



**Official Newsletter of the BG Micah Jenkins  
SCV Camp 1569  
Volume IX Number XII December 2010**



## *Honoring the Gray*

### **Camp Officers**

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Ray Baker  
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Camp Historian  
Lindsay Waldrop  
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### **Commander's Comments**

As December rolls around I am reminded of a Savior that was born for us to take all our sins and wash them away and to give all of us a way to have everlasting life in heaven.

This month we will be installing new officers for next year. I hope everyone will be able to attend to show your support for their new jobs.

It has been an honor and a pleasure to have served the Camp. Thanks to all the members and officers that have helped me lead the camp for the past two years.

Please pray for our troops at home and abroad, their families, the president, and the leaders of our country.

*Jim Floyd, Commander*

### **December 1st is Micah Jenkins Birthday**

Micah Jenkins was born on 1 December 1835 the third son of Captain John Jenkins and his wife Elizabeth, a wealthy cotton grower of Edisto Island, located between Charleston and Beaufort, South Carolina. At the aged of 15 he entered the Citadel Military Academy, South Carolina, in 1851. Graduating in 1854 top of his class.

In January 1855 he, with the co-operation of his classmate and friend Asbury Coward, founded the Kings Mountain Military School, Yorkville, South Carolina.

At 20 he was confirmed at Yorkville Episcopal Church, being deeply religious, and remaining so all his life. He took his bible and prayer book with him, and during quiet moments on the battlefield was to be found reading it.

Shortly before the war, in 1859 in the aftermath of John Browns raid on Harpers Ferry, he raised a volunteer militia company at Yorkville the Jasper Guards or Jasper Rifle Guards, and was elected Captain. In 1860 they were to become the Jasper Light Infantry. With the company, in 1861, forming the nucleus of the 5th South Carolina Volunteers with the rest raised largely from the Piedmont districts of York, Union and Spartanburg. Jenkins was elected Colonel of the regiment which was some 1,200 strong.

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*Honoring the Gray*  
Editor

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### **Camp Meeting Tuesday, December 14<sup>th</sup> 2010**

Regularly scheduled meeting at the Mayflower Seafood Restaurant @ 7:00 PM.  
Come early join the fellowship and eat.

We will not have a speaker for December. It is the annual Christmas party and will be the swearing in of the new officers of the Micah Jenkins Camp.

## Tribute to Brigadier General Micah Jenkins

In 1861 he was with the 5th S.C.V. as part of D. R. Jones Brigade in Virginia. Taking part in the 1st Manassas (Bull Run), 21 July 1861. In the later part of 1861 he took command of the Brigade, and had the confidence of his Divisional commander General James Longstreet.

With the re-organization of the army in 1862 he oversaw the organization of the Palmetto Sharpshooters over whom he was made Colonel, the unit was formed with approximately 1,100 men.

While still Colonel he commanded R. H. Anderson's Brigade at Williamsburg (Fort Magruder), 5 May 1862, and Seven Pines (1st Fair Oaks), 31 April -1 May, where he sustained a knee wound. At Seven Pines, Captain W.B Smith, Co. G Palmetto Sharpshooters described the action with the fifth Federal line: "After we had driven back four fresh lines of battle General Jenkins drew his lines back a short way and formed a new line, someone called to Jenkins, Colonel, just look at them coming at the double quick." Jenkins replied: "We shall meet them at the double quick". "He straightened himself up in his stirrups and gave the command to charge front on twelfth company at the double quick, and I never saw on parade a prettier maneuver, General Jenkins was magic. He could come nearer to making his men work like machinery than any other man I saw. That was the last charge at Seven Pines at which ended the battle. We fought five fresh lines that evening and whipped every one. Jenkins was on his horse all through the battle".

At Gaines Mill (1st Cold Harbor, Chickahominy), 27 June, Jenkins led a sweep around the Federal flanks as dusk fell here he engaged the 16th Michigan decimated the Regiment and captured their colours along with a large body of men. For this feat Jenkins was given consent by the Secretary of War to retain the regimental standard of the 16th Michigan for presentation to the Governor of South Carolina.

Ordered to silence some guns at Frayser's (or Fraizer's) Farm 30 June 1862, by Longstreet he led forward his Brigade so bringing on the battle. While doing this he had his personal aid shot down by his side and Jenkins own survival was regarded as miraculous. Captain Thomas J. Goree, of Longstreet's staff, wrote of Jenkins: "His horse hit was hit twice, his saddle blanket and a coat tied behind the saddle hit more than a dozen times, his bridle reins cut by a ball, his sword hit three times and broken, and he was wounded three time by shell fragments". In a letter dated 6 July 1862 he states 'I have not fully recovered the use of my right arm, the muscle seems deadened by the blow of the grape, but I suppose in a week or ten days it will be all right.'

Promoted to Brigadier General on 22 July 1862 he again led his Brigade at the 2nd Manassas (Bull Run), 30 August 1862, this time he was severely wounded in the left abdomen and was out of action for two months.

Back on duty, this time with his Divisional commander General Pickett, he was at the Fredericksburg, 14 December 1862, but the Brigade was only partially engaged.

Now sent to the Blackwater he was at the Siege of Suffolk, 16 April-3 May 1863, and stayed there, with the brigade, during the Gettysburg campaign under General D. H. Hill.,

Sent to Tennessee in 1863 with Longstreet's Corps he was in command of Hood's Division. Sent into combat against superior numbers at the Lookout Mountain (Wauhatchie, Brown's Ferry), 28 October 1863, he was successfully leading the attack when they were attacked in the rear by greatly superior numbers. Even then he succeeded in withdrawing his troops.

Again with Longstreet he went to East Tennessee playing a conspicuous part in the proceedings, commanding the right wing at the Campbell Station, 16 November 1864, and finally participated in the Siege of Knoxville, 17 November-4 December 1864, and all the hardships this entailed.

Returning with Longstreet to the west, his divisional commander was now Major General Charles W. Field. He was in frail health as 'During the spring, a patch of carbuncles had erupted between his shoulder blades. A close friend attributed the problem to undernourishment, noting that 'healthy, active, young men cannot live on cracker, coffee and a handful of berries'. He was still suffering when the The Wilderness started, 6 May 1864, but insisted on playing his part and was transported to the battlefield by ambulance.

At about 0200 hours on the 6 May 1864 the 'sweet notes' of the band of the Palmetto Sharpshooters was heard playing in the Wilderness. They were playing to Micah Jenkins, assumedly as their old Commanding Officer they were trying to cheer him up.

At around 1100 hours part of Longstreet's Corps, on the Confederate right, had launched a flank attack from an unused railroad cutting onto Hancock's Corps. The Federal troops, and their pursuers, proceeded to flee across the front of the remainder of Longstreet's Corps with the resulting disorganization to both sides.

At about 1300 hours having forsaking his ambulance Jenkins was with his Brigade, which had been in reserve until this time, down the Orange Plank Road for it to spearhead the renewed Confederate attack this time upon the Brock Road trenches.

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## Tribute to Brigadier General Micah Jenkins

Riding at the head of the column with James Longstreet, and other staff officers, and in discussion with Longstreet saying 'I am happy; I have felt despair of the cause for some months, but am relieved, and feel assured we will put the enemy back across the Rapidan before night' The words were scarcely out of his mouth when they came opposite the Brigades which had just made the successful flank attack, specifically that of William Mahone. The 12th Virginia mistook them for Federal troops and opened fire. When they firing stopped there were dead and wounded men and horses in the road. Among the wounded were Longstreet and Jenkins.

The Jenkins Brigade were wearing new uniforms of a cloth 'so dark a gray as to be almost black.' One of the Brigade was to later say 'that when a staff member, upon Longstreet's order, picked up and unfurled a Union flag that the General spotted on the roadway, approaching Virginians fired upon it.'

Jenkins had been shot in the forehead with the ball lodged in his brain. As he was carried from the field Major John C. Haskell, one of Longstreet's staff, remembers 'he would cheer his men and implore them to sweep the enemy into the river' after a while he became too weak to talk and was taken to an 'infirmary.' With the ball where it was little could be done. Only semi-conscious, and not recognizing those around him, he died about six hours later, at sunset.

Jenkins had married 19 year old Miss Caroline (Carrie) Jamison of Orangeburg, daughter of General D. F. Jamison, one of the founders of the Citadel Military Academy, and left a devoted wife and four young children.

Brigadier-General Micah Jenkins was buried at Summerville, South Carolina, but in 1881 he was moved to Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston. The South Carolina Military Academy erected a monument in his honour. This monument is of granite and is about 12' high and has, in raised letters, the word 'Jenkins' on the front. In front of the monument lie the graves of the General and his wife.

Lieutenant-General Longstreet wrote of him: 'He was one of the most estimable characters of the army. His taste and talent were for military service. He was intelligent, quick, untiring, attentive, zealous in discharge of duty, truly faithful to official obligations, abreast with the foremost in battle, and withal a humble, noble Christian. In a moment of highest earthly hope, he was transported to serenest heavenly joy; to that life beyond that knows no bugle call, beat of drum or clash of steel. May his beautiful spirit, through the mercy of God, rest in peace ! Amen!'

At the Citadel they have named a hall after him, 'Jenkins Hall', this houses the Departments of Aerospace Studies, Military Science, and Naval

Science; Air Force, Army, Marine and Navy ROTC offices; the Commandant's Office; an auditorium, classrooms and supply rooms, in addition the Cadet Corps arms room is also housed in the hall.

*We the members of Micah Jenkins Camp 1569 of the Sons of Confederate Veterans proudly bear his name. We are charged to emulate and perpetuate the memory and those who served so valiantly in the "The War Of Northern Aggression".*



### Prayer Closet

- Please continue to pray for our those effected by the economy; especially those unemployed.
  - Please add Dean Wade to your prayers. Dean recently had eye surgery.
  - Please keep the following members of the Palmetto Battalion to your prayers: Leland Summers, & Steve Wilson. Each has been an accident or has a serious illness.
  - Lets all keep in prayer Bob Jackson, he has a broken leg. Also, Jack Morton's wife Connie, she is healing from a broken arm.
  - Our Commander, Jim Floyd is almost recovered from the surgery on his shoulder. Let's keep Jim in our prayers for a quick recovery.
  - Please add Laddie's mother (Clara Parrish) on your prayer list.
  - Please continue to pray for our President & government leaders. The SCV, national, division and brigade.
  - Pray for our service men and women and for their families.

## The Confederate States of America

There had been many woeful misunderstandings between North and South in the years that led up to the Civil War, but the most tragic misunderstanding of all was that neither side realized, until it was too late, that the other side was desperately in earnest. Not until the war had actually begun would men see that their rivals really meant to fight. By that time it was too late to do anything but go on fighting.

Southerners had been talking secession for many years, and most people in the North had come to look on such talk as a counter in the game of politics. You wanted something, and you threatened that dire things would happen if you did not get what you wanted; but you didn't necessarily mean to do what you were threatening to do, and there was no sense in taking brash words at their face value. America as a nation of poker players understood all about the business of calling bluffs. Not until the guns began to go off would the North realize that when men like Jefferson Davis talked about seceding from the Union they meant every word of it.

The same was true, in reverse, in the South. It seemed incomprehensible there that the Federal Union meant so much in the North that millions of people would be ready to make war to preserve it. The North seemed to dislike both slavery and slave owners; to the average Southerner, it stood to reason that the North would be happy to get rid of both.

Henry Carter Stuart, Governor of Virginia,  
Dedication of the Virginia Memorial at Gettysburg,  
Friday, June 8, 1917

“Whether in the United States the citizen owed allegiance to the Federal Government as against his State Government was a question upon which men had divided since the birth of the Republic. The men of the North responded to the call of the sovereign to whose allegiance they acknowledged fealty—the men of the South did the same. It was a battle between rival conceptions of sovereignty rather than one between a sovereign and its acknowledged citizens.”

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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 Cem-  
etery, Washington, D.C.

*Article from [civilwarhome.com](http://civilwarhome.com) web site*



Merry Christmas - Christ is the Reason for the Season

## December 1860 Timeline

**December 17:** South Carolina Convention meets in Columbia to discuss secession and adjourns to reconvene in Charleston the following day.

**December 20:** South Carolina secedes from the Union.

**December 26:** Anderson Moves to Fort Sumter. In the middle of the night with 20 minutes notice to his officers and men, Major Robert Anderson, concerned about the defensibility of his position at Fort Moultrie, moved his garrison from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter. Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island was intended to protect Charleston from hostile action from the sea. Moultrie was never intended to defend itself against an attack by land and therefore vulnerable to land attack. Sumter, located in the harbor itself, was much less vulnerable to land attack. Anderson's force consisted of approximately ten officers, seventy-six enlisted men, forty-five women and children, and an ever diminishing group of laborers who would eventually number about fifty-five. The women and children were evacuated from the fort on the morning of February 1, 1861.

**December 27:** Castle Pinckney was surrendered to South Carolina militia by its small garrison, which retired to Fort Sumter to join Major Robert Anderson. Castle Pinckney became the first Federal military position seized forcefully by a Southern state government.

**December 30:** The Charleston Arsenal joined Castle Pinckney in falling to the militia.

### Do you have an article for Honoring the Gray?

If so, please send to Jerry Brown at [jenkinsscvc@yahoo.com](mailto:jenkinsscvc@yahoo.com) or call Jerry at 803-327-2834. Articles may be funny or serious as long as it reflects the ideals and purpose of the SCV. Please limit the size of articles for mailing purposes.

### Have you renewed your dues yet?

As of our November meeting there are still 5 members that have not renewed their membership. This year starts the Sesquicentennial of the War Between the States. The SCV needs you now more than ever to remember and honor your ancestors.

### List of new Micah Jenkins Camp Officers

The following will be sworn in as our new camp officers for 2010-2011

Commander – Brad Blackmon  
1<sup>st</sup> Lt Commander – Bucky Sutton  
2<sup>nd</sup> Lt Commander – Davis Timmerman  
Camp Adjutant – Chris Sims  
Chaplain – Lindsay Waldrop  
Color Sergeant – Ray Baker  
Historian – Chris Brown

If you would like to receive *Honoring the Gray* each month by email, please send me your email address at [jenkinsscvc@yahoo.com](mailto:jenkinsscvc@yahoo.com).

Any member deciding to receive the newsletter by email only and removed from the mailing list can at any time change their request and again receive the newsletter by mail just by notifying me.

*Yours in the Cause,  
Jerry Brown, editor, Honoring the Gray*

Jerry Brown as Newsletter Editor and Communications Officer are both appointed offices.

## Micah Jenkins Website

Visit the Micah Jenkins website

The NEW web address is:  
[bgmicahjenkins.org](http://bgmicahjenkins.org)

Lowery's Parade -  
December 18th starts at 1:00PM come early (10:00 am) to help decorate and be on our float.



## **The Private Infantryman. The Typical Hero of the South [From The Times-Democrat's Christmas Edition, 1892.]**

The Old South has grand memories and the New South has splendid anticipations. The spirit which moved the Old leads the New South.

It is that spirit which seeks truth through roughest paths and heeds no danger in its pursuit. It is that spirit which warmed the hearts and steeled the nerves to bear the burdens of both the Old and the New South. My ideal hero embraced it with superb unselfishness.

Some would say he should be Robert E. Lee, whose great heart and lofty leadership enchained the everlasting affection of the South.

Some would say he should be Stonewall Jackson, whose magic power so often awakened the wonder of the world.

Some would say he should be Jefferson Davis, whose polished manhood held with unyielding nerve the pearl of Southern pride.

Some would say he was among the hosts of cavalymen and artillerymen, who flashed their swords and pulled their lanyards in battles often won.

Yes! These are the jewels of the South, and there are honors and memories for them; but I would take away the stars and trimmings and titles, for there was charm and inspiration in them.

I would eliminate, too, the higher grades of service.

The purest spirit, the deepest love, the greatest hero, the noblest manhood, was in the infantry private of the South.

He was reared when the "irrepressible conflict" quickened the pulse of the people. He was inspired by the intellectual gladiators of the South.

He gloried in the heroism of his ancestors, which had won the republic from England.

He shouldered the burden of his convictions, he grasped his musket for his cause, he inhaled the smoke of battle, he felt the sting of bullet, he bled from shot and shell.

He dared to die when he could foresee his unurned ashes scattered on the soil of his enemies.

Where is loftier heroism?

Where is nobler patriotism?

Where is truer manhood?

Where is grander chivalry?

Where a more ideal hero?

For principles, he carried the heaviest cross.

For principles, he courted an unknown grave.

He touched elbows in the unwavering line of charge.

He gained victory with the point of the bayonet.

He dauntlessly rushed over earthworks.

He stood like a "stone wall" on the field.

He was strongest in battle.

He was gentlest in victory.

He was most powerful in the face of menace.

He was tenderest to the captured.

His pride was grand, his bravery exalted, his heroism majestic!

His marvelous simplicity of conduct was consonant with his beauty of heart?

His life in camp was characterized by praiseworthy endurance.

He met his privations with the calmness of a philosopher.

He enjoyed the pastimes of his tent with the guilelessness of a child.

He doted on his faded uniform and jeered at the "slick" silk hat, even on the head of a Confederate congressman.

When the first year of his service had passed he was bright with hope.

Fort Sumter had fallen and Manassas had emblazoned his bayonet with glory!

The second year passed with five hundred and sixty-four battles and engagements, including Shiloh, the seven days' battle, which made the dark waters of the Chickahominy run red, Second Manassas and Fredericksburg, and his prowess was proved to the civilized world.

The third year passed with six hundred and twenty-seven battles and engagements.

## **The Private Infantryman. The Typical Hero of the South [From The Times-Democrat's Christmas Edition, 1892.]**

It saw his pride at the highest and his hope brightest when, fresh from the victories of Chancellorsville, he invaded the soil of Pennsylvania.

Alas! for human hopes!

Gettysburg turned backward his footsteps and started anxiety in his breast.

How long could these bloody years last?

Surely, not longer than seven, as his ancestors' revolution had cost!

Then the fourth year passed, with seven hundred and seventy-nine battles and engagements.

His anxiety was over.

He saw the inevitable end.

Hope of success was gone.

It was only a question of the days he might be spared before the bullet pierced his heart.

He saw the end before the statesmen in the Capitol at Richmond. He knew overwhelming numbers would crush out the soldiery of the South.

His comrades were falling, and no recruits came to fill their places. He saw the end and felt it in the summer of 1864, but his allegiance to the army, his duty to himself and his family bade him go almost daily to a hopeless slaughter, and often he marched to battle for his personal honor, without the slightest hope for his country's independence.

Can you imagine heroism more sublime than the private infantryman's who held the front lines of the Confederacy during the last half of 1864 and the winter and spring of 1865?

Around Petersburg along the disastrous line of retreat to Appomattox, and even there he shouldered his musket and yielded ready obedience to the order for a charge, until his matchless commander said his duty to his country had been "faithfully performed," and further resistance would be a useless sacrifice.

He had enlisted as a private, he fought as a private, he surrendered as a private, and then he returned to private life to battle for bread. His country was lost, but a dauntless spirit directed him in the evolution to another citizenship. He guided the plow, wielded the axe, and did whatever his hand found to do, with the same unassuming fortitude which marked his career in the army.

He inspired courage in the young. He gave life to the weak, and grappled the new order of things with masterly mind.

Napoleon said: "True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life in whatever shape they may challenge him to combat."

The infantryman not only felt as the illustrious warrior when he uttered this sublime sentiment, but he has demonstrated its truth by rising superior to all the evils of disaster, imbuing his associates with that resolute endurance which made him the breakwater of the Confederacy, and has made the bone and sinew of the progress and prosperity of the New South.

As his is the glory of the past, so his is the strength of the present. Whenever you find him, whether laboring on your streets, building your ships or tilling your fields, pause and lift your hat, for the Confederate private infantryman is the typical hero of the South.

He is entitled to the absolute respect of the grandest in the land. Already many stately granite shafts commemorate our hero leaders, but shall there not be one higher by an hundredfold and a thousand times more beautiful in design than any of these, dedicated to the infantry privates of the South?

Aye! I wish a shaft of burnished gold could lift its head from Virginia's valley, in which sleep the remains of Lee and Jackson, in memory of the private infantrymen of the Confederacy, emblazoning their glory to coming generations, for their heroism is the grandest type of all the thousand bloody fields which heralded Southern valor.

The private infantrymen were lowest in rank, yet highest in their loyalty to the finest sense of honor the human mind can conceive—grandest in /humility, greatest in sincerity, purest in purpose; and never can temples of fame enshrine the memory of knightlier souls!

*WILLIAM H. STEWART,  
Late Lt.-Col. 61st Va. Infantry, C. S. A.,  
Portsmouth, Va.*

*Source: Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. XX. Richmond, Va.,  
January-December. 1892*



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**Micah Jenkins (December 1, 1835 – May 6, 1864)**