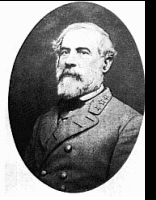


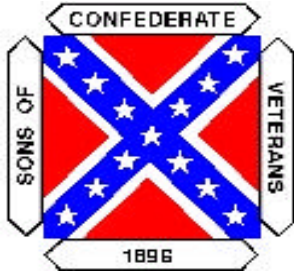


# Rebelle



Sons of Confederate Veterans  
Jefferson Davis Camp No. 635

\* Volume XXXIX \* War Memorial Building, Jackson, MS 39201 \* March 2010 \* Number 3 \*



## March Meeting Celebrating Irish Confederates

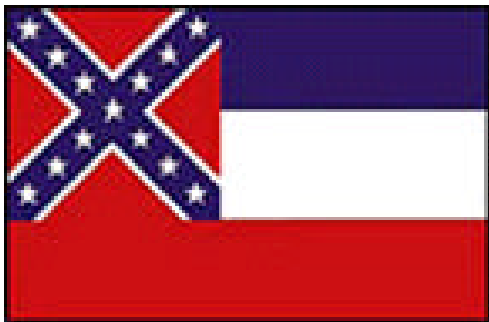
The March meeting will celebrate St. Patrick's Day with a musical program of Celtic-flavored music focusing on the Irish in the War Between the States presented by Wayne Anderson

Everyone come and bring guests, especially new recruits!

**When:** March 23, 2010. 5:00 pm.

**Where:** Municipal Art Gallery, State St., Jackson.

*See you there!*



It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High:

To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

Psalms 92 : 1-5  
(KJV)

## February Meeting Report

### WBTS Battlefields of Virginia

The meeting program for February was presented by Compatriot Bill Lee. Due to this editor's absence, no pictures or details of the program were available for this report. See Commander Rogers' column for commentary.

## Remembering the Confederacy's Most Famous Irishman

Patrick  
Cleburne

## Rebel Ramblings

by Robert Murphree

Our camp has a lot of good historians in it, and it is not easy for our adjutant to come up with a trivia question that will stump the whole crowd. However I think I have stumbled across an issue that would strike all of us out, and I present it to you in this column. The question is: when did the War Between the States legally end?

The issue arose in the context of a legal proceeding brought by a former slave named Nelson Anderson. Anderson lived in Charleston, and during 1864 he had invested his money in 48 bales of cotton. In April, 1865, Union troops -- who were only there to liberate Mr. Anderson don't you know--confiscated his cotton and sold it in New York for over six thousand dollars. The money was deposited into the United States treasury.

In 1868 Anderson filed a claim against the US government for his cotton in the US Court of Claims. Two issues instantly arose: first, Anderson had to prove that he had not supported the Confederacy, and this he was able to do. Second, he had to prove that he had asserted his claim in a timely manner, as the Captured and Abandoned Property Act stipulated that claims had to be filed within "two years after the suppression of the Rebellion." Anderson's suit boiled down to this issue, just when was the war legally over.

Well, it turned out that President Johnson had issued three proclamations announcing "the end of the Rebellion." The first was on June 15, 1865, and only dealt with Tennessee; the second was on April 2, 1866, and dealt with the rest of the Confederate States except for Texas, which was handled in a decree of August 20, 1866.

The government lawyers argued the end of the War was a military matter, while Anderson's lawyer argued it was a legislative issue, one only decided by one of Johnson's proclamations. The United States Supreme Court agreed with Anderson's position, ruling that the War legally ended on August 20, 1866, when Johnson had issued his last proclamation, so Anderson got his money back. Good for him!!!!

*(Continued on page 3)*

Send address corrections to:  
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## Calendar

### March 23, 2010

Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery

### April 25, 2010

Confederate Memorial Day Observance, Greenwood Cemetery, Jackson

### April 27, 2010

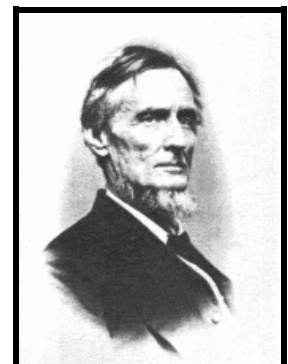
Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery

### May 25, 2010

Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery

### June 22, 2010

Regular meeting of Camp 635 at the Municipal Art Gallery



## Chaplain's Dispatch

Dear Friends and Compatriots:

We hear of promises made to God in prayer in situations that could be referred to as "foxhole confessions." Here is one such story from an anonymous writer.

A perfectly healthy man suddenly grew very ill and lay at death's door. The doctors stood around his bed, poked and prodded, shook their heads, and told him there was nothing they could do.

"If only I can keep my life," the man prayed, "I promise I'll sell my house and give all the money to the poor."

Soon he became better, and his health was restored. He knew he should keep his promise, but he couldn't stand the thought of losing so much money. So he came up with a plan.

He advertised his house for sale for one silver coin. Whoever bought the house, however, also had to buy his cat. The price of the cat he set at one hundred gold coins.

Before long he found a buyer. He said goodbye to his cat, shut the door behind him, and set off down the street with one hundred gold coins in his purse. He rounded a corner, dropped the silver coin into a beggar's cup, and felt quite relieved that everything had turned out so well.

Do we make solemn promises to God in similar situations but fail to honor those promises?

Sincerely,  
Hubert W. Miazza  
Chaplain

*(Continued from page 4)*

ture, though most were not dressed for it.

I relate all of that to say: I wonder what it was like back during the War when one of our Confederate Heroes was brought home for burial in the family or community cemetery. I hope and trust it was like this. There were so many of our Confederate Heroes buried on the battlefield, surrounded by friends, with their burial place now known only to God. To the family of our Heroes buried on the battlefield, or even in a cemetery, far away from home, what a mournful time it had to be -- knowing they would never see their father, son, husband or brother again on this earth.

Unfortunately, most of us have a Confederate ancestor that met his demise in this way, due to the yankee aggressors invading our homeland, Dixie.

Compatriots, may we never minimize or forget the sacrifices made by our forefathers and their families, defending their kin, homes and the Southern way of life. They deserve to be remembered.

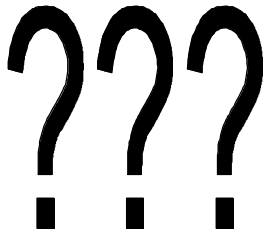
I look forward to seeing you at our March 23rd meeting, and come early and enjoy the snacks and fellowship. Bring a recruit, for he also has a proud heritage which he needs to learn about.

Deo Vindice  
Randy Rogers,  
Camp Commander

*(Continued from page 2)*

By the way, in this last document President Johnson declared: "...the said insurrection is at an end, and that peace, order, tranquility and civil authority now exist in and throughout the whole..."

I wonder if our ancestors who lived through the horrors of Reconstruction would have agreed with this statement.



**Trivia Question:**

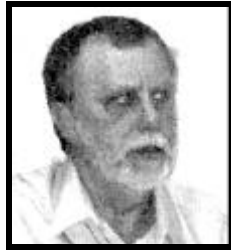
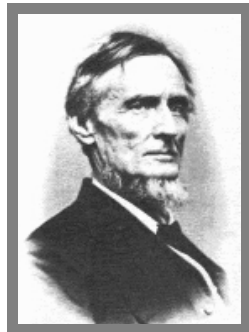
This month's question asks:

What was the only major WBTS battle fought in Florida?

December's question asked:

What was the name of the "world's largest hospital" in Richmond, containing 50 buildings?

The answer: "Chimbarazo" for the Chimbaraz Heights.



# Commander's Column

TO MY FELLOW COMPATRIOTS:

We had another great meeting last month with our on Compatriot Bill Lee presenting a program on The Battlefields of Virginia. Not only was it interesting, but I believe we all learned something new during this program which stimulated much discussion on the topic.

We also had reports on Compatriots that have been under the siege of ill health, and I am glad to report that most are improving; one in particular, Rick Richardson, who was at a very low point, has greatly improved, due solely to the power of Prayer answered by our Great and Mighty God, the Great Physician. Wayne Anderson, Phil Kelly and Dan Duggan are steadily improving. I do ask that we continue to remember Kevin Davis' wife, Annette, who is not doing well at present, but we are in hopes that God will heal her body as only He can.

Several weeks ago I went to pay respects to an old friend at the visitation on a chilly Sunday afternoon, into a cold evening. He was a preacher for 40 plus years, at several churches, all within a 30 mile proximity of each other, about an hour from here. As I got close to the church, it appeared obvious there had been a terrible accident, however, when I got closer, it was apparent that there was such a gathering of people, that three deputy sheriffs, two highway patrolmen, an ambulance and a fire truck were there directing traffic and on hand in the event of an accident.

As I got in the line that was 200 feet long outside the church, it wasn't long until the "South" came out in me and those around me. There was a Catholic, five Baptists, two Methodist, a Lutheran and a Presbyterian, having good conversation, discussing what a wonderful person Bro. Melvin was, and what he meant to each of us. There were smiles, laughs, tears and much happiness in having known this great man of God, that had now gone on to glory, leaving behind a wonderful family, and so many friends. We all stood in line and visited for 90 minutes, waiting to get inside to visit with the family, and when I came out, the line was just a long. I heard not one person complain about the cool tempera-

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