

The Gray Line News



High Bridge



High Bridge Camp #1581

October 2023

Sons of Confederate Veterans

Camp Commander: Whit Morris

1st LT. Commander: Chris Burks

2nd LT Commander: Don Reynolds

3rd LT. Commander: Zach Morris

Treasurer: Shane Newcombe

Adjutant: Russell Easter

Chaplain: Ned May

Judge Advocate: Kenny Barnard

Quartermaster / Historian: Tom Haake

Sargent at Arms: Trey Capps

Surgeon: Gene Kirkman

Camp Sutler: Greg Finn



“DEDICATED TO THE PRESERVATION OF OUR SOUTHERN HERITAGE”



COMMANDERS CORNER:

Greetings compatriots,

October is marked by the changing of the seasons. The air turns cooler, the trees put on their fall plumage, and we begin to think of the upcoming holidays with friends and family. I often wonder what our ancestors thought as they watched the seasons begin to change.

Did they despair at the thought of spending another cold winter, hungry and sleeping on the ground? Did they weep at the thought of another holiday season away from their homes and families. Or did they simply marvel at God’s beauty that surrounded the ugliness in which they were trapped and then go about their duty of defending their homeland?

I hope each of us will continue to preserve our heritage, while taking the time to enjoy the blessings that have been bestowed upon us.

Deo Vin dice
Whit Morris

“Be not discouraged by disappointments and difficulties but on the contrary let each stimulate you to greater exertions for attaining noble ends & an approving conscience at least will be your reward.”
General Stonewall Jackson

Battles in October 1862

Oct. 1-3 rd	FL	Battle of St. John’s Bluff	Oct 8 th	KY	Battle of Perryville
Oct. 3-4 th	MISS	Battle of Corinth (2 nd)	Oct. 22 nd	OK	Battle of Old Fort Wayne
Oct. 4 th	TX	Battle of Galveston Harbor	Oct 27 th	LA	Battle of Georgia Landing
Oct 5 th	TN	Battle of Hatchie’s Bridge			

Heart of Virginia



On September 16th the Heart of Virginia Festival was held in Farmville. We met at 7:30 am to set up our Sales booth and Living History Booth. This year we were in a new location on Main Street. In years past we had been on High Street. The weather was with us as it was a beautiful fall day. At this event we received a massive amount of positive feedback for being there and were thanked by many folks. Sales were good; however, we could have used some additional support and help. While we had good support for setup, at the end it was Chris and I for the last hour and a half to do the breakdown and pack up. Our Living History setup received many positive comments, and we were complimented on its authenticity. Thanks to all that helped with that! I did have the opportunity to speak with one of the organizers who asked how we liked the new location. My reply was it was hard to set up a living history Camp Site on a paved street, she told me they were trying to use our past area for performing artist, and they hope to have more in the future.



State Fair of Virginia

This year I worked in the Virginia SCV Booth at the State Fair of Virginia. I worked one shift and met members of four different Virginia Camps as well as Virginia State SCV people. It was great to meet and talk with “like-minded people.” The shift I selected to work was a midday shift, due to the drive, but we were steady with business and received many positive comments from attending patrons. This gave us some credit for the Outstanding Camp Award for 2024 and was GREAT fun to do so. I will be planning on returning next year to work again..... I hope you will consider joining me!



Swallowing the Dog

Dixie, do you know what is meant by the phrase “swallowing the dog”?

For Confederate veterans, the term “swallowing the dog” meant being forced to repeatedly pledge allegiance to the United States whose military forces were occupying the Confederacy. “It was the most despised word in the South. A few took it “as if it was nothing more than a Glass of Lemonade.” Others refused as if it were arsenic. It forced people to reexamine their priorities: principles or bread? They reconsidered what it meant to give their word of honor. For loyal Confederates, it was likened to “swallowing the dog.”

The Oath of Allegiance to the United States became a staple of the Confederate diet. In exchange for the privilege to vote, to transact business, to acquire rations, to perform marriage ceremonies, or even get married. Confederates were forced to gulp down their pride and utter these words: “I do solemnly swear that I hereby renounce all countenance, support and allegiance to the so-called Confederate States of America.

For a people left crushed and crippled, the requirement of the oath was like pouring salt into an open wound. “I think the exaction of this oath cannot be justified on any grounds whatever whether as of admonition and warning for the future or as punishment for the past,” wrote Henry William Ravenel from South Carolina. “It is simply an arbitrary and tyrannical exercise of power.” The Western Democrat in Charlotte summed up the situation for most ex-Confederates. “Those who expect to follow any occupation in the country have no alternative but to take the oath.” ...

No matter how many times they swallowed the dog, the taste was always foul, and compelling Southerners to swear allegiance over and over required great ingenuity. There was seemingly no end to the inducements Federals contrived to coerce the oath taking. In Columbus, Georgia, ladies were initially required to take the oath in order to receive their mail. Elsewhere in Georgia, letters were opened, in order to test the sincerity of Confederates who had taken the oath. ...

In the minds of Southerners, it was doubly insulting to exchange the oath for food. “It was most heart-rending,” observed Cornelia Spencer, “to see daily crowds of country people, from three score and ten down to the unconscious infant carried in its mother’s arms, coming into town to beg for food and shelter, to ask alms from

those who had despoiled them.” One poorly educated woman in this circumstance went to the local provost and inquired if she could draw rations. The officer asked if she would take the oath. “Thank you, sir,” said the lady, “there is my cart – please put it in that.” ...

Southerners were forced to swear the oath for spiritual food, as well. Even their God had been supplanted by a cold and distant Northern deity, at whose altar they resentfully laid sacrifices. At Richmond, ministers could not perform wedding ceremonies unless they had taken the oath. And couples could not marry without first swearing allegiance.

Given the situation, working in the ranks of the clergy became a high-risk occupation. Reading of events unfolding in Missouri, Washingtonian William Owner was outraged that five Catholic priests were arrested and thrown into a cell “with burglars and a nig--r ravisher.” Again, their only crime was refusing to swear the oath. Like their Catholic counterparts, when Protestant preachers in Missouri failed to pray for Lincoln, they were arrested, and their churches were closed ...

In various denominations, the hierarchy took it upon itself to discipline those clergymen in its ranks who had chosen the wrong side. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church met in Pittsburgh and passed a series of resolutions “practically upending all ... ministers until they had repented of the sin of rebellion.”

“As those in the South, almost to a man were strong supporters of the Confederacy,” explained a devout Tennessean, “this action declared every pulpit vacant and meant that the North had the right to take over our churches with their property.”

Having the oath forced upon them was not the only form of humiliation suffered by former Confederates. Most melancholy to Southerners was the supplanting of their banner with the federal flag. “The saddest moment of my life,” recalled Myrta Avary, “was when I saw that Southern Cross dragged down and the Stars and Stripes run up ... I saw it torn down from the height where valor had kept it waving for so long and at such cost.” “Never before,” added another woman, “had we realized how entirely our hearts had been turned away from that what was once our whole country, till we felt the bitterness aroused by the sight of that flag shaking out its red and white folds over us.” ...

Throughout the South, many deeply offended widows crossed the street rather than pass under an American flag, draped over the sidewalk. . .

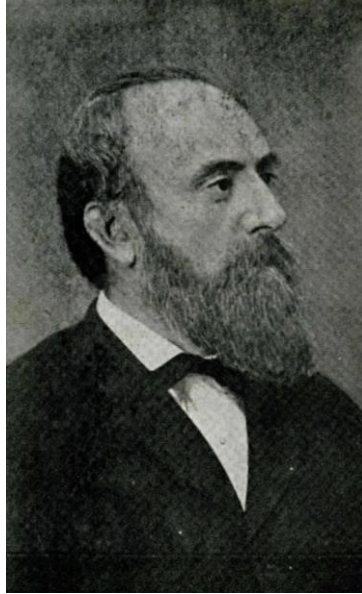
For returning Confederate soldiers, the order to remove or cover CSA buttons from their uniforms seemed to be rubbing their faces in defeat. Just how strictly these rules were enforced depended upon the fiat of each commanding officer. At New Orleans, Gen. Nathaniel Banks was in charge. Confederates believed that the officer from Massachusetts was particularly vindictive in peace because he had “never won a battle” in war and had been derisively tagged “Stonewall Jackson’s Commissary.” Confederate soldiers in the city were not permitted to congregate in groups of three or more, and black troops were delegated to cut the buttons from their coats. “I saw squads of them dispersing gatherings of Confederates,” recalled a paroled prisoner, “and I saw coats from which the buttons had been cut.” ...

Thus, one by one, the victors took possession – body and soul – of the vanquished. Forced to swear loyalty to a hated enemy, their private thoughts censored, their public thoughts punished, the symbols of their nationhood outlawed, their religion and prayers policed – there seemed no haven or sacred ground.”

The Farmville Confederate Hospital

The Farmville General Hospital was organized in 1862 under the supervision of Dr. Horace Dade Taliaferro with a capacity of 1200-1500 beds. It was a center primarily for less acutely ill patients with chronic diseases or convalescents moved from hospitals either near the battlefield or in larger cities. Tobacco warehouses and

factories in town made up the first and second Divisions. Dr. Walton was in charge of the 1st Division and Dr. Tuft the 2nd Division. These buildings along the river all burned in 1898 and the current warehouses there are not the original structures present during the war.



Dr. James L. White

The 3rd Division consisted of 10-12 wards to the west of the city limits on the line of the Norfolk and Western Railroad. Dr. James L. White was the Surgeon-in-Charge. Physicians working with him included Drs: Mathews; Chandler; Garden; Ladd; Boatwright and Grayson. Soon after the war most of the buildings were torn down. In 1916 only the extreme western ward was partially intact which was located behind the residence of ex-Governor Philip McKinney extending back toward the river on the south side of the railroad tracks. The Governor's address was 408 Beech Street. The railroad tracks were removed and are now the High Bridge walking trail. In 1916 the buildings that were the Office of the Surgeon-in-Charge, the bakery, and commissary department were then occupied as dwellings. The patient wards were on the north side of the railroad tracks in the area of what is now 402 Appomattox Street. None of these buildings on the north side of the tracks remain.



408 Beech Street



408 Appomattox Street

The Confederate Cemetery at 835 Longstreet Road, pictured below. During the war between 300 and 400 soldiers were buried in the cemetery but the register with their names was lost at the end of the war. During the retreat of Confederate troops, the bridge across the Appomattox River was destroyed and a temporary burial ground was established near the railroad depot for those that died after that point. These bodies were subsequently removed to the Confederate Cemetery after the war. At that point about 500 soldiers were buried there. Some of these were subsequently relocated by friends and family leaving what are thought to be a total of 350-400 soldiers. A full list of those buried in the cemetery has been compiled by Moffatt Evans the past Commander of High Bridge Camp 1581 of the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Recently the Confederate monument was relocated to the cemetery. The final 2 pictures are from Westview Cemetery on South Main Street in Farmville where Dr. Horace Dade Taliaferro the Surgeon-in-Charge of the Farmville General Hospital is buried (37.2872401, -78.3970454). His grave is toward the front of the cemetery not far from S. Main Street.





Robert E. Lee Quote of the Month

Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion on which I appear before you and profoundly grateful for the honor conferred upon me, I accept the position your partiality has assigned me, though I would greatly have preferred your choice should have fallen on one more capable.

— **Robert E. Lee, April 23rd, 1861**, in a speech before the Virginia Convention on being offered command of military forces.

Upcoming Meetings and Events:

October 26th 7:00pm @ Charley's Café: Camp Meeting

November 16th 6:00pm @ Charley's Café: Camp Meeting, Camp Meeting, Presenter Greg Eanes will talk on Heritage of Honor, Holiday Banquet

January 13th Lee Jackson Day in Lexington, Virginia

January 25th 7:00 pm @ Charley's Café: Camp Meeting & Election of Officers

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