

A MONUMENT TO "UNCLE BEN" AND "AUNT
MATILDA."

BY HUGH G. BARCLAY, MOBILE, ALA.

Those of us who were in the South during the war and who cherish tender memories of the old times (and all of us do) are prone to wonder why the love of truth and justice of the Southern people has not long since consigned the memory of the faithful slaves, who tilled the soil, ground the meal, and kept untiring watch over the white man's roof-tree while the soldier was fighting at the front, to our posterity in a monument of enduring granite and marble. All of us can recall many instances of loyal service when the Yankees raided through our Southern land and would have completely pillaged our homes but for the ever-watchful negroes, who helped to hide the provisions and valuables and drove the stock to safe asylum in the hills until the raiders had passed.

Exceptions to the affectionate loyalty of the negroes were practically unknown. The "uncles" and dear old "mammies," who helped to clothe and feed the women and children (and soldiers too) of the Southern homes while our men were at the front, were held in as affectionate esteem by the helpless ones at home as if they had been of the same race and bound by the ties of blood. And truly the negroes nobly responded to the need for help and the confidence universally bestowed.

Now seems to be a monumental era in our land and a fitting time to raise a monument to the faithful slaves who blessed and fortified our homes during that time of despair and gloom with their loyal labor and protection. Who could take this noble work of grateful appreciation in hand and carry it to a successful completion like our Daughters of the Confederacy? And to whom should such a work appeal as one of gratitude and graceful retribution as to that body of reverent and loyal Southern mothers and daughters? And should it not be done before all the old darkies of the South are dead and gone?

Proud Southland, risen from a grievous wrong,
Whose valor earned the wonder of the world
And wove a fadeless wreath of poesy and song
To crown the tattered flag defeat had furled—

O, why has slumbered long our gratitude,
That not a granite shaft in all our land
Tells to the world how bondslaves, brave and good,
Took tender care of all our helpless band?

In all the world there's not a case to stand
Beside this wondrous war song of the ages,
When fettered slave upheld the master's hand
That forged his chains. 'Twill shine in history's pages.

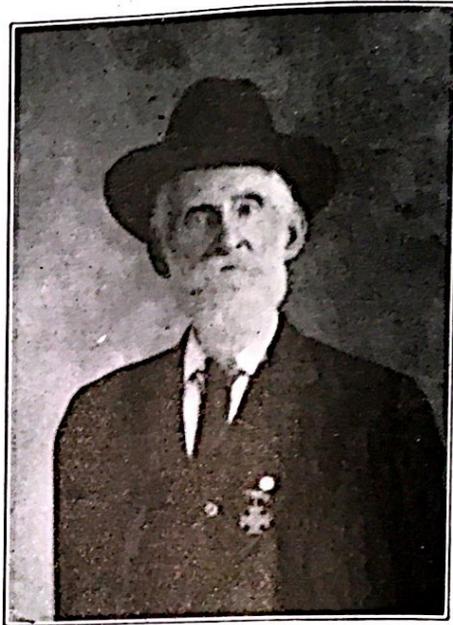
Awake, ye scions of our dear Southland,
And rear a shaft of marble, broad and high,
To tell our children how the slave's kind hand
Brought bread and safety in that time gone by.

The Omer R. Weaver Camp, of Little Rock, Ark., has started a movement to erect a memorial in the capital city of the State in recognition of the faithful service of the slaves who guarded the families and property of their masters who were at the front fighting for the Confederacy. A resolution on the subject was introduced by Jonathan Kellogg, Adjutant General of the State Division, and adopted by the Camp, and the matter will be brought before the State Reunion, which meets in Little Rock November 3-5. The U. D. C. Convention

at Jacksonville last May adopted resolutions recommending that each State take proper steps toward the erection of a granite shaft or other permanent memorial that will commemorate the loyalty of the slaves of the South during the war of the sixties.

WITH GENERAL POLK AT PINE MOUNTAIN.

James I. Doig, who was sergeant of Company C, 7th Florida Regiment, Finley's Brigade, Bate's Division, Army of Tennessee, was in the battle about Pine Mountain, where General Polk was killed. His regiment was on the main line



JAMES I. LOIG.

below the brow of the mountain, and Comrade Doig had discovered that the Federals were placing a battery just opposite to where he was stationed; so he took this information to the captain of one of our batteries, who made observation and found it correct. General Polk came up shortly and took out his glass to locate the battery, and just at that moment he was struck by a shot from that battery and killed.

Comrade Doig is now in his seventy-eighth year, a member of Stonewall Camp, U. C. V., of Gainesville, Fla., and lives at Waycross, Ga. He was at the first bombardment of Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, and served throughout the war, taking part in the last battles of Hood's army in Tennessee.

MEMORIAL HOME FOR WOMEN.

Miss L. A. Norrell writes from Marietta, Ga.:

"Something over a year ago I was the means of starting a movement for collecting a fund with the ultimate object of founding a Memorial Home for Women in memory of Gen. James Longstreet. Later on the friends of this movement held a meeting, and a society was formed with that object in view. I was elected to the joint offices of President and Treasurer. Up to the present time no great headway has been made in the matter of accumulating a fund, but a small sum is in the treasury drawing interest and slowly growing.

"I am now considering the publication of a small pamphlet of my own verses under the title of 'Random Rhymes,' but before doing so I wish to have some assurance of being able to dispose of them. The net proceeds from the sales will be devoted to this memorial fund, should I have sufficient encouragement to go to the expense of an edition of one thousand. How many of the readers of the VETERAN will buy a copy of my 'Random Rhymes'?

"These rhymes will be rather random and perhaps crude, but some may afford amusement at least to a few readers; also some personal friends may feel an interest because of the identity of the writer. The price of the pamphlet will be 25 cents."