LYMAN GIBSON BENNETT

The following is a portion of the Civil War diary of Mr. Bennett, including entries starting the 19th of August, 1861 and ending with his entry for the 20th of December, 1861. His personal records for the period from August 1861 to late in 1865 have been xeroxed and are included in his file in the archives of the University at Rolla. The original manuscripts, map books, etc. are in the possession of other family members who, hopefully, will cherish and preserve them.

Mr. Bennett was the first man to volunteer for military service from Kendall County, Illinois (from The History of Kendall County Illinois by Rev E. W. Hicks). This on the occasion of a mass meeting of the citizens of Oswego, Ill. on the evening of the 13th of April, 1861, the day Fort Sumpter fell. When Kendall County was over subscribed the surplus volunteers were distributed among other volunteer efforts in Illinois. Bennett wound up in the 36th Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment which originated mostly in Aurora, in Kane County. "Boot camp" which was named Camp Hammond in honor of the superintendent of the B O & Q railroad was located one half mile north of Montgomery, Illinois. This part of Mr. Bennett's diary chronicles his experiences in Camp Hammond, Fort Wyman, at Rolla, and St. Louis. The diary, after 126 years is understandably dim, but mostly legible, and is written in beautiful script which shames the penmanship of modern scholars. This typewritten copy follows his sentence construction and spelling verbatim, as nearly as possible. And although in some instances his spelling may be different from the modern, who is to criticize?
My dear wife:

To thee I dedicate this diary. I go from you to the field of battle, and however bitter the strife, for your sake I will be strong and brave. The memory of you will give me hardihood to endure privation, courage in danger, and patience and fortitude in the hour of trial. May God be with Thee and me, protect us both, and grant a happy meeting both in this world and in the world to come.

Your affectionate,

L. G. Bennett

The history of nations is but a history of men and though full of instruction and of warning, how few profit from the perusal. Our nation like others was cradled in war and carnage, but from the strife we issued free and independent. Within the lifetime of many who fought to gain that independence three wars with foreign nations have been successfully waged, and now another far more bitter is raging between members of our own sisterhood of states. Our glorious flag is trailing in the dust and trampled under the feet of traitors, who, that has a drop of our fathers' blood surging in his veins can remain a disinterested spectator until the angry tide of war overwhelms us all. I can not! I will not! I have a wife, a lovely wife, the daughter of a race of heroes, who tells me "Go and may God be with thee". God bless her! Heaven be with my dear ones. I will go to return victorious or a corpse.

The disaster at Bull Run opened the eyes of the nation to the magnitude of the danger which threatened it, and again all the patriotic fires of Columbia's free born sons burst out afresh and companies and regiments were raised with astonishing celerity and hurled upon the foe. Fox River valley was all on fire and stalwart sons of toil were eager to grasp their firelocks and march off to the fray. At a meeting held at Geneva in July preliminary steps were taken to organize the Fox River Regiment. Major Greusel of Aurora was
designated as the leader. With this manifestation of confidence in him he went to St. Louis and procured the acceptance of the regiment from Gen. Fremont together with means for an outfit, and an order for its immediate assembly at Aurora. A site for a camp was selected east of Montgomery but the owner of the land, with more selfishness than patriotism would not allow his ground to be used for a camp without an exorbitant consideration. Another site was selected on the west side of the river near a large spring with the exception of being on the naked prairie fully as good a location as the first. On Saturday the 19th of August 1861 the Young America Guards went into camp and were the first company on the ground. They were a fine body of men under the command of Capt. Baldwin, athletic and strong and looked as if used to toil. Their tents were all arranged and when the other companies arrived they were in comparatively comfortable quarters. It was my good fortune to be attached to the Bristol Company. This company was composed mostly of Farmers' sons, and all imbued with sterling patriotism. On Saturday our officers were elected which resulted as follows: Charles D. Fish, Captain, without a dissenting vote; Albert M. Hobbs, First Lieutenant; Wm. H. Clark, 2nd Lieutenant. The good citizens of Bristol and Little Rock with commendable zeal turned out in mass, in greater numbers even than to Republican meetings and escorted the boys to camp on Monday the 21st of August, 1861.

Monday Aug. 21 1861.

 Awaited the Bristol co. at quarters until 12 o'clock and then with the whole crowd proceeded to Camp Hammond, a half mile north of Montgomery. This has been named in honor of Mr. Hammond the Superintendent of the C B & Q Railroad under whom Col Carnisal conducted a train until the breaking out of the war. The Young America Company marched out to receive us and the whole reception was conducted in fine style. Ours was the 2nd company on the ground. A picnic dinner got up by the good Bristol dames was served up to the boys, after which the tents were pitched, our blankets and rations secured and a supper of bread, coffee, pork, &c prepared by the boys, who showed themselves anything but adepts in the culinary department. One poor fellows meal caught afire
and burned up in his awkward efforts to cook his supper, after which preparations were made for the first night in camp.

Tuesday Aug. 22nd 1861.

The first night in camp was one to be long remembered. Few had ever experienced its luxuries & conveniences. A few retired for the purpose of rest but their effort was a vain one as the greater part under about as much restraint as the forest deer gave way to joyous hilarity, some even running, leaping, shouting, and laughing out at every prank which could be invented to make night hideous and disturb the more serious ones, who were vainly trying to coax a little sleep from this new Pandora's box of fun. From one tent was heard the slow and measured notes of psalm singing, and swearing, laughing, and conversation in a perfect babble of confusion. Day dawned again after what seemed to me an unusually long night and with it, the work of preparation for living, and for the manufacturing of soldiers. Three companies were today added to our numbers and soon after noon a U. S. Military officer came upon the ground and mustered seven companies into the service of Uncle Sam. It was a fine sight to see the boys with hands high uplifted to Heaven solemnly swear to protect and defend our loved country from all foes. The Newark company came in on the 4 p.m. train and immediately formed at the ammo depot and officer Webb swore them in and went to Chicago on the same train the company came on. In the evening I asked for a furlough for the remainder of the week but no one appearing to know anything about it, I went on my own responsibility and found Melissa and the little one in fine health and spirits.

Wednesday Aug. 23rd 1861.

Drew cobs for firewood and prepared to remove the old depot stable on my own premises for the purpose of keeping a cow during the winter.

Thursday Aug. 24th 1861

Worked hard at stable and pig pen, father assisted.

Friday Aug. 25th 1861.

Cut wood and done chores.

Saturday Aug. 26th. 1861.
Went to Aurora, purchased groceries and set for my picture for Mellie and she and Minnie set for a picture for me. Minnie could not set still, but a tolerable picture was taken of the little one but Melissa did not lock well, I may try again.

Sunday Aug. 27th 1861

About 4 o'clock started for camp, found the boys enjoying themselves hugely. All the companies were on the ground, more than a hundred tents were pitched, and though a large number were off on rear of a large number were on the ground. Services were held at 9, at 3, and in the evening. The Rev. Mr. Fowler from Newark preached the evening discourse, which was good. I shall try and get him appointed Chaplain.

Monday Aug. 28th.

Learned that I was appointed to Corporal of our company. And in the morning was dispatched with a squad to dig a privy celler. As boss I did but little of the work. Officers did relieve me of this job after which nothing of moment occurred.

Tuesday Aug. 29th. 1861

Was detailed as Sergeant of the guard and could not go home as I had designed. Guards are appointed and arranged as follows: The evening previous on dress parade the Col. gives his orders for the succeeding day among which is the number to be detailed for guard. The orderlies of each company selects the men, generally in rotation and at 9 o'clock the men detailed from the several companies assemble at the headquarters and are arranged in ranks and divided into three reliefs. These reliefs are numbered 1, 2, 3, &c. The stations for guards are also numbered 1, 2, 3, &c. At 9 a.m. the 1st relief marches in order to the several stations and leaves a guard at each one and the guard who is relieved takes his place in the rear and when all are relieved the old guards are marched to headquarters and dismissed. At 11 the 2nd relief is called and in the same order marched to the several posts and the guards there are relieved. It is the sergeant's duty to oversee and take charge of the guards & hence is obliged to go the rounds every two hours. The day guards only
watch the property of the army, and fences & also preserve order. The
night guards are instructed with the countersign and allow no one to pass
without it. If a person advances to a guard without it and has a good reason
for passing, the sergeant of the guard is called and he can give permission
for him to pass. Of course I got but little sleep. After posting the first
night relief and nicely layed down for sleep the sergeant was called to Sta-
tion no. 12. I went in a hurry and found a person who wanted to go to Aurora
for a sick comrade. Of course I let him pass. Several alarms were given which
kept me on the run all night. I got but little rest. One alarm at station num-
ber 4 I found a cavalry horse down and unable to get up; cutting his halter
I led him around awhile and then ride him again. Guard duty for a sergeant
is easy only it deprives one of sleep. I suppose our duties are not as great
or the guards not as strict as when in actual service.

Wednesday 28 Aug. 1861.

A gay and happy life we are leading at Camp Hammond. No dullness or lack of
excitement ever creeps into our camp. I have drilled but twice today for
guard duty does not fit a person for very active work the succeeding day. Our
camp is thronged by thousands, mothers with anxieties about their sons now on
their first advent in the world. Sisters with sweet meats and sweet words for
loved brothers, and sweethearts, with words of endearment for their cherished
idols, all thong our camp and help to break the monotony and drive dull care
away.

Thursday Aug. 29th.

Another bright and sultry day has come and gone and the same routine of drill
and dress parade is all that has disturbed the monotony of the camp. Not all
for among 800 or 1000 men monotony cannot come. I was amused to see a pompous
commissioned officer attempt to pass the guard and when ordered to stop paid
no attention to the guard who forthwith commenced a vigorous pursuit. Com-
missioned officer started on the run with guard close at his heels and a bay-
onet in close proximity to his coat tails. When officers disobey orders pri-
vates will imitate their example.
Friday Aug. 30 1861

The heat of the sun and the dust of the parade keeps many within their tents when not on duty. An abundant supply of reading material furnished by the Bristol people serves to employ our leisure time very pleasantly. Went home in the evening and passed an agreeable evening with wife and baby.

Saturday Aug. 31.

Small crowds of people have not before been present at one time as today. The dust is perfectly suffocating. A copious shower would be hailed with gladness by us all. Home again. There is no place like home. That laughing sunburned (Minnie) has a sort of magnetic influence to draw my thoughts and person home.

Sunday Sept. 1st. 1861.

It was my design to go with wife and baby to camp in time to attend the religious service of the day but dark threatening clouds in the West, the sure precursor of a storm frustrated my design and I accordingly proceeded to camp on foot and alone & arrived just in time to escape a heavy storm of rain accompanied with wind. Our cloth tents flapped and swayed before the blast and I expected every moment they would be swept away but for two hours they stood firm and securely protected us from the raging storm. The guards maintained their posts and though drenched to the skin kept up their respective rounds. At sunset the storm clouds were hurrying away in the east and patches of clear sky here and there betokened that the storm was over. But far in the west one black cloud arose in heavy masses. The faint gleams of lightning illuminating the deep recesses of cloud was portentous of what was to come. The almost unearthly quiet which pervaded the camp was significant, full of articulate meaning. The cloud drew nearer and at midnight the rushing wind shrieked among the tents and with resistless fury went howling by. Here and there a tent would careen and finally fall upon the suddenly aroused inmates who would scamper through the rain to other quarters. I expected our tent would fall every moment and was ready with my blanket to flee from the rains. The cloth surged and flopped in the wind but stood fast. The wind soon was over but the rain continued until daylight in an unceasing patter the music
of which lulled us to sleep.

Monday Sept. 2nd, 1861.

A hasty stroll through the camp just after daylight discovered eight tents in ruins and 4 or 5 badly shattered. The Col.'s tent suffered more than any other for the rain had beat it into the earth until there was but little difference in the color of each. Men were detailed from each company to wash it. The earth was completely filled with water, so much so that there was no drill or even dress parade. The day was passed in lounging about camp. I wrote two letters and read the Indian History of the Revolution. That Bristol library is a fine institution.

Tuesday Sept. 3rd 1861.

Boxing and wrestling has been the amusement of the day during which the 1st. Lieut. of the Young America was injured in his shoulder and taken to the hospital. Very many have a slight dysentery owing to change of life and food. There are but three however in the hospital & they not seriously ill. Went home in the evening. Home! Sweet home! how I shall miss thee.

Wednesday Sept. 4th.

Transacted a little business at Oswego in the morning and at noon returned to camp. We had a battalion drill in the afternoon. It went off finely so our officers and spectators said. This was the 2nd since coming to camp.

Thursday Sept 5th.

Last night the Rev. Mr. Hooker gave us a first rate sermon. It was the best we have had since we have been in camp. Our parade ground is now in excellent condition - no more dust and dirt. It is a pleasure for visitors now to come here, we look clean and respectable. Before noon as an invited guest of the Young America boys I marched with them to the old camp meeting ground in the grove to partake with them of the goodies prepared by the citizens of Montgomery and neighborhood. I expected to find Melissa and my little "angel" there and was much disappointed to find they had not come. Their absence made me sad and though I ate as heartily as any I could not enjoy myself with the others. Was visited by father and mother in the afternoon but even that
Leisure was shortened by battalion drill. The guard is now doubled and increased watchfulness enforced. No soldier is allowed to pass the line outside of camp and visitors only admitted at the gate, and today an order has been issued against picnics outside of the camp. The rules are quite military indeed. The boys are quite friendly—I hope I shall make friends of all deserving boys. We shall all perhaps see the time when we shall want friends. Some of my brother officers are a wild set and long after the more sober ones had curled down for sleep the coarse jest and heavy laugh resounded from our tent. I should not wonder if it would be carried too far some time and the whole batch put under guard.

Friday Sept. 6th 1861.

Has been the most dull day since coming to camp. A military funeral for an officer in Wyman's Regiment has taken most of our officers away so that we have had company drill but once. I am anxious to see wife and little one. I will not acknowledge I am homesick.

Saturday Sept. 7th 1861.

Was out on drill by sunrise. Soon after breakfast it commenced to rain and supposing it would prevent drilling I wrapped my blanket around & about me and went home, found all well and happy & in the afternoon took mother and Melisse to Oswego & went myself collecting but had no luck.

Sunday Sept. 8th.

Went to church in the morning and passed the remainder of the day with the "Loved and Best". One's own fireside is the place to look for love. I fear I cannot come home again before we leave.

Monday Sept 9th. 1861.

Lounged around Oswego until noon expecting the payment of some money but being disappointed I kissed my loved ones good by and proceeded to camp. About half the regiment were away on furlough and the battalion drill was a meager affair. In the evening I went with a large number of comrades to Montgomery to a temperance meeting. After a few speeches it was announced that all soldiers who wished would be initiated into the Division of Sons of Temperance.
76 accepted the invitation and were duly initiated without the payment of a cent. A good meeting was held after the ceremony. And measures were taken to organize a temperance society in camp & for that purpose two delegates were appointed from each company to meet the next evening at Capt. Price's headquarters. It was near mid night when we returned to camp. If a thorough working temperance society can be organized and the proper influence exerted it will prove the salvation of the regiment.

Tuesday Sept. 10th.

Yesterday's bright sunshine was succeeded by a dark and lowering sky. A short quick step and a hasty breakfast was succeeded by a heavy rain storm driving the boys to their tents. Being thus closely thrown together means for amusement was soon brought into requisition. A lively and happy company were in the officers' tent. While I am writing a glance around the tent discovered one reading a bible which perhaps a loved wife, sister, parent, or friend has given him. A few are writing. One group is playing the enchanting game of euchre - a few are fast asleep upon the straw. Thus passed away the fore part of the day while all outdoors is drenched with rain and the unceasing patter upon the tent woos one on to sleep and to pleasant dreams. The rain ceased after noon but the ground was too wet for drill. Orders now are to allow no soldier to pass out - an indication that we will soon be on the wing, for one I am as near ready now as I shall be. O how I wish my dear ones could go along.

Wednesday Sept. 11th. 1861.

The morning was cloudy but the thin vapory clouds scudding across the sky revealed many broken patches through which the sun occasionally smiled and spread a genial influence around, warming the air until a coat was a burden more than a luxury. We had but one drill, aside from dress parade. Dress Parade is at 6 o'clock each day at which time the whole Regiment is drawn up in line and at times put through with the facings &c. The music then marches up and down the lines in full blast after which the Orderlies report the condition of each company. The Adjutant then gives the orders for the next day and the Parade is then dismissed and the companies marched back to their quarters.
Thursday Sept. 12, 1861.

Today a large number of Little Rock people were over to see their sons, brothers, & husbands for the last time. Their joyous hilarity when they first arrived contrasted strangely with the tears and half suppressed sobs at parting. I could not endure it and wandered to the upper part of the camp and at times it was more than I could do to control my own feelings. On my return I found one young and beautiful wife who could not tear herself away. She clung to her husband and no effort of theirs could hide the struggle going on within. A few words of devotion and love, a silent look, and then the unbidden tears would flow. At two o'clock were drawn up and examined by the surgeons, or rather passed between two doctors & if any by their walk betrayed any signs of lameness they were marched aside and examined. One was thrown out of our company, others should have been but were not. 101 were thus examined and 4 were in the hospital sick. Col. Webb of the U.S.A. was present and after examination mustered us all in by again administering the oath. One in the Newark Co. would not swear and was kicked off the grounds. Two dutchmen in our company also refused to be sworn in and Col. Joslyn jerked them higher than a kite & gave them a farewell blessing with his boot. As soon as we were dismissed nearly our company rushed into the road and overhauling the dutchmen each one gave them a kick. I was among the first to reach them and of course gave them the benefit of my boot, but when I saw a shouting crowd of 100 men rushing up and each one pitching in, and the blood flowing from the poor fellows I really felt sorry for them and regretted that I had a hand in it. The dutchmen were pretty severely handled and one could scarcely go. To close the scene a horse whip was procured and both severely lashed. Their vitriolic cries unmanned me but awoke no sympathising response in the infuriated crowd around them. I hope we will have no more such scenes in the whole campaign.

Friday Sept. 13th. 1861.

Was visited by Melissa and Minnie and enjoyed a happy hour with them. I wish I could be with them or they with me. I never knew until now how much I loved
them. Mother came up in the afternoon but battalion drill cut our visit short. There were many tears taking's today. A severe rain prevented dress parade. I trust we will leave this place soon. I am tired of Camp Hammond.

Saturday Sept. 14th, 1861.

I have been detailed as Corporal of the guard and can not go home as I wished. The ground being wet and muddy has prevented everything but dress parade. We really had a severe rain storm. I think we have an unusual amount of rain for the season. Wm. Walker, 1st. Lieutenant of the Oswego company is in trouble. The surgeon of the regiment pronounced him unfit for the service and the Col. has appointed one Murrell in his place. Walker, not being satisfied, went to Chicago and was examined by Dr. -- who sent him back to his post. Upon coming to resume his duties the Major ordered him off the grounds or he would arrest him. Walker is in a bad dilemma. I am thinking I should test the validity of an arrest under the circumstances. This afternoon a private in the Lisbon Co. came reeling on the grounds with a stomach and bottle full of whiskey. Lieut. Van Pelt emptied the bottle and then broke it, which Whitham resenting began to speak in no very respectful way of his superior. Van Pelt then put him under guard, which cooled him considerably. He was just drunk enough to feel well and whenever the drums would beat he would dance until exhausted, then fell. One of the guards by some means was discovered with a bottle of whiskey and was beginning to feel the effects of it when the contraband article was seized and confiscated. Oh! when will men learn wisdom! Why do not our officers stop entirely the use of the accursed stuff? Each day but more strongly confirms me in my temperance principals.

Sunday Sept. 15 1861.

Taking advantage of my position as Corporal of the guard I came home in the morning to pass one more day in the circle of my own family. Neither Melissa or Minnie are well. I can not be too thankful that I have been always free from the tooth ache. One rotten shell is the parent of a dozen ills to Melissa.

Monday Sept. 16th.

Early the clouds began to shed their tears and everything indicated a day of
storms. Some one has described a rainy day as follows:

There is a gloom on the sky & it's shadows  
Lie chill on the morning's pure breast.  
The sunshine is hid from the meadow  
And nature with tears is opprest.

Notwithstanding the drizzling storm I went with Melissa to Aurora for the 
purpose of permitting a dentist tendering his compliments to Melissa's mouth.  
The culprit was found & duly extracted and I hope a stop put to her misery.  
Returning I stopped at camp & found all military business at a stand still in 
consequence of rain.

Tuesday Sept. 17th 1861.

Pleasant weather again and a drill resumed. Went home after battalion drill 
and found Melissa nearly sick. Nothing definite in regard to our uniforms or 
time of departure. I fear some of our men are suffering from that terrible 
disease, home sickness. Dreams of the cheerful hearth - the comforts of home.  
The cheering smiles of wife, children, and friends is fast irradiating the 
stoical indifference of the soldier. I hope however that the love of home and 
the ties of friendship are not so deep as the feelings of patriotism which 
should stir the whole country.

Wednesday Sept. 18th.

Returned early to camp but not in time for roll call. Was not however reprimanded. Saw many friends but nothing more than usual occurred. At 9 in the 
evening I was agreeably surprised at the appearance of C.P. Drake. We lived 
a few years of our lives over again. Drake came direct from Connecticut and 
I was more than glad to see him. Something definite has at last been received 
in relation to uniforms & our departure. We will go as soon as Monday, certain.

Thursday Sept. 19th 1861.

Captain Camp not satisfied with the difficulties already in the Oswego comp-
any has assumed the prerogative to remove all the non commissioned officers 
including their orderly, Gust Voss. I wrote a letter to Col. Grusal & gave a 
full statement of his case & the Col. refuses to ratify Camp's appointments. 
Gust is very thankful to me & I am pleased if I have been of any service to him
A portion of our outfit came today - to wit - one pair drawers, one pair stockings, one shirt, & a cap. The boys look and feel 20% better and we all begin to think the time not far distant when we will be off. Melissa came to camp after noon & I went to Aurora with her & after dress parade went home. And passed a pleasant evening with Drake and the loved ones. A rain toward night completely plastered the ground making it disagreeable indeed, hundreds of ladies sadly soiling their white linen. Eleven car loads of people came from Elgin & Woodstock to visit friends. A happy time was passed during their short stay.

Friday Sept. 20th. 1861.

Another lot of equipment was rec'd today but not the so much needed & long expected coats & pants. It was oppressively warm in the morning and I left my coat at home, but the afternoon was cold and the Northwest wind whistled shrilly through the aisles and among the tents. I could not go out of the tent for the cold

Saturday Sept. 21st.

A cold and chilly morning but as the day advanced it grew warmer. Some of our boys were transferred to other companies. I believe they were not the best ones we had and I cannot say I regret their loss. A fresh lot of supplies arrived, but only canteens were served to the soldiers. Each hour brought it's rumors in regard to our departure, among which was one that we were destined for Washington. Mother & Father were in camp this afternoon & in the evening I went home again. The most rigorous camp duty cannot keep my thoughts from home, and every chance while I can will be improved to get home. The thought of leaving it is a sad one.

Sunday Sept 22nd 1861.

Ol must I break away from the cherished idols of my heart! As I hold my little one in my arms it's innocent and smiling face turned to mine, I see my own features glancing up from the watery depths of her eyes. As I think that soon I will be engaged in the turmoil and bustle of war and that I may go down be-
neath the swelling crests of it's bloody waves forever, and no more mingle with the ones my heart holds dear I cannot restrain the tears that will flow unbidden from my heart. God bless all my dear ones, and may I be spared for their sake. Returned after dinner to camp, my dear wife going with me & remaining during the religious services of the afternoon. In the evening I attended a prayer meeting at the officers' quarters of the Newark company. How much need there is of God's mercy and love in this regiment. Sin abounds everywhere. The great vice of the camp is card playing.

Monday Sept. 23rd.

It has been a busy day of preparation. Our uniforms and outfit except arms were fully supplied to us and at dress parade we presented a fine sight with our blue uniforms. Tomorrow we leave Camp Hammond for Missouri. In bidding adieu to camp we bid farewell to our friends for a time if not forever. Mellie, mother of my little one came to see me. I think I can meet death upon the gory field of battle and my heart not fail me as when I bid my wife & little one good by. It is the hardest part of the campaign. I went to the gate and again and again kissed my loved ones and not all the manhood I possessed could suppress the choking sobs that came welling up from my heart. It was sundering the holy ties of husband and wife, of parent & child. Two years ago we set out together to win the prize of life, and to battle side by side. But now I am following ambition's call and seeking for glory and my country's greatest good. Should I fall in the bloody fray I know I shall have no kind friend, no loved companion near to soothe the hour of death. I know no wife or child will be there to shed a tear over my cold grave but still a sense of duty enables me to dare it all. Melissa, farewell but not forever. Hope whispers to me, if we do not meet here we will meet in the skies.

Tuesday Sept 24th. 1861

At length the expected and much wished for day of our departure dawned and long before day nearly all in camp were astir. A few who were out late in the not very honorable or manly business of chicken stealing, or celebrating the event with sooking themselves with whiskey were in no mood to get up early.
At 9 o'clock the tents were struck and rolled up for carrying and boxes, bales, and other camp equinnage were trundled into the cars. Lieut. Walker of the Oswego Co. came into camp with his commission from the governor and I thought he was now all right but Col. Greusal ordered him off the ground and he left with anything but exuberant spirits. The people flowed in solid masses to camp in squads & hundreds and many a heart was saddened at the (perhaps) last farewell. Caroline & Louise were there and clung to me with all a fond sister's love. At noon we filled our haversacks with provisions for two days & then for four hours loitered around camp, complaining loudly that we did not move on. At 4 we formed in line and bidding adieu to Camp Hammond marched to Aurora, followed by at least two regiments of civillians. At sundown we embarked and amid the almost deafening shouts of thousands we swiftly glided away. As we passed Oswego I saw Melissa and Minnie in the yard gazing at the passing train, but not one exultant shout escaped the grief sorrowing family. I gazed at my loved ones and my home until borne from sight. I shall remember the scene and the position of all in the deafening roar of battle and until life shall cease to be. I did not notice a sad face in the whole regiment. All went away with joy & gladness, if the flashing eye, the loud laugh and still louder huzzah was an index of the feelings within. As for me I felt in good spirits and though the image of wife and child & home was ever before me, not a sorrowing tear escaped. That night I shall never forget, it seems as if the whole population were out and lined the road to bid us God speed. Bonfires blazed, guns were fired, and loud shouts made the welkin ring. I think we were expected for women & men lined the track at every station till long after midnight. At Arlington near Mendota we stopped for water and crowds of ladies came along to shake us by the hand and welcome the defenders of their country and in some instances when a smooth, good looking face was presented they did not hesitate to kiss the boys.

Wednesday Sept. 25th 1861.

We arrived at Galesburg at daylight and remained there near two hours watering horses &c. Large crowds came around to greet us. All along large crowds
stood out in the rain waving handkerchiefs & cheering us on. Many of our boys had liquor in their canteens and though I saw none dead drunk, yet enough was taken to keep the steam up at fever heat. At one place when we stopped for water more than a hundred of the boys rushed into an orchard and nearly stripped it. They were carrying their depredations into a melon patch when Capt. Baldwin went out and ordered them out. He kicked one impudent fellow, but none lifted a hand against him. I do regret we have so many pilferers. They act as if all they could lay their hands on was theirs by right. We got to Quincy at 3 p.m. and the horses & Ref. stores were immediately transferred to the steamer Warsaw which was completed at so late an hour that the soldiers did not go on board but were quartered in a large warehouse, except such as chose to stay in the cars. A thousand or more of Mulligan's men were at Quincy and each had their stories of suffering and hardship to tell. Many were known to our boys, and our fifer had a brother among them. A few joined our Regiment & will proceed to St. Louis with us. They are a hard looking set of Irishmen, have fought well and deserve much of their country which has given them nothing.

Thursday Sept. 26th.

At 8 o'clock we left our lodgings (the cars) and went on board the Warsaw and amid loud cheers between the boat & shore we started for St. Louis. The strains of martial music from the band and the loud beating of drums which echoed along the woody shores filled the whole crowd with joyous enthusiasm, every object on shore was duly inspected & commented upon and whenever a darkey, or crowd of cheering inhabitants was passed a thousand shouts went up from the dense crowd which lined every part of our craft. Our rations consisted of hard sea biscuit and skippery cheese which were supplied in abundance. Nothing worthy of note occurred during our passage which was made without a single stop, except once when stranded on a sand bar for 20 minutes. The boys were kept on the run from bow to stern until she finally floated.

Friday Sept 27th. 1861.

Last night our company was marched below and occupied a part of the cabin
for a bedroom. 100 men lay down for the night in an incredible small space & so closely were we crowded that not a single square inch remained unoccupied, but at daylight we were marched upon deck and found ourselves safely moored before the city of St. Louis, it's crowded wharf and thousand steam boats was a fine sight indeed, and for hours the shouts from shore & from the boat was almost constant. After masticating a breakfast of hard sea biscuit I wrote a short letter to Melissa. About 9 the steamer fired up and dropped down the river 3 or 4 miles, nearly to the arsenal, where we were landed and marched through many streets where nearly all the inhabitants were dutch who lined the streets and bade us welcome. Arrived within the stone walls of the arsenal, our arms were distributed, after quite a delay caused by the quality of the arms not being as good as we expected. The two flank companies received minnie and Enfield rifles and the rest received only rifled muskets. The Col. was very indignant that we should have no better, but no expostulation could procure different. Two companies would not take any because they were so rusty. The boys were all much disappointed except Co.'s A & B. At a late hour we marched to the boat and again steamed up to the city. Here a few companies were marched to a wharf boat, and procuring plenty of hay to sleep upon we passed a pleasant night with the exception of a few alarms. About 2 one boy of the Lisbon Co. got the nightmares and gave three or four most unearthly screams which startled and aroused us all and until the cause was found out a considerable excitement ensued. The steamer Ben Taylor with a part of the Missouri 3rd on board lay next to us and during the night one of the soldiers being pretty drunk fell overboard and was drowned. So much for the use of liquor. Would to God it would have the effect of making temperance men of all who are disposed to tipple. Our bill of fare has been various, mostly bread with no meat or butter to eat with it. Bread alone is a poor meal.

Saturday Sept. 28th. 1861.

We were early out of our bunks on the wharf boat and shoved on board the
steamer which was closely guarded & none of the boys allowed to leave except those detailed to unload which occupied the whole fore noon and then our luggage was again loaded upon some cars which were shoved down to the wharf. Let me describe the arsenal, or as much as I saw of it. The grounds include I should think 15 or 20 acres and quite a number of forest trees are standing all through the grounds. A large number of brick and stone buildings are scattered around, some for machinery, for making and repairing guns. Some for officers and soldiers' quarters and some for store rooms. I was not allowed to enter the buildings but outside I saw 40 or 50 siege guns laying around, some of them 12 & 15 feet long, also a few batteries of lighter field artillery among which I saw 6 iron rifled 10 pounders. Many of the buildings had a garden attached with large fruit trees, grape vines, and flowers. Altogether the arsenal is a pleasant place and I should ask for no more pleasant quarters if placed in garrison. About 5 p.m. we were marched through the city to the Pacific R.R. and embarked for Rolla. The boys were all in fine spirits as they knew many who were stationed there in Wyman's Regiment. As we passed out of the city we were greeted by ten thousand cheers from those who thronged the depot and along the Railroad. Twenty miles were accomplished before darkness set in & I perched upon top of the cars to see what was to be seen. We passed through two tunnels and as the cars went thundering through the noise was almost deafening. In the cars the men were completely packed. The seats were rough boards placed across box freight cars, and every seat was completely filled. To lay down and sleep was impossible. Such a ride upon a rail I never before had the misfortune to be treated to. About 25 or 30 miles from St. Louis the country and road was so rough that the train was divided in two and even then it was with the utmost difficulty that the iron horse could pull the train up some of the steep upgrades. At times we would come to a full stop and a long time would elapse before the steep grades could be surmounted. The country out from St. Louis is all more or less rough but as we approach Rolla it becomes
hilly but not mountainous. And the grade is mostly up, occasionally we go
down hill and then the cars would leap along at a break neck speed. The por-
tion of Missouri that I have seen is poor, scarcely worth the blood that has
been spilled to defend it.
Sunday Sept 29th 1861.
At 4 o'clock in the morning I made my way out of the crowded car and resumed
my old perch on top the train and as soon as daylight would permit obtained
a fine view of the rough country we were passing through which appeared an
almost unbroken wilderness. No signs of human habitations would appear for
miles, and whenever a house was passed it was nothing more than a log cabin
with mud chimneys built outside with generally a seedy butternut colored man
and a homely and no less seedy woman and a crowd of dirty half clothed urch-
ins protruding their uncombed heads through the cracks and chinks in the
walls, or standing in front gaping at us. Very few cheered us showing clearly
their secession proclivities. The towns we passed (for by that name I suppose they are called) are generally a collection of a dozen or more log cab-
ins thrown promiscuously in every sort of disorder imaginable and of a char-
acter that would disgrace an Illinois hog pen. As we set out from St. Louis
a suspicious looking four gallon contraband was smuggled into the officers' car, and the loud shouting and notes of bachinian revelry showed clearly
the part which the contraband was playing. Another proof of his presence was
a large patch on the side of Lieut. Col. Joslyns's head, placed there to cov-
er sundry bruises received in a fall from the top of the cars. Some thought
it a pity that the fall did not terminate the career of one setting so per-
nicious an example to a regiment of men. Great God! Can it be that such lead-
ers and no others can be found to lead us to battle and victory. A few patch-
es of prairie not more than a mile or so in extent was passed which looked
like an oasis in a desert of wilderness. We reached Rolla about noon and was
much disappointed to find Wyman's Regiment a days march on their way west to
cut off the retreat of any flying bands of secessionists from Lexington and
the North. But soon word came that an order for his return had been received, and all who wished to see their long absent friends set up a shout of joy. We were marched to the old campground of the 13th and pitched our tents and were at home again. The 7th Mo. were in camp on our arrival but they shipped their camp equipage on the same train we came on and at midnight were on their way to St. Louis & Jefferson City. Their loud cheering on their departure aroused me & I supposed the 13th had returned and was for going out to meet them, but learning the true cause of the noise I returned to my bunk.

Monday Sept. 30th 1861.

Dress parade in the morning and general orders for drill given out. I conclude that our play spell is now played out, and that now we must come down to hard work. Six or eight hours drill is well calculated to take the starch out of some of our lazy struts. I hope every man not on duty or in the hospital will be forced into the ranks and right up to the rack, fodder or no fodder. We have had enough skulking and shirking from duty. I have been up to the fort that is being built about three quarters of a mile to the South of the town on the highest land in the vicinity. The trees & brush has been cleared from the contiguous land so that no enemy can find a hiding place within shooting distance. The fort is a small one but when completed be strong. It is four 32 pounders, mounted, and from their position will make terrible havoc among an enemy. Rolla, the County seat of Phelps Co. is an insignificant one horse town with but one good looking house in it. That is the Court House, which is now used for a hospital. Near 200 sick are in it and the contiguous buildings. The sick are mostly Missourians showing conclusively that the natives who are supposed to be acclimated to the climate, from some cause are more subject to sickness than those from Illinois. That cause is whiskey, the bane of every camp and the fruitful source of loss of life than the sword and all other diseases combined. It is astonishing that with all it's dire effects before us, so many will guzzle and soak and among them very many who at home occupied respectable positions in society and pretended
to be temperance men. I can come to no other conclusion than that an army
can not be equaled in demoralizing a man, and that no greater calamity can
happen to a nation than war. The rest of the town is composed of log and
board shanties, every other one being a whiskey shop. Before the place was
occupied by troops with trees and undergrowth, but now several hundred acres
are cleared for parade grounds &c. What particular natural inducements for a
town site is here presented, I have failed to see. This is the most advan-
ced post now in the federal hands and of course every day brings its rumors
of secession encampments, of rebel advances, &c. But those who have been lon-
est here give but little credit to these rumors, coming from the sources they
do. The cavalry regiment who are camped next to us have 8 secession prisoners.
What are their particular crimes I do not know. The day has been passed in
cleaning up and putting the camp in order. About 10 Willet & myself were pass-
ed out and went on the Springfield road two miles to meet our friends in the
returning 13th. We first met the Iowa 4th, and then came the 13th, and we
were not long in finding our friends. I found Walker and marched by his side
into town. We were mutually glad to see each other and had a glorious visit.
I found all the Oswego boys in fine spirits except John Martin, he was in the
hospital & I went to see him and cheered him up as well as I knew how. I know
not how long the 13th will remain here. The probability is that it will be
but a day or so, or until cars can be had to carry them east. I wrote a letter
home, and it seemed as if every man in camp was writing one or more letters.
The reins are very much tightened upon us. It is by no means an easy matter
to get outside the lines.
Tuesday Oct. 1st, 1861

Went early to drill in the manual of arms but the dust was blown in such masses into our faces that after half an hour we were dismissed. The high wind and dust prevented any further drill except dress parade in the evening. I was passed outside the lines and I went into the camp of the 13th, found Walker so intently engaged with a game of poker and gambling. It seems as if nearly every one in that regiment gamble and very many get drunk. I saw two drunken fellows tied hand and foot and put in the guard house. John Martin I found improving and much cheered up to see old friends. Col. Greusel went with a file of men to hunt out and spill liquor. At one log hut a little was found and spilled and a few beer barrels broken. But the other shops got wind of what was up and secreted theirs in the bushes or some other place safe from the scrutinizing eye of the Col. Rations this morning were short and many of the boys complained bitterly. I find that complaining amounts to but little in the army. I shall be satisfied myself.

Wednesday Oct. 2nd.

We had a heavy rain during the night but our paraid being sloping it was soon dry after the rain ceased. Col Wyman came over with his regiment (the 13th) & had dress paraid on our grounds. It was a sight worth seeing. The boys are drilled with the precision of clock work. I was quite ashamed of my awkward movements. Col. Greusel went to Chicago today; the object of his visit I know not. In the afternoon I went with George Walker to a pool of clear water a half mile from camp and we had a good bath. I shall try and keep clean. During our ramble we had a good visit reminding me of home and its thousand endearments. My own Melissa, what would I give to be again with you. I feel that many weary months as well as miles separate us. "Home! Home! why did I leave thee, Dearest and happiest home". We found quite a quantity of nuts and returned in time for supper and dress parade, after which I retired to my straw and soon the hum of the camp gave way to dreams of those my heart holds dear.

Thursday Oct. 3rd, 1861

Have drilled in the manual of arms until my fingers ache. I feel like leav-
ing as rapidly as possible and notwithstanding aches and fatigue I will not 
shrink from my task. I have grubbed among the roots and stone in the rear of 
our encampment two hours, which has somewhat fatigued me. Five or six acres 
are being cleared and grubbed in this manner. The work connected with this 
is worth more than all the land barren of every thing except grubs and stone. 
While not employed my thoughts have been of home. Hard has been the necessity 
for my leaving it. Cooped up as we are within the limits of the camp I can 
hear nothing of the outside world. Could I but have the daily Tribune to read 
I should have less time for gloomy forbodings. Went to Capt. Pierces quarters 
& borrowed a book to read. And in it's perusal a part of my melancholy flew 
away. I have just learned of the poisoning of one of our men belonging to the 
Elgin Co. He purchased an apple from some Missouri hunter and in a few min-
utes was taken violently ill. Antidotes for poison were administered and he 
was somewhat relieved but even now he is in a dangerous position. 
Friday Oct 4th 
Arose early, and drilled as usual. George Walker came over and we had a short 
visit. After noon I was passed out and saw some of the wounded from Spring-
field. About 40 have come through, partly on foot, they being more able to 
travel than others. One had a toe shot off, another while upon his back load-
ing his gun was shot in the nose, the ball passing down through his mouth and 
tongue and passing out between his chin and neck, a truly miraculous escape 
indeed. Another was hit on the top of his head, cutting a gash to the skull. 
In fact, every species of wound from the head to the toes, were inflicted. 
Before returning I went about a mile up the railroad track where soapstone 
was found in considerable quantities. Nearly everyone in camp has a piece 
which they manufacture into pipes or anything else their imagination fancies. 
I shall send a few specemans home if I have an opportunity. The cars came in 
last night being the second train since we came through. The cars on this 
road are mostly used for carrying troops to Jefferson City and it is seldom 
one comes here. Oh! why cannot I hear from home. Just now the 15th Illinois 
are marching to the cars to go to Jefferson City to join Fremont in his op-
erations about that place. Going from my tent about 4 p.m. I heard a band
playing the dead march and am going to the parade ground. I saw a detachment of about 200 from the Iowa slowly following one of their number to his grave. The corpse was wrapped in the American flag. The slow beating of the drum and marching of the procession together with the circumstances of his burial far from his home, unmourned by friends & in a distant and perhaps unknown grave. The scene was one that called up solemn reflections. Who knows but that some of us will soon be carried to an unknown grave, with no tears of friendship and affection to show that a link in some fireside has been broken. The soldier's grave! what a place for reflection. Friend Judson came over in the evening and a pleasant hour was passed in our tent.

Saturday Oct. 5th

Wrote two letters, one to Melissa, then whittled a pipe for Lieut. Hobbs, also some specimens for myself out of soap stone. Rained in the afternoon, and rest and reading was the order of the day. The rain has put out the fires & we are obliged with a cast iron cracker and a chunk of raw and greasy bacon for supper. To those who are in comfortable homes, surrounded with everything that their luxurious taste desires, it would be no easy matter to reconcile their feelings to the hard fare of a soldier's life. But when the heart is warmed up and really engaged in any cause a person can do anything. Many at home thought me mad, or crazy to leave a comfortable home, a kind and loving wife, a lovely child to link me to my fireside - friends on whom I could depend, and all the care and responsibility of a husband and parent; to leave all these for the hardships of a soldier's life - it's hard fare - fatiguing marches with the cold damp ground for my bed, and above all, the awful carnage of the battle field, to meet death in a thousand hideous forms. No one loves wife or family more than I. Yet my country has claims upon me strong as that of home and family. I had rather feed upon roots, pillow my head night after night upon the cold ground, rather than keep aloof from the struggle that now menaces our country, and her liberties. If I should live to return I shall walk upon the soil that gave me birth and exult in the thought that I am not unworthy of it. I shall mingle with my friends & feel
that I do not dishonor them. I shall look upon my country and her own sacred sights and rejoice that I did not basely desert them. But should I be one of the victims I feel that to die is the irrevocable decree of Him who made us all. The silent village of the dead must sooner or later claim my body. Oh that my soul may be ready to meet death without dismay.

Sunday Oct. 6th. 1861.

Immediately after guard mounting I went with George Walker to the creek and washed myself and clothes. I flatter myself that for the first time I succeeded admirably. I may perhaps be induced to set up a laundry shop. I passed most of the day out of camp, and during my scout gathered a quantity of hazel nuts. A mail arrived during the day and I was the lucky recipient of a letter from home. Melissa remembers and I believe loves me. Her letter came so prompt and so opportunely and filled with affection and confidence. Never, never! can I forget or betray her. Our company being detailed for duty left me with nothing to do, but one of the first relief being sick I took his place and for the first time stood on guard. My first post was adjoining the Missouri 7th and from the sentinel adjoining my beat I learned many particulars of the battle of Springfield. I also learned that on the first night of our encampment here a squad of 25 of his company were on a scout and towards day reached a house about 20 miles to the southwest of Rolla where they dismounted and fed their horses, the boys laying down among the bushes to get a little sleep. In about an hour a report came that 200 or 300 mounted secessionists were on their march to surround them. They were aroused and hurried away and did not miss two of their number for some distance. The two left behind were asleep and were surprised by 30 secessionists who fired into them on their attempting to flee. One was brought from his horse severely wounded and captured. The other, though severely hurt, having one arm broken and a finger shot from the other hand succeeded in making his escape and is now in the hospital, but in a critical situation. The last time I was on duty I had no one to talk with and was very sleepy. Thought however was busy and "home sweet home" was again in my mind and never did it appear so enchanting and lovely as now.
Monday Oct. 7th 1861.
Nothing beyond the usual routine of camp duties has transpired today. There is a small chance of my being transferred to Bowens cavalry regiment as Bowen's clerk if Judson does not succeed. I hope I may.

Tuesday Oct. 8th 1861
We buried one of our number today. He was a member of the Aurora cavalry and was sick at St. Louis and came on without other sick which accounts for his being separated from his company. Nearly all our regiment followed his body to the grave.

Wednesday Oct. 9th 1861
Was detailed nearly the whole fore noon to get wood. Our Captain went with us and pulling off his coat worked with a will, doing as much service as any of the men. This act will atone for much of his crossness. It has seemed of late that he could not do a favor with a good grace. But I suppose it is necessary that military matters be attended to in an arbitrary manner. We each received an additional blanket today. I now have three, which will make me comfortable. After dress parade three or four Missourians came into camp alleging that some of the boys had passed counterfeit money upon them. Their case was investigated and found strictly true and a Lieutenant in the Woodstock company implicated and immediately arrested and is now under guard. I hope he will be severely and justly dealt with.

Thursday Oct. 10th
The regiment was drawn up and reviewed by Gen. Wyman. We were all so anxious to do well that we rather overdid the matter. And I think our appearance was not very creditable. The 13th Regiment with whom we have been on terms of closest intimacy commenced their march westward at 8 o'clock. Their destination I have not learned. It's supposed that they are to join Hunter from Jefferson and march to Springfield and thus intercept any bands of rebels on their way to the South. About 9 a.m. it commenced raining, and has been a gloomy and cheerless day, in harmony with the cold and loveless world around. I pity the boys of the 13th on their wet and dreary march, but sickness nor storms do not interrupt the movement of armies. We had a most wretched supper.
Not only was it inferior in quality but in quantity and nearly all but our cooks went to bed hungry. In the evening the matter was thoroughly canvassed in every tent and loud and bitter were the complaints of almost every man. Not only was the subject of rations discussed but also the usage from our superior officers. I need not add that Capt. Fish got his share of execrations for I must say he has of late been extremely overbearing and tiranical to some of the men, and the boys are fast learning to hate him, as they before loved and respected him. I have yet to learn that he has granted a single favor except to a certain few with a good grace.

Friday Oct. 11th.

The storm for some time brewing in the minds of the men burst in all it's fury this morning. All who had been guilty of any fraud or meanness to the men were told distinctly of it and a general row was the consequence. Our officers during the day has been more courteous and gentlemanly to the men than ever before. The camp was all day startled by the most absurd rumors. One to the effect that Wyman was retreating and that Price was upon us with an overwhelming force of the enemy was believed by very many and it was amusing to see the frightened expression on the face of many. A look at the map was sufficient however to dispell all fears on that account. With his position 120 miles distant and Fremont between us and him, how absurd to believe any rumor of this kind. Another to the effect that the Rail Road track was torn up 20 miles away was currently reported and believed. But during the night a train from St. Louis put a quietus to that absurd rumor. It is strange how easily the boys are gulled. One of the Lieutenants of the Woodstock company succeeded in passing quite an amount of counterfeit and worthless money upon the Missouri hucksters which come to camp with apples, chickens, pies, etc, and was arrested and put under guard. I am glad to see offenders occupying high positions thus summarily dealt with. They are no better than privates to go free from justice. Let Justice be done to all with impartiality. I really pitied some of the poor women upon whom he foisted his worthless rags.
Saturday Oct. 12th 1861

Another mail was received today and I was much disappointed at not receiving something from home. I will read Melissa's old letters again; it will be some consolation. Oh! My poor Melissa; My absence may expose you to privations, but I trust to your own innate goodness, and to the protection of parents and brothers for thy safety. I cannot forget my little one - it's bright eyes full of expression and fire. I seem to see it now toddling around requiring a mother's care and watchfulness to keep it from danger. I hear that the 13th are getting along finely and are far beyond the Gasconade. The Iowa 4th buried four of their men today. The result of dissipation and meddling with vicious women. Our Col. is very strict about the boys going outside of camp. No doubt that many of the boys now languishing on beds of sickness and death would now bless the same strictness in their commanders. It is hard to restrain the amorous propensities of many young men especially when brought in contact with vicious women. I notice a marked improvement in the conduct of our officers to their men. I shall be thankful for the volcanic explosion of temper manifested by the boys. We have now 16 in the hospital. All but two are fast recovering. A man deserted from the Woodstock company last night. He stole a horse and succeeded in even passing the pickets stationed a few miles out. But they finally mistrusted and put after him and came near overhauling him when he left his horse and put in the brush and eluded his pursuers. Attended a prayer meeting in the evening at one of Young America's tents. Three parties of pickets were sent from our regiment today. One was taken from Co. E. Their destination and object I do not know, nor do they know themselves.

Sunday Oct. 13th

Attended divine services at 10 o'clock. Bro. Stonar of Newark gave us a good discourse, reproving the wild ones for their conduct & the vicious ones for their dissipation and pointed to the hospital with it's corrupt and festering inmates as a witness of the sad results of excesses. In the afternoon while at the Colonel's tent to get a pass to wash he told me he would detail me at the fort to assist the engineers at 75 cents a day extra.
The Oswego Co. & the whole camp are again in a ferment. It appears that no officer in the regiment can get a commission until Walker's claims are recognized. The Co. was called up in line for another vote, but when it was discovered that Walker's friends were largely in the ascendancy the vote was not permitted. The whole regiment is in a ferment about the matter. I hope our Governor will not permit our domineering officers to exercise tiranical sway over their equals in intellect and general information.

Monday Oct. 14th.

While on drill I was sent for to go to the fort, and trudged up the hill on foot. Arrived at the place I soon ascertained what was required in the engineering line. After looking around a while I went out to a Co. of Missourians who arrived yesterday. Never in my life did I see a worse looking set of rags. Two thirds were without shoes and some without hats. All were dressed in that universal garb of butternut breeches, if the rags which took the place of that important portion of the human wardrobe was deserving the title. Scarcely one but that both knees and posterior were without covering, exposed to sun and storm. A more lank, long haired, long bearded, ragged and dirty set of beings I never beheld. Their shirts, once white were worn until they were the color of tobacco juice. They numbered seventy men and had been organized as home guards since spring. As such they had been robbed and hunted like wild animals by the Arkansas secessionists. They came from Douglas County on the borders of Arkansas, and at home were constantly in danger of their lives. The secession desperadoes from that state were constantly committing depredations by driving off their hogs & cattle, stealing their horses and in some instances hanging the citizens for no other offence than defending themselves. One man had his ears & other members cut off and then stabbed to the heart. For a month this company had been driven into the woods and dared not venture to their homes only by stealth. Finally when their sufferings were past endurance they banded together and on Thursday the 3rd instant they marched against 300 of their oppressors. A party of 12 Union men being detached from the rest encountered 200 secessionists at Bryant's fork of White River about
2½ miles south of Very Cruze the County seat of Douglas county. The fight lasted about 15 minutes when the secessh fled leaving 12 dead on the field & 10 wounded. But one of the Union men were touched with a ball and that only slightly on his arm. I saw the scratch myself, now nearly well. They were unable to pursue the enemy for want of ammunition. The whole body of secessionists left for Arkansas soon after but the Union men fearing a more formidable invasion started for Rolla to enroll themselves in the service of Uncle Sam. Two days after the fight on Bryant's fork another party of secessh were met and one killed and three wounded without any of the Union men being injured. On their way to Rolla a party were in the house of Mr. Bates, a Union man. While there a Lieut. in McBride's regiment with four secessionists rode up and mistaking them for secessionists commenced a conversation in which the plans of the secessionists were fully revealed. Capt. Adams, after hearing him through and getting all the information he wanted called upon the Lieut. to surrender, which he did and he is now a prisoner at Rolla and will be sent to St. Louis for safe keeping by the next train. One of their number was a man 75 years old. His name was Solomon Collins. Their hats were nearly all gone to seed, and he had not a shoe to his name, and the remainder of his raiment hung in jingles, perfectly glazed with dirt. He had fought with Jackson at New Orleans and was now emulating with the young men to fight again. He had been hunted like an animal and forced to live in the bush away from his home. One of his sons had been caught and hung by the secessh for nothing more than loving his country.

Sunday Oct. 15th.

Pro ceeded to the Harrisons' tent and drafted a plan of the block house and surrounding works and after dinner proceeded to the fort and made preparations for taking the levels inside. I went among my butternut friends of yesterday and while there one of their friends arrived from their homes. All thronged around him after news. He left 4 days after the others and only succeeded in getting away by pretending to be a secessionist and on his way as a spy. He reported the secessh back again at their old tricks of pillaging and destruct-
ion. One had been hung and one taken prisoner. Our party of scouts came in tonight. They were stationed 12 miles out on the Springfield road. Among the items of news was a reported fight at Lebanon between Wyman and a large body of secessionists. Wyman's cavalry 400 strong under Major Bowen, being in the advance encountered 1500 secessionists & charged upon them, killing and wounding 25 or 30 and taking a number prisoners. But one of the cavalry was killed. This news came through the hands of Missourians and may be exaggerated, for there can no dependence be placed in the butternuts. That there has been a skirmish there can be no doubt. As I write (9 p.m.) I hear the whistle of a train from St. Louis. I will surely get a letter tomorrow. Melissa cannot delay writing longer. Last night a corporal while in the bushes near one of the guards heard the countersign as it was given to the relief. Going to his quarters he persuaded five of his friends to accompany him on a plundering expedition. All six came in loaded with chickens, geese, and cabbage which they fondly anticipated would make them a fine feast on the morrow. But unfortunately the affair came to the ears of the Col. He had them arrested and court martialled, which resulted in the corporals being reduced to the ranks and all sentenced to ten days imprisonment and accordingly all were marched under guard to the jail and securely locked up. It is said some of them cried upon finding themselves within the precincts of a prison. Justice has been done, and I hope for the honor of our regiment and the love of them behind us every similar offence will be strictly punished. Our presence in Mo. makes stealing no less a crime than when at home.

Wednesday Oct. 16 1861

I went to the fort this morning & by the assistance of Mr. Harrison took the levels inside the fort, also laid out the ground for the Magazine and also leveled the counter. The afternoon was employed in calculating earth work and drafting plans, Lieut. Chappel of the Elgin Co. died about noon. This is the second death at Camp Rolla. His remains will be sent home for burial. Lt. Walker of the Oswego Co. presented himself to headquarters and reported himself to his company for duty. His friends greeted him warmly. But a hurricane, or an earthquake could not have more disturbed his enemies
than his appearance here. The Colonel was beside himself with rage and pitched into all within reach. Clutching a pick he rushed upon the boys loitering around headquarters and scattered them like geese to their quarters. A seargent of the Woodstock company being slower than the rest was soundly kicked. Col. Greusal had better not resort to such measures when in a passion, for he may find his match. Not everyone will submit to be kicked like a dog. I learn the Woodstock boys are in a rage. A thousand rumors in regard to Walker are afloat in camp. Col. Greusal is a stubborn man and will not soon succumb to others. Our Co. were on guard again today and as some of the boys were sick I stood on guard from 1 a.m. till 3. All was still as death save the constant cry of the cricket & Katadid. As I trod my lonely beat I thought of my home & friends. My whole life came up in review. Oh! what a time for speculation and prayer. My loved ones were presented to God and His mercy and loving kindness invoked in their behalf.

Thursday Oct. 17th.

Went to the fort in the morning and established the grade for the block house and set the men to work. After noon I cleaned my gun & then platted the dimensions of the ditch and whole works surrounding the block house. It is fun to see the Oswego Co. in dress parade. Both Walker and Murrell stand side by side in the 1st Lieut.'s place as if it took two to discharge the duties of the office. I find Mr. Harrison to be a man and a gentleman. His tent is a palace by the side of my own. I have written to Melissa and Drake today. Wyman's battle is confirmed but I hear no particulars.

Friday Oct. 18th.

Went early to the fort and by measurements established its exact center, also fixed stakes as a basis for future operations. From the point where I stood I could look down upon the camp of the 36th and see all that was going on. I saw the escort bear the body of Lieut. Chappel to the R. R. depot. The men were formed in two lines extending from camp to the depot, between which Co. A marched to the music of the burial march. It was a solemn scene. Capt. Baldwin, I understand, goes with the body to Elgin. Returned to camp at 11 a.m. and found a letter from Melissa, being the 2nd I have received since leaving home.
There has nothing occurred in my soldier's life that has done me half as much good. A letter from my old friend McDowell comes just in time and is particularly refreshing. I have at last something authentic from Wyman's command, from some prisoners released from the Springfield Hospital who witnessed the fight. Wrote a letter to the Free Press afternoon and in the evening attended a prayer meeting. I am feeling more contented and happy than at any time before since I enlisted.

Saturday Oct. 19th.

Attended to my duties at the fort and returned at noon. Started after dinner for the fort and on the way was informed that the secession prisoners captured at Wet Glaze were coming into town. With a crowd of men, women, and boys I went to the headquarters on a lop and arrived just as the head of the column of cavalry was filing by, followed by a dozen or more wagons filled with prisoners from a Lieutenant in Capt. Montgomerie's Company I learned the following particulars of Wyman's march and the exploit at Wet Glaze. The day the 13th left Rolla they travelled 24 miles through mud and a driving storm and crossed the Gasconade on Saturday night the 12 inst they encamped 4 miles this side of Wet Glaze and 24 miles from Lebanon. A firing between pickets during the night apprised our boys that the enemy was near & it being ascertained that a considerable force was a few miles ahead Gen. Wyman dispatched four companies of cavalry under Major Wright and four companies of infantry who set out early in quest of secesh. In the mean time about 400 secessionists under Col. or Major Turner took up a position on the side of a hill at Wet Glaze overlooking the road which passed through the ravine and partly up the side of the hill. The country around was hilly and cut up by ravines, the sides of which were covered with bushes and jack oak and was peculiarly well adapted for the secession mode of bush fighting. The enemy had formed and were awaiting the approach of our force when several ambulances with wounded from Springfield approached & were ordered to halt before crossing the ravine, with the threat that the last man would be shot if a wheel was moved. In this position they were detained three hours, and frequently jeered by the secessionists & informed they would soon have another load of wounded to carry along
with them. The result proved that this remark was more ludicrous than brutal. This condition of things lasted two or three hours when suddenly two companies of Federal cavalry under Capts. Montgomery and Switzler, who were in the advance of Wyman's detachment came rousing over the hill partly on the left flank and rear of the enemy and when within one hundred paces plunged a destructive fire into their ranks, which scattered the secesh like chaff. After one volley the order was given to charge and the boys pitched in, each singling out his man and sabering him to the ground but when out of reach of their sabers they drew their pistols with which they did more execution than any other way. The fight was over in a few minutes, the rebels flying precipitately up the ravine through the brush in a perfect rout. They were taken so completely by surprise that they hardly had time to return a few straggling shots. It was a dash - a shout and a gleam of death from our side and a wild and frightful scamper for life among the rebels. The ambulances and cavalry soon met and three rousing cheers were given with a will which made the woods and mountains ring. The wounded party met the cavalry with tears of joy and welcomed them as deliverors. Our force engaged numbered only 93 men. One man belonging to Capt. Woods' Co. was shot in the breast and was the only man touched on our side. Sixty three of the enemy were found dead upon the field and thirteen wounded. It is supposed that many more were more or less injured. About forty were captured. The boys said that the secesh would fire at our men & if charged upon would throw down their guns and piteously beg for mercy. One of our boys was fired upon, the ball grazing his head. He turned upon the one that fired, who threw down his gun and implored for mercy. The trooper commanded him to stand still, then, loading his pistol deliberately shot him down. One darkey belonging to Montgomery's Co. fearlessly advanced ahead of his comrades and blazed away at the secesh until the order was given to charge when he plunged in among them, killing one and capturing two. He also killed the first man that fell. The prisoners were marched under a strong guard to the fort and put in the charge of Col. Phelps. They are a sorry looking set and some of them look forlorn enough, others are cheerful, and profess to have been deceived by wire pullers and knaves. They were provided with tents
and rations and cared for as well as our men, being no more vigilantly guarded than our own boys. They were dressed in the universal butternut garb but were not as ragged as the company of Union men who came in a few days ago. What their fate will be I know not. Some of them were officers among which was a Captain & two or three Lieutenants. Being employed about the fort I have free and uninterrupted access to the prisoners, and will question them tomorrow in regard to events in their region of country. About 30 of the prisoners were captured at Lynn Creek, where Wyman's force were at the time the escort left. Geo. Walker sent me a letter but as he was too late for the fight he gave me only the particulars of his march and that a store belonging to a noted secesh was broken into and plundered by the boys. This was done in retaliation for a similar robbery upon the store of a Union man a few days before. In the evening while writing to Melissa the mail arrived and I was the happy recipient of a letter from brother Guy. I did not retire until nearly 11 and then could not sleep for musing upon the events of the day and thinking of the loved ones at home. About 8 p.m. the report of a gun near our guard caused a rush to that part of the camp. The officers however promptly ordered the boys back to their quarters. It was found that the alarm was caused by a fracas among the cavalry boys in which one received a pistol shot in his leg.

Sunday Oct. 20th.

Oh what a bright and beautiful day this has been from early dawn till dewy eve, no cloud has obscured the sun's bright rays. I believe there is a difference between this climate and that of Illinois. An abundance of peaches and other fruit proves this. Last night two sentinels of the Iowa 4th approached each other at the terminus of their respective beats and commenced maneuvering with their pieces, in good humor, when the gun of one accidently, killing the other instantly. I believe no such carelessness has been displayed in our camp and hope no accidents of this kind may occur. Attended divine service at 3 p.m. Do not like our Chaplain much, not a word did he preach, adopted to boys far away from home and friends & many far from God. He appears to be selfish, and too foppish to suit me. Visited the Hospital, and attended
prayer meeting in the evening. We were reviewed in the morning, all our clothes, blankets, &c were inspected.

Monday Oct. 21

My business, as usual, called me to the fort. During the day rumors of the enemies' advance was freely circulated, and though none could tell the source from whence they came yet many of the boys were disposed to believe that a detachment of 8000 from Price's army were not 20 miles distant. This story was modified during the day materially, nevertheless Col. Phelps thought it best to unlimber the guns of the fort to be ready at any moment. Accordingly I detailed some of my boys and we soon had the guns ready for shooting. About forty were detailed from the 36th to work on the fort today.

Tuesday Oct. 22nd.

A sergeant major from the regular army came to the fort and examined the guns, firing one, which startled the boys in camp and for a time many supposed the secesh were surely upon us. In the evening I went into the cavalry camp and was much interested in hearing them tell their adventures. I learned the cause of the rumors of yesterday. It appears that about 20 of Price's brigands who live 15 or 20 miles to the west have recently come home, and are skulking around in the neighborhood where their families live. Last night a party of our pickets in that neighborhood were fired upon. Their fire was returned, with what result has not been learned. None of our men were hurt. Today Capt. Wood has scoured that section through but has not succeeded in hunting them out of their holes. Today 4 men with a load of chickens came to camp to sell their truck. A boy was with them and coming to the fire to warm himself the shrewd questions put to him revealed the fact that the 4 hucksters were bloody secessionists. The butternut gentry were soon nabbed and locked up in the Rolla jail.

Wednesday Oct. 23rd.

Late last night some of Woods' cavalry brought in 4 more secesh, being a part of Price's men who have returned and are skulking about their homes. One of them was wounded in the face with a charge of buckshot, one passing through his mouth and another near his eye. This morning all the cavalry
at Rolla except one company started for Wyman's regiment. They are a bold, hardy set of dare devils & though mostly Missourians are enough for four times their own number of secessionists. Wrote two letters, one to the Free Press & one to Thomas Simpson. Passed a pleasant evening with Lieut. Stonix. He is a gentleman and a Christian. Were all our officers like him we would have no Walker affair to disturb the peace and harmony of the Regiment. I did not get to sleep until near midnight. Thought was busy, wandering o'er life's pathway from infancy to the present time, lingering nowhere but in the heart of that loved being. (Wife). And that shadow of herself. (Child). Thoughts, not sad but sober drove sleep far from my eyes until wearied nature at length sank to quiet rest.

Thursday Oct. 24th.

Our work progresses slowly at the fort. The whole excavation is rock, mostly soap stone, but large boulders of flint occur all through the ditches and it is almost impossible to excavate it. One of the Block houses is commenced and in a few days will be completed. Our force of laborers have been largely increased and I am obliged to work nearly the whole time to keep them going. I was somewhat disappointed in getting no mail today but hope for better luck next time. Wrote until 10 o'clock & retired to rest somewhat fatigued.

Friday Oct. 25th.

Today is the birthday of my own one year old baby. One year ago today I little thought I should love that babe so well. Here I am with a wife & child and all the means of happiness and can not see them. Well, who is to blame but myself. I will not repine but how much would I give to now be with my own loved one if there were only for a day. Today thirteen Union men came in from Wright County near the head of the Gasconade about 65 miles distant. In that region the secessh are in large numbers and commit all kinds of depredations, driving off cattle and horses and even stripping the beds of union men. It is also reported that the underclothes have been taken from women and made into shirts for the secessh. Four prisoners were brought in today from near the Gasconade. They were caught in the act of robbing a house and taken prisoners. One attempted to fly but was shot down by a charge of buck shot in his
face, gouging out an eye and otherwise spoiling his physiog. They are confined in the Rolla jail. It rained some in the morning and but half the boys came to their work.

Saturday Oct. 26th.

The secession prisoners were put to work today. They worked well and if all employees upon the work do as well as they it will soon be completed. I heard no complaints from them except one who went to Col. Phelps and asked if it was the custom to work prisoners of war. The Col. pointed to a shovel and told him to go to work which he did without another word. I was on guard from 1 to 3 a.m. One guard from the Elgin company was found asleep on his post. This is the second offence and I fear it will go hard with him. Col. Greusal threatens to shoot him. I hope this will not be resorted to and that something besides death will be resorted to for an example to the other boys.

Sunday Oct. 27th.

Was relieved from the guard at 9 a.m. and immediately proceeded to Mr. Harrison's tent and wrote several hours to friends, and one to Melissa. At 3 p.m. I went to church but was too sleepy to pay attention to the sermon. In the evening went to the creek to wash and procure water for cooks use. Weather cool but pleasant.

Monday Oct. 28th.

Attended strictly to my work and was kept busy, on account to the additional number of hands, the secession prisoners being employed on Saturday. On my return to supper I found the camp, or rather our portion of it in a perfect ferment. It appears the cooks were caught in the act of selling a portion of our rations and dividing the money between them. This has been repeatedly done and though the Captain has often been apprised of it, he has never taken any measure against it. The boys are firmly resolved that this system of wholesale plunder shall not be continued longer and are anxious that we go into mess cooking or that the cooks be changed. The Captain will not permit either, as he thereby will be minus his little rations. Our cooks and officers are now in league, they to have the proceeds of what can be plundered and the officers live out of the boys' rations & get the money for
their own. The cooks save the choicest of everything for the officers while
the slush and refuse is given to the boys. In the evening H. Wagoner, D. Crom-
well & myself were selected as a committee to await upon the Captain and ac-
quaint him of the wishes of the company. So tomorrow morning I shall expect
to witness an explosion of some kind for I well know the Captain will do no-
thing that will in anyway deviate from his arbitrary and overbearing disposi-
tion. It is strange how soon a man will change and lose all sympathy & feel-
ing for his former friends. A little brief authority will make an entire
change with some men. I understand that Capt. Fish when at home was not con-
sidered in intelligence, information, and sound judgement quite up to the ave-
rage & was quite as apt to ask favors as anyone, without receiving insults in
return. Such men seem to forget that they are no more than men & may yet see
the day when he may beg for the friendship he now spurns. Judge Semple Orr, a
noted Union man from near Springfield was in town today, and will start to-
morrow for his home, from which he has been an exile for three months. A large
number of refugees are going with him and expect to find their homes free from
the cutthroat secession. They are well armed I understand. From all the informa-
tion gathered from that quarter the enemy are leaving in haste from the
sweeping march of Fremont.

Tuesday Oct. 29th.

Immediately after roll call "We the honorable Committee" presented ourselves
humbly before his august presence, the Hon. Capt. Fish formerly of Little Rock
&c. &c. and very coolly and civilly made known to him the wishes of the company.
To have our present cooking arrangements suspended. The Hon. Capt. politely
informed us "to go to Hell", that such a change could not be made & should
not be made. A few words more and the subject was dropped. At night when I
returned from camp I found no secession of our troubles. A petition was in
circulation and signed by 85 of our boys for the removal of our present cooks.
I do not believe it will have the least influence with our Captain.

Wednesday Oct. 30th.

Well, the war in relation to our cooks has in no way abated. The boys are
however bound to have a reformation. I observe however that that our "grub"
is in better order and the cooks less overbearing and abusive. The fight has been productive of some benefit at least. The work of engineering and keeping accounts of the laborers keeps me pretty busy. Mr. Harrison, my superior, I find to be a perfect gentleman. Our intercourse is most friendly and intimate. There is nothing of the overbearing aristocrat about him. Would I could say as much of many others.

Thursday Oct. 31st.

Today all the forces of this place were reviewed and work was suspended at the fort. The whole review and inspection occupied nearly all day and was very creditable to us. In the afternoon I made out the pay rolls of the extra help on the fort and it was not until 11 at night that I completed them. During the afternoon our pickets brought in two span of horses as contraband. I did not learn the particulars of their capture or where they came from. One team is given to our company so we will not be without means of transportation if we are ordered to march. I also learned from our pickets that in several directions have been frequently fired upon lately, but so far without injury to any of our men.

Friday Nov. 1st.

The weather is getting decidedly cool and for several days our full quota of clothing have been put in requisition. The men in camp huddle about the fires and those at work are obliged to be busily employed to keep warm. For several days we have had the same lowering cold weather accompanied by a northwest wind. Posted as I am on the highest knob in the country I feel every blast that passes by. While eating my dinner a man was observed running from the direction of the 36th and passing within forty rods of the fort. At about 100 rods distant down in the ravine were several Missouri ponies grazing in the brush. Our pedestrian caught one of the horses and made off. Capt. Coleman and several of his men started in pursuit and were rapidly overhauling the horse cramer when he jumped off his steed and put into the thick brush and managed to escape. If Capt. Coleman's men had come within rifle range he never would have lived to cramp another horse. It is supposed he was a
spy on his way to give notice to a secession camp 36 miles distant of a project on foot to capture them. After the hands had been discharged I remained some little time posting books and crediting their time. As I started for camp I met Col. Greusal at the head of our cavalry, who came filing by in good style the clatter of hoofs over the steep and stony road and the rattling of sabers in their scabbards appears more like war than anything I have yet seen. The boys were lustily cheered as they passed and were in high spirits at the prospect of a brush with the secession. I started on, and soon met Co. B, and a few rods behind them 60 men from Co. E. 0 how I wished to be with them but there was no chance for me. The Iowa Regt. sent also 200 men making near 600 men all told. I learned that our pickets have reported a large body of secession at or near Salem, collecting for some purpose not understood. Some conjecture an attack upon Rolla, others the waylaying of the Specie train and robbing it on it's way from St. Louis to pay the boys. I hope our boys will have a brush and test their mettle. We are also under orders at the camp to sleep upon our arms, prepared for any emergency, consequently every gun is loaded. The Major is considerably excited and thinks there is more probability of a fight here than where the boys have gone. It must have been 6 p.m. when the boys started, and if they march far it must be through as thick darkness as can well be found, for the night is intensely dark.

Saturday Nov. 2nd.

Last night it was found that two well diggers who had been employed the whole summer about the Union's encampments dousing for water were no more or less than secession spies. On their persons was found an account of every movement of our troops, our numbers and position accurately described. I have no doubt that every day professed Union men but at heart rabid secessionists, visit our camp and give all the information they can glean to their secession leaders. Our portion of the camp is nearly deserted, very few are left. This morning I went to headquarters with a requisition for lumber, but Capt. Small would not recognize the requisition. It being ascertained that our pay rolls were full of mistakes and at Smith's request I was excused from the fort and was busy nearly all the forenoon correcting them. After dinner proceeded to
the fort & took charge of the work there. Mr. H being absent most of the
time I also formed the acquaintance of Capt. Rich & had a long & interesting
conversation with him. Found that he was acquainted with Doc Canniff in Kan-
sas. I wish I could get a position on Col. Phelps' staff. I would willingly
leave the 36th. Two more secesh prisoners were set on the works today. Orders
for the detention of every one who comes to Rolla within ten days have been
issued. Consequently several men and teams are detained here. Strong picket
guards are sent in every direction. The Major is bound to not be surprised.
I learned that our boys went 12 miles last night and camped at midnight.

Sunday Nov. 3rd. 1861.

Received two letters from home at 11 p.m. and this morning answered Melissa's
in time for it to be mailed. Was glad to once more receive assurance that I
was remembered at home. I must write immediately to my mother. She is ever
the same kind and loving mother as of yore. Attended church at 3 p.m. and
then washed and spruced up and had a general good time with the boys. In the
evening a messenger came in from the boys & reported that they were 50 miles
from Rolla and still pushing on. No enemy in sight & I did not learn if there
was any prospect of meeting secesh. The boys were in good spirits and eager
to push on. The Iowa 4th buried another of their number today, and the body
of another dead soldier was taken to the cars to be buried at his home. The
burial of the Iowa soldier was not completed until after dark. The funeral
durge as it swelled upon the evening air touched a tender chord, and set in
motion a train of thought upon the uncertainty of life, and the immense
sacrifice of human beings in this unhuman conflict. Oh! the desolated fires-
sides and woe that over spreads like the black ball of death cur whole land.

Monday Nov. 4th. 1861.

About 9 last night the report of a gun, among the camp guard, startled some.
Upon enquiry it was found that one of the guards discovered a stump in the
darkness and mistook it for a man and hailed it three times and failing to
get an answer blazed away at it. The affair was somewhat ludicrous. The
guard however did his duty if he honestly supposed it to be a man. Co. C
will do its duty every time whether on guard or in battle. While eating my
breakfast and as usual expecting to go to the fort Maj. Barry and Mr. Harris-
on came to me and requested me to do some surveying for Col. Dodge. I at once
assented, expecting but a few hours work, and went to headquarters where I
found that the Col. wanted the whole country surveyed and a correct topograph-
ical map of the whole country made showing roads, valleys, hills, woods, clear-
ings, springs, streams, houses, &c, &c. Of course I accepted the job which will
keep me busy for at least a month. I had not time to ask about extra pay but
am confident if I do a good job I shall be liberally paid. I went to the shop
and had my tally pins made and at 11 o'clock commenced the survey. Four from
my own company were detailed at my request to assist me. I commenced at the
Rolla Court House and followed up, or rather down the Springfield road. At fir-
first the road passed over about the highest ground, crooking here and there to
avoid hills and ravines, but about four miles out it descended into the valley
of Beaver creek, and followed the sinuosities of the valley. We found some
very fine springs of pure cold water, also wild grapes in abundance. This road
is much traveled but little worked. But few families lived along the road and
we passed but one farm that looked like live and with a framed house. The other
buildings were all of logs and some were the most miserable tenements for
human beings I ever saw. The valley as we proceeded became narrow and deep,
with rocky sides, and covered with timber and sometimes dense underbrush. The
people, as we passed, looked half frightened out of their wits, not knowing
what was up. We ran five miles and a half and quit rather later than we should
and found we would not get back to camp until after dark. We returned on the
R. R. track. At one place large stone abutments were built up forty feet high
for a bridge to span a valley and small rivulet. Such a crooked R. R. I never
imagined could be run by R. R. cars. In places the track was excavated through
solid rock forty & fifty feet deep. Where under the sun business can be found
to sustain a railroad in this God forsaken land I can not tell. We reached
camp about 7 p.m. tired and hungry, but our cooks had a good supper prepared
to which we did ample justice. Received the Oswego Free Press and wrote a
hurried note to Melissa to send my draughting tools.
Tuesday Nov. 5th

This morning started to my work at ½ after 7 and ran on the Houston road. Stopped at the fort two hours to assist Mr. Harrison in adjusting his levels. We passed over much the same country as yesterday. At noon we reached the pickets and prepared our meal at their fire and after a good dinner and reading the paper we resumed our work. At 3½ miles we decended into the valley and found a small stream of pure water, but about a mile beyond it had entirely disappeared in the ground and was only visible at times during the remainder of our line. We found an abundance of walnuts, hickory nuts, and sweet grapes. We passed but two houses during the day on the road that were inhabited. Oh, this is a hard country. Once in a very long while a little patch between the bluffs is tilled, but everything from the half naked dirty children and linsy woolsey tattered mother down to the pigs & poultry proclaim the barrenness of the land. The trees even are gnarled and scrubby & scarcely a tree can be found that will make decent timber. I can not find a hickory tree larger than a person's leg, and yet all have nuts upon them. Springs of cold and clear water gurgle up in all the ravines but often disappear among the rocks which are every where about. The surface rocks are generally sandstone. Lime stone is abundant & of the finest quality. Flint exists in a greater or less degree. The timber was scarce along our line & many of the hills were naked except tall grass. We ran 5½ miles and returned to camp at sun down. The weather has been warm & pleasant, and the sky clear.

Wednesday Nov. 6th, 1861

Today my survey was on the Salem road. We were at our work at ½ after 7 o'clock and ran six miles and a half. The country was less timbered than my previous surveys and a portion of the way might be termed prairie. A large part was Oak openings and the whole country was more level and better for cultivating than any I have yet seen. I however passed but three farms, and they presented rather a dilapidated Appearance, being decidedly of the Missouri order. One man I found who had resided on his farm fifteen years and had a large peach orchard of 1000 or 1500 trees. He stated that he sold an immense quantity & not less than 2000 bushels were wasted. I went into the orchard and under some
of the trees the ground was completely covered with pits, and the dried fruit. Large quantities still clung to the trees and were completely dried and cured. We all ate what we wished but they were far behind the ripe fruit. This man also had about two acres of cotton. It was the first I had ever seen and I picked a number of boles and will send it home if I have an opportunity. At noon we went more than half a mile off from the road to a creek for water to help along our dry dinner. While on our way a deer started up from the grass but a few rods from us and went bounding into the woods. Just as we were ready to return to camp a butternut Missourian came along on foot. He came upon us rather suddenly and was considerably frightened, not knowing but that we would be the death of him. He protested that he was a union man driven from his home and was on his way to Rolla for work. We obliged him to go with us and on our arrival at Rolla I took him to headquarters. Col. Dodge after questioning him a while told me to take him to the Guard house, give him his supper, and bring him over in the morning which I did. On arriving at camp I found Ted Joslyn back from his Springfield trip and all the boys in safely. I went to the Aurora cavalry quarters and for an hour listened to a recital of the incidents of the trip. They went as an escort to a part of the 13th who were recovered sufficient from sickness to be able for duty & to protect a large quantity of army supplies. A number of fugitives who had been compelled to leave their homes at the time of Seigals retreat were also on the train and returned to their desolate homes. The secesh were apprised of the movement of the train and were mostly away from their homes & their seedy wives, were nearly frightened to death at the appearance of our boys and protested solemnly that they had no husbands "but were poor lone widders". The situation of many told that they had not been "widders" long. Very many of the secesh when our boys came in sight took to the woods and could sometimes be seen a mile off streaking it over the hills for dear life. Frequently our boys would put after them and succeeded in capturing 4 or 5 and 6 horses. They went within 20 miles of Springfield and the train being within Fremont's pickets they came home, being tired and sore. They suffered some for the want of provisions, but endured all the hardships and privation like men and without one word of complaint.
Thursday Nov. 7th

Today I confined my survey to two or three cross roads and did not go more than three miles from Rolla and ran but five mile of line. We struck the Springfield road two miles from town about the middle of the afternoon and then returned to camp. The day was very warm & we could not work with any degree of comfort. On our way back we found a quantity of persimmons which we gathered and ate. I do not dislike to eat them, I had heard so much about them that I had quite a desire to see and eat of the fruit. Last night the Mo. 12th came from St. Louis and today are encamped two miles out on the Springfield road and intend to march through soon.

Friday Nov. 8th.

This morning I commence on the ridge road at the point where the cross road from the Houston road intersects it and prosecuted the survey down a ravine with the Springfield road at a point about 1 a mile above the termination of Monday's survey. We commenced at that point & pushed down the Springfield road 3/4 of a mile to the main fork of Beaver creek, from thence we returned via the Railroad, and surveyed a road leading down a valley where the Iowa boys had been cutting timber and making shingles. We went down one of the most miserable looking ravines I have yet seen. And what is stranger still people were living there. One "Juems Wooley" had a "claring thar" & said he had lived "thar 15 years" and that this miserable hole was much better than a large part of Missouri. If this is the best part of the country the Devil may take the remainder. We returned to camp after sundown with pockets and haversacks full of hickory nuts. We found our boys back from their expedition, all feeling in good spirits and in a mood to tell their adventures. The first night out they marched 12 miles and at 1 o'clock at night encamped, laying on the ground. The next day they marched within five miles of Licking, at Crow creek where they encamped until Monday when they proceeded to Licking, finding the place almost deserted. The Union men having been stripped and cleaned out by the secesh who were in the majority in that section. Our men quartered in the empty houses and during their stay took everything that could be found in the shape of sheep, horses, mules, cattle, and wagons.
They returned with from 10,000 to 15,000 dollars worth of property. The cavalry were in advance and did all the skirmishing. They went as far as Houston and tore down a secession flag floating from the Court House and ran up the stars and stripes. Col Greneel issued a proclamation to the effect that if the flag was torn down he would return in 10 days and burn down the houses of secessionists. I learn today that the flag has been torn down and that the Col. will go there next week & burn the whole secesh part of town to the ground. Fourteen prisoners were taken and confined in the fort and will be set to work with the rest. Among the prisoners one Captain, one Deputy Inspector General, one Quarter Master General one Sergeant Major and one Orderly Sergeant. They all have taken an active part in the war and been in the battles of Springfield & Lexington. It looks to me rather hard and cruel to set old gray headed men to work on fortifications with no pay but their living. I should hate to see as old a man as my father a prisoner and compelled to work at hard labor. But when we consider the enormity of their crimes, humanity in their cases ceases to be a virtue. Many are the wails of distress, gone up from famished and persecuted Union families who have been barbarically robbed and plundered by them, even to their last morsel, their last bed, & all but the clothes from their backs. It is a pity that the world is polluted with such beings, but he who will rebell against the best government upon earth, is but little else than a barbarian to which the most horrid crimes would be familiar. This has been a beautiful day, weather warm and pleasant & I have worked in my shirt sleeves.

Saturday Nov. 9th.

I went early to Col. Dodge's quarters for another blank book to note surveys in and while there learned that the paymasters would settle with the 36th Regt. and concluded not to work today but to arrange the details of hands that in future our surveys would not be subject to interruption. After dinner Co. E was formed in line and each in turn walked up and received our little article of pay. My wages amounted to $89.00 aside from extra pay, which will come in a day or two. I received $35 in U.S. drafts and $40 in gold which I exchanged for two $20 drafts and went up to the fort and wrote to Melissa enclosing $40 to her which I doubt not will be of some service to her & me. On my return from the fort I found friend Harrison writing a label for Col. Greusel's trophies, but having considerable business on his hands I turned in and assisted him. While at work I heard our Orderly report me as absent, which somewhat vexed me as he had no business to do so. I found that the Regimental officers were on my side and gave me to understand that I was right and no harm should happen to me. In the evening I was attacked in a most abusive and insulting manner in regard to my being detailed. I could not hold in and think I gave him as good as I received. None but narrow minds and the utterly depraved and selfish will ever envy and persecute others for their good fortune. My being detailed is a double favor to me for I not only get good pay but am out of the control of
Capt. Fish.

Monday Nov. 11th.

Mr. Harrison having business on his hands, I went to the fort this morning and took charge of the work in his place. Nothing of note except for release of one of the prisoners. The mother and sister of one of the prisoners came on horseback to see him. To see the mother's tears and the sister's cry and implore that brother renounce his rebellious scheme, to swear allegiance to the United States and return home was an affecting sight. But that stubborn boy, with the utmost composure and firmness avowed he would never take the oath as long as he lived, and that if he worked for Uncle Sam he would even wear gray, he would never violate his oath to the Confederate States. After that there occurred nothing worth recording except attending services at the fort for the benefit of the secessh. I also wrote to Gen. Walker, Mr. Humphrey, and dined with Capt. Rich of the Missouri Regiment. He is a gentleman and as free as water. His wife had just arrived and was with him at his tent.

Tuesday Nov. 12th.

I awoke with a severe headache & knew I was in for the sick headache and went to Doc Young for an antidote. He gave me a dose of morphone which stopped the headache but so completely I was overcome so that I could not arise without fainting. Towards night I grew better and hope to be able to proceed with my survey tomorrow. The weather has been really warm and I sweat properly as I lay in my tent.

Wednesday Nov. 13th.

I have felt quite well today and ran seven miles on the North Salem road. The country on this line is much the same as that heretofore surveyed. We kept up on the ridge & hence found but little water. In the afternoon we went half a mile off the road for water and found some at a house which looked clean and decent, being the first one I have seen in Mo. Although the woman & children were dressed in homespun yet they all were clean & tidy and the house was also in order. When about to return we came across a man in rags, on his way to Rolla. He had been hunted all summer by the secessionists & lived in the bushes. His hair was long, ditto, his beard. And the lower portion of his pants were entirely gone, and his moccasins were worse than none. He came to camp with us and proceeded to the fort, where he knew many who were with Col. Phelps. I received a long letter from home. Oh how I was rejoiced to hear from Melissa again and to be assured that I was loved. Never have I received a letter that did me so much good. So much good advice and Christian resignation reminded me of days gone by. Not one word of reprimand or reproof, but all was love and resignation. Long after I had laid down to rest my memory dwelled with pleasure upon past home scenes and the joys of my early married life and I hope to dwell again in the midst of home joys & to taste again a wife's love & devotion. These give me strength, these give me hope, and my mind is full of
fond memories. It is a great comfort to know I have a happy home and a good and loving wife, and could I believe she was not so I would never wish to return, but hope for death to terminate a life of misery and woe.

Thursday Nov. 14th.

Last night upon my return I found Co. B of the cavalry in a terrible excitement and the whole camp in a ferment. It appears a private of the Co. had been on a drunken spree for a day or two over in the town, and was not present to answer to his name at roll call. After getting sober he came to camp and reported to the Col. where he had been and what he had done. The Col. reprimanded him telling him as this was his first offense he would not punish him, but to keep sober in the future. Upon going to his quarters he reported himself to Capt. Smith who immediately gagged him by tying his hands behind him and then tied a rope around his head and through his mouth. After which he jerked the gag from behind until the poor fellow's mouth was badly cut and bled profusely. The string under his tongue was cut off & he could not speak. Not content with this he kicked him in a most brutal manner until the soldier could not stand. At this point the company interfered and rescued their comrade from further violence. When the extent of his injuries were known, a more indignant set of men I never saw, and they all made a rush for Capt. Smith with the intention of killing him. But the Col. put a guard over him and finally facilitated his escape from camp. This morning while on my way to work on the Northern Springfield road I saw Capt. Smith at a private house some distance from camp. His early exit from thence was all that saved his life. The road today was mostly in Beaver creek valley which I found more thickly settled than any road hitherto surveyed. But such objects in the shape of human beings can not well be found. Butternuts cannot express what they were. Copper bottoms would be far more appropriate. Men, women, children all were most thoroughly smoked and dressed in the most primitive style. We found an abundance of pure springs, walnuts, butternuts, and grapes. We ran only about 4½ miles & returned early to camp.

Friday Nov. 15th.

After a cold, frosty night, the sun arose clear and beautiful & again I sallied forth to prosecute the survey. I took a by road pushing off from the Salem road and after following over hill and dale through brush and prairies in a wild and unfrequented country I have yet seen. A little after noon we reached a little one horse town on the R Road called Dillon. The few inhabitants I saw looked wild and frightened and gazed at our little party from behind house corners and stumps, and were in a position for instant flight the instant we made a move to approach them. The grog seller of the place was not quite as fearful of us and did not leave his den as we entered it. Some of the boys took this opportunity to wet their throats with a smack of 80 rod whiskey. The sergeant of the picket guard stationed here came up and had many questions to ask in relation to our business, after which he treated my boys to another dram.
I learned from him that he had taken Capt. Smith from Rolla in disguise the night before and when the train for St. Louis came along succeeded in getting him on undiscovered and in safety. He advised him never to come back to his company again, for as shure as he did so he would be a dead man. We surveyed the main road from Springfield, from Dillon towards Rolla to within 1 ½ miles of camp. During this day's survey I went to a house on the way to enquire the proprietor's name. None but women and children were there. When I enquired the owner's name the women were frightened and supposed we were around to impress her husband into the service of the United States, and notwithstanding I assured her that we could get men enough without drafting, she still could not understand why we wished her husband's name. The children also shared their mother's fright and came wildly staring at us. The oldest, a girl of perhaps 16, had but a single article of dress upon her, that a dress, with as many windows to admit sunlight and air to her person as an Illinois two story house. Her hair I would almost take my oath had never felt the impress of a comb. The bushy locks were thickly interspersed with straw, feathers, & a number of Spanish and burdock burs. How I wish I could have had an artist present, to take the thing "true to life". "Those matted hair", that eyes sparkling from amidst thick scabs of dirt and matter. Her nose - well there I can't describe nor want to for even now the thought is sickening. I went with Mr. Harrison to the depot and waited until 9 in the evening for the cars. On the arrival of the train a large number of secession prisoners were taken from the train and escorted under guard to the fort. These prisoners were captured by Capt. Jenks of the Aurora cavalry. Mr. Harrison's boy was also on the train & told me that my drafting instruments were along. I had almost forgotten one little incident on our return from work we met a boy with an ox team. He halted and offered to show his pass, taking us for pickets. We found he had apples with him. He gave us all we could eat and we permitted him to proceed without showing his pass, which he thought was a great favor on our part. He said "he got his pass a right smart while ago but thought it good yet".
Saturday Nov 16th.

I received a letter from Ed Lyon which gave me much pleasure but the pleasure it gave me was more than counterbalanced by the receipt of an order from Col Greusel forbidding me to proceed with my survey. On enquiry I found that Wm. F. Sutherland had shown him my article in the Free Press where I had criticized his conduct toward Walker. The Col.'s anger was aroused and he threatened to disgrace me to the ranks and to stop my prosecuting my survey any further. I immediately wrote to Col. Dodge the particulars & cleaned my gun & prepared myself of company duty. I felt bad. I could not help it for the prospect of doing well at this survey I found suddenly blasted. Though surrounded by thousands I felt indeed alone, and without friends save those that could be bought. As I looked around me I beheld the cold and selfish expression on the faces of each & felt an inward loathing for the most of mankind. I longed for that loved spot, my home. No, I am not altogether friendless and alone. There is a still small voice which reaches my inner heart and whispers that God is near and that I have a friend in Him. As I was preparing for dress parade a note from Col. Greusel was handed me, containing assurances of friendship and esteem, and that a new detail was made out for me to renew my survey. Of course I felt better and was grateful to Col. Greusel, and I hope that in the future I will not write about anything except my own business and the news. I found my messmates mutually glad with me, which is an assurance that the boys are my friends.

Sunday Nov. 17th.

Arose with a slight headache & proceeded to wash and change my clothes. Learning that the 13th Reg. was encamped a mile & a half away on the Springfield road I walked to their camp and had a pleasant visit with my old friends, Geo. Walker had however left the camp and I missed of seeing him. Returned just in time for meeting, after which I wrote to Melissa a long letter, and such a letter! Oh it is good to have one true & faithful to which heart secrets can be entrusted. I have told them all to her, and I hope for mercy from God, may
May she forgive the many wicked thoughts and unkind actions I have at times shown her. George Walker came to our camp and stayed until night, and a right good time we had. I retired to my straw pillow with more serious thoughts than ever before. I could not, neither sought I to banish the thoughts of my family from my mind. In thought I was far away to my home. I thought of the many hundred miles that separated me from those I loved. I recalled with delight the scenes of other days. I remember my once cheerful home which I have forsaken & which perhaps is cheerful no longer in consequence of my absence. I fancied I could see my wife once more, but with a heavy heart & she sighed and wondered what had become of me, who should have been her stay and support. I thought, and grew sad as I thought, until tears came to my relief.

Monday Nov. 18th 1861.

The morning was so foggy that I scarce could see a half dozen yards yards from me. It being impossible to survey, I went to the town for repairs to my compass after which I went to the fort until noon & assisted Harrison in making a bunk for sleeping. After dinner I proceeded on the survey of the Rolla & Dillon road which I completed.

THE NEXT TWO PAGES ARE TOO FAINT TO COPY.

Tuesday Nov. 19th 1861.

The dark fleecy cloud sweeping up from the southwest betoken an approaching storm, and I decided not to survey but platt up the notes already gathered and I proceeded to the fort for that purpose. The wind however blew the dust and dirt upon my papers in such quantities that I could not work and as we designed in the end to move our tent into the fort, we did so now and before the storm came on we were snugly ensconced in our new quarters. We had a drenching shower which was much needed as the roads were very dusty. In the evening I attended prayer meeting and never before did I feel as if I wanted to tell my feelings and throw myself wholly into the arms of God as then. O that I was a good Christian and by my daily walk & conversation could be brought near to Christ. After returning to my tent I had a long argument with Todd, our drummer, on temperance. Todd likes his dram & sprees occasionally &
stoutly argued against temperance societies and reform. After awhile he became more conciliatory and the subject being changed somewhat Todd, myself and three others entered into a compact not to swear or use any bywords in the future. The erring ones to be mildly reproved by the others. In short, we were to do all we could to become gentlemen in our conversation & actions. God give us success for some who entered into the compact are horably profane. My good friend Wagoner is an exception however.

Wednesday Nov. 20th. 1861.

It was cold and windy today but I early commenced my platting and made good progress until noon when I heard the expression outside of "how do you do, General" and going out I found Gen. Siegel in the fort and giving directions to Mr. Harrison in relation to the prisoners he had brought in. It appears that when his army reached Lebanon word was brought that a small detachment of "Home Guards" at that place had been captured by a superior force of Freeman's band of secession marauders, who was hurrying their prisoners into Texas County. Siegel sent a detachment of cavalry in pursuit, who overhauled them after a long and tedious ride & killed two of the enemy and captured two, one their Captain Bohannon. But Freeman being near with an overwhelming force, the cavalry returned without the home guards & with only their two prisoners. Siegel however brought along several noted secessionists from their homes as hostages for the safety of the Home Guard prisoners who are confined in the fort the same as other prisoners only not obliged to work. Among the hostages is a Lieutenant Colonel Somers from the Southern army. Siegel is a small wiry Dutchman and talks as broken as any dutchman. He has not the sluggish appearance of the general average of lager beer dutch but is quick & active in his movements and conversation. His black, fiery, restless eye attracts attention the first of anything about him. There was nothing about his dress or haughty bearing to indicate he was a general. Many 2nd Lieutenants in the 36th dress far ahead of him. Still there is something about him which tells the stranger that he is no common man, and that
he will not disgrace the position he occupies. Upon the whole, I think Gen. Siegel richly deserves the laurels he has won in the bloody battle fields of Carthage and Wilsons Creek and that a broad niche is in store for him in our country's history. In the afternoon friend Roseman from the Morris Co. and myself went directly from the fort to the camp of the 13th Illinois. Siegel's camp and part of Gen. Ask's camp. Never have I seen so many armed men before. Several Regiments were on parade but I saw none that could equal the 36th & the 13th. Indeed Gen. Ask said today that no troops in the service equaled the 36th in the manual of arms. This compliment from so high a source means something more than empty compliments. On the parade ground of the 13th I saw a dead horse and on enquiry found that on battalion drill a mock skirmish had occurred between the cavalry and infantry when one of the guns of the latter accidently went off & killed the trooper's horse, the ball striking not two inches from the rider. It seems such accidents are pure carelessness and deserve punishment.

Thursday Nov. 21st.

Cold and windy still and the wind plays all kinds of fantastic tricks with our tents, loosening the guy ropes and thrashing the ground with the ropes ends and finally tying it into knots hard to unravel. Sit down to work & when you fancy yourself in security from the blast first one & then another rope gives way & ere I am aware one whole side of the tent is flapping in the wind and rudely slapping me in the face. The cold increased in the afternoon & I was obliged to suspend work at my plat, and pitched another tent in a less exposed position and removed our beds & cooking utensils to it. I went to the 36th camp and moved part of my household goods to the fort with the intention of taking up my abode there until my surveying & mapping operations are completed. Harrison, his boy, and myself slept very comfortable in one bed, in fact I slept better & more warm than any time since coming to camp.

Friday Nov. 22nd. 1861.

The wind and cold has increased in intensity and today the prisoners were not set to work. I could not work myself at the plat but contented myself by
staying and fixing up our new home for living. I sadly feel the want of money. I should not have sent so much home but I expected long before to receive my pay for extra work. I can do but little toward procuring supplies for our comfort and convenience. Among the prisoners brought in last night were Capt. Keshon & ten of his neighbors. The nature of the charges against them I know not. The old Capt. is very well informed man and resides 22 miles from Rolla. Has been an old sea Capt. and professes to be a Union man and says the charges trumped up against him were by a horse thief whom he has been active in bringing to justice, and he in order to screen himself and avoid the State prison has preferred charges of treason against Kershon and his neighbors. I find many of our officers interested in his behalf & believe he will not stay here long. The present distracted state of mind is peculiarly favorable to horse thieves & robbers. By pretending to be Union men the worst outrages are practiced against any one they have an antipathy for, whether Rebel or Union men. Wrote a letter to Melissa and at late bed time retired to a good night's rest.

Saturday Nov. 23rd. 1861.

The guard from the 36th brought a letter from Melissa which gave me much pleasure and I read & reread it over & over again. Of these tender messages from home. I learned of the safe arrival of my remittance and that two of my debts were paid, & so many avenues of uneasiness and foreboding effectually stopped. Receiving this letter in the morning I had but little time to muse upon it's contents, but little time to wander far away to the past, recalling fond recollections of old scenes, and but little time to leap forward to the future & become perplexed in conjectures regarding my final fate. The cold had increased in intensity & I found it impossible to work upon my map. Going to head quarters & representing the case to Col. Dodge, he very kindly furnished me a warm room and facilities for working. No work for the prisoners today. Two teams were sent to the fort to work & Lieut. Harrison directed one to draw wood and another water. The water man refused to do as he was ordered, when Harrison spoke to Col. Phelps about it the Col. walked up to the teamster and taking his whip
gave him a sound thrashing. The driver finally promised to do as ordered, but got on to his mules and was about starting for town when Col. Phelps drew his revolver and threatened to shoot him down if he did not start immediately to his work. The Irish driver went to his work without more complaint. Col. Phelps is a brick in his way & when once aroused will venture anything to accomplish his objective. I plotted a large amount of my course and at night returned to the fort with Col. Phelps and had an interesting argument with him in regard to slavery. Wrote a letter to Guy, after which I took lessons in the game of chess. When I get home if Melissa will learn the game we will amuse ourselves at it occasionally.

Sunday Nov. 28th.

It was a cold and cheerless morning & I was reluctant about getting up but when I finally did make my advent from the tent I found it snowing a little but not enough to whiten the ground. This has been the first snow of the season here. There was but a little dash of it however and by 9 a.m. the weather began to moderate & the wind go down. I passed the forenoon in my tent reading and writing up my diary which was four days behind. At 3 p.m. two prisoners were brought in from Crawford County forty miles distant from whence they have come since morning. The names of the prisoners were Hinch and Hardee. It appears that during last night they come to where a family of fugitives were camped for the night. The man's name was Thomas Green from Springfield Mo., and on his way to Illinois for safety. The two highwaymen made rather free with one of Green's daughters, threatening to shoot Green, and finally took 3 saddles, 2 blankets, an overcoat and also Green's money. Two small girls, frightened nearly out of their wits ran near a mile and found another camp where three or four families had stopped for the night, and giving the alarm four men fully armed started for the rescue, and arrived in time to catch the two thieves, a tussle ensued and the villains were overpowered, one being thrown down and stamped in the ashes. They begged loudly for mercy and offered all the money they had, some $200.00 to be allowed to go free, but no begging or coaxing could induce their captors to release them.
The chumpalward villains are fearful that they will be shot, as they richly deserve. The gentlemen also stated that in the same neighborhood a fugitive was shot on Friday night by secessionists and that his body was still unburied as they came along. Never was a country in a worse condition than Missouri at the present time. One year more of guerilla warfare will leave it without inhabitant save predatory bands and not a vestige of improvement or sign of civilization left. After noon Harrison and myself went to Siegel & Wyman's encampments. I saw George Walker and found him much better than when I saw him last. Harrison found a brother in law in Col. Knoblesdorfs' Northwestern rifle regiment. I was introduced to the Col. and found him a conceited dutchman, unworthy, in my opinion of the position of a non commissioned officer. On our return to the fort we gathered a few persimmons and on our arrival found Capt. Kershon & part of his companions released on parole to return tomorrow morning at 10 a.m. The weather is much more moderate than in the morning but still cold.

Monday Nov. 25th.

Dishwashing and kitchen duties are new to me and detained me from my work until after 8 a.m. after which I resumed my mapping. As I was at my work the constant rattle of government wagons remind me of Lake Street and I could hardly persuade myself that I was in the worst of all places, Rolla. It is really astonishing to see the vast amount of supplies needed for the large army here, and all day long the town of Rolla is alive with men and teams in motion. George Walker visited me this afternoon and at eve went to the fort with me and thence to camp. A vast amount of uncertainty exists in regard to future movements. I learn that the rebels are returning in large numbers and occupying the country vacated by our troops, and that their pickets are 15 miles this side of Lebanon. I cannot comprehend the recent movement of our force upon Rolla unless it be to draw Price & McCullough into a trap. We shall see in a few days what is to be our fate. It is really astonishing to see the vast number of fugitive Union men fleeing from Southwestern Missouri to Illinois for safety. The roads are literally alive with teams & hundreds of passers are
issued each day by the Provost Marshal for them to pass the pickets. Four prisoners were released on parole after taking the oath of allegiance. Towards evening a member of Co. C was buried. Measles was the cause of his death. This is the third death in the regiment. Though a funeral procession is no uncommon sight yet I cannot see one without feeling sad.

Tuesday Nov. 26th, 1861.

All day I plotted and nearly completed the notes I had collected. At night I went to the 13th and got George Walker detailed to assist in my survey. It was after dark when I arrived at the fort. Col. Dodge expresses himself highly pleased with the map, or as much as I have completed. I think Col. Dodge is a man and a gentleman. He is a favorite with his men. I was introduced to Gen. Wymann and had a long talk with him. I believe him to be a gentleman in spite of his bandy looking nose. The fort guard has a hard time of it their quarters being in the ditch. Weather cold but pleasant.

Wednesday Nov. 27th.

Rather late in getting off to my work, walked four miles and surveyed four & then walked from Dillon to Rolla — six miles. Found a man direct from Wet glaze, who told me there was no doubt but that Price or McCullagh was marching for Rolla as he had seen large bodies of southern troops and that Union men were hurrying away as fast as possible. If this true it looks as if we would soon have a fight on our hands. Let it come. There are lots of boys here who are even anxious for a fight and I believe we have a sufficient number for nearly any emergency.

Thursday Nov. 28th.

My survey today was almost due north from Rolla, from the fort it looks to be level in this direction & I was surprised at coming suddenly upon a deep valley at half a mile distant from town. Down this valley we plunged and followed it for four miles, then we left this valley and ran over ridges and across ravines until we accomplished six miles. George Walker assisted me today & has been detailed for ten days. His health is not good and he was nearly exhausted upon our return. We propose running toward and visiting the mammoth
Cave of Missouri. The boys are all anxious to go & I have no doubt we will enjoy ourselves. It is a warm and beautiful evening & about the finest sight I have seen is a night view around me. South of us and near a mile away the camp fires of Col. Phelps' Regiment lights the trees around them & the Heavens above. South west of me, along down the Beaver Creek valley and following the sinuositites of it's course for miles, the camp fires of Wyman, Siegel, and Asboth's brigades present a bright and beautiful appearance and on the clouds above the various camps are all mapped by the bright fires below. I can trace every camp by the bright reflection in the Heavens. The 36th and 4th Iowa are almost under my feet at the foot of the hill & I can almost fancy what the boys are talking about as they sit around the fires or gather in groups inside their tents. I wish my friends at home were here for a day or even an hour to enjoy the scene with me. The fort guard gathered about our fire and for all I know sat there until morning telling their yarns. One old sober deacon looking corporal named Baughman excelled all the others on tough yarns. Talking about moskeetoes he remarked that down in Arkansas they were so thick that a man by holding his arm extended in the air a minute and then suddenly withdrawing it would leave a hole in the air the size of his arm. Old Baughman is a brick in his way. Among his stories he said that when he first settled at Springfield his neighbors (which like angels visits were few & far between) were mostly North Carolinians. For his first year's provisions he raised a patch of buckwheat & taking it to a mill owned and run by a Carolinian to get it ground, the miller knew nothing about buckwheat for bread but for the novelty of the thing purchased quite a quantity for his own use. The miller's wife, equally ignorant in regard to it undertook to make light bread and after two or three trials and failures threw it away, and the miller gave away his supply on hand, declaring that Baughman was a scoundrel and a fool to use buckwheat for bread. While in the way of telling Missouri yarns I must tell a good one upon Harrison. He went to the house of a Missourian early one morning for milk, and found the woman out, "milking the cow" as she called it. Harrison, while waiting for his milk entered into conversation with the good
dame and finally asked her if her cow was a good one. "Mighty good" was her reply, "she don't give a right peart flow now but I reckon she gives a right smart sprinkle". One of the 13th tells of calling into a Missouri house for a drink of water, and found the family at dinner. Two girls 12 or 15 years old were dipping bread into the molasses dish and playing grab the best they knew how. One of them, failing to get her share, cried at the top of her voice "Naw! Sal dips twice into the deep to me once in the shaller, and you know lasses is scarce now". I might mention many other odd phrases of these wild Missourians but the above is a sample of their whole conversation. It amuses me vastly.

Friday Nov. 29th, 1861

About 8 a.m. myself and party started on our survey & excursion & by 9 was at our starting point 4 miles from Rolla down the Springfield road. We passed through all the camps which extend down the valley for 4 miles. The morning was cold & cloudy & when we arrived at our work it began to snow and continued for 15 minutes to fall quite briskly nearly whitening the ground. Our road led up a ravine branching off from the main valley which we followed for a short distance & then struck off to one side up the bluff and on the ridge. The road was very crooked and the woods dense. We pushed on until about 12 o'clock and came to the camp of the timber cutters. They had just finished their dinner but friend Reel got us up a good dinner which was eaten with a gusto. After dinner it was decided to go to the cave that day and if necessary remain in it over night. Accordingly we started out after being reinforced by a number of Reel's men. We trudged on 6 long weary miles over ridge, through woods, and finally down a deep valley & small creek. Geo. Walker was taken sick on the way & our progress was necessarily slow. Finally Geo. grew so bad that we urged him to stop on the way and not go farther but he would not listen to such a proposition and pushed on with us, though suffering at every step. After following the valley to within 3/4ths of a mile of the Gasconade, we then struck off to the right up a narrow ravine and over a narrow path, difficult to travel for half a mile when suddenly emerging from the
bushes the mouth of the cave yawned open before us. A small stream was running from it, over a gravelly bed. The bottom of the cave for 400 feet is gravelly and wet from the waters of the creek. At that point two passages branch off from the main passage and the bottom rises quite steep for 50 feet almost like climbing stairs. Here we rested and prepared for night's adventures, for it was near sundown. George Walker could proceed no farther and laying our overcoats on the damp ground & leaving him as comfortable as possible, with lighted candles we took up our line of march. We entered the right hand passage which led to a magnificent chamber or series of chambers, the roof of which was almost wholly covered with magnificent stalactites which like icicles hung suspended from the roof. Occasionally one extended to the bottom of the cave and resembled a pillar. These pillars were very numerous and of various sizes from a man's arm to three feet in thickness. Very many had commenced forming from the bottom & stood like stumps or telegraph poles here and there. One I noticed resembled the pictures of the leaning tower of Pisa. Another branched and resembled the following diagram. Some of them were honeycombed, some nearly transparent and others white. One very beautiful specimen hung from the roof resembling a rose bud. I cannot describe all the beautiful things I saw. The rooms were wet from constant dripping from the wall and in some places the bottom was quite muddy. This passage was not very long and a half hour served to explore it. We returned to the main passage with a few not very beautiful specimen. Finding Walker unable to go with us we set out up the stream making slow progress up the crooked and craggy passage. The rough rock projected from each side forming kind of a shelf, over which our pathway led. The small rivulet trickled over the rocks a few feet below us in a narrow bed worn by the action of the water for it. We followed in this manner for nearly a mile when the passage grew so small that we were obliged to stoop & walk in a cramped position. Small chambers were frequently found, where we would stop & rest & then push ahead again groping, stooping, & occasionally crawling on our hands & knees, finally the passage grew so small that for several hundred feet we were obliged to
crawled snake fashion on our bellies. Still we pushed on, the sweat pouring out in great drops & the warm, close air weakening us every minute. The passage presenting no new features we finally decided to return. Not until we had blown out our lights and looked at the darkness a while and firing a pistol and listening to the stunning report and the loud echoes reverberating through the hollow passage. Shortly after 8 we reached the entrance in safety but completely exhausted. The unwholesome air and want of proper facilities for sleeping quickly determined us to leave and groping our way through the bushes we made for the nearest house but finding no one at home we went on to the next which likewise was deserted. But our wearied bodies would go no further and we took possession of the tenement & building a rousing fire we soon were comfortably warm. George being sick we put him to bed, but the rest lay on the floor, occasionally renewing the fire & keeping us as comfortable as possible. The night was cold & the hard floor fatigued more than rested us. I slept but little that night & felt that my visit to the cave was a sore one.

Saturday Nov. 30th 1861.

Stiff, cold, & hungry, just as day began to peep we were up & away from our anything but hospitable hotel. The morning was without a cloud & the sun arose & smiled upon us as if in mockery at our miserable situation. We slowly wended our way through the woods and reached camp at breakfast time, which with a two hour rest, reinvigorated us in a measure, and we proceeded to our work. It was ascertained that the occupants of the two houses we called at for lodging were the wives of secessionists now in the Southern army. They saw so large a crowd of soldiers & so late in the day, supposed we had evil intentions toward them and fled to the house of a Union neighbor. We apologized to the mistress of the house where stayed for our unceremonious occupation of her house pursued our way. This day we ran a new road toward Rolla of about five miles & a more foot sore & weary set of boys I never saw. We felt like some poor sinners I have heard about. "Weak & wounded, sick & sore".

Sunday, Dec. 1st. 1861

It was a clear but cold day & as I had neglected my washing I was obliged
to wash my clothes before I could change my garb & it was afternoon before I was able to leave the fort. I went to the camp, had a good visit with the boys, wrote a letter to Melissa, which comprised the business of the day. About 50 of the prisoners were sent to St. Louis and about 25 released on parole upon swearing allegiance & pledging themselves not to bear arms against the government. A few sick ones were taken to the hospital thus emptying Fort Wyman of all it’s prisoners. I am glad they are gone, they are a poor, degraded set. I am informed but three or four of the whole lot can read or write.

Monday Dec. 2nd. 1861

Arose early and found it snowing quite fast and before noon the whole ground was whitened with 3 or 4 inches of snow. I proceeded to headquarters and proceeded with my plating. Winter is really upon us. I have felt it’s chilling breath more than any time before. Oh my poor wife, wilt thou, O God of heaven protect her from the cold, provide for her wants and be a father to her. I can endure the keen northern blast, I can suffer in the cold and not murmur but the loved of my heart must not suffer from the cold.

Tuesday Dec. 3rd.

It seems that trouble will never end in our Regiment. A quarrel has arisen between Col G. and Mr. Buck the Q.M. and the Col. has dismissed him & appointed Jack Van Pelt in his place. A very bitter quarrel is raging between the Col. & Buck & I understand Col. G. intends to resign. I care but little about the matter. With the old proverb I believe that when rogues fall out honest men get their dues. One phase of the difficulty is owing to the sutler selling liquor to the soldiers. The Col. wishes to abate the nuisance & I hope his efforts will be seconded by every decent man in the Regiment & let whiskey Joslyn go to the shade as he must eventually if he continues to soak as he has of late. Platted most of the day. Weather cold, snow still on.

Wednesday Dec. 4th. 1861

Platted as usual. Received my butter from home & took it upstairs of the Post quarters. News came in today of a fight at Salem. Major Bowen went in that
neighborhood last Saturday. Early this morning a house in the outskirts of town where some of our men were posted was surrounded by Freeman and Turner's secesh bands and while the inmates were asleep fired in the windows & killed and wounded some of our men. Our men rallied around the Court House and after a brief fight drove the secesh away, killing a number. The messenger did not know the extent of the injuries on each side. We look for more news tomorrow morning. A reinforcement has been sent to Bowen's relief. I hope Freeman will be wiped out as he has been the terror of the whole country South of Rolla. Particulars tomorrow.

Wednesday Dec. 4th.
Platted all day. Near night went to the express office and found a keg of butter for me. Charges $3.55 which I paid and removed the butter to Col. Dodge's quarters.

Thursday Dec. 5th.
Platted most of the day. Sold 32 pounds of butter at 20 cts a pound. Mrs. Grensel bought 15 and Mr. Buck 17 lbs. Had a long talk with Lieut. Walker in regard to his affairs. He is feeling in good spirits. Went to the 13th at night and notified Walker of my purpose to survey tomorrow. O God remember and care for the loved at home.

Friday Dec. 6th.
Surveyed 6 miles of the Vienna road which runs nearly Northwest from Rolla. A description of the country would only be a repetition of what I have already said of other sections of the country. One thing remarkable was the discovery of a school. I had supposed there was none in Missouri but we found one today & the natives said the teacher was a "right smart feller" from Tennessee. George Walker nearly gave out and was quite sick on our return. He cannot stand it to go with me longer. I wish he could get the privilege of going home. Weather warm.

Saturday Dec. 7th.
My stockings and shoes were outside the tent last night & were completely soaked with the rain which came down in torrents last night. I had a muddy
walk to my work. Before commencing at the plat I wrote a letter to Gen. Halleck for permission to go home. I have little hopes of being successful but then it is worth trying for. About noon Quarter Master Buek was arrested and put under guard and all his books and papers seized. It is alleged that he is $10,000 behind in his accounts. I have had my suspicions that he was plundering all the while & this impression is general throughout the camp. And he finds but few sympathizers. Would that all the plunderers & wire pullers attached to the army were dealt with as they deserve. I have not yet learned the full particulars of the fight at Salem. Our loss was 2 killed & 8 wounded & that of the enemy sixteen killed, twenty wounded & 10 prisoners. No rain today but the streets were muddy. This has been the only rain of any consequence since our arrival here. Seven paymasters & $1,000,000 of money arrived last night to pay the troops here. I received a letter from Melissa which did me much good. The assurance of her unalterable love is worth more than a mint of money to me. I had begun to be somewhat uneasy about my child but this letter assured me that she was better again. God of Mercy! protect and care for my little one, and all the dear ones at home. Grant that we soon shall see each other, and that thy love & protection shall never fail.

Sunday Dec. 8th, 1861

The sun arose bright as ever in tropic clime & shed it's genial influence over the hills, valleys, & rocks, giving new life & joy to our camps, and making the heart glad. Tis a day calculated to draw the mind to God and to Heaven, in thanks for His goodness and mercy. I wrote a letter to Melissa, mended a rent in my pants, and at noon went to the 36th & attended divine services. But little of the quiet of a home Sabbath prevails here. From the valleys comes the music of many bands and the unceasing rub a dub dub of the drums. On the parade grounds the game of ball is played with as much zest as if this was not God's holy day. Squads of horsemen gallop over the hills. The shrill report of guns all around tells that the same carelessness everywhere prevails. Though I do not keep the sabbath as I should yet I cannot forget when Sunday comes. The report is circulated that Freeman is captured.
and his force rowed with a loss of 150 killed. This is most too good news to be true. I hope it is so, however. The shadows of evening are drawing around and the approaching twilight casts its shadows over the mind. I have heard a band playing a funeral dirge, making the third burial train that I have witnessed today. The soldiers more have ceased from their battles, laid down their arms and have gone to their long home above. Not a day passes but the silent village of the dead on yonder hill receives from 1 to 3 or more inhabitants. From an army of 15 or 20,000 numerous deaths must be expected. I can never see a funeral cortège without feelings of sadness, and a prayer of thanks to God for life and health. This evening Mr. Harrison, James, and myself have had a rich treat among the poets. Mr. Harrison has a taste for poetry, is conversant with most authors and quite a poet himself. Here is something he has written after the style of Edgar A. Poe which has as much truth as poetry about it: "Tattered flag in ribbons flying, Prostrate arms in puddles lying, Cautious guard the mud holes shying. Wraps him closer than before. Wakeful Corporal is peeping, When the guard relief is sleeping, But his officer is sleping, Brandy sling behind the door". Here is another in the same style which the recent rains suggested. Long before daylight I was awakened by the patter of rain on the canvas, to which my head lay in close proximity and found Harrison writing and the following is the result:

"In my tent as I lay napping,  
I was wakened by a tapping,  
And the sound was like the tapping  
Of an angel at my door.  
Then it faster kept on coming,  
With a ceaseless, tireless humming,  
Keeping up a withered kind of drumming  
Louder, clearer, than before  
But I thought, perhaps I'm dreaming,  
Of a visitation seeming,  
So I raised me up, and leaning  
On my elbow toward the door  
Only heard the canvas flopping,  
Never ceasing, never stopping,  
Rain drops constantly dropping  
Down upon my earthen floor."

I have not thought of writing poetry for years. Were I in that line of business my present life would furnish abundant themes for poetry.
Monday Dec. 9th.
Surveyed a branch of the Vienna road over six miles from Rolla. For the first time saw a fine farm in Missouri, owned by Mr. Payne. A widening of the valley of Spring Creek left sufficient land for a good farm and Mr. Payne had about 200 acres fenced & under cultivation. He also had a number of slaves & from all appearances was quite wealthy. His house and barns though behind the average of Illinois houses, yet had an air of comfort about them which I have not yet seen in Missouri. Pickets on the road told me that two of the fords of the Gasconade were occupied by our troops. The defeat of Freeman is again confirmed. I hope it is so yet fear the truth will not confirm it. It has been a warm and pleasant day, almost like summer. Not a particle of frost or weather cold enough to wear coats.

Tuesday Dec. 10th. 1861.
A walk of four miles brought us to our work, and then we surveyed but two miles and returned to Rolla a new route across the valleys and hills without reference to any road. Came across a poor dilapidated shanty without floor and almost without sides or roof. As we came in sight three or four children were found outdoors at play. One little urchin, I judge 2 or 3 years old being entirely naked. We came upon them unawares. As soon as we were discovered all scud for the house. A naked child outdoors at play in the winter time is something I never saw before. While on our way to work we met near a score of women, and I will not pretend to say how many men on horseback, riding to town & on our return we met them on their way to their homes. Horse back and ox cart are the modes of transportation here. Warm, but cloudy until toward night when the wind changed to the north & it became colder. Received a letter today from Mother.

Wednesday Dec 11th.
We had a cold night and a clear, cold morning. The bright sun however made the day pleasant and we got along with the survey very well, passing over ridges & entering no valleys on our route. At times, when on top of a high hill the view of woods and valleys was splendid. We passed no house on our
route & save the road no signs of civilization. We returned through the camp of the 13th, found Walker some better than when I saw him last. The 36th marched through the various camps and showed themselves to good advantage. Our regiment are a fine body of men not excelled by any troops here. Bowen's command returned today from their chase of Freeman whom they chased into Arkansas, capturing about 50 of his men. I will gather the particulars as soon as possible.

Thursday Dec. 12th 1861.

Did not intend to survey today but on arriving at headquarters I found the boys all ready for work, and concluded we would complete the Beaver Valley road. We found this a rough unfrequented road down a deep valley overhung with high and almost perpendicular rocks and bluffs. It was very densely timbered and I observed a few fine cedar trees, the first evergreens I have seen in Mo. I received a letter from Major Gen. Halleck ordering me to report to St. Louis for completing the map on which I am now engaged. The order somewhat surprised me for I either expected an order home or else politely informed to remain at Rolla & do my platting. I am in hopes I shall be able in the end to go home, Harrison thinks I am homesick. Perhaps I am, I own to a strong desire to see my wife, child, and dear ones. I shall say nothing to Capt. Fish in regard to this order. He & I are too much at loggerheads for me ever to crouch & perform the menial part. I hope that I shall be able to secure a permanent position in the engineer department.

Friday Dec. 13th.

Worked all day faithfully at my platting. The table where I work is small and two of Dodge's clerks, a provost marshall, a lawyer, and myself work upon it. This is entirely too circumscribed for me and I shall never be able to do a good job & am therefore glad of the opportunity of going to St. Louis. Lieut. Walker and a lawyer from the Iowa 4th were all day engaged in getting up some charges against Col. Greusel. I believe them to be true and if Walker can prove them Col. Greusel must lose the position he now holds. Col. Greusel on the strength of these charges was arrested and now has his limits assigned
him. This was announced on dress parade in such a manner as to produce an
effect upon the men & some companies at the command of their officers cheer-
ed the Col. and groaned for Walker. I hear some bewailing the affair and fear
Greusel will lose his place & at the same time they say the Col. is right. If
this is the case he has nothing to fear from a court martial & if he is wrong,
he deserves all the penalty the court sees fit to inflict. I hope right prevails.

Saturday Dec 14th.

Worked at platting today under my usual disadvantages. Walker & his lawyer as
yesterday monopolized the table. I received a letter today from Col Thom in
regard to pay & was ordered to make out the pay rolls of myself & help and
bring it to St. Louis and it would be paid. The day has been pleasant indeed,
not much like a December day. Rolla presents a busy scene just now. Scores of
teams are busy hauling provisions & forage for the different encampments.
Groups of horsemen dash along through the streets and parade ground. Soldiers
& citizens are everywhere met and the different guards and patrols lounge
lazily about but watch closely events that are passing around. Several Art-
illery companies came and drilled on our parade this afternoon but did not
fire their pieces as I hoped they would. Took dinner with Walker at his board-
ing house & was treated to an oyster stew. This is something so much better
than usual that I appreciated it highly. Harrisson & his boy both sick tonight.

Sunday Dec 15th 1861.

Changed my clothes and went over to Col. Phelps' regiment. Capt. Coleman was
very courteous and more than ever strengthened my good opinion of him. There
were four dead bodies lying in the camp. Measles are prevailing to an alarm-
ing extent in all the camps & appears to be particularly fatal to Col. Phelps' 
men. There are very many deaths in the various camps now and almost any time
of day a burial takes place, and is so common that one scarcely notices it.
My pay rolls are all made out & I hope to get my own & assistants' pay for
surveying. The weather is very warm, almost like summer, & thus far we have
had an extraordinary winter. I have learned some particulars of the Salem
expedition. After Bowens’ surprise, and the flight of Freeman from Salem, a reinforcement from here was dispatched to his assistants who went in pursuit of Freeman and came so near overhauling him that he left the valley down which he was retreating for the mountains. Captains Switzler and Montgomery conjectured from the conformation of the country that this was but a ruse to get them off of their course & that Freeman would again strike the valley farther on. Accordingly our force kept down the valley until it was conjectured they were ahead of the rebels. When striking across the country they came to an open place after night & discovered the enemy entering the opening from another direction. The order was given and our men formed in silence and at the word of command emptied their carbines among them. The secesh was so surprised that they fled in every direction without firing a gun. A large force of the enemy being in the neighborhood it was thought best to go no farther, and our whole command came back to Salem. The loss of the rebels was not known but it was supposed to be serious. Rumors of a movement from here are rife and it is but reasonable to suppose that a move will soon be made. To remain in camp will but foment quarrels and demoralize the army. The evenings are as bright & pleasant as the days & the moon now in her full never shone more bright or presented a more smiling face. I love to contemplate the moon. It’s calm beauty reminds me of the calm, sweet, and almost divine face, many miles away. Melissa, do you think of me tonight? Yes and every night! Tomorrow I shall probably be in the busy city, of the Mississippi Valley. May it be but one step to you. I have just heard that Kimball Smith of Co. I is dead. Poor boy, he has left this world of sorrow and will nevermore feel the coldness and scorn of this world. His warfare is now ended and his spirit is at rest from it’s campaigning. I also learn that Lieut. Clark of our own company is dangerously ill and may not recover.

Monday Dec. 16th 1861.

Arose rather earlier than usual & after eating my breakfast and hurriedly collecting a few necessary articles for use in St. Louis I bade Mr. Harrison & James good by and proceeded to Col. Dodge’s headquarters and finished &
up the map already commenced. The cars did not leave until 10½ a.m. I had but little time to see my comrades but all bade me God speed & with many kind wishes from them I left Rolla with something more like railroad speed than when we came here. I had thought that Rolla was as near to the far end of creation & any place could well be, but after a ride by daylight I am led to believe that Missouri is about alike throughout it's whole extent. Copper bottoms, buckskin pies, secesh & niggers are about all that can be found in Missouri. I had a severe headache all day & when we reached St. Louis at 7 p.m. I felt more like dying than doing anything else. I went to the St. Charles hotel & calling for lodging was soon ensconced in a 4th story bed which to my weary bones & aching head was a luxury I scarce have enjoyed for four months. Capt. Switzler and a dozen guards from Major Wright's battalion came on the train from Rolla with 18 of the Salem prisoners. Their destination was the arsenal where they will be put for safe keeping for awhile. Col. Phelps' wife was also on the train. She is a fat, jolly dame & with her sun bonnet and half homespun ways looks but little like a congressman's wife. It is said that after Springfield was abandoned by the federal forces, McCulloch visited Col. Phelps' wife & had a long talk with her. She told him that in the move our army had made it was the design to cut off his supplies at Pocahontas, in Arkansas. McCulloch gave credence to the story & the next day left Springfield in the utmost haste. This has been a sick day for me. That my own dear wife was with me to soothe my aching head.

Tuesday Dec. 17th.

After breakfast at the St. Charles which was about the first clean meal I have had since leaving home I proceeded to headquarters & reported myself ready for duty. Gen. Cullum, Col. Thom, and all the engineer core were absent and Col. Kelton hardly knew what to do but finally ordered me to report again tomorrow morning and gave me tickets for subsistence, lodging &c. I improved the day in strolling about the city & in the afternoon undertook to walk to Benton Barracks, little dreaming how far they were situated from the city. I trudged
about two or three miles and then enquired how far the Barracks were, and found I had two miles yet to go. Feeling somewhat fatigued I got into a street car & returned. My fare is poor enough but somewhat better than I generally get in camp. I cannot afford to idle around the city & tomorrow must go to work or I shall spend every cent I have got & be no wiser in the end. The city is the place to ensnare soldiers and wring from them all their money.

Wednesday Dec. 18th. 1861.

Agreeable to orders I was early at the desk of Col. Kelton ready for duty. I found by reading the morning papers that Col. Thom & Gen. Cullum were at Cairo & would probably be absent a week. Col. Kelton sent me to Col. Tottens room to confer with him in regard to the matter, but he being absent I asked the privilege of going home, which he refused. Determined to be idle no longer I proceeded to the engineers' room & finding paper for the purpose I went to work without consulting any one. I was fearful if I did not go to work I would be ordered to Rolla, which I was unwilling to do. I hope I shall be able to go home after the job is done, & I also hope to get a transfer into the engineers' department. It would suit me much better than where I am now. I have a splendid room to work in and everything handy as I could wish. I have sent a box by express to Melissa & if I am able to go home will take something more. I do not like my sleeping apartment, everything looks slovenly & dirty and being slept in by hundreds before me I am fearful of getting lice. I hope for better quarters as soon as Gen. Cullum returns.

Thursday Dec. 19th. 1861.

Worked all day at my platting & was interrupted by no one. In the afternoon being down in the Adjutant Genl's room I saw a familiar face & on enquiry found it to be Eugene Lake, who resided at Winona in 1857 and boarded at the same place with me. He went to my room & we passed a pleasant hour in reviewing the events of the ever memorable winter of '57. He now belongs to an Ohio artillery battery in Asboth's brigade, now stationed at Rolla. He has been sick and away from his brigade & now wishes a pass to go to Rolla. In the eve-
ning went to a comic theatre. A troupe of darkies and half dressed white girls were the principal performers. Dancing, in which legs figured largely was the principal feature of the evening.

Friday Dec. 20th 1861.

Platted all day and am tired tonight. Saw a procession of Masons pass along the street. Found that Frank Briggs, formerly of Oswego was in Gen. Halleck's body guard. I hope to have a talk with him tonight or in the morning. The weather is quite cold today. I fear our warm summer days are over & that now we will have severe cold. Have not heard from Rolla or home yet. A letter from Melissa would do me good now. Incessant work keeps the blues away but at times I feel as if I could fly to the refuge of my own home and friends.

The last sheet in the book:

Dear Melissa,

Mr. Harrison will take this to you. It is not full quite, but I thought I would not neglect this opportunity to forward it. In it you will find all that has transpired with me since I left you. Mr. Harrison is a gentleman in every sense of the word & if he calls I wish you to treat him as such.

Ever Yours,

Lyman