



SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

Lt. John T. Bullock Camp
#2205



Volume 2, Issue 7

July 2012

Commander: Joey Dickerson, email: johntbullockscvcamp@gmail.com

Lt. Commander: Chris Powell

Adjutant: George Kearney

Important Confederate Dates For July

July 1, 1862–Battle of Malvern Hill, VA

July 1—3, 1863–Battle of Gettysburg, PA begins

July 2, 1810–Robert Augustus Toombs Birthday (CSA General and statesman)

July 2, 1863–Battle of Little & Big Round Tops, Devil's Dean, Wheatfield, Peach Orchard, Cemetery Hill and Culps Hill in Gettysburg, PA

July 3, 1863–Pickett-Pettigrew Charge, Gettysburg, PA

July 4, 1828–General John J. Pettigrew's birthday

July 4, 1863–Vicksburg, MS falls

July 5, 1861–Engagement at Carthage, MO

July 5, 1864–Federal cavalry occupies Roswell, GA; burns cotton and woolen mills next day

July 6, 1861–CSS Sumter releases seven captured Union vessels in Cuban waters

July 8, 1863–Port Hudson, LA surrenders as the last Confederate garrison on the Mississippi River

July 9, 1864–Battle of Monocacy, MD, General Jubal Early's troops advance on Washington, D.C.

July 9, 1864–Factory works and surrounding homes in New Manchester, GA are burned under direct order of General Sherman. A wooden dam across the Sweetwater creek is cannonaded causing hundreds of thousands of dollars of further destruction to civilian property.

July 10, 1864–Mill workers from Roswell, New Manchester and Marietta, GA charged with treason, 400-500 mostly women, children and only a few men deported north by General Sherman, most never seen or heard from again

July 11, 1863–Yankee troops assault Battery Wagner at Charleston, SC

July 12, 1864–Skirmish at Campbelton, GA

July 13, 1821–General Nathan Bedford Forrest's birthday
July 14, 1862–The Arkansas, Confederate Ironclad attacks and damages three yankee ships at Vicksburg, MS

July 14—15, 1864–Battle of Tupelo, MS

July 15, 1864–An Erie Railroad train jammed with Confederate prisoners, collides with a freight train More than 100 injured CSA prisoners were dumped into the Elmira, NY prison compound untreated and most died within a few days.

July 17, 1863–General John H. Morgan raids into Cincinnati heading east towards the Ohio River.

July 20, 1864–Battle of Peachtree Creek, GA

July 21, 1861–First Battle of Manassas, VA

July 22, 1864–Battle of Atlanta, GA begins

July 23, 1863–The first 60 midshipmen are assigned to the Confederate Naval Academy on board the Confederate States School Ship CSS Patrick Henry

July 23, 1864–CSS Tallahassee commissioned as a commerce raider.

July 23, 1865–Major Henry Wirz's trial began. He was charged with 13 murders, one of which supposedly happened in February of 1864, which was before Wirz even arrived at Andersonville. Of the other 12 charges of murder, each and every one of the "victims" names were unknown

July 24, 1864–Second Battle of Kernstown, VA

July 25, 1863–Skirmish at Brownsville, AR and Williamsburg, KY

July 25, 1864–Skirmish at Benton, AR and Pleasant Hill, MO

July 26, 1861–Confederate forces capture Fort Fillmore, Mesilla, NM–Territory

July 27, 1864–Sherman orders railroad lines south of Atlanta to be destroyed.

July 28, 1864–Battle of Ezra Church, GA

July 30, 1864–Battle of The Crater, Petersburg, VA

July 30, 1864–Battle of Brown's Mill, Newnan, GA

July 30, 1864–Macon, GA occupied by Stoneman's yankee cavalry

July 31, 1863–Skirmish at Paint Lick Bridge, KY

July 31, 1864–Battle of Sunshine Church near Round Oak, GA

July 31, 1864–Fighting near Watkins Plantation, AL



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No Meeting for the Month of July,

but feel free to join us for Family Day on July 21, 2012 at the Ruritan Building in Stem, NC. The fun starts at 5:00PM.

June 2012 Brigade Meeting

On June 5th SCV Camp 2205 hosted a Brigade night and we had an excellent turnout. 37 SCV members from various camps showed up to enjoy some barbecue at Bob's in Creedmoor. 2010-2011 North Carolina Historian of the Year Michael C. Hardy gave an animated lecture, discussing North Carolina's role in the Civil War. Topics discussed included life in the Old North State prior to the war, leading up to the state's secession from the Union, and life in North Carolina after the war.

Also of note: Camp 2205 Lt. Commander Chris Powell received the Combat Service Award for his service as a United States Marine during Operation Iraqi Freedom. Congratulations, Chris, and thank you for answering the call to serve our great nation. Your service is truly appreciated.



Enjoying some Bob's Barbecue in Creedmoor.



Michael Hardy giving an animated presentation.



Lt. Commander Chris Powell, right, receiving his award for military service from Camp Commander Joey Dickerson.



Camp 2205 group picture with Michael Hardy.



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Camp Morton

Union Prison Camp—Indianapolis, Indiana

Named after the governor of Indiana during the Civil War, Camp Morton was a Union POW camp located in Indianapolis, Indiana. The camp was in use from 1861-1865. Previously the site of the Indiana State Fair, this camp was initially intended to be used as training grounds for Union troops.

In 1862 the camp began housing Confederate POWs, with the first group of 3,700 of Confederate soldiers arriving on February 22. Due to the lack of quality food and clothing, unfamiliarity with the Northern winter, and extreme battle fatigue, this group of Confederate patriots would suffer a high death rate. In March of 1862, just one month after arriving, 144 of these soldiers lost their lives.

Although life was harsh at Camp Morton, the first commander, Colonel Richard Owen, had a reputation for fair treatment of the prisoners. He implemented a policy of sympathetic rule and firm discipline. Colonel Owen created a bake house where prisoners could work and earn money, offered recreational activities, and allowed a virtual self-government. His fairness was so recognized by the Confederate veterans who were imprisoned at Camp Morton under Colonel Owen's command, that in 1913 a memorial bust was funded for and created by Confederate veterans who were held captive under his command.

This is not intended to suggest that life at Camp Morton was all cake and ice cream. During the period that the camp was used to jail Confederate soldiers, more than 1,700 prisoners would die. From 1863 until the last prisoner was released on June 12, 1865, the camp averaged over 3,200 prisoners and 50 deaths a month.

A Personal Account of Life at Camp Morton

HORRORS OF CAMP MORTON

—by Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York City

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS

—Vol. XVIII. Richmond, Va., Jan-Dec., 1890, Pages 328 -333

[From the Memphis Commercial.]

HORRORS OF CAMP MORTON.

The Picture of Suffering and Hunger not Overdrawn—Rats and Cats were Toothsome Food, and Dog Meat could not be Bought—Despair and Death.

The article entitled "Cold Cheer in Camp Morton," by Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York city, and published in the Century Magazine, April, 1891, called forth severe criticism from many writers prominent in the North, and this induced Dr. Wyeth to follow up the subject. He thereupon issued a circular-letter to ex-Confederate soldiers requesting such of them as were confined in Camp Morton to furnish him their personal experiences and observations as to the treatment they received.

Dr. Thomas E. Spotswood, of Fairford, Ala., who is a grandson of the revolutionary general, Alexander Spotswood, and also a descendant of the Custis family, has written the following letter to Dr. Wyeth, which the Commercial publishes by special permission:

In response to your request, published in the Southern papers, I will endeavor to give additional incidents of life at Camp Morton. But before I begin, allow me to say that your pen picture, "Cold Cheer in Camp Morton," published in the Century, is in nowise overdrawn and scarcely up to the reality. I was captured at the battle of Resaca, Ga., on May 15, 1864, and was hurried to prison, via Chattanooga jail and Nashville penitentiary, with some forty others captured at the same place. My experience at these points was about the same as yours.

In some instances great kindness was shown me. One cavalryman as he passed by me said: "Poor little Johnnie (I was seventeen years old), here's a coat; you'll need it where you're going"; and another pitched me a Bible, saying: "Read this and be a good boy." But as we got further away from the front our troubles began. At Nashville an Irishman wanted to kill a Reb, and when some one suggested he could find a few where we came from he lost his temper entirely, and cursed the whole South generally, and our little squad particularly. We remained one night in the penitentiary, where the hard rock floors in the halls of the prison were not conducive to sleep; but thanks to the kind United States soldier who gave me the overcoat, I was better off than the others, and managed to catch a few hours' sleep.

The trip the rest of the way was without incident, except that our captors convinced us that we were not going to prison, but only taking a trip at Uncle Sam's expense to Richmond, via Louisville, where we would be detained a few days until an exchange could be arranged. I must confess we were fully persuaded; so much so, that when one or two Texans



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were missing between Nashville and Louisville, we said how silly they were to try to escape, and possibly be recaptured or shot, when in a few weeks we would be in Richmond.

VAIN HOPE.

My father, who was surgeon in charge of the medical bureau of the Confederate navy, was in that city, and I had no doubt that in a short while I would see him, and have the pleasure of an introduction to President Davis and his cabinet. Foolish boy! It was many weary months ere I saw the loved ones in the Southern Capital, and then only a few weeks before the end.

After we left Nashville our guard gave his gun to one of his prisoners and went to sleep, and all could have made their escape had they chosen. We arrived at Indianapolis at daylight in the morning of the 22d of May, 1864.

Our ration of bread (one small loaf) came at 11 o'clock, and a small piece of meat at 12 o'clock. We usually ate it as soon as received, and then drank as much water as we could hold, and tried to imagine we had a full meal. Another reason for eating it at once was to save it from being stolen, as the only way to keep it until evening was to put it under one's hat and sit on the hat; this plan being inconvenient we made a light lunch of the whole ration and spent the balance of the day telling of the fine dinners we would have when we reached home when the cruel was over.

I remember seeing a man kill an old black cat and cook it in a tin can picked up near the hospital kitchen. I was offered a share in the feast, but declined, as I drew the line at rats and cats, though I offered ten cents for a small piece of dog, and was unable to buy it, as the possessor said he had none to spare.

During the first three months of our incarceration in Camp Morton, twenty-five per cent. of our men had died of the various prison diseases. Many would be picked up in a faint, or collapse from weakness and bowel disease, which they had no strength to combat from their long fast.

A TRAITOR IN CAMP.

I will not attempt to tell of the escapes and attempt to escape made during the summer, but will simply say that either ditches nor guards would have prevented our gaining freedom, but for the traitors among us, who for an extra ration would give the officers information that frequently led to recapture, punishment, and sometimes death. Often the dungeon and extra starvation were resorted to in these cases until a promise was extorted not to renew the attempt to escape.

The monotony of the summer months would be broken by the arrival of more poor unfortunates, and from them we would learn of battles fought and won by the South--if we had not already been apprised of the event by salutes fired and rockets sent up by our captors--all battles fought being celebrated as Union victories, whether lost or gained.

Soon after our arrival we made the acquaintance of one Sergeant Baker, who, we learned, had the reputation of having shot a prisoner, and who seemed to us to be looking out for a chance to try his hand again. Soon another poor fellow was added to his list, and shortly after he himself was missing, and the report reached us that he was dying--then that he was dead.

A worthy companion of Sergeant Baker, John Pfeifer, a fine looking young man, was put in charge. The first distardly act of his that I saw was in the early fall of '64, when, with an axe-handle, he beat and knocked down six men for some trifling disobedience of orders. Three of them with arms broken and two with heads badly damaged went to the hospital for treatment.

A FREEZING BATH.

During the winter, when the thermometer was below zero, I saw this fiend strip a man and give him a bath in a tub of water, using a common broom to scrub him with, and this fiendish deed was repeated the second time. I heard that both men died, though I do not know it of my own knowledge. I saw the baths given. I saw this man shoot a prisoner under my bunk for being up after bed-time. The poor fellow was one of the improvement kind; had sold his blanket and coat and was trying to keep warm over a few coals in the stove, when Pfeifer came suddenly to the door of the barracks; the prisoner ran under the lower bunk of my bed, and, failing to respond promptly to the order to come out, was fired on, the shell entering his heel and coming out near the knee. This bullet, no doubt, saved his life, as he was sent to the hospital, where he received kind treatment. Without blankets he could not have survived the winter of '64 and '65.

This brings me to that dreadful month of January, 1865, when we suffered most from the terrible cold. We were unable to remain outside but a few moments, as our clothing and shoes were thin and in rags, so were forced to trot round in circles on the mud floors of our pens, made soft by the snow brought in on the feet of the men. These trotting circles of men would last all day, new men taking the place of those dropping out from exhaustion. It was during this terrible weather we would be forced to remain in line at roll-call for two hours at a time, because some sergeant had miscounted his men, or



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some poor fellow would be found dead in his bunk and was overlooked. Many men were frozen in this way and were carried to the hospital, where but few recovered, though when once in the hands of the kind doctors and nurses they were sure of good attention and warm clothing.

DIED IN DESPAIR

Men died constantly, seemingly without a cause. They would appear less cheerful and less interested in life, and next morning, when summoned to roll-call, would

be found dead, either from starvation or cold, God only knows which. Many went this way and many to the hospital never to return. During this terrible month our guards were changed, and the new-comers must needs practice on the poor prisoners, some of them practically dying, to see if they could not add to sufferings already to great to be borne.

One night I saw through a crack in the stable eight or ten men being drilled in the snow with a shoe in each hand, this being for the amusement of the new guard and for punishment to the prisoners for talking after going to bed. These are some of the indignities that can be put into print, but there were things more cruel and revolting perpetrated by these guards on the defenceless men that cannot be printed.

If these numerous instances of shameful cruelty came under my personal observation, what number must have been perpetrated that none are living to record? The outrages practiced by the guards and sergeants were not all we were subjected to in December, 1864. There was an order issued by the commanding officer that the men should not remain in barracks (after the doctor has passed through) from 9 o'clock A. M. until 3 o'clock. Poorly clad, starving men were compelled to stand around in the snow until hundreds had their feet so badly frost-bitten that their toes came off. This cruel order was persisted in till many men died from exposure, when the order was countermanded. The excuse given for the order was that the men stayed in doors too much and would be benefited by exercise. Great Heavens! Had these officers raised the ragged coat or blanket from the first figure they met and looked at the emaciated, itch-scarred, vermin-eaten creature, they would have seen that the men needed more food and warm clothing to hold life in them, instead of more snow and cold north wind. I am told that the people of Indianapolis deny that these terrible things occurred in their fair city.

AN INSPECTION.

Possibly some of them will remember that during the month of December, 1864, the legislature of Indiana visited the prison in carriages, and the wretched Confederates were forced to stand in line more than an hour for their inspection. No doubt they reported the men in fair condition. Ask any one of these legislators if he stopped to raise the ragged blanket of one of these wretches, or look into his sunken eyes, and he will tell you that they simply passed them in review.

This was the only way an outsider ever saw us. No visitor could speak to us without an order from the President. My uncle, I. B. Curran, of Springfield, Illinois, came to the prison, but was not permitted to see me. Thanks to his and other friends' generosity, I was supplied with as much money, in the shape of sutler's tickets, as I needed, and all the clothes and blankets allowed by the prison rules. This enabled my comrades, Cyrus Spraggins, of Mississippi, and John Moore, of Selma, Alabama, and myself to buy the much-sought-after top bunk, and to live in comparative comfort. I was also visited by General John Love, of the United States army, who was denied the privilege of seeing me. This shows that no one was permitted to see the prisoners; therefore, the citizens of Indianapolis can know nothing of what happened in their midst.

I agree with you, sir, that the cruelties suffered by the prisoners of both armies should not have been laid before the public; but since our friends on the other side have done so much to show how cruel the South was, and still continue to publish these sad and horrible facts, and even move the prison buildings to northern cities to keep these facts fresh in the minds of each succeeding generation, it is but fair that we of the South should let the world know that the prison-pens of the North were no whit better than the worst in the South.

CONCERNING THE WRITER.

A few words about myself and I am done. At the time of my capture I was a private in Company F, Fifty-third Alabama cavalry. Shortly after the war, in 1868, I was employed by the Pensacola Lumber Company, at their mills near Pensacola, Florida, first as clerk in their store, from which place I was promoted to be superintendent of their log department and other places of trust. I remained with them six years, and when I resigned to go into business on my own account, I had the confidence of the officers of the company, and refer to W. A. Parke, of New York, who was cashier of the company at the time. I have, up to five years ago, been employed either by timber firms



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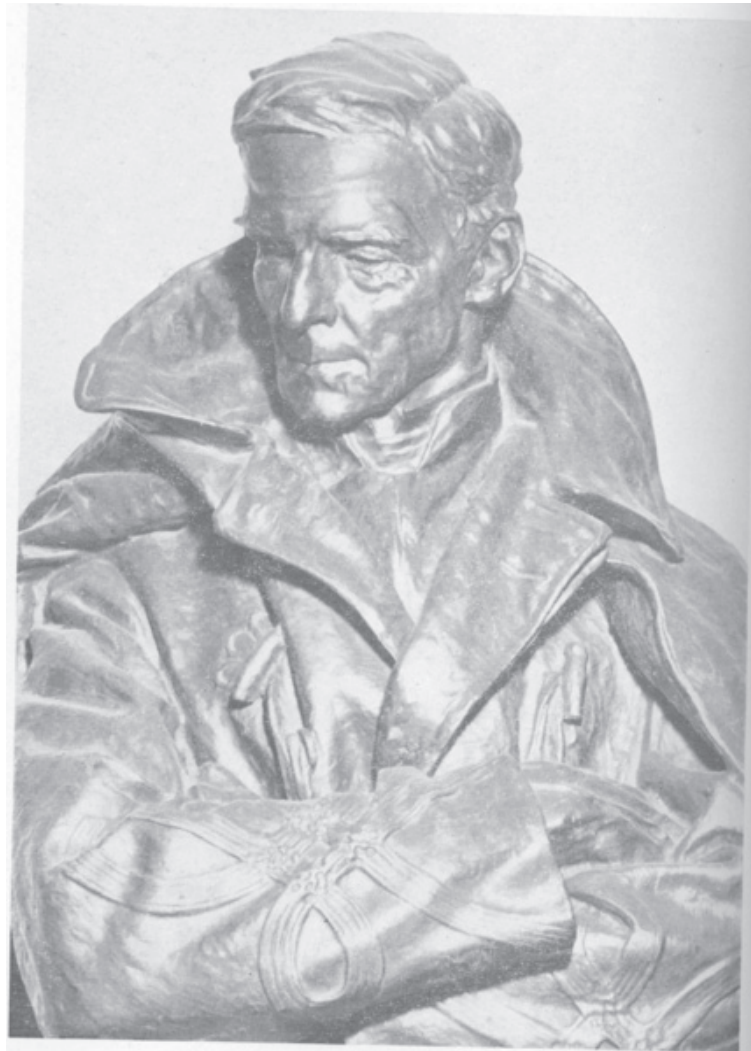


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of Mobile or shipping timber and lumber on my own account. I refer to Edwin W. Adams & Co., of New York, and George McInestin & Co., of Boston, who were correspondents of mine. Four years ago I accepted the position of superintendent of the Seaboard Manufacturing Company, of Mobile, and refer to the president of that company, H. D. Haven, and Messrs. Lombard & Ayers, of No. 12 Broadway, New York, who, no doubt, will

give me a fair record for veracity and integrity. I am a member of the Raphael Semmes Camp of Confederate Veterans, and of the Lee Association of Mobile, Alabama. I can also refer to the Hon. R. H. Clarke and the Hon. Stephen R. Mallory, members of Congress.



Bust of Colonel Richard Owen



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Soldier's Bio

Major General Robert Frederick Hoke



Major General Hoke was born in Lincolnton, NC on May 27, 1837 and died July 3, 1912. When North Carolina seceded in 1861, 24 year old Robert Hoke enlisted in Company K, 1st North Carolina Infantry and was commissioned as a second lieutenant. Months later, Hoke was promoted to captain and commended for "coolness, judgment and efficiency" for his performance at the Battle of Big Bethel. In September of that year, he was promoted to major.

Major Hoke was later appointed lieutenant colonel of the 33rd North Carolina Regiment, after the reorganization of North Carolina troops. Lieutenant Colonel Hoke was cited for gallantry at the Battle of New Bern in March 1862. Due to the capture of the regiment's commander Colonel C.M. Avery, Lieutenant Colonel Hoke assumed command of the 33rd. He

went on to lead the 33rd in the Peninsula Campaign. Prior to the Northern Virginia Campaign, Lieutenant Colonel Hoke would be promoted to colonel. Colonel Hoke would go on to fight in the Second Battle of Bull Run and the Battle of Antietam.

When Colonel Avery returned from Union captivity, Colonel Hoke was given command of the 21st North Carolina. He commanded the brigade at the Battle of Fredericksburg and aided in fighting back attacks by Union forces. On January 17, 1863 Colonel Hoke was promoted to brigadier general and assigned permanent command of the brigade, formerly commanded by then Brigadier General Isaac Trimble. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Chancellorsville. Brigadier General Hoke was then sent home to recuperate and the command of his brigade was assumed by Colonel Isaac E. Avery. Brigadier General Hoke was unable to fight for the remainder of 1863.

In January 1864, at Petersburg, VA, Brigadier General Hoke resumed command of his brigade, led it to North Carolina and organized attacks on New Bern and Plymouth. On April 17, Brigadier General Hoke captured 2,834 Union soldiers. On April 23, 1864 he was promoted to major general and given command of what would be called Hoke's Division. In May, when the Union Army of the James threatened Richmond and Petersburg, Major General Hoke and his men were called up to fight in Virginia. Commanding six infantry brigades, Major General Hoke served in several actions. At the Battle of Cold Harbor his division played a significant role in holding off several Union attacks.

In December, when the state was threatened by Union forces, Hoke's Division was sent back to North Carolina. From January 13 to 15, 1865 he fought at the defense of Fort Fisher. Major General Hoke went on to fight in the Carolina Campaign and the Battle of Bentonville. At the Battle of Bentonville, he repelled several Union attacks by forces commanded by Major General Sherman. Unfortunately the Confederate troops were overwhelmed by superior numbers and pushed back. Major General Hoke would go on to surrender with General Joseph E. Johnston's army at Bennett Place.