

Journal of Private Hawley V. Needham
134th Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment, Company G

Private Needham served in the Jackson Purchase Area of Kentucky from June to September of 1864. Below are diary entries of Private Needham from May 22, 1864 to October 23, 1864.

Co. G. Captain J. Pike

If this journal should be lost the finder will confer a great favor by sending it, if possible to the following address and enclosing the sender's address

HV Needham, ~~Buckley, Iroquois County, Ill.~~
Tonganoxie, Leavenworth, Kansas

Any expense attending it will be remitted with my sincere thanks. If not practical to comply with the above request, please burn it up

Sunday May 22nd 1864

As today had been one of unusual excitement and interest I thought it might not be uninteresting to write a kind of Diary of events of the day to see how we spend Sunday in Camp Fry.

At half past five we were routed out for Roll Call, had breakfast at half past six. At nine Mr. Tullis and I went to work and fixed up the barracks for Sunday School. We got some benches, put blankets on top of them which made very comfortable seats. About 50 of our company and the CCC's got together and had a very interesting Bible class. After dinner I procured a magazine and I lay down on a bunk to read but fell asleep and although Mr. Tullis held a meeting in the room I knew nothing of it until told. At five we had Dress Parade. I forgot to (speak?) of the departure of the 65th Veterans. It made my heart ache to look at the old battle scarred remnant, only about four hundred left and the rest, where are they? And what makes it the more sad to think of was to see what a hardened set of sinners they are, luckless to the last degree and when they started I presume the greater part were somewhat under the influence of liquor and yet how proudly they stepped! With their band playing stirring airs, the Old Battle Flag torn and rent, the glittering rifles! to me it was a thrilling sight. This is the third time they have gone to Dixie.

This evening there was preaching in the camp but I had promised to attend a prayer meeting so I did not hear it. The prayer meeting was held in the officer's room of the CCC's. There were more than 20 of that company present. About a dozen took active part and I could not help acknowledging in my innermost heart that it was good to be there, and I could say with King Agrippa "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And yet there is a kind of not indifference, but rather stolidity, and this in spite of the fact that every chord in my nature is jarred and my heart revolts on hearing the blasphemy and obscenity which prevails among a

large class of the boys here. Though this is a record of the way in which I spent the day, it is painful to say that card playing, jumping, wrestling, beer drinking and profanity filled up the day with a great many. The grounds have been crowded with citizens all day, many of them ladies, some came to visit their friends for the last time before they leave. I could not help looking to see if there was one familiar face among them, but not one did I see. How bad we felt to think we forgot to write to Mr. Grey to come up here. There was not one of us thought but me, and that was on Friday night too late to send a letter by the camp mail. I might perhaps have sent it to the city by someone, but the orders were so strict about leaving that I gave it up. Possibly we shall stay here another week. If so, I shan't forget again.

Friday June 10th

This day seems to be the day of all others in our affairs. This day 6 weeks ago we left Onarga, four weeks ago we were mustered, two weeks ago we left Chicago. This morning we were to prepare for inspection: to clean, brush and black, but before we were inspected an order came to march to camp between one and two miles off. For two hours all was confusion a few working and the rest in the way. Forward march! Our road wound up, round the cliff on which the Fort is built. Just as we started down came the rain in torrents, but despite the rain I could not help admiring the picturesqueness of the scene. Being almost in the rear I could look up and see the men disappear behind some turn in the road and then appear way up higher. It was a realization on a small scale of some of the pictures I have seen in the Illustrated papers. When we got to the camping ground we were pretty well soaked, but as soon as our ground was assigned us we went to work and before dark our ground was cleaned and tents up.

Sat. June 11

Were obliged to move ground. Worked like a dog cleaning up. The Old Col. has got a grudge against us. At night we were again in order.

Sun. June 12th

This morning had our first general inspection; worked hard for 3 hours, then stood until almost noon. After dinner were going to have a Sunday School but was detailed to go down to Columbus on fatigue duty. We unloaded stoves; had to roll barrels up a steep hill nearly one hundred feet (confound their bawling, some of our boys are murdering all the old songs. I can scarcely write, Aug. 18th) What a contrast between Yankeedom and Dixie. Up North it would be unloaded with one tenth the work and in one tenth the time. I think the army officers are culpable for putting so much work on the men on this day, for of all others it is the dirty work day.

Mon. June 13

Awful battalion this afternoon. As I only note the main items, I will state the fact that today for

the first time since I have been here I saw a good looking young lady in camp. She was on horseback and accompanied by the Col. commanding the post. This evening volunteered to go on Picket in preference to camp guard.

Tues. 14th

Drew rations for three days. Marched to Columbus then round the Picket line in all about six miles and with my knapsack on too, it was awful hot and we almost melted. I write this standing on the old Rebel Breastwork. What wild country! high hills, deep ravines covered with dense underbrush and cut up with rifle pits and forts and breastwork by the mile. It seems as if, if it was properly garrisoned, that it would be impregnable. How picturesque the scene at my feet turns a deep ravine covered with underbrush here and there is an old stub which looks as if it had been shot off. Beyond is the forest. To the North is the encampment of the 136th and between is a Rebel graveyard with naught to mark their unholy resting places but a mound of earth. Who knows but my fate may be the same? With what unconcern the soldier regards these things. I must struggle against this feeling for I think it is wrong, yet I begin to feel it. Sunday night when we were culled out at midnight to fall in and take our arms I was eager for a fray. But to return to my description. To my back to the westward, glittering like burnished silver under the hot rays of the Southern sun flows the great Father of Waters, at present in a very low state, but from looking at its banks one can imagine what it is at times. To the right and south through a deep gorge runs a railroad, the (Mobile?) and Columbus. I believe it is only used by the Gov. and for thirteen miles. It must have been an immense business in peace time.

I cannot help wondering why I did not hear from Annie. It is now over a week since I wrote. Maybe those dreadful promiscuous examples are worrying the life out of her as of old so that she has no time, or it cannot be that anything I said in relation to Cook's doings has offended her. I did not intend it surely and if my true meaning is understood it will not, but I could not very well say what I wanted to. How I wish our paths had never met, not that I am in the least afraid of him for he is too contemptible. I would dare him to do his worst, trusting that if I conduct myself properly I shall come out all right. I have so far conquered my bitterness towards him. that I will wish him no ill, that is if he will in the future mind his own business. We are now under officers whom we respect and also find congenial society, which we did not in the old company. What a blessing to the soldier a letter is, a good long one, how eagerly they crowd around when the mail is brought into camp, and a glad smile lights up their countenances. One is for them. And it would make one laugh did he not sympathize with them to see the dejected visages of the disappointed ones. Just now as I look toward the sinking sun unconsciously I began to murmur the song which Annie and Sarah sang so often on those pleasant spent evenings a month or two ago. "Now the daylight fades on the tented field" and I could realize it in its full sense.

Wed. June 15th

What sound is that? said my comrade. My answer is "The Calliope" It is playing a delightful waltz, but thought the music is sweet, it causes a bitter feeling, for its inventor is a dear friend of my parents and he is going the way of poor inventors. Hark! there it is again, at this distance as it floats softly up through the valley, it sounds like a richly tuned piano. Received a letter from Annie this morning.

Thurs. June 16th

Feel mean this morning. My eyes are sore, my throat also. This sleeping on the ground and losing sleep don't agree with me. I got but very little sleep last night on account of a little cowardly pup who was on the same post with me. Two men crossed his beat, but he was so badly scared that he dared not halt them. Then the plaguey fool kept me awake pretty near all the rest of the night. I wish I had been awake when they passed. I almost believe they would have halted.

Friday 17th

We were relieved about noon. I went back by the way of Columbus and put a letter in the P.O. today. The heat is most unendurable and it seemed as if my veins would burst before I reached camp. On the whole, I have had a pretty good time. Cows run loose and we got some milk last night. Some of us got an old hand car onto the track, then by pushing it up the track a quarter of a mile from there it would run itself. For a mile it was down grade and we went whistling.

Saturday 19th

Intensely hot all day. Lay in the tent most of the time. In the afternoon George and I went out in the woods and had a long conversation on matters concerning our souls salvation. I felt free to converse with him. Why do I feel so reluctant? The path seems plain. I sometimes think I made a great mistake in not taking my stand on the side of Christ while I was in Onarga. The last few sermons of Mr. Winter seemed make an upheaval in my entire nature, but I could not help shrinking back. I have not confidence enough to stand out as I ought. Brave Annie Von Dupor's conduct ought to put me to shame.

Sunday June 19th

Company inspection this morning. Received a welcome letter from mother containing two dollars. George Lyman is quite sick today. He was taken with the mumps two days ago. I sincerely pray that he may not fall, for I love George almost as a brother. We had a most ridiculous Dress Parade. The Lieutenant Col took command for the first time and was so embarrassed that he gave quite a number of incorrect orders. Had a good S.S. about one hundred percent. Preaching in the eve.

Monday June 20th

The left wing went bathing. We had a most romantic climb up and down the precipitous bank of the river, it is at least 150 feet, many say 200. It looks like it certainly. Sometimes we had to dig our hands into the bank or grasp shrubs or roots for support, but the trip was made in safety. Nice shower this afternoon. George is about the same.

Tues. 21st

Last night woke up pretty sick and vomiting and pain, but I would not report to the Doctor so I went on drill but I was obliged to quit. I have considerable fever but I think I shall come out all right.

Wed. 22nd

This morning feel pretty well. On guard today as supernumerary of the third relief, but did only two and one half hours duty. I was fortunate for I was too weak to do much. George is very weak but some better otherwise.

Thurs. June 23rd

Went out and shot off my gun, but I was so weak that I could not aim consequently shot high and wild.

Fri. 24th

The boys went after some poles to fix up the tent with but gave it up, so I shouldered an axe and started. I got outside of the Picket line where I got some good ones but I came near being sun-struck. Going back my load was so heavy, but we got the tent raised and fixed pretty well.

Sat. June 25th

Today on Police. Confounded hard work carrying water up that steep hill. Cleaned up some for inspection. Attended the evening prayer meeting.

Sunday June 26th

Snapped around and cleaned out our tent. Finished cleaning my accoutrements. On inspection my gun was recommended. Laid in the shade until Sunday School. Tonight we lay on our arms out near the Picket line. Sent a letter home asking them to join with Mssrs. Lyman, Havens and (Peck?) in sending us a box of good things.

Monday 27th

Went swimming this morning then had two hours Batallion drill. Fired off our guns. I hit the tree on which the target was put. Layed around the rest of the day. In the evening we went over to Frank's tent and had a good sing.

Tues. 28th

A dozen of us started with a reason to go outside of the Picket but were not allowed to pass. Fools down at headquarters told us to go out on another party's pass. In the afternoon we got the pass and went out a mile or two. The heat in the woods was intense. I went to an orchard half a mile further and got a haversack full of apples. Coming back got some more then went down to a spring and bathed. In the evening I was taken with a terrible fever which lasted until most morning.

Wed. 29th

Went to the doctor and got excused from duty for the first time. The rest of the boys built a shade in front of the tent. I loafed and wrote a letter to Annie.

Thurs. June 30th

Rose early and busied myself until nine o'clock preparing for the Muster for pay. We were marched out to a nice shady place under the trees where we lay down until we were inspected. The officers gave some of the boys Hail Columbia for not having their arms in order therefore we were ordered out again in the afternoon. Mr. Harper came this afternoon. The boys are all very glad to see him.

Friday July 1st

Bully drill this morning. Lieut. Atkinson took us out under the trees and let us lay down. Then we raised tent and fixed things up in general. Towards evening Mr. Harper left, his visit has done the boys a deal of good. He also brought some of the boys a nice (box?) of good things.

Saturday July 2nd

On guard again and lucky again too for I am supernumerary. Wrote to Leonis. It rained all night but I wasn't going in the guard tent, so I stayed out but kept pretty dry.

Sunday 3rd

Quit raining. Did not have to stand any guard at all, fired my gun twice hit a little stub eighty yard. Wrote a short letter to H. and wrote some on Chronicle. The boys had a big row with the (Sutter?) and came pretty near cleaning him out, but he came down handsomely and treated Co. G to all the Ale and Lemonade they wanted. Also promised to take his checks in pay for everything.

Monday the 4th of July

The great national anniversary of American Independence in Columbus was ushered in with a salute fired from Fort Quimby. I was busy most of the forenoon cleaning up everything. In the afternoon some of us went down to Columbus, bought a few things, went in swimming, visited

the old Water Battery. In the evening went down to the quarter of the CCC's. They had red , white and blue lanterns hung up all around. They had some splendid music, two violins, a piccolo and guitar. The drum major beat time on the drum wood. And waltzes polkas jigs and (butting?) by the little (Nigs?). dancing by (Maverick?) and some bully singing by (Maverick?) and G. band. Altogether we had a splendid evening entertainment. I forgot to say that at noon there was a National Salute fired from Fort (Halleck?).

Sunday July 5th

On Batallion Drill this morning the Col. was as savage as a meat axe ordered all absentees to report and then put them on fatigue. I should think he might make a little allowance for Fourth of July. Then he tied Buffalo up by the thumbs and said that the next day he would Buck and Gag him because he went to the river to wash his clothes: he did not know any better. We almost had a small rebellion. We groaned and yelled at Mc and if he had carried out his whole threat there would have been a mess. The Capt. interceded and got him off until D.P. when he again tied him up. Our Co. was awful mad and I guess it was the [worst] drilling we ever done. Then the boys made an effigy of Mc and tied it up to the tree where it hung until the next morning when the officer of the day saw it and took it down. Remember

Wednesday July 6th

Went to river. At Dress Parade the Capt. was put under arrest for not circulating a subscription paper for the Brass Band and though he was let off, it made us mad as fire. We cheered for Cap. and groaned for the Col. The boys all said they would not subscribe, so Cap. thought it nonsense.

Thursday 7th

Got letters from A. and from father. He says they sent the Box on the fifth. Today we drew our Dress hats had lots of fun over them. The boys went to work and out of pride for Co. G we raised the target subscription in the Regt. to \$1.00 a piece for privates.

Friday July 8th

Last night we lay on arms. Received a letter from Hattie. This is the first one I have received since somewhere about last New Year's. We heard that the Box was down in Columbus but we could not get out to see it.

Saturday 9th

Went to the hospital to see Willie Gilson. He is pretty sick. I wrote a letter for him. In the afternoon our Box came. All of my things were in pretty good order. Geo had a can of raspberries spoil and John lost a pound or two of butter which mixed up with the peas and made quite a steaming mess. We are pretty well satisfied. Bully Boys. Hurrah! Won't we live for a

while? I dug a hole in the tent and we buried the box up -- it will make a capital cellar.

Sunday July 10th

I stayed in camp this morning while the rest went swimming and cooked a nice mess of peas. We had all of our Onarga boys to breakfast, had coffee, bread, meat, peas, cookies, cake, pie and two kinds of canned fruit; didn't we have a jolly time. After breakfast I volunteered to help sweep off the Parade. It took about two hours but was credited for a days duty. I spent nearly half the day in scalding fruit. In the afternoon it rained hard and I wrote letters to Hattie and my parents.

Monday July 11th

Finished a letter to H. I have caught quite a cold and feel pretty dull. did not do much except fix top to the cellar. Today the flags are at half mast. Last night Capt. Lynn of Co. (F?) died. It strikes a chill through the heart of everyone for it is the first death from disease in the Regt. And now comes a messenger from the Post Hospital saying that Charlie Long is dead. We called him Double Barrell. Poor fellow he had many faults but was almost as much sinned against as sinning, but no wonder he died he did nothing but eat, eat, eat. all the trash he could get.

Tuesday July 12th

My birthday. 22 years old. Pretty well today. old routine. Band instruments came. I hear that Cook was taken to the hospital.

Wednesday 13th

On Guard at the commissary. Received a letter from Dan, he is at Vicksburg. Cultra came and told me that Gilson has been taken to the Post Hospital. He is failing fast. I wrote to his father advising him to come after him. I have not seen him since day before yesterday, meant to see him today. Thomas was there yesterday. he was told that Willie was better. answered Dan's letter.

Thursday 14th

This morning was both surprised and shocked to hear of Gilson's death. He was sent there in a dying condition but happily for him he was unconscious most of the time. John Thomas wrote to his parents. Eight of us went to escort him to the grave but it was not dug.

Friday July 15th

Went again today and escorted Gilson's remains to the grave. The corpse stank terribly. Poor boy and his poor mother, I pity her. My feelings expressed in a letter to A. at the time of Capt. Lynn's death seem to have been prophetic.

Saturday 16th

Procured a pass and went to town bought paper and envelopes.

Sunday 17th

Swimming. Company Inspection. preaching in evening. sleep on our arms tonight.

Monday July 18th

Confounded General Inspection. scalded a can of strawberries.

Tuesday July 19th

Half of our Hundred days are gone and it is eighty five since I enlisted. We are now on the downhill side. Hurrah!

Wednesday 20th

Went to see Will (Cobin?) he is pretty sick with fever. Received letters from Mr. (Gilemhome?) and Annie. Good.

Thursday 21st

The Regiment stood in line for the purpose of having its photograph taken. In the afternoon answered the letters I received yesterday.

Friday 22nd

Am on police duty today. There is a terrible growling in camp today. Our rations have been cut down heavily. We have had full rations of bread, now we don't have more than twelve ounces. received letters from Leonis and Chas.

Saturday July 23rd

Went out as one of the advance guard to a party after poles. got into a Blackberry patch, picked two quarts. Came back built bunks and answered letters.

Sunday 24th

The Artists took a negative of our Co. quarters. we had the guns stacked in the center, the boys were doing all sorts of things. They also took one of the officers in front of their quarters. Services in the evening.

Monday 25th

On Guard at the Sutters today. Fancy guard you know; if I had only put on a paper collar, why I would've been at the Col.'s tent. About twelve a dispatch came from Gen. Prince saying that the Rebs were in force close by. So companies A,B,C, and E commanded by the Adj. started in quest of them. Capt. Petts went with a Cavalry force full lick. About three the artillery went too.

but it proved to be a wild goose chase. I slept in my quarters. Fancy don't have to do duty in the night after nine.

Tuesday July 26th

Stood guard two hours this morning. When we went out to fire off our guns the target was placed one hundred and forty yards, not one hit. A boy in Co. E or H. was wounded in the leg by a shot fired by one of their own boys who while on Picket shot at a steer. Capt. Dyer commanded on Dress Parade. Just as we were being dismissed the Col. galloped up and ordered us out on Batallion. The dust was so thick we could hardly see and because the (guides?) did not cover accurately he swore like a trooper.

Wednesday July 27th

Tailored most of the afternoon. Amos Peck lays in our tent. he is pretty sick. Went out and slept on our arms. The officer of the day thinks there is danger of an attack. if the pickets fire a volley we are to reinforce them.

Thursday 28th

Slept well last night but don't feel very well on account of having a bad cold. Went to the river and did my washing, but got my arms and legs awfully sun burnt. Fished a (barrel?) out of the river and toted it on my head up the steep hill by the Fort and to camp. it made me a nice bunk. Attended a prayer meeting in the evening.

Friday July 29th

Went to the river. After Guard Mount forty of us equipped ourselves for a berry expedition. took our arms and haversacks. Geo and I took a large can apiece to put berries in. marched four miles to the Orchard, some of the way through dust nearly ankle deep. Geo, John and I got eight quarts of berries and a lot of nice apples. Rallied and thirty of us went out scouting for Rebs. had to throw away our apples. Went three miles and found their lair. Ten of us scouted through the corn and brush but found nothing but their tracks and places where they lay. Expected to find some blankets but did not. Got a violent headache going through the hot Cornfield. Scott and Watson were there before and saw five men lying around the house and when they left they heard a gun snap. Pretty near gave up when I got back. The 2nd Lieut. carried my gun the last mile. billious.

Saturday 30th

Feel better but it was hard work to go through Batallion drill. Had a glorious rain. In afternoon washed my shirt and fussed around. After retreat the news came that we are to go to Paducah but I don't much believe it

Sunday July 31st

Early this morning orders came to pack up and by noon all were on board the steamer G.W.Graham. What a pity we had to leave our nice shade bunks, cellar and a lot of fruit cans, ropes, etc. Nearly everyone was loath to leave, but still the prospect of a change was some consolation. I kicked everything to Jericho. At Cairo four Companies took another boat and went on. The GWG draws too much water to go any farther. I stayed down on the boat unloading until nine o'clock. The main body marched to the old Hospital Barracks. When I got there nearly every place was occupied. I found a little space in which by smashing a board and putting it there I managed to twist and dovetail myself into a sleeping place. But was it not a gay sleep!

Monday August 1st

We were just eight weeks in Columbus to an hour and last again slept on the soil of Illinois. Just after noon the Col. brought us out for the purpose of showing the 139th how to drill then it began to rain so we took shelter in their Barracks. The two Co's were together had a very pleasant visit. After the rain was over we went out and drilled awhile with knapsacks on then took them off and drilled some more. And although we were so badly hampered, the officers of the 139th acknowledged that we were far ahead of them. We were then marched up on to the street fronting the Ohio levee. Then the drunken Col. halted the column and ordered us to stack arms, right there where the mud was shoe deep, and when the order came "Unslung Knapsacks" some of the boys were so mad they threw them ten feet out in front of the Regiment. Then Lieut. Col. Bigelow interfered and took us to a dry place where we sat until most dark, when three Co.'s embarked on the diadem and three on the J.M. Ford. I am on the latter and I sit here while the dusty shadows of night come creeping upon us and all nature is so still and solemn and it seems as if I should like to be alone where my thoughts and fancies could have free scope. I wish if such a wish is not wrong that I could dive deep into the hidden mysteries of Nature (?) ! The ever present is too impractical for such dreaming. Hard tack and S-- R-- are the subjects of discussion these times, too dark to write more.

Tuesday August 2nd

Boat stuck last night and had a hard time getting off, finally cast anchor until morning. As usual nothing but hard tack for breakfast. I am sick of the sight of one. Arrived at Paducah half past eight and had a very hot march to camp. I am very much pleased with the place, nice people, beautiful scenery, good water and a splendid bathing place. The Lieut. Col. has command and he is a splendid man. I wish he was Col. Green corn, tack and coffee for supper.

Wednesday 3rd

Stood guard three hours last night. Fixed up tent some, slept some and rambled around some. don't feel very well.

Thursday August 4th

Worked busily all day building shade, table and fixing tent. Wrote letter home.

Friday 5th

Too unwell to do anything only wrote a letter to A.

Saturday 6th

John Thomas and I procured passes and did up Paducah. Along the levee the buildings show the effects of war, they being full of shotholes. At the end of the town near the Fort a number of fine buildings have been blown up. But I was so much pleased with the place some pretty nice houses and tasty grounds surrounding them. In good times it must be a thriving place. Now there are six or seven large sawmills and tanneries almost entirely idle. The Fort is small with not much of a (?) around but has a rather ugly looking abatis and is pretty well mounted with guns. The Garrisons are Negroes. Borrowed fifty five cents from John Hall to buy a few little necessities with. most time I got some from home. We saw some pretty good looking ladies. It does one good to see some of his own color again after eight weeks spent in the darkness.

Sunday August 7th

My right finger has got so sore that I was obliged to report to the Surgeon. Lieut. Roe and six of us attend Divine Service in the Presbyterian Church. A very respectable congregation. Considerable dress and style among the ladies. The sermon was very commonplace and the most ridiculous breakdown in the choir that I ever witnessed, complete fizzle. The minister took it up to the tune of Old Hundred and made the house ring. On our way back went to the first Negro meeting I ever attended. Real southern affair, the preacher as is usual took Paul for his text. he used the real dialect. When he was done they had a regular time praying, singing, yelling, groaning, clapping of hands, all together I think there was really more devotion there than at the other church, but still jarred harshly on my nerves. Answered Mrs. Gilson's letter which received yesterday. In the evening Mr. Tullis preached a very good sermon.

Monday August 8th

Dr. lanced my finger. it has been very painful. he says it is a felon. Went out and witnessed Dress Parade. It was splendid. Gen. Paine was there and praised it very highly saying he never saw but two Regiments excel it and those were the 7th and 9th. At tattoo the question of re-enlistment was put to vote. Nary "aye"

Wednesday August 10th

About three o'clock started on the long talked of expedition to --I don't know where. About one thousand strong, darkies and all. Went in light marching order leaving wool blankets and knapsacks behind. Just after starting it began to rain and the Regt. presented a comical appearance (?) in their black gowns. got four miles and halted to clean out an orchard and get

water. four miles more and halted for the night. We built fires with rails and made coffee in our cups, had some tack also. Gay old sleep Thomas and I had with a rubber under and over us.

Thursday 11th

This is soldiering in earnest. get up in the dark and prepared my sumptuous meal of coffee and Tack then marched on two or three miles when we halted to fodder up. There was an orchard of prime apples and the way we stripped it and the hen (?) and cornfield (want low?). I dare not eat any corn. After marching four miles more we came to a splendid watermelon patch belonging to a Reb and it was not twenty minutes till the last melon was gone. There were a great many wagons passing loaded with tobacco. They all had a box of provisions when they reached us but when they had passed, the eatables where were they? Echo. I don't think it was right. I could not stand it.

Friday August 12th

I am writing here in the Cupola of the Courthouse of Mayfield, Graves County KY, said I believe to be the Banner Secession County of the State. I have come up here weak and stiff from the march and sickness to see if the fresh air and a good cigar won't revive. I know I am breaking my agreement in so doing but the circumstances nothing but quarter rations and bad bowel complaint must be my excuse. We came in late last night. I was so sore and stiff that it almost impossible to stand up long enough to make some coffee. Our march was over twenty miles. Toward morning I found myself on my feet in the midst of a wild excitement (stamping?) and rushing, some crying Whoa! and some Oh! Some jumped fences, some climbed trees and some grabbed their guns. I did not do much of anything. My first supposition was that the enemy were cutting us to pieces but hearing no discharge of fire arms or orders from the officers I concluded that some of the horses were loose, and so it proved. I don't think more than a minute passed before I was again asleep.

Mayfield is quite a pretty place situated in the midst of a fine farming country and possessing a beautiful landscape. The tobacco trade seems to have been the life of the place as it contains two immense Warehouses and not long since another one larger than either of the present ones was burnt down. There is now probably (\$150,000?) worth in the place and a great deal all through the country. There is no trade here. stores with the exception of the drugstore are closed and empty. We are within twenty five or thirty miles of the Tennessee line and in a county abounding with guerrillas. There are three shotholes in the walls of the C.H. made by balls after passing though the body of a noted scoundrel. He was captured by the Cavalry only two weeks ago. The notorious Capt. Cass was shot in Paducah and by the (?)

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(Note: The original diary was written on one side of a notebook and then flipped over and continued on the other side. This is the reason HV wrote the entry "continues at the other side of

the book")

Aug 12, 1864 (cont.)

Finds me comfortably quartered in room no. 21 of the Union House in the town of Mayfield, Ky, 27 miles from Paducah. This morning found me sore, weak miserable, in fact between marching and diarrhea* I was used up, but before noon began to improve. Went with Walt and got a warm dinner at the house of a Union man. Found Capt. Gregory of the independent Scouts there. The boys have been in the foraging business. I got soap, rice, peppers and peppermint, a lot of utensils, glassware, woodenware, razor strop, books, etc. Some got books and other articles of considerable value. I was so unwell that I could not commence in (?). Towards eve we moved our quarters to the Mayfield Hotel. Quite a fine house. Made some gum bark tea with a quarter of a tack made my supper. And then I didn't repose for I was taken sick again.

Sat 13th

Finds me still in the land of the living but sick all over. Got a little meat and tea for breakfast. About 9 the 136th and the Negro regiment came in here. That darky regiment is a splendid one, head and shoulders above the Paducah one in a drill. There is now here the 134th, 136th the Paducah and Columbus Darky regts. also some Illinois, Tennessee, and Gregory (Cabab?). Col. McChesney is commander of the post. I wonder what is to be done. Suppose we shall find out soon enough. I think if I come out of this alive it will finish my soldiering for a while although I have tried my best to take care of myself. I have hardly seen a whole week at a time of real good health since I left Chicago and now I am about what I have anticipated should I be placed in such circumstances. pretty near flat but I shall keep a good heart and do my best. The Band has just been playing some inspiring strains among the rest, Gentle Annie and it reminds me of one of the same name. Ponder what she is doing at this moment. If there is anything in clairvoyance I should like to go into that state for a few minutes.

That the act of the King of France in "marching up a hill and then down again" is reenacted now and then was on a small scale verified today. The report came in that the Rebs were close by so our Regt. marched out a mile or so, loaded their, or I should say, guns when the Scouts came back and reported it all a hoax. so we came to an "About Face" "Forward March." This noon our knapsacks arrived in good order and also reinforcements for ?? the number of 11 making now almost 60 ??

Sun Aug 14

(I have had no opportunity to write for three days and consequently have lost from my mind many things I wanted to write down) This morning 30 of us were sent to put down a Nigger smash-up but the birds had flown. Then 4 of us, myself among the number were put on Provost Guard. We have to be on duty all day and 2 hours in the night. Pretty rough I think. Didn't we have a gay time last night, such a clear beautiful moon, light soft balmy air. It was delicious. I

should have loved to sit there on the balcony till morning and with a few companions and a good cigar. For then a cigar is an enjoyment taken in our fill of joyousness. But military law must in some sort be obeyed, so a little after 10 we laid ourselves on our soldier's beds. But for my part not to sleep as I lay there many and sometimes pleasant were the fancies which my busy imagination conjured up and it was only after a long courtship that I was enabled to woo fickle Morpheus and at last resign myself to slumber quietly in his loving embrace. But to the ever-present today. Towards evening we were obliged to resign our pleasant quarters in the Mayfield Hotel for a portion of a room in the tobacco warehouse. Delightful place! What sweet odors arise to greet our Co. G appreciating nostrils. Co. (?) is alongside and has use of all the windows opposite us. Co. K is in the west end of the room and Co. E in another room. Four companies are quartered in the seminary which is a much finer building that one would expect to find here. The other two Co.'s are in a church.

Mon. Aug 15th

Last night slept on the brick pavement, but sound as if in a feather bed. Cultra and I patrolled from 11 to 1. Everything quiet. The 136th and Columbus Darkey left this morn. don't know their destinations. Received a welcome letter from Kittie and enclosing one dollar. Today I listened to two radical Union speeches. One from Anderson, candidate for congress and the other from Bolinger a prominent citizen. These men are tried and true and are objects of bitter hatred to the Rebs. It was expected that General Paine would be here and make a speech as he had given an invitation to all to come in today and there was a big crowd. Many prominent guerrillas were said to be here. Gen. Paine failed to come but Bolinger explained his policy. The people must submit peaceably if they would, forcibly if need be. One hundred rebel families must be banished from the U.S. and the county must pay \$250,000. the Negroes who are able must go into the army. Bully for Paine. That is my ticket every time. But alas for poor (Rosinate?) he must see hard times for such a lot of Coopersware pothook crooks and angels I never saw united in one body creation before. The contrast was delightful between a fine costly carriage and one of those animals with his rich harnesses of rawhide tanned-hide and straps and adorned with fanciful shreds of rope and strings. Altogether the beholder would not fail to call it an extremely (richere?) affair. Tonight we take our quarters in the Mayfield Hotel. I mean the Provost Guard and Cultra and I are on relief from 9-11.

Tues. Aug 16

Today Cultra and I went out to the Picket - where Thomas (was?). delightful place. Grassy and shady plenty of good soft water and nice Union people who cook a great deal of their food, plenty of apples not far off; who wouldn't live. While we were there a Darky sergeant came with one of their slaves to get his clothes for he was going to be a soldier, a free man. Mrs. (Maye?) his owner was in a heap of trouble. She appealed to the Pickets but they could not interfere and appealed to us but we could do nothing but report the case which we promised to do, but it was

as I expected, of no avail. In the afternoon we went accompanied by (JD?, GL? and JH?) for the purpose, if possible of hearing some music as there are 4 young ladies and a piano there, but company coming in, to our regret, we missed it. Today we Provos again changed quarters, this time into an empty store which will be the future stopping place for Provos.

Weds. Aug. 17th

Last night I was shelved. drew cuts who should go on guard. Luckily for me drew a blank, but that wasn't the shelving. but I slept on one of those shelves. Today about 10:00 we were all relieved and a permanent guard organized. Got our regulation hats from Paducah. Nothing but a plague. Wrote a letter to Kittie and one to Dan. How dark and dismal it grows. Are my feelings more sensitive than others for they rise and fall like a barometer. Don't like such weather. I hear that the citizens have been pressed and are fortifying the courthouse square. Am spending the day in copying my old diary. This evening Co. (?) moved out and I secured a nice desk and bench near a window. We now have plenty of room, nail to hang everything on and am pretty well satisfied.

Thurs. Aug. 18

Wrote most of the day nothing of note.

Fri. Aug. 19th Pay Day

*We got one months pay today.

Still writing. Quite a number of our Onarga boys were detailed for Picket. J. Havens, G. Lyman, Corporal W. Krapp, D. Pangborn and W. Denning. It is pretty rough for Pickets. Rained hard all night and most all day, yet on other accounts it is acceptable for we are wholly dependent on rain water for all purposes. Heretofore, we have been forbidden to use any for washing purposes. Sickness is beginning to report rather to an alarming extent. The cause is probably change of diet and want of proper cooking. We do nearly all our own cooking and the boys forage all manners of food and then some of them cook nearly everything in grease.

Sat. Aug 20

The weather is still damp and disagreeable and my bones feel kind of agueish. Dow came in sick last night and this morn J. Havens is complaining. All who have loaded guns went out with Capt. Milligan to fire them off. He ordered us to fire low so as to go into the R.R. bank. Some did so but others fired so high that they nearly hit the cavalry videttes who were about a half a mile off. Capt. swore like a trooper. My ball hit the fence. There is now lying around here a poor crippled Negro another victim to the Divine Institution of Slavery. He escaped to the woods to avoid being taken South in the Rebel army. There his legs became frostbitten so that both legs had to be taken off, one at the knee and one above the ankle. He was obliged to saw one off himself with a knife. The boys have given him considerable money. He is going to Paducah to try and

learn the stove makers trade.

Sun. Aug. 21

Is it really Sunday? I did not know it until I heard one boy ask another the question. About the only difference is that there is not so much card playing and more cleaning of guns than on other days. This morning I put my wits to work to get up some breakfast. We saved our codfish last night that I picked up fine then took some tack and pounded it up fine, mixed some water in it and making it into balls, fried them. Mighty good too! Today the camp is wild with excitement. First the story has spread that we are ordered to be in Chicago by the 29th. Maybe, maybe not. Time will soon tell. Next, one of the third Ill. cavalry was brought in dead. He went out half a mile beyond the Vidette line after some buttermilk when he was surprised by guerrillas. His comrades are hunting for the assassins as yet they have not been found. They swear vengeance. There are it is supposed, 400 watching for a chance to surprise us. Thirdly, the Adjutant has just made us a little speech saying that Gov. Yates thinks there is danger to be apprehended from the Copperheads during the coming campaign and has honored the 134th by asking them to re-enlist to serve in the state only. I don't know what to do. I am pretty near ruin (down?) and want to go home to recruit up a little. Then father must need my help as he never did before. I think I shall wait until I either hear definitely from home or else go home myself. If we can have Lieut. Col. Bigelow for Col. and Capt. Pike for my Capt. I want to stay. Sundown, I have just been out to advanced Picket Post #5 to carry him his blankets. On my way I saw the body of the cavalry man who was shot. Ten balls struck him and his companion barely escaped. There were 6 guerrillas. Of course they stripped him of everything. Brought back my pockets full of sweet potatoes.

Mon. Aug. 22

I feel much better this morning than I have for a number of days. Last night was cold. Nearly everyone complained. I shivered most of all night. I have just written to father to know how affairs are in Illinois and if he can get along without me this fall. I have spent most of the time this P.M. in writing out both a regimented and Co. rosters. Towards evening I went out to see J.D. and get some sweet potatoes. Got a few apples and filled up the haversack with potatoes. I had to dig them up with my fingers and only my left hand too. Came back and found a letter awaiting me from Charlie and enclosing \$1.00 from mother. dear kind and self-sacrificing Mother. I am afraid she robbed herself.

Rumor saith that we leave here next Sunday. Hope so.

Tues. Aug. 23rd

On Picket today at Post #5 the easiest one on the line, though at the same time it is considered the most dangerous. There are twenty one of us. One Sergeant, three Corporals, the rest Privates. Three posts in the day time. Four at night. Our sergeant is a splendid fellow by name (Dibell?). He has with the exception of a few weeks been in the service since the fall of

Sumpter and had part of his right shoulder shot off. Here is my delightful home in the "Sunny South" and it is a beautiful place. The house is only one story high but it is large and roomy. A wide hall runs through the main part with one large room on each side. A large wing runs (along?) back with a wide veranda the whole length. The yard is one luxuriant mass of living green. Back of the house is a tasty well house built of lattice work with an abundance of soft water. Close by is a very large orchard of fine fruit. The plantation is I think the largest I have seen, but is barren of grain and the fences are fast going to ruin. The outbuildings are characteristic. It is owned by a widow made so probably by her husband's treason. She is supposed to be of the same stripe and I hardly know why the authorities keep a guard over the property.

We live pretty well. The Darkies bake biscuits and pies to sell and we get plenty of sweet potatoes and apples besides having rations sent to us from camp.

Wed 24th

* We called diarrhea the Kentucky quick-step

I was fortunate enough last night to be one of the reserve therefore had no duty to do, but I had to make it up this forenoon by doing four hours duty but will not go on again until night. There was an alarm in camp last night. Co. C manned the post holes in the C.M. and 3 companies formed in line of battle. There was firing near the Pickets I think for the purpose of attracting attention while some horses were being stolen from the corral. Two or three of the boys here were a little skittish. I have a great deal of amusement while on Picket in reading human nature. I find it an excellent place to develop character. I should be doing pretty well if it were not for the trotting against time which I have done on the celebrated Kentucky Race Course. It has now lasted nearly three weeks. Until the half way pole was passed, time was ahead and the odds were heavy against me. From there to the 3/4 stake, the odds were in my favor when time again made a desperate effort but broke and fell back and I think I shall pass the judges stand in triumph.

Thurs. Aug. 25

There was but little alarm last night. I stood guard three hours and one this morning. We were relieved by Sergeant Roberts and (Raynard?). The boys told him some outlandish stories and I'll bet he won't sleep a wink for the next two nights. Poor old granny! What a pity it is for anyone to be a bigger coward than some other folks. Well I had to stop writing and now I forgot what I wanted to say.

Fri. Aug. 26

Today has been one of marked interest to me and marks an important event in my history as being the first time I ever witnessed the death of any human being. I refer to the execution of the Guerrilla this morning. It took place about 11:00 A.M. The grave is between the brick warehouse and the R.R. We were formed on three sides of a square with the "Fortification Brigade"

forming another line a few paces in front and the cavalry in our rear. The prisoner was brought on the ground by his executioners who were some of Gregory's men called the "Hell Hounds" by the Rebs. Then followed moments of terrible anxiety and suspense to us all. One of Gregory's lieutenants tied his legs and blindfolded him, but did not then tie his arms. The Col. then turned to the F(?) Brigade and told them if they were caught in the same business or harboring guerrillas or if they failed to report any that were around that this was to be their fate if caught. By this time the prisoner had become uneasy and threw up his arms which were then tied and now his agony must have become intense for he gave utterance to some horrible groans. The executioners formed themselves with a reserve behind our men. Lieut. St. Clair P.M. gave the fatal order and he fell with a groan pierced by all ten balls. It was a sad thought that he must appear before God at the judgment with all his hellish crimes to answer for and no hope whatever. But justice does not always sleep and Fort Pillow will not go unavenged for this man was there. How humiliating for a man to commit such crimes and then cannot face the music. Toward night we again moved our quarters to the Mayfield Hotel 3rd story. We secured a room but 13 must pack in! Whew! Ain't it hot!

Sat Aug. 27

Co. E who were in the front room moved out and our mess with Walt and Bryden got Rm #10 and now we can live comfortably.

Sunday Aug. 28

Last evening the Chaplain held services in the brick church. I attended but was so sleepy that I guess I won't much profit. At 2:00 today we had General Inspection done up quickly. The officer merely passed around twice and then it was over. In the evening I attended church again. The house was full. The sermon was good and so was the singing which was accompanied with a Melodeon.

Monday Aug.29

Was detailed for Picket -- got on Post 3 and on Beat two. Right on the road there are half a dozen darky women or rather as one of them said "dark complexioned, white ladies slightly sunburnt" there washing, and I have fun alive listening to them talk.

Tues. Aug 30

Last night there was a great deal of firing. Once we heard a volley and then in obedience to orders we fell back to the R.R. This morning we heard that some of the (F?) Brigade had been trying to run the guard.

Gregory's men came in with a prisoner. They also killed one fellow. The prisoner was a young fellow, a mere boy, but daring and brave to the last degree. He was executed without any ceremony and put in his hole without a coffin. Unlike the one who was executed a few days

before he was "game" to the last. His bearing was worthy of one who was to die in a better cause. Got letter from Father, Leonis and Thayer.

Wed. Aug. 31

The 34th New Jersey came in this morning. Only 250 strong they are a most miserable set of Pimps. About 2000 have enlisted in the regiment and most of them have deserted. I'll bet I was glad to be relieved for my eyes have got so sore that I am in misery.

Thurs. Sept. 1st

(Date written but no further entry)

Fri. Sept. 2, 1864

The orderly informed me of the agreeable fact that I must go on Picket. Upon receiving (this?) I told him to put my name on the sick list, as in my present condition I wasn't going to do it. He did not quite "like it" but he must "lump it" The excitement has run high today about going home. The story spread that we were to be kept 30 days more. The Col. went to Paducah and came back and read a paper to each Co. requesting them to stay fifteen days longer. The Co.'s took a vote and the result was we could not see it in that light. He merely told us that he had something for us. If we remained he should have pay thanks and a medal. To make a crooked story straight, someone is making money in the place and to stay here without water with a heavy sick list and more becoming so every day with heavy duty. We don't care for others pockets. in this the Co.'s are nearly a unit.

Sat. Sept. 3

Felt some better today so I concluded not to go to the Dr. I was pretty generally supposed the Co. E and perhaps some others would leave today but the Col. went to Paducah and now something new is up. Nobody knows what. I feel worse this evening.

Sun. Sept. 4

The Dr. gave some abominable stuff with turpentine in it. However, it did me good but has the effect of making me weak and causing lack of appetite. I saw the funeral of one of the 34th's boys. The fifer was playing the funeral march. It was one of the most beautiful airs I ever heard, soft, plaintive but delicious. Music to me is like good food and I can appropriately term it delicious.

Another effort was made while on Dress parade to get the boys to stay. This time for 5 or 7 days which means to march seven days and then turn us lose and take seven more to get back. Maybe one fifth or fourth voted to stay and half of them sick men who could not go. What will come up now I don't know. The Col. has gone home sick, and not 1/2 of the regiment are able to march. When the men were told that the Col. was to leave they cheered loudly and cried hang

him, shoot him. Hurrah for Sherman!

Mon. Sept. 5

The Dr. says my liver is out of order. This is nothing new, for my system has been out of order a good share of the time for over two months. so much concentrated food is killing on me in warm weather. Another effort still was made to get the regiment to stay but only one hundred and fourteen would put their names down. The Lieutenant Col. has gone to Paducah to report to the general. What next?

Tues. Sept. 6

I feel very weak this morning from the effects of medicine but I think I have barely escaped the nasty yellow jaundice now quite prevalent.

Wed. Sept. 7th

(? ? ? ?) still confound this dirty hole and whoever is keeping us in it. Why don't they kill us at once instead of doing it on maggoty victuals or else send us home. Our time is out today anyhow. Last night the 3rd Ill. Cavalry brought in a prisoner said to be a very fine looking fellow. He claims to belong to the regular service but he is believed by many to be a Guerrilla. at any rate he has been sentenced to be shot and his grave is now being dug. I hope for humanity's sake for our own boy's sake on whom retaliation would come if he does belong to the (CSA?) army that the proof is good. He is said to be praying. God grant that he may find peace is my fervent prayer. I went out to see the Guerrilla shot. While there a heavy shower came up and then a big skedaddle but it was soon over. But never wish to see another execution similar to this. Johnson (this is the prisoner's name) came up groaning and praying and when the (bondage?) he broke out into the wildest of lamentations prayers and ejaculations with his last breath he denied being guilty, but the proof was too positive. Capt. Gregory and many of the men have known him since boyhood and I think he plunged into the dark gulf with a lie on his lips.

Thurs. Sept. 8

Been rather a quiet kind of day as far as rumors are concerned. but have been more active than usual. I hope I shall be all right soon, the worst of it is I can't get anything to eat. I wrote a letter to Father. Yesterday I sent one to Leonis. Walt is quite sick today. growing worse. The rest of the boys are on the gain.

Fri. Sept 9

I am on Camp guard. I thought at first I should have to give up but "Never Give Up" helped me out and I am better. Last eve the Dr. told us it would be better for Walt to be in the hospital, so he is gone. I suppose it will be better for him for we have no conveniences for taking care of him.

Sat. Sept.10

Nothing but the old routine here. Gregory's men shot two more Guerrillas. Four less than a week ago. One here, one at Paducah and these.

Sun. Sept. 11

Finds us still in this miserable dirty hole. Ain't we ever going to leave? If we stay one week, more men will have died since the expiration of our time than before. Got a letter from Dan. The orderly seemed anxious that his name shall figure in my diary so I will write what he told me to "say the orderly just came in and told you that there will be Dress parade at five o'clock. The probability is that there will be some speeches made and we shall have to stay 15 days longer or rather we have stayed 15 days longer longer than we want to. Au Revoir" "Mr. Squacking Goose" accept my best wishes that you may enjoy a long life of happiness and prosperity for you have always treated me with consideration. In fact, gentlemanly.

Mon. Sept. 12

Geo and I volunteered to go with Thomas to guard the Hay train. Had a ride of about 8 miles over Kentucky roads. It was only 4 miles from town when we got there but we came all around the bush pile to get there, and if we did not have all the watermelons and apples we could eat then it was our own fault. We had to march back and what a time the boys had shooting chickens. On the whole we had a pretty good time.

Tues. Sept. 13

General Meredith came today and instead of going home within 48 hours as he promised we kindly got permission to stay and make his acquaintance for, well the Lord only knows how long, for if they have a right to keep us one month I suppose they may longer. And instead of carrying out Paine's policy of hunting rebels he takes them and clasps them in his loving embrace. Going to have a love feast. I suppose he is going to feed in the same trough with the lousy Grey Backs and they will all become Union men. Oh! Won't they? Sent them all home to bushwhack as much as they please. I hope they will catch someone. But us poor devils are due to be kept a while to make soldiers of us. Go home vets, won't we? Gregory's men are so mad they threaten to disband. Everyone jaws or curses or threatens or swears. Go it Boots.

Wed. Sept. 14th

Nothing occurred of particular interest until D.P. when orders were issued for the regiment to prepare for General Inspection at 6 P.M.

Thurs. Sept. 15

I'll bet last night's inspection by moonlight was not laid down in the (facties?). At any rate the old chap got sick of it so it was postponed until 9 A.M. this morning when it went off according to

"gunter." received a letter from Annie.

Fri. 16th

Orders have been received for the Companies to drill three hours in Co. drill in the forenoon and two hours Batt. drill in the afternoon. Wish them joy of all they get out of us.

Sat. Sept. 17th

* Diarrhea

Hurrah! Three times three and a tiger! For at last the welcome news has come and part of the regiment goes today and the rest tomorrow or Monday, but there is one little drawback to my enjoyment. I have been blessed with a renewal of my acquaintance with my old friend Ague.* Received a letter from Mother. She got scared lest I should re-enlist. I am sorry that things are so badly at home. I hope we should not be delayed much longer.

This P.M. one half of the regiment took the train for Paducah and the rest of us are to go Monday. Now if they won't keep us there we shall be all right pretty soon.

Sunday Sept. 18

Has been pretty quiet for us, no details for anything today. It is a most beautiful day. A clear bright sun but a cool refreshing breeze renders the air delightful. Much more than usual can I realize that this should be the day of sacred rest and more than is usual on this day my thoughts have been on divine things, though for fear of the charge of hypocrisy I will say my mind is in its old state of unquiet and unrest.

Generally today is entitled among the soldier as the dirty work day and sometimes I hardly think from morn till night what day it is. Read a letter from Annie Van.

Sun. Oct 2

Well my poor neglected diary, how do you feel over my slighting you? for these long two weeks and so big with events and changes. I must humbly beseech your pardon and will try and amend and to begin will write a good long chapter on the events of past time. On Monday the left wing left the much hated town of Mayfield. The scene of so many of our trials and disappointments and although we were awfully crowded, no one murmured. That night camped out in Paducah. Next day strolled over the town, bought me a pair of boots, only (\$10?). Went bathing. About dark the orders came to pack up, and until ten all was life and excitement. Bonfires blazed and powder was burnt and everybody yelled themselves hoarse. I went down ahead of the regiment and secured a tolerably good place to sleep and neither knew when the boat left. For when she arrived at Cairo here we lay all day waiting for the 42nd Wisconsin to come in so we could get cars. Finally about 11:00 we got started, but unfortunately there was another train of soldiers on the track ahead of us with a smaller engine than ours and what with waiting for them and laying over for other trains we did not reach Chicago until after eight Friday evening, making 45 hours

on the road. Of the conduct of the boys, the less said the better. Shooting and plundering marked our course. All we had to eat we had to buy or steal. I chose the former. It cheered me much to see the splendid crop through our section. In the southern part the late corn was cut off by frost, but early corn and sugar cane is uninjured. The seminary much exceeded my expectations and what a crowd of fair ones there was. I recognized a number of friends. (Paping?) through Clifton I saw Annie but she evidently did not expect to see us for when I threw off a (H.I.?) labelled ("Rations C"?) she sprang forward as if struck. Here I was broken off by the noise and cries of fall in.

I now resume the string of my story. While bivouacking in camp near Sulphur Springs, MO. when we reached the city after the usual delay we were paraded around awhile (I suppose to let ye anxious friends know that ye galliant 134th had safely escaped from ye lions jaws strictly speaking according to the language of the "Cowards" from out of the land of the (H???) and then treated to an excellent supper served up at the soldiers rest. It was a joyous merry time long to be remembered. From there we went back to the depot where we slept on the soft side of a plank. The next morning Chum and I took a trip upstate and bought a loaf of brown bread and some butter upon which we breakfasted, sumptuously of course. I then went and hunted up a Mr. Akerly had a chat, went back to the regt. which formed and went over to the courthouse where we had a splendid reception, music by the lightguard band, speeches by Hancock and Bates and as Jonathan Slick would say, they piled "on a great deal of soft (sawder?)." We were then treated to another meal at the soldiers rest. after which the boys in the city went home and the rest of us poor lonesome devils went off to Camp Fry. For a while our march was enlivened by music by the L.G. Band but soon they left us and we winded our wearisome way footsore and alone. That is four of us. The latter part of the way my feet became so sore that it was extremely painful to walk. I found our quarters in the old barracks of the CCC's.

The next day being Sunday, Mssrs Lee and Thomas and myself, after making ourselves as presentable as possible under the circumstances, went to the city to attend church and much was the subject discussed between the two of us to the church which should be honored with our knightly presence. And the lot fell on the 2nd Presbyterian and edifice noted for the peculiarity of certain stones in the wall from which by reason of the heat a certain bitumen issueth forth and of the interior it exceedeth the cunning of my pen to adequately describe. The windows are of beautifully stained glass of many colors and arranged so as to form flowers and many other beautiful designs, but of the music and preaching the less said the better, or if they had not been it would have been nearly as well. The afternoon we spent with the 139th which had just arrived. We also accompanied them to dinner in the evening. We attended the Trinity, that which no church in the city doth excell either in beauty of its interior, the excellence of its music and aristocracy of the attendants to all of which your deponent verily affirmeth.

Monday George and I went down and paid the barber a visit and from there to see Mr. Phelps. I found a letter from Father and containing (10?) dollars for me to buy blankets with. It also contained the welcome news that he had sold my land for ten dollars an acre. But I was

pained to hear of his painful situation. I answered it and told them to expect me the last of the week (how different anticipation and realization) Mr. Phelps accompanied us to a dentist's office, but he was not there so I made an appointment for the next day. Oh the vanity of earthly hopes! When we got back to camp we found the Regt. under marching orders for ???? as the afore said city was supposed to be in danger. So the next day I dispatched letters stating the case. I expect they caused some disappointment. I also went to see the dentist and learned at what price I could have my teeth put in order. In the evening Chum, Cultra and I went to the Museum and witnessed the performance of the Ticket of (Brave?) Man. Wednesday we again took up our line of march in quite a different direction from what we expected a day or two since. for the end of it found us in the cars of the (???) R.R. Contrary to all precedent four Companies of the left wing were assigned passenger cars, while the right took freight. After a pleasant ride through the finest country I have seen in Ill., we arrived in (St.L?) soon after dark and immediately started for Renton Barracks, which the officers told us was only three miles, but after going five I came to a stand still and with Walt, Dow and Wright of Co. E I bivouacked under a tree, going the rest of the way, over 2 miles, the next morning. What a splendid affair these Barracks. everything complete within itself like a town, clean, roomy barracks and large cooking and eating rooms opposite.

I again resume my writing after a silence of several days. It is now Oct. 8th I think. I am now sitting on the side of one of the highest hills or rather mountains which overlook the valley in which lies the little town of Franklin. I said little, but only in size. Famous in name for probably by this time there is scarcely a Hamlet in the land but has heard of it. One week ago today Price was close by here and his men entered the place pillaging everything and burning all the property belonging either to Uncle Sam or the Railroad. The buildings were said to be the finest on this R.R. line. I suppose if we had been ready to move in season we should have smelled a little powder. But for continuing my history I will describe the scenery a little. At my feet is the valley, containing probably not more than 2 or 3 hundred acres and skirted on all sides by a succession of ridges and hills rising one above the other to an almost mountainous height nearly making a complete circle and forming a most beautiful amphitheater winding around the base of the hills. Opposite creeps a beautiful river probably the Meramac. Running nearly east and west the main track of the Pacific R.R. To the southwest runs the S.W. branch going through (Bolla?). The other road goes through Jefferson City where it is supposed Price is now thundering away. I think this is the most beautiful scene I have witnessed, that is of Nature's works, since my boyhood days in Old New England. How little I thought when nearly ten years ago I left those dear old hills behind so full of bright anticipation of the future that today would find me here wearing the garb of a soldier and in fact how few of those anticipations have been satisfied. and are all of the disappointments for the (belt?)?

But to go back to Renton Barracks. It soon became known to us that clothing camp equipage and all necessary articles for camp life were to be issued to us and rumor said we were

to go to Franklin nearly forty miles distant. Well this was more than we bargained for. We were led to believe that we were only wanted for four days or a week, and this looked like a fall campaign. It seemed as if Mayfield was to be played over and consequently excitement ran high, and although we took overcoats several (Co.s'?) refused tents and many of the boys agreed not to go an inch. Meanwhile Gen. Roscrane made us a speech, but not being quite satisfactory, it did no good. Finally on Sunday order came to go to Sulphur Springs. And now the shoe pinched. Some fearing disgrace and some that were willing fell in, and others some almost full Co. would not budge. When we were in line Adjutant Gen. (Keller?) made us a speech thanking those who were before him for their Patriotism, but expressing his mortification at the conduct of those behind. He knew our past history and it would not be reenacted. He assured us that we should go home in about ten days, so off we went and a march of three or four miles brought us to our camping ground, a splendid place on a beautiful knoll. Here we tarried until Wednesday morning when we marched for (?) Station, a distance of sixteen miles, arriving there between two and three o'clock. It made some of the boys empty their knapsacks of spare clothing. Here we pitched our tents in a beautiful meadow with the clear pure water of the M. river to drink. The next day four companies were ordered on to Franklin forty miles from St. Louis but the train failed to come, some put our tents up again. At 9 the next morning, we went to the depot and waited and stayed until midnight. Meanwhile the boys amused themselves by (?ing) pigs and of course disposing of them. At five we disposed ourselves in some box cars and got a little sleep.

Now comes Needham! Yours for guard today all right. And we hurry up and get some coffee and steak, Old (Langlegs?) head is level. Swallow it in a hurry. After ?? we started on an exploring expedition. We had a long talk with the Squire about the invasion of the place and his experience while with the Rebs as prisoner. We then went up on a hill over looking the place. In the hill we found a considerable cave where the sand pure and white had been quarried out. Its galleries were of considerable length so that we had to have a candle to go to the end. From this Geo and I went and visited the ruins of the Engine House. There we had a chat with an old Irish lad. quite amusing. In the afternoon Geo and H. left for Gray's Summit -- five miles further on, but those of us who were on Guard numbering sixteen we passed in some respects a very comfortable night -- it being very cold, a hoary frost falling, but we procured some excellent forage for breakfast. I haven't had as good a meal in a long time.

This brings me down to the present-time. Sunday Oct 9th. This morning we were not relieved until almost noon. Meantime I went took a bath in the river. While preparing my frugal meal of coffee and fried tack I received a letter from Annie V. I hardly expected it. Between one and two we left for Gray's Summit and at this moment I am sitting at a desk in the School House. And here after I must try and write every day. How many changes the last few days have brought about; leaving out the fighting part we have been soldiers! marching, bivouacking, tenting and eating anything we could get. freezing nights and losing sleep. It is beginning to tell on me and my eyes are suffering, yet if I could leave thoughts of home out, my experience would be quite pleasant to think of

Monday Oct 10th

Last night about half a dozen of us came back to the S.H. built up a good fire and spent a very pleasant eve in singing. This afternoon Mr. Lee and I spent in climbing Gray's Summit. We picked up geological specimens some of them quite curious. threw stones at marks, talked and read and enjoyed ourselves hugely. At the top we climbed a tree, from which we obtained a splendid view of the landscape. It is beautiful to look at, but if I was to make my living by farming I should prefer some other place. The evening a most lovely one spent in pleasant converse with Geo while he was standing Picket. Of Mr. Lee my afternoon companion I will say that he is one of the most kind gentle and obliging boys I ever met, in fact, a Gentleman. He is one of such as I would always love to be with.

Tuesday Oct 11th

This morning I wondered where Mr. Lee had gone as he did not appear at breakfast. By and by the mystery was solved. He had been taking an early morning ramble and as he discovered some nice apples, Geo and I with him for a guide took a trip after some. We picked up four Haversacks full of the best eating apples I have tasted for weeks.

Wednesday Oct 12th

And we have not gone yet, though Capt received orders night before last to be in readiness to move any moment. Last eve was about the merriest one I ever knew Co. G to have. We had music on the violin singing dancing until a late hour. I must break off for I see the boys are (striking?) tents good!

Thursday Oct. 13th

We left Gray's Summit about five and arrived in St. Louis after midnight -- it was cold as Iceland but we built a big fire and then fixed our beds around it. Most of the forenoon Lee and I spent in visiting the courthouse and other places of interest. In the afternoon the Regt. took scows for (Alton?). Many of the officers say we might (ad lift?) in the morn. Now there is another Regt. ahead of us.

Friday Oct. 14th

When we arrived here last night we were promised positively that we should have before 12 o'clock the early part of the evening. Four of us spent it in roaming over the town and climbing to the top of the hill. This is the roughest place for a city I ever saw. About seven this morning we were loaded into cars without seats and the bottom of ours was covered with coal dust -- but we remedied that by borrowing a broom and confiscating boards and hay.

Sat. Oct. 15th

Arrived in Chicago at 3 A.M. making the quickest and pleasantest trip we have yet made as a Regt. I slept nicely over half the time and this time we had plenty of bread given us. Instead of going with the regiment, a squad of us went down to (Clark St?) and sat down and ate our breakfast of bread, raw pork and cheese. Then we went up to the Horse R.R. Stable and took the car for camp, left our things and made for the city. I visited at Mrs. Akerly's until noon. In the afternoon we spent in Wood's Museum, saw Uncle Tom's Cabin played. Though good, I can't say that my anticipations were realized. It was not true to the original in many respects, neither were some of the characters well acted especially in the language and some of the voice. I also saw the celebrated "little lady"

Sunday Oct. 16th

I satisfied my curiosity in regard to seeing a Catholic service. Three of us under the guidance of Lee went to that church in the forenoon. The afternoon we spent in camp and in pleasant conversation.

Monday Oct. 17th

Lee, Lyman, Cultra, Hostetter, Thomas and I took a trip out to Rosehill. Half of the way we rode with the (Drummy?). We saw two splendid monuments out and which I think the most beautiful conception I ever saw. It was of a young and beautiful female reclining on a sick bed with an infant lying by her side. One could almost believe the pillows and drapes were real, so perfectly delineated. In fact -- everything was perfect. The other was a column some twenty or thirty feet high and erected to the memory of Col. Wyman. It was surmounted by the American eagle with outspread wings. The flag hung down the sides of the column. There were some ? and inscriptions which I have forgotten. The monument of the Fireman's Benevolent Association also was a splendid affair.

Tuesday Oct. 18th

I visited the Dentist and had an impression of my mouth taken and appointed. Friday A.M. to have the plate fitted. Eve went to the Hooker reception. Mr. Lee hurt his foot stayed at the Revere House.

Wednesday Oct. 18th

I went down and spent part of the day at Akerly's, from there to Mr. Phelps' office but he was not there.

Thursday Oct. 20th

Worked most of the day taking the equipment apart.

Friday Oct. 21st

Paid the dentist another visit and am to go again next Tues. at 9 A.M. I then called on Mr. Dalton at Bryant and Stratton's and went to dinner with him and had what the boys call a good square meal. Put a letter to Annie in the P.O.

Sat. Oct 22

Spent most of the day in sweeping, washing clothes and writing. I have received two letters from Leonis who is now at home and dispatched one home to her. All our boys have been gone today. Mr. Lee went home last night. George and John have gone to Blue Island.

Sun. Oct. 23rd

Attended church at the Fullerton Avenue Church near camp I think it was Presbyterian. The sermon was very good and the text and some words of the speaker brought forcibly back to mind the feelings which I experienced under Mr. Winter's preaching last spring. Why did I not do as I almost made up my mind to then. I must think more about it. This afternoon attended the S.S. conference at the same place with the exception of its length the time passed away quite pleasantly and profitably.

Roster of the 134th

Col. W.W. McChesney		
Lieut. Col. Chas. Bigelow		
Major John Wilson		Field Officers
Adjt. Luxton		
Captain Dyer	Co. A	
" " Petts	" " B	
" " Thayer	" " C	
" " Mettler(?)	" " D	
" " Milligan	" " E	
	" " F	Line Officers
" " J. Pike	" " G	
" " Andrews	" " H	
" " Whitehead	" " I	
" " Porter	" " K	
Sergeant Major Chas. Hancock		

Roster of Co. G

Joshua Pike Capt., E. M. Atkinson 1st Lieutenant, Jas. H. Roe 2nd Lieutenant
(Bully)

Orderly sergeant H.S. Quackenbush vet soldier, broom maker

"	2nd	"	S.E. Massey	Student
"	3rd	"	Wm. Roberts	Shoemaker, B.S. Stove(?)
"	4th	"	J.D. Thomas	Student, Farmer
"	5th	"	C.L. Hostetter	" for medicine
1st Corporal			H.A. Gregory	Farmer
2nd "	"		W.J. Scott	Farmer
3rd "	"		E. Brigham	Student
4th "	"		L. Hoyt	Clerk
5th "	"		R. Atkinson	Vet. Soldier
6th "	"		G.B. Coe	Nurseryman (?)
7th "	"		E.S. Lombard	
8th "	"		J.S. Emmet	Farmer
Drummer			H. Cluett	Boy
Fifer			H.B. Waterman	Graduate of Yale, studying law
Teamster			W.H. Roberts	

Privates

Geo. Arnott	Farmer's boy, precocious drunk
Babington, H.	Musician, English
Bigelow, ELB	boy
Bryden H.	Student Farmer
" Buckingham M.	" "
" Burns, Wm.	Soldier veteran
Carmichael E.	Farmer, Intolerable Blockhead
Chapman N.	Loafer
Cooper J.J.	Farmer
" Crowder Wm.	Cavalryman, Workman, boorish
Cultra R.B.	Carpenter
Denning W.	Student, Farmer
" Dinkle P.	Gentlemanly fellow, Co. Clerk
Dillingham J.E.	Artist, draughtsman, talented but hard
Furst H.	Student, contrary
Garland E.	boy, lousy rip
Garrison Geo.	student, farmer
Gates, R.	boy
Gaylord H.M.	? Orderly, pup
Griswold C.	R.R.
Ghaude C.	Tailor, Cockney
Hall J.A.	Student, farmer
Hasman H.	Workman, German
J. Haven	student, Farmer
Hays, H.	Laborer, Rowdy
James, J.L.	Farmer
Jolson S.	workman, first-rate hand
Krapp Wm	Student, farmer
Kruegal H.	Cabinet apprentice
Lamb R.	boy, shoemaker, good soldier, hardy boy
Lake O.H.	Boy, big headed and stingy

Lane G.P.	workman, pig-headed
" Lee E.N.	Student, Farmer, intelligent, kind hearted and accomodating
Liberton W.J.	Farmer, "can't five dollar me"
Long J.E.	boy, Pigheaded
Low J.E.	good for mix (?)
Lyman G.P.	Student
Massey G.	<u>Big Head</u>
Miller J.A.	laborer
Myers S.	Farmer, cowardly blowhard
McLeroth D.	Pimp, good looking
Malony M.	laborer, pretty clever Irishman
McIntyre P.W.	shoemaker
Needham H.V.	student
Pangborn D.S.	
Palmer G.K.	Farmer, Hawk(?)
Palmer, Thos.	
Pettit J.E.	Stable keeper, Old Blat(?)
Rehn J.	
Robison G.F.	Student, Farmer, good fellow
Serrals H.	Boy, fat sleepy headed
Smith F.A.	student, intelligent, full of fun
Smith T.T.	
Springler J.	Boy
Strains H.	pretty clever boy
" Streeter M.B.	Nix for naught
Sturges J.	Cook, Blacksmith, (Plug?)
Stumph J.	Boy, too big for boots, Farmer, a nuisance, blatant
Taylor E.	
" Watson D.	Soldier, rough,reckless, good hearted
Willis A.L.	Farmer, (Stringhalted?)
Wolf J.H.	"
Wolf J.	"
Zimmerman J.	Boy, quiet
Zimmerman W.C.	Wild youth, good hearted
Farrell T.W.	Workman, conductor on streetcar
Padget J.	Laborer, Englishman
Robinson H.	Shoemaker, intolerable grumbler
Vallean I.	Cook, Seaman, good fellow

The occupations all noted down from memory. The " opposite a name denotes that that person has been in the service before.

Capt. Pike and Lieut. Roe are students making a total of
(this is only an approximante)

Students	20
Workmen	12
Trades	(??)
Professional	4
Farmers alone	13
Students and Farmers	13, probably more
Boys not old enough for an occupation	12

Other 12