Robert P. Goodman
Book bought in California, Missouri.
Monitean County, October 8th, 1861

/1/
Robert P. Goodman's Book

Robert P. Goodman enlisted in the service of the United States on the 29th of August, 1861. Sworn into the 7th Missouri Regiment, Co. G, Captain John W. Watts at Rolla, September 5th, 1861. Left Rolla on the 29th of September, 1861 and arrived at Jefferson City on the 30th. Remained in camp until Friday the 4th of October, when the regiment marched for California, Missouri and arrived there the following day and camped outside of the town.

Monday, Oct. 7th
Regiment reviewed by General Totten and received a great commendation.

/2/
Tuesday, October 8th, 1861
Was detailed among a squad of men to carry water for the cooks. In the afternoon of the same day an excitement was raised in the camp by the capture of two Secessionist officers -- a captain and lieutenant -- by Captain Roland and a squad of men belonging to Company I. In the evening, battalion drill after dress parade, Major Curley commanding. Also two regiments of troops arrived from Jefferson City with Major General John C. Fremont. Candle light nine. Banks of poker and dice in full blast.

/3/
Wednesday the 9th, 1861
The tents were struck and our things packed up and we got on board the cars and started for Syracuse. Stopped at Tipton a short time where there is a large fairground, the country around is very beautiful and a very nice place for an encampment. General Hunter's division is encamped here and numbers ten or twelve thousand men. The bell rang and we started for Syracuse where we arrived at seven o'clock in the evening. As it was raining very hard, we got off and marched to our camp and pitched our tents as quickly as possible, for we knew what it was to be without them as we had tried laying out in the rain all night in our march from Jefferson City to California. So we concluded not to try the experiment again. Our supplies of cold bacon and hard crackers was dispatched as soon as hungry men could do it and then we layed down to rest and to forget all about the rain and mud. Slept as sweetly as if we had layed on a feather bed. Oh, how sweet is the state of forgetting where trouble and anxiety is unknown and we can rest our weary limbs and our minds, free from care. This is one of our Creator's greatest blessings and ungrateful we beings, we too often forget His kindness.

/4/
This place is situated on a fine prairie and is an important station on the Pacific Railroad, and was once a thriving place and considerable business was done there at one time, but now it is nearly deserted as it only contains two hundred inhabitants in place /of/
one thousand before the war. The country is very beautiful and plenty of good farming land, wood and water is to be had in abundance, and plenty of chance for a market as it is within a half day's ride of St. Louis by railroad. There is also splendid crops of corn in the neighborhood. But secession has destroyed its prospects and it will take a long time to recover its former state. Syracuse, Morgan County, is a neat little place and has a very pleasant situation. The country around it is very rich and is splendid farming land and is the best in the state. The place is healthy and is also a station on the railroad. It contains three large taverns and is the starting point of the overland mail from this part of the county. But the town is nearly deserted as Jackson in his retreat from Boonville came through here and carried off everything and most of the inhabitants went with him.

October 10th, 1861
Still raining and as dismal a prospect for breakfast. I am here writing with my book on my knee while my mess mates are sleeping as sound as if they were at home. The guards are coming in as wet as drowned rats and just as miserable as any human beings would wish to be. But these are things which the true soldier must undergo for the sake of his country, and every patriot will endure them without a murmur. But, alas, when the poor soldier falls on the field of battle, his devotion to his country is soon forgotten and his deeds of bravery pass away as things that were.

Thursday evening, October 10th, 1861
In the morning our tents had to be struck and pitched in a fresh place as it was so very muddy we could not get about very comfortably. It has ceased raining and the sun is setting with promise of fine weather, and we have the prospect of a visit from Jack Frost as it is turning cold.

Friday, October 11th, 1861
The morn is bright and clear, and the sun is shining brightly and it is very joyfully hailed after the rain, for the men are as merry as crickets and in fine spirits. This morning is marked by the arrival of the 8th Iowa regiment under command of Colonel Geddes(?). They are a fine looking body of men and number one thousand. They have been quartered in Benton Barracks for some time and have come out here to meet the enemy and seem very eager for a brush with them. I have no doubt they will add to the renown which their state volunteers have already won in the bloody battle of Springfield under the (illegible word) Lyon. The first Missouri and the first Nebraska and the sixth Iowa and a cavalry regiment are here, and Company B, 1st Infantry, United States Army. Colonel Stevenson is commander of the post and is a very efficient man.

Saturday, October 12th, 1861
Nothing of importance has occurred except the daily routine of duty. It is very distressing to see the great propensity there is in the men for gambling. The greatest part of their time is taken up in this way and some poor simple ones loose their little-all, and then go and borrow and loose again, and so the whole of their wages is consumed in this way.
without doing them a particle of good. And those who are successful are only encouraged to go on. It would be a great benefit if a law was made and put into force and cause a fine to be imposed on those who will indulge in this vice, and it would check it and cause the men to turn their attention to something better. But as long as the officers set such examples before the men, it will be impossible to do anything to check it. And they even encourage the men to desecrate the Lord's Day by indulging in pleasures which are not lawful as there /is/ an abundance of time for all sports in the week without encroaching on the Sabbath and besides, it would have a great influence on the men.

Sunday, October 13th, 1861
There was a grand parade of the troops today. They were reviewed by Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, and Major General Fremont and the adjutant general of the United States. This was quite an interesting sight to look at. The troops were drawn up in open order, with the artillery on the left flank of the column. The cavalry in the rear of the center. After the line is formed, the commanding officer rides up along the front of the line and down the rear. The troops come to present arms and the regimental band salutes.

Tuesday, October 15th, 1861
The daily exercises of the camp are as follows. At 8 o'clock, the regimental guard is mounted. At nine A.M., the post guard. And then battalion drill at ten and at two o'clock, closing with dress parade in the evening. At nine o'clock in the evening the tattoo is beaten, when the men are obliged to be in camp and in their quarters. The taps are beaten at ten when the lights are put out. And all the officers are obliged to be in the camp by that hour, or they will be taken up by the guard.

The March to Warsaw
On the 21st of October, the tents were struck and we commenced our march to Warsaw. Our regiment headed by Colonel Stevenson took the lead. Each man was obliged to carry his knapsack and forty rounds of ammunition. We marched about 10 miles and passed through a small town called Lawrence. Part of the country we passed through was very good, but the most of it was a thin, rocky soil - very poor - the timber was very scrubby, yet there was some good timber in the creek bottom. We camped at

night on a hillside in a cornfield close to the woods. We did not pitch our tents but lay out in the brush on some fodder with our blankets over us. We slept soundly and felt like a new man in the morning, and we set out again in fine spirits and we trudged along a mile or two when we came to the prairie which was a very large one and is called Lane's Prairie. Part of it is very good land and part is very rocky and very thin soil. It is well watered for there is a great many small streams running through the prairie where it is rolling. The prairie is ten to twenty miles long.

and from five to ten wide. After marching ten miles, we came to a halt and pitched our tents and then struck for wood and water as these two were the most needful. The night was very windy and cold and we had a
hard time in trying to keep warm. The next morning the tents were
struck and we set off again after marching five or six miles we met
the division of General Hunter coming across the prairie from Tipton.
We were obliged to wait two hours for it to pass as it had a very long
train of wagons behind. After it had passed we set out again. After
going about ten miles we came to a small town called Cole Camp, nearly
deserted, there being only a few of the inhabitants left. The Secessionists had left for the rebel army. The union men had fled or were
murdered a short time before. The country we passed through today was
nearly all prairie scarcely any timber in sight. We passed some very
good farms and saw some good cornfields. Very few fields of wheat to
be seen, there being very little sown. Today we came about thirteen
miles and stopped for the night as the Colonel did not want to tire the
men down.

/17/
Thursday, October the 24th
The tents were struck and the march was resumed. Nothing occurred today
to break the monotony of the march. We came about 15 miles. The country
we passed through was mostly soil, very hilly and very poor timber.
There was some good land in the creek bottom but the greater portion was
very poor, but it is well watered as there is plenty of small streams
running between the hills but it is said they are dry in the summertime,
alghough some of them are pretty good sized streams.

/24?/
We are camped this evening on a rich black prairie and close to the
timber. South of us is Warsaw, but it is hidden by two large hills in
front of us. The people around here have scarcely anything to live
upon, most of their produce being carried off by the rebel army.

Friday, October 25th
We were allowed to rest and have time to wash our clothes. In the evening,
we received orders to march and the tents were struck and our
knapocks packed, and we were off in a half an hour. We went as far
as Warsaw and stopped for the night in order to cross the Osage in the
morning. We slept that (night) on the ground and did not pitch our
tents as it was late before the wagons came up. The next morning we
crossed the river which is about a hundred yards wide at this place.
A temporary bridge had been constructed by Fremont and we went over
very easy. It took four hours for the troops and the wagons and Artillery to cross which was done without any loss except the breaking of a wagon tongue.

Monday, October 28th, 1861
In camp on the Pomlarar (?). We were obliged to stay here two days on
account of our baggage and provisions not coming up as soon as we ex-
pected. We had to do without coffee or sugar and crackers and live
on flour and bran mixed up together as it was not bolted. Not (far)
from our camp is a high (torn out) of land called the Devil's (torn out)
(last four lines of page missing) At noon we set out on our march.
The country we passed through was very hilly; very poor timber. We did
not see any good farms. As the soil is very stony and appears to be
very poor and not more than two inches deep. We camped in the evening
in the Monitarre Creek bottom. We crossed the creek on a bridge.
There (is) a grist mill and saw mill (near) this place. It is ten
miles (from) Warsaw (last two lines torn).
From the top of this ridge there is a good view of the country for several miles around. The land is very hilly and broken and very unfit for farming purposes. There is a mill on the creek which is in the control of the government and it is kept running night and day to supply the army with flour. Governor Jackson was encamped here several days in his retreat after the battle of Boonville. He stripped the people of everything that was of any use to his army and destroyed what he could not carry with him to prevent it falling into the hands of Lyon (meant Lyon?).

Thursday, October 31
We left our camp on the river in the morning and took the road for Springfield and arrived at Quincy in the evening -- a small town in Hickory County. The land in this part of the county is very much broken. Some of it is very good farming land. That is in the valleys. But the hills are very rocky. It is also very thinly settled and the inhabitants appear to have little or no enterprise about them. There is also very few school houses which accounts for the ignorant class of people in this part of the state. In the evening, the troops were all mustered in on the pay roll. We came about twelve miles today. The United States mail runs through here from Syracuse to Springfield. The coach is so heavily loaded with letters for the soldiers that they carry very few passengers. It is drawn by four horses and they travel very fast for so rough a route.

Friday, November 1st, 1861
We were aroused very early in the morning as we were ordered to be in Springfield in 8 (?) hours. We marched 20 miles on this day. We passed through Quincy, a small town in Hickory County. It is almost entirely deserted as there is only one or two families left in the place. Part of the land in this county is very good and some good farms. We arrived near Bolivar late in the evening very tired and foot sore and a good many gave out.

There was some two or three hundred stragglers behind and one of them was waylaid and shot and his arms and ammunition taken from him. That night we slept on the ground without tents or blankets as our wagons did not come up till late. The next morning we started on our march and after leaving camp a short time, we passed through Bolivar the county seat of Polk County. It is a very nice little place. Is well laid out and some fine buildings in it.

The country we passed through was very good land and there was some very good farms with stone fences around them. We marched about 20 miles and then camped for the night.

Sunday morning, November 3rd
After a good night's rest, we set out early for Springfield and arrived there about ten o'clock in the morning. The army was camped around the town. We camped in an orchard a mile west of town. We had just pitched our tents and eaten our dinner when
orders were given to march immediately. The tents were struck and our things packed in our knapsacks when the order was countermanded and we pitched our tents again.

Tuesday, November 4th, 1861
We were short of provisions and had coffee and crackers for breakfast but had to go without dinner as we had nothing to cook. There is some grumbling in consequence, but we have the promise of a supply in the morning. This is not an uncommon occurrence as the flour barrel often gets empty in the army.

Springfield, Green County, Mo.
This was once a place of considerable importance and is one of the most pleasant situations in the state. A great number of wealthy planters used to reside here. There was also considerable business done in the city. There is several fine large orchards close to the town and a splendid grove of walnut trees. It formerly contained three or four thousand inhabitants. There is now only about five hundred. The Court House is a nice building and is built after the manner of the State House in Jefferson City. There is several churches in the place and some few drygoods stores. All the wealthy class of people have left for the south or joined the rebel army so only the poorer class are left. But almost everything that was an ornament to the place has been destroyed by the secessionists. They made a stable out of a church and barracks for the soldiers out of another. There was great inducement for emigrants to settle here as the land was very rich and a prospect for a good market for the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad was to have terminated here and it would be in close connection with St. Louis and the river.

November 7th, 1861
In camp at Springfield and no prospect of any forward movement owing to the scarcity of provisions. The men are all on half rations with a very dull prospect of an increase unless the train arrives soon. Our provisions have to come from Syracuse one hundred and thirty miles distant and as the roads are very rough it will take one week before the wagons get through. All the horses (and) mules have to be shod as the country is very rocky. The government wagons are all drawn by six mules or five yoke of oxen. This makes a very stout team and it is required as the wagons are heavy.

(blank)

Sunday, November 10th, 1861
The regiment left the camp at Springfield on Saturday the 9th and marched for Syracuse. It was very disagreeable marching for the road was very dusty and we were nearly suffocated sometimes. Provisions were very scarce for we had been living on half rations for some time and when we started we had very little to eat. We lived on fresh beef and parched corn part of the time. The inhabitants ask a very exorbitant price for anything in the shape of eatables and it is very hard to get at that for they have been robbed of most
everything by the secession forces so they have scarcely enough to live
upon and some (of) them will probably suffer this winter for want of
food. We came about 18 miles today and camped on the road 8 miles south
of Bolivar.

Monday, November 11th
The tents were struck and we set out for Quincy. The men were not in
very good spirits as we had scarcely anything to eat. But still we
managed to keep from starvation. We marched about 18 miles and camped
on the banks of a creek 10 miles from Quincy. At night we received a

barrel of flour which was very welcome. We arrived at Quincy on the
evening of the 12th, after a march of twenty-two miles. Camped at
night in a meadow close to the bank of the Pome L DeTarre (?).(Probably
meant the Pomme de Terre River — ed. note.)

November 12th, 1861
We were aroused at four o'clock in the morning in order to start by day-
light as our regiment was to march in advance. We traveled about ten
miles and camped on the bank of the same creek that we did before.
This place is called Hungry Hollow by the men for

here we ran short of provisions in marching to Springfield. We are
in the same fix now for we are out of provisions and no better prospect
of getting any than we had then. It is nine miles from here to Warsaw
the county seat of Benton County. There is a great many Secessionists
in this part of the country and numbers joined the army of Governor
Jackson when the war broke out. There has been but very little grain
raised in this region in consequence and the inhabitants are very poorly
prepared for the coming winter.

November 14th, 1861
We started at daylight for Warsaw and arrived there about ten o'clock.
We crossed the Osage without any difficulty or accident happening to
the troops or wagon train. We camped at night in a meadow six miles
from Warsaw on the road leading to Sedalia. There is splendid farming
land in this part of the state but very little attention has been paid
to this branch of industry, consequently the farms have been very much
neglected and the fields are full of weeds and but few crops of grain
have been raised.

November 15th, 1861
Left the camp in the morning before sunrise and took the road for
Sedalia and marched about 19 miles and camped on the bank of Flat
Creek, 10 miles from Sedalia. Our road lay through prairie nearly all
day. This is the best part of the state. The land is the best in Miss-
ouri. There is splendid crop of corn and hay through this portion of
the state. There is abundant advantage here for stock raising, good
water the year around in the creek, and the land

is very rich. Timber is scarce but the Osage orange grows very rapid
and a good hedge could be grown in a short time. Or pine lumber for
board fence could be shipped in a very little time by the cars from St. Louis at a very small expense. There is timber enough for firewood if taken care of. There has been but little damage done to the farms by the secessionists yet they have carried off most of the stock. The people have plenty to live on through the winter.

/41/
November 16th, 1861
Left the camp at Flat Creek in the morning and set out for Sedalia, distance ten miles, where we arrived in about three hours. This is a very neat little place. It stands on a knoll in the prairie and is the present terminus of the Pacific Railroad. It is four miles from Georgetown, the county seat of Pettis County. It contains about three hundred inhabitants. We camped in the prairie about half way between the two towns. There is a small creek running close to our camp but the (water) is very poor - in fact the worst we have had in Missouri.

/42/
Camp near Sedalia, December 5th, 1861
This is the third week that we have been camped here with nothing to break the monotony of camp life. Drill once a day and we have to stand guard every fourth day. Our camp is on a low wet piece of ground belonging to a noted Secessionist by the name of Wood. It is a very unhealthy place as it is very muddy in this season of the year. Our tents are getting to be very uncomfortable as the weather is turning cold and it is hard to keep warm in them as they are too small to have a fire in them.

/43/
December 6th, 1861
The troops were paid off in the afternoon of today. They received two months wages. One month wages are always kept back for some cause or other. A great deal of the money is spent for whiskey and when they get drunk, the others take their money from them. In fact, some of the men are such villains as to make others get drunk on purpose to get their money. And some lose all they get in a day or so by gambling and to say the truth, very little of the money a soldier gets is put to good use. It is mostly spent on something to drink.

/44/
Monday, December 9th, 1861
We left the camp at Sedalia about nine o'clock and took the road for Otterville where we arrived at sunset. We passed through the town and camped about one mile east of it on the Leamine (?) River just where the railroad crosses. Otterville is about sixteen miles from Sedalia and is considerable of a place. There is two small towns between the two places called Farmersville and Smithland, but neither of them are of much importance. The country along is thickly settled and well cultivated. The land is nearly all prairie and is very rich and productive.

/45/
Camp on the Larmine (?), December 26 (?)
Nothing has occurred since our arrival here to break the monotony of camp life. Sometimes a little excitement is raised by the secessionists trying to capture our forage wagens. To prevent this, a guard is sent out with the wagens every day. Picket guard is the most dangerous as the rebels often slip upon them and try to pick them off.
Fortifications have been thrown up on the hill a short distance from the bridge across the Lamine (?) River. This work was done by Colonel Bissells' men in the summer for a defense against the rebels who tried to burn the bridge.

/46/
Camp on the Larmine (?), December 31, 1861
Today a part of the troops were reviewed by acting Brigadier General Stephenson and mustered in on the pay roll after which they were inspected by the Major. The uniform of the troops was new and they made quite a fine appearance. A large body of men are engaged in throwing up a breast work a short distance from the bridge. This is being done so that a small garrison can defend it against a large force of the enemy. This bridge is of one hundred and fifty feet span and is so arranged that it can be used for a wagon bridge. The old bridge was burned by Jackson in his retreat from Boonville in order to escape General Lyons, who was in hot pursuit after him. A part of the rebels came this route and the rest went to Springfield by way of Warsaw. Four or five hundred secessionists joined Jackson from this town and vicinity. It is one of the secession towns in the state and has done a great deal for the support of the rebel army. But the best portion of it has been destroyed by fire since it was abandoned to our troops.

/47/
Camp on the Larmine (?), January 1862
On the evening of the 16th of January, Fielding Hirk, a member of Company G, Seventh Missouri Volunteers, died in the hospital at Otterville. His remains were sent to his sister at Olney for burial. As the company made an agreement to send all home who died in camp if it could be done. The troops are still quartered in their tents. Some of them are well fixed for winter, having large tents with stoves in them. But some of the tents are too small for this purpose and a pan of coals is used in their place.

/48/
Camp on the Larmine (?), January 27, 1862
Died at hospital in the camp on Friday, January 24th, James Whetstone of Company G, Seventh Regiment, Missouri Volunteers.

The winter so far has been very open, there being three or four days of cold and then about the same of warm weather. The camp ground is very muddy at present, and a prospect of being worse as it is thawing very fast and raining. The Companies are at work erecting log huts for the rest of the winter which if (they) are completed, will be much more comfortable then tents.

/49/
March of Colonel John D. Stevenson command from Otterville to Lexington. On the 3rd of February, 1862, the 7th Missouri Volunteers, Captain Coles Battery of Artillery, two companies cavalry, set out for Lexington and after a wearisome march of eight days arrived at their destination. The weather was very cold and the roads very icy and their progress was very slow having a large ox train to guard loaded with pro-
visions, as the secesh are always on the alert to cut off a wagon train if they get a chance. Every night we had to pitch our tents and the ground was frozen.

so hard we had to pick holes for our tent pins and pick them out in the same (way) in the morning. On the fourth day it thawed a good deal and then it rained hard in the evening. But it turned very cold in the night and by daylight everything was frozen stiff and the road was a perfect sheet of ice, so we were obliged to lay over one day, it being almost impossible for the oxen to travel. We also had to get forage for the mules and cattle, as they had been without for some time.

Lexington, Missouri, February 20, 1862
Today a dispatch was received at headquarters announcing the success of Federal troops at Fort Donelson and the regiment was ordered out under arms. They formed in line of battle close to the Seminary Grounds, when the orders were given to break into platoons and they marched to the old battle ground, where a national salute of 34 guns was fired in honor of the victory. After which the troops paraded through the town with colors flying and drums beating, and on the whole it (was) quite an interesting display.

February 22, 1862
The anniversary of the birthday of General George Washington was celebrated by a parade of the troops and the firing of a national salute, and the reading of Washington's Farewell Address in the presence of the troops and also a good many of citizens of the town were in attendance on the occasion. Everything is going on very quiet since our arrival here. Over three hundred citizens have taken the oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States.

Seminary at Lexington, March 11th, 1862
There is scarcely anything occurs here to break the dull monotony of our lives. Sometimes we get up a game of ball in which nearly the whole regiment participates, and the game gets to be very exciting and is kept up a long time. This sport passes the time off and it does not appear so dull as it does without any recreation whatever. The weather is very fine and the roads are in excellent condition for this season of the year. The soil being very sandy, it dries off in a short time.

Lexington, Missouri, Feb. 28th, 1862
Today the regiment was mustered in on the pay roll. After the parade over we had a battalion drill with our knapsacks on. We did not go through the maneuvers well and the Major kept us out several hours.

The Colonel made a short appropriate speech in conclusion in which he said he expected every man to do his duty faithfully and to obey and respect his officers, and in due time, those who were worthy would get promoted as vacancies occurred.

Lexington, Missouri, March 17, 1962
There was a grand parade of the troops today in honor of the birthday of St. Patrick. We marched out to the battle ground and were reviewed by the Colonel and his staff. After which we paraded through the streets of the city with colors flying and the band playing national
and Irish martial music. The regiments were all in new uniforms, and they presented a fine appearance, and on the whole they made quite an interesting display.

Camp Leffingwell, Mo., March 19th, 1862
On the 18th of March, 1862, Cos. G and K left the barracks at Lexington to accompany the first Iowa cavalry on a scout through the country. We set out very early in the morning and marched about 8 miles when it began to rain, so we came to a halt and remained in a barn close by till the rain was over after which we set out and arrived at the camp of the cavalry about noon. They greeted us with three cheers as we came up, which compliment we immediately returned. After a few hearty greetings, we pitched our tents and ate our supper. In the evening we had a rather small dress parade as we had only 90 men. The guard duty was very heavy as it required nine men from each company, but we had to stand in the night as we did not require a guard in the daytime.

March 19th
Took a stroll through the settlement in the vicinity of the Camp. Called at the house of one Sutherland, who by firing into the cavalry and killing a horse from under one of the men as they were peaceably marching along the road and otherwise manifesting his disaffection, had incurred the enmity of the cavalry. The other night as a party of the cavalry approached his house for the purpose of arresting him, they were fired upon from a window of the house, whereupon the party returned the fire, wounding a young lady in the arm and shoulder who was standing at one of the windows of the house. As she lay there on a bed of linen, which rivaled the snow in whiteness, her dark locks hung in massive braids over the neatly adjusted pillow, her wan countenance pale and bloodless lips bespoke suffering. I felt a feeling of sorrow stealing over my heart that one so young and beautiful must suffer for the faults of her parent. Her guiltless father had sought safety in flight. I could not offer my condolence, being regarded by her as an enemy, but I told her I was sorry to see that secessionism had such fair advocates.

March 20th, 1862
Passed the day in camp - weather very disagreeable, raining nearly all the time. Some of the men killed a couple of wild geese at a distance of two hundred yards with their muskets. The rest of the men played, so that time did not appear so dull as it would have without any recreation whatsoever. In the night it snowed about two inches deep, making it a bad night for those who were on guard.

March 21st, 1862
A party of men were mounted on horses belonging to the cavalry and went on a scout through the country. They rode about twenty-five miles and scouted then in every direction, but did not find any Secesh.

March 22nd
Today we left the Camp and returned to the barracks at Lexington. It was hard marching as the roads were very muddy and it was very hard walking.

/55/
April 2, 1862
Today Cos. A, B, G, and I, 7th Missouri Volunteers left the barracks at Lexington and started for Independence. I was left behind, being unable to march.
Camp Brown, April 9th, 1862
On the 7th of April, 1862, I left Lexington, Missouri on the steamer, Sam Gaty to join my company at Independence. I arrived at the landing three miles from the (camp?) about 2 o'clock the next day. The battalion was encamped in a grove east of the town and on a dry rolling piece of ground covered with a fine sod of blue grass.

April 15th, 1862
We left the camp at Independence, Mo. on the morning of the 15th and took the road for Harrisonville, a town in Cass County, Mo. The detachment consisted of So. G, 7th Missouri regiment and Co. D, first Missouri Cavalry. Captain Peabody was in command as we had parted with Captain Watts at Independence. He being ordered to St. Louis. He felt so bad at having to part with us he could hardly bid us farewell. We all shook hands with him and gave him three cheers in parting and set out on our tramp. We traveled 14 miles and then encamped. The country we passed through was some of the finest in the state of Missouri. The land was very rich and productive and well watered. There (are) a great many fine springs which afford plenty of good water. A heavy storm of wind and rain came up in the evening and they had some trouble to keep our tents from blowing over (I being asleep) but they managed to keep them up but the rain made it very hard working.

April 17th, 1862
We struck our tents in the morning and set out on the march. The road was very muddy and it was very hard traveling. The land we saw today was nearly all prairie and very fine farming land. But there was great scarcity of timber. The farmers using stone and plank as a substitute for rails. The season has been so unfavorable so far that the farmers have made but little progress toward getting in a crop. In fact, a good many of the farmers have had their horses stolen from them so that they are left without any resource at all. This town is the county town of Cass County and is a place of perhaps 500 inhabitants, and previous to this difficulty, was doubtless a place of considerable business and trade. It is situated on a gentle eminence on the prairie and about one mile from the timber. It is surrounded by beautiful and copious springs of water that burst forth from the sides of the eminence upon which the town is situated from thence with gentle murmur pursue their way into the neighboring ravines that drain the surrounding country. The view of the country is exceedingly fine from some of the prairie heights. The country is neither level nor broken but of a gentle undulating surface, reminding the spectator of the huge waves of the great deep so that you may gaze far off unto dim and hazy distance and feast the eye upon scenes of natural sublimity and grandeur rarely paralleled in the state of Missouri.

Thursday, May 8th, 1862
We left the camp at Harrisonville in the forenoon about 11 o'clock and started for Lexington as the companies were all ordered to report there,
as we were ordered to Pittsburgh Landing. The country between Lexington and Harrissonville is very beautiful. The land is very rich and productive, it is mostly prairie which is rolling enough to run off the surplus water. The people have been plundered by the Jayhawkers of nearly everything they had. They have hardly anything (one word illegible) to work with or to use (two words illegible.)

May 12th, 1862
A splendid flag was presented to the 7th Missouri volunteers by the Union Ladies of Lexington. An appropriate speech was made by one of the citizens which was responded to by Colonel Stevenson, after which the flag was committed to the valor of the regiment for safe keeping.

May 13th, 1862
In the morning we packed up and went on board the boat enroute for Pittsburgh Landing, distant about 840 (?) miles where (probably a page missing).

Pittsburgh Landing, June 2, 1862
In the morning I was detailed along with the company to go on fatigue at the Landing. We remained there for some time without doing anything and then went on board the steamer W. B. Terry and went up to Hamburgh, a town four miles above the landing. The scenery along the bank of the river is very fine. There is some few farms along the bank of the river, but most of it is heavy timbered. Hamburgh is a place of little or no importance as there (are) only a few houses there and a few stores. It came into note as it was a point favorable for landing stores to supply the left wing of the grand army under Pope. There was an immense amount of provisions and forage on the bank of the river while large quantities are hauled away every day for the use of the army. There is several hospitals here in charge of the Medical Department and some two or three thousand sick under their care. I went on shore for a short time, but could see nothing to gratify my curiosity so went back to the boat and sat down and mused over the distress caused by the ravages of civil war, and how much privation a soldier must go through for the sake of his country and how few thanks he gets for his self-sacrifice and devotion to his country, her laws, and her institutions. After remaining for an hour or two, the steamer pushed out into the river and we started for the return. In about half an hour we were at the landing where we started from. After getting off of the boat, we were set to work without getting dinner. After we had worked awhile, we had some soldier's fare brought to us consisting mainly of pork and crackers which was devoured with an appetite that would have done justice to a half-starved Indian of the great West. After our repast was over, we went to work again. We engaged in removing boxes of cartridges from the Steamer Diamond to Steamer Rocket to be shipped to St. Louis. We carried some five hundred thousand rounds of cartridges and as it rained the rest of the afternoon, our day's work was over and we came back to camp and after our supper of coffee and crackers, we tended the roll call. We made our bed on the ground under a sheet of canvass and laid down and composed ourselves for the night.

Pittsburgh Landing, June 3rd, 1862
Today, a sad and fatal occurrence took (place) in the camp. Patrick Carroll, a private in Co. I, 7th Mo. Voln., incurred the displeasure of his company officer, Capt. John R. Rowland, who struck him a blow on the neck with his fist, killing him instantly. This fatal affair cast a gloom over the camp, as he was a brave and faithful soldier.
June 4th
Patrick Carroll, who came to his death by the circumstances as related above, was buried today with military honors (illegible word) o'clock A.M.

Pittsburgh Landing, June 16th
In the forenoon, took a stroll over the battle ground and viewed the different scenes where the carnage and strife were dreadful in the extreme. In the afternoon, went to the river and worked putting wagons together.

June 19th
Received a letter from home and answered it. Did not go (to) the river, being detailed to carry water. Nothing has occurred of late to relieve the monotony of camp life. No news as the papers do not get here for some cause or other. This place is very dull. Nothing occurring to interest anyone.

Pittsburgh Landing, June 30, 1862
Muster parade and inspection today at four o'clock. Arms in fine order and received the praise of the inspecting officer. No news of any importance. Everything dull and lifeless in and around the camp.

July 4th
This day passed over rather dull. There was a review of the two regiments encamped here and that was all the display we had. There being no artillery here, we did not make as big a noise as we might have done yet we made considerable after all.

Pittsburgh Landing, July 9th
Today we labored hard at the river carrying sacks of oats and corn up the bank of the river from a barge that was heavily loaded with grain and bailed hay. At about midnight, just after we had got to sleep, we were ordered out under arms. The Colonel had just received a dispatch by telegraph from the commandant at Savannah that a part of his troops were in a state of fearful mutiny and beyond control, and requested aid immediately to assist in restoring order. Accordingly, five companies of the 7th Mo. regiment and hundred of the 14th Wisconsin were embarked on board the steamer, W.B. Terry and in a short time reached Savannah. Everything was quiet and we remained in a state of dreadful suspense for some time for the thought of meeting our friends in a bloody conflict was awful. The troops were landed as quickly as possible and marched up into town where one company was left as a guard. And the remainder proceeded to the camp of the 2nd Kentucky Cavalry who were the authors of the disturbance. The camp was silent as death when we came up and not a sound of any kind was heard. A line was formed in front of the camp and in a few moments we learned the cause of the disturbance which grew out of a drunken spree of a part of the soldiers in a grocery in the town. In the riot that ensued, the grocery keeper struck one of the soldiers with a piece of iron inflicting a dangerous if not mortal wound. This so enraged the soldiers, that they took the man and were about to hang him when the Colonel interferred and hence here commenced what the Colonel called a mutiny of his troops. But from inquiries that were made, it was found that the commander himself was at fault and had not courage of firmness enough to put down the riot. We lay close to the camp until near day when after arresting the offenders, we embarked on the steamer and returned, very tired and hungry and having had what might well be called a wild goose chase.
July 28th
Received marching orders for Jackson, Tenn.

August 1st, 1862
We struck tents and marched out about four miles. Weather very warm and sultry which made us very weary marching. Camped in the evening on the bank of Owl Creek.

August 2nd, 1862
Struck our tents and packed up before daylight as we had a long weary-some march before us. We came today about 15 miles. Country well timbered and very good wheatland. Water is very scarce in this part of the state. The springs being small and affording but little water. Considerable cotton is grown in this part of the state, but the war has hindered the planting of any great amount of it this season. We also passed some good cornfields and saw some very good orchards — apples tolerable good, but the peaches were small.

August 3rd
Left the camp shortly after daylight and set out on our march. Passed through a small town called Purdy and found it almost deserted as very few persons were seen. The country we passed over was about the same as the land seen yesterday, if anything, a little poorer. Arrived at Bethel a small town in McNary County. It is also a station on the Ohio and Mobile, R.R. But it is almost deserted by the inhabitants like numerous other towns in the state. What few are left are almost afraid to show themselves.

August 6th, 1862, Jackson, Tennessee
Arrived at this place after a weary march of 6 days in the warm weather of a southern climate. Owing to my memoranda being left behind at Bethel, I could not take notes on the way. So I will give a few from recollection. The land seen on the latter part of our march was very good. Also some very fine corn crops, yet good water is very scarce. Along some parts of the road, so much so, that we suffered very much for want of it. Some days on the march, we saw considerable cotton growing, also some tobacco, but neither is excessively cultivated this year on account of the war.

Jackson, Tennessee, August 7, 1862
This is one of the oldest towns in west Tennessee, it having been settled in 1822. Before the Rebellion broke out, it was one of the most prosperous and flourishing towns of its size in the South. Being located at (the) junction of the Mobile and Ohio and Jackson and Mississippi Railroads, it is an excellent shipping point for a large section of the country. In good times, the cotton trade of Jackson is immense, thousands of dollars worth of the article being brought in daily. Jackson contains 14,000 (?) inhabitants but the war has reduced this number somewhat. It was one of the strongest secession towns in the South when the war broke out, and we are told it was among the first to raise the rebel colors in west Tennessee. Quite a number of its most prominent citizens are still in the Confederate Army, several of them holding high positions. A large number however have returned, laid down their arms and taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. For a country town, Jackson is hard to beat. It has several fine residences with beautiful gardens and yards in which shrubbery is abundant. It has a large and commodious Court House, several churches, two female Seminaries, three first class hotels, a printing office, several stores, machine shops. It was in this town that the notorious land pirate
John A. Murrell was tried and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. His counsel, Milton Brown, one of the ablest lawyers in Jackson, is still a resident of this city.

Jackson, Tennessee, August 23rd, 1862
Today there was a parade of all the troops in honor of Martin Van Buren, ex-President, who departed this life during the month of July 1862. A national (salute) was also fired and the various regimental flags were at half mast.

Jackson, Tennessee, August 25th, 1862
This morning a melancholy occurrence took place in the camp of the seventh Missouri volunteers. Henry W. Brown, drum major, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. The causes that led him to commit this dreadful act are but partially known. He appeared to be very much troubled in his mind and sickness in his family at home were part of the cause of his ending his life. He was about forty years of age and had served in the regular army twenty-one years. His death causes a good deal of regret in the regiment.

Jackson, Tennessee, August 27th, 1862
Today there was a general review of the troops of the first Division by General McClemand. After the review was over, he made a short speech to the troops in which he stated he had orders to Springfield, Illinois to assist in organizing the new regiments which were coming out under the late call. He complimented those regiments which had borne the brunt of the battle for their bravery. The others who had (not?) been in the battles of their country, he told them what was expected of them and hoped their friends would not be disappointed.

Camp in the woods, Sept. 6th, 1862
Left Jackson, Tennessee Sept. 1st and went to Medor (?) Station on the Mississippi Central Railroad to re-enforce the 28th (?) Illinois, which was being attacked there by a large force of rebel cavalry. We arrived just in time. Had a short skirmish with the enemy and drove them off. In the evening of that day, we went out and escorted the 60th (?) and 80th (?) Illinois regiments into camp for they had fought a dreadful battle the day before and it was feared the enemy would attack them again. Since then, we have been guarding the railroad and scouting in the country. Owing to my journal being left behind, I will (have) to leave out a good deal as I cannot recollect all that happened. We were four nights without tents or blankets, but everything arrived today and we will be comfortable for a short time again. The trussel work on the railroad is being repaired by the engineers and a force of Negroes.

In the Woods, Sept. 8th, 1862
Information having been brought by our scouts that a party of rebel cavalry were boarding at the house of a citizen, an expedition was sent out under command of Lieut. Andry (?) consisting of forty men of Cos. G and fourteen men from Co. F under command of Lieut. Jennings. Lieut. Tumor (?) accompanied the expedition and acted as a guide. After marching about three miles, they came to the house which was searched but nothing contraband was found. Two horses which had belonged to the rebel cavalry were taken, but were returned next day by the Major.
Sunday, September 14th, 1862
Left the cypress swamp and returned to our camp at Jackson and found things all right. A part of our brigade, the 65th Illinois, had left and gone into camp close to the town.

Monday, Sept. 15th
To the first and second brigades of the Division arrived on the train from Bolivar and went to Corinth. The locomotive, General Grant, ran off the track today and it and train attached were badly smashed up. No one hurt.

September 18th, 1862
Regiment went to Corinth on the cars to reinforce the garrison there. Had quite a dismal time being delayed on the road, and were out four hours in the rain.

September 22nd
Returned to our old camp at Jackson and found everything just as we had left it.

Friday, Oct. 3rd
Left Jackson and went to Corinth. Went as far as Bethesda on the cars and marched a part of the way on foot. Heard heavy cannonading all day. Arrived at Corinth in the evening. Just after the battle Sunday, pursued rebels and had a skirmish with them in the evening. Monday continued the pursuit. Tuesday, skirmish again through the day of the 8th. Took charge of a body of prisoners and conducted them to General Davis' Headquarters, 8th Regiment and command at Ripley. 9th, struck camp at Ripley. 10th, left Ripley and marched as far as the Hatchie bottom and camped. Left the camp on the Hatchie at daylight. (Probably meant the Tallahatchie River) Passed the Little Grand about noon. Camped in the evening of the 11th on the M & G River (R.R.?). 12th, struck tents and in evening to Jackson.

Jackson, Tennessee, October 25, 1862
Today is the first that feels anything like winter since we have been in the South. In evening it commenced snowing and it continued long enough to cover the ground about an inch deep.

Sunday, October 26
Today the sun is shining brightly and the snow is going away as fast as it came. Died on the night of the 21st of October, Joseph G. Wilgus of Co. G, 7th Missouri Volunteers. In the hospital at Jackson, Tennessee.

November 10th, 1862
Left Jackson in the morning at ten o'clock on the cars for Largrance, Mississippi, the Headquarters of the Army under Gen. Grant. Stopped a short time at Bolivar and Grand Junction and arrived at Largrange late in the evening where we encamped. Largrance, Mississippi is a small station on the Memphis and Charleston R. R. The Right Wing of the army of the Tennessee is camped here. There is a large two story college building on the outskirts of town.

Largrance, Tennessee, November 28, 1862
Struck tents at four o'clock in the morning and had everything in readiness for starting on the march, but owing to delay caused by the supply train, we did not leave town until dark after which we marched five miles and camped. No water to be had, considerable crumbling in consequence. The land is pretty good in this part of Tennessee. Cotton
being cultivated to a great extent.

November 28th, 1862
Left the camp at sunrise and set off in high spirits, but marched very slow on account of the train. Today we came about 8 miles. The country we passed through pretty much the same as yesterday, only a little more hilly. Water still very scarce. Camped in the evening on the Cold Water Creek six miles from Holly Springs.

November 30th, 1862
Arrived at Holly Springs in the evening and camped east of the town. Passed through some splendid country. Saw a great many large cotton plantations. The Planters have nearly all left for the South and left their houses and farms to the mercy of the soldiers.

Holly Springs, Mississippi, December 1st, 1862
This town is in Marshall County, Mississippi and is the county seat. It is situated on a high hill and in a healthy location. It has been one of the neatest towns in the South. The streets were kept clean and there was an air of taste about the town. The wealthy class of the southern aristocracy used to resort here in great numbers in the summertime. There have some of the most residences (?) in this town that I have ever seen during our march in the South. Had about 1200 inhabitants. Marched from Holly Springs to Tompkins Mills. The land along the way very hilly and very wavy. Some pretty good timber. Saw very few fields. Some few of cotton.

Dec. 2nd
Marched from Tompkins to the timber this side of the Tallahattie (?). Rained all day. Got very wet and slept in a corncrib. The owner of which had left house and farm and gone South.

Dec. 3rd
Marched about six miles and camped near Abbeyville, Mississippi.

Dec. 4th
Remained in camp waiting for supplies. Rained in the afternoon. The land here is very hilly. Soil poor and thir generally about two inches deep and very sandy and washes bad. The timber is pretty good being white and black oak and beech in the low ground. Cypress grows very extensively on the swamp. AppleS and peaches flourish well here. Yet apples are very scarce now, being carried off by the army. The yards and gardens of the people in the area are planted with evergreens of several different kinds and they are arranged with great taste and look very beautiful and gives a fine appearance to every residence.

Dec. 5th, 1862
Marched from Abbeyville to Oxford, a distance of eleven miles. Roads very muddy, which rendered it very wearisome to travel. Land hilly with scrubby growths of timber. Soil very thin and poor produces but little grain to the acre compared with some land of the same kind in the North. Abbeyville, Miss., a station on the Mississippi Central Railway. The depot at this place contained a large amount of stores, but was burnt by the rebels to prevent them falling into our hands. The town contained before the war about two hundred inhabitants. The site is a very poor one for a town of any importance.
Dec. 6th
In camp at Oxford, Mississippi. This town in in Lafayette County, Miss., and is the county seat. It is situated on a high chain of hills which are covered with timber, affording an ample supply of fuel and shade. There is a seminary here with seven different departments. Also several churches and a commodious courthouse, and on the whole, it is a very neat little place. It contained about one thousand inhabitants before the war. This is the place where Gen. Prentice and a number of other prisoners taken at Shiloh were confined before they were taken to Alabama. The people are but poorly supplied with water which is a scarce article here as well as in a great many other towns in Mississippi.

Dec. 10th
Left Oxford in company with detail of fifty men to escort a provision train from Oxford to Holly Springs. Camped in the evening at Waterford.

Dec. 11th
Arrived at Holly Springs; loaded the train and came back as far as Waterford.

Dec. 12th
Came within four miles of Oxford.

Dec. 13th
Caught up with the Division 13 miles from Oxford. The land along the road very hilly, thin soil, poor timber, and but little land cultivated.

Dec. 19th
Left the camp on Brush Creek in the evening about four o'clock and marched to some hills close to the south bank of the Yocaney (?) River where we camped.

Dec. 20th
On guard at the Yocaney (?) River bridge. The pioneers of Ross's Division were building a new bridge a few yards above the old one.

Dec. 21st
In camp near the railroad five miles from Water Valley.

Dec. 22nd
Left our camp early in the morning and marched back to Oxford.

Dec. 23rd
On picket guard.

Dec. 24th
Marched from Oxford to the Tallahatchie River.

December 25th
In camp at the Tallahatchie. Dinner on Christmas was sassafras tea, pork, and hard bread.

Dec. 27th
Went out with the regiment to guard a forage train. Went about twelve miles, loaded the train, and remained out all night.

Dec. 28th
Returned to the camp.
January 5th, 1863
Marched from the camp on the Tallahatchie to Holly Springs.

Jan. 6th
Marched from Holly Springs to Cold Water Creek.

January 7th
Marched from Cold Water to Grand Junction, Tenn., distance 21 miles.

January 9th, 1863
Left Grand Junction at one o'clock P.M. and set out on the march. Shortly after we started, it commenced raining and it kept on until near morning, which made very disagreeable travelling. Camped about two miles and a half from Lagrange on the Memphis Road. Marched about 6 miles.

January 10th, 1863
Day dawned and the sun shone out bright and clear and all nature seemed to rejoice at the change. At eight o'clock, we started on the march. The roads were very muddy and we traveled very slow. The land along the route is generally pretty good, well timbered, but is much inclined to wash. It is but poorly watered as there is none to have in summer time without digging nearly one hundred feet into the earth. Saw some very fine residences along the road, and the land was very well improved as there is a great many large farms to be seen.

Lafayette, Tennessee, January 11th, 1863
Left the camp near Moscow and marched to Lafayette, a distance of nine miles. We passed through a very fine country. Well timbered and good farming land. With good facilities for sending produce to market. Being in a two hours run of Memphis by railroad.

January 18th
Marched from Lafayette to a camp beyond Colliersville.

Jan. 19th
Travelled 12 miles.

Jan. 20th
Arrived at Memphis and camped. The land along this route is very good and well adapted for farming purposes. Cotton is grown very extensively and a considerable quantity of wheat is raised in this part of Tennessee. Corn is also grown, but little hay is grown and no oat fields could be seen. The facilities for marketing are good, being in close communication with the river by railroad. The war has nearly ruined the country through here, and it is nearly deserted. The rails are burned, and the houses in some parts have shared the same fate. A great deal of the stock has been killed off by the soldiers passing along the route where the army marched at different times.

The Army of the Tennessee was composed of eight divisions. The First Division was commanded by General Morgan T. Smith, the 2nd by General Ross, the 3rd by General John A. Logan, the fourth by General Lanman, the seventh by General Denver, and the eighth by General Morgan. This army numbered about 75 thousand men besides these, there were 20 batteries of artillery and eleven regiments of cavalry. The whole under command of General U. S. Grant, assisted by Hamilton and McPherson and Sherman.
The Battle Ground of Shiloh
Is about three miles from the river and is the scene of one of the most
desperate conflicts on record. It was here that the gallant general
John A. McClernand contended with the foe from 7 o'clock in the morning
until four o'clock in the afternoon. The country here is very hilly
and broken and in some places, quite level. The ground is literally
covered with broken guns and knapsacks and other accoutrements and
clothing scattered over the field of battle. The sight is horrible
and here the horrors are plainly visible and it is a heart rending
sight to behold. The woods (for the battle was fought in the timber)
is literally torn to pieces by the shot and shell from artillery, and
almost every tree and shrub is scarred with musket balls, while the
ground for miles is strewn with Pea Jackets and Pantaloons pierced with
bullet holes, stained with the life's blood of the slain, and the
graves of the poor fellows may be seen on every side, having apparently
been buried wherever found, while all around are scattered muskets,
bayonets, cartridge boxes and all the paraphernalia or appendages of
the soldiers. Oh! what a scene of desolation and sorrow this is as
the Field presents itself to the spectator! Friend and foe in one
common ruin blent!
Following is a description of the present condition of the diary as written by our cousin, Norma Hershman Gray. Dated Nov. 11, 1974.

"The diary itself is in very sad shape due to age and it's experiences, probably while he was carrying it with him. I've kept it carefully wrapped in plastic and carefully placed while I've owned it. If it had not been copied in 1943 by Professor Henderson at MacMurray, we would not have typed copy to share since the actual entries are too dim with age. Therefore, I'm also forgoing the Xeroxing of it altogether (some entries were made originally by pen and others by pencil; some of the latter have been gone over by pen and some have not.) It was our belief -- Professor Henderson and mine -- that this is possibly one of more than one he had. There is also the possibility that a few pages have been lost before I had it given to me since the binding of "string" is long gone. It looks like a common (for those who could afford it) journal with a back binding outside of a worn dark brown leather, on top of paper with a marbled blue and red look, and the pages have lines as well as red heading lines and red border/margin lines. The right-hand side could be used as an account book etc."

The following is a letter to our Aunt Melbourne Hershman from her uncle George R. Goodman (the son of Robert P. Goodman and brother to our grandmother Clara Goodman Childress), dated Lawrenceville, Illinois, July 20, 1943.

"Dear Melbourne,

Your letter of the 9th inst. came last week and I should have answered it before this, but we were very busy canning berries and I thought best to wait until I had more time to look up the information you asked for concerning my father, who was your grandfather.

Robert P. Goodman was born Nov. 12, 1840 on a farm near Springfield, Ohio. His parents were born in England and came to American when about thirty years of age and located in Ohio, later moving to Illinois when Robert was four years of age. They bought a farm near Chauncey, Ill., in Lawrence County, where they lived until their deaths, years later. Robert grew to manhood in Illinois, where he received his "Common School" education, as it was called in those days, later teaching in country schools for several years. He volunteered and joined the U.S. Army in 1861, in St. Louis, Missouri, serving three years and six months, receiving his honorable discharge at the close of the war. At the close of the war, he returned to Illinois and located on a farm near Chauncey, Illinois, where he died April 9, 1875.

The above information is not written as well as it might have been had I given it several years ago, but you may be able to get from it what Norma's professor asked for. Your aunt Carrie and I wish to assure you of our best wishes for happiness in the years to come, also good success in your work for the information and happiness of others.

Sincerely yours,
/s/ Geo. R. Goodman"
Being further interested in learning more about Robert P. Goodman and his parents, I dispatched a letter to our Uncle John Childress in Anacortes, Washington in December 1974 to ask what further information he could supply. The following is his reply to me, dated Dec. 16, 1974.

"Dear Lyda Lou, Glen and family:

... Thought I had better answer your questions soon or I would forget them. I would be so happy to receive a copy of my grandfather Goodman's diary. I'll help you with the expense of it. Just let me know how much it costs you and I'll share the cost of furnishing the copies to the other cousins.

As to the given names of my great-grandfather and grandmother, I have lost out on where to find their given names. I can tell you this. They were both from the province of Devonshire, England. They didn't know each other in England, but met on the sailing vessel on their way to New York City. They were on the water for 4 weeks, so my mother has told me, had their courtship on the water and got married when the ship reached New York.

They first went to the state of Ohio, and stayed a little over a year, then moved to Illinois to what is now southern Crawford County, near the village of Chauncey in the north edge of Lawrence County.

Great-grandmother was a widow with two boys when they all three left England for America. She felt her boys would have a better chance to make a good living in America than England. Her first husband had died and she sold all they owned and came to America. Her first married name was Devonshire. ... Her boys were 10 and 12 years old when they all came to America. Great-grandmother had 5 boys by Goodman. They were all in the Civil War, in the Missouri Volunteers. All enlisted, all came home and my grandfather was the first to pass away. The oldest boy, Charles Goodman, later studied law and was admitted to the bar in the state of Missouri. He was later elected Judge of one of Missouri's circuit courts and was the Judge that tried the case of Frank James. Frank was captured voluntarily after his brother Jessie was killed by a man named Ford. Frank later killed Ford in a livery barn, but no one saw him do it so he came free from that charge in pleading self defense.

Quency Goodman, another boy, settled in Pierre, South Dakota. He was also an attorney."

Now that our cousin Betty Childress O'Donnell and her family are living in London, perhaps we can prevail upon her to do some research work on the great-great grandparents by the name of Goodman -- who knows, maybe she can fill us in the widow lady's given name (before she married Devonshire.) Maybe she can get us some information on the Childress family as well. If I were in her place, I think I should begin looking for their passage to American sometime between 1720 and 1760. She might try, using the names of Priam Childress or William or George or Thomas or Robert -- we have a great many ancestors with that name.

Wishing all of you my very best regards and God's richest blessings.

Your cousin,
Lyda Lou Steffen Personett