



The Belo Herald

Newsletter of the Col. A. H. Belo Camp #49



December 2011

Our program this month is our **Camp Christmas Party**, which will be held **SATURDAY, December 3rd** at the home of Camp Adjutant Stan Hudson and family.

LOCATION: 3233 Lovers Lane, Dallas, 75225.

ARRIVE: 6:30 pm Supper at 7:00 pm

The meat (turkey, et al), bread, and alcohol will be provided . Others may bring the following:

- 1) Vegetable dishes;
- 2) Casseroles; and
- 3) Desserts



Col. A. H Belo Camp #49

Commander - Paul Hamilton
 1st Lt. Cmdr. - Marcus Black
 2nd Lt. Cmdr. - Kevin Newsom
 Adjutant - Stan Hudson
 Chaplain - Rev. Jerry Brown
 Editor - Nathan Bedford Forrest



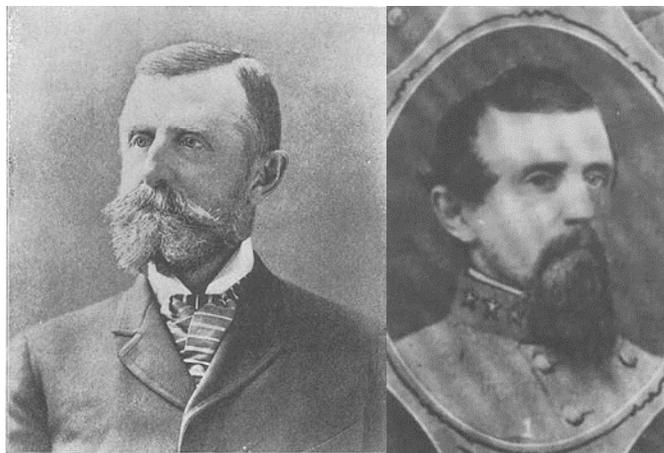
<http://www.facebook.com/BeloCamp49>

Texas Division: www.texas-scv.org

National: www.scv.org

<http://1800mydixie.com/>

<http://www.youtube.com/user/SCVORG>

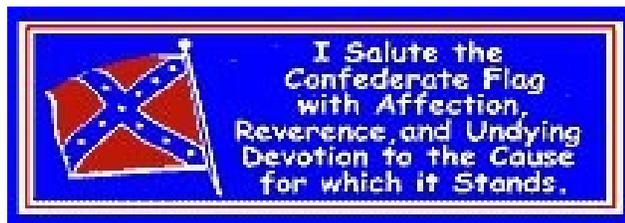


Have you paid your dues?? Come early (6:30pm), eat, fellowship with other members, learn your history!

Saturday, December 3rd: 7:00 pm

Home of Stan Hudson

All meetings are open to the public and guests are welcome.



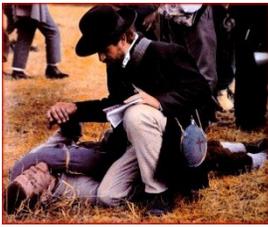
COMMANDER'S REPORT

Gentlemen,

Our Christmas party is coming this Saturday, December 3rd! Attendees are requested to bring a side dish or dessert and the main course & beverages are provided by Stan Hudson who will be hosting this event at his house in Dallas, TX. Officer nominations have been closed and installments of new officers will be at December's meeting. As it stands, Kevin Newsom has been nominated for 1st Lieutenant Commander, Stan Hudson re-nominated for Adjutant, and myself re-nominated for Camp Commander with Mark Brown nominated as well for 2nd Lt. Commander. Our first 2012 event on the horizon is a Lee-Jackson dinner to take place at the revised location of Arthur's in North Dallas. Due to the costs of reserving the Belo mansion it was decided to avoid using the treasury to keep the dinner fee at a reasonable level although we still have plans for a possible future event at that location. Details on the Lee-Jackson dinner at Arthur's will be available at the party and fliers will be sent out by e-mail (and hopefully hard copies will be available at the party). We always need new ideas and are searching for volunteers to help with upcoming events, so get involved to help our camp be more active!

Respectfully,
Cdr Paul Hamilton





Chaplain's Corner



"Christmas letter from General Robert E. Lee to his wife, Mary"

by Chaplain Bob Slimp

A very Merry Christmas to all of our compatriots.

I want to share with all of your Camp members and friends this very lovely Christmas letter from General Robert E. Lee to his wife, Mary. It gives us many insights into Lee's thoughts and priorities:

Fredericksburg
December 25, 1862

I will commence this holy day dearest Mary by writing to you. My heart is filled with gratitude to almighty God for His unspeakable mercies with which He has blessed us in this day, for those He has granted us from the beginning of life, and particularly for those He has vouchsafed us during the past year. What should have become of us without His crowning help and protection? I have seen His hand in all the events of the war. Oh if our people would only recognize it and cease from their vain self-boasting and adulation, how strong would be my belief in final success and happiness to our country. For in Him alone I know is our trust and safety. Cut off from all communication with you and my children, my greatest pleasure is to write to you and them. Yet I have no time to indulge in it. You must tell them so, and say that I constantly think of them and love them reverently with all my heart. They must write to me without waiting for replies. I shall constantly think of them and love them feverently with all my heart. They must write to me without waiting for replies. I shall endeavor to write to Mildred from whom I have not heard for a long time. Tell dear Charlotte I have received her letter and feel greatly for her. I saw her Fitzhugh this morning with his young aid, riding at the head of his brigade on his way up the Rappahannock. I regret he could not get to see her. He only got her letter I enclosed him last evening. She ought not to have married a young soldier, but an old "exempt" like her papa, who would have loved her as much as he does. Fitzhugh and Robert were very well. But what a cruel thing war is war. To separate and separate and destroy families and friends and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us in this world. To fill our hearts with hatred instead of love for our neighbors and to devastate the fair face of this beautiful world. I pray on this day when "peace and good will" are preached to all mankind, that better thoughts will fill their hearts of our enemies and turn them to peace. The confusion that now exists in their counsels will thus result in good. Our army was never in such good health and condition since I have been attached to it and I believe they share with me my disappointment that the enemy did not renew the combat on the 13th. I was holding back all that day, and husbanding our strength and ammunition for the great struggle for which I thought he was preparing. Had I divined that was to have been his only effort, he would have had more of it. But I am content. We might have gained more but we would have lost more, and perhaps our relative condition would not have been improved. My heart bleeds at the death of every one of our gallant men. Give much love to everyone. Kiss Chass and Agnes for me, and believe me with true affection.

Yours, R.E. Lee

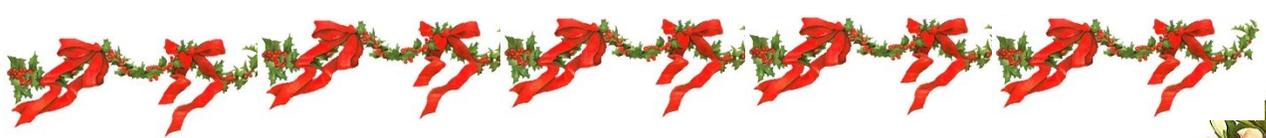
Prayer List

Chaplain Jerry Brown in the loss of his mother, who is with the Lord Jesus Christ.

1st Lt. Cmdr. Texas Division Mark Vogl. Mark has had a serious surgery.

Financial needs of members during this time of economic crisis and layoffs.





Col. A. H. Belo Camp #49



Christmas Party

Saturday, December 3rd, 2011

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3233 Lovers Lane, Dallas, 75225.

ARRIVE: 6:30 pm Supper at 7:00 pm

The meat (turkey, et al), bread, and alcohol will be provided.

Others may bring the following:



- 1) Vegetable dishes;*
- 2) Casseroles; and*
- 3) Desserts*



From N. Central Expressway, go west on Lovers Lane. Our house is between Airline (with a traffic light) and Athens. Heading west, it is on the south side, the third house from Athens. If there are no more parking spaces in our circular driveway, then you should park on Athens. The house is a red brick two-story, with a red brick circular driveway.

I will fly the Battle Flag from the front windows.



CHRISTMAS IN THE CONFEDERATE WHITE HOUSE

FROM: *The New York WORLD*, Sunday, December 13, 1896 (p. 26):

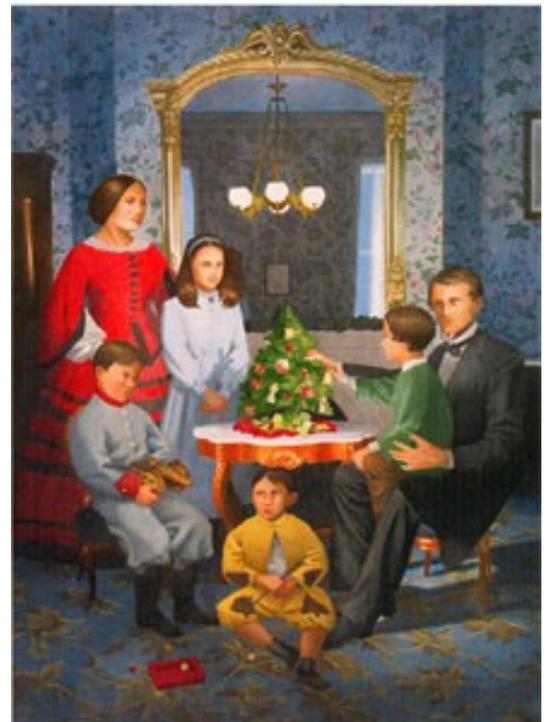
Written especially for the Sunday World Magazine *by Mrs. Jefferson Davis.*

NOTE: The left margin of this clipping is ragged in places.

Missing or fragmentary words that could not be puzzled out are indicated as "[missing]."

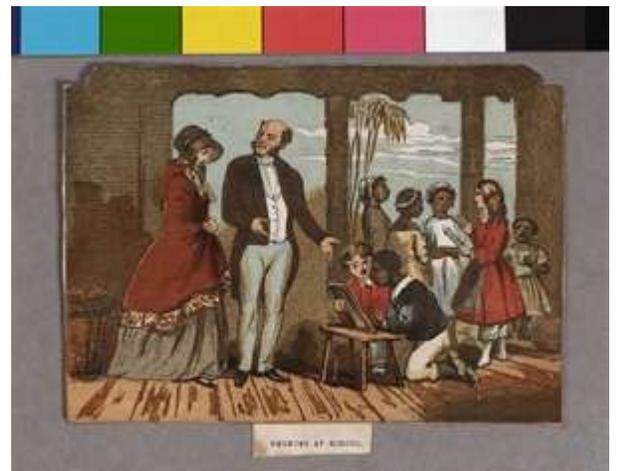
While looking over the advertisements of the toys and everything else intended to make the children joyful in the columns of the city papers, I have been impressed with the contrast between the present time and the con-[missing] of the Southern country thirty-one years ago, but not withstanding the great facilities of the present time, have been unable to decide whether for the young it was not as gay then as now.

For as Christmas season was ushered in under the darkest clouds, everyone felt the cataclysm which impended but the rosy, expectant faces of our little children were a constant reminder that self-sacrifice must be the personal offering of each member of the family. How to satisfy the children when nothing better could be done than the little makeshift attainable in the Confederacy was the problem of the older members of each household. There were no currants, raisins or other ingredients to fill the old Virginia recipe for mince pie, and the children considered that at least a slice of that much-coveted dainty was their right and the price of indigestion paid for it was a debt of honor [missing] from them to the season's exactions. Apple trees grew and bore in spite of war's alarms, so the foundation of the mixture was assured. The many excited housekeepers in Richmond had preserved all the fruits attainable, and these were substituted for the time-honored raisins and currants. The brandy required for seasoning at one hundred dollars a bottle was forthcoming, the cider was obtained. Suet at a dollar a pound was ordered -- and the [missing] seemed a blessed certainty -- but the eggnog -- [missing] were the eggs and liquors to be procured -- without which Christmas would be a failure to the negroes.



EGGNOG FOR THE NEGROES.

"If it's only a little wineglass," said the [missing], dusty-looking negro rubber in the stables who [missing] in the back log (our substitute for the [missing] eggnog). "I dunno how we gwine git along without no eggnog." So, after redoubled efforts, the liquors and other ingredients were secured in



admirable quantities. The little jackets, pieced together out of such cloth remaining when uniforms were turned out by the tailors, were issued to the children of the soldiers, amid the remonstrances of the mothers that the pattern of them "wasn't worth a cent."

Rice, flour, molasses and tiny pieces of meat, most of them sent to the President's wife anonymously to be distributed to the poor, had all be weighed and issued, and the playtime of the family began, but like a clap of thunder out of a clear sky came the information that the orphans at the Episcopalian home had been promised a Christmas tree and the toys, candy and cakes must be provided, as well as one pretty prize for the most orderly girl among the orphans. The kind-hearted confectioner was interviewed by our committee of managers, and he promised a certain amount of his simpler kinds of candy, which he sold easily a dollar and a half a pound, but he drew the line at cornucopias to hold it, or sugared fruits to hang on the tree, and all the other vestiges of Christmas creations which had lain on his hands for years. The ladies dispersed in anxious squads of toy-hunters, and each one turned over the store of her children's treasures for a contribution to the orphans' tree, my little ones rushed over the great house looking up their treasure eyeless dolls, three-legged horses, tops with the upper peg broken off, rubber tops, monkeys with all the squeak gone silent and all the ruck of children's toys that gather in a nursery closet.



MAKESHIFT TOYS FOR THE ORPHANS

Some small feathered chickens and parrots which nodded their heads in obedience to a weight beneath them were furnished with new tail feathers, lambs minus much of their wool were supplied with a cotton wool substitute, rag dolls were plumped out and recovered with clean cloth, and the young ladies painted their fat faces in bright colors and furnished them with beads for eyes.

But the tug of war was how to get something with which to decorate the orphans' tree. Our man servant, Robert Brown, was much interested and offered to make the prize toy. He contemplated a "sure enough house, with four rooms." His part in the domestic service was delegated to another and he gave himself over in silence and solitude to the labors of the architect.

My sister painted mantel shelves, door panels, pictures and frames for the walls, and finished with black grates in which their blazed a roaring fire, which was pronounced marvelously realistic. We all made furniture of twigs and pasteboard, and my mother made pillows, mattresses, sheets and pillow cases for the two little bedrooms.



Christmas Eve a number of young people were invited to come and string apples and popcorn for the trees; a neighbor very deft in domestic arts had tiny candle moulds made and furnished all the candles for the tree. However the puzzle and triumph of all was the construction of a large number of cornucopias. At last someone suggested a conical block of wood, about which the drawing paper could be wound and pasted. In a little book shop a number of small, highly colored pictures cut out and ready to apply were unearthed, and our old confectioner friend, Mr. Piazza, consented, with a broad smile, to give "all the love verses the young people wanted to roll with the candy."



A CHRISTMAS EVE PARTY

About twenty young men and girls gathered around small tables in one of the drawing rooms of the mansion and the cornucopias were begun. The men wrapped the squares of candy, first reading the "sentiments" printed upon them, such as "Roses are red, violets blue, sugar's sweet and so are you," "If you love me as I love you no knife can cut our love in two." The fresh young faces, wreathed in smiles, nodded attention to the reading, while with their small deft hands they glued the cornucopias and pasted on the pictures. Where were the silk tops to come from? Trunks of old things were turned out and snippings of silk and even woolen of bright colors were found to close the tops, and some of the young people twisted sewing silk into cords with which to draw the bags up. The beauty of those home-made things astonished us all, for they looked quite "custom-made," but when the "sure enough house" was revealed to our longing gaze the young people clapped their approbation, while Robert, whose sense of dignity did not permit him to smile, stood the impersonation of successful artist and bowed his thanks for our approval. Then the coveted eggnog was passed around in tiny glass cups and pronounced good. Crisp home-made ginger snaps and snowy lady cake completed the refreshments of Christmas Eve. The children allowed to sit up and be noisy in their way as an indulgence took a sip of eggnog out of my cup, and the eldest boy confided to his father: "Now I just know this is Christmas." In most of the houses in Richmond these same scenes were enacted, certainly in every one of the homes of the managers of the Episcopalian Orphanage. A bowl of eggnog was sent to the servants, and a part of everything they coveted of the dainties.



At last quiet settled on the household and the older members of the family began to stuff stockings with molasses candy, red apples, an orange, small whips plaited by the family with high-colored crackers, worsted reins knitted at home, paper dolls, teetotums made of large horn bottoms and a match which could spin indefinitely, balls of worsted rags wound hard and covered with old kid gloves, a pair of pretty woolen gloves for each, either cut of cloth and embroidered on the back or knitted



by some deft hand out of home-spun wool. For the President there were a pair of chamois-skin riding gauntlets exquisitely embroidered on the back with his monogram in red and white silk, made, as the giver wrote, under the guns of Fortress Monroe late at night for fear of discovery. There was a hemstitched linen handkerchief, with a little sketch in indelible ink in one corner; the children had written him little letters, their grandmother having held their hands, the burthen of which compositions was how they loved their dear father. For one of the inmates of the home, who was greatly loved but whose irritable temper was his prominent failing, there was a pretty cravat, the ends of which were embroidered, as was the fashion of the day. The pattern chosen was simple and on it was pinned a card with the word "amiable" to complete the sentence. One of the [missing] received a present of an illuminated copy of Solomon's proverbs found in the same old store from which the pictures came. He studied it for some time and announced: "I have changed my opinion of Solomon, he uttered such unnecessary platitudes -- now why should he have said 'The foolishness of a fool is his folly?'"

On Christmas morning the children awoke early and came in to see their toys. They were followed by the negro women, who one after another "caught" us by wishing us a merry Christmas before we could say it to them, which gave them a right to a gift. Of course, there was a present for every one, small though it might be, and one who had been born and brought up at our plantation was vocal in her admiration of a gay handkerchief. As she left the room she ejaculated: "Lord knows mistress knows our insides; she jest got the very thing I wanted."

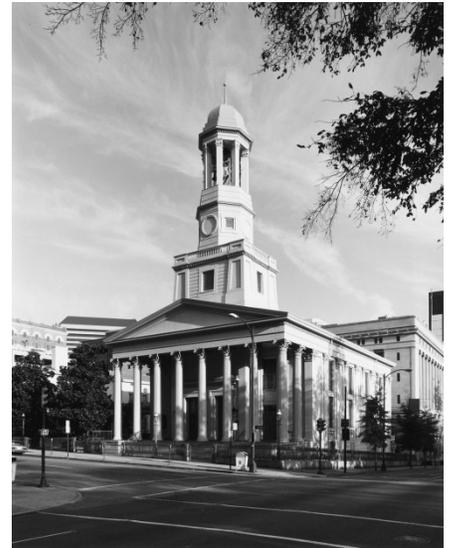


MRS. DAVIS' STRANGE PRESENTS

For me there were six cakes of delicious soap, made from the grease of ham boiled for a family at Farmville, a skein of exquisitely fine gray linen thread spun at home, a pincushion of some plain brown cotton material made by some poor woman and stuffed with wool from her pet sheep, and a little baby hat plaited by the orphans and presented by the industrious little pain who sewed the straw together. They pushed each other silently to speak, and at last mutely offered the hat, and considered the kiss they gave the sleeping little one ample reward for the industry and far above the fruit with which they were laden. Another present was a fine, delicate little baby frock without an inch of lace or embroidery upon it, but the delicate fabric was set with fairy stitches by the dear invalid neighbor who made it, and it was very precious in my eyes. There were also a few of Swinburne's best songs bound in wall-paper and a chamois needlebook left for me by young Mr. P., now succeeded to his title in England. In it was a Brobdinagian thimble "for my own finger, you know," said the handsome, cheerful young fellow.



After breakfast, at which all the family, great and small, were present, came the walk to St. Paul's Church. We did not use our carriage on Christmas or, if possible to avoid it, on Sunday. The saintly Dr. Minnegerode preached a sermon on Christian love, the introit was sung by a beautiful young society woman and the angels might have joyfully listened. Our chef did wonders with the turkey and roast beef, and drove the children quite out of their propriety by a spun sugar hen, life-size, on a nest full of blanc mange eggs. The mince pie and plum pudding made them feel, as one of the gentlemen laughingly remarked, "like their jackets were buttoned," a strong description of repletion which I have never forgotten. They waited with great impatience and evident dyspeptic symptoms for the crowning amusement of the day, "the children's tree." My eldest boy, a chubby little fellow of seven, came to me several times to whisper: "Do you think I ought to give the orphans my I.D. studs?" When told no, he beamed with the delight of an approving conscience. All throughout the afternoon first one little head and then another popped in at the door to ask: "Isn't it 8 o'clock yet?," burning with impatience to see the "children's tree."



DAVIS HELPED SANTA CLAUS

When at last we reached the basement of St. Paul's Church the tree burst upon their view like the realization of Aladdin's subterranean orchard, and they were awed by its grandeur.

The orphans sat mute with astonishment until the opening hymn and prayer and the last amen had been said, and then they at a signal warily and slowly gathered around the tree to receive from a lovely young girl their allotted present. The different gradations from joy to ecstasy which illuminated their faces was "worth two years of peaceful life" to see. The President became so enthusiastic that he undertook to help in the distribution,

but worked such wild confusion giving everything asked for into their outstretched hands, that we called a halt, so he contented himself with unwinding one or two tots from a network of strung popcorn in which they had become entangled and taking off all apples he could when unobserved, and presenting them to the smaller children. When at last the house was given to the "honor girl" she moved her lips without emitting a sound, but held it close to her breast and went off in a corner to look and be glad without witnesses.

"When the lights were fled, the garlands dead, and all but we departed" we also went home to find that Gen. Lee had called in our absence, and many other people. Gen. Lee had left word that he had received a barrel of sweet potatoes for us, which had been sent to him by mistake. He did not discover the mistake until he had taken his share (a dishful) and given the rest to the soldiers! We wished it had been much more for them and him.





OFFICERS IN A STARVATION DANCE



The night closed with a "starvation" party, where there were no refreshments, at a neighboring house. The rooms lighted as well as practicable, someone willing to play dance music on the piano and plenty of young men and girls comprised the entertainment. Sam Weller's soiry[sic], consisting of boiled mutton and capers, would have been a royal feast in the Confederacy. The officers, who rode into town with their long cavalry boots pulled well up over their knees, but splashed up their waists, put up their horses and rushed to the places where their dress uniform suits had been left for safekeeping. They very soon emerged, however, in full toggery and entered into the pleasures of their dance with the bright-eyed girls, who many of them were fragile as fairies, but worked like peasants for their home and country. These young people are gray-haired now, but the lessons of self-denial, industry and frugality in which they became past mistresses then, have made of them the most dignified, self-reliant and tender women I have ever known -- all honor to them.

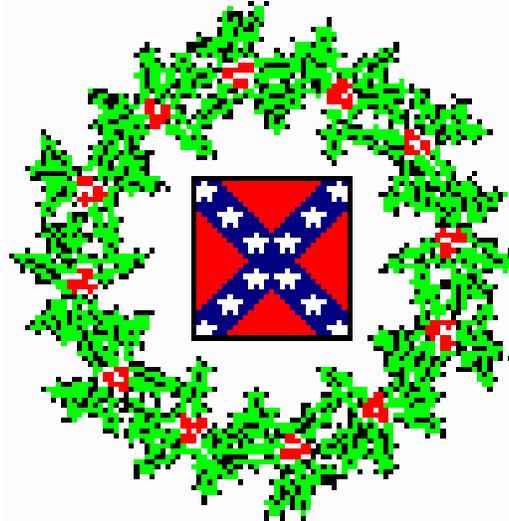
So, in the interchange of the courtesies and charities of life, to which we could not add its comforts and pleasures, passed the last Christmas in the Confederate mansion.



VARINA HOWELL DAVIS



This newspaper clipping is included among the Jefferson Davis Papers at Rice University.



This appeared as an article in the November/December 1995 issue of the Camp Chase Gazette. Excerpts of the above appear in an excellent book called "We Were Marching on Christmas Day" by Kevin Rawlings (ISBN 0-9612670-4-6 \$24.95 Toomey Press; P.O. Box 122; Linthicum, MD 21090 410-850-0831).





CHARLESTON MERCURY

EXTRA:

Passed unanimously at 1.15 o'clock, P. M. December 20th, 1860.

AN ORDINANCE

To dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and other States united with her under the compact entitled "The Constitution of the United States of America."

We, the People of the State of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained,

That the Ordinance adopted by us in Convention, on the twenty-third day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also, all Acts and parts of Acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed; and that the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of "The United States of America," is hereby dissolved.

THE

UNION

IS

DISSOLVED!



The Crisis Begins:

<http://www.newsinhistory.com/blog/crisis-begins-south-carolina's-secession-opens-path-civil-war>

South Carolina's Secession Opens Path to Civil War

When South Carolina became the first of the future Confederate States of America to secede from the Union, on Dec. 20, 1860, few were surprised. Secessionist talk had been heating up in South Carolina for months, and the nation had been lurching toward division ever since the [Compromise of 1850](#) only partially checked the momentum leading to civil war. Slavery and states' rights were two irreconcilable differences dividing North and South. It was perhaps fitting that South Carolina, first to secede, fired the first shots that started the Civil War when Confederate forces in Charleston Harbor attacked [Fort Sumter](#) on April 12, 1861.

On the day South Carolina seceded the *Albany Journal* (Albany, New York) printed this article, in its Dec. 20, 1860, issue:

The South Carolina Convention has appointed a Committee to report what property belonging to the United States should be demanded by the State after it shall secede. So soon as a conclusion is reached, a Commissioner is to be sent to Washington to procure the title deeds. If Gen. Jackson were President, he would send him home with a halter about his neck.

That which will press most crushingly upon the fame of President Buchanan, in the estimation of coming generations, will be his refusal to interpose the authority of the Government to prevent South Carolina from consummating her treasonable purposes.

The indications are that Georgia will not follow the blind lead of South Carolina. Unless she does, secession will be a sickly fizzle.

The *New York Herald* (New York, New York) printed the news about South Carolina's secession on the front page of its Dec. 21, 1860, issue:

Important from the South.

Actual Secession of South Carolina.

**The Unanimous Passage of the Secession Act in the State Convention.
The Ordinance of Separation. Great Rejoicings in the Streets of Charleston.**

The Secession of South Carolina.

Washington, Dec. 20, 1860.

The news from Charleston of the passage by unanimous vote of the ordinance of secession, although expected, causes great excitement here.

In the House the members of the Gulf States gathered in numbers, and with joyful expressions at the information. Among others it produces various comments. The general feeling, however, seems to be one of painful regret that in the midst of so great efforts and proposed sacrifices to save the Union South Carolina should have been launched upon her solitary career. It is thought that she has exhibited but little consideration for those of her sister States, who, with equal cause for secession, defer their action for joint consultation and procedure.

It was supposed the Convention would hold off until the 22d of February, at the request of some South Carolina members of Congress.

Members of Congress who had paired off, with the intention of going home to pass the holidays, have reconsidered their determination, and some will remain, as they believe the moment for decisive action for weal or woe will be reached within a few days.

The city is filled with rumors from Charleston about the capture of forts, &c., none of which are well founded.

Ten O'clock P.M.

The excitement consequent upon the reception of the first report of the passage of the secession ordinance by South Carolina has partially subsided, and the city is unusually composed tonight. The goodbyes of retiring South Carolina members of the House were distinguished for their excellent humor, and the occasion seemed more like a departure of friends than of persons bound on a revolutionary mission.

An Ordinance to Dissolve the Union between the State of South Carolina and Other States United with Her under the Compact Entitled "The Constitution of the United States of America"

We, the people of South Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinance adopted by us in convention on the 23d day of May, in the year of our Lord 1788, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly of this State ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and that the Union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of the United States of America, is hereby dissolved.

The ordinance was taken up and passed, by the unanimous vote of 169 members, at quarter past one o'clock.

As soon as its passage was known without the doors of the Convention it rapidly spread on the street, a crowd collected and there was immense cheering.

Mr. Miles moved that the clerk telegraph to the members at Washington. Carried unanimously.

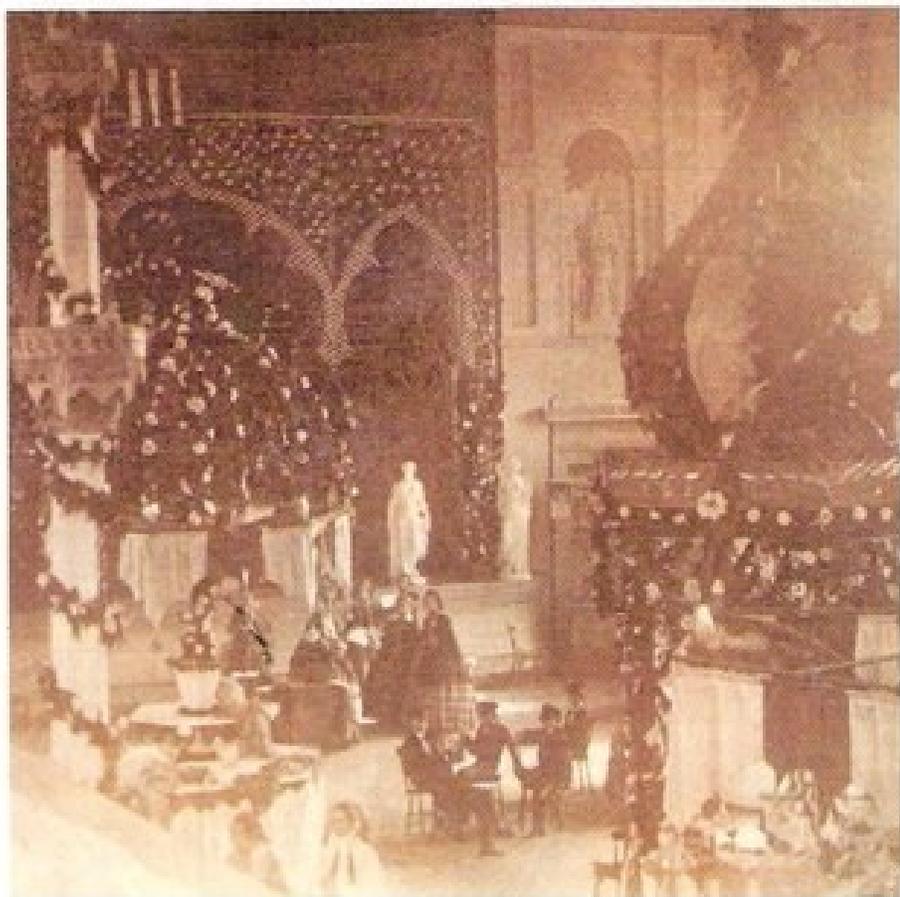
...At forty minutes past three the Convention took a recess, to meet at Institute Hall at half-past six o'clock, for the purpose of signing the ordinance.

As the Convention were leaving St. Andrew's Hall the chimes of St. Michael's Episcopal church pealed forth "Auld Lang Syne" and other tunes.



South Carolina Institute Hall, where Secession Ordinance was signed

SECESSION FOR CHRISTMAS



Festively decorated Secession Hall in Charleston, S.C., was photographed in December 1860. Just before 7 p.m. on December 20, the 169 South Carolina delegates who earlier that day had voted unanimously for secession assembled in the hall. One by one, in alphabetical order of their districts, they signed the parchment document that made the Palmetto State the first to leave the Union. The *Charleston Mercury* commented the next day: "The State of South Carolina has recorded herself before the universe. In reverence before God, fearless of man, unawed by power, unterrified by clamor, she had cut the gordian knot of colonial dependence upon the North—cast her fortune upon her right, and her own right arm, and stands ready to uphold alike her independence and her dignity before the world. Prescribing to none, she will be dictated to by none willing for peace, she is ready for war. Deprecating blood, she is willing to shed it. Valuing her liberties, she will maintain them. Neither swerved by frowns of foes, nor swayed by timorous solicitations of friends, she will pursue her direct path, and establish for herself and for her posterity, her rights, her liberties and her institutions. Though friends may fail her in her need, though the cannon of her enemies may belch destruction among her people, South Carolina, unawed, unconquerable, will still hold aloft her flag, 'ANIMIS OPPRUSQUE PARASTI' (the South Carolina state motto: "Ready in soul and resource")." **ENT**



Learn True History



The Great Snowball Battle of Rappahannock Academy, February 25, 1863

Great Confederate snowball fights!

Two back-to-back snowstorms in February of 1863 provided the ammunition for a friendly snowball battle amongst rival divisions of Confederate troops near Fredericksburg, Virginia. On February 19, eight inches of snow fell on the region. Two days later, nine inches of snow fell. On February 25, sunny skies and mild temperatures softened the deep snow cover, providing ideal conditions for making snowballs.

During this time, the Confederate Army was camped near Fredericksburg. Some of the Divisions of the army had been reorganized, which had created friendly rivalries between the Confederate brigades and regiments. This helped spark a huge snowball battle near Rappahannock Academy in which approximately 10,000 Confederate soldiers participated. One soldier who participated in the snowball battle described it as one of the most memorable combats of the war.”

The battle started on the morning of February 25, 1863, when General Hoke’s North Carolina soldiers marched towards Colonel Stiles’ camp of Georgians, with the intent of capturing the camp using only snowballs. The attacking force, composed of infantry, cavalry and skirmishers, moved in swiftly. Battle lines formed and the fight began with “severe pelting” of snowballs. Reinforcements arrived from all sides to assist the brigade under attack. Even the employees of the commissary joined the snowball battle. Soon, the attacking soldiers were pushed back.



Gen. Robt. F. Hoke, North Carolina

Hoke’s beaten soldiers retreated back to their camp. Colonel Stiles then held a Council of War on how best to attack the retreating force. He decided to organize his men and march directly into their camp, with snowballs in hand. When Stile’s forces finally arrived in Hoke’s camp, they were quite surprised to find that their adversaries had rallied and filled their haversacks to the top with snowballs. This allowed Hoke’s soldiers to provide an endless barrage of snowballs “without the need to reload.” The attacking force was quickly overwhelmed and many of their soldiers were captured and “whitewashed” with snow. The snowball battle came to an end and both brigades settled back into their respective camps. The captured prisoners were quickly paroled and returned to their camp, to much heckling from fellow soldiers. It was noted that General Stonewall Jackson had witnessed the snowball battle. One soldier remarked that he had wished Jackson and staff had joined the fight so he could have thrown a snowball at “the old faded uniforms.”

The weather turned mild and rainy in the following days. Other snowball battles were documented during the Civil War – including a snowball fight at Dalton, Georgia – but The Snowball Battle of Rappahannock Academy was unique in size, strategy and ample snow cover. The depth of the snow cover on the day of the battle was documented in a soldier's diary to be 12 inches. from:<http://www.weatherbook.com/Snowball.htm>

Great Snowball Fight of 1864: Dalton, GA

From: Stonewall of the West Patrick Cleburne and the Civil War



Occasionally the unpredictable March weather broke routine of camp life and interrupted the training schedule . On rare occasions it snowed and like children released from school , the troops treated any snowfall as an occasion for play. On March 22 dawn revealed a fresh 5 inches of new snow, and a spontaneous snowball fight broke out all across the camp. The men threw themselves into the fracas with enthusiasm. One arkansas soldier recalled, "Such pounding and thumping, and rolling over in the snow, and washing of faces and cramming snow in mouths and in ears and mixing up in great wriggling piles together." (Stephenson, Civil War Memoir)

In Cleburne's Div. , Lucius Polk's Brigade attacked Govan's Brigade, pitting Arkansas against Arkansas, and Cleburne could not resist getting involved. He placed himself at the head of his old brogade and led the attack on Govan's campsite. The snowballs flew thick and fast , and Govans's men Were getting the worst of it when they decided to launch a counterattack. They charged Forward, no doubt yelling for all they were worth and Cleburne suddenly found himself a prisoner of war. After some tongue -in-cheek deliberation, his captors decided to parol their commander, and claburne was released.

The snowball fight contined and claburnes once again entered the fray. Atlas he was captured a 2nd time .. and this time his captors confronted him with mock solemnity about his violation of parole. According to one veteran, "Some called for a drumead court martial; others demanded a sound ducking in the nearby creek. Still others mindfull of Cleburne's reputation as a stern disciplinarian, insistedthat the general be meted out his own customary punishment. The idea caught on and soon the whole brigade took up the familiar order: 'Arest that soldier and make him carry a fence rail!' " Cooler heads prevailed, with Claburne's defenders arguing that after all this was the 1st occasion on which he had been known to break his word and once again his captors granted him parole. When it was all over, Cleburne

authorized a ration of whiskey to the troops , and they stood around great bonfires singing and yelling "at the top of their lungs" {Steve Davis "The Great Snowbattle of 1864" CWTI (June 1976) }

More snow fell on the 23rd of March, provoking yet another snowball fight and rain and snow continued through the rest of the month. On the 31st a more serious sham battle occurred when Joe Johnston organized a mock engagement involving Hardee's Corps. Cleburne's and Bates's Div. Squared off against those of Cheatam and Walker. It was a fine weather for a charge, and the troops entered the spirit of the drill, firing off a blank cartridges each, thrilling the small audiences of ladies who had driven out from Dalton to watch. One veteran recalled, "The noise was terrific and the excitement intense, but nobody was hurt. . . except perhaps one of the cavalry men who was dismounted while charging a square of infantry." That night, back in camp , it was peaches and cornbread again for dinner. (John S. Jackson Diary of A Confederate Soldier)

from: <http://americancivilwar.50megs.com/stories04.html>

THE BATTLE OF THE SNOW

Winter quarters for the troops during the Civil War were often a welcome relief from the constant marching and fighting of the spring, summer, and fall. Soldiers would make log huts and spend their time relaxing, writing letters home, and generally recuperating from a season of battle. Life in winter quarters was also monotonous and boring.

However, on March 23, 1864, while in winter quarters in Virginia, the Twenty-seventh North Carolina broke the boredom of the winter lull by initiating The Battle of "The Snow." The Twenty-seventh challenged the Forty-sixth North Carolina (both regiments in Cooke's Brigade) to a snowball fight. However, just as they were prepared to begin, Kirkland's Brigade appeared and made a challenge of their



own. The other regiments in Cooke's Brigade were called to duty and a full-scale battle between the two brigades erupted.

For over an hour, the two brigades pelted each other with snowballs, finally "ending in the utter route of the brave Kirklandites who were driven pell mell out of their quarters. . . ." The victorious Cooke's brigade plunder Kirkland's living quarters, acquiring "all the cooking utensils to be found"

Company commanders were ordered to retrieve all the ill-gotten cookware and return it, but every man found in possession of any cookware swore "he had owned it for many months."

Kirkland's Brigade, not satisfied with the outcome of the day's results, challenged Cooke's Brigade again the next day, and, in front of "an immense crowd of onlookers, including a number of general officers with their staffs from other commands[,]" the battle continued. This time, Kirkland's brigade prevailed, "capturing" a large number of Cooke's officers and men, holding them for the ransom of cookware.

Night finally put an end to the festivities, "and all hands returned to their hut, good friends."

Thus ended The Battle of "The Snow."

NOTE: At this time of the war, Cooke's Brigade was composed of the Fifteenth, Twenty- seventh, Forty-sixth, and Forty-eighth regiment. Kirkland's Brigade was made up of the Seventeenth, Forty-second, Fiftieth, and Sixty-sixth North Carolina Regiments.

from: <http://www.ehistory.com/uscw/feature...fm?NationId=65>



Battlefield Prayer by JOHN PAUL STRAIN

Generals Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and J.E.B. Stuart
Fredericksburg, Virginia - Near Hamilton's Crossing,
December 12, 1862

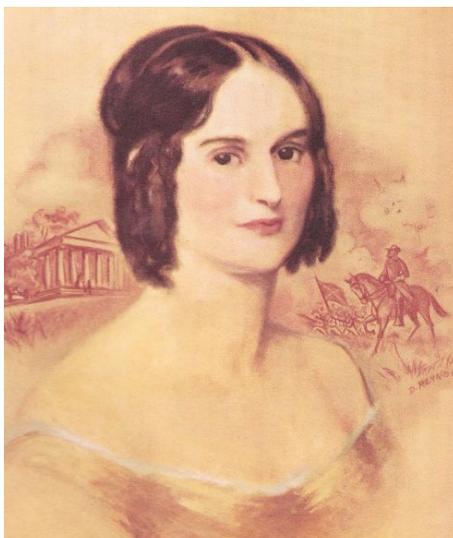
The momentous day was nearly at hand. On the morrow two great armies would clash along the hills of Fredericksburg, Virginia. The results of the battle might possibly decide the course of the war. Massive numbers of men in gray and blue had been gathering for weeks to engage in an epic battle to defend their homes, traditions, and honor.

Weather over the past several days had been pleasant with temperatures rising to the 50's during the day. An inch or so of snow from the storm of December 6th and 7th still remained in the shadows and valleys, but much of the snow had melted.

In the hills south of the city, near Hamilton's Crossing, three generals in gray reconnoitered enemy positions and formulated plans to meet the challenge that lay ahead. A tremendous weight of responsibility lay on the shoulders of these men, for thousands of men's lives and the future of their country now rested with their decisions. No one knew this more profoundly than Generals Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, and J.E.B. Stuart.

With the sounds of battle preparation echoing through the woodland hills and valleys, the three generals paused a moment to rest from their morning ride and water their horses. Stonewall Jackson knelt before the Lord and the men prayed for the Lord's blessing and guidance to help them with their great task. Many men would turn to their God before battle, if not for themselves, then for their families. The Almighty would hear thousands of battlefield prayers that day.

An Unusual Holiday Punch from Mrs. Robert E. Lee



If you're looking for something different to serve at parties this holiday season, take a page out of Mrs. Robert E. Lee's book and try Roman Punch. This unusual recipe comes from *The Robert E. Lee Family Cooking and Housekeeping Book*, by Anne Carter Zimmer, a great-granddaughter of the Lees.

Like many women of her era, Mrs. Lee and her daughters used a small notebook to record recipes as well as household inventories, shopping lists, and formulas for home remedies. Anne Zimmer has tested the recipes and adapted them to modern kitchens in this charming volume that is part cookbook, part culinary history, and part family history.

Zimmer speculates that this punch could have been served frozen in small glasses at multicourse Victorian meals as a palate cleanser. The cassis flavor comes from currant jelly. Black rum gives it depth, while sugar adds smoothness; the sweetness diminishes with cold. It is sensational frozen to a slushy consistency and served in a showy punch bowl. Make ahead to allow time to ripen.

Roman Punch

Juice of 5-6 lemons

3 cups sugar

1 cup (8 ounces) currant jelly

2 quarts minus 1/2 cup water

1 cup brandy

2/3 cup black rum

About 5-6 tablespoons or bags of green (or black) tea

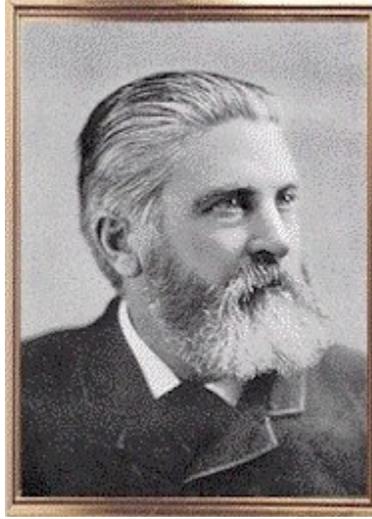
Heat about half the water with sugar and jelly, stirring to dissolve. Make tea with the rest. Combine the two mixtures. Cool, add lemon juice, brandy, and rum. Ripen overnight at room temperature or up to 3 days in refrigerator, then freeze if you like. Makes about a gallon.



The Robert E. Lee Family Cooking and Housekeeping Book is available at bookstores or from the University of North Carolina Press. 1-800-848-6224.



Legal Justification of the South in Secession ..fourth in a seven part series..



BY HON. J. L. M. CURRY, LL. D.

Relation of States to the Union Under The Constitution

We are now prepared to consider the action of the South which rested upon the relation which the States and the Federal government bore to each other. What the South maintained was that the Union, or general government, emanated from the people of the several States, acting in their separate and sovereign capacity, as distinct political communities; that the Constitution being a compact to which each State was a party for the purpose of good government and the protection of life, liberty and property, the several States had the right to judge of infractions of the Constitution, or of the failure of the common government to subserve its covenanted ends, and to interpose by secession or otherwise for protecting the great residuary mass of undelegated powers, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them. The third Virginia resolution of 1798, drawn by Madison, puts this very clearly--"That this assembly doth explicitly and peremptorily declare that it views the powers of the Federal government as resulting from *the compact to which the States are parties*, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument constituting that compact; as no further valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated in the compact; and that in case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise of other powers not granted by the said compact, the States, who are parties thereto, have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights and liberties appertaining to them." The States, in adopting the Constitution and surrendering many attributes of sovereignty, might have surrendered all their powers and even their separate existence. Were they guilty of this *felo de se*, or did each retain the equal right to judge of the failure of the government to accomplish stipulated objects as well as of the mode and measure of redress, and the means of protecting its citizens? We have held that the obvious and chief purpose of the Constitution was to invest the Federal government with such powers only as equally affected the members of the community called the Union and to leave to the States all remaining powers. The greater part of the powers delegated to the general government relate directly or indirectly to two great divisions of authority; the one pertaining to the foreign relations of the country, the other of an internal character; the put. poses for which the Constitution was formed being power, security and respectability without, and peace, tranquillity and harmony within. Mr. Calhoun, in early political life, stated clearly our dual system. The American Union is a democratic federal republic--a political system compounded of the separate governments of the several States and of one common government of all the States, called the government of the United States. The powers of each are sovereign, and neither derives its powers from the other. In their respective spheres neither is subordinate to the other, but co-ordinate; and, being co-ordinate, each has the right of protecting its own powers from the encroachments of the other, the two combined forming one entire and separate government. The line of demarkation between the delegated powers to the Federal government and the powers reserved to the States is plain, inasmuch as all the powers delegated to the general government are expressly laid down, and those not delegated are reserved to the States unless specially prohibited.

Much is said and written in praise of the British constitution, but, in large degree, it is intangible and indefinable. It exists in no exact form, except as contained in Magna Charta, Petition of Right and some other muniments of liberty.

Elsewhere it is to be searched for in usage, tradition, precedent and public opinion, and chiefly consists in direct parliamentary control of the responsible heads of the great departments of state. Knowing how illusory and deceptive were constitutional guarantees, which existed only in repealable statutes or the varying will of parliament, our ancestors preferred to repose on fixed definitions and asserted rights, embodied in organic law, having more dignity, permanence and sacredness than a mere municipal or statutory regulation. In proportion as power was liable to be abused, it was thought wise to impose and strengthen checks and restraints. If the judgment of the governing body be the only limit to its powers, then there is nothing to control that judgment or to correct its errors. The minority is relegated to the uncertain remedy of rebellion or revolution. Restrictions, however clear and ascertainable, if there be no right or power to enforce, will end in legislative omnipotence which makes useless a written constitution. True liberty demands severe restraints to prevent degeneracy into license and needs a discipline to be compelled by some exterior authority. It is absurd to make one's rights contingent upon the conscience or reason of another. There is but one safe rule to be adopted by those intrusted with ecclesiastical or civil power--if you do not wish to hurt me, put it out of your power to do so. If a government, or a department of a government, can interpret finally its own powers, or take without hindrance what powers it pleases, then it may as well have had originally all powers, without the mockery of a verbal limitation. Mr. Jefferson deprecated "usurpation of the powers retained by the States, interpolations into the compact, and direct infractions of it," and as late as 1825, solemnly asserted that though a dissolution of the Union would be a great calamity, submission to a government of unlimited powers would be a greater. Under our written Constitution, the powers of the government were distributed among several co-ordinate departments and instead of being left to be scrambled for were defined with such precision that generally each may ascertain its own, unless blinded by ambition or partisanship or selfishness. The jurisdiction of each is limited to certain enumerated objects, and this division, with checks and balances, was to prevent the evils Jefferson deplored, and which have always attended irresponsible and ill-defined authority.

As the written Constitution, with all its superiority to unwritten usage, is not self-executory, the practical and vital question continually arises, who is to guard and enforce its limitations and who is the ultimate arbiter in case of dangerous infractions? The famous Kentucky resolutions of 1798, drawn by Jefferson, affirm that the States composing the Union are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government; that each State, while delegating certain definite powers to that government, reserved the residuary mass of right to their own self-government, and that the government created by the compact to which each State acceded as a State and is an integral party, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the powers delegated to itself, since that would have made its discretion and not the Constitution the measure of its powers. In 1799 he reaffirmed the declaration and added that the principle that the general government was the exclusive judge of the powers delegated to it stopped nothing short of despotism.

The favorite allegation of consolidationists is that the Constitution and the laws made in pursuance thereof are the supreme law of the land. No one questions that statement, but what is the Constitution, what laws are in pursuance thereof? The consequent assumption is that the Supreme court is the safe referee and the final judge. In all questions of a judicial nature of which the court has lawful cognizance, it is the final judge and interpreter, and there is no power in the government to which the court belongs to reverse its decisions or resist its authority, but the jurisdiction of the Federal courts is limited and the Federal judiciary is only a department of the government whose acts are called in question. Numerous instances of usurped powers might occur which the form of the Constitution could never draw within the control of the judicial department. The Supreme court might assume jurisdiction over subjects not allowed by the Constitution and there is no power in the general government to gainsay it. Charles Sumner, associated in the Northern mind with John Brown, as a semi-inspired apostle, spoke in 1854 in lofty scorn of according to the Supreme court the "power of fastening such interpretation as they see fit upon any part of the Constitution--adding to it, or subtracting from it, or positively varying its requirements--actually making and unmaking the Constitution; and to their work all good citizens must bow as of equal authority with the original instrument." Sometimes the court is divided, the dissenting judges possessing by universal concession the greater wisdom, more legal learning and ability; sometimes, not bound by its own judgment, the court reverses its decisions and stands on both sides of a question. "If the court itself be not constrained by its own precedents how can co-ordinate branches under oath to support the Constitution," and the creating States, "like the court itself, called incidentally to interpret the Constitution, be constrained by them?" Sometimes to procure a reversal it is held that the court by action of Congress may hereafter be constituted differently, and we have a memorable precedent of the enlargement of the court and of the appointment of additional justices, whose opinions were well known in advance, in order to secure a reversal of the legal tender decision. Jefferson, in 1820, saw how by the silent and potential influence of judicial interpretation, the government was in great danger, and he wrote to Thomas Ritchie: "The judiciary of the United States is the subtle corps of sappers and miners constantly working underground to undermine the foundations of our confederated fabric * * * a judiciary independent of a king or executive alone's a good thing, but independence of the will of the nation is a solecism, at least in a republican government." The powers reserved in the tenth amendment are not only reserved against the Federal government in whole, but against each department, the judicial as well as the legislative and executive. Otherwise the Federal sphere is supreme and the spheres of the States are

subordinate. It cannot be tolerated for a moment that the Supreme court has the right to modify every power inhering in the State governments, or undelegated by the people, so as to exempt its own action from their influence. That would be to concentrate absolute sovereignty in the court. If the Federal government, in its entirety, has no authority in the last resort to judge of the extent of its own powers, how can a single department, even the Supreme court, have this authority? What folly for the States to reserve powers against the Federal government, if that government, in whole or in part, has the ultimate decision as to what was reserved! To the Supreme court all the jurisdiction which properly belongs is cheerfully yielded, but in it no more than in the other departments can be safely reposed the trust of ascertaining, defining or limiting the undelegated powers of the States.

History is said to be constantly repeating itself. This assumption of the Federal government, through all or either of the departments, to decide, ultimately and authoritatively, upon the character and extent of the grants and limitations of the Constitution, upon the powers it possesses, is a claim of absolute sovereignty and is not distinguishable from the unrepugnant theory of the Divine Right, as expounded by Filmer and other such writers. Reduced to its real significance, it is practically what was asserted by the "Holy Alliance" of 1815, when certain European sovereigns, under a kind of approved orthodox despotism, assumed the prerogative to perpetuate existing dynasties, to suppress rebellions and revolutions, and to crush out civil and religious liberty. This alliance insisted that governments did not derive their authority or legitimacy from the assent of the people; that all who asserted such political heresies were outlaws and traitors; that constitutions have no legitimate source except absolute power; that governments grant or withhold what they please; that every movement in opposition to the "powers that be" is a monster to be crushed, and that all resistance to oppression is involved in the same anathema, however legitimate or defensible.

There are some who see and concede the unreasonableness of making the discretion of a majority in Congress the measure of the powers granted or withheld in the Constitution, and that this nullifies the limitations and guarantees of the compact, and they recognize the necessity of resistance and interposition where reserved rights have been trampled on. Declining to accept the State rights theory, they have, under the stress of the necessity of not leaving wrongs unrighted and guarantees disregarded, suggested that the true remedy is an appeal to the "sober second thought" of the people, or that failing, to a popular uprising to overthrow the offending government. This is the logical fallacy of begging the question. What people? *En masse*? No such people politically ever existed. The people who offended? Who will convince them of their error?

"When self the wavering balance shakes, It's rarely right adjusted."

Rebellion or revolution assumes that the acts complained of were done by legitimate authority, in due course of procedure, according to valid forms. That is the gist of the question in issue. If successful, rebellion becomes right; if unsuccessful, it is treason. It is not an appeal to reason, justice, morality, law, but to brute force. It belongs to the slave and is the mere right of self-preservation. It is a travesty on freedom, on constitutions, on civilizations. Might can never make right. It is great only in the service of righteousness. Were Satan omnipotent, he would be none the less Satan, rather all the more the incarnation of evil, in potent antagonism to the good. Our fathers do not deserve such a reproach. They were not guilty of such folly. With a prescient statesmanship, far beyond their times, they made adequate protection for the rights and liberties of posterity and made not their maintenance dependent on avoirdupois, or the fluctuating will of an interested or fanatical populace.

Next Month: [STATES MUST DECIDE. SECTIONALISM PRODUCED DISUNION](#)



Appeal for Fredericksburg .



The citizens of Fredericksburg have been great sufferers by the horrid devastation inflicted upon that town by the Yankees. Not only have their dwellings been destroyed, or rendered uninhabitable, but, in almost every instance, their furniture, clothing, and personal effects of every kind, have been torn to pieces or stolen, so that a community in which such a thing as poverty was once unknown is now homeless, comfortless, and, in the case of many of its inhabitants, actually requiring the assistance of others for food and lodging. The rich inhabitants, though much impoverished, may not be thus destitute; but the rich are but a small minority of any community. The great mass of them who have been dispossessed of their habitations and homes by the sudden convulsion which, like an earthquake, has swallowed up Fredericksburg, have no surplus means to provide against such an exigency, and must, therefore, either perish for want of the absolute means of subsistence, or be relieved;--we will not say by the charity — but by the justice and humanity of their fellow-citizens.

We invoke all just and humans people to contribute every dollar they can spare, and all the influence they possess, to the relief of the community of Fredericksburg . On this Christmas day, what better Christmas gift can we lay upon the altar of Almighty God, what better thank- offering for the great deliverance which He has just effected for us at this same Fredericksburg and by which we ourselves, perhaps, have been saved from being rendered houseless and homeless, than a literal and universal donation in all the churches to the relief of the Fredericksburg people?

----- *Richmond Daily Dispatch, Dec. 25, 1862*

Christmas Letters from Confederate Soldiers **Confederate Letter of John W. Hagan A Confederate POW**

To Mrs A. Hagan, Cat Creek, Lowndes County, Ga-
I send you a Stamp
#15--Barracks 16 Prison 3 Camp Chase Ohio--
December 25th, 1864

My Dear Wife...

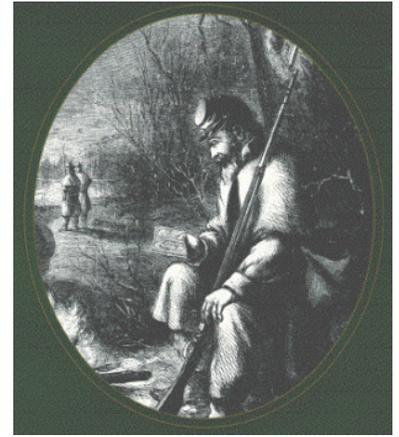
Again I write you a short letter which leaves myself, James D. Pounds, A. Mattox, M. F. Giddins & Wm. Anderson in good health & hope you & familley are enJoying the Same blessing I have nothing new to write you.

I am very anxious to hear of and [an] Exchange but have very little hopes of being Exchanged during the War. we are permitted to receve the papers now & have a chance of Knowing what is going on. The late arrangement entering [entered] into by the C.S. & U.S. will not lead to & Exchange. Brig Gen Beall on the part of the C.S. is now in N.Y. on Parole to carry out the arrangements on the part of the C.S. to furnish we prisoners of War with all the nessary supplies to make us comfertable. & we have Elected Col Josie of Ark & Col Healkine of Tenn & Capt Smith of Va to make a report of what we need to Gen Beall in N.Y. & Issue the Same when it arrives here. So you may not give your self any uneaseyness about us we are fairing very well now & will do better when our supplies is encreast. I havent heard from Anderson yet & do not expect to Soon. let me Know when you write if J.M. Griffin have been heard of at home. I am still corresponding with my friend in Nashville " Tenn & will not suffer for any thing. your Uncle John Roberts is in Prison at Rock Island Ills & Bryant his son is with me & in good health Give my love to all at home & Kiss Reubin for me. I will close hoping to hear from you soon as my last was dated Oct 8th.

I Remain your Affectionate Husband
John Wm. Hagan

P.S. this is a dull Crismass day



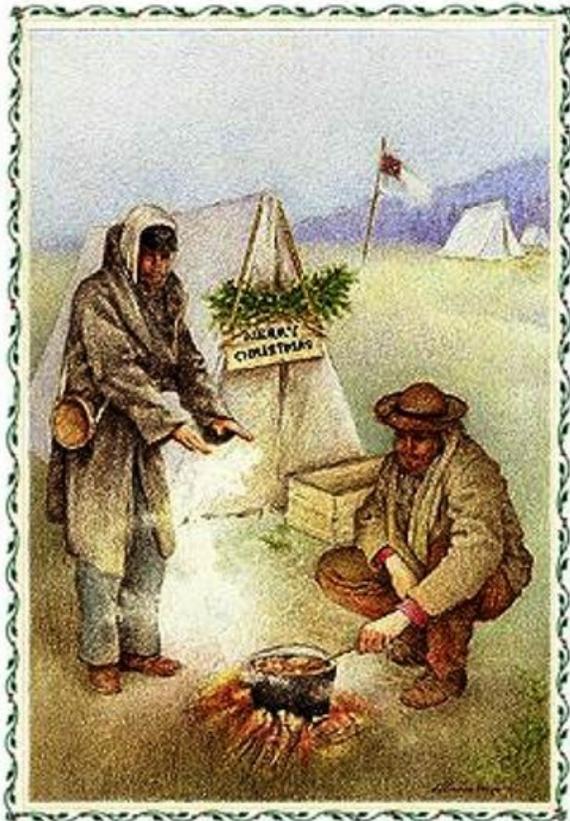


**Author of the following unknown to me
Christmas, December 25, 1863**

Bright Merry Christmas is here again, and so am I, right in the breezy woods to enjoy it, unhampered by the restraints of custom, the fetters of fashion, and thralldom of etiquette, ready and willing to hide away a first-class Christmas dinner if I had it. I am glad I am alive and whole, for during this year many a poor soldier whose sun of life glowed in the very zenith of manhood and glory was cut down and immolated on the altar of his country, like the full blown rose that sacrifices and casts its beauteous and fragrant petals on the altar of the passing storm. At sunrise thismorning we fired two rounds from our guns in commemoration of the birth of Him who said, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth."

The menu of our Christmas dinner was composed wholly of beef with gravy and corn bread. Our mess was afraid to try anything new, as it might throw us headlong on the sick list in the busy season of house building. I was hard at work all day, getting raw material for the business end of our culinary department.

**A Gunner in Chew's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia
December 25, 1862**



This is Merry Christmas. This morning we resumed our march early and moved down the Valley nearly to Kernstown, where we encountered the Yankees and gave them a Christmas greeting in the shape of a few shell. We took the same position we held at the battle of Kernstown last spring. About sixty sharpshooters advanced on our position and attempted to drive us away. We opened fire on them with two guns and fired three rounds, which thoroughly settled the sharpshooting business for this Christmas. Their line fell back in a rather stirred-up mixture, and that was the last I saw of the sharpshooters. We remained in battery till sunset, to see whether the Yanks intended to advance on us in force. Their infantry camp was not far away, for I heard their drummers beating the long roll immediately after we opened fire on their sharpshooters. After dark this evening our cavalry kindled camp-fires all around the place we held to-day, to make the Yanks believe that we were many, and still holding the position. We fell back to Middletown and camped.-----



Christmas Dinner

When Fiction Became Fact

By

WILLIAM MEADE DAME, D. D.

One bright spot in that “winter of our discontent”—lives in my memory. It was on the Christmas Day of 1863. That was a day specially hard to get through. The rations were very short indeed that day—only a little bread, no meat. As we went, so hungry, about our work, and remembered the good and abundant cheer always belonging to Christmas time; as we thought of “joys we had tasted in past years” that did not “return” to us, now, and felt the woeful difference in our insides—it made us sad. It was harder to starve on Christmas Day than any day of the winter.

When the long day was over and night had come, some twelve or fifteen of us, congenial comrades, had gathered in a group, and were sitting out of doors around a big camp fire, talking about Christmas, and trying to keep warm and cheer ourselves up. One fellow proposed what he called a game, and it was at once taken up—though it was a silly thing to do, as it only made us hungrier than ever. The game was this—we were to work our fancy, and imagine that we were around the table at “Pizzini’s,” in Richmond. Pizzini was the famous restaurateur who was able to keep up a wonderful eating house all through the war, even when the rest of Richmond was nearly starving. Well—in reality, now, we were all seated on the ground around that fire, and very hungry. In imagination we were all gathered ’round Pizzini’s with unlimited credit and free to call for just what we wished. One fellow tied a towel on him, and acted as the waiter—with pencil and paper in hand going from guest to guest taking orders—all with the utmost gravity. “Well, sir, what will you have?” he said to the first man. He thought for a moment and then said (I recall that first order, it was monumental) “I will have, let me see—a four-pound steak, a turkey, a jowl and turnip tops, a peck of potatoes, six dozen biscuits, plenty of butter, a large pot of coffee, a gallon of milk and six pies—three lemon and three mince—and hurry up, waiter—that will do for a start; see ’bout the rest later.” This was an order for one, mind you. The next several were like unto it. Then, one guest said, “I will take a large saddle of mountain mutton, with a gallon of crabapple jelly to eat with it, and as much as you can tote of other things.”

This, specially the crabapple jelly, quite struck the next man. He said, “I will take just the same as this gentleman.” So the next, and the next. All the rest of the guests took the mountain mutton and jelly. All this absurd performance was gone through with all seriousness—making us wild with suggestions of good things to eat and plenty of it. The waiter took all the orders and carefully wrote them down, and read them out to the guest to be sure he had them right. Just as we were nearly through with this Barmecide feast, one of the boys, coming past us from the Commissary tent, called out to me, “Billy, old Tuck is just in (Tucker drove the Commissary wagon and went up to Orange for rations) and I think there is a box, or something, for you down at the tent.” I got one of our crowd to go with me on the jump. Sure enough, there was a great big box for me—from home.

We got it on our shoulders and trotted back up to the fire. The fellows gathered around, the top was off that box in a jiffy, and there, right on top, the first thing we came to—funny to tell, after what had just occurred—was the biggest saddle of mountain mutton, and a two-gallon jar of crabapple jelly to eat with it. The box was packed with all good, solid things to eat—about a bushel of biscuits and butter and sausage and pies, etc., etc. We all pitched in with a whoop. In ten minutes after the top was off, there was not a thing left in that box except one skin of sausage which I saved for our mess next morning. You can imagine how the boys did enjoy it. It was a bully way to end up that hungry Christmas Day. I wrote my thanks and the thanks of all the boys to my mother and sisters, who had packed that box, and I described the scene as I have here described it, which made them realize how welcome and acceptable their kind present was—and what comfort and pleasure it gave—all the more that it came to us on Christmas Day, and made it a joyful one—at the end, at least.



WILLIAM MEADE DAME
PRIVATE FIRST COMPANY OF RICHMOND HOWITZERS
1864



Near Chesterfield Station
Caroline Co. VA.
Jan 1st 1863

Dear Sister

Your last kind favor came safely to hand on X-Mas eve with the box of clothes and eatables; thanks, many thanks for the very acceptable good things as well as the promptness in sending them. Two other boys in my tent got boxes and I tell you we had a jolly good time the next day at dinner, just think of a dinner consisting of a ham, round beef, steak, fowls, spare rib, Chine, Mutton, sweet potatoes, winding up with pies, Tarts, Cakes, apples. To a soldier who has been living on fat bacon or beef and bread for months.

The watch and clothing were all right and while I think of it, the tube to the watch came off so I will trouble you to bye me a new one i.e. key and send in your next. I am glad to see that your finger is well or better. I received Louisa's letter telling me to keep the \$30

But not till after I had sent it. Tell Ma that I am under many obligations but did not wish her to deprive herself, but that I am owing Mr. Card \$16.83 which I wish were paid but am not able, tell her that she is welcome to the blankets.

As you see we have made another move, on last Sunday we left behind us our Yankee friends & old Fredericksburg, and are now settle in it is thought for the winter, only the Artillery came down. I do not know if the infantry will come or not. We have a very pleasant place in the pines for our camp and are busy building log cabins, though it is rumored that we will leave in about three weeks for North Carolinian. You say write what sort of Christmas I have spent, well I have spent a very pleasant one for camp life, but not as agreeable as the last, when we were at Leesburg and enjoyed the society of ladies. I am very glad to know you are all enjoying yourselves. Is the boarder still with you? You must write me and tell me what kind of time you have spent. Tell Ma I condole her on the loss of her turkeys and hope she was not depriving herself in sending me the fowls.

Ask Pa what he thinks of peace prospects. Much love to all

William

Address Care Capt. McCarthy 1st Co Howitzers
Ruthes Glenn P.O. Caroline VA.



CHARGE TO THE SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

"To you, Sons of Confederate Veterans, we will commit the vindication of the cause for which we fought. To your strength will be given the defense of the Confederate soldier's good name, the guardianship of his history, the emulation of his virtues, the perpetuation of those principles which he loved and which you love also, and those ideals which made him glorious and which you also cherish." Remember it is your duty to see that the true history of the South is presented to future generations".

Lt. General Stephen Dill Lee,
Commander General

Upcoming events



- Dec 2-6 : 5th Brigade Gathering Mexia, TX
December 3-4: Battle of Pea Ridge Bentonville, AR
December 3rd : Belo Camp Christmas Party
Dallas, TX Guests of Stan Hudson Family.
January 5th: Next Belo Camp Meeting

Kevin Newsom will speak on Confederate Col. Santos Benavides, as well as The Camp Plan for 2012. Members are encouraged to attend to have their voice heard for the direction of Belo Camp in 2012!



Advertisement from the Macon Daily Telegraph, Dec. 24, 1860

How Do I Join The Sons of Confederate Veterans?

The SCV is the direct heir of the United Confederate Veterans, and the oldest hereditary organization for male descendants of Confederate soldiers. Organized at Richmond, Virginia in 1896, the SCV continues to serve as a historical, patriotic, and non-political organization dedicated to ensuring that a true history of the 1861-1865 period is preserved.

*Membership in the **Sons of Confederate Veterans** is open to all male descendants of any veteran who served honorably in the Confederate States armed forces and government.*

*Membership can be obtained through either lineal or collateral family lines and kinship to a veteran must be **documented genealogically**. The minimum age for full membership is 12, but there is no minimum for Cadet Membership.*



<http://www.scv.org/genealogy.php>



"Lee's Lieutenants" by Mort Kunstler

On a foggy Saturday morning, December 13, 1862, Lee and his principal lieutenants rode forward to meet a massive assault from the Union Army of the Potomac.

"A dense fog hung over the city that morning as Lee moved to confer with his commanders on a hill overlooking the city. Stonewall Jackson attended the meeting in a new uniform, which was a gift from General J.E.B. Stuart. Jackson's devoted soldiers, who were accustomed to Stonewall's worn uniform, were bedazzled by the gold braid and crisp look of the new uniform. They spontaneously broke into wild cheers. It was then, in the words of Douglas Southall Freeman, that "drab daylight began to soften into gold under the rays of a mounting sun." Fredericksburg's church steeples emerged in the distance above the morning mist. It was a lighting effect I had observed myself on visits to Lee's Hill at Fredericksburg - and I was delighted to have an opportunity to paint it." - Mort Kunstler



Card of Thanks,

In consequence of a Donation, given unto us
prisoners confined in Gratiot prison, By the Citizens
of St Louis Dec 25, 1864 We the prisoners of said
prison Do this 26th of Dec 1864, think that it is
our duty as a grateful people to hold a meeting
for the purpose of showing our gratitude unto the
Donors, and all those that have used their efforts
in distributing the same, On motion of J. C. Couzens
M^r T. M. Northcutt was called to the Chair, the
Chairman was requested to state the Object of the
meeting which was made known by a few
brief remarks, On motion of M^r T. H. Beckett
M^r John C. Foote was appointed secretary, On motion
of J. C. Couzens a committee of 20 was appointed
to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the
meeting, Whereupon the Chair appointed the fol-
lowing named persons, J. C. Couzens, J. Horn, T. H.
Beckett, D^r John Hart, John Moffitt, Jas Hogge, David
Hampton, R. E. Wild, John S. Lowry, O. C. Heru, M. J.
Wright, J. M. Cain, John Hall, J. M. Lisenberry,
M. M. Herrington, George Bobbitt, John Brewer
Robt Mercer, W. H. Leatherberry, Frank Dodd,
The Committee made following Report
Whereas We the Committee in behalf of the Prisoners
of Gratiot would Respectfully Report as follows
That having been the recipients of a most magnificent
Christmas Dinner, Donated to us by the Citizens
of St Louis,

The Price of Christmas Cheer

National
Archives,
Records of the
U.S. Army
Continental
Commands,
1821-1920

In December
1864, local
citizens
provided
Confederates
held at Gratiot
Prison in St.
Louis, Missouri,
with Christmas
dinner and
gifts. The
prisoners
passed this
resolution of
gratitude and
sent it to the
head of the
prison. The U.S.
commandant
refused to send
on this
resolution.
What's more,
he demanded
to know the
names of the
civilians who
provided the
meal. He
suspected them
of disloyalty.



Therefore Be it Resolved, 1st That we tender our thanks unto the Donors of this Christmas repast of which we the prisoners of Gratiot have been the Recipients,

2. Resolved! That we also tender Our sincere thanks unto, Maj Genl Dodge Commanding the Dept of the W^o Col W C Davis, Provost Mar Genl of the same, and Lieut Col. Hendricks Inspector Genl and Superintendent of Military prisons, for permitting us to be the recipients of this most Magnificent repast,

3. Resolved! That we return respectfully our kindest regards unto Capt Allen, and all of his subordinate officers, for the ample facilities which were afforded us, in enjoying this rich luxury,

4. Resolved! That we return our most sincere and heartfelt thanks, to the sisters of Charity and Mercy, for their uniform kindness and generosity towards the prisoners of Gratiot, And more especially for their liberal exertions in distributing the same unto us on the day above named,

5 Resolved! That the City papers be requested to publish the foregoing preamble and resolutions

On Motion The Meeting adjourned,

J. M. Northcutt,
Chairman

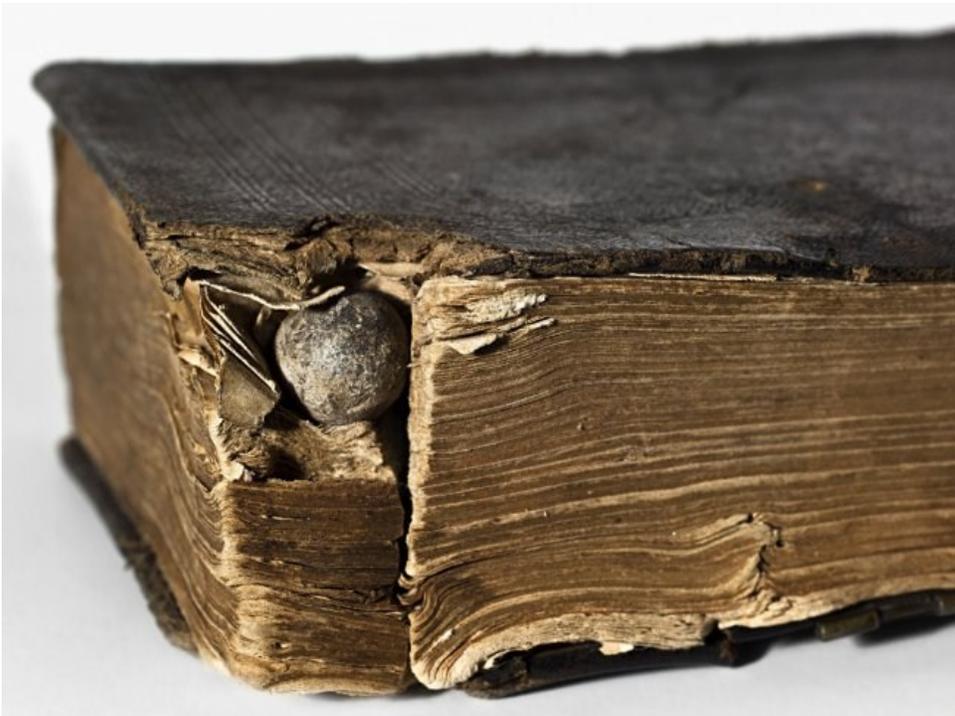
John C. Foote
Secy

A Confederate Soldier's Prayer

I asked God for strength, that I might achieve,
I was made weak, that I might learn humbly to obey.
I asked God for health, that I might do greater things,
I was given infirmity, that I might do better things.
I asked for riches, that I might be happy,
I was given poverty, that I might be wise.
I asked for power, that I might have the praise of men,
I was given weakness, that I might feel the need of God.
I asked for all things, that I might enjoy life,
I was given life, that I might enjoy all things.
I got nothing that I asked for but everything I had hoped for.
Almost despite myself my unspoken prayers were answered.
I am among man, most richly blessed.



Found on the body of a valiant Southern soldier
killed during the Battle of Fredricksburg, December 1862



A musket ball lodged
in the pages of a
Bible, which saved
the life of the soldier
who carried it.



Confederate Generals of Gettysburg: The Leaders of America's Greatest Battle



CONFEDERATE FIRST CORPS,
MCLAWS'S DIVISION,
KERSHAW'S BRIGADE 2,177 men

- a series

BRIGADIER GENERAL JOSEPH BREVARD KERSHAW

Joseph Kershaw was the embodiment of the Confederate gentleman-turned-soldier ideal, a lawyer from the "Cradle of the Rebellion," South Carolina. He was intelligent, literate, and dignified, a man of high character in whose life religion had first place. Blond, with light blue eyes, refined features and a resolute expression, he was clean-shaven except for a drooping blond mustache. He had the bearing of command and a clear voice that seemed to inspire courage when it was raised in battle. "Gallant and pious," was how division commander McLaws described him; "cool and judicious."

His father was several times mayor of Camden, S.C., and served a term as a member of Congress. Young Joseph, though orphaned at seven, studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1843. In addition to his law career Kershaw had some military experience, having been a lieutenant with South Carolina's "Palmetto Regiment" in the Mexican War. Later a member of the state legislature and a member of his state's secession convention, he raised a militia regiment which went into Confederate service as the 2nd South Carolina regiment when the Civil War began. When he went off to war, his beautiful wife Lucretia made herself a necklace and bracelets woven from locks of his hair.

Kershaw's regiment was present at Fort Sumter and First Manassas. He had some rough edges early on--he annoyed commanding general Brig. Gen. P.G.T. Beauregard after First Manassas by not filing a report with him and instead writing an article for a South Carolina newspaper in which it appeared that Kershaw had won the battle himself. Beauregard later referred to him as "that militia idiot." Fortunately for Kershaw, Beauregard was transferred away from the Virginia army, and in January 1862 Kershaw took command of his brigade when the previous commander, Brig. Gen. Milledge Bonham, resigned in a huff over a seniority dispute. Two weeks later Kershaw was promoted to brigadier general.

On the Peninsula the next summer, Kershaw led his brigade in action at Williamsburg and again at Savage Station during the Seven Days' Battles. In division commander Maj. Gen. Lafayette McLaws's official report after those battles, he wrote "I beg leave to call attention to the gallantry, cool, yet daring, courage and skill in the management of his gallant command exhibited by Brigadier-General Kershaw." Thus there was already much expected of Kershaw and his men before the Maryland Campaign in September, where Kershaw's men forced Union soldiers off the critical Maryland Heights before the capture of Harper's Ferry. There, some of the men had to load and fire from positions where they had to use one arm to keep from rolling down the mountainside. After the Battle of Sharpsburg at the climax of that campaign, Kershaw was again highly praised by McLaws.

At Fredericksburg, Kershaw had his finest hour, reinforcing Brig. Gen. Thomas Cobb's brigade behind the Stone Wall on Marye's Heights and taking command of that embattled salient when Cobb was mortally wounded. Leading his brigade on horseback, Kershaw emerged on the crest of the hill a conspicuous and defiant target, seen and admired by thousands on both sides. It was said later that when he reined in his horse, the Yankees withheld their fire as if out of respect, and that Kershaw took off his cap in acknowledgment before he disappeared behind the bastion of the Stone Wall.

At Chancellorsville, for once, Kershaw was not heavily engaged.

By the summer of 1863, Kershaw, forty-one years old, had been a brigadier for a year and a half, and had distinguished himself in almost every battle Lee's army had fought. Kershaw showed an ability for quick rational decisions--he had both dash and good sense. His brigade was always well put in, and Kershaw never endangered his men rashly. McLaws had complete faith in him and his brigade, and he was much admired by his South Carolinians. The official reports Kershaw

wrote are graceful, literate, and restrained. He was a man who passed among the whistling bullets and shrieking shells with a calm center, never losing his dignity.

At Gettysburg

Kershaw was in the van of Longstreet's two divisions moving east from Greenwood over South Mountain on the night of July 1-2.

Kershaw's brigade was again in the lead at noon on July 2 when the two divisions started their march from Herr Ridge to the jump-off point for their attack on the Union left flank. After a frustrating series of marches and countermarches, Kershaw deployed his men about 3:30 P.M. on the extreme right of McLaws's division, in Biesecker's Woods along the southern end of the crest of Seminary Ridge. When he peered through the trees he was astounded to see Union infantry and artillery in strength in his front. Whereas he had expected his own brigade to be in the front line of Longstreet's attack, a new plan was quickly developed whereby Hood's division, now shaking out their lines on Kershaw's right, would attack first and drive in the Union left.

Kershaw thus waited to attack until about 5:30 P.M., when Longstreet gave the signal and McLaws's division went forward. Right away there was trouble--Wofford and Barksdale on his left were delayed in their attack and Kershaw's men suffered cruelly at first from flanking fire from the Union musketry and artillery around the Peach Orchard. When Kershaw reached the wooded Stony Hill 500 yards in his front, he realized that Hood's division would not be aiding his attack. Hood's men were barely hanging on around the Wheatfield on the other side of the Stony Hill. Kershaw would be aiding them.

Tilton's, Sweitzer's and DeTrobriand's Union brigades, the first faced by Kershaw on the Stony Hill, all withdrew. Then Caldwell's division poured in. Kershaw faced Zook's and Kelly's brigades, who drove his men back. Soon, however, Wofford's brigade stormed by on Kershaw's left, outflanking Caldwell's brigades, and they also fled. Kershaw's men went forward again and drove back Sweitzer's brigade (which had returned), then Ayres's two Regular brigades; each Yankee brigade was flanked by Wofford in turn. By the time the Pennsylvania Reserves appeared in front of them directly north of Little Round Top, Kershaw's force was spent. Longstreet gave the order to retire, and Kershaw's men withdrew to the Peach Orchard.

The next day, July 3, Kershaw's men were withdrawn to the wall in Biesecker's Woods where they had formed for the attack the afternoon before.

Kershaw deservedly appeared on Longstreet's list of those "most distinguished for the exhibition of great gallantry and skill" after Gettysburg. His star was still on the rise. After the Knoxville Campaign in the fall, he succeeded to command of the division when McLaws was relieved and arrested by Longstreet. Kershaw was made major general in May 1864 and remained in command of the division for the rest of the war, a proud exception--with Maj. Gens. Wade Hampton and John B. Gordon--to Lee's rule that a division commander must be a professionally trained soldier.

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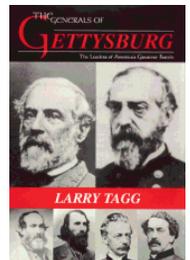
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Excerpted from ["The Generals of Gettysburg: The Leaders of America's Greatest Battle"](#) by Larry Tagg

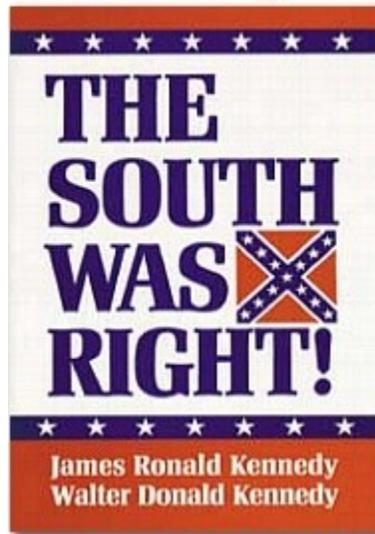


NEXT MONTH: Brigadier General William Barksdale



Great Idea for Christmas !!

The South Was Right!



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<http://dixienet.org/rights/thesouthwasright.shtml>

The South Was Right!

Walter D. Kennedy and James R. Kennedy

Called "A respite from Yankee history whose exclamation point in some typefaces is rather like a cannon being fired," by The Tampa Tribune-Times, *The South Was Right!* is a book in its second printing after only three months. Ronald and Donald Kennedy have gotten to the root of post-Civil War dissent. Much of Civil War history is untrue because like most history, it is written by the victor. The story we hear is that hundreds of thousands of Southern men went to war over an issue that only affected six percent of the population. Read this book and learn the truth: there was no shining Northern force fighting a moral battle for the sake of ending slavery; there was no oppressive Southern force fighting to preserve it, either; and after the South declared its independence, the Union ruthlessly invaded, leaving Southerners no choice but to defend themselves.

Unfortunately, the South lost the struggle and has suffered ever since. It has become an economic colony of the North, used and exploited like other colonies throughout the world. Politically, the North still controls the government and continues to impose its radical social agenda on the rest of the country at the expense of individual liberty. Meanwhile, the Supreme Court, the first federal department to infringe upon the rights of sovereign states, continues to suppress any efforts to reclaim liberty for the individual from the federal government.

Today, as a result of the war in which the South lost its right to be a free country, there is a continuing effort to obliterate all symbols dear to Southerners and make sure that the Southern states continue to have fewer rights under the constitution than other states. Furthermore, although home to one-third of the population, the South is represented by one out of nine justices of the Supreme Court, and that only after the greatest struggle.

Sure to be one of the most controversial books of the decade, *The South Was Right!* is an attempt to set the record straight. Brothers James Ronald Kennedy and Walter Donald Kennedy represent the spirit of other patriots like Lech Walesa, Light Horse Harry Lee, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and Mohandas Gandhi who inspired their people to regain their independence. This book, filled with documented evidence supporting all the Kennedys' claims, issues forth a frighteningly realistic picture of a captured people, their struggle to preserve their heritage, and their right to exist as an independent country and as a distinct culture.

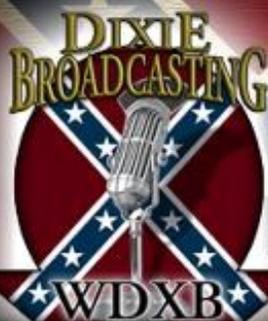
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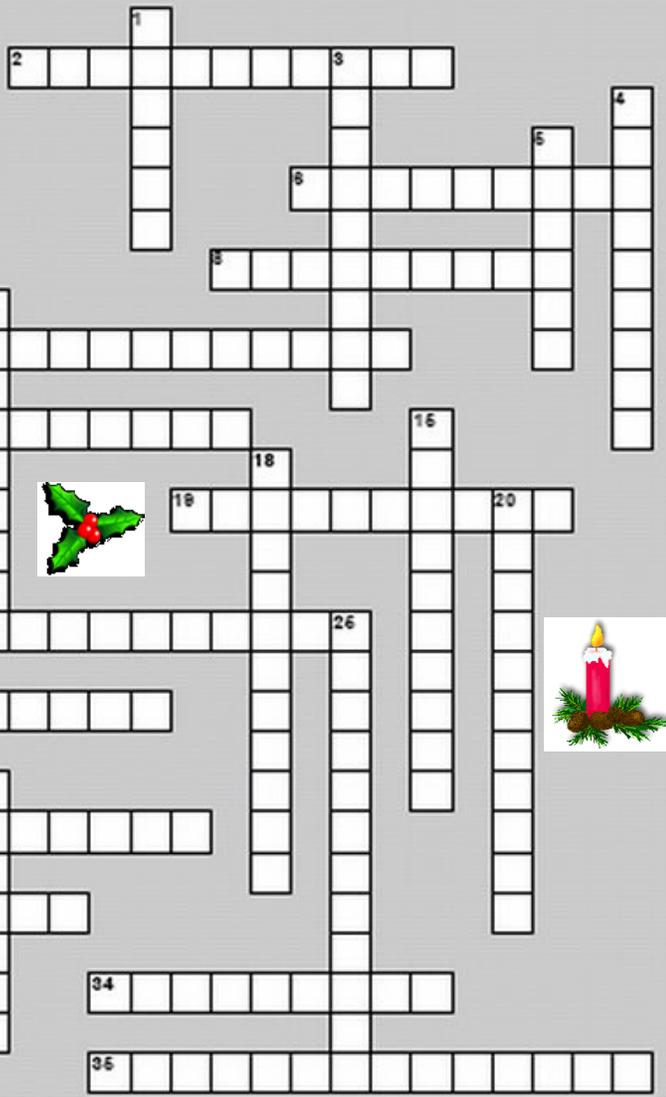
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"Christmas in the Confederacy"

Crossword Puzzle



Across:

- 2 - Another word for "approval"; it describes the young people's reaction to the toy house.
- 6 - These are small tops used in a game of chance called "put-and-take". According to the author, their bottoms were made of horn and they "spun indefinitely".
- 8 - Another word for crabby, cranky or grouchy.
- 9 - This man made the prize toy: a four room house to be given to the "honor girl".
- 11 - This word means "not identified by name", it is how rice, flour, molasses and meat were sent to the president's wife.
- 13 - This is a fancy word for "clothing". It described the officers' full dress uniforms.
- 14 - This item was used to hold the small pieces of candy. It is a "horn of plenty", or horn shaped open container.
- 16 - This long word means "exchange". The author says that they were unable to add comforts and pleasures to the exchange of the "courtesies and charities of life".



19 - This is a sweet dessert usually made out of sugar and cornstarch. The sugar-hen sat on a nest full of eggs made of this "substance".

22 - This word, pinned on the cranky man's necktie, means "friendly" or "good-natured".

24 - This word describes phrases which appeal to the emotions." One example is "roses are red, violets blue..."

26 - This is a piece of music performed at the beginning of a church service.

28 - A type of cake which was served on Christmas Eve.

30 - When the children were allowed to stay up late and be noisy it was a luxury, or, an "_____"

31 - This is an assigned amount given to someone as their fair share. One present was allowed for each orphan.

32 - This describes someone who is very sparing with how they use their resources. The author says the "bright-eyed girls" learned lessons in self-denial, industry, and this.

33 - This word means "skillful with one's hands"; the neighbor was skilled in "domestic arts".

34 - This describes behavior which is socially acceptable in public. The children were "driven" to this by the sugar-hen.

35 - This word means "incredibly large". It describes the author's gift thimble. The word comes from the land of giants in Gulliver's Travels.

Down:

1 - The cranky man received one of these, with the word "amiable" pinned onto it. It is a type of necktie.

3 - Ink is often described as this, meaning it cannot be erased or washed away.

4 - This word can mean either "having indigestion" or "bad-tempered". The young people were described this way while waiting for the "children's tree".

5 - Neither of the baby-hat-makers wanted to be the first to speak, so they gave their present _____, or without talking.

7 - Place where the president's new embroidered gloves were made. "During the winter of 1862, the Union navy and its ground troops occupied Fortress Monroe, Hampton Roads and Newport News..."

10 - The president received a pair of these, or gloves, which were embroidered.

12 - This is an old-fashioned way to spell "burden" - a heavy load or something that causes a lot of worry.

15 - This type of party was given in the evening; it had no food or drinks (refreshments).

17 - This is an overused - and often silly - remark. "The foolishness of a fool is his folly" is given as an "unnecessary" one.

18 - **This person is the author of the puzzle.**

20 - The author's gift soaps were made out of this three word substance.

21 - A barrel of these items was mistakenly delivered to Robert E. Lee instead of the Confederate president.

23 - This is another word for "busy"; the baby-hat-makers were described this way.

25 - Aladdin's orchard was this, or, underground.

27 - This word means "eating to excess".

29 - The whips and the baby hat were braided, another word for _____.



For Answers, Click here:

<http://www.civilwar.org/education/contests-quizzes/crossword-puzzles/christmas-in-the-confederacy-crossword->

Possible Answers:

ALLOTTED, AMIABLE, ANONYMOUSLY, APPROBATION, BLANCMANGE, BROBDINGNAGIAN, BURTHEN, CORNUCOPIA, CRAVAT, DEFT, DYSPEPTIC, FORTRESSMONROE, FRUGALITY, GAUNTLETS, GREASEOFHAM, INDELIBLE, INDULGENCE, INDUSTRIOUS, INTERCHANGE, INTROIT, IRRITABLE, MUTELY, PLAITED, PLATITUDE, PROPRIETY, REPLETION, ROBERTBROWN, SENTIMENTS, SNOWYLADY, STARVATION, SUBTERRANEAN, SWEETPOTATOES, TEETOTUMS, TOGGERY, VARINADAVIS

Confederate flag removed from Caddo Courthouse overnight

Nov 07, 2011 9:05 AM

By Sean Staggs

SHREVEPORT, LA (KSLA) -

The Confederate Flag that flew for six decades in front of the Caddo Parish Courthouse is gone.

Originally, the plan called for the flag to be removed by 4:00 p.m. Friday, however it was gone from the flagpole and replaced with an American Flag just hours after the Caddo Parish Commission voted 11 to 1 to remove the pole.

Lynda Gramling, President, Shreveport Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy confirms the flag was taken down overnight because she says they "wanted it to be honored and not turned into a media circus."

Grambling says they replaced it with an American flag, but that flag was also taken down, because it was flying below the Louisiana state flag.

Caddo Parish District 9 Commissioner Mike Thibodeaux had suggested moving the Confederate flag to the Greenwood Cemetery, where a number Confederate soldiers are buried. Gramling says that will not happen, however, because there are already enough Confederate flags flying there already.

Gramling says the flag will be stored in the possession of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Confederate monument on which the flag flew for 60 years remains, featuring a Confederate soldier and the busts of Generals Lee and Jackson, Beauregard and Allen.



<http://www.ksla.com/story/15959929/confederate-flag-already-gone-from-caddo-courthouse#.TrSOfoU1INw.facebook>



Rick Perry's Confederate Symbol Flip-Flop Is Gonna Be A Problem In South Carolina



EVAN MCMORRIS-SANTORO

Rick Perry used to stand with those in his party who reject any idea that the Confederate flag is anything but a reminder of the South's proud heritage. Yesterday he did an about-face, picking up the rhetoric used by Confederate flag opponents who call for its banishment from Southern state houses and license plates to the scrap heap of history.

The shift is not going to play well in the state that kicked off the ~~Civil War~~ War Between The States 150 years ago, South Carolina Republicans tell TPM.

At issue is a call in Texas for license plates that bear the stars and bars of the Confederate battle flag. After **taking heat from Democrats** for sidestepping the controversial proposal Perry commented on the suggested plates for the first time yesterday, and **said he opposed them**.

"We don't need to be scraping old wounds," he told **a Florida TV station**.

It's that "old wounds" thing that's going to be trouble in South Carolina, Republicans said. Here's what Southern Republican politicians usually sound like when it comes to Confederate symbols.

"I believe that Texans should remember the past and learn from it." That's from a 2000 letter Perry wrote to the Sons Of Confederate Veterans during a debate over Confederate symbols in the Lone Star State. The letter, which was **published by the AP Wednesday**, goes on, "although this is an emotional issue, I want you to know that I oppose efforts to remove Confederate monuments, plaques, and memorials from public property."

That's the general move here for a Republican — tip your hat to the controversy about the flag, but stand behind it as a reminder of Southern history. Perry's flip was that he embraced those who said the symbols are more about hurt than heritage.

"That sounds a lot like pandering to me," South Carolina state Sen. Lee Bright (R) told TPM. He's unaffiliated in the primary, but said he likes the way Ron Paul and Michele Bachmann "stick to principles."

Bright's very conservative, suggesting earlier this year that the Palmetto State consider **minting its own currency** to protect it from the collapsing dollar. But he said that when it comes to the Confederate flag, he's in the Republican mainstream in his state.

"I don't think anybody who attacks the Confederate flag in the South is helping themselves," Bright said. "Instead of answering the question, Perry should have said, 'why are we talking about this with 10% unemployment?'"

Bright suggested the issue could cut into a core of Perry's message — the professed fealty to 10th Amendment he's been hanging his hat on since he suggested Texas **split off from the Union once again**. Bright said the new line on the Confederate flag suggests Perry doesn't get why many in the South still whistle Dixie.

"As long as the federal government usurps power from the states, you're going to have Southerners who look fondly upon the time when men took a stand," Bright said. He said candidates "besmirch those men" at their peril.

Also, Bright offered up the oft-repeated arguments from Confederate flag supporters about how the Civil War wasn't fought over slavery and that none who support the flag today think slavery was a good idea. It's an old fight below the Mason-Dixon line.

But Bright wasn't the only South Carolinian to say Perry's in trouble now that he's flipped on Confederate symbols. One unaffiliated Republican operative, who declined to speak on the record because of the divisive nature of the issue, also said Perry just dug himself a hole.

"For some people, the wound is still very raw from 'The War Of Northern Aggression,'" the operative said. "[Perry's] statement is probably dangerous."

The Confederate battle flag still flies at the South Carolina state House. And many voters in the state are still fired up by accusations that embracing the symbol is racist, the operative said. And so the new take may come back to haunt Perry as the Palmetto primary draws near.

"A smart candidate might make an issue of it," the operative said.

<http://2012.talkingpointsmemo.com/2011/10/rick-perrys-confederate-symbol-flip-flop-is-gonna-be-a-problem-in-south-carolina.php>



Evan McMorris-Santoro has covered politics for TPM since 2009. Before that, he was a reporter at National Journal's Hotline covering election 2008. He started his career covering local politics at newspapers in TN and his native NC.

East Windsor teen suspended over Confederate flag shirt, mom says school is wrong



By Lisa Coryell/For The Times

Monday, November 14, 2011



Torri Albrecht, 14, an eighth grade student at East Windsor's Kreps Middle School, was suspended on Monday, Nov. 7, 2011, for wearing a Confederate flag sweatshirt to school, according to her mother, Jane West. (Photo courtesy of the West family.)

EAST WINDSOR — A Kreps Middle School parent who says her daughter was suspended for wearing a sweatshirt emblazoned with

the image of the confederate flag says the school overstepped its boundaries and violated her daughter's right to free speech.

Jane West says she's thinking about withdrawing her daughter, Torri Albrecht, from the school even as district officials insist that the flag — viewed by many as a racially charged symbol — was not the reason the girl was suspended.

"They're saying that now because they know they really went too far this time," West said. "If there wasn't a problem with the sweatshirt, why did the vice principal call at 10 after 8 on Monday to demand that I bring a change of clothes for my daughter?"

"He told me he had a bunch of students and a bunch of teachers come into his office to say they were disturbed by it," she said.

West said she told the assistant principal, Jermaine Blount, he was crazy if he thought she was coming out with a change of clothes for the eighth-grader.

"The Indian kids wear their turbans. The Jewish kids wear their yarmulkes. That's their birthright," she said. "I told him that Torri was born in Virginia. That flag is her heritage and I'm not telling her to take it off. He said 'I guess she'll have to suffer the consequences.'"

West said before heading to the school she called her daughter's cell phone to tell her not to follow any orders to turn the sweatshirt inside out.

When she got to the school she was told that her daughter had been given a one-day suspension, she said.

No stranger to run-ins with school administrators at Kreps over issues involving her daughter, West said she'd had enough. She told her daughter to clean out her locker because she wasn't coming back to school.

District Superintendent Edward Forsthoffer III disputed West's account.

"No student was suspended for wearing an inappropriate shirt," he said. He declined to say why Albrecht was suspended, citing student confidentiality policies.

Speaking in generalities, he said the district has a dress code that bans any clothing that causes a substantial disturbance in school.

"We'd rather be proactive than reactive," he said. "Ninety-nine times out of 100, when asked, students say 'OK, I'll change.' Some want to make an issue of it for ulterior motives. If there's defiance involved, if there's profanity involved (in the refusal to change clothing), certainly we'd have to respond appropriately."

The battle flag of Confederate forces in the Civil War is widely regarded as one of the most controversial symbols from American history. Many see it as a symbol of racism while others consider it a part of familial and cultural heritage.

West says she and her daughter are in the latter group.

"We are so far from prejudiced," she said. "My older daughter is biracial. For Torri this was about expressing herself. It was about saying 'I'm from the South and I'm proud of it.' She didn't do it to cause hurt feelings."

Furthermore, she said, the sweatshirt could not have caused a disturbance in the 10 minutes Albrecht wore it before being escorted to the office at the start of the school day. Albrecht herself said no one commented on the shirt.

Courts have upheld the right of schools to prohibit the display of Confederate flags on school property, but both Forsthoffer and West agree that the East Windsor district is pushing that issue.

The superintendent said no ban was ever issued. West says Kreps Principal Lori Stein called her the day after the suspension to say the school had changed its stance.

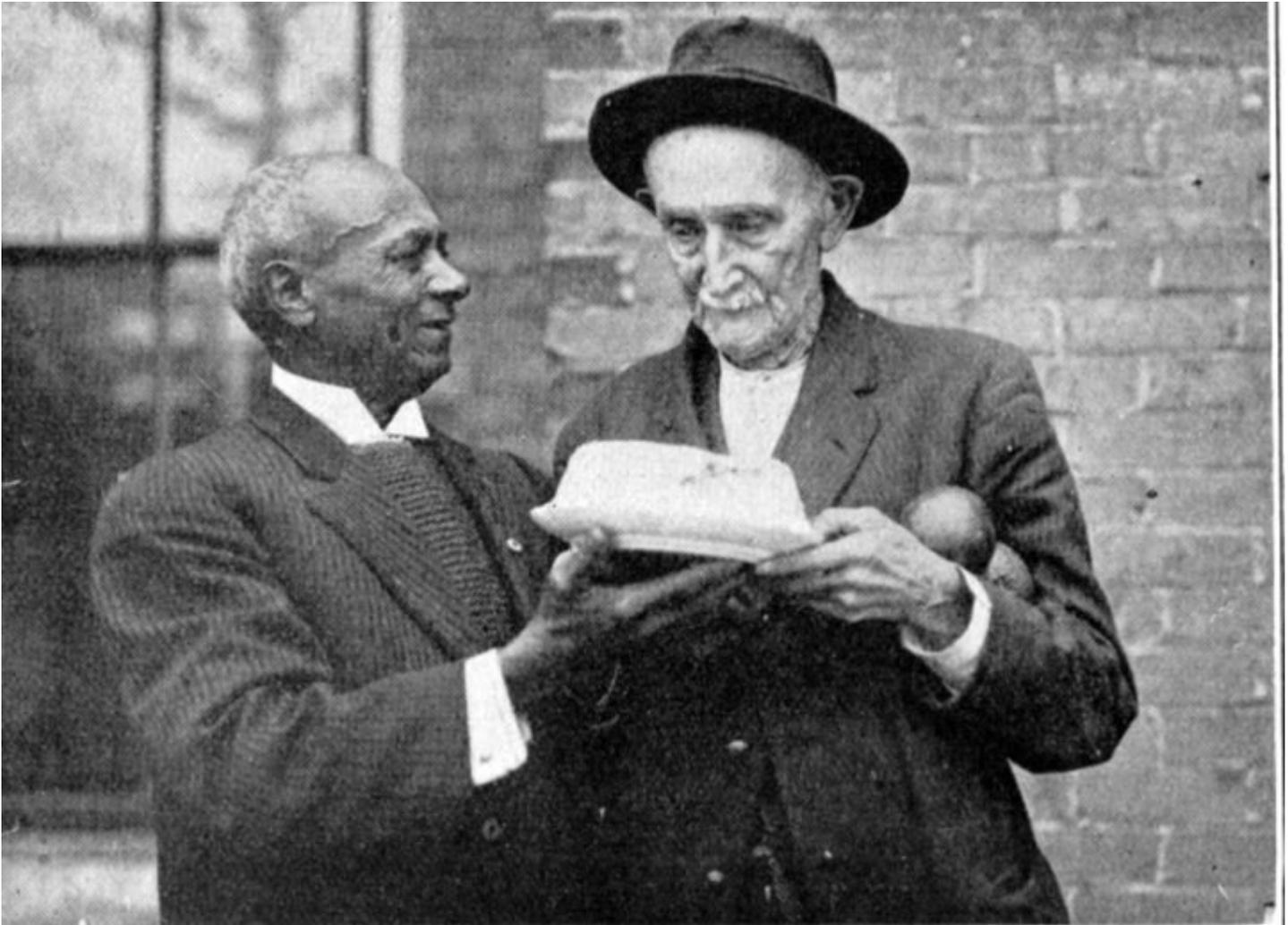
"She said that after careful consideration she decided that if Torri wears the sweatshirt, it might not be liked but that (Stein) would look the other way and allow her to wear it," West said.

She's not sure she'll accept that solution, she said.

West said she plans to send Albrecht to Virginia to live with her sister in December but doesn't know what to do in the meantime, since Kreps is the only middle school in the district. She said she's considering home-schooling the girl until she can make the move south.

A Soldier's Story of Christmas Past

By: Calvin E. Johnson, Jr.,
Speaker, Writer, Author of book "When America Stood for God, Family and Country"
Member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.



Bill and Thomas Yopp at Confederate Veteran's Home

Why do some merchants and media call it just a holiday?

People stand in line at malls after Thanksgiving and rush through the doors to buy, buy and buy.

Is this Christmas?

Partly, but the true meaning of the Christmas Season is about the birth of Jesus Christ.

Christmas is also about helping people.

During the year of our Lord 1919, the folks of Atlanta, Georgia were preparing for Christmas. This holy day was a special time for family, friends and children. People went to church or synagogue and gave thanks to God for their many blessings.

There were, however, some who were not as fortunate!





The aging veterans of the Confederate Soldier's Home were proud men who had braved many a battle in the 1860s. One of these men was former Captain Thomas Yopp who saw battle in such places as Fredericksburg, Virginia where a cannon ball shell knocked him unconscious.

The man who stayed with him until he recovered was his servant who had also joined the 14th Georgia Regiment. Bill Yopp was more than a servant; he and Thomas Yopp were friends who hunted and fished together.

Bill Yopp, a Black Confederate veteran, was sympathetic to the men of the Atlanta's soldiers home who had been his compatriots in arms over 50 years earlier.

During the War Between the States, 1861-1865, Bill Yopp was nicknamed "Ten Cent Bill" because of the money he made shining shoes. He did this for the soldiers at a dime a shine and ended up with more money than most of his comrades. The soldiers did not mind him doing this and took care of him when he was sick.

During the Christmas of 1919, Bill wanted to pay back the kindness that was shown him. He first caught a train to Macon, Georgia where he was offered help by a newspaper editor. He then took a train to Savannah where he raised Christmas money for the veterans.

Just weeks before the Christmas of 1919, Bill had raised the money and Georgia's Governor Hugh Dorsey helped him distribute envelopes of three dollars to each veteran. This was a great deal of money in those days.

The old Confederates were speechless. Tears were shed because of Bill Yopp's good heart and kind deed. Many of those men had little or nothing. Bill was invited to come into the home's chapel to say a few words.

Bill Yopp was presented a medal of appreciation for his support of the soldiers and was later voted in as a resident of the Confederate Soldier's home where he spent his remaining years.

Bill Yopp died on June 3, 1936, the birthday of the Confederacy's President Jefferson Davis. Bill was buried at the Confederate Cemetery in Marietta, Georgia.

Christmas is about love, forgiveness, old friends, family and the child who became Savior of the world.

Please read Charles Pittman's book "Ten Cent Bill" for more about Bill Yopp. (Order On Next Page)

Merry Christmas!

http://spofga.org/flag/2010/christmas_past.php?SessionID=2324265



The grave of 10-cent Bill Yopp



A native of Georgia, Calvin Johnson, Chairman of the National and Georgia Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Confederate History Month Committee—Scv.org lives near the historic town of Kennesaw and he's a member of the Chattahoochee Guards Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans. He is the author of the book "When America Stood for God, Family and Country." Calvin can be reached at: cjohnson1861@bellsouth.net





"TEN CENT" BILL YOPP

By Scott B. Thompson, Sr.

Bill Yopp was born in Laurens County, Georgia. Like his parents he was a slave belonging to the family of Jeremiah Yopp. Bill was the fourth of eight children. The Yopp family owned two major plantations. One was located in the western part of Dublin centered around the Brookwood Subdivision. A second was located along the eastern banks of Turkey Creek near the community known as Moore's Station. Other small plantations were scattered over the county. Jeremiah Yopp assigned Bill to his son, Thomas. Bill later said that he followed Thomas like "Mary's little lamb." The two instantly became friends. They fished, hunted, and played together. Bill's childhood, while stifled by slavery, was molded by education and religion within the plantation, which included regular church services.



[CLICK ON PHOTO TO BUY](#)

On January 16, 1861, Jeremiah Yopp attended the Convention of Secession at the capital in Milledgeville. Laurens Countians voted to side with the Cooperationists who favored remaining in the Union. Yopp, the largest plantation owner in western Laurens County, was joined by Dr. Nathan Tucker, a wealthy plantation owner from northeastern Laurens County. Dr. Tucker, a northerner by birth, voted to remain in the Union. Yopp cast his vote with the majority who voted for secession.

The first company of Confederate Soldiers in Laurens County were organized on July 9th, 1861 as the Blackshear Guards. The company eventually became attached to the 14th Georgia Volunteer Infantry Regiment. Thomas Yopp was elected First Lieutenant. Nine days later Thomas Yopp was promoted to Captain when Rev. W.S. Ramsay was elected Lt. Colonel of the regiment. Bill wanted to join Lieutenant Yopp. Bill enlisted in the Blackshear Guards as the company drummer. In those days the position of company drummer was not an easy assignment. Marching in front of company going into battle was not the best place to be. The company went to Atlanta for training and then to Lynchburg, Virginia, just after the Battle of the First Manassas. The company was sent to West Virginia in August where they fought under the command of Gen. John B. Floyd, a former Secretary of War in the Buchanan Administration. Gen. Robert E. Lee was in overall command of the West Virginia campaign.

Bill often found himself between the battle lines. He often said "I had no inclination to go to the Union side, as I did not know the Union soldiers and the Confederate soldiers I did now, and I believed then as now, tried and true friends are better than friends you do not know." On several occasions Private Yopp was sent out on foraging missions. Bill ceased to forage for food because his Captain and friend found it to be "wrong - doing." Bill obtained a brush and box of shoe blackening and shined the shoes of the men of the regiment. He soon began performing other services for the men. Bill charged ten cents, no matter what the service was. The nickname of "Ten Cent Bill" was penned on Bill. Bill often had more money than anyone in the company. His fellow company members took delight in teaching him to read and write and when he was sick, took care of him. Bill had a case of home sickness. Captain Yopp paid for his trip home. Bill realized that his place was back with Captain Yopp in Virginia. During the winter of 1861 the company became part of the Army of Northern Virginia.

The first battle of the peninsular campaign of 1862 took place on May 31st. The 14th Georgia under the command of Gen. Wade Hampton got into a bloody fight with the Federal forces. Four Confederate Generals were wounded or killed. Captain Yopp was also wounded in the Battle of Seven Pines. Bill comforted Captain Yopp and accompanied to the field hospital and after a short stay in a Richmond Hospital, Bill went back to Laurens County with the Captain. Capt. Yopp recuperated from his injury and went back to join the company by the fall of 1862.

At the bloody siege of Fredericksburg, Captain Yopp fell when a shell burst over him. Again Bill was there coming to the aid of his friend. Captain Yopp recovered during the winter. The company saw Stonewall Jackson being carried off to a

field hospital at the Battle of Chancellorsville. Bill witnessed the pure carnage of Gettysburg from the company's position on Seminary Ridge. The Blackshear Guards missed most of the fighting those three days in July, 1863.

On August 31, 1863 Capt. Yopp cashiered, or bought out his commission. He returned to the ranks as a private until April 2, 1864. Captain Yopp then transferred to the Confederate Navy on board the cruiser "Patrick Henry." Bill was not allowed to go with Thomas Yopp.

By some accounts Bill returned home until the close of the war. By others, he was present at Gen. Lee's surrender at Appomattox. In May of 1865, he learned of Captain Yopp's return home. He left just in time to see the wagon train of Confederate President Jefferson Davis in his attempted escape through Laurens County. Times were hard - for people of both races. Bill worked as a share cropper until 1870. Bill went to Macon taking a job as a bell boy at the Brown House. There he became acquainted with many of the influential men of Georgia. Bill accompanied the owner of the hotel back home to Connecticut. After his duties were finished Bill was given train fare to return home. Bill became fascinated with New York City and worked there for a short time. In 1873 Bill returned home for a short time before taking a position with the Charleston and Savannah Railroad. Bill fell ill with yellow fever and returned home to recuperate and spend some time with Captain Yopp.

Bill returned to New York where he worked as a porter in an Albany Hotel. There he again met the influential men of the state. He briefly served a family in California. In his travels, Bill visited the capitals of Europe. He worked for ten years as a porter in the private car of the president of Delaware and Hudson Railroad. Bill then worked for the United States Navy aboard the "Collier Brutus". His travels amounted to a trip around the world.

Bill then realized that old age had crept upon him. He returned home. He shortly found his friend Captain Yopp in poverty. Captain Yopp was about to enter the Confederate Soldier's Home in Atlanta. Bill took a job on the Central of Georgia Railroad. During World War I, Bill was given a place to live at Camp Wheeler near Macon. He made regular visits to the Soldier's Home providing Captain Yopp with some of his money along with fruits and other treats. Bill won the admiration of the officers at Camp Wheeler, who presented him with a gold watch upon his departure.

Bill's generosity toward Capt. Yopp soon spread to all of the soldiers in the home. He enlisted the help of the editor of "The Macon Telegraph" for aid in a fund raising campaign. Bill and his friends were able to raise funds for each veteran at Christmas time. The campaign became more successful every year. "The Dublin Courier Herald" contributed to the campaign in 1919 when the amount given to each veteran was three dollars. Bill took time at each Christmas to speak to the veterans in the chapel of the home. The veterans were so impressed they presented him a medal in March of 1920. Bill had a book published about his life. The books were sold with the proceeds going to the soldiers in the home.

By this time, Capt. Yopp was failing. The Board of Trustees voted to allow Bill a permanent place at the home. Bill stayed at his friend's side, just as he had done in the muddy trenches of Virginia nearly sixty years before. Captain Yopp died on the morning of January 23rd, 1920. Bill, now in his eighties, gave the funeral address. He reminisced about the good times and his affection for his friend.

Bill was a popular member of the Atlanta Camp No. 159 of the United Confederate Veterans, who held their meetings every third Monday at the capitol. Bill died sometime after the 1933 reunion. He was buried with his fellow soldiers at the Confederate Cemetery in Marietta, Georgia. After the body of Amos Rucker was disinterred to be laid next to the body of his wife, Bill became the lone African - American soldier of the Confederate Army to lie in the cemetery. His gravestone provided by the State of Georgia reads:

DRUMMER BILL YOPP, CO. H, 14TH GA. INF., C.S.A.

SOURCE MATERIAL: History of Bill Yopp, R. de T. Lawrence, Atlanta, Ga., 1920; The Forgotten Confederates, by Charles Lunsford, "The Confederate Veteran," Nov./Dec., 1992, pp. 12 - 15, Dublin Courier Herald, January 27, 1920, p. 4.



William Yopp, ex-slave, better known as "Ten Cents Bill."



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Christmas Cards: Confederate Claus

<https://scv.secure-sites.us/store.php>

From the artist Aubrey Hayden – a beautiful Confederate Santa Claus proudly holding the Confederate Battle Flag. Inside sentiment reads “Merry Christmas from Dixie”. You won’t find these at Hallmark! 20 cards / envelopes.

Price: \$15.95





Deep South Gardening:

The Angel's Trumpet Blows Beautiful Flowers at Christmas

By Leslie Ann Campbell



The flowers of the Angel's Trumpet are upward of 9 inches long.

If you are new to the Deep South, you might this Holiday season see for the first time the glorious Angel's Trumpet bush. Actually, the plant is considered a perennial, not a bush, but because it grows so large many people think of it as a bush.

It seems absolutely fitting that the plant bloom during the Christmas season since its blooms do resemble long trumpets of the angels. However, it isn't that the plant naturally wants to bloom at Christmas; rather, it is because it is a tropical plant that likes warm days and cool nights that we see so many blooms in the month of December.

A healthy Angel's Trumpet, in full bloom, really is a sight to be seen. The flowers on my plant grow over nine inches long. The plant usually starts sporadically blooming in September which is just

perfect for the hummingbirds here on the Gulf Coast. The tiny birds need flowers such as the Angel's Trumpet in order to fatten themselves up for the flight across the Gulf.

My Angel's Trumpet is yellow. However, the plant comes in many colors, including pink, purple, and apricot. The most common flower color is white.

As stated earlier, the Angel's Trumpet is often called a shrub because of its size but actually it is a perennial. Once the weather gets below freezing, which it usually does for a week or so each year here in Mobile, the plant dies back and then must be cut back to a stump. Never fear, the Angel's Trumpet will blow its horn again! As the weather warms in spring, new growth will emerge, and the Angel's Trumpet will begin again.

However, it must be noted that the plant is very tender. While it can accept the weather of zone 8 south where the nights go below freezing but the days do not, planting an Angel's Trumpet in any higher zone would most likely require that the plant be placed in a pot and moved indoors during the winter.

Another point worth noting is that the plant is highly poisonous. While the tiny hummingbird may eat the Angel's Trumpet's nectar, we humans must be very careful around this plant. It comes from the "deadly nightshade" family, thus, it would behoove a gardener to wear gloves when working with it because the leaves alone are poisonous. I have heard the tale of a woman who had saved some seeds from one Angel's Trumpet on her window sill. The seeds fell in her cake batter. She saw what had happened and picked out all of the seeds. Nevertheless, the family became gravely ill. Obviously, this is not a plant to have around small children or animals.

The only problem I've ever had with this plant is that it attracts grasshoppers and other bugs. Its foliage is often bitten full of holes by insects. So while the "deadly nightshade" factor will even kill a human, insects thrive upon it. Since I am one to forgo the use of insecticides, I just live with the plant being full of holes much of the time. Sometimes I spray it with soap which does seem to help. Another thing which helps is to keep the area around the plant clean of leaves and debris in the springtime so that the baby grasshoppers won't use the area as a place to hatch or thrive. We in the Gulf Coast area have our share of problems with those giant grasshoppers - the kind that don't die even when hit by a brick - and the Angel's Trumpet leaves are caviar to this pest.

Otherwise, it is a very low care plant. Hack it down once it freezes over, and it will return in spring. I suggest planting spring bulbs at its feet to bloom as it returns. You will get years of enjoyment from an Angel's Trumpet, especially in late fall here in the Deep South where the Angel's Trumpet herald's in the Christmas season.

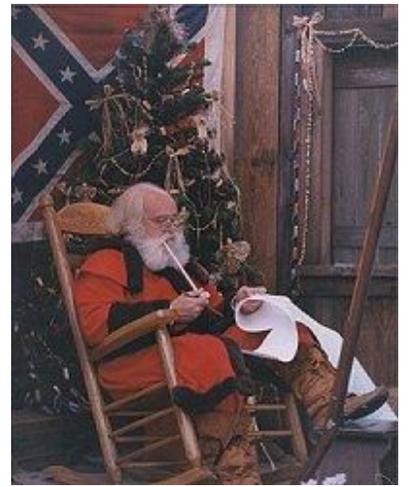
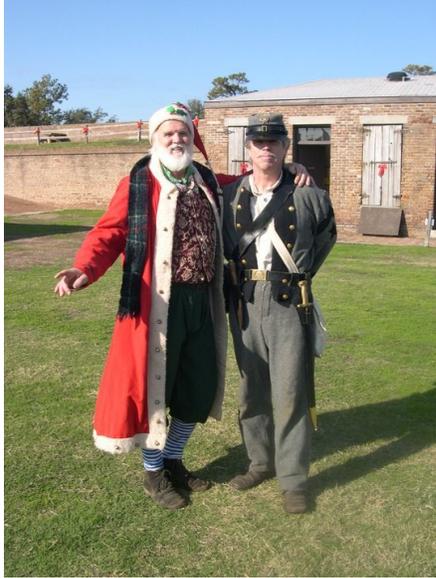
Source: Personal Knowledge as a Gardener

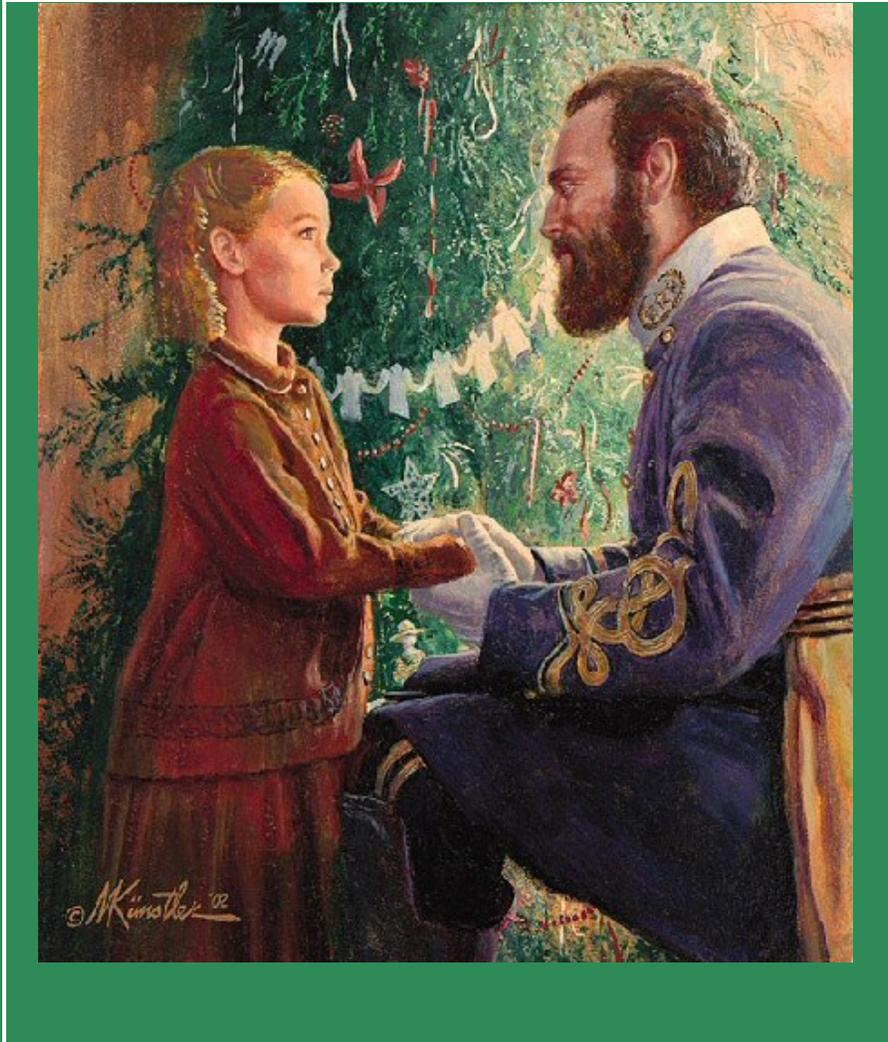
http://www.associatedcontent.com/article/6062620/deep_south_gardening_the_angels_trumpet.html?cat=32



Santa has been making his list and checking it twice.....for good little Southron boys and girls, and then there are “those people” those dreadful Yankees who will get coal in their stockings and switches !!

Here are some recent sightings of Old St. Nick checking on things!





"Janie Corbin and 'Old Jack'" by Mort Kunstler

It was a side of mighty "Stonewall" Jackson known only to a few. For a fleeting time in 1863, Jackson's inner heart was revealed to all who were in his presence. In the winter of 1862-63, Jackson made his headquarters at Moss Neck Plantation on Virginia's Rappahannock River. The plantation was owned by Richard and Roberta Corbin, who had a young daughter named Janie, known for her friendly, delightful personality. While visiting with Janie's parents, Jackson and the child developed an endearing friendship — encouraged, perhaps, by the fact that Jackson had a newly-born daughter he had not yet seen or by the barren conditions of Jackson's own childhood.

Jackson oversaw the writing of battle reports, took the lead in promoting religious activity inside his corps, and became almost an adopted father to five-year-old Corbin. The child visited Jackson's office daily. In the attention he gave her was the love and yearning he felt for the infant daughter he had

not yet seen.

Jackson willingly put aside his duties whenever Janie appeared at his headquarters. He laughed and played with the child —much to the surprise of officers and troops who knew only the formal, professional demeanor of “Stonewall” Jackson. Little Janie’s visit became the daily routine that brightened the famous warrior’s days. In March, when the looming spring campaign drew Jackson and his troops away from Moss Neck, he paid a farewell call on his five-year-old friend, only to learn that she was stricken with scarlet fever. He was reassured by her mother, who cited the doctor’s predictions for a rapid recovery.

The story of Jackson’s tender, cheerful moments with delightful little Janie Corbin would remain as enduring evidence of “Stonewall” Jackson, the man.

