Theodore C. James was an adjutant in the Third Regiment. In writing of him Captain Cowan and Captain Metts say: "Adjutant Theodore C. James has also crossed the narrow stream of death. Our pen falters when we attempt to pay tribute to his memory; companion of our youth, friend of our manhood. For him to espouse a cause was to make it a part of his very self. Intrepid, no more courageous soldier trod the soil of any battlefield upon which the Army of Northern Virginia encountered a foe. The impulses of his nature were magnanimous; no groveling thoughts unbalanced the equity of his judgment. True to his friends and to principle, he remained as

> 'Constant as the Northern Star
> Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament.'

Leaving his right arm upon a battlefield in Virginia, and exempt for that cause from further military duty, he disdained any privilege which such disability brought to him, and continued in active service until the last shot had been fired, 'arms stacked' forever."

Stephen Jewett, when sixteen years of age, joined Ripley's brigade, Forty-fourth Georgia Regiment of Infantry, near Richmond, July 1, 1862, just after the Seven Days' Battle; and he served with that regiment until May 10, 1864, never missing a day's service, skirmish, or battle in which his regiment participated. He was in the engagements at South Mountain, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Warrenton Springs, Morton's Ford, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and Spottsylvania, where he was captured, May 10, 1864, and taken to Fort Delaware. He remained a prisoner of war until March 10, 1865, when he was sent back to Richmond on parole, and was on parole furlough when the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia ended the war. He entered the army as a private when he could scarcely carry a musket, and he continued to serve throughout the war in that capacity with ever increasing efficiency. Steadfastness, tenacity of purpose, cheerfulness in devotion to duty, a high sense of integrity, have marked his career from boyhood to comparatively old age.

J. Pembroke Jones, a prominent officer in the United States Navy, resigned his commission and joined the Confederate Navy. He was first lieutenant commanding on the ironclad sloop-of-war *Raleigh,* which carried four guns, and which attacked and broke the Cape Fear blockade. He served with

distinction in several departments of the Confederate Navy, and after the war was employed by the Argentine Republic upon important military defenses.

James G. Kenan: "Man must endure his going hence even as his coming hither, ripeness is all."

On the 9th of January, 1912, James G. Kenan went, as must all mortal men, back upon the pathway by which he came—back to the great unknown. His sun went down after it reached the zenith and began receding toward the west. When it set beyond our vision, darkness fell upon thousands of devoted and admiring friends, and many hearts were sad.

Some men flower early; others late. Captain Kenan was a noted man in early life, and was at his best when the final summons came. When he passed away he left an enviable record as a soldier, public official, and private citizen, and the work he did will grow brighter and brighter as the years pass until it becomes his lasting monument, more enduring than marble and brass and forever sacred in the hearts of his grateful countrymen. His deeds of kindness, of charity, and of generosity will ever keep alive his memory and frequently call to recollection the glory of his name.

Captain Kenan was a true man, a lover of justice, a believer in the supremacy of the law, a friend of every cause that lacked assistance. In his views he was broad and liberal, had charity for all, trusted the people, and never lost faith in humanity.

He was a fine type of the Southern gentleman of the old school, being the descendant of a long line of Southern ancestry; but still he was a plain, simple man, who loved his fellow-man, a friend of the toiler and an eloquent advocate of the oppressed. He had faith in his Creator sufficiently abiding to illumine his soul when he reached the river which all of us must some day cross. Not given to loud professions or vain boastings of a religious experience, yet deep down in his heart was a well of love and trust which was constant in its flow towards the Saviour of mankind. During all his life he exemplified the human side of religion by doing what he believed to be right. In this respect his faith was fixed. His purposes were strong. His constant effort was to lift all persons with whom he associated to higher conceptions of life and duty.

His personal character was as spotless as a maiden's, and as unsullied as a ray of light. The memory of his just, virtuous, and upright life will linger in the minds of all who knew him.