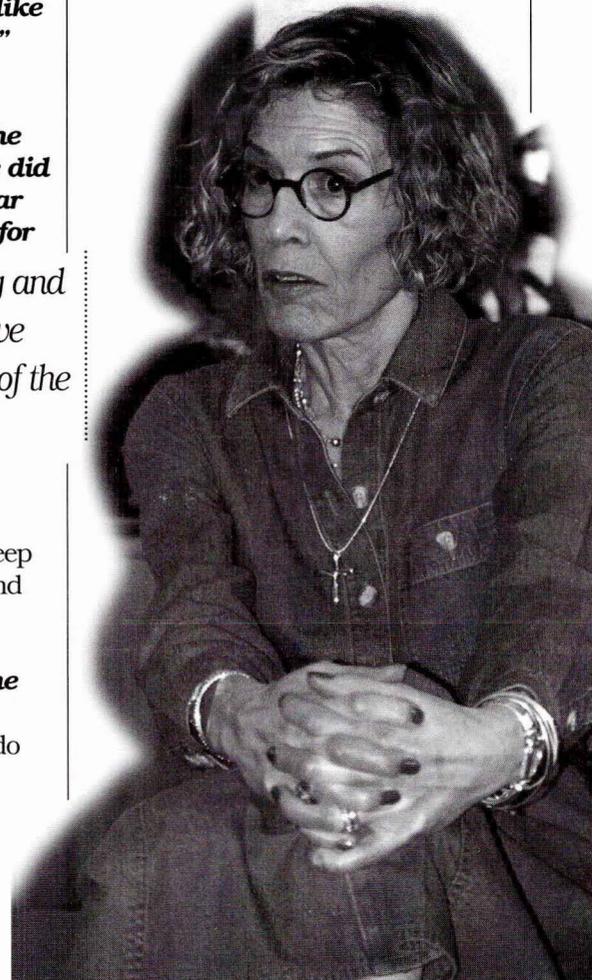
Southern Partisan: Well, we appreciate all of the damage that you've suffered for the cause of Southerners, those people you've tried to explain, if not defend.

EFG: I'm very comfortable both explaining and defending. It is not clear to me that we've had any perfect population on the face of the earth, any perfect social system.

Southern Partisan: The modern system included.

EFG: Exactly. The modern system leaves a great deal to be desired. There are days on which one is tempted to wonder whether it deserves to be called a civilization.

Southern Partisan: We are much more civilized because of your presence. Thank you so much for your time. ☺



Madison's Third Way

by K. R. Constantine Gutzman

A R E V I E W O F :

The Sacred Fire of Liberty: James Madison & the Founding of the Federal Republic

By Lance Banning

(Cornell University Press, 1995, 536 pages, \$35.00)

Since publishing his classic *The Jeffersonian Persuasion: Evolution of a Party Ideology* in 1979, the University of Kentucky's Professor Lance Banning has published several seminal articles on the role of James Madison in the politics of the late 18th-century United States. Originally, he intended to write a biography of Madison, but he soon realized there was plenty of work to be done on the role of Jefferson's greatest lieutenant in the agitation for, writing and ratification of, and first few years under the current federal constitution.

This book, then, was the subject of high expectations, and it requites them in full. *The Sacred Fire of Liberty* is an excellent, though highly sympathetic, treatment of one of history's most important Virginians, focusing on the most important events in his life and career.

Readers familiar with Prof. Banning's journal articles of the last fifteen years will recognize much of the material in this book. Perhaps the central contribution of Prof. Banning to discussion of Madison is the idea captured in the title of one of those articles: "The Hamiltonian Madison: A Reconsideration." Banning's point there was that others who have discussed Madison have been mistaken in saying that Madison was essentially a Hamiltonian nationalist in the 1780s, then became a Jeffersonian in the 1790s; Madison, Banning insists, was never a Hamiltonian at all.

Rather, Banning reiterates throughout, Madison was interested in counteracting what he fancied the crisis of the Revolution. In a phrase, Madison's evaluation was that the Confederation's government was simply too weak to perform its essential functions, and, as Banning first explored in an article entitled "Virginia: Sectionalism and the General Good," "Virginia herself and the Revolutionary order generally could not survive without an adequately energetic general government at least of the major states."

The point about the military vulnerability of Virginia—her inability to defend her own frontiers without the union—is not a major one in this book, for some reason, but Madison's stubborn insistence on unionist experimentation cannot really be understood without it. Why did Madison insist on creating a new union when the great leaders of Revolutionary Virginia, Patrick Henry and George Mason, opposed it? Having been in the Confederation Congress in 1780-1783, Madison had seen the "imbecility" (that is, the weakness) of the Confederation government. Failure clearly to reprise this idea is one of the rhetorical errors Prof. Banning makes here, in my view.

Prof. Banning is at pains here to attack several of what he takes to be erroneous elements of historians' accepted view of Madison. Until Irving Brant wrote his voluminous six-volume biography in 1941-61, the fourth president traditionally had been seen as a flunky for Thomas Jefferson, to whom Madison always publicly deferred. Brant's achievement was to push Madison to the front of historians' consciousness. Suddenly, Madison was "The Father of the Constitution." In Brant's telling, Madison was a nationalist until 1792, when he turned against his old Federalist buddies, such as fellow "Publius" Alexander Hamilton, and became a states' rights advocate. In doing so, this telling has it, he recanted various of his previous constitutional positions.

Prof. Banning makes clear what the second leading member, and lead-

ing theorist, of Virginia's delegation to the Philadelphia Convention of 1787 had in mind in framing his and Virginia's proposals, the proposals that shaped the delegates' debates across that whole long summer; his view was always that Americans needed a *sui generis*, compound republic—not the grand government of Hamilton's nationalist ambition. Banning is prone to describe more and evaluate less in the body of his book, and it is not until one reaches the concluding section, "Retrospect and Prospect," that he makes clear his divergence from Madison's views. In his discussion of 1787, Banning stresses the idea that Madison "learned" from his experience in Philadelphia, and he continues to stress the idea through the rest of the book (the conclusion of which follows Madison to 1800 and beyond).

Now, to my mind, it's hard to believe that Madison learned he had been wrong to insist on a national, rather than a federal, apportionment of the Senate in Philadelphia when he was still complaining about his defeat on that question months later. It's hard to believe he was really a committed advocate of interpreting the constitution in light of the ratifiers' understanding given his move to establish federal trial courts in the First Congress—despite his promise in the Virginia ratification convention that the new government would first give a system without inferior federal courts a fair trial. It's hard to believe he sincerely relied on the understanding of the ratifiers, yet held up the intervening practice as a reason for ignoring that understanding in signing the bill chartering the second Bank of the United States. In sum, it seems to me that Madison was a trimmer and tergiversator, but Prof. Banning's is at least a clear position. It is probably as close to Madison's view of Madison's career as we are apt to read.

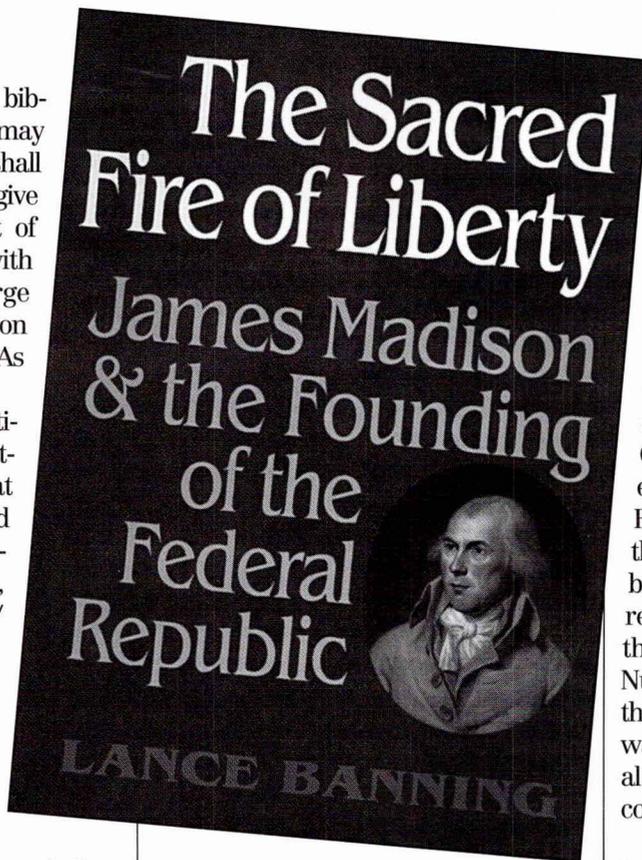
M.E. Bradford's excellent essay on Madison in the Philadelphia Convention, "Such a Government as the People Will Approve: The Great Convention as Comic Action," is notably

absent from Prof. Banning's bibliography, and the reason may be that Prof. Bradford was, shall we say, rather less prone to give "Little Jemmy" the benefit of the doubt. Agreeing with Patrick Henry and George Mason, Bradford saw Madison as well-educated but naïf. As he was.

Reading the various articles Prof. Banning has written, I had the impression that Prof. Banning had decided this was an inaccurate valuation. In his conclusion here, he describes the Henry/Mason view very accurately, though, and he is among the inexplicably few historians who, in describing the Richmond Convention of 1788, reject the Federalists' description of

Patrick Henry as self-interested (than which no description could have been more inaccurate); Prof. Banning notes the validity of Henry's objections to the entire Federalist argument. Without accepting regnant notions about Federalists' concerted disinformation campaign (the *locus classicus* of which remains Brown Prof. Gordon Wood's *The Creation of the American Republic*), Banning notes that there were good reasons for rejecting the Federalists' rhetorical appeal. Mason, Henry, and other Madison opponents come through as very wise, indeed.

I would say that Madison was, as his critics believed in his day, overly bookish. I would join Prof. Banning in concluding Madison was a bit of a Romantic. He surely was slow (too slow) to adopt the reliance on local traditions and institutions that had been Henry's hallmark ever since he flashed onto the Anglo-American political stage in 1765 with his Stamp Act Resolutions. Desiring, Hamilton-like, to have his cake (a strong central government), and yet insisting he could eat it, too (by effectively reserving important issues for local decision), Madison led



the campaign to delegate just too much authority to the new government. Then, what Prof. Banning omits, he threw what he intended to be a meaningless sop to Anti-Federalists in the Richmond Convention: he endorsed their suggestion of structural amendments he did not intend to support.

Soon enough, Madison saw the wise old Virginia Revolutionaries' predictions about the likely course of his new-fangled government verified by that government's Hamiltonian course. He countered by forming an opposition party (surely not *really* a party!), and his mentor was elected president. All was well, and attempts to erect formal checks on federal authority (e.g., the Nullification Doctrine) would be likened by old man Madison to the serpent in the Garden. His government had worked, he insisted.

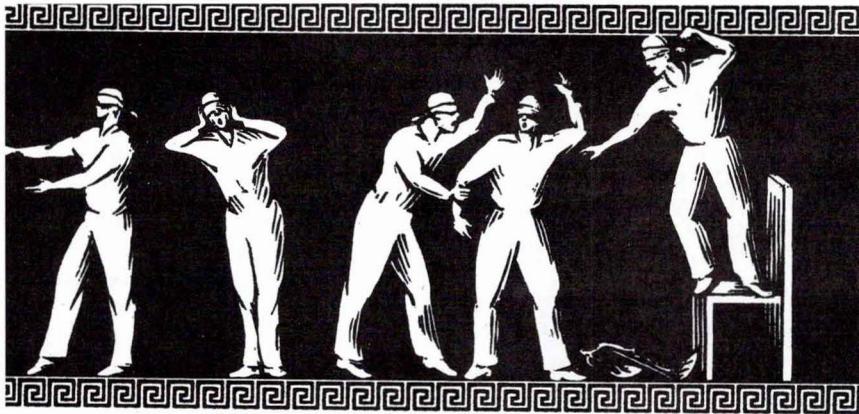
Of course, it had not. Prof. Banning attacks the silly idea, common among political philosophers, that Madison's thought could be distilled to *Federalist 10*; still, as Drew McCoy showed in his classic *The Last of the Fathers: James Madison and the Republican Legacy* (and as is fully verified by even a cur-

sory examination of volume IX of Madison's *Writings*), he certainly seems to have looked to westward expansion of the Republic of Republics to alleviate many of the intractable political problems of his day. In his pitiful final three or four years, Madison eschewed virtually all of his prior constitutionalism in a vain attempt to head off the growing sympathy in Virginia for South Carolina's trumpeting of state sovereignty; most Virginians followed John Randolph of Roanoke in holding that the theory of Nullification was hokum, but they insisted their state had retained its sovereignty. Madison, on the other hand, endorsed the Nullification Proclamation, wrote that the Supreme Court of the United States was the final authority on constitutional questions, then wondered how it could be that he was called "apostate."

He insisted, that is, that there must be a middle way. Neither the federal government nor the states could have the final say, but the federal government could if the issue related to tariffs, although the states could if the issue were the freedoms of speech and press, despite the fact that the people had made the constitution, yet the federal Supreme Court was supreme, but....

It's not a pretty picture. Prof. Banning knows that, and he says so in the end. He is among the few to say (as James Sharp and I have said) that the purported distinction between nullifying and interposition is a chimera. He notes the similarity between 1776, 1798, and 1861. His man has his warts, his notable intellectual flaws, yet he is an entirely human figure. Prof. Banning may insist on seeing Madison as, indeed he calls him, an intellectual who is a politician, and that may lead him to force consistency where there was none. Yet, the work of fifteen years is well done. This is a very good book. ☛

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The Founders and the Classics: Greece, Rome and the American Enlightenment

By Carl J. Richard
Harvard, 1994, 295 pages, \$15.95.

The role played by the ancient Greek and Latin classics in the formation of the U. S. Constitution and in the general influence on the Founders has been studied previously e.g. R. M. Gummere's *The American Colonial Mind the Classical Tradition* (1963). This new work by Carl Richard, however, is a much more thorough and extensive treatment than has yet appeared.

There could not be a better time for a new, more comprehensive and fresh treatment of this subject. In this era of political correctness we have reached a point where we don't know our origins, and this new study of the role played by the classics in our founding could help us to realize how deeply our form of government is indebted to Ancient Greece and Rome.

Much of the influence of the classics on the Founding of the American Republic is due in part to the strong background in classics the Founders enjoyed. The learning process for the 18th Century gentleman began at a very early age with memorizing the rules of grammar in Cheever's *Short Introduction to the Latin Tongue*. This was followed by a study of the Latin dialogues in Corderius'

Colloquies; then the pupil advanced to the study of ancient authors in Latin. The process was similar in the study of ancient Greek.

Then as now, there were both good and bad teachers of the ancient languages, but Jefferson, Madison, John Taylor of Caroline, and George Rogers Clark all spoke respectfully of the teachers who had provided them with the rigorous training necessary to meet the stiff college entrance language requirements which remained stable for nearly 200 years. Such requirements for teenage students included: the ability to understand Cicero and Virgil in Latin and to read and comprehend in Greek such authors as Isocrates, Xenophon and writers of the New Testament.

With such thorough training in the classical languages which all the Founders underwent, it should not be surprising that the classics (as filtered through the remarkable minds of the Founding Fathers) should have exerted a powerful influence on the formation of this country. For example, the theory of mixed government as found in the Greek writer Polybius' (204-120 B.C.) description of the Roman government of his day provided the underpinnings of the U.S. Constitution. The Founders also found much in ancient philosophy. The writings of the Epicureans and Stoics in particular gave them consolation in times of trouble. Most importantly, the Founders had a feeling of kinship with the ancients in *their* struggle against tyranny. Cato the Younger, for example, (95- 46

B.C.), who sided with Pompey against Caesar in the civil war which broke out in 49 B.C., was an icon to the Founding Fathers.

This ancient republican tradition of resistance to tyranny survived in the South and helped fuel secessionist sentiments. The epitome of this connection is the Confederate Monument in Arlington Cemetery with the quotation from the Roman poet Lucan (39 - 65 A.D.). The newly restored monument reads: "Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni." (The winning cause pleased the gods, the losing one pleased Cato.)

The Founders and the Classics is a book which deserves a large and receptive audience. It should be especially interesting to *Southern Partisan* readers because of Richard's emphasis on the roles played by important luminaries such as Jefferson, Madison, and Patrick Henry, Southerners all. The politically correct, on the other hand, will be troubled to be reminded of the incontrovertible truth that it was the wisdom of the ancients which was imaginatively and creatively drawn upon to construct a new form of government.

—Charles Scott Hamel

William Lloyd Garrison and the Fight Against Slavery: Selections from *The Liberator*

Edited with an Introduction by William E. Cain
Bedford Books, 1995, 206 pages, \$14.96.

In keeping with the current trend in the historical profession, William E. Cain has produced a nice new collection of outstanding editorials and speeches from the foremost Left-winger of the antebellum period, William Lloyd Garrison. Garrison was a neo-Yankee *par excellence*, a man who did not believe in New England's god as previous New Englanders had, but who resembled them in his assurance of his

own righteousness. Like the Mayflower passengers, who had dedicated themselves to erection of a "city on a hill," he was convinced that anyone who did not see his beacon light shining from afar was simply unwilling to be set aright.

Garrison, unlike the settlers at Plymouth, was determined to grate. He loved the idea of suffering for his brazenness. Like the Fire-eaters of the South, Garrison proclaimed loudly that he was ready to jettison the U.S. Constitution; unlike virtually anyone else in American society, he added that he was ready to judge the Bible by his own anti-slavery lights. Cain, a Wellesley English professor, has assembled a group of Garrison's writings that captures the most vituperative abolitionist's personality as well as the tone and scope of his arguments. As either a teaching tool or an introduction to Garrison, this is a nice work.

Besides his selected Garrison speeches and editorials, Cain also provides a well-written introductory essay putting Garrison's work in context. Of special note to those unfamiliar with the history of abolitionism in America will be the physical violence to which Garrison was repeatedly subjected in various towns, including Boston, in the North. Cain pardons all in discussing Garrison (forgiving him, for example, for his hypocrisy regarding Frederick Douglass, whom he treated as a lackey), but his account is clear and—leaving aside the editorializing endemic in writing about abolitionism—insightful. He has a good point in citing Garrison as atypical of Yanks on the question of segregation in the North; he plays up Garrison's integrationism to good effect.

Well over half the book is devoted to Garrison's prose and speeches. Here is Garrison ripping a verse out of its biblical context, there he is fanning Northern men's egotism, here he is asking the North to ignore the U.S. Constitution, there he is trying to make the North fearful of unfree black men, and all the while the reader knows that his rhetoric of the 1830s has become the commonplace political thought of the 1990s.

Much of Garrison's rhetoric received its (pardon me) apotheosis in the lips of Abraham Lincoln, of course. For the first Republican president, the

biblical verse ripped from context and the constitutional reasoning of Mao's "barrel of a gun" were the tools of the trade. Yet, one point has to be granted: Garrison's point about the inhumanity of slavery had a heavy moral weight. While the South reacted to Mrs. Stowe's book in horror, some slave children were sold away from their parents. Garrison cared little, it seems, how that situation was remedied (so long as it was), and more's the pity. Here he is, warts and all. It's a nice book, well-suited to undergraduate and lay use.

—KRCG

If Men Were Angels: James Madison and the Heartless Empire of Reason

By Richard K. Matthews
Kansas, 1995, 292 pages, \$25.00 cloth.

James Madison, whom historians are wont to call the "Father of the Constitution," is an odd figure. Although he was one of the three most important men in the series of events that culminated in the substitution of our current federal constitution for the old Articles of Confederation, he soon opposed the new government. Although he raised constitutional objections to the first Bank of the United States in the 1790s, he did not oppose creation of a new one during the War of 1812.

One of the notable differences between historians and political scientists is a tendency among the latter group to decontextualize everything. This failing is evident in virtually all books about the political thought of great men, and Richard K. Matthews' *If Men Were Angels: James Madison and the Heartless Empire of Reason* is no exception. James Madison's active political life was sixty years long, and he was rightly noted in his own day (though not by contemporary, sympathetic historians) for his tergiversations. Matthews' goal is to find the principles at the heart of Madison's thought, and he is mainly successful. He basically ignores the question of Madison's changes of heart, opting instead to assume he was consistent.

One exception is that Matthews does take up the question of Madison's changing stance regarding banks, but he does so only in an apparently uneducated attempt to knock down "original intent" jurisprudence. (He does not say what he would substitute for a jurisprudence that binds judges by the legislators' intention; Left scholars apparently don't notice, now that the legal profession reliably agrees with them, that the principle of unaccountability among judges is characteristic of the absolutist phase of Anglo-American history.) Readers of Raoul Berger's works will know that he is simply mistaken in his assertion that Madison authored the age-old concept that judges should be bound by the legislators' intentions; they will also wonder how Matthews can think despotism is consistent with his project.

Matthews' real project is to show how "Madison's" (and in his account, it is Madison's) constitution has led America astray from her true, Jeffersonian, path. Matthews is embarked on a trilogy, of which this is the second volume, detailing the political views of Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and Alexander Hamilton, and in his first volume he gave readers a Jefferson whose political science was highly Rousseauist. In this, the Madison volume, Jefferson becomes a yardstick for Matthews; if only Americans had adopted the Jeffersonian way, they could have enjoyed "their natural birthright . . . to turn the world into a holiday." The infantilism of Rousseau's "Discourse on Inequality Among Men" and of Hillary Clinton's favored political thinkers is dear to Matthews' heart.

"Infantilism" is one word for it; one might opt instead for "paganism." Madison's political economy, Matthews says (largely following Drew McCoy), is marked by the expectation of deteriorating circumstances, by an acceptance of the inevitability of a situation in which the majority of Americans would be non-freeholders. For Matthews, the obvious solution to such an eventuality is a redistribution of property, and he takes Madison to task repeatedly for the statesman's devotion to property rights. This, Matthews would have it, marks Madison as part of that has-been group

of liberals whose ideological ancestors were Hobbes and Locke; Jefferson, the Rousseauist, is far preferable.

It is stunning that anyone writing more than three decades after the name Solzhenitsyn came into common currency in the West could still exhibit such naiveté. Matthews contrasts the impulse whose fruit included Jefferson's (idiotic) idea that all laws—including constitutions and property laws—should be voided every nineteen years to Madison's disdain for the idea, and his conclusion is that America would be better off if Madison had cared less about property rights. If all social institutions were impermanent, his reading of Jefferson says, there would be more room for achieving "full humanity" through political activity. The pity is the narrowing of the political sphere involved in the choice of the Madisonian model.

Pinning the epithets "Calvinist" and "Malthusian" on Madison, Matthews denounces him for being less hopeful than Jefferson (who was certainly no Calvinist). He opines that Jefferson's famous "Head and Heart" letter to Mrs. Cosway was an attempt at seduction, and yet he lauds Jefferson for it (!), saying it shows Jefferson to have been led by his heart and noting Jefferson's reference therein to Madison as a man of the head. Jefferson, the point is, recognized that Madison was a pragmatist, and Matthews wishes Americans had followed Jefferson in rejecting the council of the head. Rather than reining in the populace in the mode of Madison, Matthews says, Americans should have followed Jefferson in his democratic "faith" (the word everyone seems to use in this context).

Matthews says Madison had no basis for his premise that man without government was aggressive and self-centered or for his idea that an entire assembly of Socrateses would still be a mob. One might ask, what about history? What about every example known to man? Matthews has the gall to say Jefferson's is the reasonable view, but it is simply an infantile one. Faith, in the Christian tradition, denotes belief in the tradition of witnesses to something that cannot be replicated; as used by Matthews and others in reference to Jefferson, it

refers to belief in something that never happened at all: mass participation in government coupled with ongoing devotion to liberty. His is the French prescription, which led to the First Empire. If Madison's solution to the political problems he faced was imperfect (as I certainly think it was), it was far better than Jefferson's.

—KRCG

James Louis Petigru: Southern Conservative, Southern Dissenter

By William H. Pease and Jane H. Pease

Georgia, 1995, 229 pages, \$35.00.

James Louis Petigru was one of the leading lights of antebellum Charleston and of South Carolina and the South generally. He was of a conservative temperament and had conservative connections, so it is rather incongruous to find him consistently on the side of social climbers.

Thus, the title of William and Jane Pease's book. Petigru's dissent was from the climate of constitutional absolutism ambient in the South Carolina Lowcountry air. Virtually all of Petigru's friends were Nullifiers—indeed, virtually all of South Carolina's best men were Nullifiers—which meant that Petigru's firm adherence to the federal union, come Hell or high water, put him at the head of a minority more ignored than bedraggled. His decision to butt heads with his friends left Petigru politically isolated in South Carolina, although he did have admirers outside the Palmetto State.

In fact, Petigru had admirers within the Palmetto State, too. Despite the fact that he disagreed with them on the major issues of the day, the Peases would have it that everyone who knew Petigru recognized his rectitude. His political suicide was put down to conscience, and he remained on close personal terms even with "Sugar Jimmy" Hamilton, the state's one-time Nullifier governor.

Petigru had had reason to expect a bright political career, but it early ran aground on the shoal of his opposition to the Nullifiers. After that, he ingratiated himself to modern-day Yankee liberals by advocating the permanence of the federal government, among other causes. He opposed the creation of the Confederacy as a matter of course, since he had been opposed to the idea of secession for over a decade, yet his death in the city during the war brought out all the Confederate officers and government officials in mourning. His onetime friend, Gen. William T. Sherman, mourned him, too.

Although he was not the scion of some baronial clan, Petigru rose to preeminence in the legal profession in South Carolina by application of his enormous mental energy (and with the sponsorship of an eminent Huger). He was responsible for the codification of South Carolina's law, and he served two terms each as state representative and attorney general.

Yet, as South Carolina moved to the fore of the Southern Rights movement, Petigru remained devoted to the jurisprudence of John Marshall (to whom he would be compared in the Union at the time of his death). This shift left him at odds with the great men of his state: where once South Carolina had been the bastion of Southern Federalism, it became the last outpost of anti-party sentiment and the citadel of localism.

Pease and Pease do a good enough job describing these aspects of Petigru's life. Where their book falls short is in dealing with the legal issues Petigru faced. At times, for example, they go on at length about cases whose results are perfectly predictable to anyone who knows anything about probate law; too, the authors' ascription of "conservatism" to nationalists is anachronistic when dealing with South Carolina in the era of John C. Calhoun. Indeed, many have argued that Burkean conservatism lay behind the Nullifiers' vociferous opposition to federal tariff policy and the rest of Henry Clay's American System (not to mention later South Carolinians' secession from the U.S.A. of Senator Sumner and President Lincoln).

—KRCG

American Politics in the Early Republic: The New Nation in Crisis

By James Roger Sharp

Yale, 1993, 347 pages, \$35.00 cloth, \$15.00 paper.

The Federalist period, the era between the signing of the U.S. Constitution in 1787 and the inauguration of Thomas Jefferson to the presidency in 1801, has drawn considerable scholarly attention over the past generation. There has come to be a scholarly consensus about the major political and social events of the period, and James Roger Sharp takes issue with much of it. His book has its glaring flaws, but it is one readers of *Southern Partisan* will want to read.

In 1948, a prominent scholarly history journal published an odd editorial note. The editors were happy to present the first article in that issue, they said, because it tended to contradict the constitutional argument of Virginia's Senator Harry F. Byrd, Sr. in his contest with President Harry S. Truman. In short, the article purported to prove that the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions were not to be understood as general statements of state-rights principle; rather, Jefferson and his followers had been 20th-century civil libertarians, and their manifestos had been context-specific. Comes Prof. James Roger Sharp of Syracuse University, and finally! there is a book that says (what anyone who bothered to read the primary documents would have known) that the Jeffersonian Republicans were true state-rights men.

Throughout his book, Sharp stresses centrifugal forces' powerful role in the period 1789-1801. Different regions' different economic interests and political cultures clash repeatedly, and—unlike other authors who have dealt with the same material recently—Sharp concludes that inter-party violence on a massive scale was a possibility from 1798 virtually until Jefferson assumed the Presidency. 1798, then, was simply another manifestation of these centrifugal forces.

In the Age of Jefferson, Americans at large recognized that the two political parties were essentially sectional. Of

late, though, this fact has been downplayed as historians have attempted to reclaim the Southern leaders for American liberalism at large. Sharp's book has the virtue of repeated insistence on Republicanism's Southern identity and on the degree to which Federalism was a northeastern creed, which is essential to a full understanding of Hamiltonianism, of Jeffersonianism, and of the U.S. Constitution's travails and ultimate success.

Sharp's organization of the book includes three sections: "The Breakdown of Elite Consensus, 1789 to 1792;" "The Polarization of the Elite, 1792 to 1798;" and "The Crisis of Union, 1798 to 1801." Positing "elite consensus" about the new constitution, Sharp finds the leading men of America experiencing grave disappointment in one another as the first Washington Administration went on. As they drew themselves up into opposing groups, the union nearly dissolved into a bloodbath. Republicans' victory in 1800, followed by Jefferson's defeat of Aaron Burr in the protracted presidential contest, yielded a peaceful resolution (although it also left potential sectional grievances to simmer).

Some of Sharp's account of early American politics seems to proceed in blissful ignorance of the state of scholarship in the field. What is more unusual, Sharp has made no effort to employ the lavish, definitive compilations of the papers of great figures of the time. This leads to errors such as the misattribution of important public documents and misvaluation of leading characters' behavior.

For example, volume 17 of *The Papers of James Madison* convincingly refutes the old idea that James Madison wrote a famous circular letter from the Virginia General Assembly to Virginians at large. Sharp sticks to the old attribution. Had Sharp consulted the latest (indeed, the most obvious) scholarship on this issue, his account would have been changed. He offers no explanation of his neglect here, and it adds a certain air of unreliability to an otherwise attractive work.

Besides the question of the proper understanding of 1798, Sharp also shows that the historical profession at large has distorted the image of

Jefferson and his fellows by making them more "national" (less Southern) in other ways. Where Jefferson referred to "the Southern interest," for example, previous accounts have had him saying "the Republican interest." One doubts this tendency to obfuscate has always been accidental.

Readers of the Pulitzer Prize-winning *The Age of Federalism* by Stanley Elkins and Eric McKittrick will find a different reading of the first twelve years of our current federal republic here. Elkins and McKittrick wrote a work of synthesis, essentially distilling the main currents from a generation of scholarship. Sharp's intention is to offer a different take on things, to take issue with the prevalent understanding. He does so in a variety of ways, and his work is a mixed success.

—KRCG

Tennessee Handbook

By Jeff Bradley

Moon Publications, 1997, 490 pages, \$17.95.

You might title this guide book "Everything You Wanted to Know About Tennessee and Probably Asked."

In almost 500 tightly packed pages, Kingsport, Tennessee native Jeff Bradley has it all about the Volunteer State—history, weather, geography, accommodations, entertainment, food, and the people.

There are articles on such Tennessee luminaries as Elvis, the Presidents Jackson, Polk, and Andy Johnson, and Sergeant York.

There are articles on what to see and where to go see it.

Not only are the major cities covered—Memphis, Nashville, Knoxville, and Chattanooga—but the small towns like Jonesborough in East Tennessee where Andrew Jackson practiced law and Pigeon Forge which is where Dollywood is and Sewanee where the University of the South is located.

There are shopping hints and judgments on restaurants and motels and bed and breakfast places like a AAA guide.

Jeff Bradley has done a fine job and brings to the guide a sly sense of humor. ☛

—William F. Freehoff

Lee's Foreign Legion: A History of the Tenth Louisiana Infantry

By Thomas Walter Brooks and Michael Dan Jones

Dan Jones, Box 1318, Iowa, Louisiana, 262 pages, 1997.

Raised in New Orleans, the Tenth Louisiana Infantry had the distinction of being the military home to soldiers from twenty-two nations. The Brooks and Jones work, which is self-published and amateurish in places (mostly in typesetting quality), is nonetheless a model for regimental history. The authors, proficient in creating and manipulating a database, have left no stone unturned. Each battle in which the Tenth participated is diagrammed crisply, leaving no doubt about the position and participation of the major units on both sides. For example, any researcher interested in the Battle Cedar Mountain, whether the role of the Tenth Louisiana or the 37th Virginia, will find the maps instructive. Second Manassas, Winchester, Cold Harbor, and Cedar

Creek come alive to the reader via illustration as well.

The book also includes a biographical roster of each man (!) who served by company, a history of the flags of the Tenth, a listing of grave locations, a listing of those captured and sent to prisoner of war camps, a list of deserters, a brief history of the Tenth Louisiana Re-enactors, and photographs of a number of the soldiers of the Tenth. A poem written in tribute to Lee's Foreign Legion is also included.

The Other Side of the River: A Novel of the American Civil War

By Robert D. Halpert

Breacon Publishing, 252 pages, 1996, \$12.95.

In *The Other Side of the River*, Robert Halpert provides us a sensitive portrait of Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson. We "get into Old Blue Light's head," so to speak, reacting to the action at Chancellorsville, worrying about the need there to press the victory to the greatest

Confederate advantage. We lay dreaming with Jackson on his deathbed of battles and struggles earthly and beyond, meandering in and out of consciousness as the Great Hero did in that little building where the Confederacy also died.

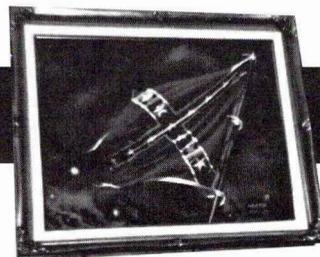
Through expert use of the novel format, Halpert has captured the central organizing principles of Jackson's life as well, showing us the Calvinist Christian motivations behind Old Jack's every move and emotion. No life of Jackson would be complete without this crucial element and the author has in most cases handled Jackson's religion expertly. The discussion of purported scriptural commands for social relations put in the mouth of a pro-Northern British mercenary are a bit confusing, but discussions of predestination are quite interesting, and in one case quite funny as Jackson debates his friend Reverend Brown. Also amusing is Jackson's complaint that hard Virginia trees were harmful to his prayer life. (Jackson liked to pace in the woods as he prayed, but also felt it only right to close his eyes while in communion with the Almighty.) ☼

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Having spent more than two weeks virtually bedridden — first with a nasty cold, then, simultaneously, with “the bad flu” and bronchitis (from which I’ve yet to be fully cured) — I’ve been forcibly reminded that until very recent times, soldiers have been as afflicted by disease as they have been by enemy fire. In fact, the grievous, infamous flu that swept Europe after the First World War claimed more lives than four years of trench warfare had.

Now the last thing one needs while groaning with fever and straining for breath is a history of Civil War malaria and related diseases. But one can make good use of handsome, inspiring, easy-to-handle-in-bed paperbacks like these.

May I Quote You, General Lee?,

May I Quote You, Stonewall Jackson?,

May I Quote You, General Forrest?,

May I Quote You, General Longstreet?

edited by Randall Bedwell

Cumberland House, Nashville, Tennessee, 80-87 pages, paperbacks, \$7.95 each.

Each of these handy volumes is chock full of quotes not only from the General it covers, but from his colleagues, offering a brief life of each officer’s career from the War Between the States until his death. From Lee we get the valuable admonition, “Do your duty in all things. You cannot do more. You should never strive to do less.” From Jackson comes this stirring battle cry, sure to give hope to any temporary invalid: “This army stays here until the last wounded man is removed. Before I will leave them to the enemy, I will lose many more men.” From Forrest comes, “It’s nothing but a damned little pistol ball!” after he was shot by one of his less worthy subordinates; as well as the more emollient, “Doctor, do all you can for those poor fellows,” while surveying his wounded. From Longstreet comes the unduly optimistic advice that

“Time sets all things right. Error lives but a day. Truth is eternal.” That’s the sort of thing the sick or wounded hope are true, but given the circumstances, tends to doubt.

With Lee in Virginia

by G. A. Henty

Lost Classics Book Company, 410 pages, paperback, \$19.95.

G. A. Henty was an adventure novelist for boys in the Victorian era. Happily, he’s enjoying a comeback. While most of his adventures took English lads off to wartime derring-do in India or Africa or back to the Middle Ages, a few brought boys of English blood to America, like *With Lee in Virginia*. It’s the sort of book *Southern Partisan* readers ought to pass onto their own sons. The politics of sectional conflict aren’t oversimplified, but the bias is one *Southern Partisan* readers are likely to applaud. For example, Henty places these words in the mouth of Wingfield, the boy hero:

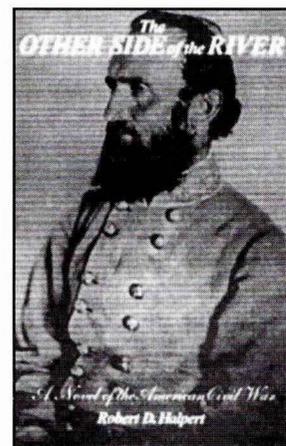
“Our generals are all gentlemen, and Lee and Jackson and many others are true Christians as well as true soldiers, and I am sure they will never countenance that on our side [attacks on civilians] whatever the Northerners may do. We are ready to fight the hordes of Yankees and Germans and Irishmen as often as they advance against us, but I am sure that none of us would fire a homestead or ill-treat defenseless men and women. It is a scandal that such brutalities are committed by the ruffians who call themselves Southerners. The guerrillas in Missouri and Tennessee are equally bad.... If the South cannot free herself without the aid of ruffians of this kind she had better lay down her arms at once.”

“Bravo, Wingfield! Spoken like a knight of chivalry!” one of the others laughed. “But many of these bands have done good nevertheless. They have kept the enemy busy. . . . They are composed of men who have been made desperate by seeing their farms harried and their buildings burned by

the enemy.... I grant it would be very much better that no such thing should take place; but if the Northerners begin this sort of work they may be sure that there will be retaliation.”

The chivalrous boy Wingfield, a future spy for General Lee, wins the argument—and rightly so—but war’s gritty reality is not ignored; it is handled thoughtfully and well in this cleverly done book for boys. ☺

H. W Crocker III is Executive Editor of Regnery Publishing and editorial adviser to the Conservative Book Club and Movie/ Entertainment Book Club in Washington, D.C.



The Other Side of the River

Robert D. Halpert’s new historical novel is a bold and thought-provoking journey into the era of America’s greatest upheaval and into the mind of one of its unique characters. Thomas “Stonewall” Jackson emerges from the conflict as one of the great legends in American history. Gaining fame in the Southern Confederacy and throughout the world for his gifted military abilities, he wages a “civil war” within himself to subdue what he knows, if left unbridled, will surely destroy him. Within the context of historical fiction and making use of abundant research, Halpert draws a picture of a man of deep-rooted faith at war with himself—with a parallel, breathtaking background of a nation at war with itself.

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GOP Should Learn From Problems of British Tories

The name of Sir James Goldsmith is not a household word in the United States, but last month, *The New York Times* did its best to correct that problem with a front-page story about him. Whether his name enters the national household vocabulary or not, it will definitely be on the lips of many Englishmen over the next few weeks.

Goldsmith, a 63-year-old billionaire businessman, has become well-known in the last few years for his opposition to such globalist adventures as the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade—(GATT), but better known in this country as the World Trade Organization—and more recently to the swallowing of British national sovereignty by the European Community. Now he's starting his own political party in Britain to make sure he gets noticed in the right places. With an election scheduled for some time before May, Britain will certainly notice him. The Conservative Party has been in power since 1979, and just now polls show the Labor Party some 20 points ahead. Sir James' Referendum Party, according to pundits, could cost the Tories 25 to 30 seats and swing the election against the Conservatives. The Referendum Party is financed largely by Sir James' own money, which is virtually inexhaustible, and what it wants is a national referendum on whether Great Britain should continue with abolishing its own sovereignty by staying in the European Community. The EC projects a European "superstate," in which national sovereignty would vanish and all Europeans would supposedly blend together into one big happy milkshake.

British conservatives are none too pleased with Sir James' little venture into politics, especially since it could mean the end of their political dominance. Neither, for that matter, is *The New York Times*, which never met a patriot it was pleased with. Sir James, you see, is a sort of synthesis of Pat Buchanan and Ross Perot, and hence he has both the brains and the money to make himself noticed good and hard.

The Times winds up describing the current view of Sir James as a "nostril-flaring, table-pounding obsessive with mean-spirited political views." He sounds better and better, but the "mean-spirited political views," simply translates into holding ideas *The Times* and other organs of globalism don't like.

You can read all about those ideas in Sir James, 1993 book *The Trap*, which was a best-seller in France but hardly noticed over here. It turns out he not only opposes globalism in the form of GATT and the EC but also "global free trade," unlimited immigration and unrestricted technological development. He supports the nation-state, the survival of small nations and the defense of their cultural identities. Now you begin to see why he's an "obsessive" with mean-spirited political views.

But of course what makes men like Sir James really dangerous to the globocrats in establishment politics and to their mouthpieces at places like *The New York Times* is that he has the bottomless pockets to make them and others listen to his views. Moreover, by breaking with the Tories and threatening them where it hurts—their control of Parliament—he may succeed in

making them listen hard.

Sir James and his allies understand that their new party may bring the Laborites back to power, but they're willing to pay that price. Since the British Conservatives (the original Stupid Party) have not been terribly receptive to their nationalist noises, the Goldsmithites see little future in sticking with them.

If they accomplish nothing else, Sir James and his Referendum Party may succeed in teaching the Tory establishment a useful lesson: If the Conservatives persist in ignoring what a sizable number of their voters believe and want, then they can't stay in power. One would think politicians would understand this anyway, but when you're dealing with Stupid Parties, you have to make the point in force.

And of course the lesson needs to be taught in this country as well. Both Mr. Perot and Mr. Buchanan have tried to teach it to the Republicans, but the Republicans don't seem able to learn it.

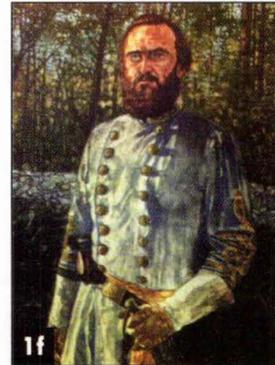
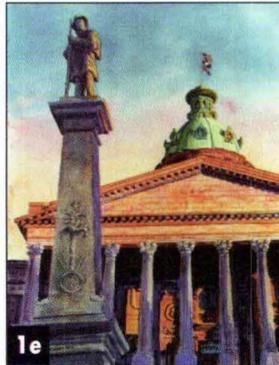
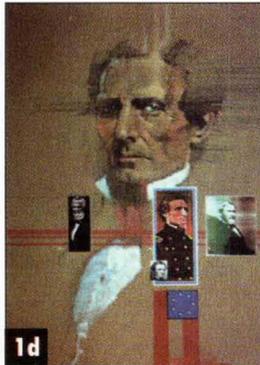
In order to learn it and not forget it, the Republicans need to be threatened in the way that Sir James Goldsmith is threatening their cousins across the pond. They need someone or some party to tell them, very slowly and plainly, either you do what we want or you won't be in office.

Maybe that's mean-spirited, but it's the way real politics works, and until Americans who remain committed to preserving their national sovereignty and culture are able to say it and are willing to live with the Republicans, rivals for a while, they can have no reason to expect our own version of the Stupid Party to pay them any attention. ✪

Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist.

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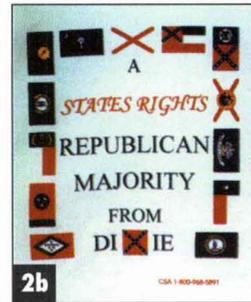
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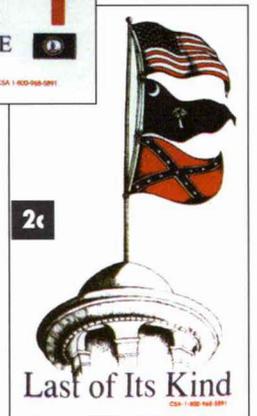
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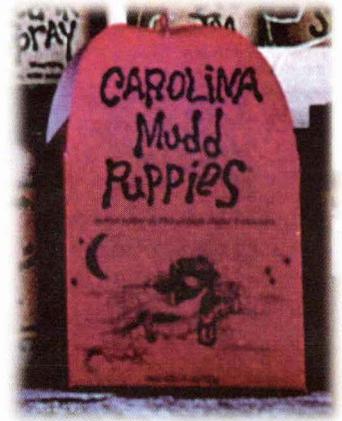
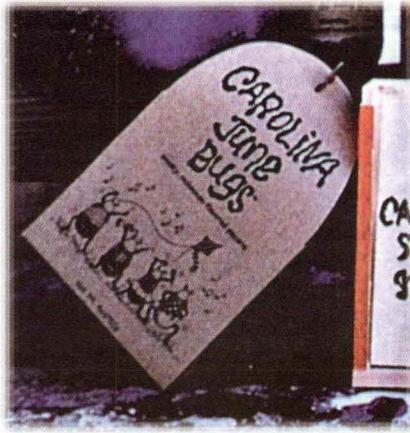
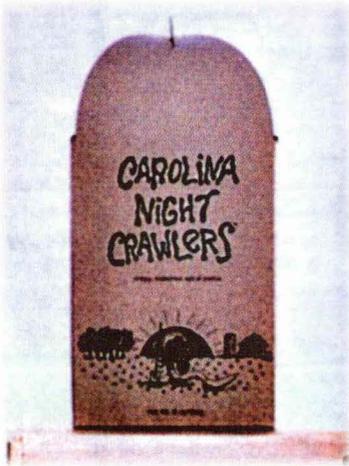
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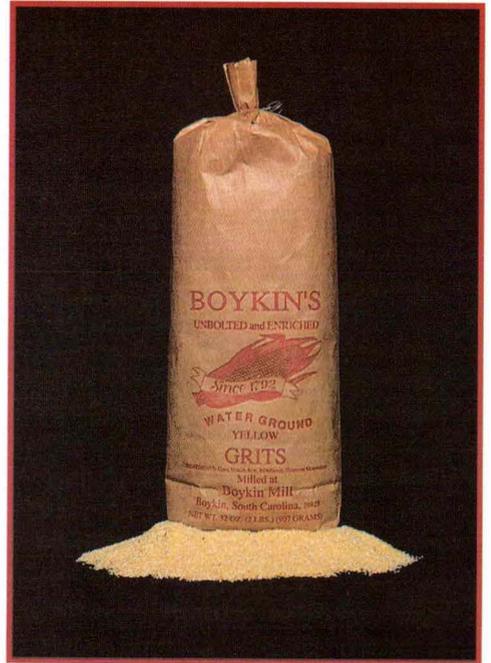


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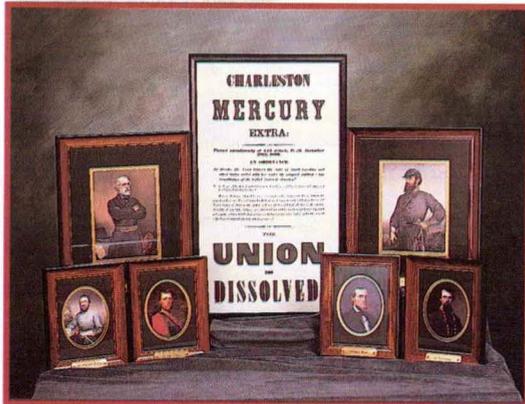
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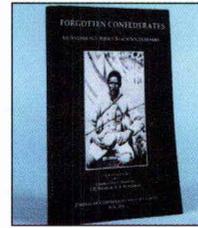
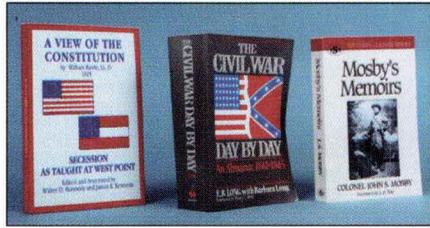
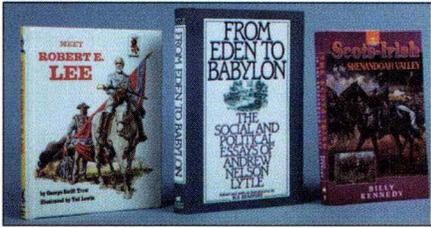
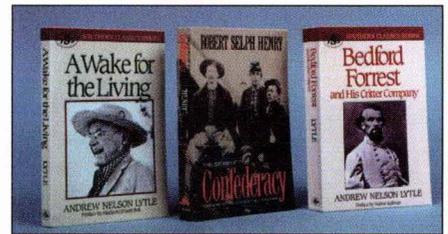
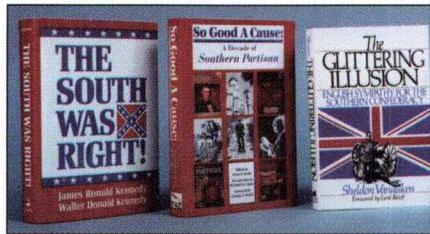
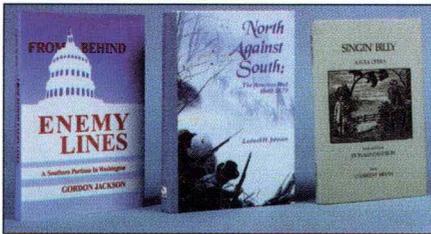
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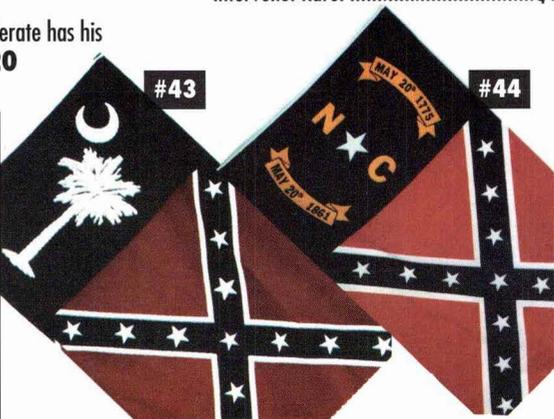
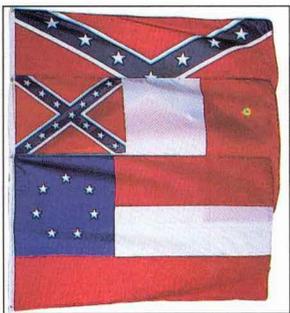




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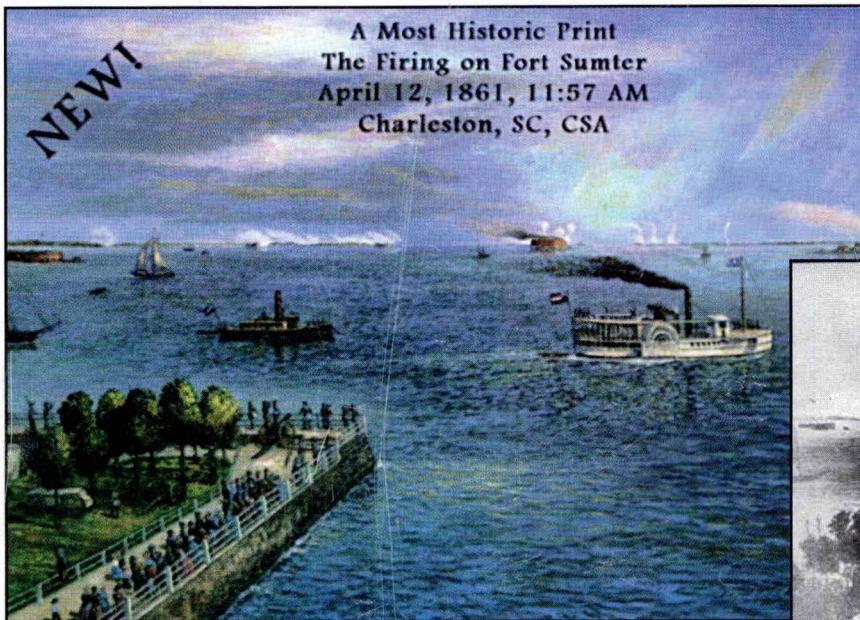
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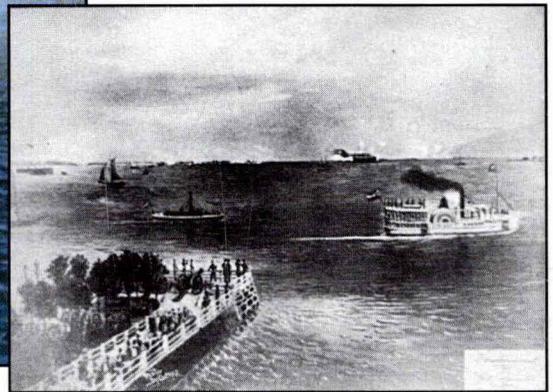
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The opening shots of the War Between the States -
not an artist's conception but an actual recreation.

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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