

The Civil War Diary

of

Isaac W. Leonard

A Student at Mt. Union College, Alliance, Ohio

**I. W. Leonard
Co. H. 49th Reg. O.V.
Camp George Wood
Mumfordsville, Ky.**

**beginning
New Years Day, 1862**

"If this should accidentally be lost, the finder will please return it to the owner. There is nothing in it of interest to anyone else, but it is of importance to the owner. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

**I. W. Leonard
Co. H. 49th Reg O.V.**

Isaac's Original Diary was donated by the descendants of Isaac's sister Jennie Leonard Fisher, namely Virginia Fisher Doherty, Clark Fisher, and Gordon Fisher, to Ohio Historical Society at Columbus.

See also Isaac's Oct 1861 civil war letter to the newspaper Jeffersonian.

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Isaac⁸ W. Leonard (*Benjamin⁷, Isaac⁶, Isaac⁵, Caleb⁴, Benjamin³, Isaac², Solomon¹*)

born July 28, 1839,

**wounded and captured January 31, 1862 at the Battle of Stones River, Tennessee,
died at Jackson, Mississippi as a Confederate prisoner of war January 28, 1863.**

It was the late summer 1861 in Ohio and the northern states were at war with those in the south, and the Union Army had already suffered a major loss at the Battle of Bull Run. Isaac was due in September to start his senior year at Mount Union College at Alliance, Ohio.

This journal clearly demonstrates the wonderful mind and character of this young man and his academic achievements, and perhaps the influence of his father and mother.

On August 15, 1861 he enlisted at Fostoria in Company H, 49th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Early in the morning on December 31, 1862, at Stones River outside Murfreesboro, the 49th was on the far right wing of a battle line. During the night the Rebel line had noisily extended their line beyond them, but Gen'l McCook and his Corps failed to adjust. The 49th and the rest of the corps were pushed back two and three miles before finally holding, and the Union Army held on to win the bloody three day battle.

During the chaos of that morning, Isaac suffered a wound in the shoulder and was probably captured because he was unable to keep falling back with his company. He was taken to a Confederate prison outside Jackson where Ohio records show he died on January 28, 1863, and according to family history, "died of neglect of his wound".

According to the director of cemeteries at Jackson, many dead Union prisoners were buried at scattered small cemeteries in and around that city, and wooden markers placed at their graves. Those markers had long since turned to dust when, in the 1930s, thousands of Union soldiers in graves over much of the south were reinterred at the National Cemetery at Vicksburg National Military Park. Of the 17,000 soldiers buried there, 13,000 have "unknown soldier" grave markers, most probably including Isaac.

Isaac was with the 49th when they fought at Shiloh in April 1862, and after Stones River they went on to serve at all of the major battles in the western theatre, including Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the Atlanta campaign, and Franklin and Nashville. The 49th under Colonel William Gibson of Tiffin was highly rated among the fighting regiments in the Union Army and, according to Whitelaw Reid, suffered the most loss in battle of all Ohio regiments.

Mentioned in the diary were his father Benjamin⁷ Leonard 1816-1884, his mother Eliza Crum Leonard 1816-1865. Jno (John), a brother also of Company H, who was killed at the Battle of Picketts Mill, Ga, near Atlanta on May 27, 1864, and buried by Rebel soldiers on the battlefield. Clark C or C C, a brother later killed in a train accident. Leonard C Ward or L C or Len, a cousin and close friend, who died of typhoid fever at age 20 while attending Mount Union College, the news recorded May 31, 1862, in the last page of Isaacs diary. Emily Leonard, an Aunt and sister of Benjamin, who married George Graham.

Last paragraph mostly from James B Fisher notes, son of Isaac's sister Jennie. G Allan Vaughan 1998, rev 2005

An Ohio Civil War Soldier's Letter To A Hometown Newspaper

Camp Nolin, Kentucky
October 20, 1861

Dear Jeff: Having nothing else to do, and thinking you would like to have some news from this part of Dixie, I will write you a short epistle. We are now encamped in a very beautiful country, fifty miles South of Louisville on the line of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, and anxiously waiting to be led against the enemy, who are at Bowling Green under the command of the notorious Buckner. I think the chance for a fight, however, is very poor, for there is not the least doubt that the rebels will show a straight row of tracks with the heels this way, as soon as we advance, which, from present indications, will soon be the case. There has been considerable sickness in the regiment, but only one case has terminated fatally. The boys are in fine spirits, and enjoy themselves first-rate. I paid a visit to some of my old friends in company A, last night, and found everything in that fine company in prime order. Captain Langworthy is an excellent officer, and very popular among his men.

The country is indeed very beautiful, especially since October has thrown her gorgeous robe over the forest, and given the whole landscape that clearly defined appearance which is peculiar to Autumn. All the prominent objects appear to stand out in bold relief and more sharply cut, while the sky overhead shines like a metallic mirror. The most remarkable feature in these forests is the great number of grape vines, which are clinging from tree to tree, the bright golden yellow of whose leaves, since they were touched by the frost, form the groundwork of the fair picture. As I gaze upon the scene, I am carried back in imagination to the time when this was an untrodden wilderness, whose solitude was only disturbed by the whoop of the red man, or the various sound of the other denizens of the forest. The land is called the "dark and bloody ground," and well does it deserve the name, for many and fierce have been the struggles by which Kentucky was forced from the hands of barbarians, and brought within the pale of civilization -- Her soil has smoked with the blood of the brave pioneers, who went forth to redeem it from the hands of the ruthless savage.

And now let me ask, if the terrible game must be played over again? Shall this noble state be cursed by a barbarianism, before which even that of the red man must pale? The answer is with Kentucky herself -- A regularly organized band of traitors and robbers have sworn to either take her from under the protecting fold of that flag, and the noble principles of that government, which has made her what she is; or sweep her fair villies with fire and sword, and drive her people from their homes, homes purchased with the blood of their brave forefathers. When the cry for aid went up from Ohio in the War of 1812, Kentucky sent her brave and hearty sons to the rescue. Many, very many of them never returned, and their bleaching bones were left on the bank of the Raisin, or scattered through the wilds of the North-West. Now Ohio can repay that debt, and let her do it, with all the accumulated interest of years. Nobly has she responded to the call, but she can still do more. In the meantime Kentucky must help herself. Let her put her own shoulder to the wheel, and then call for Hercules.

But this letter is becoming too long and praisy, and I will close. One word to our friends at home. If you would oblige the soldiers, send them plenty of newspapers. There is a great dearth of reading matter in camp, and a newspaper from home is next to a letter, the most acceptable gift. Hoping Mr Editor, that you will act upon the above suggestion, and mail a copy of the Jeff. to the undersigned, I remain

Yours respectably

I. W. Leonard

Co. H. 49th Reg. O.V.U.S.A.

This letter was written by Isaac⁸ W Leonard, a soldier in the Civil War in Co H, 49th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. He was the son of Benjamin⁷, a farmer and later a developer at Fostoria, Ohio. His grandfather Isaac⁶ fought in War of 1812, and his great-grandfather Isaac⁵ was a Lieutenant in the American Revolution. This Isaac⁸ kept a civil war diary that was transcribed by descendants of Isaac's sister Jennie Leonard Fisher and donated to the Ohio Historical Society at Columbus. Jeff. is the Hancock County Jeffersonian that published this letter on Nov 1, 1861. Isaac was wounded in action and captured on Dec 31, 1862 at the Battle of Stones River Tenn. He "died of neglect" a month later in a Rebel prison near Jackson, Miss. His remains, and thousands others, were reinterred in the 1930s with a gravestone marked "unknown soldier" at the National Military Park and Cemetery at Vicksburg.

Leonard Family History G Allan Vaughan 1998, rev 10-05

1.
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1862. Another year has gone to its grave in the vast tombs of the past. Another mystic book has been opened, and, oh! what mighty secrets lie buried in its dark pages. What will this year bring to me? Wait and see.

THURSDAY 2. Cold raw day, and wet night. Out on picket duty and a hard time we had. It rained hard all night, and to make the matter worse it froze as fast as it fell. Severe indeed are the duties of the soldier.

FRIDAY 3. Still raining. Chilly wind from the east. Got back to camp during the forenoon, and found the old tent--uncomfortable as it is--a welcome retreat from the chilling rain. Thus it is. That which we at one time we look upon with contempt circumstances may cause us to look upon with favor. Wrote to bro. C. C.

SATURDAY 4. Cold and cheerless as ever. Nothing of especial interest has occurred today. As it was unfit for drill we had nothing to do but lay in our tents and pass the time as best we could.

SUNDAY 5. Another "day of all the week the best" passed in camp. Sunday in camp is very different from what is at home. Various are the ways in which the boys spend the time. Some not very religious. Wrote a letter to Miss E__g.___M.

MONDAY 6. Cloudy cold day. Nothing of interest occurred. We had no drill, and the boys did nothing but lay in their tents all day. This is what kills the soldiers. Verily if the sword slays its thousands inactivity slays its tens of thousands. Received a letter from L. C. Ward.

TUESDAY 7. Rather fine day. Battallion drill in the forenoon, and company drill in the afternoon. I have been unwell today, and was not on duty. Fact is I am getting low spirited, and must try and cheer up or I will be sick.

WEDNESDAY 8. Went on drill during the forenoon. Rained hard all the afternoon. Received a letter from Brother Clark which informed me that a good pair of boots were coming. Glad of it; for I need them. Anniversary of the battle of New Orleans 1815.

THURSDAY 9. Quite unwell all day. Regiment went on picket in the evening. I was the only one of my mess left in camp, and felt lonesome. It is comparatively easy soldiering whenever I have health; but when sick, then it is a dreary cheerless task.

FRIDAY 10. Drizzly unpleasant day. In the morning I went to the depot, and found there a nice pair of boots; expressed from home. An excellent present and, very acceptable. My warmest gratitude will ever be bestowed on the donor.

SATURDAY 11. Received our new tents today, and a happy set of boys was seen in Co. H. The tents are roomy and comfortable, and stand in striking contrast to the little squatty bell tents. Wrote a letter to Father and also to brother Clark.

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 SUNDAY 12. Very pleasant in the forenoon; but the afterpart of the day was very disagreeable and rainy. Had divine service during the day, conducted by Rev. Bush, regimental chaplain. Feel well and in much better spirits than I have for a long time. Wrote a letter to Miss A. M. S.

MONDAY 13. No drill today, and glad of it. Had a prayer meeting in our tent in the evening. Snowing now from the east, with prospect of plenty ere it stops. Received a letter from my coz. Miss Lizzie Crum.

TUESDAY 14. Nothing of especial interest has occurred. The sun came out warm, and by noon the snow was all gone. Such a mud as we have now can only be imagined by those who have been in a camp.

WEDNESDAY 15. Dark and gloomy. At 12 o'clock the orders came to be ready to march in two hours, with 15 days rations. All was bustle and hurry, though the prospect of marching in the night through mud and rain 47 miles was not very flattering. The order, however, was revoked.

THURSDAY 16. On guard duty today, and a fine time I had wading around through the mud which is about as plenty here now as it generally becomes.

FRIDAY 17. At 3 P.M. today the report was brought into camp that the enemy was coming in full force. Then "hurry skurry" get up and shuffle. Six or eight regiments went over the river on "double quick" but came back seeing "nary secesh". Received letters from L. C. W. O'Fallon.

SATURDAY 18. On picket duty last night and today. Rained as usual nearly all night and all day. Made ourselves comfortable with the wet ground for a bed and the heavens for a shelter. Received a letter this eve from Miss R. A. H. and replied.

SUNDAY 19. Wrote a long letter to L. C. Ward. This is the unfailing resort of the soldier when time hangs heavy on his hands. There is a pleasure in writing to absent friends only equalled by the reception their kind letters. God bless the man that invented writing!

MONDAY 20. Quite unwell all day. Did nothing but lie in the tent and wished I was in the old arm chair. Ah that old arm chair! What a relief it would be from these hard seats. Received a letter from W. M. C.

TUESDAY 21. No better than I was yesterday. Went up to the surgeons' tent and took an inhuman dose of quinine--8 grs. Came back to quarters and in a few minutes I was taken with a severe cramp in my stomach, which I cured by the application of hot towels.

WEDNESDAY 22. Health much better. Still very sore in the stomach. Warm cloudy day. Nothing of interest occurred.

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THURSDAY 23. Beautiful day. The sun shone brightly and in the afternoon we removed our tents and aired our quarters. Went up to the village in the evening to see some sick comrades. Wrote a letter to W. M. C.

FRIDAY 24. Another fine day, which is something strange for this season of the year in Kentucky. I went on battalion drill during the forenoon and did some writing in the afternoon. Wrote a letter to father in the evening.

SATURDAY 25. On picket duty tonight. Very pleasant day, and I felt in good spirits. Night very cold, so that it was almost impossible to sleep. Tried to sleep awhile, and then got up and turned before the fire like a spit.

SUNDAY 26. Sunday once more in the army. All day we have heard heavy cannonading far in the southwest. Another Sunday battle probably. Our generals would do well to study the records of history about Sun. battles.

MONDAY 27. Took sick at noon today. Indications of typhoid fever. Wrote a letter to Miss Lizzie Crum in the forenoon.

TUESDAY 28. Quite sick all day. The doctor gave me a strong dose of Rhubarb.

WEDNESDAY 29. But little better. Oh! if I only was at home I would be sure of every comfort and attention.

THURSDAY 30. The fever appears to have left me, but I am so weak I can scarcely walk. Been raining for 36 hours.

FRIDAY 31. Sat in the tent all day.

1862 SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1. Spent the day in the same manner I spent the preceding. I feel better though, and a good sign is I have a better appetite. When a fellow is sick he feels reckless. Rec'd a letter from L. C. W.

SUNDAY 2. Oh! I forgot to notice yesterday that a new month had commenced. One twelfth of the new year gone. The Reg. is out on picket tonight, and a terrible storm of rain and sleet is falling. The poor fellows will suffer.

MONDAY 3. Wet and unfomfortable. Thought I would write a letter, but I found on trial it was no go. The boys came in from picket about 4 P.M. wet and hungry with very little prospect of supper before them.

TUESDAY 4. Still dark and dreary. This is the worst weather I ever saw. If Kentucky always has such winters as this has been I hope to spend no more of them here. Far rather would I meet the sharp and cutting winds of Ohio than wade through the mud of Kentucky.

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WEDNESDAY 5. Clear and windy. Took down our tents and aired things generally. This is a most important precaution and does much to prevent sickness. Air is the great purifier and every article of clothing must be frequently exposed to its influence. Air, water and wholesome food make healthy men. The first two we have, the third nihil dies.

THURSDAY 6. Gloomy as usual in the morning, but cleared off warm before noon. Nothing of interest occurred. The chief peculiarity in these days while we are laying in camp is that each day is apparently just like the preceding. Received a letter from Miss A. M. L.

FRIDAY 7. Cold raw day. Quite an excitement was caused in camp during the evening by the news of the capture of Fort Henry on the Tennessee River. Once again the "stars and stripes" wave over Tennessee, and my earnest wish is that it may soon wave in triumph over all rebeldom.

SATURDAY 8. Raw day with indications of snow. Was made glad by the reception of three letters. One from W. M. C., another from brother Clark and another from Miss R. A. H. Those letters! what a power they have, and how great the influence they exert. Wrote a letter to father.

SUNDAY 9. Day passed very pleasantly in camp. Wrote a letter to Len, which occupied me more than two hours. This correspondence has now continued nearly two years. Also wrote to C. C. in answer to his last. Think I have done my duty today writing letters.

MONDAY 10. Gen. Mitchell's division arrived here today. Quite an excitement existed in our regiment when the 21st passed through. There was a great shaking of hands and a great many "how d'ye dos" from the boys in each regiment.

TUESDAY 11. Snowy in the morning and raining and sleeting in the afternoon. Was visited by some of my old friends in the 21st who took dinner with us. Wrote a letter of six pages to the Fostoria News. Fact is I believe I have too much writing to do and I must curtail the number of my correspondents.

WEDNESDAY 12. Very pleasant day. Expect to march soon. There is no doubt that the time for active operation is drawing near. The plot has long been thickening and now we will see the denouement. Wrote a letter to R.

THURSDAY 13. Great excitement in camp. Received orders to march back to the Ohio river, and then take boat to Cairo. Started at 7 A.M. and marched 15 miles to Upton station, where we bivouaced for the night. Pretty hard march.

FRIDAY 14. Marched to Upton station, a distance of 15 miles, today instead of yesterday as written above. Bivouaced in the woods. I never before fully realized the comforts of a good supper and warm fire. Cold and dreary. How I would enjoy the warmth of our comfortable sitting room!

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SATURDAY 15. Oh, the uncertainties of a soldiers life! At 12 M. the orders came to start back direct for Bowling Green which was taken yesterday by Gen. Mitchell without firing a gun. The stars and stripes wave over that boasted stronghold.

SUNDAY 16. At 4 A. M. we started from our camp two miles south of Bacon creek and marched 12 miles before 10 A.M. Pitched our tents and remained at this place until the next day. "Forward to Bowling Green" is the watchword.

MONDAY 17. Up in the morning at 3 o'clock, and started though the rain was pouring down in torrents. Off we went with light hearts and heavy knapsacks. We got along finely until we came to the end of the pike and "then the fun commenced". After a hard march of 18 miles we encamped.

TUESDAY 18. Contrary to our expectations we did not march today and probably will not until the railroad is repaired. The rebels have torn up the track for a distance of four miles and blown down a mess of rocks upon the track at the tunnel.

WEDNESDAY 19. Rained awful nearly all day. On Guard duty and a terrible time it is. The boys had full swing yesterday, and committed depredations in the country and now they have to pay for it.

THURSDAY 20. Ordered out on fatigue duty on the railroad. The 49th went to work and removed all the ballasting for the distance of 40 rods in less than half an hour. Received an excellant letter from Uncle Joe and replied.

FRIDAY 21. Very fine day. Had nothing to do but lay around and do nothing. Work on the railroad goes on briskly. Received a letter from Len, of precious memory. Hope we will march soon, as I am tired of this place.

SATURDAY 22. Awful rain all day. Camp converted into a great mud-hole. I do hope we will leave this place soon for you cannot leave the tent without sinking in the mess up to the ankles.

SUNDAY 23. Good! Received orders late yesterday evening to be ready to march this morning at nine A.M. The appointed time found us on our way with light hearts. Passed through a beautiful country and at sundown encamped in a pleasant grove two miles from Bowling Green. Distance marched 21 miles.

MONDAY 24. On account of the flood in Barren river we will be compelled to remain here several days. The troops have to be conveyed across the river in a steamboat and as we have only one boat it is a slow business. Sent a letter to Fostoria News. X

TUESDAY 25. More troops came in; among them the 19th Regt. O.V. Was surprised by a visit from Uncle Henry who is serving in that regiment. Went back with him to his regiment and had a peep at the rebel fortifications.

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WEDNESDAY 26. Nothing to do all day but attend to writing letters, washing, etc. At seven o'clock P.M. orders came to be ready to march in twenty minutes with two days rations. With nothing to carry but arms and rations the troops left for Nashville. I am detailed to stay with the baggage.

THURSDAY 27. Packed up everything in the morning, and then we had a good time. As the officers are all gone every fellow is his own master, and you may be sure we enjoy the freedom.

FRIDAY 28. Started with the train after the regiment. At the river we had a grand time taking the teams and wagons across. The mud is more than a foot deep on the river bottom and we had to unload part of the baggage.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1. Stayed all night in the celebrated Bowling Green which is a pleasant village of two or three thousand inhabitants. Raining in the morning but cleared off at noon. Went to Franklin the county seat of Simpson county, a distance of twenty-one miles.

SUNDAY 2. Beautiful spring morning. Started at an early hour and travelled all day; crossing the line between Kentucky and Tennessee at noon. Stopped at Tarry springs, a fashionable summer resort. Distance travelled 20 miles.

MONDAY 3. Travelled all day through a well watered and timbered region. Passed many fine residences as we approached the capital which we reached about sundown. Here we will have to remain on this side of the river as the rebels have destroyed the bridge.

TUESDAY 4. Couldn't get across. Am out of patience waiting as I wish to go over and see the city. Got some of the best pie and cake I have eaten this side of the Ohio river, and I appreciated its excellence, I did. Prospect of crossing in the morning.

WEDNESDAY 5. Crossed at nine A.M. and glad of it. Took a hasty look at the city; bought a half section of gingerbread, which is a great luxury to the soldier, and then broke for the 49th, which I found all right. Most beautiful place.

THURSDAY 6. Cold raw day with snow. Regiment paid off at last and now the boys have plenty of money. The sutler has a good run of custom. Rations are rather scanty and as we all have an excellent appetite there is considerable of a row about grub.

FRIDAY 7. Still quite cold for this latitude. Received a whole package of letters from friends at home through the politeness of S. Ferguson. I had not heard from home for three weeks and you may be sure the letters were eagerly read. Hope I may soon see the writers.

SATURDAY 8. Very fine day and I am on guard and glad of it. Co. H are nearly all on duty cleaning up their quarters and putting things in order generally. Wrote a letter of six pages to the Fostoria News. X

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SUNDAY 9. Warm and pleasant. Wrote a letter to Uncle Joe and another to Len Ward. In the afternoon we had divine services by Rev. W. C. Turner. The sermon was the best I have heard since I left home and was listened to with marked attention.

MONDAY 10. Rained all forenoon, but cleared at M. and remained so. Enjoyed myself doing nothing as well as I could, but I assure those who never tried it--if there are any--that it is a lonesome way to pass the time. Spring is coming on rapidly.

TUESDAY 11. Clear warm day. Commenced drilling again, and found it went rather tough. All day the rumor has been afloat that Manassas has been taken after four days fighting. 17,000 prisoners taken. Too great a story for belief.

WEDNESDAY 12. Very much such a day as yesterday. Somewhat inclined to spring fever today as this warm weather is apt to bring it on. Today we have the report that Washington has been taken with 60,000 prisoners. No doubt a secesh lie.

THURSDAY 13. Rained all forenoon. The report that Manassas is evacuated is prevailing in camp. I have no doubt of the truth of the report as Gen. McClellan is about putting in motion the mighty forces under his command.

FRIDAY 14. Very pleasant in the forenoon, but commenced raining in the afternoon and rained as it only rains in this latitude. The news in regard to the evacuation of Manassas are confirmed. Something is going to be done soon.

SATURDAY 15. Rained all night and nearly all day. Very dark gloomy weather, but our spirits are light and cheerful. We see daylight ahead. Received orders at eight o'clock P.M. to be ready to march the next day. Forward to Alabama!

SUNDAY 16. Marched 15 miles, and encamped near Franklin, the county seat of Williams county. The people along the way looked very sober. The sight of the old Flag did seem to please some of them, but many hailed it with delight. The darkies all seemed to think we had come to free them.

MONDAY 17. Forward again. Our brigade, which was in the advance yesterday, went in the rear today. Went through Springhill where is located a female seminary. Marched 18 miles and encamped in the woods.

TUESDAY 18. On account of the bridge over Big Harper river having been burnt by the rebels we did not march today. We are eight miles from Columbia where report says there are 6,000 rebels.

WEDNESDAY 19. Still in the woods. I hope we will go forward soon; this place being far from any point where we can have communication with the rest of the world. Very fine country in this part of the state. Here I've seen the first cotton field, which is quite a curiosity.

Mar 62

THURSDAY 20. Received orders to march at 10 o'clock A.M. On our route we forded a very rapid stream. Marched six miles to Columbia, the county seat of Murry Co. Here the rebels have burnt the bridge over Duck river. No rebels.

FRIDAY 21. Busy all day, putting our quarters in order. We have a very pleasant camp and will be quite comfortable when we get things arranged. Rather a cold day for this region--snowing a little all the time.

SATURDAY 22. Went over to the town and found the most god forsaken looking secesh place I ever saw. The place has the reputation of being secesh and during my short stay I found it deserved the reputation. Had a very interesting talk with some of the citizens.

SUNDAY 23. Very pleasant day, but I could not enjoy it, being very sick nearly all day. I intended to write today but was unable to scratch a line. I heard the church bells in town this morning--a sound of civilization.

MONDAY 24. Commenced drilling again. Had company drill in the forenoon and afternoon too. Cap. says we must drill to be healthy but I believe a little less would do for exercise. Wrote a letter to the Fosteria News. X

TUESDAY 25. Very beautiful day, the warm wind coming from the south--the breath of spring. These days which usher in the spring are the pleasantest in the year. Received a letter from home which was very welcome.

WEDNESDAY 26. Battalion drill in the forenoon, and in the afternoon, company with its eternal left, left. Nothing occurred today worth noting.

THURSDAY 27. Same routine as yesterday. There is nothing to break the monotony of camp life and I notice that curse of my juvenile days--spring fever--is prevailing. Package of letters came but none for me.

FRIDAY 28. Warm, still day. The paymaster is in camp, and the officers are busy making out the payrolls. We have no drill and are not sorry. I went fishing in the forenoon and met with a fisherman's luck--not even a nibble.

SATURDAY 29. Signed our payrolls today for the third time since I entered the service. When I look back I can scarcely realize that I have been in the army seven months. Received a letter from L. C. Ward and replied.

SUNDAY 30. Very warm day. Went down to the river and saw the boys swim. Did not go in myself--concluded the water was too cold. Commenced a letter, but was too lazy to finish it. Awful time for spring fever.

MONDAY 31. Commenced paying us off today. Paid two companies when we received marching orders, and had to pack up and travel. Bivouaced during the night three miles out of town.

9.

1862

TUESDAY, APRIL 1. Very warm day and terrible dusty. Marched 12 miles through the most beautiful country. Passed the plantation of General Polk and Pillow--both splendid places. Ohio must yield the palm. She cannot equal this region.

WEDNESDAY 2. A sleight rain in the morning laid the dust. Encamped about two o'clock on the bank of a pleasant stream having marched 15 miles. Had a fine rest during the afternoon.

THURSDAY 3. The Colonel said we would only march 7 miles; but we didn't stop until we traveled 19. Heard this morning that Island No. 10 was in our possession and Memphis burned. We are now 90 miles from Nashville.

FRIDAY 4. Started at 7 A.M. in the rain and passed through a wild, half mountainous region. For the last two days we have marched in a very rough country. Marched 14 miles.

SATURDAY 5. Only marched 8 miles on account of the roads being blocked up by the immense number of troops and trains. Encamped in a pleasant little nook in among the rugged hills which abound in this region.

SUNDAY 6. All day we heard the thunder of artillery ahead and we hurried forward as fast as possible for we knew a great battle was being fought. Marched until midnight before we reached Savannah. We take boats in the morning for the battle field.

MONDAY 7. Started up the river for the battle at nine o'clock. Reached the scene of action a little before noon when the 49th went in on their nerve and did splendid fighting. We lost 3 men killed and 37 wounded. "Venit vidid vicit."

TUESDAY 8. Spent a terrible night bivouacing in the rain. In the morning we marched 5 miles through the mud across the battle field. It is an awful sight--men with their heads shot off and others cut in two by cannon balls or torn in pieces by shells.

WEDNESDAY 9. Rained again last night and had to bivouac. Nothing of interest occurring in camp. Very busy burying the dead who are scattered over a space of 6 x 8 miles. The number of killed and wounded cannot be less than 30,000. 18,000 rebels & 12,000 of our own men.

THURSDAY 10. Bright pleasant day, in striking contrast to the gloomy ones which have preceded it. The air begins to smell bad from the stench of the decaying bodies. Wrote a letter to the Fostoria News.

FRIDAY 11. Dark gloomy day with strong indications of rain. I really hope we will soon get away from here as this place will be horrible after a few hot days.

SATURDAY 12. Warm and pleasant. Went out on picket duty for the first time since leaving Green river. Saw many evidences of the haste in which the rebels have retreated. Tents, clothing and provisions lie scattered around generally half burned.

SUNDAY 13. Out on picket yet. Very beautiful day, and oh, how I would like to be at home this quiet Sunday morning! Great is the contrast here now with what it was one week ago.

Slt. Loh

X

10.

Apr 62

MONDAY 14. Nothing of special importance occurred today. Had my washing done, a proceeding very much needed as we have been marching so long we are getting dirty as miners.

TUESDAY 15. The everlasting drill again. I do wish they--our officers--would have some power "the gift to gie them". To see themselves as others see them. Let them go it. I hope there is a brighter day coming soon. Heard that the stars and stripes are waving over Memphis.

WEDNESDAY 16. Moved our camp from the battle field and took a pleasant location two miles further south. While we were pitching our tents I said to one of my comrades that I hoped this would be our last camp in Dixie. May such be the case.

THURSDAY 17. Very warm day, but had to drill nearly all the time with our thick coats on. Received four letters which were very welcome visitors. The enemy are only ten miles distant, and we expect another great fight before long.

FRIDAY 18. Drill in the forenoon as usual. Just after we finished dinner the alarm was given and the call sounded to fall in. In less time than it takes to tell it we were in line and on our way to meet the enemy, who didn't come. Another Green river scare.

SATURDAY 19. Raining like blazes all day. Improved the opportunity and wrote three letters, one to L. C. Ward, another to E. J. M. and a third to R. A. H. Dismal looking weather--awful muddy--but we can stand it if we keep our health.

SUNDAY 20. Still raining. In accordance with the proclamation of the President the regiment was drawn up at noon and thanks returned to Almighty God for the great victories. The prayer was very appropriate--offered by Rev. Wm. C. Turner.

MONDAY 21. Dark, gloomy day. Nothing of interest occurred. Have read all the old newspapers until I have them committed to memory. Oh, how I wish I could have plenty of good reading!

TUESDAY 22. Rain over but left an awful mud. Dress parade in the evening and a string of orders as long as my arm. All soldiers who have been absent more than two months on sick leave to be discharged.

WEDNESDAY 23. Bright pleasant day. Had General inspection in the morning at seven o'clock when everything had to be in prime order. No drill in the morning and glad of it. Laid in shade and meditated upon the past and speculated on the future.

THURSDAY 24. Skirmish drill in the forenoon. Just returning to camp when we met the regiment going out on a reconnoissance. Thought we were going to have a fight, but after marching six miles found the fun all over and returned to camp.

FRIDAY 25. Commenced raining in the morning and continued nearly all day. Went out on picket duty in the morning. Had a pretty tough time. Distance from camp three miles. Sent a letter to the Postoria News.

X

11.
Apr '62
SATURDAY 26. Clear pleasant day. Came in from picket about M. Letters came for the company, but none for me. The mails are so irregular that no dependence can be placed upon them.

SUNDAY 27. Warm, warmer, warmest. Services of the day conducted by Chaplain Bush who had better be at home, for in my humble opinion he is no more fit chaplain than for a general. Borrowed an Atlantic from Wm. C. Turner and passed the day pleasantly.

MONDAY 28. Received orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Nothing going on and time hangs heavily. Heard that New Orleans is in our possession. Still the work goes on. March at 7 A.M. tomorrow.

TUESDAY 29. Moved our camp four miles nearer to the enemy. Thus we approach little by little like some animal preparing to spring. A skirmish occurred today and 90 prisoners were taken. Rebels reported to be leaving Corinth.

WEDNESDAY 30. Heard great and glorious news--too good I fear to be true. Yorktown taken with 20,000 prisoners! Also that Memphis is in our possession. Still the work goes bravely on!

THURSDAY, MAY 1. Orders came to be ready to march at a moment's notice. Something is in the wind. In a few days at least the great struggle will take place. God grant us the victory! The fate of unborn millions depends upon it.

FRIDAY 2. Contrary to expectations we are still in camp. Drill in the morning and also in the afternoon. Report in camp that Yorktown is in our possession is confirmed. Was weighed today and found out was some fat--180 lbs.

SATURDAY 3. Marched at 11 o'clock. On account of the great number of teams in the road we progressed but slowly. The sound of cannon in the evening quickened our steps. Encamped 12 miles from Corinth. The final siege is drawing near.

SUNDAY 4. Expected to rest today, but were disappointed. Ordered out on an armed reconnoissance. Went within seven miles of Corinth seeing nothing of the enemy but their deserted camps. Raining and muddy.

MONDAY 5. Orders came to march at six A.M. Raining awfully and no prospect of ceasing. The prospect did not look pleasant, but we got ready to start, when the good news came that the order was countermanded. Good for Gen. Buell.

TUESDAY 6. Bright, pleasant day--rendered more beautiful by contrast with the dark days which have preceeded it. The heavy rain has made the roads terrible bad, but this bright sun and brisk breeze will soon dry up the mud. Have not heard from home for a long time. How I wish a letter would come.

WEDNESDAY 7. Took up our line of march at 6 A.M. and travelled about 6 miles when we encamped in one of the most beautiful situations I ever saw. We are now six miles from Corinth.

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May '62

THURSDAY 8. Today the expected battle was to take place, but according to reports, the advance of the left wing upon Corinth proved what I suspected, that the rebels have fallen back. The fortifications at Yorktown have also been evacuated and a battle has been fought.

FRIDAY 9. Went on picket at 9 A.M. Skirmishing going on all day along the lines. General Pope drove the enemy back a considerable distance and took a number of prisoners. Everyday the work moves on. Our left flank is being moved so as to get in rear of the rebels.

SATURDAY 10. Came into camp at noon and immediately received orders to be ready to move at two P.M. Didn't start though until nearly sundown and then marched three miles and bivouaced in the woods.

SUNDAY 11. Remained all day where we bivouaced last night. Sunny sabbath day--and Oh, how I would like to be at home. Home! Magic word. What thoughts does the sound give rise to. At sundown we moved to what I am told will be a permanent camp.

MONDAY 12. At three o'clock A.M. we were called up and sent out to support the pickets until the arrival of Gen. Crittenden's division. Came back at noon and immediately went to work putting up our tents and cleaning off our camp.

TUESDAY 13. Nothing of interest occurred today, except the arrival of Col Gibson, who has been at home on furlough since the battle. The particulars of the flight of the rebels in Va. have been received. Good for Mc.--he is coming out all right.

WEDNESDAY 14. Heavy cannonading all the afterpart of the day in the direction of Corinth. No doubt a reconnoissance to find out the enemy's position. The rebels keep very "dark", hardly ever showing themselves.

THURSDAY 15. Went on an armed reconnoissance at M. Approached within three miles of Corinth seeing a few rebel catsary (?). Evidently the secesh do not care about being seen as they did in the early and prosperous days of the rebellion.

FRIDAY 16. Laid in camp all day. Received three letters, one from Home, and another from L. C. Ward. They were nearly 20 days old however, thanks to the carelessness of some rascally postmaster.

SATURDAY 17. Our forces were putting some heavy guns in position today, and in expectation of a row we stood under arms nearly all day. The secesh however kept still and permitted us to plant the battery. Wrote a letter to Uncle L. C. W.

SUNDAY 18. Under arms in the morning expecting to be called out. Spent the day writing letters. Wrote to Aunt Emma and brother Clark. Some firing of heavy guns heard. Heard that Memphis is ours, thus giving us the command of the Miss. from Minnesota to the Gulf.

MONDAY 19. Nothing but the usual routine of camp life. Cooler and more pleasant than it has been for several days past. Wrote another letter today. I believe I am becoming more and more lazy, leading this life. No wonder--there is nothing to incite one to exertion.

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TUESDAY 20. Fine rain last night, and now the air is pure and bracing. Boom, boom, go the heavy guns, while the continual popping of musketry tells that our pickets are close to those of the enemy. We are out of the show, being in reserve.

WEDNESDAY 21. On guard duty. Glad of it as it excuses me from drill of which we have enough to make us sick of it forever. Our company is the best drilled in the Regt. but we must go 4 hours each day with the eternal left, left. Wrote a letter to Uncle Joe.

THURSDAY 22. Quite a hot day. The sun has considerable power in this latitude especially about noon. Inspection of arms in the morning and a short drill in the afternoon. These days are nearly all alike. "Mutato nomine fabula narratur est."

FRIDAY 23. Rained all day and did nothing but write letters, sleep, etc. Nothing occurred worth noting.

SATURDAY 24. The history of today is the same as yesterday except that it didn't rain.

SUNDAY 25. Wrote a letter to C. C. in the forenoon and went to hear Rev. Bush preach a three hundred dollar sermon in the afternoon. Sermon amounted to nix. X

MONDAY 26. Washed our clothes in the morning and had a short drill in the after part of the day.

TUESDAY 27. Orders came to be ready to march at an hours notice. Went out on drill however--came in at noon and started for Corinth. Reached the advanced camps by the middle of the afternoon. Slept near the pickets in the woods. X

WEDNESDAY 28. Brisk skirmishing all day along the lines. About three o'clock P.M. we heard the balls whistle over our heads quite lively. Nobody hurt in our regiment and only one or two in the whole brigade.

THURSDAY 29. On picket duty last night and all day. Continual firing between the pickets. Had lively times passing bullets back and forth. Boys would hold out their hats & when the enemy fired they would crow.

FRIDAY 30. Early this morning a succession of loud reports was heard in the direction of Corinth. The order soon came to advance and we moved on and entered Corinth without resistance. Evacuate, evacuated, having evacuated. X

SATURDAY 31. Remained all night and part of today in Corinth which has once been a pleasant country village. Ruin and devastation are now seen on every side. The footprints of war are here in all their horror. X

SUNDAY, JUNE 1. Very pleasant day spent in camp, having returned yesterday. Wrote a long letter to the Fostoria News. Spent the day very pleasantly and go to bed feeling pretty well contented. X

MONDAY 2. Received two more months pay today. Spent the day in putting our arms in order, and washing our clothes. Expect to leave

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here soon--some think we are going to Virginia, but it appears improbable. Wish we would, however, for I wish for a change of scene.

TUESDAY 3. Ordered to march this morning with two days rations. Went back to Corinth and relieved Gen. Nelson's Division which has been occupying the place. Drew hats which will prove very acceptable these hot days. X

WEDNESDAY 4. Still in Corinth and likely to remain here for a few days as men have been sent back for rations. Short drill in the forenoon--very unpleasant place, and must be unhealthy on account of the decaying garbage laying round. X

THURSDAY 5. Making ourselves as comfortable as possible. Some have been so lucky as to secure a tent, while others have built shanties of boards. Have plenty of reading matter procured from the libraries in town. <

FRIDAY 6. Moved one mile east of town and located a new camp. I don't like the situation as it is in an open field where we have no shade. Expect to remain here a considerable time--feel unwell this evening.

SATURDAY 7. Spent the worst night I have since I came in the army. Truly "I've passed a miserable night." My whole system appeared disordered. Feel a little better this morning but am far from well. Nine months today since I left home. X

SUNDAY 8. Feel much better this morning and ready for whatever may turn up. Day very warm and camp awful dusty. Services conducted in the evening by Rev. Bush--got rid of going, and glad of it, for in the writer's humble opinion he is a complete bore.

MONDAY 9. Commenced drill again. News received of the evacuation of Ft. Pillow and surrender of Memphis. Suppose there is no mistake this time; but confound the reports; a fellow knows not what to believe, and so believes nothing. X

TUESDAY 10. Got rid of a long battalion drill this forenoon. Suddenly discovered near drill time that my boots needed fixing awfully so I hauled them off and gave our cobbler a job.

WEDNESDAY 11. At noon yesterday we received orders to get ready for a long march. Left camp at 4 P.M. and marched eastward 10 miles. Today we put down 15 more reaching Iuka, Miss. Now six miles from Ala. Worst marching we ever met--hot and a fog of dust. Many of the boys gave out. X X

THURSDAY 12. Rested all day; and if ever fellows needed rest we did. Got terrible hungry before the teams came up--had a notion to do something desperate--guess I won't now that I have filled my stomach with beans, fried crackers, coffee, etc.

FRIDAY 13. Marched again at 7 A.M. Fooled along all day and when night came our brigade had 9 miles to march. Tough time--but went in on our nerves. Passed through a beautiful country bearing evidence of wealth and refinement.

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SATURDAY 14. Marched 13 miles and bivouaced on the banks of a pleasant stream in whose waters I had a bath which was luxuriant after the hot dusty march. Tomorrow we start at three and go to the river. Fine country through here--plenty of the inevitable darkies.

SUNDAY 15. Reached the river about 9 A.M. passing through Tuscumbia, a very pleasantly situated village. Boys pitched into the river and had a glorious time. Cap. Hays forbid Co. H from swim but I guess he can't come it. X

MONDAY 16. Wrote a letter to the Fostoria News. Went in swimming spite of Cap. as did nearly all the company. Capt. Turner came today and brought a package of letters which were very welcome. X

TUESDAY 17. Went in swimming again and had fine time. Finished up my letter and spent the day loitering around. Nothing worth noting--very dull--no news for a week. Wish I was where I could read the daily papers.

WEDNESDAY 18. Wrote a long letter home giving them a general history of our experience for the last few days. Out on a plantation in the morning and saw some of the working of the "peculiar institution." X

THURSDAY 19. Drill again today. Had sore foot and was excused. The prospect ahead does not look very inviting. If we have to be dogged around this way for three years I fear I'll turn up missing some day.

FRIDAY 20. Drill, etc. Went out and saw the darkies hoeing cotton. Had quite a history of affairs in this region from a venerable son of Africa. Wrote a letter to Miss R. A. H. X

SATURDAY 21. Ordered to rejoin the brigade two miles down the river. General time preparing rations for three days. Marched at 9 A.M. and arrived at the landing below about 11 A.M. X

SUNDAY 22. Crossed the Tennessee at 10 A.M. and marched one mile east of Florence where we encamped in a very pleasant place close to the river. Had a glorious time swimming. Cap. repealed his law and we swim all we please. X

MONDAY 23. Spent the day very pleasantly. Went fishing in the forenoon, but had no luck. In swimming twice and out hunting blackberries but found few. Boys have trimmed them pretty well.

TUESDAY 24. Marched at 6 A.M. in an easterly direction. Report says we are going to Athens 42 miles from Florence. Only went 9 miles but found it the most severe march I have ever made. Terrible heat & dust. X

WEDNESDAY 25. Rain. Up at 3 A.M. and pushed forward. Marched 10 miles and rested until 4 P.M., then marched 5 miles further. Bivouaced within 14 miles of Athens. Crossed three large creeks, many small streams & a river. X

THURSDAY 26. Started again at 3 A.M. and was put through until noon when we stopped 8 miles from Athens. Much surmising among the boys about the route we intend to take. "I bide my time."

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FRIDAY 27. Ordered to march this morning at 4, but the order was changed and we did not move until 4 P.M. Marched 4 miles east of Athens and bivouaced on the banks of a fine creek. Wrote a letter to Uncle Joe. X

SATURDAY 28. Up at two o'clock and away at four. Marched very steadily until 11 A.M. and encamped seven miles from Huntsville. Distance marched--14 miles. Very pleasant place and I would be contented to remain here for some time. X

SUNDAY 29. Moved our camp further north to higher ground. Expect to stay here for some time--probably several days. Cleaned off a camp and putting everything in order. Guards placed all around the regiment and brigade. Coming down on us awful strict on account of the deviltry of a few. Wrote to brother C. C. X

MONDAY 30. On guard duty, and glad of it. I would rather be on guard during pleasant weather than anything else. It is far preferable to the hateful drill which will undoubtedly commence again before long. Wrote a letter to J. C. McClung. X

TUESDAY, JULY 1. Excused from drill in the forenoon to write, but put in the time writing a letter to the Fostoria News. Rained a little about drill time in the afternoon which spoilt the calculation. One half of 1862 has now passed away; what will the next six months bring? X

WEDNESDAY 2. Went out to drill at 9 A.M. and had to clear off about half an acre. Co. H is doing great service in at least one way, i.e. by cleaning off patches of ground for the infernal rebels. Most beautiful day--not warm for this season and latitude. Chaplain resigned and gone home. X

THURSDAY 3. Had a holiday for a wonder. One hundred men sent out on picket duty, i.e. to pick blackberries. Had a fine mess of the delicious fruit--quite a relief from the hard dry fare which we live upon. X

FRIDAY 4. Yes, the 4th, the most memorable day in our history--and I away in Dixie and likely to remain here for a "few days." Quite a contrast between the present and one year ago. Spent the day very quietly--didn't have any celebration. X

SATURDAY 5. Marched at 7 A.M. for Huntsville, where we arrived about 1 P.M. I have not seen the town but I am certain it has a fine situation. Tomorrow morning we start at 3 o'clock on a six day march, where to I cannot tell. No danger of us getting sick for want of exercise. X

SUNDAY 6. Left Huntsville at 4 A.M. marching eastward. Captain Hays went back after we had gone a few miles, to see his brother, A. P. Hays who is very sick. I went along and found him nearly dead. Encamped after marching 14 miles. X

MONDAY 7. Up at 3 o'clock and away. Our route lay through a very hilly country, but thinly populated. Reached camp at 9 A.M. Distance 12 miles. Finest spring I ever saw.

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TUESDAY 8. Captain returned last night bringing the sad news of the death of our comrade. He died at sundown on the 6th. Marched 12 miles, to Larkinsville, on the M. & C. R. R. Now 38 miles from Huntsville. From our direction I believe we are going to Stevenson. X

WEDNESDAY 9. Another very warm day's march. Very rough road and terrible dust. Reached camp at noon near a miserable one horse town, called "Bell Fonte". Country poor and very hilly. X

THURSDAY 10. Another 12 miles, bringing us within 2 miles of Stevenson. Encamped on the banks of Crow Creek. Expect to stay here a day or two to clean things up. I'm sure we need it, for we are as dirty as hogs. X

FRIDAY 11. On duty during the forenoon. Repairing a bridge near the town. In the afternoon I had a splendid time swimming and fishing. Anything which passes away time and drives dull care from us is welcome. Heard that the late battle at Richmond was a splendid victory for us. X

SATURDAY 12. Expected to march this morning but was agreeably disappointed. Nothing of importance occurred today--every thing quiet about camp.

SUNDAY 13. Sick all day. Got up with a headache which grew worse all day. In the evening I vomited violently and then got better. This day has been a very dreary one to me.

MONDAY 14. Bad news this morning. Yesterday morning a fight commenced at Murfreesboro on the N. & C. R. R. which resulted in the capture of our troops by the rebels, who now hold the place, and have cut off our communication. X

TUESDAY 15. Half rations--thought we had slim fare before but this is tougher than ever. Two or three crackers per day, and a piece of meat as large as my finger is grand fare upon which to march and do duty. Necessity I presume.

WEDNESDAY 16. Drew new blouses which we much needed. Awful hard job to get clothing or anything else. Have had no mail for nearly two weeks--another military necessity I presume. Orders to march tomorrow at half past eight.

THURSDAY 17. Dark and lowering--strong indications of rain. Order to march countermanded. Went out and gathered a quart or two of blackberries. Ordered to be ready to march at 4 o'clock tomorrow morning.

FRIDAY 18. Marched fourteen miles today through a very rough country. Quite a mountainous region where we now are encamped; three miles from Battle Creek. Enemy on the other side of the river. Went with the pioneers and had plenty of work. X

SATURDAY¹/19. Out berrying in the forenoon and got the best mess I ever ate in my life. Greatest place for blackberries I have yet seen in Dixie. Letters came this evening--received one from home written June 19th. X

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SUNDAY 20. On picket duty. Secesh pickets seen along the other side of the river. They would talk to us all the time if we would answer them; but t'wouldn't pay. No shooting allowed on our side unless they fire first, and they have the same orders.

MONDAY 21. Came off picket in the morning and spent the day cleaning up. Received a letter from father written on the 10th. Indications are that we will remain here some time. One year ago today--Manassas. X

TUESDAY 22. Commenced to write a letter in the morning, but quit and went berrying. Spent the whole day in rambling over the country hunting grub. On half rations and awful slim half at that.

WEDNESDAY 23. Finished up a letter to the News. In the afternoon I went down to the 9th Wisconsin and got a haversack full of crackers which will prove very acceptable. Pack was out in the country and got some cornbread and mutton. Hard times in Dixie. *

THURSDAY 24. Went swimming in the forenoon and tried to find some blackberries but the chance was slim. Drew rations for eight days--enough for four. Boys out foraging. Ranging all over the country.

FRIDAY 25. Took a trip to the top of the mountain, from whence I had a fine view of the surrounding landscape. River, field, hill and valley were spread out before me forming a grand panorama. Heard that the Confiscation bill has become a law.

SATURDAY 26. Orders that roll be called four times a day, and that no passes be granted. Coming down on us again like blazes. Some boys been acting the fool again and now we must pay for it.

SUNDAY 27. On guard today. Very warm, and inclined to be lazy. Too lazy to write. Borrowed an old magazine from Lieut. Keller and spent the day as pleasantly as circumstances would permit. X

MONDAY 28. This day I am twenty three years old. Twenty three years--how poorly improved. This is the first anniversary of my birthday spent in the army and I hope the next may be among the peaceful scenes of home. Wrote a letter home. X

TUESDAY 29. Everything passed off quietly. We eat and sleep, get up at reveille and go to bed at tattoo one day just as we did the day before to a dot. In the evening went swimming in the river. One of the color guards drowned while bathing.

WEDNESDAY 30. Ordered up in the morning at half past two. Regiment took arms and formed in battle line so quietly that a person a few rods off would not have known we were moving. Good news! Going to have full rations.

THURSDAY 31. Drew full rations after living upon less than half for the last 15 days. In the evening we went on picket duty, and had to climb the mountain--up, up we went clear to the top--some 2000 feet above the river. X

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1. Descended the mountain at 8 A.M. and arrived in camp by 9. Spent the day sleeping and lying around. Had a damp time last night. Been raining considerably during the last forty eight hours.

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SATURDAY 2. Orders to drill 4 hours a day, from 6 A.M. until eight, and from 4 until 6 P.M. Only drilled two hours today-as 'tis Saturday.

SUNDAY 3. Two men detailed from each company to go home and recruit, (not themselves but for the army). Serg. Whisler and W. S. Franklin X go from our company. I would like to have went but no difference.

MONDAY 4. Detailed to assist Lieut Chance, who is acting as Judge Advocate on C.M. Regiment went on picket duty at 6 A.M. Had nothing X to do all day but lay around and read. Very warm day with prospect of rain. X

TUESDAY 5. Regiment returned during forenoon. Had a little writing to do and spent the day pleasantly. If this life only had a little more excitement about it, I would feel better contented.

WEDNESDAY 6. Very hot day. Wrote a letter in the forenoon to I. C. McClung, and in the evening had a great deal of writing to do for Lieut. Wish I could get into some place where I could write nearly all the time. X

THURSDAY 7. Each day is like the preceeding to a jot. Wrote some, read a little, eat considerable, etc. Nothing going on here and from what we can learn nothing every place. When a mail does come it brings me no letters. I will quit writing until I receive some.

FRIDAY 8. Did a little writing in the morning for Lieut. Very warm day--laid in the shade and did nothing as usual. Nothing to write.

SATURDAY 9. Went out on picket in the morning at 6 A.M. Posted in a Disagreeable warm place on the banks of Battle Creek. Put on the military I tell you. X

SUNDAY 10. Rather unwell. Came back into camp at 8 o'clock A.M. and found a letter from father which was very welcome. Just one month today since the last was written. I wish they would write often. Wrote one in reply.

MONDAY 11. Thirty two men detailed from each company to work on the fortifications. A fort is now being built near Battle Creek called Fort McCook. Very hot day. X

TUESDAY 12. Seventeen men sent again today to work on the fort. The work goes on very rapidly as there are nearly two thousand men at it. There is an impression that the rebels will make an attack.

WEDNESDAY 13. Wash day. No men detailed today. Very hot--about as warm here now as it will be. Gen. Willich presents his compliments to the Brigade which he now commands instead of Gen. Johnston. X

THURSDAY 14. Went on picket duty to our old stand. Day somewhat cooler than twas yesterday. Had a fine bath in Battle Creek during the afternoon. X

FRIDAY 15. Returned to camp as usual and spent the day sleeping, etc. One year ago today since this company commenced to draw pay. Oh! what a year it has been! Great and varied have been its changes.

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SATURDAY 16. Took charge of the squad that went out on the breast-works. Work, not hard and I enjoyed myself very well. The fort is of sufficient size to mount thirty guns, though twelve or fourteen are all that will be put in it.

SUNDAY 17. One year ago today I enlisted in the U.S.A. This has been a very pleasant day spent in camp. Nothing of importance transpired. Sunday is very quiet in camp. Since the chaplain "played out" we have X
no preaching.

MONDAY 18. Picket again. We go on picket every fourth day. Went on a scout into the country about 5 miles. Got very sick before I got back--hardly able to walk on account of the sick headache.

TUESDAY 19. Came back to camp at 8 A.M. General time cleaning arms and washing clothes. Went to the river in the afternoon and had a fine swim. If there is anything which I love in hot weather 'tis a good bath.

WEDNESDAY 20. Nothing of special interest occurred during the day but in afternoon orders came to march at 7 o'clock P.M. Everything was soon ready and we left a pleasant camp where we had been more than a month. Marched only 3 miles in the night.

THURSDAY 21. Started early in the morning and marched through Jasper and encamped in a valley by a pleasant stream. Distance marched-- X
12 miles through a very rough country.

FRIDAY 22. Left at 4 o'clock A.M., the 49th being in the van, and X
after marching 3 miles we received orders to about face and go back X
to Battle Creek. Went back and took another road--going up the creek X
three miles. Distance--18 miles.

SATURDAY 23. Only went one mile when we were ordered to halt and await further orders. Encamped in a fine field and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. On guard today.

SUNDAY 24. Started at 4 A.M. and went up the mountain marching 15 miles. Encamped on the top. During the night some horses got loose & made a general alarm in camp, some thinking that Morgan was coming.

MONDAY 25. Left camp without any breakfast and commenced descending the mountain. A little before noon we reached the bottom and had a fine treat of peaches. Very pleasant valley and I expect to rest here a few days.

TUESDAY 26. Built bowers and remained all day in camp. Nothing of special interest occurred. Did some washing which was very much needed.

WEDNESDAY 27. Day spent in camp having a fine rest. This region is very pleasant and these valleys would be nice to live in.

THURSDAY 28. Ordered to march at 3 o'clock A.M. but didn't start until 5. Marched some 7 miles and nearly reached the top of another mountain when we were ordered to return and remain in the valley.

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FRIDAY 29. Started at daylight and reached the top of the mountain before noon. Encamped at Altamont, the county seat of Grundy county. Poor miserable town. Enemy reported to be within six miles.

SATURDAY 30. Everything made ready for a fight as the enemy were reported advancing. Waited until noon but they didn't come, when we left and marched 8 miles and encamped in the valley.

SUNDAY 31. On picket duty today. Had all the apples and sweet potatoes I could eat. Everything is being taken by the army, the valley being completely cleaned out.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1. Remained all day in camp. Nothing worthy of note occurred.

TUESDAY 2. Marched 14 miles today and encamped at Manchester, the county seat of Coffee County. Heard that Huntsville was abandoned. Whole line appears to be falling back. We are going to Murfreesboro.

WEDNESDAY 3. Marched 15 miles today and stopped on the bank of a pleasant stream. Very hard marching on the pike. Man shot only a few rods from the column by guerillas who are prowling around.

THURSDAY 4. Encamped in a large field four miles from Murfreesboro. Largest spring here that I ever saw. Knapsacks came to us once more giving us a chance to clean up.

FRIDAY 5. On guard duty today. Cap. Hays went to Nashville--had to give in--nerve couldn't be gone in on any longer. Washed my clothes and cleaned up generally.

SATURDAY 6. Marched again--went six miles beyond Murfreesboro and then ordered back. Confound such work! Encamped two miles west of town.

SUNDAY 7. Wonder of wonders! The 49th rode on wagons to within four miles of Nashville. Something strange will certainly happen. Acted as guards of a train of 500 wagons.

MONDAY 8. One year ago today since I left home! What great changes have occurred since then! Remained where we stopped last night until in the afternoon and then moved up near the city.

TUESDAY 9. On picket duty last night. Regiment now under command of Col. Gibson who is again able for duty. Got a fine haul of letters yesterday--first we have got for a month.

WEDNESDAY 10. Sutler arrived today with a full cargoe, and of course the boys went in on cakes, cheese and so forth. New sutler, who will get his eye teeth cut if he isn't careful. Marched at 5 P.M. and went through the city.

THURSDAY 11. Marched today to Tybee Springs, having marched 8 miles last night. Road looks familiar. Rained a little during our march today which proved very welcome.

FRIDAY 12. Marched to Mitchelville near the Tennessee line. Very heavy rain. Nothing of importance occurred.

Sept '62

SATURDAY 13. Today brought us within 16 miles of Bowling Green. Terrible hard night, raining and dark. Made fires and dried ourselves. Quit raining about 9.

SUNDAY 14. Up last night at 1, and on the way. Reached a fine spring at 9 A.M. where we remained all day. Quite a natural curiosity here in the shape of a subterranean stream.

MONDAY 15. Moved camp two miles north of Bowling Green. Cleaned up and had a fine bath in Barren River. On guard duty during the night.

TUESDAY 16. Took a fine rest today. Expected to march, but were agreeably disappointed. Got everything ready to move at 3 P.M. but the order was countermanded.

WEDNESDAY 17. Marched at 6 o'clock A.M. for Green River. Moved on steadily all day and bivouaced in the rain. Distance marched--19 miles.

THURSDAY 18. Reached Cave City today a little after dark, marching 11 miles. Heard that Munfordsville was captured by Bragg after severe fighting--4000 of our troops were taken prisoners and paroled.

FRIDAY 19. Not going to march. Waiting I suppose for Bragg to get out of the way. Nothing of special importance occurred. Weather clear and warm. Very poor water here--no springs--all pond water.

SATURDAY 20. Paroled prisoners came in today. They look rather crest fallen on account of their defeat but they did their duty and were forced to yield to superior numbers. No move today. What does it mean?

SUNDAY 21. Day wore away as Sunday always does in camp. In the afternoon six companies of the regiment went on a foraging expedition and when we returned we found the army gone. Bragg has started on toward Louisville and now we can go on.

MONDAY 22. Last night the division marched all night. Reached Green River at daylight--enemy gone. Being unwell, I laid down when we stopped and went to sleep--regiment went off and left me. Marched to Bacon Creek.

TUESDAY 23. Off in the morning early and marched very fast--stopped to make coffee at old Camp Nevin which looks very different from what it did a year ago. Reached Elizabethtown a little after dark. Distance 25 miles.

WEDNESDAY 24. Only got two hours sleep last night--drew flour and had to bake it. Made some fine biscuit. Marched at five o'clock for West Point on the Ohio river which we reached a little after dark. Distance marched 25 miles.

THURSDAY 25. On to Louisville. Marched 14 miles and encamped on the bank of the Ohio. During the night we were bedeviled shamefully. Had only been encamped a few minutes when we received orders to be ready to move at 10 P.M. but the order was changed to 3 A.M., then

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SEPT '62

till 8 at which time we started for Louisville which we reached a little before night. Deviled around through the streets awhile before taken into camp.

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MEMORANDA

On Sunday the 19th of Jan. was fought the battle of Mill Spring near Somerset, Ky. Zollicoffer, the second in command of the rebels was killed, and the enemy completely routed. The attack was made by the rebels.

Feb. 14th. Bowling Green was taken today by Gen. Mitchell without firing a gun. Many were the boasts of the rebels that this position could not be taken by the Union troops, but no sooner do they approach than away go the chivalry.

Feb. 16th. After three days hard fighting Fort Donelson on the Cumberland river was taken this morning by our troops. This battle is the most severe which has yet been fought. We captured four Generals and 15000 men with army stores.

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Shiloh

Monday Morn, April 7th. All day yesterday a terrible battle was raging across the Tennessee. We heard the roar of artillery from morn until eve. This morning the battle is being renewed and the boat is now ready to convey us to the scene of action. Some of us will fall--perhaps it will be I. - - - I will try and do my duty like a man and a true citizen, and put my trust in the God of battles who is ever with the right. If it should be my lot to fall--and any of my friends see this--they will read my farewell words.

I. W. Leonard
Co. H, 49th Regt. O.V.

Tuesday Morn. Apr. 8th. The battle has been fought, the enemy routed, and thanks to a kind Providence I am unharmed. We reached the battlefield about noon, and were under fire an hour & a half, losing 3 men killed and 37 wounded; three of them mortally. This is the greatest battle ever fought on this continent and its result will tell with fearful effect upon the rebellion.

Shiloh

Apr. 25th, 1862. New Orleans surrendered to our naval forces. This city is the finest and most important in the so called C. S. and its loss will be severely felt throughout Rebellom.

May 9, 1862. Bright pleasant day, but hark! what sound is that which breaks upon the still air! Boom--boom--it is the sullen roar of artillery. We are on picket duty and everyone is listening intently to the sound of the distant strife. The supposition is that Gen. Pope has been attacked by the rebels and that a fierce battle is going on.

May 11th. Another Sabbath day has dawned upon the world, and oh, how bright and beautiful! The sun is shining brightly over the green woods and fields, and Nature's face is radiant with the smiles of May, but ah, that sacred silence which distinguished this day at home is not here! I am surrounded by thousands of armed men and wherever I cast my eyes I see the paraphernalia of war. How often on such mornings as this have went to the quiet church meet-

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MAY '62

If I am allowed to return home once more I will surely better appreciate the comforts and luxuries of a peaceful home. Thank God, the news are of the most cheering character and I have good reason to believe the day is not far distant when this unnatural war will be over, and peace once more rules with gentle sway our beautiful land.

May 30th. Entered Corinth today without meeting resistance. The enemy followed up their old trade and evacuated in time to save themselves.

May 31st, ¹⁸⁶²1892 Sad, sorrowful news reached me tonight. L. C. Ward, my cousin, chum and fellow student, in truth my most intimate friend, has gone to his long home. Little did I imagine when I received his late letter that it would be the last I ever would receive from him. Oh, how the memories of other days rush o'er my soul when I think of him. He was a true friend and a most pleasant companion. "Alas poor Len, thou wert a fellow of infinite jest and merry humor." Never will I forget thee, dear friend, but thy memory shall ever be cherished in my heart. May thy ashes rest in peace and thy soul be happy in the realms of the unknown future.

NATURE'S MUSIC

There is music, sweetest music
In the voices of the breeze
As it whispers through the casement
And sighs among the trees.

There is music, soothing music
In the sound of falling rain
As it patters on the shingles
And beats against the pane.

There is music, thrilling music
In the wild wind's piercing cry
As it drives the storm king's chariot
Wide roaming through the sky.

There is music, grandiose music
In the thunder's deep'ning roll
As it bellows o'er the wide world
And sounds from pole to pole.

There is music, solemn music
Played by the restless deep
As o'er the dead the mighty waters
Their watchful vigils keep.

Oh! there's music, never-ending
Since the universe was born
When the glad stars sang an anthem
On creation's birthday morn.

Fostoria, Oct. 24, /60. I. W. L.