February 2012
Volume 2, Issue 2

SON'S OF CONFEDERATE VETERAN'S

Lt. JOHN T. BULLOCK CAMP Camp # 2205

Upcoming Dates

- Feb 7th --meeting Johnson surrenders
- March 6th--meeting Oakwood Cemetery
- April 3rd –meeting Confederate sub, the Hunley

Individual Highlights:

COMMANDER: JOEY DICKERSON ----EMAIL--- Johntbullockscvcamp@GMAIL.COM
LT. COMMANDER: CHRIS POWELL
ADJUTANT: GEORGE KEARNEY

From the Commander:

Hello compatriots, I'm extremely excited about this year in our camp, and hope you are as well. Let's go and excite others about our SCV. Allen Dew has worked on our SCV website a little. It's still a work in progress, so there will be some changes and add- ons, but take a look and send me some feedback of what you think so far. The following address is where the pages are temporarily located: http://apdew.com/SCV2205 Thanks to Allen for access to the internet. This will definitely help get our message out.

Some of our members have expressed an interest to form a color guard for our camp functions and events. Let's get it done! If you wish to be a part of it, be sure to let George know so that you will be included in the planning.

If we are to honor our ancestors, one of the very important things we need to do is recruit new members in the SCV. I cannot overstress how important this is for our camp and the SCV. Can you imagine how many activities we could do if our camp grew to 25 members? Let's all try and bring in 2 new recruits this year. It would be a wonderful site to continue to see our camp on the "welcome" page of the Confederate Veteran Magazine every issue like we were in the recent issue. Come heck or high-water we need to remain determined to "keep up the charge." I look forward to seeing you Tuesday, Feb. 7th at Bobs to break bread with you and listen to a great program. Bring someone with you.

Not for fame or reward,
Not for place or for rank,
Not lured by ambition,
Or goaded by necessity,
But in simple
Obedience to duty
As they understood it,
These men suffered all,
Sacrificed all,
Dared all – and died.

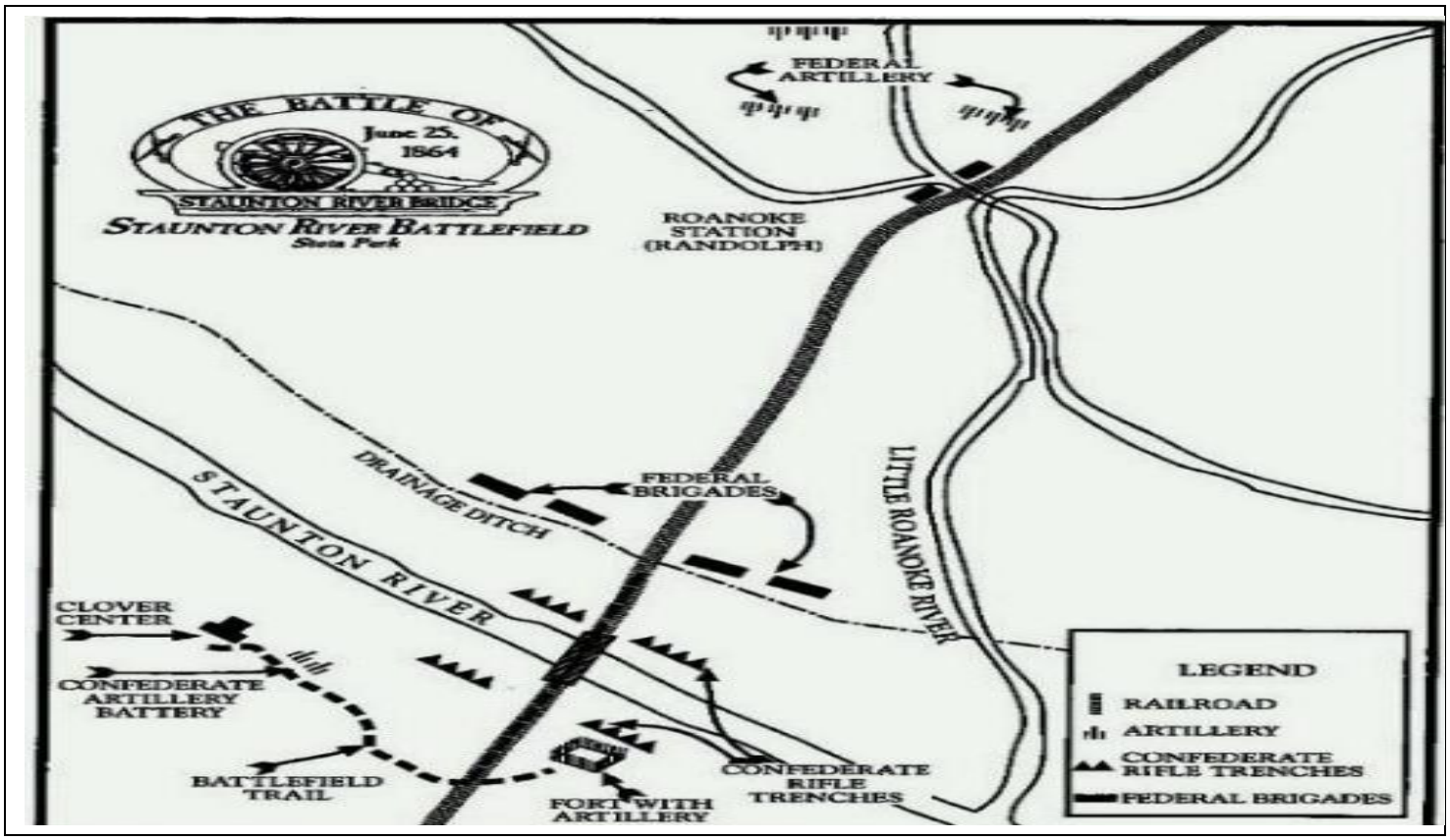
(Inscription on the monument to the dead of the Confederate States Army, Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D.C.)

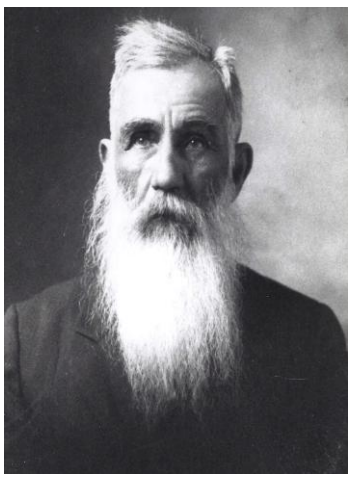
THE BATTLE OF STAUNTON RIVER BRIDGE

The hot summer day of June 25, 1864, would forever change the lives of 492 old men and young boys from Southside Virginia. When an urgent plea came from Benjamin Farinholt to come and assist his 296 Confederate reserves in defense of the Staunton River railroad bridge against an approaching Union cavalry force of over 5000 men, they came from every direction and all walks of life. This is their story . . . In June of 1864, Confederate General Robert E. Lee and his Army of Northern Virginia were engaged in a desperate defense of the city of Petersburg, Virginia. Victory for Lee depended upon a steady flow of supplies from the west and south, via the South Side and Richmond & Danville railroads. Union General Ulysses S. Grant knew that if these supply lines could be destroyed, Lee would have to abandon Petersburg. To accomplish this, Grant planned a cavalry raid to tear up the tracks of both lines and destroy the Richmond & Danville railroad bridge over the Staunton River. The raid began on June 22, and was led by Brigadier General James H. Wilson and Brigadier General August V. Kautz. They left Petersburg with over 5,000 cavalry troops and 16 pieces of artillery. As they moved west, the Union raiders were closely pursued by Confederate General W. H. F. "Rooney" Lee and his cavalry. Although Lee's troopers occasionally skirmished with the invaders, they were unable to stop their advance. During the first three days of their raid, Wilson's cavalry tore up 60 miles of track and burned two trains and several railroad stations. Just south of Roanoke Station (present-day Randolph) was a long, covered railroad bridge over the Staunton River, Wilson's final objective. The bridge was defended by a battalion of 296 Confederate reserves under the leadership of Captain Benjamin Farinholt. On June 23rd, at 10 p.m., Captain Farinholt received word from General Robert E. Lee that a large detachment of enemy cavalry was moving his direction to destroy the bridge and that he should "make every possible preparation immediately." Captain Benjamin Farinholt: "By the trains at 12 o'clock that night, on the 23rd, I sent off orderlies with circulars, urging the citizens of Halifax, Charlotte, and Mecklenburg to assemble for the defense of the bridge, and ordering all local companies to report immediately... On Saturday morning, the 25th, about 10 o'clock I had received citizens and soldiers inclusive, 642 re-enforcement. Of these about 150 were regulars, organized from different commands, my whole command numbered 938 men." Though his numbers had been bolstered by volunteers, Farinholt was still badly outnumbered. He had only six pieces of artillery, four in the earthwork fort on the hill just east of the bridge, and two in a small fortification west of the bridge. Between these artillery positions and the river was a line of trenches and across the bridge lay a semicircular line of hastily constructed but well-concealed rifle trenches. Captain James A. Hoyt with his two companies of regulars were on the east side of the bridge, and Colonel Henry Eaton Coleman's "Old Men and Young Boys" were on the west side. Scouts and pickets were posted north of the bridge near Roanoke Station. Captain Farinholt knew that his activities at the bridge were being watched by Union scouts who had arrived ahead of the main body of troops. To make them think that he was receiving reinforcements, Farinholt ordered an empty train to run back and forth between Clover Depot and the bridge, giving the appearance that fresh troops were arriving constantly. As it turned out, the Union scouts were not the only ones fooled. J. B. Faulkner: ". . . I happened to be one of Farinholt's scouts that day. We were stationed on the same side of the river with Wilson's forces on a high hill that overlooked the entire field. When we saw the [train] cars roll in and saw the men apparently disembarking, we felt sure that our men were being reinforced by every train." Mulberry Hill plantation was located on a commanding hill near the battlefield and the grounds of the house served as the Union headquarters and field hospital during the battle. It is said that Mrs. McPhail, the lady of the house, told the Federals that 10,000 Confederates lay in wait for them beyond the breastworks and that every train was bringing more. Captain Benjamin Farinholt: "The enemy [Federals] appeared in my front about 3.45 p.m. . . . I opened up on them with a 3-inch rifled gun, but the shot, from some inexplicable defect in the gun, fell short of the mark. They were then within a mile of my main redoubt, and, taking possession of a very commanding hill, immediately opened with rifled Parrots and 12-pounder Napoleons . . ." J.T. Easton, 17th Mississippi Regiment: ". . . they opened up with their field guns... The shells striking the thin roof of the bridge made a fearful racket, scaring some of the small boys into outbursts of weeping." Having arrived north of the bridge, General Kautz's cavalry troops were dismounted and formed up to cross the open fields toward the bridge. They were receiving heavy fire from the Confederate artillery on the other side of the river. Colonel Samuel R Spear's 1st D.C. and 11th Pa. approached along the east side of the railroad and Colonel Robert M. West's 5th Pa. and 3rd N.Y. along the west side. Colonel Robert M. West: "I formed an assaulting party and directed it up the embankment, in the hope that by a quick move we might obtain possession of the main bridge sufficiently long enough to fire it. The men tried repeatedly to gain a foothold on the railroad, and to advance along the sides of the embankment, but could not." Having finally reached a shallow drainage ditch some 150 yards north of the bridge, the Union troops organized for what was to be the first of four separate charges, all of them repulsed by the badly outnumbered Confederate forces. When the Union forces left the drainage ditch for their first assault on the bridge, they were met by intense fire from Col. Coleman's old men and young boys and the regulars who had been hidden from view in their shallow trenches around the bridge. Captain James A. Hoyt: ". . . the fatal ditch was an obstruction which they never passed again. The second charge was repulsed with equal gallantry, showing a determined resistance on our side, but it required longer time and heavier firing to drive them back. Then followed a longer interval between the charges... the third time the effort was made... they were no nearer the capture of the bridge than when they first came in sight of it. "The sun was going behind the hills, but as yet there was no sign that General W. H. F. Lee had reached the enemy's rear. His appearance on the scene would mean relief for our little band... when the Federals gathered for the fourth charge there were misgivings as to the result.

Continued on next page....

On they came, however, and they were met with a galling fire of musketry, which grew even more furious as their lines came nearer It was during this charge that Lee and his division struck the rear-guard of the Federals, and they were given an opportunity of fighting in opposite directions." General James H. Wilson: ". . . the place was found to be impregnable Finding that the bridge could not be carried without severe loss, if at all, the enemy being again close upon our rear, the Staunton too deep for fording and unprovided with bridges or ferries, I determined to push no further south, but to endeavor to reach the army by returning toward Petersburg... The march was therefore begun about midnight. . . ." Capt. Benjamin Farinholt: "At daylight, I advanced my line of skirmishers half a mile, and discovered that the enemy had left quite a number of their dead on the field. In this advance 8 prisoners were captured ... Of the dead left on the field I buried 42, among them several officers. My loss, 10 killed and 24 wounded." For the 492 local citizens that made up the "Old men and young boys" brigade the fight was over and an important supply line had been protected for General Robert E. Lee and his army in Petersburg. They had proudly answered the call to arms and, in the face of overwhelming odds distinguished themselves on the field of battle. Over the years, the stories about their victory on that hot summer afternoon at the bridge have been retold countless times and have become an important part of the proud heritage of Southside Virginia.





Soldiers Bio: John Barker Currin

Born - May 9, 1842 in Granville County to Stephen Currin and Sarah P. Barker. He grew up in Granville County and married Saphronia Hunt in April 1864. He served in the War Between the States in Co. B, 12th Regiment enlisting at the age of 19 on 26 April 1861. Present and accounted for through December 1864. While in service he was wounded in his leg at Gettysburg. According to his service record he was assigned to the ambulance corps. After the War he was a mail carrier according to a contract signed in 1876 taking mail on routes between Oxford and Knapp of Reeds and between Oxford and Berea as stated in the contract. He was a wagoneer. He was a charter member of the Hester-Crews Post 166 of the American Legion. He applied for and received a pension for his military service in 1902 stating that he was wounded in his left leg. He died 24 June 1924 in Durham County where he was living with his daughter. He is buried at Stovall, NC in the Baptist Church Cemetery. His grave is marked with an iron cross.

The Black Horse Troop

[From the Richmond (Va.) Times, Feb. 23, 1896.]

One of the most gallant, serviceable, and picturesque contingents of the Army of Northern Virginia, was that famous company of cavalry known as the Black Horse Troop, which won such bright laurels for its daring exploits, and the valuable information and aid it rendered the Confederate commanders in some of the greatest engagements of the Civil war.

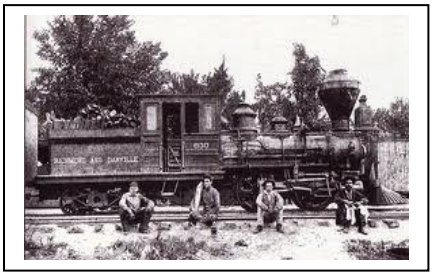
In many respects it was a remarkable body of men, composed as it was, of handsome, strapping, debonair Virginians, admirably horsed and equipped, in whose natures the spirit of chivalry was an abiding trait that marked the flight of their banner from the outbreak to the close of the war.

They wielded their sabers like the cuirassiers of old, and used their pistols with the truth and nerve of expert marksmen. They so familiarized themselves with the country in which they operated, that they kept the enemy continuously speculating on their movements by checkmating them at every point in the game of war, and achieved such prestige by their strange ubiquity and stratagem that the name of their little legion became a watchword for danger and a signal for action with the Union troops. The Black Horse was organized in 1859, just two years before the war broke out, and first figured at Harper's Ferry in the John Brown raid.

Colonel John Scott, of Warrenton, Virginia, was its first captain, and gave the troop its name. Colonel Scott, who has retired from active life, was for many years a conspicuous figure in that section of the State as Commonwealth's Attorney, and is well known as the author of "The Lost Principle," a "Life of Mosby," and other literary works. Its next commander was the gallant Bob Randolph, of the distinguished family of that name, and who was afterwards promoted to Colonel.

On the 18th of May, 1861, the following officers of the Black Horse were sworn in: William H. Payne, captain; Robert Randolph, C. H. Gordon, A. D. Payne, lieutenants; William Smith, James H. Childs, Robert Mitchell, Richard Lewis, sergeants; Willington Millon, Madison C. Tyler, George N. Shumate, N. A. Clopton, corporals; William Johnson, bugler, and William E. Gaskins, quartermaster. They were subsequently incorporated into the Fourth Virginia Regiment, and permission was given to recruit it for a battalion. The first sustained march of the Black Horse was to Harper's Ferry. It afterwards advanced to Manassas and Fairfax Courthouse: its work at the battle of Bull Run was so graphically reported by the Union troops that further comment is unnecessary. The company numbered over one hundred men, and its fine appearance had begun to attract the attention of the great cavalry leaders under Lee, and it was appointed to serve as a body guard to General Joseph E. Johnston.

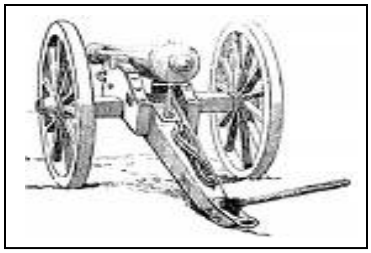
A tragedy of war times: Taken from the Confederate Veterans magazine archives



The Halifax Chapter, U.D.C., of South Boston, Va., has lately become interested in identifying some soldiers who were killed on a railroad in the wreck of a troop train on the Richmond and Danville Road just after the evacuation of Richmond and ask the publication of the following in the effort to locate some friends or relatives of the unfortunate soldiers. Capt. R. Walton Sydnor, of Danville, Va., who commanded Company F, 1st Regiment Virginia Reserves, 1864-65, gives the following statement about it:

"On the 3rd of April, 1865, my command, 1st Regiment Virginia Reserves, which was stationed at Staunton River Bridge on the Southern Railroad, about fifty miles east of Danville, Va., was ordered to Danville. This was the day after Richmond was evacuated. We boarded a freight train -old box cars- which had on it a number of sick and wounded soldiers from the hospital in Richmond on their way home to Georgia. Soon after leaving Staunton River our train was wrecked. In some way, the trucks of one of the cars turned and got out of place and the bottom of the car fell through, and the soldiers who were in this box car were caught right under the wheels and terribly mangled; five or six were killed outright. As this train was just preceding the one which carried President Davis and staff, we had to act promptly. I had charge of a detail of men to bury the dead soldiers. We took up their bodies on the old car doors, carried them up the slope some fifty or one hundred yards, and buried all in one grave, preceding them as best we could with boards from the old car. A few years ago I was in South Boston, and located the spot about two miles east of the town, near the railroad track"

The above was written in response to a letter from Mr. O. F. Copeland, of LaGrange, Ga., whose brother Sam Copeland, was one of the soldiers killed in this wreck. On the last Memorial Day, after the usual exercises and dinner, members of the Halifax Chapter and veterans repaired to the lone grave and placed flowers upon the mound. Mr. W. J. Carrington, as representative of the Halifax Chapter, will be glad to hear from others who knew any of those soldiers.



THE TYPICAL CONFEDERATE SOLDIER

Written by G.H. Baskett, Nashville, Tenn., published in the Confederate Veteran, Vol. I, No. 12, Nashville, Tenn., December 1893.

Nearly thirty-three years have passed since the alarm of war called from their peaceful pursuits the citizens who were to make name and fame as Confederate soldiers. The stirring scenes and the dreadful carnage of a memorable conflict have been removed by the lapse of time into the hazy past, and a new generation, however ready it may be to honor those who fought the battles of the South, is likely to form its idea of their appearance from the conventional military type. The Confederate soldier was not an ordinary soldier, either in appearance or character. With your permission I will undertake to draw a portrait of him as he really appeared in the hard service of privation and danger. A face browned by exposure and heavily bearded, or for some weeks unshaven, begrimed with dust and sweat, and marked here and there by the darker stains of powder - a face whose stolid and even melancholy composure is easily broken into ripples of good humor or quickly flushed in the fervor and abandon of the charge; a frame tough and sinewy, and trained by hardship to surprising powers of endurance; a form, the shapeliness of which is hidden by its encumberments, suggesting in its careless and unaffected pose a languorous indisposition to exertion, yet a latent, lion-like strength and a terrible energy of action when aroused. Around the upper part of the face is a fringe of unkempt hair, and above this an old wool hat, worn and weather-beaten, the flaccid brim of which falls limp upon the shoulders behind, and is folded back in front against the elongated and crumpled crown. Over a soiled, which is unbuttoned and button less at the collar, is a ragged grey jacket that does not reach to the hips, with sleeves some inches too short. Below this, trousers of a nondescript color, without form and almost void, are held in place by a leather belt, to which is attached the cartridge box that rests behind the right hip, and the bayonet scabbard which dangles on the left. Just above the ankles each trouser leg is tied closely to the limb - a la Zouave - and beneath reaches of dirty socks disappears in a pair of badly used and curiously contorted shoes. Between the jacket and the waistband of the trousers, or the supporting belt, there appears a puffy display of cotton shirt which works out further with every hitch made by Johnny in his effort to keep his pantaloons in place. Across his body from his left shoulder there is a roll of threadbare blanket, the ends tied together resting on or falling below the right hip. This blanket is Johnny's bed. Whenever he arises he takes up his bed and walks. Within this roll is a shirt, his only extra article of clothing. In action the blanket roll is thrown further back, and the cartridge is drawn forward, frequently in front of the body. From the right shoulder, across the body pass two straps, one cloth the other leather, making a cross with blanket roll on breast and back. These straps support respectively a greasy cloth haversack and a flannel-covered canteen, captured from the Yankees. Attached to the haversack strap is a tin cup, while in addition to some odds and ends of camp trumpery, there hangs over his back a frying pan, an invaluable utensil with which the soldier would be loth to part. With his trusty gun in hand - an Enfield rifle, also captured from the enemy and substituted for the old flint-lock musket or the shotgun with which he was originally armed - Johnny reb, thus imperfectly sketched, stands in his shreds and patches a marvelous ensemble - picturesque, grotesque, unique - the model citizen soldier, the military hero of the nineteenth century. There is none of the tinsel or trappings of the professional about him. From an esthetic military point of view he must appear a sorry looking soldier. But Johnny is not one of your dress parade soldiers. He doesn't care a copper whether anybody likes his looks or not. He is the most independent soldier that ever belonged to an organized army. He has respect for authority, and he cheerfully submits to discipline, because he sees the necessity of organization to affect the best results, but he maintains his individual autonomy, as it were, and never surrenders his sense of personal pride and responsibility. He is thoroughly tractable, if properly officered, and is always ready to obey necessary orders, but he is quick to resent any official incivility, and is a high private who feels, and is, every inch as good as a general. He may appear ludicrous enough on a display occasion of the holiday pomp and splendor of war, but place him where duty calls, in the imminent deadly breach or the perilous charge, and none in all the armies of the earth can claim a higher rank or prouder record. He may be outre and ill-fashioned in dress, but he has sublimated his poverty and rags. The worn and faded grey jacket, glorified by valor and stained with the life blood of its wearer, becomes, in its immortality of association, a more splendid vestment than mail of medieval knight or the rarest robe of royalty. That old, weather-beaten slouch hat, seen as the ages will see it, with its halo of fire, through the smoke of battle, is a kinglier covering than a crown. Half clad, half armed, often half fed, without money and without price, the Confederate soldier fought against the resources of the world. When at last his flag was furled and his arms were grounded in defeat, the cause for which he had struggled was lost, but he had won the faceless victory of soldiership.

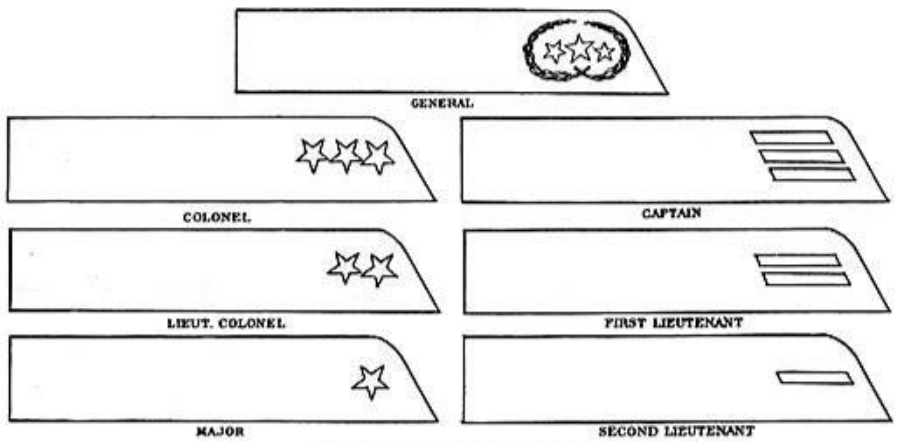
Soldiers' food; By John Heiser, Gettysburg National Military Park.

Hardtack, a dry flour biscuit, made up a large portion of a soldier's daily ration. Sometimes they were infested with small bugs the soldiers called weevils

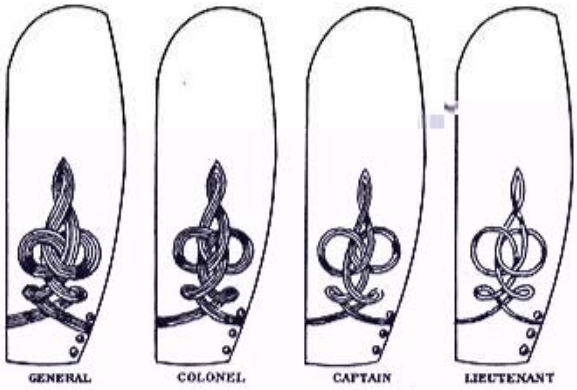
By far, the food soldiers received has been the source of more stories than any other aspect of army life. The Union soldier received a variety of edibles. The food issue, or ration, was usually meant to last three days while on active campaign and was based on the general staples of meat and bread. Meat usually came in the form of salted pork or, on rare occasions, fresh beef. Rations of pork or beef were boiled, broiled or fried over open campfires. Army bread was a flour biscuit called hardtack, re-named "tooth-dullers," "worm castles," and "sheet iron crackers" by the soldiers who ate them. Hardtack could be eaten plain though most men preferred to toast them over a fire, crumble them into soups, or crumble and fry them with their pork and bacon fat in a dish called skillygalee. Other food items included rice, peas, beans, dried fruit, potatoes, molasses, vinegar, and salt. Baked beans were a northern favorite when the time could be taken to prepare them and a cooking pot with a lid could be obtained. Coffee was a most desirable staple and some soldiers considered the issue of coffee and accompanying sugar more important than anything else. Coffee beans were distributed green so it was up to the soldiers to roast and grind them. The task for this most desirable of beverages was worth every second as former soldier John Billings recalled: "What a Godsend it seemed to us at times! How often after being completely jaded by a night march... have I had a wash, if there was water to be had, made and drunk my pint or so of coffee and felt as fresh and invigorated as if just arisen from a night's sound sleep!" Soldiers often grouped themselves into a "mess" to combine and share rations, often with one soldier selected as cook or split duty between he and another man. But while on active campaign, rations were usually prepared by each man to the individual's taste. It was considered important for the men to cook the meat ration as soon as it was issued, for it could be eaten cold if activity prevented cook fires. A common campaign dinner was salted pork sliced over hardtack with coffee boiled in tin cups that each man carried. The southern soldier's diet was considerably different from his northern counterpart and usually in much less quantity. The average Confederate subsisted on bacon, cornmeal, molasses, peas, tobacco, vegetables and rice. They also received a coffee substitute which was not as desirable as the real coffee northerners had. Trades of tobacco for coffee were quite common throughout the war when fighting was not underway. Other items for trade or barter included newspapers, sewing needles, buttons, and currency.

Confederate Rank Structure

Officer

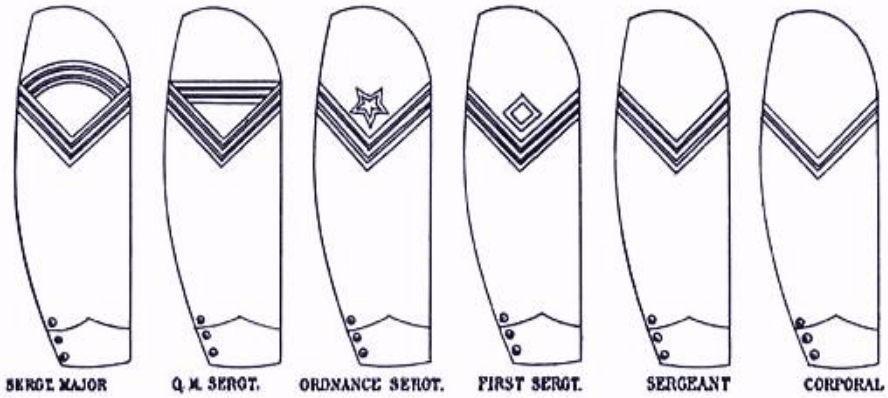


Confederate collar insignia of rank.



Confederate sleeve insignia of rank.

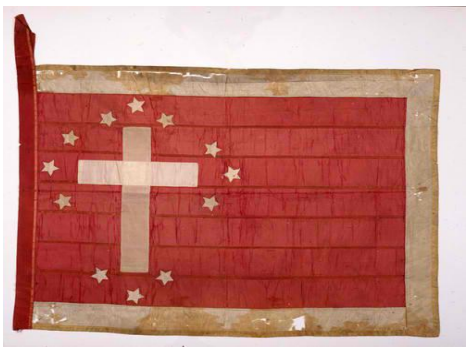
Enlisted



Confederate chevrons.

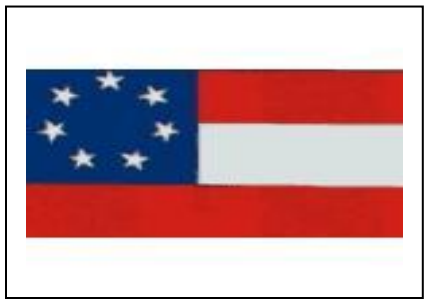
This wool and cotton banner served as the headquarters flag for Confederate general Robert E. Lee from June 1862 until the summer of 1863. Believed to have been sewn by Lee's wife, Mary Custis Lee and the couple's daughters, its design is similar to the First National Flag, or the "Stars and Bars," which featured red and white horizontal bars and white stars on a blue canton. The Stars and Bars looked so similar to the United States flag it confused Confederate forces into firing on their own men at the First Battle of Manassas (1861).

This flag most certainly marked Hoke's headquarters during his brilliant victory at Plymouth, North Carolina on April 20, 1864.



This silk flag made for Confederate general Dabney Herndon Maury by women in Mobile, Alabama, features a Christian theme with its prominent white Latin cross. As commander of the District of the Gulf in the Civil War's last two years, Maury became known for his tenacious defense of the port of Mobile, Alabama. This flag was flown at the general's headquarters during the siege of Mobile. The city finally fell to Union forces on April 12, 1865.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG IS NOT A RACIST AND HATEFUL FLAG!!!



The Confederate flag is not a racist flag. Nor is it a flag of hate, it is the flag of our country, The Confederate States of America.

The Confederate Flag flew over Slavery.

While this is true, the same can be said of the us. Flag. The u.S. Flag flew over slavery a full 70 years before the Confederate States of America came into existence. The Confederate Flag never flew over the Ships that brought the slaves over here. To top it all off, the Confederate States of America freed her slaves in 1863; the Federal Union didn't do it until 1868 with the passage of the 13th amendment.

The Confederate flag was a more egalitarian flag than the Federal flag, in that it had integrated troops within its army. In the Federal army, the black troops served in their own divisions and served under white officers. These troopers saw very little combat; they mostly served in servile roles, serving mostly as laborers and personal servants to the white officers.

The Confederate Army used Blacks both as Soldiers and laborers, there were those white officers in the Confederate Army that had personal servants, but this was not the norm. The Black Soldiers in the Confederate Army were paid the same rate as the White Soldier, they were paid more If they served as laborers. Plus if the Black Confederate soldiers found any Northern weapons or equipment, they could sell them to the Confederate Army for about twice what they were worth on the open market.