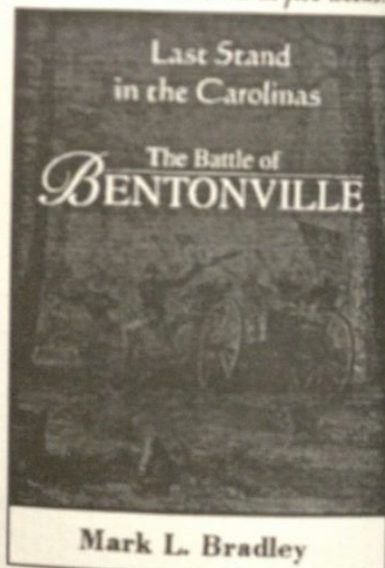


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COVER PHOTO: Confederate veterans outside the Confederate Museum (White House) in Richmond, at the 1907 U.C.V. reunion. Courtesy of the Cook Collection, Valentine Museum, Richmond, Virginia.



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A Journal of the American Civil War

THE MUSEUM OF THE CONFEDERACY

INTRODUCTION

*John M. Coski, Guest Editor*

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“The Sun never shined on a braver & truer Set of Soldiers”

The 14th Tennessee Infantry Regiment

*Sgt. Robert T. Mockbee*

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“What I Know I Know, and I dare express it”:

The History of the 40th Georgia Infantry in the Vicksburg Campaign

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42. McComb, "Recollections," pp. 12-13, described the confusion of the night of April 1-2 as the Confederate line collapsed. The Tennessee brigade blunted the enemy advance and even launched a counter charge. "We had more prisoners than we had men in our command," McComb wrote.

*"What I know I know, and I dare express it":*

Major Raleigh S. Camp's  
History of the 40th Georgia Infantry  
in the Vicksburg Campaign

**I**t is not my object to write a History of the War. I leave that task to more skilled and abler pens," insisted Maj. Raleigh Spinks Camp when he began a memoir sometime in 1863. "My purpose is to place upon Record the journeyings and incidents connected with the 40th Ga. Regiment." He titled his record "The first campaign of the 40th Georgia, By an Officer of the Regiment. With an Appendix containing an account of the Seige [sic.] and Surrender of the Garrison at Vicksburg in a Series of letters." He planned to include in his record complete lists of the men of the regiment, casualties and changes and "A chapter on Anecdotes and Incidents that cannot fail to amuse those who once enjoyed them." While he did not apparently write a chapter of amusing incidents and anecdotes, Camp compiled a list of the regiment's members with notations of changes and casualties incurred between March 1862 and March 1863. He transcribed the list from the company rolls on April 1, 1863, about the time that he wrote a history (61 double-spaced pages transcribed) of the 40th Georgia's first campaign.

At some time after July 1863, Camp wrote the "appendix" of letters detailing the regiment's experiences in the Vicksburg campaign and siege. These are not actually letters written from the field. They may be transcriptions of letters sent to an unspecified correspondent, after-the-fact recollections written as letters or letters reconstructed from diary

notes. The letters and the memoir of the 40th Georgia's first campaign were, however, essentially wartime documents, since Raleigh Spinks Camp died in November 1867 before he had an opportunity to finish writing and arranging his carefully prepared record.

Camp's papers represent the most complete known memoir of the 40th Georgia.<sup>1</sup> The only other eyewitness account was written in 1911 by Pvt. Joseph Bogle, a source which its modern editors admitted was "sketchy" and limited.<sup>2</sup> Bogle offered little detail on the regiment's first campaign, was recuperating from a wound for the latter half of 1863 and spent the last ten months of the war in a Federal prison camp. Aside from a few recollections about the 1864 Atlanta Campaign, Bogle's *Recollections* is essentially the chapter of anecdotes and incidents which Raleigh Camp never wrote.

Camp, in contrast, wrote nothing about the regiment's experience after its surrender at Vicksburg in July 1863, but in great detail about the regiment's first year of the war and its experiences at Vicksburg. The regiment was formed in March 1862 from companies raised in five northwest Georgia counties. It was one of six Georgia regiments organized and sent almost immediately to Maj. Gen. Edmund Kirby Smith's Army of East Tennessee. Though initially scattered among several brigades, five of the new Georgia regiments, including the 40th, were in December 1862 formed into a brigade commanded by a Virginia-born West Point graduate, Brig. Gen. Seth Barton, and assigned to the division of Maj. Gen. Carter L. Stevenson. Those five regiments remained brigaded together for the remainder of the war, first under Barton, then, after Vicksburg, under command of Brig. Gen. Marcellus Stovall in Maj. Gen. Henry D. Clayton's division, Lieut. Gen. Alexander P. Stewart's corps, Army of Tennessee.

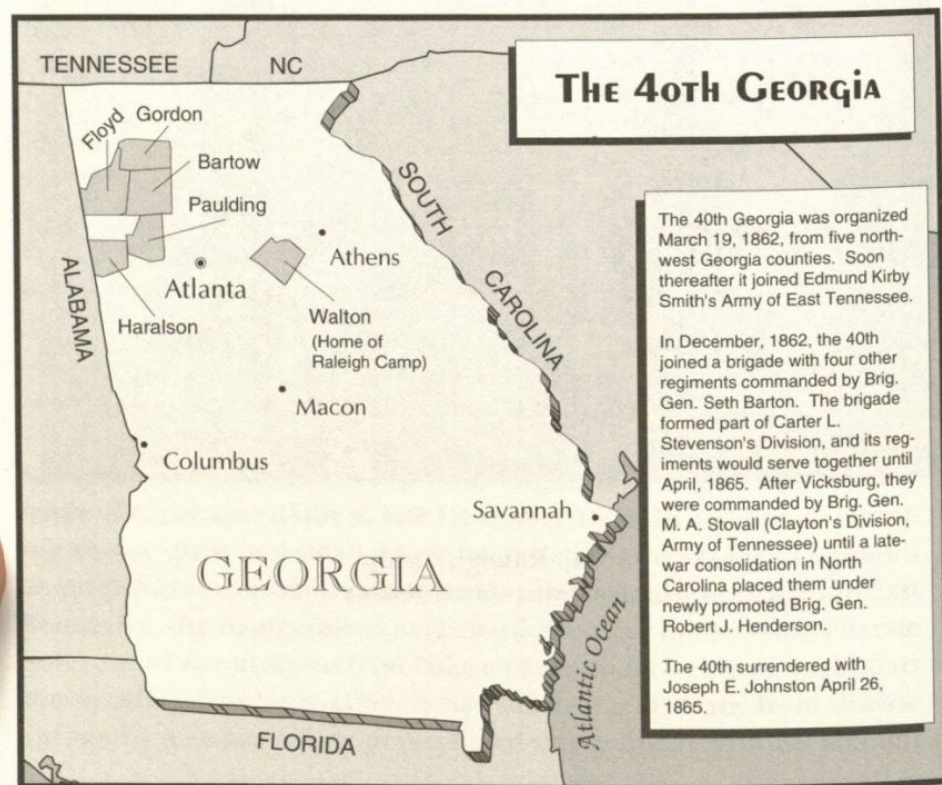
In "The first campaign," Camp detailed the regiment's movements in defense of Cumberland Gap, its first action at Tazewell, Tennessee (August 6, 1862), its participation in the October 1862 invasion of Kentucky and its transferral to Vicksburg in time to participate in the battle of Chickasaw Bluffs in late December 1862. In addition to narrating events, great and small, Camp recorded his own colorful opinions about political conditions, most notably the unionist sentiment in East Tennessee, the inauguration of Richard Hawes as the pro-Confederate governor of Kentucky and the failure of Kentucky's citizens to support the invading Southern army. It was sickness and death from disease (primarily measles) which preoccupied Camp the most in his account



Maj. Raleigh Camp  
The Museum of the Confederacy

of the 40th Georgia's first year. Of the 183 men who died, Camp reckoned that 177 had died from disease, four were killed in action and two had died from accidents. The loss represented 16 1/4 per cent of the regiment's original strength.

When, at the end of that first campaign, Raleigh Camp determined to chronicle the services of the 40th Georgia, he was well placed and qualified for the task.<sup>3</sup> Born in Waltonville, Georgia, in 1829, Camp came to the regiment with significant education and military experience. He graduated from the Georgia Military Institute in Marietta, then returned to the school as a professor of mathematics. In 1859, he married Laura Clifford Jones, by whom Camp had a son and a daughter. On the eve of the war Camp moved to Texas to begin a law practice. There he became captain of Company B of the 7th Texas Infantry. He served with that unit in Kentucky and Tennessee and was absent sick when the regiment was surrendered at Fort Donelson in February 1862. An officer without a regiment, Camp returned to Georgia and was promptly commissioned major of the newly-formed 40th Georgia.



Mark A. Moore

With his background, Camp found himself detailed to a succession of administrative posts: brigade provost marshal (May-July 1862), provost marshal and commander of the post of Tazewell (August-September 1862), and brigade inspector general (appointed January 12, 1863). Camp held the post which his men dubbed "Fault finding General" throughout the Vicksburg campaign. For part of the campaign, Camp also commanded the regiment, as Col. Abda Johnson commanded the brigade in Seth Barton's absence.

Following the Vicksburg campaign and the parole and exchange of the regiment's members, the 40th Georgia and Raleigh Camp joined Maj. Gen. Braxton Bragg's Army of Tennessee. It participated in the Chattanooga campaign in the fall of 1863, fought in nearly action of the 1864 Atlanta campaign,<sup>4</sup> and was with the army to its surrender on April 26, 1865.

While he was still in the service, Raleigh Camp was not with the 40th Georgia during its final year of campaigning. Camp was wounded at the battle of Marietta, Georgia, on May 23, 1864, and had his wounded left arm amputated. Confined to a hospital with a 45-day furlough, Camp returned to the army and was in command of the regiment at least in August and September 1864.<sup>5</sup> The final month of the war found him acting as engineering officer for the Department of North Georgia. He was paroled in Kingston, Georgia, in May 1865. Camp attempted to resume his life in Texas, not as a lawyer, but as agent for the Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company. He died of "congestion of the brain" (meningitis) in November 1867. He was buried in Atlanta, but his remains were moved in 1900 to Oak Hill Cemetery, Birmingham, Alabama, where his wife subsequently settled.

Published here without abridgement are Camp's Vicksburg "letters" and those portions of "The first campaign" pertaining to the regiment's activities at Vicksburg. Camp was well educated, and wrote with extraordinarily colorful language (some would say verbosity). Consistent with James McPherson's assertion that Civil War soldiers were deeply ideological,<sup>6</sup> Camp was a fervent believer in the Confederate cause and interjected many observations on the cause into his letters. This transcription retains original spelling and punctuation, errors and all (most notably the consistent misspellings of their as "thier" artillery with one "l" and omitting the "e" in verbs ending in "ed"). Annotations are minimal, so as to allow publication of his entire account of the 40th Georgia at Vicksburg.



On Saturday the 27th Dec 1862 at 11 oc. A.M. The Regiment reached the Depot at Vicksburg having been pent up on the cars a week. the men were necessarily much fatigued and jaded. But there was no time now for rest as the Enemy had on this day engaged Genl [Stephen Dill] Lee on Chickasaw Bayou about four miles above the city on the Valley Road. The Enemy had gone up the Yazoo and landed below Snyders Bluff and intended to go into Vicksburg at the Back door, or in other words to force thier way and get in possession of the line of our Breastworks and fortifications. At 1 oc. P.M. our Regt. was ordered to march to Mint Spring about 1 1/2 or 3 miles North of the City. The Regt. reached this place late in the evening and lay down to rest as best they in the cold without tents. They were not permitted to enjoy thier repose long for about 12 oc at night. They got orders to march out on the Valley Road which they did and stopped in the Road on the left of Gen Lee's Brigade. All was now quiet along the lines and the Men were lying about in the Road and in the fence corners and some of them to make themselves more comfortable made up small fires to keep themselves warm. At about 4 oc. in the morning the silence was disturbed by the salute of the Artilery of the Enemy and the deadly missile scattered the fuel at one of the fires where a crowd was seated. The fires were extinguished without orders. The men prefering darkness to light on this occasion at least; and not feeling the better for being aroused by this novel and unusual style of Revielle. The Enemy had taken his position on the west bank of the Bayou, about 700 yards in our front; and from this point they kept up a heavy fire from thier Batteries. About sunrise the Enemy having crossed the Bayou, attacked Gen Lee's Brigade and the fight with them continued the whole day, Gen Lee holding his position against thier charges.

The 40th was kept as a reserve to Support the 31st La Regt (Col Morrison) which was in the trenches in front of the Indian Mound Who was also attacked at Sunrise by the Enemy; About 2 oc. P.M. Col. Morrison sent to Col. Johnson<sup>8</sup> for help to hold his position. Col. Johnson first sent him Co. A. (Lieut [Franklin A.M.] Boyd) Co B (Lieut [Edward or Edmond] Fort[d]) Co. C (Lieut [A.M.] Carter) Co. D (Capt [Francis H.] Hall) & Co. E. (Capt [J.F.] Groover). About 3 oc. P.M. Col Johnson sent Co's G & F also. The three remaining companies

remained in the Road. The enemy fought at this point until 8 or 9 oc. when finding that he could not drive our men from thier position, ceased his fire and all was quiet. Thus ended the first day of the Chickasaw fight and nothing was decided except the very important fact that the Enemy had found the side down to the Hill City a little more closely watched than he had supposed, and that to enable him to enter he must tread the threshold with a stronger force. The loss in our Regt. today was small. [A.A.] Gray of Co. D<sup>9</sup> and [Pvt. J. D.] Kikes of Co. F. were killed early in the day. And Col Johnson was slightly wounded in the shoulder by a cannon shot.

— 29th Dec 1862

☞ All was quiet during the night. But at day light the Enemy opened the fight with renewed vigor and a determination to dislodge us or die. Consequently the yell was raised and the charge ordered. They are mowed down and deranged. They form and come on again. They are met by Lee's Brigade (the 42d Ga. Regt. Within) The Enemy halt and about 500 of them Surrender and are led off Prisoners. They make a desperate charge upon the 31st Ga. and 40th Ga. but are repulsed with heavy loss. Thus passed off the Second and last day of the fight. The Enemy had brought all his forces and they [illegible] to do this days work and had been driven back. Thier Officers had ranted and raved, persuaded and threatened, but all in vain, and to no purpose. They found that the "In to Vicksburg" was a hard road to travel. and that they could not make the trip, and that they must give it up as a bad job, thus delaying thier visit until a more convenient Season.

Hence at night the Enemy withdrew his forces and fell back to thier boats on the Yazoo leaving his dead and wounded upon the Battle field. Today [Pvt. W.G.] Gann of Co A.<sup>10</sup> and [Pvt. James A.] Roach of Co C. were killed and some others Slightly wounded. The loss on our side was small as compared with that of the Enemy as our men were generally in the trenches. The casualties on either side I have not yet seen.<sup>11</sup>

— 30th Dec 1863

☞ To day the Enemy sent over a flag of Truce and got permission to burry thier dead and attend to thier wounded, which duty they discharged in front of our fortifications and under our bayonets.

The Regt continued in the trenches exposed to rain and cold for

several days until it was certain that the Enemy would not renew the attack again. They then went in camp at Mint Spring and continued there until about the last of January.

Thus has the Regt passed through the second fight with but little suffering. All behaved like men and like soldiers; and if they did not suffer more, or do more, it was no fault of thiers. The Yankees being foiled in thier attempt to take the city, fell back on the west bank of the Mississippi River, made thier encampment near the Head of thier bayous Canal, and with thier dredge Boats began to work upon thier ditch again. I believe that it is generally given up that if Barton's Brigade had not arrived at the time it did that the Enemy would have dislodged Gen. Lee. and thus have taken the Stronghold Vicksburg. This fact is believed by all in the Brigade. And though the Genl Commanding has never said, officially as much, yet it is believed and any thing me may do or omit will not change the mind or remove the impression. It is fixed - tis founded on truth.

The 40th has never fought for Glory, nor has She been trumpeted in the papers for any of her acts. They are content to do thier duty as soldiers and as men When they are conscious that they have "acted well thier part." They know "where the honor lies." And General Orders, to inscribe Vicksburg or anything else upon thier Banner cannot add to or detract from the merit that belongs to her. The following Order No. 72 was published. It only pays Col. [Robert J.] Henderson and his noble Regt. a fit compliment.<sup>12</sup> They deserve it. And there is not a man in the Brigade but who is glad to see that at least one Ga. Regt. was known by the Lieut. Genl. to be in the Battle that saved Vicksburg. But why the 40th, 43d & 52d Ga. Regts. which were in the fight are not noticed is not for me to say.<sup>13</sup> The actions of some men are not easily explained.



Headquarter Department Mississippi and East Louisiana,  
VICKSBURG, MISS., May 13th 1863  
GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 72

In honor to the troops engaged in the fight near Vicksburg, on the 29th day of December, 1862, and in commemoration of thier gallant

and meritorious conduct on that occasion, the following commands will inscribe upon thier standards "VICKSBURG" - viz:

17th Regt. La. Vols.;  
26th " " "  
28th " " "  
3d Reg't Tenn. Vols.;  
30th " " "  
80th " " "  
Co. "A", 1st Reg't Miss. Light Artillery;  
Co. "D", " " " "  
42nd Reg't Ga. Vols.  
By order of  
Lieut.-Gen. PEMBERTON  
R.W. Memminger  
A.A.G.<sup>14</sup>

— Jan. 1863

~ The time was spent at the Camp near Chickasaw Bayou in drawing Rations and getting wood, and keeping good fires as the weather was cold.

About the 28th our wagons and horses arrived having been on the road Six weeks. We were glad to see them as our transportation had been very limited The men were compelled to carry Meal & Beef three miles on thier shoulders, or as the Texans would call it "Rack".

On the 29th we got orders to move 1 1/2 miles below Vicksburg on the Warrenton Road, at Camp Reeve which has been our base of operations ever since. It is a very good Camp having all the conveniences that can be expected at the time to wit: wood water &c. It was about the 28th that Col. Johnson was put in command of the Brigade, Gen Barton having Command at Warrenton. The Col. continued in Comd of the Brigade until about the 10th of May giving satisfaction to all parties either above or below him. The men were now engaged in drilling and perfecting themselves in other duties that they had never had an opportunity to learn, And every 5th day they went to Warrenton on Picket duty to watch the Yankees as it was supposed they would attempt to land in force at that point. We saw several exciting scenes, as we were near the River. When the Gun Boats ran the gauntlet under the fire of our



Batteries [April 16, 1863] we were marched to the trenches with the first gun fired and witnessed the cannonading which was at night. It was truly grand and Terrific. We will never forget those sights.

On the 12th Major Camp was appointed Inspector General of the Brigade or as the Boys call him the Fault finding General. His success at improving the Military and police discipline is well known to all. And the First Sgts. particularly, As they had good reason to believe that he was strict to the letter and "Riggid to the Law".

The Regiment was never as strong and efficient as at this time. the Ranks were generally full, the men in splendid health and fine spirits And generally enjoyed themselves as well as soldiers can.<sup>15</sup>



An *Appendix* Containing an account  
from the Battle near Port Gibson  
to the Surrender of the Garrison at Vicksburg

In a Series of Letters  
By R.S. Camp  
Major 40th Georgia Infantry

No. 1

Near Warrenton, Miss.

5th May 1863.

My Dear Sir-

You have doubtless heard, that after the Yankees were foiled in thier attempt to take Vicksburg by way of Yazoo Road and Sunflower, He then turned his attention to the South, or Port Gibson plan. And during the latter part of April it was known that the Enemy was landing his forces above Vicksburg and marching them down on the West side of the River near Port Gibson and there by means of Transports that run by our Batteries, a short time since, were crossed over on the Mississippi Side. Port Gibson is a small town about 35 miles below Vicksburg. About 10 miles

above Port Gibson is Grand Gulf at the Mouth of Big Black River. Our Batteries at this point, had up to this time protected, or kept the Enemy's Boats out of this River.

Gen. Pemberton knowing that the Enemy were thus getting a foot hold on this side of the River sent three Brigades, towit, Gen. Bowen's, Green's (known as the 1st and 2nd Missouri) and Gen. Tracy's (Ala) to dislodge the Enemy. On Friday the 1st of May our forces attacked the Enemy at Bayou Pierre, and after a long and bloody engagement our forces were overpowered and driven back with heavy loss. Our loss in killed wounded and prisoners amounting to about 2,000. Among the killed was Brigaders Gen. [Edward D.] Tracy, a noble and Gallent officer. Col [D.R.] Hundley of the 31st Ala. was wounded and fell into the hands of the Enemy. Andersons Battery which has been with our Regt so long was in the fight and Suffered very much. Four pieces of the six were captured by the Enemy. Lieuts [Philip] Peters & [William Price] Douth[a]t, were both killed by one shot, and Lieut [William H.] Nogr[a]ve is supposed to be killed. This is sad, as it is the first battle this splendid Battery has been engaged in, And the death of these three heroic officers pains all who were acquainted with them, and especially those of us who had been associated with them for the last year. And knew thier noble and gentlemanly qualities so well. Truly none more have ere Mand a Gun.<sup>16</sup> The grand mistake of sending a mere handful of men to meet an army- a Mole hill against a Mountain- was, now, when too late, discovered. Hence on Friday evening reinforcements and among them the 40th Ga were ordered to march. Our brigade went down to Warrenton Friday Night. On Saturday evening we left Warrenton and marched nearly all night crossing Big Black just before day at Hankersons's Ferry, which is about 14 miles from Warrenton. before day our forces had crossed the River and marched some five or six miles, and formed in line of Battle, expecting to be attacked by the Enemy. But we did not remain here long before order were received to fall back across the River, which was done, and at night we campd about three miles this side of the Ferry. It was evident now that the Enemy had made, and would hold his point. Early this morning the Guns were spiked, the Magazine blown up, and our position at Grand Gulf evacuated. thus giving the Enemy Big Black. The fact now that

Gen. Grant had outgeneraled our Gen. was too evident. And both officers and men showed in their countenances that matters were not being managed to our advantage. All saw that the Anaconda was getting his deadly grasp upon us and that ere long, unless something is done, he will encircle Vicksburg within his iron folds. To break which will require mighty strokes.

On Monday we fell back to Warrenton. Our line extending from Warrenton to Bovina on the Southern Rail Road. The 40th was stationed and is now stationed at Glass'line about 3 miles below Warrenton on the River, as a picket to watch the movements of the Enemy in case he attempts a landing. One of their Gun boats is in the River just below us. I presume that is it for a watch and a signal. As I have no idea that the Enemy will try to land at this point. I think it probable that he will move up the Big Black towards Jackson, take possession the Rail Road, and thus cut off our communication and supplies, and then cross the river and either give us battle or circumvolute us within the narrow confines of our trenches. The time passes on, and no Enemy approaches, except the Gun Boat came up the Batteries at Warrenton this morning, and belched forth her deadly missiles, and then moved off with as much impudence as a Yankee indeed. Rumors are afloat that the enemy are advancing towards the Rail Road. All are now daily in expectation of stirring times, and you need not be surprised any day to hear of a battle. The Military Weathercock plainly points to such a thing. For the present I will close with the promise that I will keep you posted as to passing events in this vicinity. I am yours truly

R. S. Camp

No. 2

Near Edward's Depot  
Friday 15th May 1863

My Dear Sir-

When I wrote you ten days ago I was at Warrenton, We remained there until last Tuesday evening when we received orders to march immediately - We left Glass'line about 4 oc P.M. and started in the direction of Rail Road Bridge on the Big Black River. We marched all night and just a day halted near Mount

Abion Church and lay on the Road side and slept. the best we could do for about two hours; Then under a hot and burning sun we started and about 10 oc. we reached Bovina Station on the Rail Road. About 1 oc. P.M. we reached the River. The men fatigued and broken down.

Here we learned that all the forces had crossed the River and that our Brigade Barton's was in the rear. We remained on the bank of the River until nearly night, and leaving parties to cook, we crossed the River and marched on in the direction of the Depot. Edwards Depot is six miles from the River. we reached the depot about 10 oc. P.M. and going on about one Mile East of the Depot we were put in line of Battle, and here we campd, This morning (Thursday) it is raining and all is at a stand still. The Gens of our Army are convened today I presume for the purpose of Providing the best ways and means to meet the Enemy who is now in a short distance and reported 60,000 Strong. On Friday morning all is quiet- at the time I write- Everything now indicates that there is work ahead. The Enemy has advanced his forces to the Rail Road. He has taken Clinton and Jackson, and is now threatening to move his main body in the direction of Vicksburg. It is very certain that he cares nothing for Jackson or any other point in this section, only when the reduction of such points will strengthen his efforts to take the Hill City. Word is brought in that the Enemy is between this and Raymond, and Rumor is that Gen. Johnston is advancing to meet us and that we will join him before the fight comes on. About 10 oc. M. we have orders to march, and the army is put in motion in the direction of the Enemy in the following order 1st Loring's Division, 2d Bowes's and 3d Stevenson's. As it will be nearly night before our Regiment starts, I will have ample time to finish my letter. It is now clear that an engagement is inevitable, and the question arises are we prepared for it. The Enemy is said to be much stronger than we are. The bravery of the Western Army has never been questioned. They have shown themselves to be good fighters. I would like to feel cheerful and hopeful, but I cannot. I feel the burthen of heavy gloom resting upon me. I see despair depicted upon the faces of our soldiers, which I construe as an ill omen. The 40th is now on the march. I will write you again soon. Yours Truly.

R.S. Camp

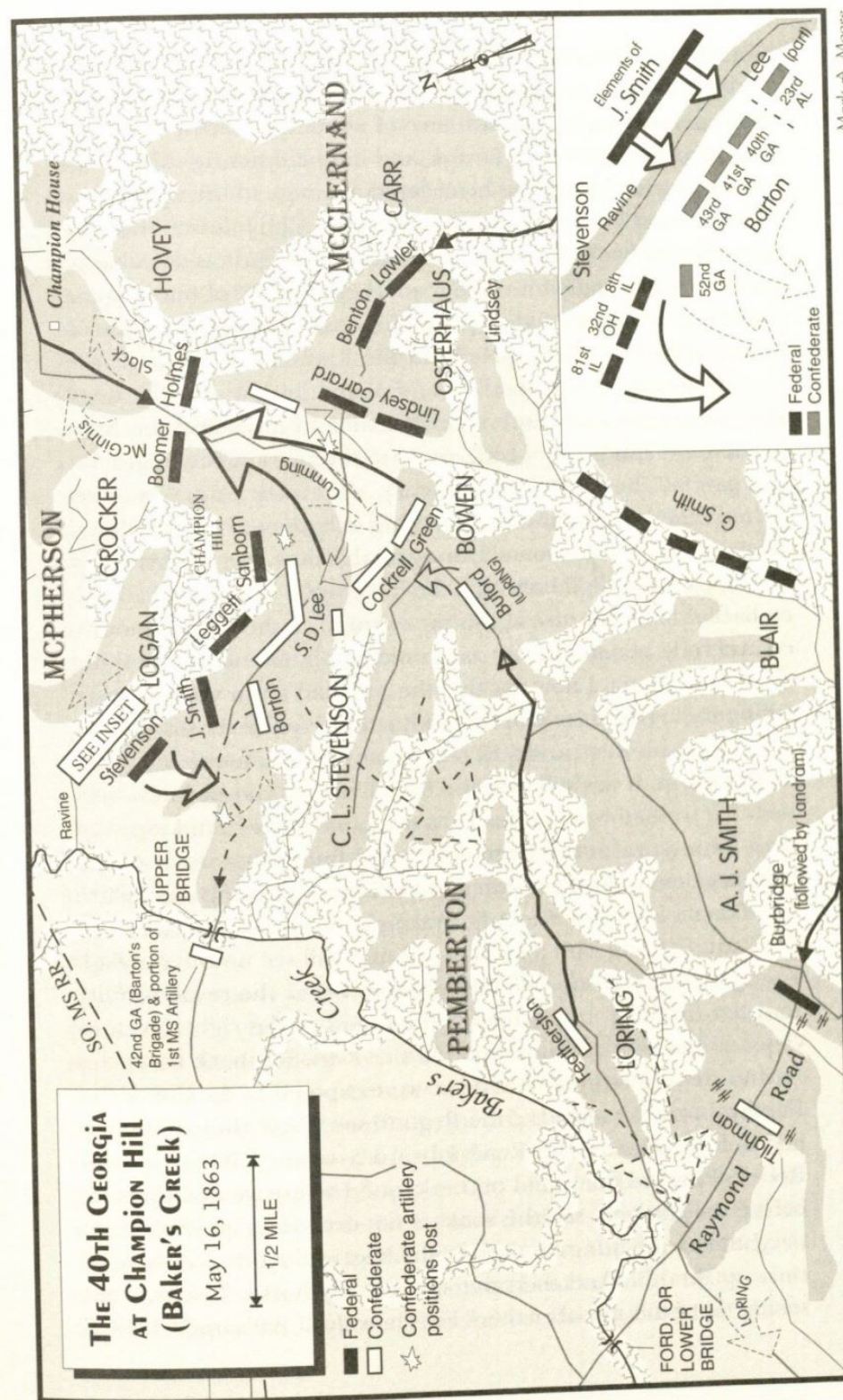
No. 3  
1 1/2 Miles West of Big Black  
Sunday morning 17th May 1863

My Dear Sir-

When I closed my last the army was in motion on the Raymond Road. They marched on about 5 or 6 miles, crossed Baker's Creek and stoped about midnight about 2 miles East of said creek, and formed in line of Battle. Early on Saturday (16th) The skirmishers began to give signals that the two armies were near each other. After crossing the creek and going about 2 miles our army had taken a Right hand, or road running due South. Our left resting at the junction of the two Roads, which is about 3 miles from Bolton's Station, and near the Residence of Mr. Champion.<sup>17</sup> As the morning grew up the Pickets became more and more engaged. The Wagons which had been carried to this place were now ordered to fall back and another such a Hustle and Bustle as you never saw. Quarter Masters directing and drivers cussing and whipping thier teams made a sight and confusion that is not very pleasant to witness at any time.

About ten oclock the Enemy's signal fire on our left threw its column of smoke high among the hills. Soon after one on our right also loomed up in the distance. The sharpshooters now became generally engaged on the left or near the forks of the Road. At about 11 oc. Lees Brigade which had been ordered back to the Raymond Road, or the Junction, became closely engaged. The fight was now raging with fury on this Brigade, on our extreme left, And still the Gen. commanding was slow to send reinforcements. But about 12 M. when Lees Brigade had begun to give way owing to the large force brought against it, Cummings Brigade was ordered to its left, instead to its support. It was not long before Lee was crushed and his Brigade forced to fall back in disorder. The Enemy then came down on Cumming.

At this time Barton's, or our Brigade, was ordered to the left of Cumming. We were formed in line of battle on his left about 12 1/2 M. But we had hardly formed before Cumming was overpowered, and his Brigade routed and they were falling back in confusion. About 1 oc. P.M. Gen. Barton and his Staff gave the order to charge the Enemy - and mark you, the Enemy could not be seen



in our front, even our skirmishers had not fired upon the Enemy.

We advanced in as good order as the roughness of the ground would permit, and at the distance of about 200 yards. The 40th formed and stopped in a Ravine, and here did her fighting. I was on Gen. Barton's staff, but he ordered me to go to the right of my Regiment and hold the point at all hazards. Col. Johnson was very sick and had been down for some days.<sup>18</sup> And just as the charge was ordered he rode down the road where the left of our Brigade rested and when the fight opened he made his way out under a most deadly fire. On our Right in the Ravine, was a part of the 23d Ala. which had been rallied and on our left the 41st Ga. Regt. The enemy was now but a short distance from us and the fight opened hot and heavy. I rode down to the right of the Regiment and gave all the directions necessary. after while Capt Foster reported that the ammunition was being exhausted. I then ordered a detail to be sent for some. During all this time, not a word could I hear from the Gen. I saw that the force upon our Right had fallen back. I had my horse at this time shot thro. the neck. I mounted and rode as near the left as I could get; but could see nothing of Lt. Col. Young. I now saw that the 41st had given way and were falling back. I then rode up to the Road where Col. Eustis was trying to Rally his Regt. and told him to caution his men to be particular as the 40th was still over the Hill. The Col. said he knew that, and that we had best fall back, as the Enemy were flanking us. I then went down to the Regt. again, and found that many of the men were out of ammunition and the Enemy pouring deadly fire upon them. I sent word to Adj. Warnick, who was at the Center of the Regt. fighting with a musket (I could still see nothing of Col. Young, tho I could not see the left) that I took the responsibility to order the Regt. to fall back. I then went to the right and told Capts Foster & Neal the same. As the Regt. fell back from the Ravine, we suffered the most as we were exposed to the fire of the Enemy. I rode on ahead of the Regt. to see where they should go just before I got to the Road I heard a voice. "Halt you d—d Rebel". I looked down and on the ground where we had formed, before the charge, I saw the Yankees not exceeding 40 yards from me. Instead of halting I turned to the Regt and motioned them to turn up the hill. And then put spurs to my horse. The Yankees seeing that I did not obey them Fired a volly of Balls upon me - as

thick as hail stones. I then thought that we might run into the Enemy on top of the hill, a distance of 150, so I made for that point, and when I got there I saw the way open for us to get into the field. You have no idea how much relieved I felt and I shouted to the Regt on the way was open. We then passed thro the field, crossed a Ravine and soon were mingling with the scattering fragments of the other Regts. and other Brigades. The Yankees were pouring a deadly fire upon us all the time. At this time the Missouri Brigade had engaged the Enemy near the forks of the Road and drove him back; but the Enemy had gained his point. He had cut us off from the Road we came, and, if he had pushed up his victory would have cut off our retreat effectually. The 43d and 52d Ga Regts had been driven back in disorder before the 40th gave up her position. Col. [Alpheus Skidmore] Harris of the 43d was badly wounded and left on the field.<sup>19</sup> Col. [Charles D.] Phillips of the 52d was, it's said, mortally wounded, and left to the mercy of the foe.<sup>20</sup> The 42d Ga. before the fight began, was ordered to the bridge at Bakers Creek and doubtless the stand they made there held the Enemy in check until we made safe our retreat.

The demoralized Right now made thro the plantations and crossing Bakers Creek below got the Rail Road at Edward's Depot before the Enemy, that is, the bulk of them. Many were doubtless captured who could have got out if they had tried. Gen [William W.] Loring was ordered to protect the rear and bring it up with his division (8000 strong), But either from necessity or choice he did not come up And I hear that he is down on the other side of Big Black.

The Stampede in the evening and all night surpasses description and even the imagination of one who never witnessed the route of a demoralised and disorganised army. They are worse than a flock of Sheep without a shepherd. We need not talk of the Yankees flight at Bull Run. None can surpass this. Our troops were crossing the River all night last night. This morning the Enemy had closed upon us. Two Brigades Gen Green's Missouri and Gen Vaughn's Tenn. were ordered to meet them at the fortifications at the Bridge, But they did not stand long before the Enemy charged and drove them from thier position and our men forced to swim the River for safety. Thus ends the fight at Bakers Creek, in which

we were outnumbered and crushed. Three Brigades of Stevenson's Division done nearly all the fighting and suffered the most. These three Brigades were met by six Divisions of the Enemy and only one Brigade fought at the same time, for the first was whipped before the others entered the fight. It is plain that the Enemy massed his forces on his right to turn our left and thus out Generalled our Commanders.

The great wonder is that we were not all captured to say nothing of our wagons. Our losses I do not know. I learn that yesterday and this morning we have lost 60 pieces of Artillery.<sup>21</sup> It is a complete triumph to the Enemy. The Rail Road Bridge is now on fire, and our poor Army is en route for Vicksburg to make the last stand. I must close. I will write you again. Excuse this hastily written letter. Yours truly.

R.S. Camp

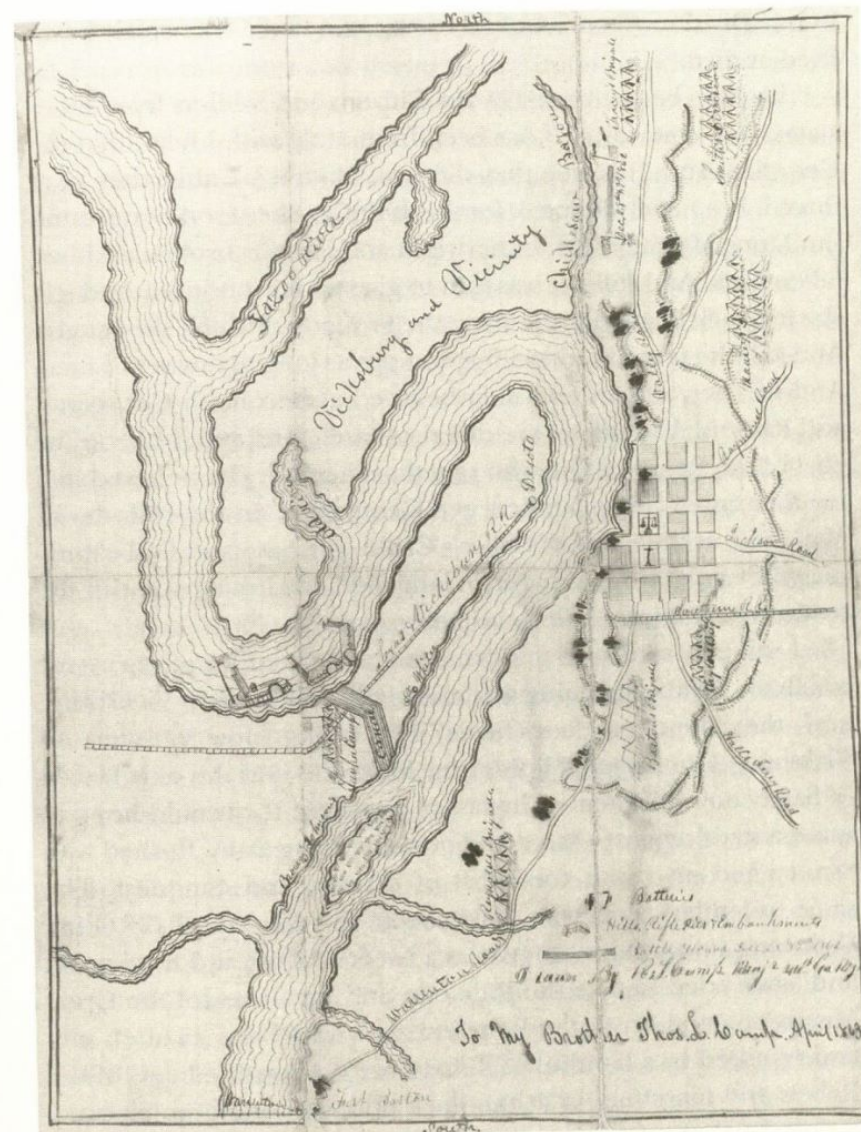
P.S. I hope you will not charge me with Egotism for using the I concerning the fight. I only did my duty. The men & officers all say that had it not been for me the Regt would have been captured in five minutes. Which is so.

No. 4  
Near Vicksburg  
Wednesday 20th May 1863

My Dear Sir:

The smoke of the battle at Baker's Creek having somewhat cleared off, And we can now see a part of the effects. I have concluded to write you again. I was forced to close my last rather abruptly and take up the line of march for Vicksburg and Safety. I can now give you some idea of our loss. The casualties of the 40th Ga stand about thus, 175 killed, wounded and missing. Not more than 12 or 15 are known to be killed, about 40 wounded, the most of them came off the field; hence you see that our greatest loss are in prisoners.

In our Brigade the total loss is about 900 and our whole loss is not far from 3000, which is heavy, but it could have been far worse. We have to lament the death of Brig Gen Tilghman who was killed late Saturday evening. He was a noble and Gallent officer. Also the loss of Majr [Joseph W.] Anderson Chief of Artillery



Hand-drawn map of Confederate lines at Vicksburg  
The Museum of the Confederacy

in our Division. Than whom a braver and more true spirit never lived or died.

We have been charged by the Citizens and soldiers from other states, with cowardice. It has been frequently said, I hear, that the Georgians run. It is true they did run, but not till after they were forced. I can and will speak for the 40th Ga. She stood her ground until long after the line on her right and left was broken and had fallen back, And still she was loth to give up her position. And still she fell back in good order from the ground on which she fought. And still she is ready and willing to fight as long as any set of men. And still her officers and men behaved as becometh Georgians, and Patriots. And still we are called cowards. And still, I say, on the part of the Regt. that he who says that the 40th Ga. behaved in a manner unbecoming Soldiers and Gentlemen, on the 16th day of May 1863, at the battle of Baker's Creek, is a base and foul calumniater. Excuse me for using such language, but I must out with the truth. What I know I know, and I dare express it.<sup>22</sup>

I will now return to the condition and situation of our Army which on Sunday morning was making its way back to Vicksburg, and the Enemy at our heels. Everything now pointed to Vicksburg. Our crippled little Army looked to it as the only Haven of Safety now left them - The last place where they could hope to make a stand against a large and overwhelming army. flushed with victory and mad with the spirit of capture and conquest. The same relentless Foe who have been for 12 months Rolling Vicksburg under thier tongues as a sweet morsal, and have again and again tried to take the little city, and thus control the Great Mississippi, and crush the Rebellion, and have been as often met and repulsed by a handful of Rebels, are now on the heels of the Rebels and marching in at the Back door at double quick time, laying the flattering injunction to thier souls that they will make the Trip this time. In the evening our forces reached Vicksburg and were assigned thier places determined to hold them or die in the effort. The line of fortifications are on average about two miles from the City. The Right is down below the City on the Warrenton Road, Bartons Brigade has its position on the Right and the 40th Ga Regt is consequently on the right next to the River.

Early on Monday [May 18th] the Enemy made his appearance in front of our lines and began to fire upon us principally on the center, or near where the Jackson Road crosses the lines. They thought all they had to do was to raise the yell, and fire a few shots and our men would fly before or surrender, but in this they were mistaken for our men, in the trenches, bid defiance to them, hence they kept at a respectable distance during the day, keeping up a constant fire upon us. The Federal Army has closed around us and we are now beseiged. All communication with the outer world is now cut off. Every step is now taken to economise the Subsistence. And to this end our horses are not to have any more corn, and the daily Rations are reduced to one fourth. The calculations are made that we can live at this rate for 60 or 70 days. We hope to be able to hold the Enemy in check at our lines, And thus give our friends outside the time to relieve us. The Gun-Boats from below have moved up close by, and are in the ring to hold us fast. Above we see them also with many Transports. The Yankees have on the peninsula oposite the City a Battery of six heavy mortars from which they belch forth thier missiles. The weight of some of them is 200 lbs. With these they expect to finish the distinction of the City, Day and night this Thunder of Earth is roaming in its sad and "Alaurem tones."

To day (Wednesday) The Enemy finding that we were not to be frightened out of the trenches They concluded to come in by force, So They massed in front of Gen. Schaft's Brigade and made a charge upon the lines. Our men let them approach within close range and then let them have a volly which mowed them down. The Ranks were filled and on they came again, but with the same fate. They hesitate, fall back and give it up, leaving the ground covered with thier dead and wounded. They are now partially convinced, I presume, that the Rebels will give them some trouble yet before they get into the "Hill City". Our Soldiers are in fine spirits and are willing to forego any hardships to hold this place and still let the Rebel Flag float proudly over the "Battlements of the Brave". I will keep you posted on points here.

Your truly  
R.S. Camp

P.S. In my last I mentioned that Gen Loring had not come up

with his Division. It was supposed that he would make his way down to Hall's Ferry and there cross Big Black and join us at this place. But he has not come and a Courier, just in, reports that he made his way to Jackson and has joined Gen Joe Johnston. I omitted also to state that our forces Evacuated Snyder's Bluff which is twelve miles above this place on the Yazoo River. This will be of great advantage to the Enemy as it will serve as his base of operations. They are now all around us and doubtless think that they will get us everyone soon.

No. 5 Bealeagured Camp  
Near Vicksburg Miss.  
Monday 25th May 1863

My Dear Sir:

On Wednesday last I closed my letter just on the eve of the first charge, made by the Yankees on our lines. On Thursday they were busily engaged arranging thier batteris on our front, in order to make one fell sweep - of noise - upon us. They kept up from dawn till dark a continuous fire with thier artillery and sharp shooter on our trenches. If a man looks over the parapets his head is a target. The Yankees are also entrenching on our front. Thier object is, I presume, to keep these filled with Sharp shooters which will protect them, and they are at the same time can annoy us very much. It may be thier intention to thus approach us by a System of parrellels, I think they will find this a hard job.

On Friday the 22d They concluded that they must redeem thier promise to "take Vicksburg" and be done with. The Prisoners, captured, report that Grant had promised an honorable discharge and \$200.00 Bounty to those who would charge and break our lines. His infatuated hords could not stand this temptation, and would not miss this chance to go home. Hence on thier madness they began the bloody work. They massed and made the onset upon Gen. Herbert's Brigade; as they came yelling like so many "fiends from Hell", our men cool and deliberate brought down each his man. They rally, and shouting D—d the Rebels on they come, a blast from the Trenches, and thier front is broken. But on they come. A smoke flashes over the Embankment, and hundreds of the Blue coats bite the dust. Rage

now burns with fury. Not a voice is heard in our trenches, save a low but earnest voice, "Keep cool boys, wait for the word and shoot low. Out side, the grons of the dying, the shrieks of the wounded, and the War Cry of the Enemy, mingle in one discordant storm of death and destruction. Thier Ranks move up to our lines, like the surges of the Mighty Deep against the Rocky Beach. The word "Fire" reverberates along our lines, and many of the living ly down in the dust and welter in blood beside thier dying comrades. A few reach the Embankments. They shout! They Mout [?], and plant thier colers. But soon they fall to rise no more.

Thier Leaders, now in despair, with curses and threats order the Onward again. The men hesitate and cry out. Tis no Battle, but Slaughter and death. They move on again. Another Rebel Volley and the Yankees turn and fly in disorder. The living fall back in disgrace and dispair, leaving thier comrades discharged on the ground, and sent to a home (H-l) which doubtless they will find a few degrees warmer than Dixie.

I think they are now converted to our Faith which we proclaim daily on our lines and which is couched in the language of our old. "Stay thy proud waves, thus far, and no farther, shalt thou come". Tho they may be Infidels enough to try it again. I do not know thier losses have been in these attempts, to break our lines: but it certainly was heavy. Our loss was comparatively small.

A party of Yankees succedd to get into a gully about 50 yards in front of Gen Lee's Brigade and both they and our men were afraid to raise thier heads to shoot or to advance upon each other. Nor could the Yankees get out without being exposed to a deadly fire. Gen Lee demanded a surrender. They refused and defied him. He then sent off and procured some shells which he charged and fired the fuse. He then rolled one down the hill side and in amoung them it droped and exploded. They could not stand this, and the White Flag was hoisted immediately, And Lieut Col. and his party walked out as prisoners.

On Saturday things went on as usual, a continuous fire was kept up all day, in fact this is as regular as the rising and the setting of the Sun. And tho, I should not mention it to you, as a part of each days work, yet it goes on. You have not the faintest idea of what this Seige is. The suffering and deprivation of our troops is beyond description, and yet they meet it all bravely and patiently.

All every body you see is putting the question, "What is the News"? You would be amused and astonished too, if you could hear some of the Reports. Which are manufactured to order, and dis- upon the Grapevine now our only means of communication; but notwithstanding it has been cut and does not extend very far. Yet the part left us is very prolific and the fruit would do over justice, even to Down East ingenuity or Yankee invention. You may be sure that a newspaper or letter would afford a feast of Reason and a flow of soul.

It is really a sad sight to see our poor horses and the public mules, going up, as the Boys term it. Many of them have been turned out of the lines to starve or draw Rations from the Yankees. The most of our Water is hauled from the river at night, and kept in barrels in the trenches. The cooking and Hospital camps are established in the Ravines between the hills or knobs for which this place is remarkable. The rations are here cooked by the men detaild as cooks and carried to the men in the trenches. The men in the trenches have a close time, I assure you, remaining at thier places day and night with thier accoutrements hung upon them all the, and if they look over the trenches, prehaps a dozen Balls salute his ears. up to this time the 40th has not had a man killed or wounded, In this respect she has been fortunate. The weather is hot and dry, had no rain here in a month. I see that the sick list is increasing. I must close.

Yours truly

No. 6  
Beseiged Camp  
Near Vicksburg, Miss  
30th May 1863

My Dear Sir:

When I closed my last The Enemy was firing upon our lines there has been no abatement, I think, the fire has rather increased. The Boa Constrictor is drawing his coils around us with all his strength. He has found that he cannot kill his victim at one stroke with his fangs, so he has concluded to crush us out by the Squeezing process. We have stood his bite and we will not be intimidated by his touch. Our men are determined to meet any

shock they may bring against them; and if human effort can hold them in check we will hold them at bay till the day of relief. On Wednesday night a party of several Companies of our Brigade was sent to the front to see what the Enemy was doing. This party was under the Comd of Col. [William Ezra] Curtis (41st Ga) He sent Capt. [Alex] Murchison and Co (K) 40th Ga. in front as skirmishers. Capt M. soon found that he had flanked a party of the Enemy. - three or four Companies - He deployed and turned upon them and by his skill decieved them, and captured 109 of the Party. The others making thier escape. This was truly a success, even if it is on a small scale. Perhaps a party was never more completely picked up. They were led to Vicksburg, and thus thier guns are spiked for a while. Every little helps is an old adage. On Wednesday the 27th we witnessed one of the grandest and most terrific scenes that had taken place lately. About 9 oc.A.M. Three of thier Iron Clads From below began to steam up the River. When they reached the point opposite our fortifications, they then opened upon us. Broadside after Broadside and the fire from thier for Guns as are now poured upon us with all the fury that human skill can invent and power execute. The Boats moved up slowly, keeping up a continuous fire. It seemed to me that the thunder of Heaven had broken up from the Bowels of the Mistress of waters that even Jove had taken this as his time to deal out the bolts he has been forging for centuries past. The air was filled with thier shells and the fragments. In fact each and every place was filled with thier missiles. This continued for three long hours and one, unaccustomed to such, would have said that no living flesh could survive this fiery ordeal. But strange to say not a life or a limb was lost, except for a few mules. Surely an All-wise Providence protected us with his Shield. And did not allow a hair of our heads to be harmd.

When they came within Range ofur Batteri's paid thier respects in a becoming manner. After many rounds a shot from one of large Guns entered the side of one of the ugly monsters and tore off a large part of the other side iron and all. They took the hint and steamd down the River out of range of our guns. Where they have remained up to this time; and I presume will for a while at least. They never can pass up the River while our Guns remain on the bank to play upon them. And of this they are satisfied and know that it is worse than folly to attempt it. But thier purpose



and mission on this occasion was not only to deal destruction and mete out consternation by whole sale to us poor Rebels, But a grand Fete, a glorious achievement, The best job of thier Brag Boat - The wonder of the age - The sum total of War Strokes - The final blow was to be struck and Vicksburg reduced, on this eventful day and there three twin sisters must join in the Melee of fuss and flames, and share the honor of the work, and witness the scene of the day.<sup>23</sup> The Cincinnati came down at the same time the others moved up But ere she got opposite the Brooke Gun above the city one of those kindred Bolts, that stayed the mad career of the prowld Keokuck at Charleston, passed through her and she turned and tried to make good her retreat, but the work was too well done. she got near the Bank above the City; and there she still lies to day, and will for many days to come. Thus resulted the charge upon the water side, which like those on land, terminated in one grand failure. At what point they will charge next I am unable to say. Many of our men are getting sick principally chills and fever. The 40th has about 80 on the sick list now. The weather is excessively hot and dry. A rain now would be welcomed by all. We now look to Joe Johnston. rumor says that he is getting a large force, and will in due time relieve us. Without hope the heart would break. We hope and we will hope until the last. And then if we are disappointed we must resign to the stern decree of Fate. We are sensible of the great and important issues now at stake upon the result of our defeat or success at this place. May God in his wisdom remember us in love. I will write you again soon.

Yours truly

R. S. Camp

No. 7

Besieged Camp near Vicksburg

Friday 5th June 1863

My Dear Sir:

One month has passed since I wrote you from Warrenton. I have tried to keep you posted with passing events here, as they have fallen under my observation. If you will not weary in reading I will not tire in writing, though I find this a bad place to write anything like a connected and Systematic letter.

The work of annoyance still goes on, and a few of our men are killed and wounded daily. But we thank God that it is no worse with us. My bussiness, as Inspector Genl gives me a good opportunity to learn something of the condition and will of our men. Our Men are confined to the trenches day and night. here they ly all the time exposed to the burning rays of the Sun, to say nothing of the exposure to the Enemy's fire; to all this they submit like Martyrs without complaint. I tell you these men will never be rewarded in proportion to thier suffering. They have stood now three long weeks like a wall of fire, between the City and the menacing foe. They deserve the highest mede of praise. You would wonder and behold if you could spend one day in our midst. We have been for some days past feasting upon Pea Bread. This is made of the meal of the stock pea, which is ground and issued to us. I can tell you that is is not very palatable, nor is it very sweet to the taste. Nor am I certain that it is the most wholesome, I have ever been a dear lover of Peas provided they are prepared in a certain manner or according to the old Constitution. But Pea Bread is a new dish. And we must practice upon it a while before we can truly say that we are fond of it. After is is cooked for hours, it still has a raw and indeticate [sic] flavor. I wish I could send you a loaf as a curiosity. To those of us who out live this war and get back home, we can then laugh and joke about the days of Pea Bread and Vicksburg. But we cannot now see the beauty of it. The fact is War looks much better when on paper than it does otherwise. I have before remarked that the Geological formation here is rather remarkable. It is one mass of little hills and knobs the sides of which are very steep with small Ravines or hollows between. I[n] these gorges, the noncombatants such as cooks, Teamsters, Qr. Masters and Commisaries, rendezvous for safety. You would be surprised to see the amount of labor they have spent on the improvement of the natural retreats. caves, caverns and dens are considered very fashionable and indeed, indispensable to good living and comfort now a days. These dens are of various shapes and all sizes. Some hardly large enough to shelter one man, others large enough for a family. some only a few feet deep, others going to a great depth into the hills. In fact I heard that a Surgeon in our Brigade had one 44 feet deep, and was not satisfied with that. If I start out to hunt a man I dont enquire for him, but sim-

ply ask where he has his hole or den; truly necessity is the mother of invention. As it is now time, and I smell its sickness, for Pea Bread, I must close. you know that eating, though a very ugly, yet it is a very important habit, and I have thought a very pleasant one, But the fact is he who waits to the second table here gets nothing, for as much as my mess hates pea bread, they leave no fragments to be taken up.

Yours truly  
R.S. Camp

No. 8

Besieged Camp near Vicksburg  
Wednesday 10th June 1863

My Dear Sir:

Since my last nothing new has turned up within the narrow confines of our Territory. The Yankees are determined to keep us awake, For small arms all day and artillery all night is thier Progame. But you would be surprised to see how indifferent our men are becoming to the noise, which is in verification of the old saying, that men can become accustomed to almost anything. To give you some idea of the extent of the firing of the Enemy, I will state the result or observations made frequently and at different times. I have often held my watch and never have counted less than one gun per Second within hearing. Now this is on the right of the fortifications or our end of the lines. The firing has been rather the heaviest on the left all the time. Now they begin with thier small arms at daylight or before 5 oclock and keep it up till dark or till after 7 oclock. But we will say fourteen hours incesent shooting each day. This reduced by the plain Rules of Arithmetic, gives us 1040 minutes or 62,400 Seconds, and now we know from repeated observations that thier shots will average two per second.<sup>24</sup> this will amount to 124,800 cartridges spent by them each day; now from this you can form some idea of the work going on here. And you may be assured that this is no exaggeration, these are plain facts which thousands will substantiate. The Enemy has not before laid Seige to any place since the War, And they are determind to show something becoming the Yankee character, and in keeping with thier boasted Military Prowess. Why all this

Shooting, when they know that they are doing comparatively no damage at all. They also know that they have us completely hemed in, and invested. And that there is no possible chance for us to escape. They also know that If we are not relieved by our friends outside that we must surrender and that this is only a question of time. We have just had a fine rain, which is a great blessing. The Branches had nearly run dry. The grass was parched up and consequently the stock is getting very poor. Many of them will die. The dust was intolerable, and the heat insufferable. Our sick list is on the increase. the 40th has about 100 on the sick report now. The exposure to the extreme heat, and the want of exercise, and the diet of Pea Bread all combine to make men sick. But with all this our men are in fine spirits, and hope is bright with them. All are looking to the day when Johnston will relieve us with fond and pleasing anticipation. I must close.

yours truly  
R.S. Camp

No. 9

Invested Camp Near Vicksburg Miss.  
Monday 15th May [sic. June] 1863

My Dear Sir:

Since my last the smoke and work of the Enemy has gone on, and our Boys has [sic] bravely stood thier ground, Met every shock, and like patriots, quietly submitted to every insult and hardship - even to the Pea Bread "hoping for a good time coming". There is so many things here, scenes constantly occurring that would interest and astound you. If you could witness them, and yet I find it a task to sift out and shape enough to make an interesting letter. Much that would rivit the attention of the citizen has become stale to the soldier and regarded by him as of little importance and heedlessly he regards it as a trivial affair, common to passing events. In my tour of Inspection this morning I visited the hospital or Convalescent Camps. From the trenches I up went the Branch about three hundred yards, Then turning into a little ravine. Pent up all around by steep hillocks, I found a lot of tents and shelters roofed with brush and cane.

Here ly the sick and wounded, and a sad place it it is. Here

you see one scorched with a fever, and his cry is water! water!! Here is one shaking with Ague and his complaint is Cold! Cold!! Close by is another poor emaciated form, so feeble that he can hardly sit up: he has had a disease so long that it has become chronic. Medical means have faild. He has no little dainties and nourishments to suit his lost apetite. He can get no relief. He is in low spirits, and he lies here as a picture of dispair. Me thought, O' that I could do something to alleviate the suffering of these my comrades in arms. Without a great change, and that speedily, I know that soon death will terminate his afflictions, and his warfare on earth will end. How sad for a good man, and a faithful soldier, thus to pass away, and not a relative present, to bedew his brow with a tear of love, and to weep over him as he closes his eyes on time. A little further on, and I find a group of convalisents. These have been sick several days, but are not well but weak. Among them I hear a murmer and soon I find that the cause is that they do not get enough to eat. Or that they are censuring the steward for not giving them more. Of course I knew that thier greatest pain was hunger and that eating was, at this time, thier highest ambition. Here I now come to the Ward of the wounded. One I find who has had his arm broken and it has just been cut off. Another has shared the same fate with his leg. Another poor fellow has both arms shot all to pieces. Another an Arm and a leg. Here is one who has been struck in the head. A piece of the skull has been taken out, and here he lies with his brain exposed to the sight. Of the groans and sighs, the indices of the most excruciating pain, you will never form a correct idea until you visit a Hospital. I always leave a hospital with a strange compound of feelings and reflections. The deepest fountains of my sympathies are moved and I regret that I cannot ameliorate the sufferings of my fellow men. I think of the condition of the sick at home in times of peace and contrast the two. I think of the sad fate of those who linger and die of disease, instead of falling in battle on the field of Glory. I reflect upon the Welfare of the immortal soul. When I left I joined a party of four soldiers bearing a litter upon which they were bearing the remains of a fellow soldier to a place to bury him. He had his blanket folded around him, and no coffin or Box can be obtained to enclose the corpse. He is borne to a little Hill top, and a hole for a grave is there dug, in the greatest

haste. His remains are laid in the Bottom and the Hole refilled. Not a word is said as low in the pit they cover him. Not a tear is shed, as from the spot they hasten. A Board with the name of the faithful friend is set at the head to mark the spot. In a few years the green grass will grow over his remains, and the tiller of the soil will unconsciously disturb the ashes of him who lost his life in Freedom's cause. There is nothing new and yet all is new. We still look for Johnston to relieve us tho. I dont think he has had time yet.

Yours truly  
R. S. Camp

No. 10  
Besieged Camp Near Vicksburg Miss.  
20th June 1863

My Dear Sir:

We are still holding out against all the insults that Yankee ingenuity can invent, and bring against us. All the infernal machines and engines of destruction, that human skill can devise are hurled in our midst. I have not attempted heretofore to describe the Bombardment because it is beyond my powers. A Dickens might touch it with his pen, and a Cruikshank with his pencil, and they would fall short. Even such Masters could after all thier powers, only approximate to the justice of such a subject. I mentioned to you that the Yankees had a heavy Mortar Battery on the Peninsula opposite the City. It is near three miles from the Town, but the timber having been cut down it is in plain view. They also have some heavy Guns in rear of the City in front of our fortifications. Day after day, and night after night, have they kept up this earthly thunder upon us. The scene surpasses the imagination in Terrific Grandure, and awful solemnity. At night we can see a flash - a large volume of flame - as if it bursted from the bosom of the River; out from this darts a small red fire - it mounts higher and higher and yet higher still, until at last it seems to be tangent to the blue vault of Heaven, and mingles with the lights of the Firmament. on it moves, like a meteor or a shooting Star. Tis now over the devoted city. And like a Fallen Angel, or a Satalite of Lucifer, it decends with increasing velocity. From where I am we

Now hear the Report, BANG, which makes the very earth tremble like the fabled volcanic eruptions, or the heaviest peels of thunder. About the same time the little red star-like fire flashes into flame.

The smoke floats on the air like a Balloon or thing of life. you hear the Bang - It has exploded. Then like the hum of heavy marching, or the sound of a Bevy of frightend partridges, the fragments fly in every direction dealing out Terror and destruction, regardless of Age, Sex, or Condition. Ere one has filled Its Mission, you see another "Mount the Skies" and ride the circuit of death. After this another and another for hours: for days: for weeks - for a month.. .<sup>25</sup>

We stand all this without intimidation, in fact we have learned to laugh at thier fuss and folly. And willing that they may go on with thier expense and fun. These shells are 14 inches in diameter and at this rate, if placed in a line touching each other, the line would be more than a mile in length. Besides this the small or light-artillery, is constantly firing from all directions upon our front. The ground is litterly covered with Balls, Shells, and Fragments within our lines. It is astonishing how few have been hurt. Truly if this was all we could stand them for years. But Sickness is doing more to weaken us than all the Yankee contrivances. We have now a large sick list. But few serious cases. Yet it is sad to see our men stand to thier Posts day and night, for weeks, worn out and fatigued and worn out. Yet they are in fine spirits and full of hope. All believing that our day of deliverance is near at hand. We must necessarily have some killd and some wounded. Capt. [Thomas G.] Foster Co G.<sup>26</sup> was shot early yesterday morning by a Sharp shooter with a Rifle Ball. He was struck just under the left shoulder blade. The Surgeons have not succeeded in finding the Ball. The wound is bad, but not thought to be Serious. And I hope he will soon be up again. Joe Bogle and our other wounded Boys are doing well.<sup>27</sup>

Yours truly

R. S. Camp

No. 11

Besieged Camp near Vicksburg Miss.  
Thursday 25th June 1863

My Dear Sir:

Since my last there has been but little change except that the Enemy has increased on the right of our lines, and particularly so with his artillery, and with shot and shell he has kept us warm, and closely confined to the trenches; but with all this, he has faild to intimidate, or frighten us in the least. Our men laugh at thier noise and missiles with impunity. With all this artillery work they have not hurt a man on the lines of our Brigade. It is truly marvelous. Indeed this is an evidence that truth is stranger than fiction. No one could witness the scene and credit the results unless it be those who are here, and see and know for themselves.

You may have a desire to know something of the forces within the lines of this circumvallated place. There are four divisions, Stevenson's, Forney's, Bowen's and Smith's. I believe that there are about 12 Brigades. The agregate sick well and wounded is about 30,000. But to day we have hardly half of this number fit for duty. Our sick list is very large and on the increase. Many of the man ly in the trenches who would be in bed if they were at home, and hundreds of the poor fellows who are at the hospitals barely able to be up would take thier arms and fly to the trenches, if an attack should be made. Never did men suffer as much, and at the same time evince a nobler spirit of patriotism, and a determination to hold out until the day of deliverance. Which is now beginning to be a serious question. I have before told you that our rations have been reduced. And in order that you may fully understand it I will state what is allowed to each man per day.

1/4 lb Flour

" " Bacon

1 1/2 oz Rice

" " Sugar

1/4 lb Peas

You will conclude that this would be rather a hard place for an Epicure, and a hell for a Gormandizer. And with those who live to eat, and consume, it is truly a trying time, and they resort to any means that will enable them to satisfy a craving desire or a

stinted appetite. Crowfish are now regarded as the best of shell fish, and are sought after at any risk or price. Frogs are deemed a great delicacy and one dare not show his head above water, if he does the next leap lands him into the Mess kettle. Rats, which grow to full size in this Section, are hunted with as much eagerness as squirrels or Rabbits at home; and are eat with as much grace as poultry or pig. On yesterday I was invited to dine with a Mess of Convalescent Officers. They had Rats made into a chicken Pie, and the larger ones they had fried. It was very nice indeed; and the manner in which it was taken in proved that our prejudices often keep us from enjoying the Good things of life. I learn that some have been experimenting on Mule flesh, as Beef, and that it is pronounced not only good, but very good. In the War of the Revolution Gen. Marion and his men eat roots, In the Creek Indian War Jackson and his men eat Cow skins. I tell you there are men who can, and will, do all these things if necessary for the cause of the South.

We are well aware of the fact that to hold this place is one of the greatest importance to our cause. We know that if it fails, the war is prolonged for months, perhaps for years. We know that to hold it, and break the present foothold of the Enemy, that he is crippled, and his western Campaign a failure And that he will not "on to Vicksburg" for some time to come, and that he will be forced to give up the job in disgust and disgrace. I tell you, if we succeed here, and the Enemy is driven off, it will be the proudest day of the Confederacy. We believe that soon Johnston will in a few days attack Grant, and that when he does, he will defeat him. We know however, that Grant has a large force and that he has the best fighting troops in the Federal Army - The boasted heroes of Ft. Donelson and the Veterans of Shiloah. We know that Johnston must fight Grant upon his own ground. And that Grant is doubtless strongly fortified in his position. With these facts then before us we know something in the work that Johnston has before him. - a Bloody task indeed - to accomplish which will require nerves of steel, and a spartan will. It will be one of the Bloodiest Episodes of the age, if the signs of the times portend truth, or "coming events cast thier shadows". All have the utmost confidence in Johnston and believe that he is the man for the emergency. That in due time he will route Grant and his Federal hords from the rear of

Vicksburg, and again we can breathe the free atmosphere and enjoy the inestimable blessing of hearing from our friends again, and know something of what is going on in the outer world. for sure we know but little now, having been pent up now 40 days. The 40th is still suffering with sickness, mostly chills. Since my last we have had several casualties in the Regt. On Monday the 22d inst Lieut A.N. Carter<sup>28</sup> Co. C was killed in the trenches. He was shot through the head with a mini Ball, and died instantly. He was an excellent young man, a gallant and faithful Officer. his place will be hard to fill in his company. On the same day Richard Hobbs Co. G was also killed. He was on picket, was shot through the head and died in about an hour. He never spoke after he was shot. He was a true and faithful soldier. On Saturday the 20th inst. A.C. Norton<sup>29</sup> Co. F was killed in the trenches. A mini ball entered the mouth, and he died instantly. He was a Non Comd Officer and as faithful as they are made. On Thursday the 25th, or to day [John H.] Lester Co. K, was shot through the head with a mini Ball and died instantly. He was at the cooking camp, Several hundred yards in rear of the trenches and was killed by a random shot from a sharpshooter, at least 1000 or 1200 yards off. How sad and unexpected. No better soldier than Lester was in the Regt. Besides these killed we have had several wounded, none seriously however. Capt. Foster is getting on as well as could be expected. I fear that I tire you with my long letter. May Heavens Richest blessings rest upon us all, and guid us through these trying times, is the prayer of your Friend,

R. S. Camp

No. 12  
Besieged Camp  
Near Vicksburg  
30th day June 1863

My Dear Sir:

When we were boys, we to great pleasure in that good old game called Bull pen. But much of our pleasure arose from the alternate change of each side playing in the holes, our using the Ball. In this case the game is different. We have been in the pen now 46 days And the Feds have had the Moles, and have been

"juggling and running down the lines", keeping the "Ball hot". all the time, you may rest assured that we would like to get out of the pen, and play on the lines a while.

It is also a game at chess, in which Grant has Pemberton in a close place, in fact he has had us in check so long that in may be termed a Stalemate. And unless Joe Johnston plays on his side of the Board, successfully and soon, we will be swept off the Board. We still hope that Gen. Joe will soon make a ten strike and give Pemberton a chance to move again.

Grant is still doing all in power to subjugate the place. He spares no pains that in his judgement will hasten the day that he can say Vicksburg has fallen. . . .<sup>30</sup>

For the last two or three days it has been more quiet than usual on the lines. I presume that they have at least learned by experience that the honor of breaking our lines is not in store for them, and that at last they have concluded to stand back and let starvation and want do a work that they have thus far, failed to accomplish. This does not say much for thier skill. . . .<sup>31</sup>

In my last I told you of the shortness of our Rations and that everything was now being used that will support life. And tho to you and many, my statements may seem to be exaggerated, I here state to you that such is not the case. My object has been, all the time, to relate facts, and to this I will continue. I have no need to speak otherwise. for the facts occurring arround us daily are stranger than fiction. The question of subsistence is now a very serious one indeed. upon it depends greatly the fate of Vicksburg and the army within the lines. My fear is that the Rations will give out before Johnston can relieve us, and when they fail we can hold out no longer. It was said when the seige began that we could subsist on them 90 days. I doubted then. I doubt it still. My opinion is that what is done to save us must be done by the 15th of July, or else it will be too late.

We are willing to eat mules and horses, if it is necessary to save this place. . . .<sup>32</sup>

There is not yet a day but someone is killed at some point on the lines. As yet there has been but one Gen Officer killed and that was on last Saturday the 27th inst. . . .<sup>33</sup>

I had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Gen. Green, And can say that he was all and more too, that the above

notice says of him.

The health of the 40th is still bad. Many of the men are suffering with chills and Fevers, and, sad to say, the medicine is nearly exhausted. It is a sad sight to see how badly many of our men look, and yet they stand to thier posts day and night. O that the day of relief would come, especially for those who have so nobly stood and suffered for more than six long weeks.

The only casualty in our Regt. since my last is by a wound by a fragment of a shell which Capt Murchison Co. K. received in the foot yesterday.<sup>34</sup> The shell struck on top of his foot, breaking two bones and leaders. It is not thought that it will endanger his foot. He will be laid up some time. Our wounded boys are getting on well.

I hope to see you face to face soon, when we can talk to our satisfaction. Yours truly

R. S. Camp

No. 13

Besieged Camp Near Vicksburg Miss.  
Friday Night 3d July 1863

My Dear Sir:

In my last I told you of our exposed condition and unpleasant situation, which in the main has not changed for the better. The weather is oppressively hot, and from the long and exposed condition of our soldiers in the trenches, many of them are getting sick, and consequently in proportion as our ranks are thind, our lines are weakend. It is a sad fact but none the less true that we are daily growing weaker. And unless we soon get help from the outer world we must give it up - yield to the overwhelming force now against us - all our labor and suffering in vain and Vicksburg lost! Our soldiers have stood with strong arms and hopeful hearts like a wall of fire and repelled every onset of the Enemy, And have proudly anticipated the day when Gen. Johnston would come to the rescue; but hope defered maketh the heart sick, and disappointment will shake the firmness of the Brave. I think I see the indications in our midst of despondency. Too long have we been told that help was at hand. Hope, lost, and all is gone. Judging from the signs and developments of the last day or two. I opine

that our rations are nearly out, And that Gen. P. will now fall back upon the Dogma of his dog Speech which he is said to have made some days ago, When Dogs and Mules would be resorted to for Rations before he would Surrender. The fact is the crisis has nearly come. The Commissaries have been killing and issuing Mules to day, and many of the soldiers have for the first time in life enjoyed a mule steak for supper. Not as a matter of choice but from stern necessity. There is no use to conceal the fact or hide the truth. Starvation is at the door, and what he cannot do any one knows. Grant may fail, in fact with all his skill and vaunted power, he has failed, But necessity is omnipotent, and must soon complete its work and then Grant may come in, and claim the honor and wear the Laurels. I have it from the Best Authority that some days ago Gen. P. had laid four days rations of Bacon and flour to use in case of an emergency. I presume the Emergency is that is Johnston should strike in the rear Then we might attempt to cooperate with him. Besides this, I know that our eating Dept. has nearly played out, unless it be a little Rice and sugar, which of itself is a very poor Bill of fare.

The enemy is still as determined as he can be, and has not relaxed in his efforts. By means of his approaches he has succeeded in reaching our works and mining them. On yesterday they blew up a very strong point on our left, several men of a Missouri Company were killed. But the others resisted the charge and the Yanks did not get in.<sup>35</sup> White Flags were raised to day about 10 oc. and the firing ceased on both sides and all this evening and up to this time everything is quiet. A calm reigns supreme. What this means I do not now know. Rumor says that a correspondence is going on between the Belligerents. I must in this case exercise patience, and let time develop the sequel. I know the truth will out and in this instance I know the suspense, though intolerable, will be short.

I know we are now on a turning point and though I still hope for the best yet, I can but think of the probable worst. I know that a few more days and the matter will be settled. Either Johnston must relieve this Garrison and thus save Vicksburg, or we must surrender and thus Grant takes Vicksburg, and a necessary consequence Opens the Mississippi River, and divides the Confederacy - But I will not now discuss the results of the fall of this place.

Should the worst come, I, with many others, will stand a good chance to spend the summer up North. If circumstances will permit, I will write you again as soon as I learn the object end result of the cessation of Hostilities. I will close, I hope to see you at some future day. then I can tell you all. Excuse this hasty scroll

As yours in suspense

R. S. Camp

No. 14

Surrendered Camp near Vicksburg Miss.

Saturday night "Fourth" July 1863

My Dear Sir:

I closed my letter last night in great suspense with a promise to post you, at the earliest convenience, as to the events which at that time were transpiring around us. our fate was then hung up in obscurity, and the signs of the times portended sad consequences for us in the mystic future. The dark veil has been raised - The mask thrown off and we are now permitted to glance at the destiny which the fortune of war has shaped and had in store for us. For the present doubts and hopes are banished, and we are the doomed creatures of a sad reality. We have been allowed to survive the varying vicissitudes of war and to behold the rising Sun of another Fourth of July. The boasted Anniversary of American Independence. The day upon which a noble, and Patriotic Band of our Ancestors Declared that an Infant Nation could and must be Free. The day upon which the Sentiment was spoken - The "Lute string of Liberty" was touched, it struck in unison upon the chords of millions of patriotic hearts its vibrations like a wave rolled on, permeating all the ramifications of a mixed and wild people, to the outpost and videttes of of a grand and wide domain. The reverberations then echoed back the response. For this, "We pledge our lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Honor". Not did it stop at this, But like an Electric shock it struck at the Throne of an Arrogant King and Corrupt Council who had with impunity usurped the people's power. Nor did it cease until this proud Despot "Acknowledged that Political power rested or is "based upon the consent of the governed". We have been taught to regard this day with the highest civil and patriotic Reverence.

Its return has been hailed with pride and festivity. Statesmen have on the return of this day met thier Fellow citizens "by thousands assembled" and expounded the beauty of our Republican Institutions, and pronounced with pathos & zeal, the highest encomiums upon the founders. The school Boy in his teens, in a Rustic grove poured out his soul in a Fourth of July Oration, to the admiration of the good people of the Rural district. The Demagogue has met the people in masse and harangued them upon the issues of some "deep and vital Political question". The gray haired Sire, and the beardless Boy, the Matron and the Maiden have all for near two ages consented and contributed to make this the Birth day of our once great Nation's Indepence a happy and joyous occasion. But alas! how changed The old Sage might well exclaim. "Alas! Alas!! My once happy but now ruined country. The noble work or a century torn down in a day." But I am digressing. And will write of the scene around me. All remained as calm as death during the night last night, And until 10 oc. to day. It was then announced in orders that the struggle was over, that the die was cast, The noble Garrison after a gallant defense of 49 days was surrendered. That Vicksburg was given up. It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the scene. Our brave men though worn out with fatigue and exposure had been cheerful up to this time, were now seized with gloom and despair. As they marched out in front of the trenches they had so long defended, and stacked thier arms, and upon them hung thier accoutrements, down many war worn cheeks did the Big and bitter tear run, and the deep tones came up in earnest accents, "I would rather die in the trenches than submit to this." The scene calls to my mind the time when the Hebrews "hung thier Harps upon the willows and wept". We staked our arms and colors about 11 oc. and the Yankees marched up immediately and took possession of the arms and the fortifications, we falling back and bivouaking in the Ravines. Gen. Grant and Staff entered Vicksburg at 10 oc. to day with all the pomp and pride of a conqueror. He doubtless feels that he is the Hero of the U.S. Army and I believe he is. His forces marched in and took possession of all the Ordnance and Ordnance stores with all the Batteris and Fortifications. I must however do them justice to say that they behaved better than I expected. They did not make any undue noise or demonstrations.

At 11 oc. the Boats below and the Fleet above the City, with all colors flying, moved to the Wharf. at the same time a Division marched into the City. When all had met, The national salute was fired. Of course it was a Glorious Fourth of July for the Union Army. and perhaps the proudest day of Grant's Life. And you may know it was a gloomy day for, or to us. Doubtless many of the Yanks thought of us as was said by one of old "Behold ye despisers and wonder and perish".

I am now prepared to say that my fears of spending the summer up north are removed. By the terms of the Surrender we are all to be Paroled. Officers are allowed to reteain thier side arms and private property (Negros excepted). These are the most liberal terms that any prisoners have obtained during this War. The Paroling Office will be opend to morrow, but it will take several days to parole the army. I hope it will be done at the earliest convenience, as I now desire to get away from this place as soon as possible. For I tell you our associations are not pleasant. In my last I told you that our provisions were nigh exhausted. Gen. Grant has ordered that our Army be fed from his supplies, which will begin tomorrow. You will hear much said in relation to our suffering here. There has been no actual suffering for the want of provision. A days Rations of Mule Beef was issued this morning to our Brigade, and many of our men have eat of it to day. I took a Mule Beef Steak for breakfast this morning. And I must say that it was very nice. Our prejudices have much to do with our eating. The long ears stood up in bold relief (Imagination) while feasting upon it.

You will hear various reports relative to the number of men surrendered here. I do not know how many have surrendered to day, but I do know this fact, that not less than 31,000 have been drawing Rations during the seige. And the presumption is that about that number have surrendered. I am pretty well informed that not less than 5000 stands of arms, and large quantities of ammunition have gone into the hands of the Enemy. I do not know the number of pieces of Artillery that have been lost to us, But the loss is heavy and some of the best in the Confederacy has now changed hands.

This is not the proper time to speak freely of this sad reverse to our arms. A time will certainly come when this case will be in-



vestigated, and the Guilt or neglect ferreted [sic.] out. Every one is loud in censuring Gen. Pemberton. Some charge him as a traitor. others, for imbecility or incompetency. I think I have seen some evidence of the latter. But I will not say as much as I feel at this time.

I hope to be on the march in a few days towards a more congenial camp.

Yours truly,

R. S. Camp

No. 15

Paroled Camp Near Vicksburg Miss  
Saturday Eveng 11th July 1863

My Dear Sir -

When I closed my last one week ago I then hoped and expected to have left this place before now. But here we are yet. Such a week of anguish and suspense I have never spent. And I hope never to have to spend such a time again. We have been surrounded and subject to the supreme contempt of the Yankees of [sic] Masters at present. And while they have in the main treated us very well Yet I am sick and disgusted with the close proximity to those for whom I have such low and degrading opinions. The very atmosphere is pregnant with a peculiar Malaria, Which is sickening to a Freeman, and not calculated to stimulate the drooping spirits of a War worn Rebel. It is true that we have met among our Conquerors some good Men And among them a few who still have a little of the milk of human kindness left in thier hearts. And personally I have received all that I could ask or wish at thier hands. And thier kindness I will never forget.

But in the present struggle we are Enemies, and must remain at dagger-points till this War is closed. There is no doubt in my mind that if this matter was left to the men who stand front in Battle and danger, they would settle it some way or other. The cause of our delay here is that none are allowed to leave until all are paroled. I was paroled last Sunday (the 5th inst) Enclosed I send you a copy of my Parole. This is rather a tight paper. Each soldier and Officer has been furnished with a copy. We get this in

lieu of a passport up north. And I must say that I like it better. The business of Paroling was finished this evening. Our Soldiers have been going out all day to day. Our Division will start to morrow morning. the 40th will start at Sunrise. The sadest feature about it is the large number of our men we must leave behind, sick. In the 40th we will leave 120 and equally as many will start who will not be able to make the trip. I think we will have to march to some point on the Mobile & Ohio R.R. Well may we dread it. I will write you again.

Yours truly

R. S. Camp

No. 16

Camp Near Enterprise Miss  
Monday 20th July 1863

My Dear Sir:

I wrote you last on the evening of the 11th inst. In which I stated that we would leave Vicksburg and all its associations, good and evil, on the next morning. And accordingly on Sunday morning the 12th July 1863 just eight long weeks after we had marched into the Hill City we passed the Yankee Guards at the Trenches on the Jackson Road. we were detaind at this point about two hours. The Guards here examined our Paroles, and searched our Baggage to see if we had any thing contraband. We then moved on slowly and camped that night on the Bank of Big Black near the R.R. Bridges. From day to day we marched on making and [sic] average of about 16 miles per day. From Big Black Bridge we went to Raymond, thence to the celebrated Coopers Wells. from there a little place called Cats. At this point we left about one third of our men who had given out. from this place we went to Raliegh. There on to Garlandville, and from there to this place, which we reached to day at 12 M. We left Vicksburg with near 200 men in our Regt. and reached this place with about 100. I turned and looked upon the poor worn-out and jaded little Band and wept as I said "These are they who have come up through great tribulation." It is really sad to look upon these all worn out with fatigue and sickness. And much sadder still to reflect upon the condition of our noble Regt. Those who were captured at Bakers

Creek are in a Northern prison, 120 prostrated at Vicksburg, more than than number strown on the wayside from Vicksburg to this place, partly within the Enemy's lines, and partly in a pine, Barren, and desolate country. When will we all get together again? I know It will be a long time before we can all get to gether, and our Regt. present a full and effecient organization as heretofore. In fact I know that many of the noble spirits will never meet again. Ere this sad reverse is over Many will have ceased to live - will have fought the last fight - and finished thier timely carreer. I think I have seen more suffering on this march than any one during the war. With our Misfortunes Heaven has smiled upon us. We have cloudy weather all the time and but little rain. Had we had a July sun all the time I do not know how we would have stood it.

We are now to be furloughed home for 30 days, and we will leave in a day or two for Georgia via Mobile. I will not write any more. I know you are tired of my letters. I have tried to keep you posted as to my movements and at the same time tried to furnish you with a detail of facts and events as they transpired around me. I know that my letters are very imperfect. For they have been writn under very unfavorable circumstances. But they will give you some idea of the seige of Vicksburg and the part that the 40th Ga. Regt. played in that stirring Drama. For after all that may be said, It is one of the most important episodes of this War. And there is no doubt of the truth that you and no other person outside can ever form a correct opinion of the trials and sufferings of the Garrison who passed through that firey ordeal. Hoping that we will soon be exchanged and that our men will recruit in health and spirits and that we all will soon be at our posts in the field, when we can act our part again in the great and bloody struggle for our independence. I now bid you adieu. May the Spirit of the most high smile upon us and guide us in the Right and may our late Reverses be as a Refiners fire, and Fuller's soap to purify us, and cleanse us from our Sins, and lead us speedily to an honorable and permanent peace, is the earnest desire of your

Obt. Svt.

R. S. Camp

## Notes

1. The only secondary account of the regiment is a short, privately published history, Dorothy Holland Herring *Company A of the Fortieth Georgia Regiment in Confederate Service*. Jonesboro, Ga., 1987).
2. William Stanley and Martha DuBose Hoole, *Historical Sketches of Barton's (Later Stovall's) Georgia Brigade, Army of Tennessee, C.S.A.* . . . [incl. Pvt. Joseph Bogle's *Some Recollections of the 40th Georgia Infantry, C.S.A.*, in *Civil War* (Dalton, 1911)] (University, AL, 1984), pp. 6-7.
3. The following sketch of Raleigh Camp and his service is drawn from Camp's "The first campaign of the 40th Georgia"; Camp documents donated by his descendants to the Eleanor S. Brockenbrough Library, The Museum of the Confederacy; Lillian Henderson, *Roster of the Confederate Soldiers of Georgia 1861-1865*, vol. IV (State of Georgia, 1960), p. 341; and Robert Manson Myers, *The Children of Pride: A True Story of Georgia in the Civil War* (New Haven, 1972), pp. 1483, 1574.
4. See Bogle's accounts in Hoole, pp. 18-23.
5. *War of the Rebellion: Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, 128 volumes (Washington, 1880-1900), series I, volume 38, part 3, p. 672; series I, volume 39, part 2, p. 854. Hereinafter cited as *OR*, series:volume:part, page(s).
6. James McPherson, *Why They Fought* (Baton Rouge, 1994).
7. The original transcription of Camp's handwritten paper was made by Museum volunteer Betsy Cole. Transcription and annotation for publication was done by Museum historian John Coski and Daniel F. Jasman, Jr., and Frank White, work-study students from Virginia Commonwealth University.
8. Col. Abda Johnson enlisted as captain of Company I on March 4, 1862 and was elected colonel on March 19th. Slightly wounded in action at Chickasaw Bluffs, Johnson nevertheless was titular regimental commander for the entire war. Henderson, *Roster*, p. 410.
9. Gray appears on Camp's list, but not in Lillian Henderson's published roster.
10. The only information in Henderson, *Roster*, p. 346, is that Gann was on a bounty roll dated March 27, 1862.

11. The 40th Georgia lost four men killed and 17 wounded in the battle. Confederate losses totalled 187; Federal forces lost 1,776. *OR*, I:17:1, pp. 625, 671.

12. Henderson's regiment, the 42nd Georgia, was in Gen. Stephen Lee's brigade, which apparently received more attention for its action in this battle than did Barton's brigade.

13. The 40th Georgia was not as slighted as Camp believed. Pemberton in his official report mentioned the regiment (as well as the 42nd and 52nd Georgia) as among those entitled to the "highest distinction" for their roles in the battle. In late April 1863, generals in the army discussed the proper name for battle honors to be placed upon flags ("Vicksburg," not "Chickasaw Bayou") and the regiments deserving the honors. The 40th was among the regiments listed, but it is not clear whether Gen. Barton issued orders to have the regiment's flag so inscribed. *OR*, I:17:1, pp. 669, 667-669, 675, 678.

14. This is a transcription of a copy of the order pasted onto Camp's manuscript page.

15. The remaining few pages of Camp's history of the regiment's first year described his duties on an examining boards for promotion and seniority, assessed the regiment's experiences and losses and mused at length on the prospects of peace and victory. "The Regiment has traveled about one thousand miles by Railroad, and has marched, on foot, much more. Our marching so much from place to place has given us the name of the running Regiment, or Bartons foot cavalry. It is true that we have not fought as many battles as many others. but it is no fault of ours. We may safely say that the 40th Ga has ever been on hand, ready and willing to do her part - to fight and die if necessary - and with as much truth we may promise that she will ever be ready to bear her share in the great conflict now on hand in which we are all mutually engaged in common cause for our just and equal Rights. . . ."

16. Capt. Joseph W. Anderson's Botetourt Artillery was one of the few Virginia units fighting in the western theater. As Camp reported, four of the battery's six guns were captured at Port Gibson. See Jerald H. Markham, *The Botetourt Artillery* (Lynchburg, 1986), pp. 25-48.

17. This landmark was the source of the battle's more familiar name, Champion's Hill.

18. General Barton reported (*OR*, I:24:2, p. 100) that Johnson was "sick and unable to command, but present and cheering his men."

19. Harris was in fact killed in the battle.

20. Phillips was wounded several times and taken prisoner. He remained in Federal prison camp until exchanged in February 1865. Henderson, *Roster*, vol. 5, p. 448.

21. General Stevenson reported losing 11 full artillery pieces. *OR*, I:24:2, p. 99.

22. General Stevenson reported that Barton's brigade was entirely cut off

from the rest of the division. Barton said that the 40th, 41st and 43rd Georgia regiments acted "with impetuous gallantry," but were "terribly handled" when they found themselves cut off. *OR*, I:24:2, pp. 95, 100.

23. Camp pasted onto the manuscript page a clipping from the *Citizen* of June 13th describing the incident and reprinting a captured letter from a Federal sailor.

24. The former mathematics professor managed to calculate this incorrectly, as 14 hours equals 840 minutes and 50,400 seconds.

25. Camp pasted onto the page a clipping from the *Citizen* of June 18th describing the bombardment.

26. Foster was retired to the Invalid Corps, May 5, 1864 and assigned to command Georgia conscripts at the end of that month. Despite his wound, he lived to 1904. Henderson, *Roster*, p. 394.

27. On "the 22nd day of the siege" (about June 7th), Pvt. Joseph Bogle, of Company I, was shot just above his left elbow by a sharpshooter. The arm healed, but not straight enough for Bogle to handle a gun. He refused a discharge and returned to the army after an extended furlough. Captured near Atlanta in August 1864, Bogle spent nearly a year at Camp Chase, Ohio, regretting his decision to refuse a discharge. He survived the war and wrote one of the only published histories of the 40th Georgia. Bogle, *Historical Sketches*, pp. 16-17; Henderson, *Roster*, p. 411.

28. F A.M. Carter, listed in Henderson, *Roster*, p. 359, as killed in July 1863. Camp's roster also lists him as A.M. Carter.

29. "A.C. Norton" must be Cpl. William A. Norton, listed in Henderson, p. 390, as killed at Vicksburg, and listed in Camp's roster as W.N. Norton.

30. Camp enclosed a clipping, "The Grand Faux Pas," from the *Citizen* of June 27th.

31. Camp enclosed a clipping from that day's *Citizen*.

32. Camp enclosed another clipping from that day's *Citizen*.

33. The death of that officer, Brig. Gen. Martin Edward Green, of Missouri, is described in yet another clipping from the *Citizen*.

34. Capt. Alex Murchison survived his wound and was retired to the Invalid Corps in May 1864. Henderson, *Roster*, p. 417.

35. The Federals exploded mines under Confederate positions on June 25th and July 1st (not the 2nd as Camp wrote) and on both occasions failed to exploit the temporary gap created in the Confederate line. See Samuel Carter, III, *The Final Fortress: The Campaign for Vicksburg 1862-1863* (New York, 1980), pp. 281-287.