

Gaylord Nelson
722 Sunset Lane,
East Lansing, Mich.

5600 words.

(1863)

WHEN THE INFANTRY MARCHED

By

Gaylord Nelson

He limped slightly when I first knew him - especially in bad weather. It might have been a touch of rheumatism, but wasn't. The third finger of his right hand was missing. These were his visible marks of the Civil War from 1861 to 1865.

At that time he was a slender man, slightly stooped, with a ruddy complexion, white hair and beard, a respected merchant in our small town. Kindly, quiet and reserved, he was a most modest and self-effacing ~~man~~ but widely known for his integrity and fair-dealing in business transactions.

He affected no martial air and, although he was addressed punctiliously as "Captain" by oldsters in town wearing bronze G. A. R. buttons, certainly he was far removed from the professional veteran type. He possessed a similar button - never worn except at funerals of friends of his youth.

When my brother and I purloined the long-tailed, blue, uniform coat with shoulder straps, buckled on his sword and clanked about the yard in martial grandeur, he laughed. He didn't laugh when my brother,

during an attack on a snow fort, flourished the weapon too realistically and pinked a neighbor boy. He mildly forbade further play with the sword.

Boy-like, we asked him if he had ever cut down an enemy with it. He replied that he had once spanked a saucy negro with the flat blade but no blood flowed - and smiled presumably at recollection of a minor episode.

On another occasion, for some youthful dereliction, he marched us to the kitchen, armed us with brooms, and put us through the manual of arms with a snap that made our teeth rattle. We were left standing rigidly at attention until bed time. When he barked "present arms! shoulder arms!" the tone was hard, metallic, militaristic, totally unfamiliar to us. After that we never doubted he had drilled real soldiers.

Years later, early for an appointment with a fuss-budget politician in the State Capitol, I waited in the rotunda where the frayed battle flags of the troops sent by the state to the Civil War are displayed in glass cases. I noticed only two of the forty-six regiments listed suffered greater battle losses than the 8th Infantry - his regiment.

America again faces a crisis with swarming enemies on all the seven seas. The accumulated wealth of generations of peaceful commerce and industry is being marshalled; millions of young men are overflowing camps, training stations and air fields learning the rough war trade. Upon them, backed by all our moral and physical resources, depends the whole shape of the future here in America. Sons, husbands and fathers face perils on land and sea and in the air. Casualties have occurred; there will be more anxiety, grief and tragedy in more homes as we pay the price for a chance to live a free life again.

So a war year of this unpretentious infantryman in a bygone

national crisis takes on fresh significance.

His diaries and letters of the period chronicle the daily activities of one who had a job to do - and performed the daily tasks without rhetoric, flag-waving or morbid introspection. He slogged through the mud of Virginia, the heat and dust of Mississippi and Tennessee for four years in a conflict out of which was forged a united nation of continental expanse. And after it was over, returned home to fifty years of peaceful civil life in the community from whence he started. In after years only the slight limp and the missing finger marked his service.

As the year 1863 opened he was with the Army of the Potomac in winter quarters on the north side of the Rappahannock river. A few weeks before Lee had jolted the Northern Army back on its heels with great loss at Fredericksburg. It was now bogged down while the generals and the government at Washington debated what to do and how. The men in the ranks were not occupied with debates on high strategy. They were veterans who had learned war the hard way - campaigning. For them winter quarters meant a dull routine of picket duty, policing camp, rain and mud with a few breaks in the monotony noted in his diary:

"New Year's. Whisky was given out to the boys; some of them got quite merry.

"Simon and Wes bought a lot of pies and sold them out. Got a letter from Theo; his regiment is doing Provost Guard duty in Alexandria. He writes new as well as old soldiers are discouraged.

"Had chicken for dinner. Drew dried apples from the quartermaster, the first we have had in the service.

"Wes and Sime had some cider for sale; some of the boys

rolled the barrel through the tent and knocked the head in.

"Cramer was absent from drill selling apples; Hutch set him to digging out a stump as punishment.

"Simon got two cans of oysters and we had an oyster supper."

They were ordered to be ready to march with 60 rounds of ammunition and 3 days rations but nothing came of it. One army corps (Franklin's) moved forward then returned because the roads were impassible and pontoons and artillery could not be moved.

So the month of January passed. At the close it was somewhat enlivened, possibly, by receipt of a letter from a young lady at home, who wrote: "I wish I could be a soldier just to see all the sights and the beautiful scenery of the sunny south that was, but a great share beautiful no longer".

February began more auspiciously for him. "Today I was promoted to 2nd Lieut. of Co. C, to rank from Jan. 1. The chaplain preached an excellent sermon". The promotion didn't immediately change the course of the war. They remained in winter quarters until the middle of the month, then moved by boat to Newport News the officers occupying the ladies' cabin, he notes. And settled down in new quarters. Slow progress in putting up shanties was experienced "our company carelessly left their axes on the Rappahannock".

Social life quickened. "In the evening we had an oyster supper at Col. Ely's tent". Apparently the new camp was an improvement, for, on March 2, 1863, he wrote his father: "We have the finest camp I ever saw and the boys have to be particular and keep themselves, clothes and guns clean, boots blacked etc. Maj. Gen. Dix reviewed our division last week. He is a warlike looking old man with a very large nose and a high collar."

The home front was not so placid. Anti-War sentiment and

factional bitterness were rife. While the troops were enjoying the felicities of camp life with white gloves for the company "as per Gen. Wilcox's order" he received a letter from a young lady touching on home affairs: "Maple Rapids, Mar. 23, 1863. Dear Friend; We are looking for our friends home again. They are holding War meetings all over Clinton County for the purpose of suppressing this 'nigger' war as the Union Democrat is pleased to call it. They are going to have the Union as it was and stop this flow of blood".

Spring came. The regiment moved, but not homeward. After a leisurely trip by steamer up the Chesapeake it reached Baltimore, took the cars for a slow, rough ride over the Alleghanies to the Ohio river where they again embarked on a steamboat for Louisville. "The officers have comfortable rooms but we are all troubled with NO MONEY".

At Louisville, which he terms a very pleasant place "but not much enterprise displayed", new tents were issued and, more important, the regiment was paid. "Got \$242.20 - went to town in the evening with Lt. Smith and others". And immediately received orders to march. The armies were again in the field after the winter inactivity. It was the first of April.

"Took the cars to Lebanon, arriving there just before sundown and camped; I had the sick headache.

"Went to the hotel for breakfast in the morning, no not like the fare much and they charge \$1 a day for meals by the week."

There ensued three weeks of idleness in camp with little diversion. A trip to town to a negro show whiled away a couple of hours. "The performance didn't amount to much". Camp was tidied with evergreen shade trees in the streets. Then military red tape snarled.

"Today the 18th and 22nd Mich. started for Tennessee. They

had some negroes with them which Gen. Manson ordered them to leave. The Colonel of the 18th refused; Gen. Manson ordered out the 16th Kentucky and the train was stopped to await Burnside's orders."

The outcome of the clash of authority was not noted by the diarist, but it must be assumed the train eventually moved with or without. A few days later his brigade broke camp.

"Reveille at 3 o'clock; marched at five. We took the Columbia road and marched 18 or 20 miles over a rather hilly, broken country.

"Got a letter from Theo; he is promoted to 2nd Lieut. to rank from April 15, 1863. In the evening the quartermaster's colored individual preached to the people.

"We hear that great battles were fought in Virginia Saturday and Sunday; the news from Hooker's army is encouraging.

"The 2nd Mich. and the 79th N.Y. marched early this morning, we remain to guard this place and finish the bridge."

While engaged in prosaic bridge construction mail from a cousin back home reached him. After disposing of mutual acquaintances, she took up more important matters. "I would send you some cake if it wasn't so far. As it is I will send a paper with the patriotic speech of Miss Dickerson that the rebels howl so much at. Miss Dickerson speaks the true feelings of the majority of the ladies at the north. Hoping this may find you well and enjoying all the pleasures of a soldier's life." Apparently the war didn't miss the cake.

"We hear that the rebel General Jackson is dead; he was undoubtedly a great general.

"Lt. Doane and I rode out to Campbellville. Saw A. N. Harding representative in Congress of this district - he

appears to be a good Union man. We had a good dinner and a pleasant ride.

"Gen. Morgan has crossed the Cumberland river and our forces at Columbia are looking for an attack - the sutlers are going to the rear.

"I was on picket duty. It was dull. One of the Kentucky cavalry pickets killed his comrade in a quarrel near us.

"At noon we marched for Columbia, arrived after dark. The roads are awful dusty and the teams drew the boys' knapsacks for them.

"Marched at sundown.

"Last night we marched 13 miles toward Jamestown and camped about 4 o'clock this morning. We have a squadron of cavalry, 2 pieces of artillery and 3 regiments of infantry. We met no rebels.

"Our cavalry went to the Cumberland river and captured one of the rebel pickets from the other side, there were no rebels on this side except horse thieves.

"Started back to Columbia about 3 P.M. Arrived there after a very rapid march through rain and mud.

"Heavy baggage is being sent to the rear and we had to turn over all our wall tents and use shelter tents.

"Got marching orders and marched at sundown reaching Green river about 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Marched about 8 o'clock.

"Started at 5 A.M. to Lebanon, took the cars, arrived at Louisville and crossed the river to Jeffersonville (Ind.) at midnight."

For more than a month the regiment had marched and countermarched across eastern Kentucky without serious fighting or casualties. It

was now shifted by rail on the north side of the Ohio river to Cairo, Illinois, where it embarked on river boats which for five days splashed down the Mississippi tying up at night at woodyards. It joined Grant's forces besieging Vicksburg.

"Got to Young's Point just above Vicksburg at 10 o'clock and landed.

"Marched at half past four this morning. Opposite Warrentown embarked on the boat to cross but were ordered back.

"Embarked on steamboat Wm. L. Ewing and ran up to near Haine's Bluff on the Yazoo some 10 or 15 miles above the mouth. O. W. Fine of our company hurt himself very bad on his bayonet."

Here mail caught up with them. For him was a letter from a patriotic girl doing her bit to keep up the soldiers' morale:

"Lieut: Perhaps you will think this is an advanced step for a maiden to take, especially one that claims but a very short acquaintance, but I feel assured when you are acquainted with my motive you will extend a free forgiveness.

"As I was conversing with a lady friend on the subject pertaining to our soldiers the remark was made that it must be a source of encouragement to them to receive word from their friends at home. We promised that we would write to you.

"I have another motive in this, namely, that of requesting your photograph. Believing you to be a brave and patriotic defender of our glorious flag, I would like the memorial by which to remember you as such".

The diary doesn't disclose whether the requested "memorial" was sent. Other business was afoot.

"Heard heavy firing at Vicksburg in the morning.

"Left camp at Milldale in the forenoon in light marching order with three days rations.

"Vicksburg surrendered this morning. We marched at four o'clock with three days rations, going about 5 miles toward Big Black river. The road was very dusty.

"Marched 2 miles and stopped in the woods a mile and a half from Big Black.

"Fell in to march at 4 A.M. but didn't go until 2 P.M., took the road to Jackson (Miss.) Before sundown it was very warm and many of the boys were overcome by the heat but after dark we had a heavy thunderstorm and the rain came down in torrents. The boys of the 9th. Corps, I am sorry to say, show a great taste for plundering.

"Marched at three P.M. We passed a plantation owned by Joe Davis, brother to Jeff Davis.

"Marched at seven o'clock and went about fourteen miles. Water has been very scarce today.

"Marched at seven o'clock and got in sight of the insane asylum and within three miles of Jackson at 2 P.M. Herewe formed a line of battle and advanced to within one and one-half miles of the city, our skirmishers driving the rebels before them. Halted at dark and slept in line of battle.

"Fell in at four this morning and advanced close to the rebel works; the 2nd Mich. skirmished in front of our brigade and lost heavily but our regiment was under fire all day and didn't have a man hurt. At night we lay down in line of battle.

"This morning were relieved by the 2nd division and marched back about a mile to rest. Our batteries shelled the town for an hour, then there was skirmishing all day but nothing

serious.

"Nothing going on except picket and artillery firing.

"Nothing important today. Some skirmishing and artillery firing.

"This afternoon we formed a line of battle with the intention of making an assault but after waiting a hour or so were ordered back to camp. Considerable firing on our right.

"The rebels evacuated Jackson during the night and we marched at ten and one-half o'clock and went to Grant's Mill on the Pearl river.

"I took a bath in Pearl river.

"Marched at six o'clock and arrived at our old camp at Jackson at noon. In the evening I visited the capitol. War has sadly desolated the city - many of the buildings are burned.

"Marched at four o'clock for our old camp at Milldale on the Yazoo.

"Marched at six o'clock and camped after dark in a large cornfield. The day was very warm and men fell out, some died by the roadside.

"Marched back to our old camp at Milldale."

722
Thus he summarizes three weeks under the blazing summer sun of Mississippi on a minor sortie of so slight consequence that it scarcely rates a footnote in an unabridged history of the Civil War. On his return to the Yazoo he sent his brother in the eastern army a more detailed report of the operation.

"Dearest brother; I was very sorry to hear that you were sick and trust this will find you restored to health.

"We have just returned after a tedious expedition to Jackson the capitol of Mississippi.

"We arrived near Jackson at two o'clock the afternoon of the 10th, formed our line of battle and advanced to within a mile of the rebel pickets and skirmishers, sleeping on our arms at night. The 11th we again advanced at daylight and took a sheltered position in the woods 100 rods from the rebel works with our skirmishers a few rods advanced. This line was held until the place was evacuated on the night of the 16th, the troops relieving each other every twenty-four hours. The rebels were quite strongly fortified and Johnston's army must have been in very bad condition or he never would have left without more fighting.

"Our regiment did not have a man hurt in the operations though we were under fire a great deal of the time.

"I visited the city where many of the finest houses were burned, some by the rebels the rest by us. The night I was there the town was lit up by burning houses.

"We commenced our march back the 20th and reached here after the hardest march we ever had, the distance was not great but the heat and dust were oppressive, in several cases soldiers actually fell out and died by the side of the road.

"I must urge you to take good care of your health and avoid unnecessary exposures. Affectionately yours".

Apparently then as now -- on the home front and in the service -- family correspondents worried about those remote rather than about themselves. A letter of his mother to the brother in the eastern theatre of war, dated July 29, 1863, has been preserved. "My own dear Theodore: It is three weeks since we had a letter from Wilbur and we are very anxious to hear from him. Mr. Harris told us yesterday there was a W. F. N_____ reported slightly wounded in a Detroit paper. It may be our Wilbur".

The regiment idled in camp for a week. The Vicksburg campaign, hailed by the north as one of the first conspicuous military successes of the conflict, was concluded. A violent storm blew down many of the tents "ours with the rest". Otherwise it was dull and he hoped they would move soon. The next day his wish was gratified. "Reveille at two this morning; fell in at four and marched aboard the steamboat Leonora".

The gallant Leonora churned the tortuous Mississippi for several days, avoiding the hazards of night navigation of the unmarked channel. At Napoleon, Arkansas, they purchased some peaches and really extended themselves upon reaching Memphis where "we sent ashore in the evening for some ice cream and beer". Early the next morning, like any tripper, he visited the points of interest in the city but found it a dull place. In the park he observed the bust of Andrew Jackson bearing Old Hickory's historic declaration 'The Federal Union; it must be preserved'. "Some barbarian has defaced the word Federal".

At Cairo, where they disembarked, he heard General John A. Logan in a patriotic address and concedes the General's oratorical power "but he indulges considerable in blackguarding". Here also mail awaited. A boyhood friend, serving in the Army of the Potomac, wrote; "My dear Wilbur; Our locality, strange as it is, is in the great city of New York. The extensive riots which have disturbed the city for several days were the cause of our being sent here. I am not sorry. I think a short campaign in N.Y. City preferable to a tedious march and consequent fatigue and poor rations in Virginia. We have plenty of room, good quarters, good rations and not much to do".

Two days later, journeying by rail, his unit was back in

Kentucky where small peddlers were thick in camp and "pies and cakes cheap". Almost immediately they again took the road.

"Lt. Greene, myself and sixty men detailed to guard the train of the First Division through to their camp beyond Nicholasville. After having a circus with their wild mules we started about ten in the morning and drove thirteen miles.

"The train drove 27 miles today.

"Drove 27 miles.

"Went through Lexington at noon. Saw Henry Clay's monument from the road but had no opportunity to visit it. Lexington is a pretty town. Passed Nicholasville near sundown and went to our regiment.

"Ordered to march tomorrow morning at daybreak."

During the first half of September they were continuously on the move the hard way - afoot. His diary briefly records a succession of marching at sunrise, at daylight, at eight o'clock. They found the road rough and hilly, so bad the wagon train stalled. They reached Barbourville where he rested his feet long enough to pen a letter to his brother in the army near Washington.

"My dear brother; We are now at Barbourville. It is a mountainous country and the roads are very rough; wagon trains tip over and baggage is smashed up often, but we of the 8th have been fortunate.

"The rebel Gen. Frazier surrendered his forces at Cumberland Gap a few days ago. We met the prisoners yesterday going north. They are a fine looking set of men, only they were ragged and dirty. I noticed one officer with a patch as big as the brim of my hat on the seat of his butternut trousers and a roll of carpet over his shoulder, but most of the officers were well-dressed and smart looking men. The rebel prospects in the west are looking very

gloomy".

The next day they headed toward Knoxville. Every morning at five, five-thirty and six the columns swung on the road, and comment on extraneous matters correspondingly brief. They found most of the buildings of Tazewell burned by the enemy and when they passed through Strawberry Plains the people were having a Union "picnick".

"Arrived at Knoxville at noon and camped. It is a very pleasant town of 8,000 inhabitants.

"Ordered to move at five o'clock but order was countermanded. Heard firing in the direction of Loudon."

He received an answer to his last letter to his brother in the eastern army at Knoxville. "Dear brother; Yesterday three companies of us came to Tarrytown, N.Y., where the draft takes place today. Everything goes off quietly and there are no fears of a disturbance.

"We are having first rate times and good fare. This is the 'pie and custard' of soldiering. I do not think we shall stay here long but don't care if we serve our time out in this state. The citizens are very kind. I am no hand to play the gallant with the ladies but those of our officers who are have splendid opportunities."

Meanwhile the Tennessee campaign continued to engage the interest of the diarist after he took dinner at the Bell House for 75¢.

"Two regiments of cavalry and one of infantry belonging to the 23rd Corps went out to Blue Springs and had a skirmish with the rebels, losing some in killed and wounded.

"Many of us have no tents and there are signs of a storm.

"It rained all day - the men are on rather short rations and buy a great deal of food from the inhabitants.

"Ike went out foraging and brought in some honey, bread,

potatoes and butter.

"Marched at eight o'clock with 60 rounds of ammunition and two days' rations; got to Blue Springs about noon and had a skirmish with the rebels and drove them two miles before dark. Had one man killed and one wounded in our regiment.

"The rebels left last night and we pursued them ten miles, our cavalry overtook and skirmished with them.

"Marched to Bulls Gap and took the cars to Knoxville, arriving about midnight."

There was news from home relayed by his sister-in-law. After meticulously accounting for the various members of the family, she concluded, "It is the Sabbath evening. Your father and mother have gone down to the Hall school house to meeting. The new preacher Mr. Webb is to preach. I suppose you have a chance to hear good preaching where you are".

Also a more worldly communication from a former comrade in the 2nd Vermont:

"Culpepper, Va., Sep. 25, 1863. Dear Wilbur: We left the Rappahannock; marched very hard and arrived at Gettysburg the 2nd. of July. Part of the Corps immediately went to the front as there was hard fighting going on.

"My brigade took up position & lay down for the night - lay through the next day on the extreme left where the rebels could not well get at us. To our right the battle went on fiercely & I suppose one of the most desperate of the war.

"To our surprise we were then sent to N.Y. City where we stayed two weeks. I had a goodtime with Capt. Church. We went to an American theatre but there were most too many bare legs for the Capt. & he thought he was getting too much for his money. A

lieutenant that was with him suggested that place for fun".

In eastern Tennessee the remainder of October was spent in seemingly aimless movement to and fro, until the last day of the month when they were ordered to build winter quarters.

"Capt. Smith and I raised our shanty. The 3rd. brigade of our division went to Knoxville on the cars last night.

"It froze quite hard last night - moved into our new house."

Coincident with the house-warming was a letter from his older, married brother:

"Dear Wilbur; There is going ~~to~~ be some excitement in a few days, there has been a draft made outside, three drafted from thistown. No one knows who.

"I have a conviction that I am one of the unfortunates, but go as a private I will not till I am obliged to.

"A commission of course would make me as brave and patriotic as it does the C____s. I ache to go to war but I would like to go in my own good way. Nothing short of a lieutenancy will take me. I have studied a great deal how I could get a commission, but I can think of no way."

The Eighth Infantry spent the following week preparing for winter, adding chimneys to their shanties and making a snug camp for a protracted stay, but the effort was wasted.

"Our dreams of peaceful winter quarters at this place were rudely dispelled this morning. We picked up everything and marched to Loudon where some of the 23rd Corps were fighting with the enemy who have crossed the river. Got orders to support Gen. White at nine o'clock in the night, as he was to make an attack at that time, but for some reason it was not made.

"Marched at day-break, went back to Lenoir station. Our brigade formed a line of battle back of town on the Kingston road, our regiment deployed as skirmishers and advanced 80 to 100 rods where we remained till four the next morning. There was some firing along the center of the line in the night.

"Our skirmish line was called in about four o'clock and we marched immediately for Knoxville. At Campbell's Station the rebels came up with our forces, a sharp fight ensued in which our brigade and some other troops came near being surrounded but came out with some loss. Here I was wounded in the knee and taken to the rear. Our men fought and retired until dark when they retreated to Knoxville. I came through in an ambulance and was sent to the Bell House where I arrived about three in the morning very tired. The body of Col. Smith of the 20th Mich. was also in the ambulance.

"Am quite comfortably situated, breakfast was rather late but it came around a little after noon."

On this same day his sister, in a letter to the other soldier brother serving in Virginia, wrote: "We have just received the mail from the hands of Negro Joe. There was no letter from Wilbur. He wrote in his last letter that he thought he should resign and come home but we have neither seen nor heard from him since".

"Capt. Smith came in to see me. My resignation is accepted to take effect the 14th of this month. The order did not reach the regiment until today.

"Most of the soldiers have been sent to their regiments and citizensnurses are conscripted."

While the siege of Knoxville proceeded he was in the hospital reading "Kane's Arctic Explorations with the war news filtering in second hand. He heard three rebel assaults on the fortifications had been repulsed with heavy loss. Soldier nurses reappeared for hospital duty. Grant's defeat of Bragg at Chattanooga with capture of 6,000 prisoners was rumored "but reports are plenty and we don't know what to believe." However, he was soon able to give more personal attention to the war.

"Sat up all day, think I shall be able to walk about in a few days.

"Paid my board-bill, since I came to the hospital am charged 50¢ per day. I am improving very fast. It is said reinforcements are close at hand. Sherman is said to be coming with two corps and the advance guard came in this morning.

"The Chaplain of the 17th. Mich. tells us this morning that the rebels are leaving in apparent haste for parts unknown and our cavalry are pursuing.

"Rebel prisoners, barefooted and ragged are being brought in.

"I left the hospital and went to stay with Lt. Doane in a house outside the town, while lounging around waiting to get my accounts with the United States settled when I shall start home.

"Bought a horse for \$50.

"Started for the regiment in company with a party of officers and sutlers. We rode about 20 miles and put up at a large house where we had a good supper and slept on the floor.

"Got to the regiment and found the boys all right.

"The trains all commenced moving back toward Knoxville, the troops were formed in line of battle. I went back about six miles from Rutledge and got some hulled corn for supper and a good bed to sleep in.

"A boy stole my horse while I was drinking a cup of coffee this morning. I borrowed another and overtook him about two miles away, then returned to Knoxville.

"Took the cars about noon and ran to Loudon where we found the boat we expected to take to Chattanooga gone - it will be three days before another will be up."

During this irksome delay for uncertain transportation there was consternation in the home circle as expressed in a letter to the brother in the Army of the Potomac:

"Dear Theo; I am completely unnerved. This morning as I was at breakfast my hired man came in and announced that Wilbur was dead. With a sorrowful heart I immediately started for the Center.

"I soon learned the report was somewhat unreliable. Mrs. Smith said she had seen the report in the Detroit Free Press. He was reported wounded in several papers and I think she did not discriminate between the killed and wounded.

"Let us hope for the best and be prepared for the worst. We all feel confident that there is no truth in the report but nerve yourself for the worst - we may be obliged to believe it. It will almost break our hearts if it is so. How can we give up dear Wilbur".

Unaware of this anxiety the diarist waited hopefully at the river landing which at last a boat reached. It was "a small concern with no conveniences and there were over two hundred of us on deck". At the rail head there was further delay. "We stop at the Central House where meals are one dollar and sleeping on the floor 25¢".

But on the last day of the year he arrived at Louisville, dined at the United States Hotel, crossed the river and boarded the train for his first visit home after two years of soldiering. A couple of days later the diary records his safe return:

"Met Mr. White and rode home with him. The folks were glad to see me."

-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-