Amzy, The Story Of A Man Who Never Accepted Defeat
The Biography of Amza Lewis Spencer

Written about 1898, edited later
by J Grace Greenwood

Scanned From the Original Typed Version and Edited
by R Jeff Gurvine, 5 July 2000

This book is dedicated to his Regiment,
the boys of Company E, Fifteenth Illinois Infantry

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Preface

The story of “Amzy” is the story of a little old man, now in his eighty-seventh year. His hearing is poor; his eyes not so bright now but just as blue, look out from beneath a broad, high brow. His fair skin shows still a little color, and his hair, once brown, now gray, covers his head with no indications of baldness.

The incidents here related are for the most part as he told them, led on by occasional questions that often aroused a train of thoughts leading us round about, also compiled from letters he wrote to the town paper. Arranged in orderly sequence these narrations of the early days are herein presented.

(Transcriber’s note: an attempt is made to identify the names of relatives mentioned in this diary.)

Aunt Jane CROWELL – not identified.

Aunt Mary – unknown.

Cousin Maggie – Margaret Dutcher, 1st cousin.

David and Samuel Southwick – father’s mother’s brothers.

George Renwick – step father.

Hattie – Harriet DUTCHER, 1st cousin.

Henrietta Horton – mother.

Henry Renwick – unknown.

Hiram Spencer – father.

James Henry Spencer – brother.

Janette – sister Jennette Spencer.

Jesse Spencer – father’s father.

John L. TAYLOR – cousin Margaret Dutcher’s husband (John later married Amza’s sister Jennette Spencer).

Maggie Renwick – half sister.

Nelson Townsend – family friend.

Robert Renwick – half brother, also in Civil War.

Sister Nett – sister Jennette Spencer.

Susan TOWNSEND – family friend; Amza’s siblings married into the TOWNSEND family.

William Horton – mother’s brother.

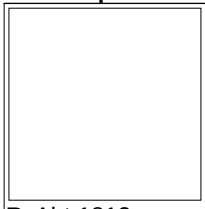
Pedigree Chart

1 Amza Lewis Spencer

B: 7 Aug 1838
P: ,McKean,Pennsylvania
M: 1866 (Div)
P: ,Wisconsin
D: 30 Apr 1928
P: Grant,Webster,Missouri

Elizabeth Montgomery
(Spouse of no. 1)

2 Hiram Spencer

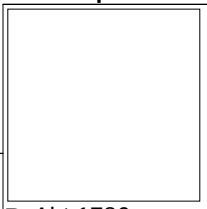


B: Abt 1812
P: ,,Pennsylvania
M: Abt 1836
P:
D: Dec 1840
P: ,Wisconsin

3 Henrietta Horton

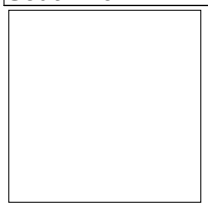
B: 15 Mar 1816
P: DT,Sussex,New Jersey
D: 23 Oct 1891
P: Rush,Jo Daviess,Illinois

4 Jesse Spencer



B: Abt 1786
P: Suffield,H,Connecticut
M: 1813
P:
D: 1850/1883
P:

5 Southwick



B: Abt 1789
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D: Bef 1850
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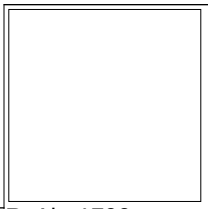
6 Mr Horton



B: Abt 1790
P: ,New Jersey
M:
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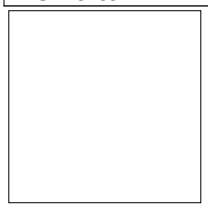
7 Mrs Horton



B: Abt 1794
P: ,New Jersey
D:
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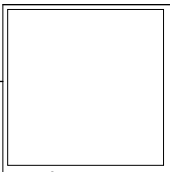
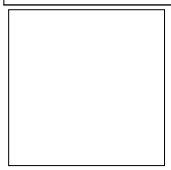
10 Mr Southwick



B: Abt 1763

11 Mrs Southwick



B: Abt 1766

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Date prepared
5 Jul 2000

Family Group Record

Husband	**Hiram Spencer**				
	Born	Abt 1812	Place	, , Pennsylvania	
	Chr.		Place		
	Died	Dec 1840	Place	, Wisconsin	
	Buried		Place		
	Married	Abt 1836	Place		
	Husband's father	Jesse Spencer			
	Husband's mother	Southwick			
Wife	**Henrietta Horton**				
	Born	15 Mar 1816	Place	Decker Township, Sussex, New Jersey	
	Chr.		Place		
	Died	23 Oct 1891	Place	Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois	
	Buried	Abt 1891	Place	West Chelsea Cm., Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois	
	Wife's father	Mr Horton			
	Wife's mother	Mrs Horton			
Children	List each child in order of birth.				
1 M	**Amza Lewis (or Amasa) Spencer**				
	Born	7 Aug 1838	Place	, McKean, Pennsylvania	
	Chr.		Place		
	Died	30 Apr 1928	Place	Grant, Webster, Missouri	
	Buried	2 May 1928	Place	Marshfield, Webster, Missouri	
	Spouse	Elizabeth Montgomery, Martha Moore Waugh, Mary E. Cowen			
	Married	1866 (D)	Place	, Wisconsin	
2 M	**James Henry Spencer**				
	Born	27 Mar 1840	Place	, Lafayette, Wisconsin	
	Chr.		Place		
	Died	21 Feb 1909	Place		
	Buried	1909	Place	Townsend Cemetery, Rush, Jo Daviess, Il	
	Spouse	Abigail Hamilton			
	Married	8 Mar 1866	Place	, Winnebago, Illinois	
3 F	**Jennette Elizabeth Spencer**				
	Born	31 Jul 1841	Place	, Wisconsin	
	Chr.		Place		
	Died	2 Jun 1902	Place	, Iowa	
	Buried		Place	Fairview Cemetery, Byron, Buchanan, Iowa	
	Spouse	John L. Taylor			
	Married	Jul 1870	Place	Middlefield, Buchanan, Iowa	

Family Group Record

Husband **George Renwick**

Born	12 Feb 1806	Place	Hobkirk, Roxburgh, Scotland
Chr.	20 Apr 1806	Place	Hobkirk, Roxburgh, Scotland
Died	30 Dec 1870	Place	Brushy Grove, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Buried	1870/1871	Place	West Chelsea Cm., Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Married	1842	Place	, Wisconsin
Husband's father	Robert Renwick		
Husband's mother			

Wife **Henrietta Horton**

Born	15 Mar 1816	Place	Decker Township, Sussex, New Jersey
Chr.		Place	
Died	23 Oct 1891	Place	Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Buried	Abt 1891	Place	West Chelsea Cm., Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Wife's father	Mr Horton		
Wife's mother	Mrs Horton		

Children List each child in order of birth.

1 M **Walter B. Renwick**

Born	23 Feb 1843	Place	Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place	
Died	16 Oct 1843	Place	
Buried	Abt 1843	Place	West Chelsea Cm., Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Spouse			
Married		Place	

2 M **Lewellyn J. Renwick**

Born	7 Apr 1844	Place	Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place	
Died	23 May 1845	Place	
Buried	Abt 1845	Place	West Chelsea Cm., Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Spouse			
Married		Place	

3 M **Robert Bruce Renwick**

Born	6 Oct 1845	Place	Rush Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place	
Died	18 Jan 1922	Place	Freeport, Stephenson, Illinois
Buried		Place	Elmwood Cemetery, Warren Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Spouse	Alzina Malvina Cornelius		
Married	4 Jul 1871	Place	Gratiot, Lafayette, Wisconsin

4 F **Harrit V. Renwick**

Born	1 Jan 1847	Place	Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place	
Died	3 Sep 1848	Place	Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Buried	Abt 1848	Place	West Chelsea Cm., Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Spouse			
Married		Place	

5 F **Margaret Isabel Renwick**

Born	3 Mar 1848	Place	, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place	
Died	14 Nov 1925	Place	Junction City, Geary, Kansas
Buried	17 Nov 1925	Place	Highland Cem., Junction City, Geary, Kansas
Spouse	John Henry (or Hancock) Dutcher		
Married	22 Feb 1866	Place	Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois

Family Group Record

Husband George Renwick

Wife Henrietta Horton

Children List each child in order of birth.

6 F **Levina Permina H. Renwick**

Born	3 Aug 1849	Place Rush Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place
Died	4 Feb 1917	Place Nora Tnsp, Jo Daviess, IL
Buried		Place Nora Cemetery, Nora Tnsp, Jo Daviess, IL
Spouse	James G. Backus	
Married	8 Apr 1872	Place Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois

7 M **John G. Renwick**

Born	14 Jan 1851	Place Rush Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place
Died	1891/1946	Place
Buried		Place
Spouse	Hortense Mary Townsend	
Married	25 Aug 1872	Place Rush Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois

8 F **Mary E. Renwick**

Born	1852	Place Rush Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place
Died	1915	Place
Buried	1915	Place Townsend Cem., Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Spouse	G. S. Cowles	
Married		Place

9 F **Jane S. Renwick**

Born	Mar 1854	Place Rush Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place
Died	1920/1950	Place
Buried		Place
Spouse	Charles Warne	
Married	1 Jan 1875	Place , Jo Daviess, IL

10 M **Charles Fredrick Renwick**

Born	29 Apr 1855	Place Rush Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place
Died	27 Dec 1922	Place
Buried	1922/1923	Place Townsend Cem., Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Spouse	Laura (Lorie) Isbel	
Married	27 Nov 1884	Place Nora, Jo Daviess, Illinois

11 M **Joseph F. Renwick**

Born	13 Oct 1856	Place Rush Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place
Died	19 Mar 1929	Place , Jo Daviess, Illinois
Buried	Abt 1929	Place Townsend Cem., Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Spouse	Fannie Gazelle Townsend	
Married	11 Apr 1889	Place Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois

12 F **Sarah Frankie Renwick**

Born	Abt 1858	Place Rush Township, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Chr.		Place
Died	1932	Place
Buried	1932	Place Townsend Cem., Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois
Spouse	William F. Townsend	
Married	30 Apr 1884	Place Rush, Jo Daviess, Illinois

Chapter I.
Amzy's Parents Make Their Start

The Spencer family were early settlers in Pennsylvania, Jesse Spencer coming to this country from England and seeking friends, who had preceded him to take up land two or three miles from Smethport on Potato Creek.

Aided by his boys, he built a cabin of the logs they cleared off to make a field. There was a little open land on the farm and this they increased as they were able by cutting off the timber, mostly pine.

From time-to-time the settlers lumped their cuttings, and combining them into a single drive, sent the logs downstream to the towns in the east part of the state, where there was a cash market. The money received for the logs by our standards seems little, but to these pioneers it represented clear profit and almost wealth.

Men from downstream began to seek these cuttings from upstate and to arrange for their purchase before the drive was made. The buyer usually brought with him a man who would remain to boss the drive.

On one such occasion the buyer brought a young man from New Jersey, William Horton by name, and left him at the Spencer home to await the breaking up of the ice and subsequent opening of the river when the logs would be floated down the Susguehanna to the seaboard. This time the drive was made of hardwood: black walnut, oak, and some maple in the few days at the Spencer home a warm friendship sprang up between Horton and Jesse Spencer's son, Hiram. The stories of life in the towns below created unrest in the backwoods boy's heart and a desire to go down to the coast, The invitation to join the crew making this drive was eagerly accepted and he fared forth on his first independent journey to the outside world.

The logs once delivered, the crew broke up to go their several ways, but Hiram remained for a few days as a guest at the Horton home.

During those few days he met Henrietta, a younger sister of William who was home for a visit. She had been a maid in the home of the Kilpatricks for the last year and on this, her first visit home, had much to tell of the Kilpatricks, their home, their friends, and of the mischievous young son, Judson, who was such a torment. "From one thing into another from morning until night and wheedling me not to tell this or to help him get that and before I know it I am helping him in or out of some scrape. Mr. Kilpatrick says he is going to send him to the soldier's school up the Hudson just as soon as he can get him it in."

The stories which Henrietta told him of the life of the wealthy classes in the East revealed a new life to this untraveled lad. He was an attentive, eager listener, and one that was good to look upon. His blue eyes contrasted with his sunburned face and his compact body used as it was to constant activity was lithe and sinewy. He was quick in action and thought, perfect in coordination, and when he engaged the neighboring youths in friendly wrestling bouts and contests *(, they*) usually ended before they had well begun, and Spencer, who seemed hardly to have warmed up, was ready for another bout.

Henrietta found herself attracted to this "Westerner" and when the visit ended there was an understanding that they would write and perhaps they would meet again. They did meet again for the next year Hiram returned to the drive, receiving ten dollars and return transportation for his services, This time there was a wedding at the Horton home and the return trip was the honeymoon of Hiram and Henrietta. During the preceding winter Hiram had cleared some land up creek from his father's farm. His father and brothers had helped him build a log cabin and with so much prepared, the young folk had a fine start for themselves. Hiram directed his attention to getting logs out on the bank of the creek ready for the next spring drive which he determined to finance on his own account. It would not require ready money. A Spencer's word was as good as a bond and his promise to pay a little better than the usual price secured the cooperation of the neighboring settlers. Then too, this time, the logs delivered were to be "top notch" in every way.

They peeled the logs to make them slip more easily. Later the State legislated to the effect that all logs driven through main water ways of the State of Pennsylvania should be peeled, else the party or parties making the drive would be held directly responsible for any blocking of waterways by log jams. This would

not affect the value of their logs for they were milled before they could be damaged by soaking to which deterioration the removal of the bark laid them more open.

He carefully picked the men to accompany him on the drive, taking fewer than was the usual custom for his crew. They were very fortunate getting through on record time and disposing of the logs at once and at the best price. After meeting all his obligations he found the venture had profited him. With some of this money he bought first a yoke of oxen, a couple of cows, two young pigs, and a few hens, to stock the clearing which was large enough now to farm in a small way.

Of the few tools on his father's farm there was a sickle brought from England that Hiram had always coveted. It felt just right in his hands, having a nice balance and carried an edge well. So now when he was ready to put in up crop, his father said, “By the way, Hiram, you might as well take the old sickle. No one ever got a chance at it when you were here so no one will miss it and you always laid store by that sickle.” So the old sickle came into his possession to journey farther, serving another family well before it was worn out.

Three years passed swiftly and the third April found them prospering after the slow manner of the time. Amza Lewis was born in 1838, and that third spring another boy, James Henry, had increased their circle.

On one of their visits to Hiram's people they found the family eagerly discussing a letter received from Hiram's uncles, David and Samuel Southwick, brothers of his mother. The Southwicks, true pioneers, had pushed farther westward and this was the first direct news of the family they had had in two years.

The usual amenities of the polite letter disposed of, the letter proceeded,

> “There is government land here *(Lafayette county Wisconsin, just north of Jo Daviess county Illinois)* open for settlement that can't be beat anywhere. Samuel and I have taken quarters *(quarter sections, each section is 640 acres, so 160 acres)* joining and besides working the two pieces, we have taken the contract of freighting for the general store. All the merchandise shipped in comes to Galena, Illinois, a port on the Fever River. Our job is to haul it from Galena to Shullsburg, about thirty miles. Shull, a German farmer has the biggest general store in the county and a good many other places get their goods of him. We make the trip every day but Sunday.
>
> We need more help, someone we can depend upon. We have one man hired, a young fellow named Renwick, a likely chap, good natured and willing. Now this is our proposition to Hiram, Come on out here; bring his wife. There is a log house across the road from my house on Samuel's place that they can live in. Plowed land goes with it for a garden. We will pay him ten dollars a month, cash, to work for us. He can be looking around, and if he likes the country, he can take up land and locate. Think it over and if he decides to come, let us know so one of us can meet him at Galena.
>
> Our regards to you all.
>
> Obediently yours,
> David Southwick.”

With young folks, decisions are quickly made; the improvements on the farm up creek were sold to a neighbor whose boy was marrying soon. Their few belongings packed, they started for Pittsburgh *(Pennsylvania)* where the first real lap of the journey began.

For reasons not altogether sentimental, Hiram had brought with him the old sickle. A rhythmic motion is essential for one who swings the sickle in a hay or grain field and once accustomed to a tool, the user prefers it to all others.

It would not be difficult to find matter descriptive of the Pittsburgh of 1840 so we will pass it by and proceed with the Spencers to the wharf where passage had been engaged by flat boat down the Ohio to Cairo, Illinois. It was not “de luxe”, in any sense of the word. The clumsy craft, half raft - half boat, made slow progress. A rude cabin gave shelter and sleeping place. They had brought with them a big basket of lunch containing all the dainties Grandma Spencer could prepare and wrapped most carefully, and stowed in the very bottom was a fruit cake to be delivered to the Southwicks, for, “Samuel and Dave thought my fruit cake the best they ever ate when we were all at home.”

Any additions to the lunch were purchased at river “ports” where they might call. The current of the river was swift. The winter had been a late one and spring had been slow to come, so now freighted with the waters from every upland stream and creek the water moved so swiftly that they made fair speed.

The long sweep oars reaching far out at stern and prow guided the craft. With the coming of the warm spring, retarded buds had leaped, it seemed, to their fruition. Along the banks could be seen the blossoms of the wild plum and their fragrance was discernible above the general unsavoriness of the boat.

Sometimes the crews sang rough river chanties with barbaric abandon that scarce was soothing melody. At the ports they met other men as rough as they themselves. Their rough ways and speech frightened the country-bred girl, who for the most part stayed hidden within the shelter of the cabin.

Rough river men were the crew, some of whom would drift back and some preferred to drift onward with always a new port to beckon them. The flat boat when it reached its destination, presumably New Orleans, would be broken up, its lumber used for other purposes. There was more wood in those upper waters and new boats would replace those that had made the journey. It was not possible to propel one of these heavy crafts upstream, so once the journey with the current was finished, the value of the boat was only that of rough lumber.

The men all played with Amzy, who was usually out on deck with his father. His obedience pleased them, for when told, “Don't you touch that, bub”, he could be trusted to “let it alone. He was a plucky little chap, no cry-baby. True, be cried when hurt, but he was easily soothed and was ready to smile through the tears. Then, too, he was not afraid and would go to anyone who invited him. They liked Amzy and made him wonderful presents of toys carved from waste bits of wood, which delighted the child, unused to manufactured toys and unaccustomed to much attention in the busy farm home.

At Cairo, they bade good bye to the crew of the flat boat and made quick transfer to a small steamer that would carry them up the broad Mississippi and into Galena through a small stream, the Fever River. The steamer was less comfortable even than the flat boat. With its heavy load of freight and carrying more passengers than its accommodations warranted, it nosed its way upstream.

The character of the surrounding country changed with progress northward. The Ohio had swept them through flat lands and the river bank was but poor confine for the swollen stream, but bluffs now hemmed the parent stream and grew more rugged as they journeyed up river. Forests of hardwood were plentiful but an occasional open space gave promise of a prairie land beyond.

Their companions on this boat were, if anything, more unattractive than those companions on the flat boat. The passenger group had representatives of various estates, the rough and boisterous, the silent and sinister, as well as men of education and refinement, in this desire to find opportunity in the virgin land.

Chapter II
Triple Tragedy

There is little data of the early settlement of northwestern Illinois. In a little book published in 1837 some meager account is given. A Directory of Jo Daviess County published in 1868 gives an idea of some of the villages by listing there its merchants. Discovery of lead, so states the publication of 1837, dated from about 1700 when the French voyagers were exploring and making a chain of settlements designed to bind together the Canadian Northeast and the Gulf, by possessing the Mississippi Valley, the natural highway. One of these voyagers, La Seur, gives the first authentic account of the River of Mines, known also as Galena or Fever River.

In 1819, white people made their first permanent settlement in Jo Daviess County at La Point, later known as Galena. This was the first settlement west, of Chicago, and soon its growth gave it a rank that superseded the humble beginning of the Great Lakes port.

The Indians made desultory working of the mines, the squaws and old men getting out the ore, which was then bartered to traders from down-river. They received in payment calico, blankets, guns, bits of worthless jewelry, or some gew-gaw the savage heart desired. In 1823 settlement in the region began in earnest, Lead abounds all through this region and lies in uptilted layers which bring the lead close to the surface. Holes, no deeper than an ordinary well, suffice to bare the ore-yielding stratum.

Quoting now directly from the book, it states: “The country is situated in the most healthful degree of latitude, (namely between 41-43 N.) with a delightful climate and an exceeding richness of soil and is settled by an industrious, intelligent, and enterprising people.”

East of Galena in the locality of Charles Hill, the Indians used to meet for council and signal from the hill top. The village of Council Hill, first settled in 1832, marks the site. At Council Hill, John Beatty built the first blast furnace, believed to be the first ever used, least way for lead ore, in America. Before this time, log and ash furnaces were used, but so crude was this method that only about 50% of the lead was saved. By the method of Mr. Beatty put into use, 70% and even 80% of the lead was salvaged. A company formed by Mr. Beatty operated four of these furnaces, one on East Fork, in Council Hill, one at Plattville, another at Mineral Point, and the fourth at Catfish, near Dubuque. Word had gone out, “This is a region worthy of possession,” and writ(ten) large between the lines, “Let us push the red man out.”

In 1840 Galena was approaching the pinnacle of its rapid growth. The abundance of lead in the region had brought to the river port a heterogeneous citizenship. Soon the Lake route would change the relative importance of these points open to the river, and a different type would come in, people of the north and east then outnumbering those arriving from the southerly directions. It is worthy of mention that when the first railroad was built to Galena it bore the name, “Galena, Chicago, and Northwestern,” significant in itself of the relative importance of the two ports; and this, if you please, as late as 1855.

How glad the Spencer's were to reach Galena and find waiting to welcome them, David Southwick! It was too late in the day to start home, so they were escorted to the De Soto House. The word hotel was little current in the early days. Southwick had engaged a room, anticipating difficulty if many passengers were coming in.

A dozen other boats were unloading or loading at the wharf. The cargo far down stream was principally led although they also trafficked some in fur. The road that paralleled the water, most appropriately named River Street, was on the rise of land that formed a bench back to the bluff that encroached upon the lowland there. The main section of the town was built upon the second rise and likewise named itself, “Bench Street” and still exists upon the city plats.

Some were already building on the benches higher up, and wooden staircases, of length to tax one's breath, descended directly or one could follow a more circuitous route whose rise did not forbid a medium or half an ordinary load. Domesticated geese, ranking themselves real pioneers, disputed progress of the newcomers, and with their hissing frightened the poor worn-out babies and intimidated little Amzy, who sought safe elevation in protecting arms. A few pigs, with outrageous protests, scurried from a mud hole the pedestrians must skirt before they arrived at the De Soto House.

This building was merely an overgrown dwelling house boasting two full stories. The downstairs was given over to a fair-sized general room; by that one meant the men generally stayed there lounging in the large and comfortable bar room chairs, while to one side the bar extended from the front toward the back of the room. A bar was recognized then as a necessary adjunct to any self-respecting hostelry. The space to the rear of this was occupied by the dining room and kitchen. Guiltless then, and for long years to come, of screens at door or window, the place was odious with swarms of flies, and occupying a conspicuous place upon the wall hung a sort of cat-o-ninety-nine tails that was used to make a show of defense against the swarming pests.

This instrument was made of strips cut from the tough paper of the flour sack -- the cloth sack was not then in existence. These strips, about three-quarters yard in length and averaging two inches in their width, were tacked firmly to a broom stick that had been cut to convenient length and when wielded with vigor was calculated to strike terror to the most valiant fly. They scurried wildly round the room and with bold flanking movement established themselves in the rear till such a time as the attack began again.

David Southwick was genuinely in love with the country, and eager to welcome settlers who came to build a future state. He pointed out the church established by Erasmus Kent, who in 1829 petitioned his bishop to send him to a place “so hard, no one would take it.” He told him of the men who had located here and introduced him at the general store from which Southwick received his freight.

At five next morning they were up and the wagon loaded, the load of Hiram’s household goods pieced out by lighter bits of freight. Mrs. Spencer was then assisted to the scat high on the wagon box, her babies lifted up to her. Then gathering the reins and speaking a sharp word to the restive team eager to be in the homeward way, David Southwick climbed up beside her while Hiram “rode the load” and watched with eagerness the land they now traversed.

The road led out northeasterly into southern Wisconsin, making many sharp ascents before it reached the prairie land beyond. At times they topped some elevation and caught their breath at the panorama of Wisconsin springtime. The light green patches which signified new verdure mingled with the darker green of more mature growth, with spots of darkness -- turned sod -- and all brightened by occasional patches of violets or the bright gold of buttercups. Then the eye, tiring of variety, had only to focus to the background, where all blended in a soft violet hue of distance. Finally they descended into gently rolling land, while on beyond were the irregularities of terminal moraines and glacial drift.

It was well into the afternoon when they reached the Southwick farm. Mrs. Southwick, David's wife, gave the newcomers a motherly welcome and hastened preparations for the evening meal, while Samuel Southwick left his plowing to welcome them. Fine men they were, these Southwick brothers, tall and well built, with kindliness in their faces, and in their steady eyes a strength of moral fiber was discernible. Generous to a fault, yet men that also stood for their just rights, they were respected by the country round and often sought for their of advice. In the measure of the country, they had prospered and were well-fixed.”

In a few days the family was settled in the house near by, and Hiram had begun the regular trips to Galena hauling the freight that was delivered there for all the country round. At first the men loafing at the Galena store thought they saw a chance to pick on the quiet tenderfoot who was so willing to work and spoke with slow pleasant speech. But after one or two of the more aggressive of these loafers had offered real offense, they learned to respect the newcomer, who could stand up to the best men there and mete out punishment with seemingly little effort.

Soon they began to speak of his agility and skill as a wrestler. The talk reached the ears of the bully of Wisconsin, one Red Kelly, who at ones laid a wager, “I can lick the young upstart, whoever he is. I'll show him who the real boss is ‘round here. Bring him on. I've got twenty-five dollars that says that d --- easterner can't throw me and the fight wide open.” When Hiram did not respond to the challenge, Red began to sneer at his courage and threatened to force him to the encounter.

Finally Samuel Southwick said, “How about it, Hiram? Think you could down Red Kelly? He's heavier than you, and he has a longer reach, but I don't believe he is half as spry as you are.”

I'm not afraid to meet him any day, but you see Uncle Samuel, I'm not a fighting man. I'll take my own part and I'll wrestle, but fighting is out of my line.”

“Well, I know Red and he is after you now. He thinks you're afraid of him. He’s bound to pick a fight and you won't be able to help yourself and,” with a chuckle Southwick said, “I’d do it now and take the twenty-five dollars. You could use the money for something besides whiskey, and a fall would do him good.”

Reluctantly Hiram allowed them to stage a match at Shullsburg. Amzy told it later as he heard it from his mother's lips, “My father wasn't a very big man but he was big enough to throw the bully of Wisconsin and got twenty-five dollars in gold for doing it too.”

The summer passed. The little family prospered and planned next year to homestead for themselves. The other freighter, George Renwick was a friendly young man, tall and angular, who often dropped in for a visit of an evening, playing with the children who welcomed him with boisterous glee, inviting him to engage them in exaggerated rough and tumble play.

In the fall the shorter days and the roads deep-rutted and frozen made the trips for freight more tedious and often brought them home after dark. December came and Hiram in Galena, eager to start home in order to get in before dark, found them short-handed at the Galena general store. Loading was a two-man job but impatient of delay, he tackled the job alone. His pike of goods which he had already assembled contained this time a barrel of salt, one hundred eighty pounds in weight. He managed to hoist the heavy barrel to the wagon box and completed the loading when the head man himself came to lend a hand, only to find his help not needed. Being an older man who had learned to curb his impatience when his judgment recognized the need, he chided Spencer for his imprudence.

“That salt was too heavy for you to lift alone. I told you I'd have some one help you soon as I could.”

“Well, it's done now, and I am ready to start. Ought to make it this time before dark. Last time that Tom horse went lame on the last hard hill and I had to favor him. It was ten o'clock before I got in home. So long, and much obliged just the same,'' and Hiram started his team on the homeward road. That lift had strained him, he reflected as he drove off. Maybe it did not pay to overdo -- but it was done now. Next time he’d wait. Must be he was taking cold, when after a few miles a chilliness crept over him. He did not feel like walking, as he usually did when chilly; it was such an effort to mount the load again. He drew the horse blankets from the seat and tucked them about him. Nausea swept over him and violent pains cramped him double.

Would the trip never end? “Move on. Get up, Tom. You Bill, step up there.” Somehow he managed to keep the team in the road and moving. Upon reaching home he succumbed to the pain that almost wracked him past endurance. Home remedies were tried. There was no doctor within call, and they could only hope his youth would help him to pull through what they recognized as serious illness. But the next night the relief they sought for him came in, “the long sleep that wakens not.”

Only those who have strong hearts and courage to go on are true pioneers. There were the two little boys to care for, and sometime soon a baby who would never know its father. The earnings of the summer so carefully hoarded for the time when they would, “start for themselves” would carry her through. And somehow, some way they would manage. It was a dreary outlook, but the care of the children left Henrietta no time to brood, and the following July a little girl, Jennette, was born.

The Southwicks had been kind. They had found time to plant her garden and saw to it that wood, cut and split, was piled near the back door. Renwick, bringing the mail from town or some little thing for the children, made friendly calls, at first out of pure sympathy and later because he enjoyed the companionship of the young widow.

Summer passed and December was at hand. The settlers voted for a Christmas merrymaking. The Berry House on the stage line was selected. There was to be a supper and a dance. An orchestra was made up from local talent that made up any shortcoming in harmony by the vigor with which they assailed the instruments. Samuel Southwick was appointed to take charge of the “dancers roll” which was tacked in a prominent place on the wall, and to “call the dances” when tragedy, in the person of one Bill Caffey, approached the place.

Caffey was miner and local bad man. Late that afternoon he had come to Shullsburg and included with his purchase of tobacco, the purchase of a double-barreled pistol “Goin' to kill a man tonight” he remarked with drunken truculence. “Who’re you after, Bill?” asked a bystander. “Don't know yet,” was the answer. “Just goin' to kill a man.”

Thinking it an idle threat, no farther heed was paid him till when the dance was on he appeared at the Berry House about two miles out from Shullsburg. Swaggering, Caffey crossed the room and snatched the “roll" from the wall, then with a challenging leer at Southwick, started for the door. Southwick followed him to recover the paper, but on reaching the road, Caffey dropped this, and drawing the pistol, shot Southwick through the heart. The moments that held those present paralyzed with horror enabled the murderer to escape. Running to the Frank Walker stage barn, he led out the best horse there and rode off into the darkness. When attempt was made to capture him, no one knew which way he had gone, and for the time it seemed he had made good his escape.

George Messersmith was Sheriff of Iowa County, Wisconsin, for the system of the early days of punishment meted out by the people offended had been replaced by the recognized authority of the law and officers appointed to execute these laws. Messersmith had been a close friend of Samuel Southwick, and was determined to bring the murderer back to stand trial and receive just sentence. Spring and Summer passed with no word of the fugitive.

August came and bills were sent out and posted in every tavern or store along the valley, the announcement by St. Louis of a derby. Kentucky thoroughbreds were entered and a purse of $25,000.00 was the grand prize.

Much attention was given the announcement and the desire to go often expressed. The event stayed in the mind of Messersmith and suddenly he thought. Bill Caffey will be there. Wherever he is, if he sees one of these bills he will go. Horse racing was his keen delight; he will count on being safe in the crowd. I'll go and so help me, if he's there, I'll get him.

He made no announcement of his intended trip, and the second week of August found him on his way. Arriving in St. Louis, he went at once to the Planter's Hotel where he sought lodging. Luck was with him. The first man upon whom his eyes rested was Caffey, who lounged at the bar drinking. At the moment of Messersmith's appearance, his attention was attracted by a man who loafed near. Messersmith, approaching unobserved, caught him unaware and made the arrest with out trouble. The two, captor and captured returned to Wisconsin by river boat and stage. Caffey was delivered to the authorities at Mineral Point, the county seat. He was indicted in a short session and sentenced. A scaffold was erected near the jail on the spot now occupied by the St. Paul Station, and he paid with his life a debt that could never be canceled.

It seems strange how often troubles follow trouble. A few weeks later an overheated stove pipe passing through the floor to lend some heat to the room above set fire to the dried-out board and spread, before detected, until the David Southwick house was all ablaze, but most of the household goods were taken out undamaged.

At once plans were made for a more substantial house to occupy the site of the house destroyed, and David started to haul stone from a nearby quarry. Selecting a ledge of rock, a convenient height for easy loading, he started to loosen it into convenient blocks. Reaching up from the ground below, he inserted his pick and brought his weight upon this lever to split the layer off. The pressure, instead of loosening the rock above, displaced the mass below, which, sliding down, crushed Southwick under the debris and left another widow.

The freighting had been given up upon the death of Samuel, and now with David's death the household plans completely changed, The farm land was rented to a settler coming in who was willing to work it on shares, and there was no longer need to hire Renwick.

At the Spencer home Henrietta had pondered her problem. The money was dwindling in spite of her frugality. She must find something to do soon. While the Southwicks were alive they had urged her to wait until the baby was a little older and not in need of so much care. What could she do? She could cook and keep house, but no one needed a housekeeper with three children. She sewed neatly but not well enough to make a living. Dear Lord! What would she do? This was the land where they had planned to make their home, and she could not bear to go back and leave the grave that held the father of her children.

Renwick's visits had become more frequent after Jennette's birth. There was usually an excuse. “I brought this paper. It was sent to someone through the mail. No one claimed it so I asked the postmaster if I couldn't have it. Thought maybe you'd find something in it 'bout some of the folks you used to know,” or, “Came over tonight to see if you had 'nuff wood up and to bring Amzy, the little geezer, something.” The

something usually a few wonderful sticks of striped candy that no modern all-day sucker could hope to rival for the real joy of this gorgeous, pure sugar product. It was a long sticky period of unalloyed enjoyment, no matter how you attacked it, by sucking and smacking or crunching it sharply. Of course, there were some drawbacks in the matter of personal appearance, but they were of no real importance to anyone but the fussy grown folk.

George Renwick was fond of the babies and found himself considering the role of parent to the fatherless little Spencers. “Little shavers cute and smart, and one could go a good way 'fore they'd find anybody like Henrietta, sensible and plucky and good-looking.”

Unwittingly Henrietta had come to depend upon George more than she knew. Now with the breaking of the new but strong ties she was going to miss this tall, bony chap. He was so kind.

Then Renwick settled the matter, “Henrietta, what's the matter with you and me getting married? You've got to have a home and someone to help with the little shavers. I like the babies, and Henrietta, I'd like to take care of you all. Seems to me if I leave you, the whole country will be the most god-awful lonesome place. We have good times together. Will you, Henrietta?”

And with Henrietta agreed, there was no reason for delay. A few days later in beautiful April sunshine, they were married and journeyed to a new home as she had journeyed before. But that was lone ago; so much had happened since then.

A week later they were ready to move to Rush Township, in Jo Daviess County, where Renwick had lived a short time before he went to Southwicks. He had purchased a wagon and an ox team to transfer them. Once more the household goods were packed and with Jesse Spencer's sickle included in the load, they began a tedious trip by slow travel, although the distance was something like twenty-five miles.

Chapter III
A Boyhood Of Hard Work And Simple Amusements

Millville, their first destinations occupied the southeastern angle of an equilateral triangle that stretched a leg directly north to Shullsburg and with a corresponding angle, from the northeast joined with Galena to the south and west. That night they reached the Walker House, a station on the Frink Walker Stage line that had established a line of posts from Chicago to Galena. Millville, probably the most notorious station on the lines, was located at the entrance to Apple River Canyon, a scenic bit of mountain land approached from the prairie.

The early settlers, following the pioneer custom of locating at the edge of wooded land with nearby waters, had found all this at the mouth of the canyons and possibly its rocky fastness promised safe retreat in time of danger.

The land we call Jo Daviess County has an interesting story that he who “runs may read” if he knows the sign language of the science wherein it is written. Some places are vastly old, of ancient glaciation, while other parts have been rejuvenated by later glacial effects and appear almost youthful. This portion was never covered by the great ice cap but so surrounded that drainage lines were changed, old channels blocked, making new channels necessary, and it is these new channels that make the lines of beauty.

At one time Apple River had its source near Council Hill on the Illinois-Wisconsin lines. It flowed east and south, carving out a valley that grew broader as it moved to its juncture with the Pecatonica, the word so beautifully vocal in the Indian tongue -- in unadorned English, “Muddy waters”. Deep excavations to the east of Millville near the county line show no stratum of rock, which indicates that this land was formed of glacial deposits.

The Wisconsin ice sheet was divided in its lower extent by the Blue Mountains of Jo Daviess County, to be reunited farther to the South. This later ice sheet dammed Apple River and formed a lake that finally found an outlet through a divide southwest of Millville. Erosion of the limestone has gradually cut deep the wonderful canyon of our won day *(?)*. It is a wild, rugged region having an extent of about five hundred acres of varied topography changing from steep high bluffs and towering rocks, to sloping hills with *(the)* Apple River winding through. Here may be seen a waterfall and there a shallow pool, dense undergrowth, gorgeous flowers, an open plot of grassy space all of exceeding beauty. One rubs his eyes to make quite sure it is all real and not a dreamland.

It has the characteristics of a western canyon within a space of perhaps five linear miles. The canyon has a varying depth of one hundred fifty to two hundred fifty feet. At the bottom it is a few rods wide with water covering part of this floor space. The floor itself lies upon rock layers that sometimes rise in steps and sometimes with a slope that offers at best a tantalizing foothold. At the top its width increases to a width we reckon by fractions of a mile. Sometimes the cliffs rise vertically, again the ascent is made by gentle slope. Side ravines are numerous and there was one that the boys of yesterday called the “rattlesnakes' den”, and parties picnicking were just a wee bit scary of too bold investigation. One of these ravines extends north and south, and its overhanging walls shut out the sun and hold for long weeks the winter's hoard of ice.

There are so many kinds of native trees and plants in this small space we wonder if in the eons past when God decreed the ice age He did say to someone who was chosen in that time. “Here is a piece of my green earth which is protected by its elevation and by the greater elevation of the hills that lie to the North. I will destroy by ice and cold, but here the great ice sheet shall be divided and it shall stand, the only verdant stretch in this great region. Bring to this region trees and plants of every kind that native is, in all this great extent; bring birds of many species, they also shall find safety; bring likewise such small animals as will not overcrowd our space. And in the space I circumscribe, all these shall be protected.” By this decree we may account for so great a variety in such a limited area. Just when the first settlement was made is not in the county records. Probably the first settlers were locating here as early as 1830. They came with ox teams and covered wagons from Pennsylvania, New York, and Kentucky, a weary journey, and passed by land that in the present time has value in the millions, to settle with a view to

homesteading, on the most unfruitful land of all. For while the prairie land is wonderfully rich, the land in the immediate vicinity of Millville is infertile and has been poor land for farming.

Editor's Note: This bit of description in the first part of this chapter is taken from my booklet “Apple River Canyon State Park”, published by the Warren Woman's Club.

The beauty of this bit of Eden may have made strong appeal, but fifty years later it was considered a topographic freak that nurtured an unfortunate people, and the beautiful canyon was spoken of as the “gully”. The post road had a station here, the Frink and Walker, Galena and Chicago line. The western stops were Dixon, Freeport, Lena Millville, Scales Mound, and Galena. Just around the river's bend stood the old Frink barn not far from the “Old Swimming Hole”, known to every boy that grew up in the region.

Of those early settlers, the Burbridges came from Kentucky, the Arnolds and Ellstons had come there from Pennsylvania. It was sometimes whispered that the Burbridges and Arnolds had been close friends in England, but tedious sailboat passage where they had lived too close had caused a quarrel and a curse was spoken against the Arnolds. “May all your sons be fools.” If there had been friendliness and later rupture, the breach had healed for the Arnolds and the Burbridges again were close friends and were intermarried. A number of foolish boys belonging to these families gave color to the story of the curse. These grew to manhood perfect physical specimens but with the mentality of children. Obedient as children, they worked as directed doing much of the farm labor.

The Spencers, upon arrival, put up that night at the “Walker House”. From men who dropped in that evening, Renwick learned of a quarter section in Rush Township was open for pre-emption. Early the next morning he filed the necessary papers, and going to the piece of land under friendly guidance of a settler going that way, he repaired an old log shelter on the place so they could make it a temporary home. He brought his family out that evening and took possession.

Other children came at intervals of two years making it a man's job to furnish bare necessities. At ten, Amzy followed his stepfather in the hay and grain field. Renwick, with the old sickle, cut the grain and Amzy with some help from James helped rake it into windrows and bind it. Farm work was hard work and anything to enable the farmer making less laborious these tasks was a high spot to be remembered. So Amzy remembers when they brought the new cradle that, attached to the sickle, it laid the grain in a swath. “The first Pa had was a heavy clumsy whistle.”

“Then we had a corn plow that had one shovel. You held it in the round and walked behind driving one horse, but that was easier then hoeing.” The grain was tramped out by horses that were driven back and forth across a floor where the unthreshed straw was spread. A fanning mill to clean from it the chaff was turned by hand and many are the hours Amzy, standing on a half-bushel measure so as to reach the handle that revolved it, turned and turned it till he was too tired to stand.

“The hardest work I ever did was turning that old mill. My arms and legs and back would ache so, but it had to be done and there was not anyone else to do it. Pa worked early and late and everyone had to do his share. He was a good man and he was as good to us as to his own children. He used to say he didn't know any difference between us Spencers and his very own.”

On Saturdays it was Renwick's custom to go to Millville for such merchandise as might be needed and to sell the accumulated farm produce -- eggs and the butter that was more than enough for the family use. Then too, on Saturday the mail from the east was in, if there had been no delays, and while there were few letters, still there was a chance that there might be papers to read.

It was a fall day and the usual round of duties preliminary to going to town had been performed, when Renwick said to Amzy, who usually accompanied him on these trips, “You can't go today, Amzy. The wood pile is low and Monday is wash day. Somebody's got to get the wood ready for your mother. Besides, the tubs might as well be filled. The sooner we get into the field Monday, the sooner that field of corn will be husked.” Then in kindly tone with a friendly touch on his shoulder, “I'm sorry, sonny, but I haven't time to help ye.” *(note the implied Scottish accent)*

It was a grievous disappointment. All week Amzy had worked hard and counted on this trip on Saturday with as much eagerness as a modern boy anticipates a three-ring circus. Grimly, he considered the time it would take his father to get ready and then he set to work with vigor. He split the sticks of wood, choosing the easy ones, and piled them into the big wood box until it would hold no more, then a reserve pile was

stacked by the kitchen door. No chance to take the risk of slipshod work. The rainwater in the barrel at the corner of the house was low. Usually the rain which beat upon the roof drained into it by the board eaves, though, kept it supplied. There had been no recent rains so the supply to replenish its content must come from the spring a few rods down the slopes, James was bribed to offer some assistance by promises of an accurate report of “ev'rythin' I see, now, honest.

When finally the basket with eggs and a roll of butter bad been put into the wagon beside the sack of grist that Renwick was taking to be ground and he himself was ready to climb to the seat, Amzy was again importuning* “Can't I go, Pa? It's all done, ev'rythin' just as you tol' me? Can't I go now?

“Did you fill the box in the kitchen, and the rain barrel? Did you fill that?”

“Ev'rythin', honest.”

“Well, jump in then, but why in the Sam Hill you're so crazy to go beats me. How about it Amzy, why d'you want to go so bad?” Looking into the blue eyes of the lad he asked the question.

“To see the fights”, was the serious reply. The little boy joined his parent's shout of laughter and then explained, “You know there most always is one Saturdays, when ev'rybody comes into town.”

This was true, for on Saturdays it was the custom of the miners prospecting in the locality to bring in their sacks of ore to be weighed up and credited. When this minor matter, as it were, was attended to, they proceeded to “likker up”, and of course, to drink alone lacks hospitality. Soon the entire male populous gathered at store or tavern to gossip or to take a glass or two. Discussion would turn to argument and arguments to quarrels, which according to their seriousness were settled. The arbitrative method being fistic, the best man was right and no further questions.

On this particular Saturday the town was filled. Teams occupied the entire space along the street where hitching posts and rails had been placed. The miners were on hand. The team tied, Amzy followed his father into Marshall's store, which was well-filled. Loud talking could be heard outside the door and it was very evident those quarreling were likely to assume belligerence. An invitation to, “take off yer coat and settle it”, was accepted. Bill Burbridge and Jack Powers had quarreled over something of no great importance, but a stand once taken, they were determined to support it. The men were young giants and at the challenge they stripped to the waist and walked outside. The crowd followed and by rural wireless those loitering near being informed, they streamed out of shop and store and tavern to make a ring around and see “fair play”. Those gathered backed the men in about even numbers. Powers belonged to Alex Faith's gang, while the Burbridges were leaders of the opposition, who were against Faith.

Without any preliminaries they went at it. Such blows! They struck sound flesh with dull resounding crash. The circle gathered stood in silence. The only sound was the labored breathing of the men fighting and the impact of fist against flesh. They were evenly matched and took the punishment with no sign of yielding. Finally a misstep and Powers lost his advantage; Burbridge, profiting by this opening, closed and threw him.

The fight was plainly lost to Burbridge when Matthews, a member of Faith’s gang, broke the ring, and rushing in, landed a terrific kick against the ribs of Burbridge, taking his breath and leaving him temporarily spent. For a moment the crowd stood silent, preliminary to a banding of the friends of the opponents, when it would become a free for all. Just then Jackson Burbridge, Bill's brother, came down the opposite bank of Apple River. He was running and, as he crossed the log that bridged the river, he tore off his coat and tossed it to the bank that he approached.

Some one had carried word to him at the beginning of the fight and he had come just in the nick of time to save the day for the Burbridges. But when attention turned to him as he came, shouting challenges, Powers and Matthews slipped out of the ring and sought a hiding place where they remained the entire day, waiting for the affair to quiet down.

Jackson Burbridge, big, broad and muscular, deprived of a legitimate opponent, strode up and down, daring any man to take him on. With oaths he invited them, “Come on you cowards. I can lick any man here. Where's Powers? If he wants to fight, now's his chance. The yellow cuss, I'll take him and Matthews together, or any other two of that gang.” But no one accepted the challenge and with aspect of total indifference to fistic encounters and an attitude that intimated disapproval of any personal encounters

whatsoever, they dispersed, returning to the several buildings from which they had issued at the beginning of the fight.

Amzy wandered off down the street stopping to watch Luther Cowan, a newcomer, building steps to the front door. Two little girls and a little boy much younger gave shy attention, but he was much too old to be playing with girls, so he returned to the store and to the mill where the grist they brought was being ground. That did not hold him long, and he returned to the tavern to see what was going on there.

Doc Marvin, a young doctor practicing in the village and in the country around was having an argument with Alex Faith over a bill due him for medical attention to Faith's wife. “Now see here, Alex. You've put me off 'bout long enough. I need the money. You were mighty free with promises while your wife was down and I was coming every day. You said then you'd pay every cent soon as you had it, Now get it or get part of it or I’ll sue ye.”

Marvin, in heavy overcoat, had just come in from a long drive into the back-country; now, turning from the bar, he went out on the sidewalk. Faith, who often patronized his own bar, may have thought this a retreat. Anyway, he followed at the doctor's heels and began a torrent of vile abuse. He stood with arms akimbo in shirt sleeves and as he paused for a new inspiration and to spit out accumulated tobacco juice, Doctor Marvin whirled and landed a flat-hand blow on Alex's face. A moment passed when astonishment held Alex, then they clinched and landed short arm blows. Again the crowd collected as though invisibly summoned, but Marvin even handicapped as he was by cumbersome coats had Faith down and with hands on his throat was choking all the desire to fight out of him. Faith signaled surrender and Marvin stood up. Faith, getting up from the ground, felt of his neck, shook himself, and turned back into the hotel while Marvin picked up and dusted off his hat. In a minute Faith was back and banded the doctor thirty dollars, the amount of the bill the doctor had tried to collect. He then offered his hand, which the doctor shook, and the matter was settled. Viewed and measured by present day methods of delay and miscarriage of justice, it seems a highly commendable method for settlement of minor difficulties.

Such were the sports and contests of Millville in the late forties *(1840s)* and early fifties and probably just as wholesome as the encounters of the present day which, under different sponsoring, are called amusements, diversions, or sports. It was not usual to stage two such important encounters in a single day. This was outstanding and to be talked over and told in detail to those who were unfortunate in not being present. True to promise, James was regaled by every detail and a promise that maybe sometime he could go to town and “see 'em fight”.

The next summer, Millville celebrated the Fourth of July, the first celebration attempted. There was to be an oration or speech and a minister to offer a prayer, then something for noise and a picnic dinner with lemonade free to everybody. The affair was held on the bluff. Some planks from the mill, supported by stakes in the ground, furnished seats for the crowd attending.

John W. Marshall was officer of the day. His chief duties were riding back and forth from Bluff to Main Street on a white horse borrowed for the occasion. A width of red bunting made a sash and a soft wide-brimmed hat further distinguished him. Of course, an “officer of the day” always rides and turns often in his saddle, while the horse, privately signaled, cavorts. This gives an air of responsibility evenly distributed both behind and before him. The ability to assume this pose at will, or facility for distributing attention, indicates horsemanship, and a “Fourth” without a “Marshall of the Day” on a white horse has lost a thrill that all the fireworks in the evening and “set pieces” can't make up.

R. Colton made the speech, with customary references to the flag, that was heartily applauded. A Baptist minister, Reverend Ford, offered prayer and everybody sang. A salute was fired from the bluff across, and appropriate noise furnished by firing anvils borrowed from the blacksmith shops.

All the Spencers, or Spencer-Renwicks, were there, washed and starched until they shone, hair slick, except of course Janette, who had curls. Such a day! Besides the program there was the picnic lunch. Everyone had brought a market basket -- fried chicken, fresh bread, hard-boiled eggs, some pickles, jelly, a cake, cookies, and doughnuts. Up high on the bluff with the river below, they spread the cloth and laid out the contents of the big basket and ate and ate.

Then there was the barrel and a dipper secured by a chain so it couldn't fall clear in, where you just helped yourself to lemonade. The children played games and made excursions to the barrel while the grown folks visited from group to group. It was just the very best of holidays.

At five they had to start home because the men (that included Amzy) had chores to do and then, how sleepy and tired it made a fellow. Before you had time to enjoy remembering all that had happened, you were asleep. Fourth of July made you feel so patriotic; you thought of soldiers, and Mrs. Renwick told them again of the little Judson Kilpatrick who had gone to West Point and was learning to be a soldier. Covetedly, Amzy determined he'd be a soldier someday, West Point or no West Point.

Chapter IV
Bob And Ned, Or Slavery Attempts Push North

The weeks and years go swiftly with great similarity in the routine of life. The fall and open days of winter were spent grubbing out stumps and brush to give more acreage for cultivation, for with the increasing family, an added burden of expense was incurred, The sod first turned, in “breaking,” was planted without further preparation. The gray furrows stretched in straight clean bands with occasional upstanding peaks where roots of tougher fiber had offered more resistance to the severing ploughshare. Corn and potatoes do equally well on such new land, but for the latter there was need only for the home use, since there was no market for the crop.

Those first fields of corn were planted by the early method of the pioneers. Renwick, walking down a furrow, would strike his ax blade deep at every second step and Amzy following dropped into each cut three kernels of the seed and set his heel upon the cut to seal the seeds in earth. True, the soil produced a crop, but by heart breaking labor that lasted from early morn till night. These pioneers by might and courage wrested their living from the soil, pioneers who labored for those who now collect it as their due and with a minimum of effort. A crop failure was not followed by a bill of sale whereby a discouraged owner confesses to the world his failure and his determination to find an easier way to earn a living. We boast today of scientific method and forget that science must still be backed by brawn and brain. If crops were poor, these people simply practiced greater economics. Not by foregoing luxury, for luxury was an undemonstrated word, but by doing without some of the comforts and stretching everything a little bit beyond the breaking point.

This year another event occurred, outstanding in Amzy's memory. Colonel Stoughton of the Blue Grass Country *(Kentucky)* came through to Galena, bringing with him a couple of colored men, “Niggers, Bob and Ned.” He was venturing along a new line to serve a double purpose: to push slave labor into a locality where the people had declared themselves against it, and to find cash employment for the human machines he held in bondage. In Galena he hired them out to a miner who operated on a small scale and whose personality did not invite the free-born laborer. Having secured a lease providing for a monthly stipend for the labor, with care to keep their value from depreciating, he returned to Kentucky.

Already Galena was placing itself on the side of abolition at a date when the word itself was almost an epithet. William Rowley, sometimes collector for the County, now working in the Recorder's Office, made entry of this contract with the date and waited for the time of its expiration. A year from the recorded date he presented to the court this record and reminded it that by the laws of Illinois a slave residing in the state a period of one year was by the state law free. So Bob and Ned were summoned, and it was explained to them that they were free, in a free state. To their simple minds this meant protection and rights as men not even “Old Marsa” could contest, but Rowley prepared for action by enlisting aid to hide and protect the men should there be need.

A couple weeks after the court procedure, word of the decision having been sent to Stoughton, he appeared in Galena accompanied by a United States Marshall of Southern sympathies. He demanded that the Negroes, who had been conveyed to shelter in an abolition home, be restored to him, and sought the court to rescind its decree because of arguments which the Marshall suavely presented as interpretations of the law. The court retained its stand and finally intimated, that the matter being closed, further annoyance would be reckoned an offense and be so dealt with.

The citizens likewise showed hostility and at the De Soto House the two men from the South were requested to find another lodging place. With blustering and wild threats of punishment to be enacted through the Federal Court, they prepared for departure, but first made public this announcement. “A reward of five hundred dollars will be paid in gold to any person returning the two Niggers, Bob and Ned, to slave soil, signed, “Colonel John A Stoughton.” When the reward was offered, it was decided that Galena was a poor place for Bob and Ned until the matter quieted down, for five hundred dollars payable in gold was powerfully convincing as to the rights of ownership.

By underground, the men were spirited out of town and passed from station to station until one night they came to the Renwick farm. The old cabin had long been unused, for one erected nearer to the county

road now housed the family. Some months before, the man named Marsh had rented this old house, paying by labor on the farm, a slight rental for it. His business was the doctoring of animals, particularly horses, for which he had a great fondness. He had established himself and was favorably known over the country round as “Doc Marsh”.

Marsh was a personal friend of Amzy's, who liked to visit this old cabin and listen to the stories told by Marsh of his services under General Jackson, a great General and a fine man. Yes sir, none finer.” He told him of the engagements when on the silver bugle, one now hung upon the cabin’s wall, he blew the call to rally for the charge. Amzy loved to hear him sound the “reveille”, “boots and saddle”, “taps”, and all the others, burning a little stronger the fire that made for loyalty and service and love for his own country.

Upon the arrival of the Negroes, the men who were in the circle of friends, held a meeting to discuss means of protecting them it there be need. There were the Townsend brothers, Halstead and George, men of unusual height and of stalwart build, taciturn men swarthy as Indians, Harlow Landphair, whose wife was one of the Millville Arnolds, George Petty and John Lorraine, near neighbors. Since they all were in the neighborhood with their houses at the most not more than three quarters of a mile from the cabin, it was decided to see to it that not more than one of the group was away from the neighborhood at a time, and upon a “rally” sounded on the old bugle they would assemble, be it night or day, and come with rifles.

In the days following, Amzy was on tip-toe with the joy of the mystery that was accompanied by the housing of the Negroes. He became sort of an unofficial go-between and his first meeting with the fugitives was a red-letter day. They were men, big and black, of the type that made good field hands. With the devotion of the colored man to children, they offered their few gifts for his entertainment. Bob played the Jew's harp for Ned to clog. They also whittled trinkets.

A week after their arrival in the neighborhood, a stranger came to Rush Center. He gave his name as George Hunt and seemed rather hazy in explaining his business there and was overly curious about the people around bout, which in any pioneer settlement is extremely bad form. After a few days in Rush, he became, in the eyes of the committee, an object of suspicion and word was conveyed to him through George Renwick that be had better move on. There were those who neither liked his looks nor his inquisitive tendencies.

So Hunt accepted the advice and took himself to some other parts. Whether or not he had come in the attempt to earn the reward offered by Stoughton or was just one of those who came to the new country seeking a place where they might work a time and then move on, a pioneer of tramps, no one ever knew. But with his departure came a feeling of greater security. For weeks, however, the Negroes stayed close to the cabin doing such work as kept them near, and upon the approach of anyone other than those of the committee, they sought the cabin loft and drew the ladder up as security against unfriendly visits. When there seemed to be no further excitement over the matter, they ventured farther, trusting to their benefactors to protect them in case of such need.

Ned had some way possessed himself of an old rifle with long barrel, and that Fall he and Amzy went hunting. Prairie chickens were abundant and a large covey of cooks and hens would meet to strut in a small clearing by the creek. One who once watched from well-chosen hiding place tells how with ridiculous high-pitched cackle the hens would mill round and round, while the cooks circled, strutted, preened themselves at the outer edge with challenging “doodle-doodle-do, doodle-doodle-do”, the wild cock's crow, to the coy “caw-caw-caw” of the hens. To this place, Ned and Amzy would come and easily bag a number of the plump chickens. When they had six or eight, which number was all they could waste ammunition on, they divided the game and marched home with an equal share of pride in the spoils of their hunting trip.

That fall the Negroes, lacking employment, began to prospect on the Renwick farm. The work at the lead mines had interested them. The work there was less hard than that to which they were accustomed, besides the northern employers carried no whip. Of course, they were quite handy with the boot too but one could side-step that and with a little practice it was easy to keep out of the way. Now they began with pick and shovel to dig holes where there was evidence of ore and soon were able to support themselves by the ore they located.

The next year they hired out near Elizabeth, a settlement a few miles southwest. Amzy missed them and, at the rare times he journeyed in that direction, he looked them up.

Then came 1854, when cholera made its last pestilent attack in Jo Daviess County. Bob and Ned were both victims, and they now lie buried somewhere in the old cemetery, freed forever.

Chapter V
Recruits From Galena

We pass the intervening years and come to the year when Amzy reached his majority. His first vote was cast for Richard Yates; the polling place was Millville.

Illinois was watching and measuring the two contestants *(Douglas and Lincoln)* who were facing the questions of the day and presenting their opinions in open debate. The polished orator *(Douglas)* against the awkward self-made man *(Lincoln)*, whose strength of oratory was that of honest convictions freely and forcefully expressed. The state was keyed to a tension of anticipation that when the storm broke *(the Civil War)*, would bring a quota of its best blood to defend the Union. Owen Lovejoy, stumping the State for Lincoln, made an address at Galena and Amzy and his stepfather determined to hear this speech. They deeply regretted the fact they had missed a great event failing to be present at Freeport when Lincoln debated there with Douglas, and this made them doubly eager to hear Lovejoy, who had given himself and his oratory to further his murdered brother's cause. Driving to Warren, they left their team at Sol Way's livery barn and took the evening train, arriving in Galena in time to participate in the parade that led to the Hall where the orator was to speak.

With burning sentences Lovejoy denounced slavery and told them of his brother's wife. Step by step he followed that work, presenting Elijah Parish Lovejoy, a God-fearing, law-abiding citizen, a New Englander by birth, and an ordained minister of the gospel, fired by a desire to further the cause of righteousness, who moved to St. Louis in the State of Missouri and edited a religious paper that because of its unfearing stand against the traffic in human souls was condemned. He was warned to discontinue his editorials or take the consequences, but gave no heed to these cowardly warnings that reached him anonymously and in spite of those who counseled him to temporize, he continued to give his views as is the God-given privilege of every free man in this United States. His office was entered at night, the press was broken, and the lead type thrown into the river.

He was persuaded to leave to save his life, and at Alton in the State of Illinois he started afresh. Three times his presses were destroyed. The fourth time, while guarding his property, he was shot by a slave-holder. Then his last message, in thundering voice and outstretched hand, rang out. "Go write it on every quivering leaf that trembles in the forest, let it reverberate through all the dark and deep gulches of hell, where slave-holders will hear it, that I, Owen Lovejoy, living at Quincy, Illinois, defy any man to prevent me from feeding the hungry or clothing the naked, let their skins be black or white. All Galena was carried off its feet by the orator. Everyone was talking of the speech and arguing for or against the stand that Lovejoy was promoting. Amzy could think of nothing else for days after his return home.

Then came another rally, this time in Warren, the campaign speeches to be given by John Hale and Solomon P. Chase. To the north of the town was a stretch of open land that now has long been referred to as the "Old Fair Ground."

Speaking from the grandstand, they addressed a crowd of townsmen and farmers who came from the country around. Excitement ran high and it was with risk to life itself that one expressed himself pro-slavery. One man who unwisely sponsored the cause of the South was led out with a rope about his neck and was with some difficulty saved from ignominious death by the cooler heads of the town. But the stigma of the affair reached through the years to come, following him and branding him a traitor to the very time of his death. Such was the spirit of Jo Daviess County in the weeks preceding the declaration of war between the North and South.

Amzy waited for the break they all believed eminent. One April day he was at work with his ax grubbing out old roots and clearing off the brush preparatory to breaking a new field near the section line. He had sent his younger brother, Robert Renwick, to the post office at Rush Center. "I tell you, Bob, suppose you go up to the post office and get the mail. There'll be a paper in, this afternoon. Ask for our mail and then come back this way, I'll be working right here."

Upon the younger boy's return with the anticipated news, Amzy eagerly opened the paper, and there in big headlines read the call,

“FORT SUMPTER FIRED UPON.
75,000 MEN ARE CALLED FOR THREE MONTH'S SERVICE.”

Hurling the ax, with which be had been working far into the brush, he said, “That is the last bit of grubbing I'll do till the South is licked. I'll be one of that 75,000 that's goin' to do it.”

And then far off they heard the sound of fife and drum, and leaving the field the two approached the crossroads. Coming toward them they saw Thomas Champion of Warren, driving a high-stepping team hitched to a light rig known as a Democrat wagon. Riding with him were the two Garvers, who with fife and drum were rendering martial airs. Hailed by the boys, Champion explained that they were out recruiting. Champion had been appointed recruiting officer and was making up a company to go out from Warren.

“Let me put my name to that roll, Mr. Champion. It I've just been waiting for the chance to go out against the rebels.” And then his name affixed, two others approached, Nel (Nelson) Townsend and Marion Flack, and placed their names upon the list. One more boy, Sol Godfrey, was approached. He also had heard the drum and guessed the meaning of the music. The four boys, standing at the line that separated George Renwick's and Halstead Townsend's farms, signed for service. How long or drearier a service or what hardships must be endured, they little guessed.

This was a Saturday in the month of April, 1861. That evening they went to Warren to be present for the organization of Company E. The meeting was held in Platts Hall, a building that stood just on the north side of Main Street west of Water Street. It was the largest building in the town, a single story, but of fair width and length. It accommodated those who attended the usual gatherings of the town. But this was not an ordinary meeting, it was a vital affair. For men who would leave families had offered themselves besides the youth of the town and countryside who had so gallantly responded to this call.

Previous to the gathering at the hall those who were signed marched from the Burnett House across the street from the railway station down Main Street to the hall. They were led by the Garver's who were the musicians, and after them came “Colonel Champion” accompanied by John Luke of Nora who carried the flag. The line was a straggling one, very different from the Company drills they would respond to later.

Thomas E. Champion acted as chairman “pro tem.” Three men were aspirants for the captaincy: William C. Lewis, James Raney, and Champion himself, would not have refused the position. At the first it was clearly demonstrated that Lewis was the popular candidate, but before the vote was cast a group of church people lobbied for Raney. This divided the vote until Raney produced a hat worn by an uncle of his who served under Jackson in the Mexican War. Producing the hat was a happy stroke on Raney's part, for he then carried the elections. The other officers chosen were Daniel L. Bennet, editor of The Independent, a weekly newspaper published at Warren. John Luke was elected Second Lieutenant. Allen T. Barnes was First Sergeant.

Impatiently they waited orders to report and then came the news that the call had been filled. For a time they were too dismayed to think. But there followed an order to report to Freeport and here, 24 May 1861, Company E with no other companies, organized for three month's service, and was transferred to regular service. Captain John Pope was the recruiting officer and the Fifteenth Illinois Volunteer Infantry was organized. The first regiment in the State of Illinois to enlist for three year service.

When Warren was holding the meeting organizing Company E, Galena was holding a similar meeting. Presiding at that meeting was a man, a comparative stranger to the people of Galena, and when a little later in the evening a politician of that city, who had been detained and was accordingly late arriving, observed this man, he asked, “Who is the man in the chair?” “It's one of those Grants that have the Tanyard here.” And in profane surprise the politician asked, “Well what in h___ is he running our meeting for?” He was only slightly mollified upon receiving the explanation, “He's seen service. Graduate of West Point and all that.”

Chapter VI
Missing, Dead, Or Wounded!

Drill and the usual tedious waiting, then the Fifteenth Infantry found itself in action. The Second Brigade, Colonel Veatch commanding, included three Illinois regiments, the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and the Forty-sixth, also one Indiana Regiment. On a Sunday morning in April 1862, the Brigade, while going through the form of breakfast, could plainly hear the heavy roll of musketry. It was not a well-ordered meal for they knew they were due for a hard battle. Already the firing was heavier around the Church at Shiloh.

Amzy had written to the folks at home and told them he had taken care that he carried something to identify him if *(he was killed in battle and not recognizable)*, and then the strain of waiting was relieved by an order to line up for ammunition. Forty rounds were issued each man. They looked carefully to their guns and again waited. The officers were already mounted and then the long roll sounded and they formed their line. A staff officer from General Sherman rode up and handed Colonel Ellis a paper, who upon reading this turned to address the men. “My men, you are attacking the whole Southern Army today. It is no sham battle. This is going to be the real thing. I want the men of the Fifteenth to do their duty. When you see your Colonel run, then you may run.”

Shortly after they had breakfasted that morning, Solomon Godfrey and Marion Flack had returned to their Company. Both men had been in the Brigade Hospital sick with fever. The excitement of the pending battle had reached the hospital, and when they heard firing they had dismissed themselves from the hospital and returned to Company E. Now accoutered with guns and ammunition, they took their place with Amzy at the foot of the line. The three men were nearly of a height, all small men, and so had been assigned to the foot of the Company line. Weakness and pain were forgotten now; excitement is a wonderful elixir. If their limbs were shaky and cheeks pallid, there were others just as shaky and just as pallid.

A battery *(enemy)* from the woods in front began to send over shell. The Gunners *(Union)* had their location. Colonel Ellis gave the command to lie down. Amzy saw Carl Forals fall forward, shot through the head. He saw the creeping stream of red, and then with one accord Company E was on its feet, “preferring to be shot in the feet rather than through the head.”

Four guns, drawn by fear-maddened horses running away, came pounding toward them. They opened their lines and let the crazed animals through. The enemy had advanced, and when within sixteen rods of their lines, they got their order, “Charge.” They heard the rebels yelling as they advanced. What was it? And now more plainly, “Bulls Run,” “Bulls Run!” “Yea-a-a”, in rising crescendo. Someone answered, with a shout of “Fort Donaldson, Fort Donaldson. Give them Hell boys.”

A bullet passed through Amzy's foot. He felt a pain and *(then)* numbness, but continued to plunge alone. Now Godfrey and Flack hesitated and with a spinning movement fell side by side. A spasmodic twitching of limbs and then relaxing muscles told the tale. Poor boys, no more days of toil or play in Rush Township. A monument would one day bear their names beneath a simple-worded eulogy and epitaph combined, “Died on Shiloh Field.”

Others were falling. The ground seemed carpeted with those grotesquely sprawling figures. Sergeant Nel Townsend saw the pitiful attempt of Amzy to keep up and his bleeding foot and ordered him, “Back to the rear, Amzy.” But Amzy was not yet through. Another awful hail of lead, his gun, its wooden stock splintered, was torn from his hands. Gazing dazedly he thought, “Why, my gun is wounded too!” Company E had paid a heavy toll. Colonel Ellis, Major Godard were both dead, and only two officers left, captains both; the others were dead or wounded.

A shot tore its way through Amzy's right arm, and it hung helpless and bleeding. He turned to make his way toward the rear for aid to staunch his wounds, and for the first time felt fear, a deadly fear that he, retiring, be shot in the back. He felt he would be safer facing it; with back turned he some way seemed to give the rebels an advantage. He tried to run, executing a sort of sidling movement, dragging the wounded foot. The fear of being struck down from the rear mounted with the deadly pain and nausea; he turned half round, half-minded to go back, then darkness shut out everything.

At Warren, people gathered in groups, and with anxious faces read the paper from the city. They saw the lines whose width and blackness told them “here is death”. And there was the sad news of Company E, the gallant company organized a short year previous, these men to whom they had bade fond farewells and saw them proudly volunteered for service. Now nineteen men lay dead upon the fields - one hundred sixty-six the total killed or wounded.

The quiet man who had been criticized as chairman of that meeting held in Galena, now was commanding this portion of the Union Force, its western Army. There was expressed a feeling that this man, so recently a stranger, was bringing to Galena a renown undreamed of.

Thousands over all the country were scanning similar papers and reading the names there listed: “Not dead” -- a slightly lessening of anxiety; “Not in the wounded”; but here, here is his name, “He's missing.” But there was not yet the dread that later that word “missing” would arouse. Just now it seemed a respite.

> “Here's Flack and Godfrey. Remember them, two boys from Rush. You know their people.”
>
> “Here's Amzy Spencer. Who is he? Why he used to come to Warren real often. He is George Renwick's stepson. There's Renwick now come into town. I'll bet to see if there is any later news.”
>
> “What did it say about him? Amzy, I mean? His name is in the list of wounded.”

At Shiloh there was no chance to take care of the entire number who were wounded, so as many as could be moved were taken to the Marine Hospital at Cincinnati, Ohio. Among the number transferred was Amzy, and here on the eleventh day Amzy made an attempt to write a wartime sweetheart.

> “I write with a great deal of pain, Dear May. I have not been able to write since the fight. My brain is still in so much of a whirl that I cannot tell much tonight. I am wounded, don't start. It's not very bad, or at least it might be worse. When I think of you it makes me glad that I am only wounded and not dead. Yours as ever, A.L. Spencer.”

The Marine Hospital was overflowing; every available space was occupied with beds and cots. They could not care for all those brought in, so private homes were opened. Amzy was sent to the McCook home. May McCook, a nurse in charge, was of the McCooks who gave nine men to preserve the Union. Her father, sixty-three years old, held major's rank. The following year he lost his life in Morgan's raid. The brothers, eight in all, were in active service; one as a Brigadier General commanded men at Shiloh.

An order from the Secretary of War was issued, directing that all men able to travel be sent home on furloughs. This order applied to Amzy, who was taken in an ambulance from the McCook home to the railroad station. Presenting his furlough in lieu of ticket, he was asked, “How are you fixed for money? Got any?” When the answer, “No”, was given, the official questioner kindly explained, “Ohio has a fund that provides everyone of her men with a dollar to help them through. I guess in your case we can stretch this a bit and lend you a dollar in case you need a little ready money.” Amzy gladly accepted the proffered money and upon reaching home returned a like amount to the Ohio Relief Fund.

When Warren *(the town)* learned that the wounded men from Company E were coming home, they prepared a welcome and gathered at the station. The conductor assisted Amzy, who, swathed in bandages, limped painfully to the platform, and then “Sol Way” big-statured and big-hearted, crowding forward, lifted Amzy high in his arms and carried him to his buggy waiting near, remarking to the crowd,

> “I'll do the entertaining of Amzy myself. I'm taking him home with me to rest and get a little strength before he rides down home to Rush. If you want to see him and talk to him, you can see him at my house after he had had some rest and something to eat.”

He spent the next few days there meeting his friends and the friends and relatives of his comrades, who came to ask for those not yet returned. He both longed and dreaded the transfer to his home in Rush. Then he would have to meet the Flacks and Godfreys and tell them of their boys lying in unmarked graves on Shiloh's bloody field.

Sixty days soon passed and orders came to report to Chicago, where transportation was issued him to report to Hollis Springs, Mississippi, his regiment's present station. On July 4th, after the return to his company, he was made a corporal.

In the fall of 1862, the portion of the Union troops known as the Fourth Division was stationed at the Hatchie River in command of General Louman. On October 5th, they were ordered to charge a rebel battery which was posted to defend a bridge that spanned the river there. Between the Fifteenth *(Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment, of which Company E was part)* and this bridge there extended an open field criss-crossed by many ditches. As they charged, they ran into one of these ditches, probably six feet deep and twice as wide, and Amzy saw a drab-colored bundle that, as he gazed, took on an animation foreign to a normal bundle. His curiosity aroused, be lifted it, and snugly wrapped within an old shawl's folds, he found a baby three or four months old. Once freed of cumbering wrappings. it lifted its hands and laughed and cooed to the men, who in amazement gathered around. But there was scant time for attention to a baby, and Colonel Rogers, calling to his brother, Chaplain Rogers, directed that this new recruit be cared for at the rear. The charge was successful. The battery and five hundred prisoners were taken.

After the battle a distracted woman passed among the troops inquiring for her baby. The Chaplain, learning of her search, had her brought to him and restored his charge to her. After a time she told him her story. “The Confederates formed their lines right out in front of my house. There were no men upon the place; all are in services We were so frightened and someone said, ‘Let's hide in the big ditch,’ and so we ran and hid there.” Another child had shared her care and one of the other women took the baby from her and laid it on the ground. Then she said, “We saw the Yankees coming out of the woods nearby. My friend forgot the baby and when I missed it, I could not go back for fighting men were thick upon the whole big field.” Then thanking him, she added with a smile, “I think I'll raise this babe to be a Yankee since you all saved him for me.”

Chapter VII
A Faithful Diary Of The War

The first of January, 1863, and the Fifteenth Regiment had been moving north now in the vicinity of Vicksburg. They began participation in the famous siege. Amzy had come into possession of a little book, a pocket memorandum book, in size perhaps five by three and one-half inches and half an inch in thickness. An overlapping cover that terminated in a protruding tongue fitted into a slit and this inserted hold the book compact and closed it. The pages were divided each in two, and bore the day of week and up above the legend of the month and year. Into the small half-sheet of space, Amzy began to make daily notes of happenings, and this he faithfully kept the entire year.

Only a few of these we enter here. They would not interest the general reader, but are of interest to a historian. If you would read more than we enter here, go to the Museum at Vicksburg and in the book where record of the siege and battle here are now preserved, you'll find a portion of the diary kept by Amaza L. Spencer, copied in the records.

The opening pages of this memorandum book reads as follows:

Thursday, January 1, 1863. The Fifteenth Regiment guarding at R.R. bridge on the Mississippi Central R.R., one mile south of Waterford Station. No news; in camp.

Friday, January 2. Cool today for this sunny south. Dark black looking clouds cover the horizon. Would-to-God that this cruel war would end and stop this bloody work. How young sister weeps for her brother that has laid his life on the altar of his country.

Saturday, January 3. Fortifying to guard the R.R. bridge near Waterford Station, Mississippi. Fighting alone the picket line. The rebels repulsed

Tuesday, January 13. Got orders to strike tents and march. We went as far as Mosco. Fortieth Illinois was left there. Fourteenth Illinois came on to Lafayette with the Fifteenth. The roads are very muddy.

Wednesday, January 14. Got orders to march back to Mosco. Snowing very hard. The soldiers waded creeks waist deep. Camp at night near Mosco. Snow four inches deep.

Thursday, January 15. Still in camp. Cold and wet weather. We suffered a great deal. Camp near Mosco. Snow on ground.

Friday, January 16. Got orders to march to Lafayette. Cold and wet. Our teams *(horses or mules)* all stuck in the mud. Camp one mile from Lafayette.

Saturday, January 17. Cold and snow on the ground. Our teams went out after forage. Got orders to march to Lafayette. Camp south of the city.

Sunday, January 18. Moved our camp, half mile from town. I was detailed with three men to guard a citizen's property. Raining today.

Tuesday, January 20. Very fine weather. Ira Fulton on guard, Old Lyle and family are rebels. I am opposed to guarding rebel's property.

Wednesday, January 21. Had a quarrel with this old rebel and his woman while guarding his corn cribs. The wagon master wanted to borrow some corn.

Thursday, January 22. Loaned the wagon master 500 bushels of corn. The old rebel reported me to Colonel Veatch.

Friday, January 23. Was arrested by order of Brig. Gen. Veatch and ordered to report to Col. Rogers, headquarters.

Reading the daily entries as above, questions concerning, “Old Lyle” finally brought forth this story. Old Lyle had requested Union protection and upon his taking the oath of allegiance, a guard was stationed. Amzy was now a corporal in charge of the guard detailed. The Lyle plantation seemed deserted. The Negro quarters were empty, the slaves having been sent farther south at first invasion of the Union force.

The stables also were empty; a team retained for family use and a few head of cattle were all the stock that was left. But in the corn cribs, standing near, there were ears of corn, filling them from floor to eaves, golden cars and worth more then gold to the Second Brigade. Hard labor of dragging supplies through rough and muddy roads had worn the horses and in the enemy territory it had been increasingly difficult to secure the needed grain to husband their waning strength and save them from starvation. Old Lyle was offered market price for his corn and he had surly refused to sell it.

Now Amzy was stationed on the plantation, and with the three detailed men, prepared to occupy one of the empty houses in the Negro quarters. The women of the house came out to them and offered civil greeting, Then Mrs. Lyle made the following suggestion to Amzy: “I see you have been issued rations for the time you're guarding here. Since we feel grateful to you all for serving us, we would be glad to do something to show appreciation. If you will give these rations to us, we will have them prepared in our kitchen and you may eat with us in our dining room.”

This seemed an offer fair enough, so they gladly turned the five days' rations over to the old black cook, the only slave remaining with the Lyles. But conversation at the table revealed the true feelings of the Lyles,

Mrs. Lyle opened general conversation by the arrogant inquiry, “Why are you all down here?” Amzy replied, “To protect the Union.” Whereupon her married daughter cut in, “That's not what we call it. You're here to steal our Niggers and to rob us of our homes.” “No ma'am, we're not,” Amzy made civil reply. “Oh, of course, you wouldn't admit it,” the daughter-in-law now spoke up, forgetting all discretion and necessary outward show of respect to these northern men. The old colonel also had his word. “You'uns can never whip we'uns. You can't whip the South. My boy's an officer with Lee”. “Her husband,” indicating his daughter, “is down South with the Army.”

At this surprising disclosure Amzy asked, “Why did you take the oath of allegiance?” and with a short laugh Lyle replied, “Jest to protect my propity.”

The men were glad when the unpleasant meal ended and regretted turning over their rations. None of them relished hospitality of this type. Amzy was resolved that the wagon master should have the corn his team so sadly needed. He went over to the Fifteenth's camp that afternoon and sought the man in question. He opened up the matter by the quarry, “Found any corn yet?”

“No,” was the savage reply. “D_____ that old rebel over here. He won't sell a bushel and the cribs are full. The teams are starving and the mules look like crow bait. I wish I could get a lick at them there cribs just once.”

This was what Amzy waited for, and he then suggested, “I'll sell you what you need. I'm I on guard at Lyles. Come over tonight when things are quiet and we’ll help you load. You can pay just what you offered him today. Pay it in Confederate money or a note -- any darn way you want too. He's a rebel - admits it, and I'm not in favor of guarding rebel property.”

So it was arranged, and Amzy returned to the plantation. The men on guard there were informed and offered willing support to this summary disposal of the grain. When everything was quiet that night, the wagon master appeared. He had brought five big army wagons to haul the corn away. Quickly and quietly they were in turn loaded, and with muffled creakings, disappeared into the night. Then the men, except a guard, composed themselves for peaceful slumber as befits those who have nothing to regret and whose work has been well done.

Next morning the storm broke. Old Lyle, an early riser, made his customary rounds of stable, orchard, outlying buildings, and with bulging eyes beheld the emptied cribs. Perceiving Amzy still virtuously guarding, and with a storm of vituperation, Lyle demanded explanation and learned that while he slept a sale of his property had been negotiated. The payment for same was waiting for him at the proper place. Inarticulate with rage, he stood and pawed the air, then whirling, hurried down the road in the direction of the Fifteenth Regiment's camp.

Later an orderly approached the plantation and delivered to Amzy the order to accompany him to Colonel Rogers headquarters, saying, “General Veatch’s orders are to place you under arrest.” Amzy did not need to question the reason for all this, but staunchly informed himself, “I’m glad I did it, just the same.”

Once before Colonel Rogers, Amzy was invited to explain this flagrant violation of a charge to keep. He made straightforward explanation, citing word for word, the dinner table conversation, and said, “He is nothing but a rebel and I disapprove of protecting rebel property.” For a moment Colonel Rogers pondered, and then said tersely, “You are dismissed. Report back to your Company.”

Later in the war Amzy met men who had been stationed in the locality of Waterford, and they reported that Lyle and family were drawing rations from the Union Army but the plantation house had been destroyed by fire. The family at the time were living in the Negro quarters.

Dissatisfaction had grown up in Company E regarding distribution of their rations. A man named Newton had been appointed to draw these for the men and there was general feeling that in distribution he was showing partiality. Complaint was made to John Luke, their officer. The complaints were recognized and the Regiment was given opportunity to elect a man of their own choosing, and they chose Amzy.

On Sunday, February 15th, Amzy made entry, “Wrote a letter to Cousin Maggie. Our Chaplain, a brother of Colonel Rogers, preached a good sermon today. His text was, ‘Quit ye like men and fight the good fight.’”

They were men now, though youthful still as measured in years; war had stamped them men in the days and weeks of service. The short time they had lived were years as registered by emotions, and in the entries for March we find a simple statement, “Not very well today.” “Not very well” was soldierly forgetfulness of self, for Amzy was really sick. Nel Townsend, feeling worried over his condition, went down to the Regimental hospital and got him medicine, the doctor promising to call on Amzy sometime that day. The continued exposure to rainy weather, wearing wet clothes, and eating improperly cooked food, was telling on the northern men. Amzy was not the only one, “not very well.” In a later entry he admits an attack of “bilious fever” and states, “Dr. Manvolsey of Freeport, Illinois, called and left some powders.” They were camped now near Memphis and soon leafing out of trees and flowering shrubs heartened them all.

The Regiment had just received back pay for the Fall months of September and October, and Amzy paid a visit to the camp photographer and had his picture taken to send home. The widow of Colonel Ellis had sent the Colonel's picture to each one of his men. This photo Amzy took occasion to enclose with his own photograph and sent it to his sister, Janette, for safe-keeping.

The entries in the days that followed told of letters received and sent; of Company activities and rumors concerning the successes the Army in the East and an unfailing comment of the Sunday sermon which he seems always to have enjoyed.

Tuesday, May 13th, the following entry basins, “The Second Brigade got orders to go onboard transport. The Fifteenth Regiment got onboard of the steamer Express. Started for Memphis at 4 o'clock p.m.

Tuesday, 14th. Fired into by guerrillas. Three of the Sixteenth Regiment wounded. Anchored in the river. Burned Greenville.”

A chapter here, expressed in a briefly-worded paragraph, told of the attack and retribution with a desolated area of war, innocent and guilty being punished in equal measure.

Saturday, 16th. Arrived at the lower landing four Miles from Vicksburg. Got off the boat on a plantation the West side of the river in the state of Louisiana. Very warm. Got some blackberries.”

The Company onboard the Silver Wave were taken down the river forty miles. Amzy in his daily record stated they were very lonesome, by which one understands that they were homesick. He also stated that he was sick. Then back again before Vicksburg, and several times in the ensuing days, he stated he was not very well.

And now the July entries tell of suffering from heat and of men sun-struck. Always discomfort and real suffering. With Vicksburg fallen in the early months, they were moved about in the adjacent section. A time they spent at Natchez, Mississippi; then under Crocker captured Fort Beaureguard across the river.

Chapter VIII
Defeat Comes To Amzy's Company

December, 1863, was the expiration of the term of his enlistment. The regiment was then encamped at their old camping ground at Vicksburg. Two-thirds of the regiment re-enlisted, “for the war.” Or using the Army phrase, “veteraned.” Soon after this, these veterans who had re-enlisted were furloughed home for thirty days, and returning, joined their old Corps, commanded now by Frank P. Blair and assigned for service with Sherman's Army.

Amzy’s thirty-day visit to Rush was hardly satisfactory. Living in the small house seemed stifling for one who had lived all those months out in the open air. His associates of boyhood days were at the front, except those who, like him, were furloughed home, or lying on some battlefield with, “those who never march again.” Janette had Brown up while he had been away. His brother Bob, now seventeen, had joined and was with the Seventeenth Illinois Cavalry. Of course, there were the girls who certainly were nice to returned soldiers, but even so he was not sorry to return to the Regiment. This war had come to be a business.

After the capture of Atlanta, Amzy’s Company was among those detailed to guard the railroad, sixteen miles in length, that stretched from Kennesaw to Altoona. Here they were skirmishing both day and night to keep the rebel cavalry from tearing up the track. General Hood of the Confederates, with flanking movement, struck the portion guarding at Big Shanty and took about thirty of the Fifteenth’s men. Next, Noon Station was captured and Acworth was the next point of attack. Companies E and C were stationed here and offered stout resistance until they found themselves surrounded. And then a flag of truce sent by the Rebel Colonel Loring, and through messenger, a demand was made for unconditional surrender with promise of respect of right to personal property and that those surrendering be treated as prisoners of war. But while they parlayed, the Sixth Mississippi Infantry crept in and trained their battery upon the brick house the company was occupying, while a line of Confederate Cavalry were lined up between them and Altoona. They had been tricked.

The night before, men sent out on scouting expedition had reported 5000 of the enemy troops in front and counseled the Captain in command to fall back to Altoona. The ranking Captain refused to accept this prudent counsel, so other officers conferred with Captain Allen Barnes of Warren. Thoroughly convinced of their danger, he asked Captain Barnes to take command and withdraw the companies C and E to Altoona which, being fortified, would offer them protection.

But Barnes, though he had counseled that they fall back, made answer to the men who would have set aside the ranking officer. “If I were in command, knowing as I do, that there is such a large force in front of us, I would fall back to Altoona. As I am not in command, I shall obey my superior officer.”

At nine next morning a truce was offered. At ten the companies surrendered. Marching out of the brick building that served as barracks for the men, they stacked their guns out in the street and Captain Barnes hung his sword on a stack of guns. Just then the rebel Colonel Loring, riding up, asked Barnes, “Is that your sword?” “It is the sword I I’ve carried, sir, in defense of the Union,” Barnes answered. “Bring it to me” was Loring’s next command. And Barnes made answer, “No, Sir, if you want it, come and get it.” A moments indecision and Loring, riding to the pile, removed the sword, and testing it for quality remarked, “It’s a good sword, to I’ll put it to a better use.” Dauntlessly the Captain answered, “There is a difference of opinion in regard to that, sir.”

Then Loring called the color bearer for the Sixth, and leaning from the saddle took the rebel flag and holding it over the men who had surrendered said, “Who will you vote for, Lincoln or Davis?” and with a shout they answered him, “Lincoln, Lincoln forever!”

“I shall never forget,” said Amzy, long after telling this, “how I felt, and the forlorn faces of the men, when we were informed that we were prisoners. We had served three years and eight months. We had been in all the campaigns, battles, marches of the Army of Tennessee. “We had one consolation -- we had held back Loring’s Division from three o’clock until the next day at ten o’clock before we were compelled to surrender. It would have cheered us further had we known that this delay had given General Sherman time to order General Corse from Rome to bring up reinforcements.

“As we marched down the valley under guard of the Sixth Mississippi, we could see Sherman’s advance guard on Kennesaw Mountain, signaling over our heads to General Corse, ‘Hold the fort at all hazard, for I am coming.’ Of course, we could not read the signals, but knew that messages were being sent. It cheered us and as long as I live the words of the hymn inspired by this signal will take me back to the valley and I will see our Companies looking forlornly up to the station high above.

“O, my comrades, see the signal
Waving in the sky
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

Hold the fort, for I am coming.

“It means more to us fellows that were there then it could ever mean to you.”

Chapter IX
In A Southern Prison

Those who have suffered cruel and inhuman treatment do not forget. It has scarred the soul. It is re-lived as remembered in their dreams. It takes a generation to forget and only after that can there be forgiveness.

Imprisonment is always horrible. Imprisonment in Andersonville was hell unmitigated. The youth who listen to the tales of their elders are apt to think of them as tedious and the tellers in their dotage. This indifference is part of time's plan to soften and then unite. But real unity is best brought about when a common cause unites them, as for instance World War I and now World War II. The common cause wipes out boundaries that made our country "North" and "South".

This story is not of this generation; it is not even of this century. It is of a Civil War. What irony! This is Amzy's story written as he told it in hate and bitterness. Yes, war leaves its stamp. The hatred generated within him was as a fire that he fanned to flame on each anniversary reminiscent in any way of his prison days. Christmas was one of these days. But we are ahead of our story.

In way, mass hatred prevails and works evils unthinkable. What happens to an enemy becomes "his just desert." So on these northern prisoners was wreaked a vengeance for encroachment upon Southern territory and after the manner of war, burning and pillaging as they marched. Scorched earth without dramatization.

About sixty of the men who surrendered at Altoona were veterans and these made the nucleus of this Illinois Infantry. Recruits had been added to the division to fill the ranks for those who had fallen in previous bloody engagements. Two of these boys deserve special mention in Amzy's story for they were boys from his home locality. One, Richard Cullen, a husky fourteen-year old boy, and Thomas Hodson, sixteen. Both had lied their way through a not-too-exacting recruiting office. Both lived to return to their county and render useful service. Cullen was a respected and successful farmer, and Hodson held various county offices and a long term as county judge.

The first day they marched fifteen miles with no food since the morning before. At dusk they were halted and lay down where they stood, for such rest as was possible without shelter or blankets. Early the next morning they were roused, to continue the march for another five miles, when they were halted and scant portions of food issued to each man: one hardtack, and a small piece of native beef. The march was then continued until they reached a place called Newman where the infantry turned the prisoners over to home-guards, as unprepossessing an outfit as could be found in the whole Southland, made up entirely of, "poor white trash."

At every stop, crowds gathered to inspect and revile the prisoners. Tobacco-chewing old women with the juice drizzling from mouth corners, could doubly discount their men in the style and quality of their vituperation. Every vile word, every curse they knew, was spent upon these "Yanks". Questions were asked to which they themselves gave the answer. "What for you'un kem daown here?" "You kem to steal our Niggers, you black abolitionists, you!".

They had no conception of the war beyond its effect in the locality, for only vague rumors furnished the greater part of their small stock of information. They talked large, these people who never had owned more than the clothing, such as it was, that covered them. It did not occur to them that having nothing to lose they could lose nothing no matter what the outcome of the war. In their Imagination they were suffering great losses and working up a greater bitterness than those who suffered actual harm.

At Macon, the prisoners were loaded on flat cars and on the 13th day of August, 1864, they arrived at the station nearest the prison and marched one-half mile to the stockade. There they were drawn up in front of the headquarters of the self-styled "Major H. Wirtz of the Confederate Army of the United States of America." He appeared before them with two big navy revolvers stuck in his belt, his hands on hips. After baleful glances up and down the line he demanded, "What Army Corps?" Some one answered, "Seventeenth." Whereupon he pointed to the stockade and snarled, 'When you've been in there a month, you will not feel like following Sherman. Damn you, damn all of you Yanks, I'll fix you." The men were then

searched; money, valuables of all kinds, were confiscated with a derisive promise to return them when or if they were released. The prison gates were then unlocked and the prisoners herded inside of the stockade to remain for the duration.

In August 1864, there were thirty thousand men confined upon the twenty acres of land that was the prison stockade. Just how many there were in October when the gallant Fifteenth Division marched in, Amzy made no mention, for here he included happenings of that time as told him by prisoners. In this war, the stockade would be called a concentration camp and Wirtz would be qualified for the keeper. He was born in Switzerland on the German slope and had army training. On coming to America he settled in Louisiana where he practiced medicine. In 1862 he was assigned to prison duty and 1864 he was put in charge at Andersonville.

They were too late to receive the prison rations so the second day passed without food of any sort. The next day they received regular prison rations. This they mixed with the filthy water from the stream that ran through the prison pen, making a thin gruel which they ate.

The stockade stood isolated from all habitations in the midst of what must have been piney woods. The trees had been cut down to build the enclosing fence. At one time, mortality reached the appalling figure of one hundred twenty persons a day. The prisoners suffered from scurvy; their gums were sore, their teeth loose. As a result of this condition they could not eat the ration of unbolted cornmeal and cow peas issued and numbers died with their allowance of corn bread near by.

The prison guards were a lot of undisciplined boys, ignorant and illiterate, lacking the finer attributes of decent human beings. They considered their part in the abuse of the prisoners as a service rendered their government. They would trade with the prisoners more meal for the brass button, but making sure they had the brass button first. Anyone who crossed the dead line into the space between it and the fence was promptly shot. One man in closing a trade got too close to the line and without warning the guard aimed and fired, shooting the boy thru the body. In his dying moments he called for his mother, living in some town in Pennsylvania.

There was a chain gang where twelve or thirteen prisoners were chained together with iron collars around their necks; chains ran to the shackles around their ankles and fastened in turn to a cannon ball. These men had tried to escape. They were kept on that chain until the last one died.

A pack of bloodhounds was owned by a guard named Turner. He rode a regular circuit around the place and if any prisoners had managed to slip out during the night, the hounds would pick up the scent and trail them. The wretched beings would soon be back in the pen.

Down at the stream one evening Amzy met a member of a Pennsylvania cavalry to whom he said, “I have an uncle in that Regiment.” “What’s his name, stranger?” “William Horton; he’s my mother’s youngest brother. I’ve never seen him.” “William Horton!” exclaimed the man, “‘Why he is right here in the prison. He’s in bad shape, though. Won’t last much longer. I’ll take you to him. We were captured during one of Kilpatrick’s raids around Richmond.” Kilpatrick, the boy his mother knew back in New Jersey. The mischievous boy who went to West Point and was now an officer in the Union Army. Threads of life intermingling once more.

They arranged to meet-the next morning when Amzy would meet his uncle. Horton was in bad shape, in very bad shape indeed. He had been stripped of coat, boots, and hat when they entered the prison. Amzy gave him his own broad felt to shade his eyes from the glaring sun. It was all he had to give. Horton’s legs were swollen until they had cracked and great open seams extended along his legs. Scurvy and gangrene had eaten away the flesh to the bone, He died two weeks later and was loaded into the wagon that brought their food and carried away with the dead. Usually sixty to eighty were carried away every twenty-four hours.

The stream that ran thru the center of the camp teamed with the filth from the rebel camp above and the drainage of the prison pen. On the west side where it crossed under the dead line, that water was slightly better, but to attempt to reach for it was death, even to extend a cup beyond that line. After the war when Wirtz was brought to trial, citizens of the locality testified that the stench of the prison camp could be smelled for a distance of two miles up and down the river.

Diseases due to polluted water, starvation, and exposure decimated the ranks. Blistering heat by day and chill of night caused untold suffering. Their uniforms were soon rags and thousands were stark naked. They burrowed like animals into the ground for some sort of protection from the contradictory elements. Night and day plaintive cries ran thru the enclosure, “Water, water.”

Reverend J.J. Sheppard, chaplain of an Ohio regiment, conducted services once or twice a week. He was a splendid singer and led the men in the singing of well-known hymns. On one particular occasion he opened the service with the old familiar hymn:

“Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?”

Thousands who had gathered around joined their voices with his, and then a voice cried, “Pray for water, water, pray for water.” The cry was echoed and then he knelt and thousands of these living skeletons knelt with him under the hot summer sun and prayed for water.

There had been no rain for four weeks. That evening the sun went down behind a bank of clouds. During the night a terrible thunder storm came up from the west, the rain fell in torrents washing the stockade clean and sweeping the filth into the stream and leveling the banks with shining water. In the morning, their eyes beheld a miracle. On the north side of the stream at the west, water had burst from the solid ground and spouted six feet into the air. It had cut a trench for itself thru the hard ground running half way across the stockade before joining the old stream.

“The prayer was answered; the parson’s prayer was answered,” they shouted, They cried in a hysterical demonstration of joy. There was renewed hope the Lord hadn’t forgotten them. The spring that started that day has had many names, but the one best known is, “Providence Spring.”

Christmas was a cold and chilly day until about noon when the sun broke through the clouds and warmed the stockade. Men came crawling out from the holes that were their burrows, “dwelling houses,” they called them, to bask in the sunshine. All over the eighteen acres that was the prison proper (the remaining two acres were termed the hospital) the prisoners were huddled in groups, telling stories of other Christmas’s and dinners in their northern homes.

> “My mother could get up the best Christmas dinners of any woman in all the country around.” “Say, pard, where does your mother live?” “In Indiana.” “Well, my mother lives in Illinois and she takes the premium at all the county fairs for the best light bread and butter.”

An old prisoner from Ohio offered to bet his mother could make the best light biscuits of any woman living. A comrade from Pennsylvania interrupted, “Oh, shut up. You fellows make me sick. All I wish is that I could have the privilege today of skimming the bread out of mother’s swill barrel.”

Such was the conversation among them, talking of homes that there seemed little hope of ever seeing again. Then came the dead cart to haul out those who had died during the night. The same cart returned at three o’clock bringing their Christmas dinner. It was also breakfast and supper -- a pint of corn meal, ground cob and all, and a small piece of bacon.

Howell Cobb, president of Secession Congress, came down from Macon that day and spoke to the rebel troops. He told them the Southern army had Sherman and the entire Yankee Army surrounded, somewhere on the Savannah River, and that soon the whole Northern Army would be prisoners. The guards passed this on to the men in the pen, “You’ll soon have plenty of company. Sherman and all his Army have been taken prisoners.”

But while Howell Cobb was speaking to the rebel troops, Chaplain Sheppard was preaching to the prisoners. He started the old familiar,

“When I can read my title clear
To mansions In the skies,
I’ll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Hundreds raised their voices with his and for a while they forgot that they were prisoners of war, confined within the boundaries of the stockade with cannons menacing them.

Thus the day passed and a cold, chilly night followed. It was only typical of many days and nights before and after that Christmas. As it grew dark, they retired to the various sand-holes they had burrowed out. Six of them lay in one hole or “dug out”, with only one blanket for cover. They lay spoon fashion and when one turned all must turn. The legs would cramp until it was necessary to stand and rub the cramp out of the aching muscles.

Chapter X
Victory

In July, General Sherman was besieging Atlanta. He ordered General Stoneman to take 5000 men, flank Hood's Army, tear up the railroad, and from there march on to Andersonville. The officers and guards at the prison were badly frightened. Twenty-five guns loaded with grape were immediately placed in positions to rake the stockade and an official proclamation signed by Brigadier General Winder and W.S. Winder, Adjutant General, read as follows. "It is better that the last Federal should be exterminated than to be permitted to burn and pillage the property of loyal citizens as they would do if allowed to make their escape from prison." This order was to be put into effect if the Yankee Cavalry should approach within seven miles of the stockade.

The prison authorities began at once to move the prisoners to Charleston and Saulsberg, but that was ended when General Foster seized the railroad that ran from Charleston to Savannah. The number of prisoners left at Andersonville numbered around 5000.

On April 20, 1864, Colonel Wilson with 13,000 mounted men penetrated to Macon and General Cobb surrendered. Some of the men, removed after a wearying march thru woodland and swamp, had been returned to the prison so the surrender found about 2000 men In the stockade while there were an additional 5000 lying sick upon the ground in the part designated, "the hospital." These men could not be moved and were left to be looked-after when Wilson came.

The two thousand were then loaded on two trains and started south, The guards told them they were moving them into Florida. The railroad was in a terrible condition; the cars squeaked and creaked in every joint. The dry boxes of the axles caught fire several times. Once the flames from a hot-box shot to the top of the car. Bedlam broke loose with the guards shouting to the engineer to stop the train while the prisoners hooted and yelled, "Let 'er burn." The train eventually stopped, and the guards brought water to pour upon the hot-box, putting out the fire and cooling it enough so the train could proceed.

It took them three or four days to reach Lake City. Here they drew their last pint of corn meal and here they again heard that Lincoln had been assassinated. They refused to believe it since so many lies had been told to them on other occasions; they decided this was just one more. For eight months they had not seen a newspaper and since there had been no new prisoners coming in, they knew nothing of the turn the war had taken. The guards had hinted that General Lee had surrendered to General Grant, but the officers said it was a Brigadier General who had surrendered.

At Lake City, they camped and made mush of their corn meal. Many of the men were naked, without hats, caps, or shoes. Amzy had worn one shirt for nearly eight months and dared not take it off for fear it would fall to pieces. Their condition was horrible. The following day they were again ordered onboard cars and run to within three miles of Camp Baldwin. The railroad from this point to Jacksonville had been destroyed. Rebel soldiers were on picket duty. General Gibbs addressed the men, informing them that the war was over, that President Lincoln had been shot; Lee had surrendered to Grant, and Sherman; and he thanked God that it was over. He dismissed his guards and went with the prisoners toward Jacksonville. It was this same Colonel Gibbs who testified against Wirtz when he was brought to trial by Federal authorities.

The railroad ran straight into Jacksonville. The country was level and they could see the Union pickets posted on top of lookouts. Three miles out Gibbs and the escort left them. The road ran straight in to the city, but it had not been used for some time and the bed was covered with sand-burrs that made it difficult for those barefooted to get along. The Union officer had sent men out to learn who might be moving toward the city in such a disorganized mass. They thought it might be Confederates from Camp Baldwin coming to surrender. They learned quickly enough that these were remnants of the men at Andersonville.

At the sight of the officer's blue uniform the men were fairly demented. They pulled him off his horse; they laughed; they cried; they cheered until they were completely exhausted. He confirmed the news of Lincoln's assassination; he told them Lee had surrendered his army to Grant and Johnson had surrendered to Sherman. The Union was preserved, but the news of Lincoln's death saddened them. In spite of their own pitiful condition, they could feel for others, and mourned for the death of their Commander-in-Chief. This officer told the men to take their time. He would ride back and send

conveyances to take them in. Amzy with about one hundred fifty others proved themselves indomitable by walking the remaining miles, straight to the headquarters where they waved their flag. Some who had sufficient strength started singing the “Star-Spangled Banner”. The General joined in. Said Amzy, “I think that was the happiest moment of my life.”

They were a wretched looking band, but they were alive and free to go back home. It took the entire night to bring in the “boys” who had given out. An order had been issued for 500 loaves of bread. It was ready at ten o’clock that night. Negro soldiers were sent to clean a camp north of the city and to build fires. At ten o’clock there was a barrel of coffee ready and plenty of the delicious bread. The officer in charge also sent out boxes of soap to clean them up and barbers to cut their hair and shave them. No words can describe the joy and comfort of a bath and the ministrations of these barbers. Clothes had been ordered from Hilton Head; also shoes and blankets, As soon as these came, the men were given another good scrubbing and changed their vermin-infested rags for uniforms. They were then moved to another camp south of town where new tents had been set up, and best of all there were three meals a day.

The Negroes did everything possible for these derelicts, nursing them and cheering them. In two weeks time there were such changes in their appearances they scarce knew one another. All the sick were moved to hospitals where they were tenderly nursed. Then came orders from the Secretary of War to send them to their states to be mustered out.

They were ordered onboard a Coaster that ran down the St. John River to the ocean and then around the coast to Fernandino, Florida. When the boat docked, the passengers went ashore to wait for an ocean steamer, the Daniel Webster, which was standing by to dock when the tide came in. They were bound for Annapolis. The trip was a pleasant one except when they were off Hatteras. Amzy thought it was “pretty rough” there. Waves rolled over the deck; the passengers were ordered down into the hold; and the hatches were fastened securely, The bad weather lasted twelve hours, then all was calm and smooth for the remaining three days of the trip to Annapolis.

They were ordered to the Soldier’s Home there, and were under medical care for ten days. It was hard to curb their impatience to be on their way. They thought they would be allowed to join the balance of the Fifteenth Delmors Infantry who at the time were marching toward Washington to take part in the Grand Review. Instead the Secretary ordered them sent home to be mustered out.

They were bitterly disappointed. They felt they had spent four years in defense of their country and should be permitted to visit the Capitol and take part in the program. It may be the official, who saw the need for harmony as well as peace, thought the sight of these comrades might produce a rancor with unpleasant consequences. So after another week in Annapolis, they were sent home.

They proceeded over the Baltimore and Ohio thru Harper’s Ferry to Parkersburg, Virginia. John Brown’s body lay moldering, it is true, but it is just as true, that his soul merged with the soul of all the “Boys in Blue”, and “marched on.”

Crossing the Ohio River at Columbus, the Ohio men were first to be mustered out; at Cincinnati the Kentucky boys left them; then on to the Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis. This was a Soldier’s Home, There Amzy met Melvin Carpenter, brother of an old sweetheart. Carpenter had been on furlough and was rejoining his Regiment stationed in western Missouri.

Robert Renwick, the half brother who had stood with Amzy at the crossroads in Rush township when he enlisted, was in service in the same Regiment as Carpenter. What a joyful meeting! Carpenter was the first man whom he had met in months who could give him news of home.

From St. Louis they proceeded to Springfield, Illinois, and were housed briefly at the Soldier’s Home. On the 21st of July they were mustered out, after four years and one month in service. Amzy had never missed a march, a skirmish, or a battle, excepting the two months in the military hospital when he was recovering from the wounds received at Shiloh.

Once when the Fifteenth was guarding the railroad from Memphis to Corinth, Sergeant Nels Townsend detailed him to guard a bridge. “It was awful weather,” Amzy recalled, “rain, sleet, and raw wind. I told Nels I was sick, and asked to be excused. He ordered me to the hospital. The doctor who examined me said that I was suffering from bilious fever and prescribed five big powders of quinine and rhubarb, about one

large teaspoonful in a powder. If I wasn't sick before the dose, I was plenty sick after. It was worse than the disease and I reported right back as able to be "on duty."

The Fifteenth was always at the front, at Shiloh in "Hurlbut's Fighting Fourth," when 160 out of 500 men engaged were killed or wounded, and many other major engagements.

Returning at last to Warren, did he return as a hero? No, heroes were numerous now and there was now no Sol Way to bear him in his arms to the tavern. He came in at night without fanfare. Just another boy come home.

Amzy was fond of these lines, and often read them.

There is far too little mentioned
When our proud reunion comes;
And the thoughtful love of country
Dies upon the sounding drum.

Let me call him in your muster
Let me wake him in your grief,
Captain by the Constitution,
Abr'm Lincoln was your chief.

Ever nearest to his person,
Ye were his defense and shield;
He alone of your commanders,
Died upon the battle field.

All your Generals were his children,
Leaning on him, childish willed,
And I they all were filial mourners
'Round the mighty tomb he filled.

Chapter XI
Later Years

The story of Amzy can well be finished here, for the humble toil and troubles of later life are an anti-climax to these experiences. Troubles there were a plenty, as the year he staked his all, planting and caring for 40 acres of what promised to be prime tobacco and then an August frost scorched the crop so that when he paid his debts he was penniless.

Land in South Dakota was thrown open to homesteaders and soldiers' rights offered, These "rights" allowed the homesteader to "prove up" in two years if he had three or more years in service. Amzy took up a quarter section in Gann Valley and toiled against heavy odds. He saw the terrible blizzard of '88 and went out with relief parties hunting the bodies of its victims.

There was the driver who got out to loosen his horses for the sled when they could go no farther, lost his mittens and froze both hands and feet until hands and feet bad to be amputated. There was the little school teacher who tried to get her charges to a farm and then hollowed a straw stack so all could find shelter and holding the wee one next to her breast gave it warmth from her body. Such were the tales of the blizzard of '88 and Amzy's participation.

Disheartened, he moved once more, and at Marshfield, Missouri, found a happy home with wife (Martha Moore Waugh) and children. Let us leave him there, and offer sincere petition, "May he rest in peace."

"Soldier rest, thy war fare o'er.
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking!
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

Soldier, rest! The warfare o'er
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking
Morn for toll nor night of waking.

Scott's "Lady of the Lake"

Appendix

Diary

Notes on the diary: The diary of the following pages was transcribed after the story of Amzy was written. This little diary was carefully cared for until Amzy's death, but his son has no idea what became of it -- a priceless bit unappreciated. I had hoped to have a picture of the little book as the first page of this appendix.

The little memorandum book carried brief entries of daily happenings in the Vicksburg campaign. It was designed for daily orders and the pages were divided -- a space for each day of the year. These books were common in the 80's.

It seems to me remarkable that the notes herein transcribed should have been so consistently entered. Dog-eared from carrying, the book has entries made with stubby pencil -- words abbreviated to save space. No one but the writer could have interpreted it, and even so it was not easy. The writing was blurred and cramped into small space. The abbreviations even differed.

At the dedication of the Vicksburg Memorial, Mr. Spencer attended. He showed the curator the book and pages transcribed are a part of their archives.

Amzy Spencer's Diary
Transcribed by J. Grace Greenwood

<u>January, 1863</u>

Thursday 1st. The Fifteenth Regiment guarding at railroad bridge on the Mississippi Central R.R. one mile South of Waterford Station. No news in camp.

Friday 2nd. Cool today for this sunny South. Dark black-looking clouds cover the horizon. Would to God that this cruel war would end and stop this bloody work. How young sister weeps for her brother that has laid his life on the altar for his country!

Saturday 3rd. Fortifying to guard the R.R. bridge near Waterford Station, Mississippi. Fighting along the picket lines. The rebels repulsed.

Tuesday 13th. Got orders to strike tents and march; we went as far as Moscow. Fortieth Illinois, was left there 14th, Illinois came on to Lafayette with the Fifteenth. The roads are very muddy.

Wednesday 14th. Got orders to march back to Moscow. Snowing very hard. The soldier waded across creeks waist deep. Camp at night near Moscow. Snow 4 inches deep.

Thursday 15th. Still in camp. Cold and "wet" weather; we suffered a great death. Camp near Moscow; snow on the ground.

Friday 16th. Got orders to march to Lafayette. Cold and wet. Our teams all stuck in the mud. Camp one mile from Lafayette.

Saturday 17th. Cold day snow on the ground. Our teams went out after forage. Got orders to march to Lafayette camp south of the town.

Sunday 18th. Moved our camp half-mile from town. I was detailed with three man to guard a citizen's property. Raining today. Memoranda:

Uniforms, hat	$1.68	Feather	$0.15	Cord & Tassel	$0.14
Eagle	$0.02	Forage cap	$0.56	Haversack cover	$0.18
Uniform coat	$7.21	Shoulder strap	$0.50	Trousers	$3.55
Trousers (serg)	$3.75	Stockings	$0.32	Coat, flannel	$2.40

Trousers (corp)	$3.75	Jacket	$2.70	Coat, lined	$3.14
Flannel shirt	$1.46	Stockings	$0.32	Boots, pegged	$1.48
Knit shirt	$1.30	Boots sewed	$2.05	Great coat	$9.50
Blankets	$3.60	Leggings	$1.25	Pack straps	$0.14
Oil cloth	$1.65	Knapsack	$2.74	Rubber rain cloth	$2.55
Haversack	$0.48	Oil cloth	$0.56	Canteens	$0.44

Monday 19th. Still on guard at the Lyle Plantations. Clear weather. Quartered in Negroes house. Old Lyle, his wife, two daughter, and his son's wife at home on the plantation.

Tuesday, 20th. Very fine weather. Corporal Fulton on guard. Old Lyle and family are rebels. I am opposed to guarding rebels property.

Wednesday 21st. Had a quarrel with this old rebel and his women while guarding his corn cribs. The wagon master wanted to borrow some corn.

Thursday 23rd. Loaned the brigade wagon master 500 bushels of corn. The old rebel reported me to Gen. Veach.

Friday 28th. Was arrested by orders of Brigadier General Veach and ordered to report to Colonel Rogers headquarters.

<u>February 1863</u>

Thursday 5th. Camp at Lafayette Tennessee. Cold snowy day. Company E all well.

Friday, 6th. All quiet in camp today. Snow on the ground. Pleasant day rather cool. Camp at Lafayette, Tennessee.

Saturday 7th. A pleasant day with some snow on the ground. Also mud. Bought one bottle of ink; wrote two letters.

Sunday 8th. A pleasant day; very windy. A sword presentation by Company K to Major Nase presented by the chaplain of Regiment. Received a letter from sister Janette; wrote a letter to Aunt Mary *(not identifiable)*.

Monday 9th. A pleasant day; no news in camp; wrote a letter to sister Janette; wrote a letter to Nora *(town)* to Janie Crowel *(?)*. Got to go on picket in the morning.

Tuesday 10th. Went on picket; the Fifteenth relieved the 14th Regiment. Cloudy, raining today. Cleared off at night. All quiet on picket. I was in the reserve commanded by John W. Duke.

Wednesday 11th. Camp at Lafayette, Tennessee. Drawed rations today; all quiet In camp.

Thursday 12th. No news in camp today; rainy day. Warm weather. Cleared off at night.

Friday 13th. A pleasant day, every appearance of spring. Wrote a letter to Harlow Landphair.

Saturday 14th. A very hard rain last night. Raining today. Received a letter from cousin Maggie (*Margaret Dutcher*).

Sunday 15th. Wrote a letter to cousin Maggie. Our Chaplain (Rogers, brother of Colonel) preached a good sermon today. Text was, "Quit ye like men and fight the good fight."

Monday 16th. Cloudy and rainy weather. Received two letters from home, one from S. No news of importance, Camp at Lafayette.

Tuesday 17th. Cloudy today; not very well. Wrote a letter to Janette *(sister).*

Wednesday 18th. On picket guard today with a squad of 6 men, East of the depot on the railroad. Cloudy today.

Thursday 17th. Relieved of guard at 9 o'clock; a warm day; some appearance of rain. No news in camp today.

Wednesday 25th. I was on picket guard today; a very wet day. Rained off and on all day. Cleared off in the night.

Thursday 26th. Relieved of picket at 9 0 clock. No news in camp today.

Friday 27th. Queen of the West *(boat)* floundered on Red River and captured by the rebels. Company E, Company H and two other companies started out after some rebels. Returned at 2 o'clock at night. No success.

Saturday 28th. A pleasant day; looks like rain. Mustered for pay today by Colonel Rogers. Rained at night; received a letter from cousin Maggie.

March 1863

Sunday 1st. Wrote a letter to cousin Maggie Taylor. Not very well today.

Monday 2nd. Not well today. Nell Townsend went down to the Regiment Hospital. Got some medicine.

Tuesday 3rd. Not very well today. The doctor came to see me; left some powders.

Wednesday 4th. Got the bilious fever. No better today. Doc Manvolsey of Freeport came to see me; left some medicine.

Thursday 5th. No better today -- Nell Townsend went to Colierville to see a friend.

Friday 6th. Company E and Company H started out after forage. It rained, they was ordered back to camp. Got orders to march as soon as relieved; hold ourselves in readiness.

Saturday 7th. Expecting to march today. It is cloudy and rainy; rather cool.

Sunday 8th. Cool and windy day. Wrote a letter to Hattie Dutcher. No news in camp today some better expecting to march.

Monday 9th. Rather cool. This morning to march. Tomorrow morning drawed on day rations. Received a letter from Joe Bowker Camp at the R.R. Tennessee.

Tuesday 10th. Still at our old camp at the R.R. 4 miles west of Lafayette Tennessee. Rained all night and all day; expecting to march in the morning.

Wednesday 11th. Left our old camp on the R.R. this morning at 7 o'clock The day is clear; the roads very muddy. Marched 15 miles; camp one mile west of Germantown; very weary.

Thursday 12th. Started on our march at 6 o'clock AM for Memphis. Marched 14 miles; arrived at Memphis 2 o'clock; camped East of the city.

Friday 13th. A fine day; camped East of the city of Memphis. Wrote two letters: one to Janette, one to Joe Bowker.

Saturday 14th. Received a letter from J.L. Taylor *(Janette's husband)*. A fine day on picket; took John Jelly's place; all quiet along the line. Wrote a letter to Taylor.

Sunday 15th. A fine day to day; some appearance of rain. Our Chaplain preached a good sermon.

Monday 16th. A fine day; warm as summer; signed the payrolls today. Received two letters: one from Aunt Mary *(?)*, one from Nette *(sister Janette?)*. Wrote a letter to Grand Rapids.

Tuesday 17th. A fine day; very pleasant; the trees leaving out camp at Memphis. Paid two months pay today: September and Oct.

Wednesday 18th. No news in camp today. Near Colonel. Hall's headquarters, went downtown today on a pass -- got some pictures taken. Old Fifteenth on drill.

Friday 20th. All quiet in camp. A pleasant day on drill today. Battalion drilled by Colonel Rogers, Wrote a letter to Hattie Haskell *(a friend?, not Hattie Dutcher)*.

Saturday 21st. On guard today Corps of the 2nd relief. All quiet in camp. A pleasant day camp at Memphis.

Sunday 22nd. Relief on guard at 9 o'clock -- wrote a letter to sister Janette; sent Colonel Ellis' portrait home; raining today.

Monday 23rd. No news in camp. Raining today. Camp of the Fifteenth regiment at Memphis.

Tuesday 24th. Still raining today; some good news from below *(South of this location).* The Union Army progressing well at Vicksburg. Wrote a letter to Maggie Taylor *(cousin Margaret Dutcher).*

Wednesday 25th. Some news from Rosencran's Army; the Union Army's victorious so far. Some exciting news from Grant's Army. Some of boys over to the slaughter yard. Lager beer plenty.

Thursday 26th. A pleasant day today. A.L. Spencer on guard. Corps of the 7th relief. The Fourteenth Regiment and the Forty-sixth drilling for a silver bugle -- 46th won.

Tuesday 27th. Was relieved of guard at 9 o'clock; some appearance of rain. The 2nd Brigade was drilling in front of Colonel Hall's headquarters. The old Fifteenth Regiment did the best. Rained very hard at night.

Saturday 28th. Cloudy; some appearance of rain. A Division Review was to be held here; on the account of the rain it was postponed. Wrote a letter to Maggie Renwick (*step-sister, future wife of John Dutcher*). On fatigue duty today hauling wood.

Sunday 29th. The wind blows very cool today. Received a letter from John Taylor. Encouraging news from Vicksberg.

Monday 30th. Rather cool today. A good time in general. Lager beer below par. No news of importance today. Camp at Memphis.

Tuesday 31st. Cold wind a blowing today; no news of importance. In drill today. Drilling with the 28th Illinois Regiment. The Fifteenth beat them badly, so that they left the field.

<u>April 1863</u>

Thursday 2nd. Weather very good today; on grand review. The old Fourth Division was reviewed by Major General Hurlbutt, General Louman and General Veatch -- it was a grand review.

Friday 3rd. Very windy day. In headquarters guard at General Louman's headquarters. All quiet; no news of importance.

Saturday 4th. A pleasant day; was relieved of guard at 6 o'clock am. No news of importance. Camp at Memphis. Some rumors of attack here.

Sunday Apr. 5th. A fine day Chaplain Rogers preached a good sermon. In dress parade. A speech from Judge Loop of Rockford. Received a letter from sister Janette.

Monday 6th. A pleasant day; no news in camp. Today wrote a letter to sister Janette. Company B started to Chicago to guard prisoners.

Tuesday 7th. On guard today. Corps of the First relief. A fine day -- all quiet.

Wednesday 8th. Camp at Memphis. Company E, Fifteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers. A pleasant day. Some appearance of rain this evening.

Thursday 9th. A pleasant day; went out on dress parade and drill at General Louman's headquarters. The Thirty-third Wisconsin Regiment on drill. Received two letters from Nora *(town).*

Friday 10th. A pleasant day but cloudy; some appearance of rain. Wrote a letter to Nora and to Dane. Wrote some lines to Aunt Jane Crowell *(unknown).*

Saturday 11th. A rainy day. Thunder showers. Received a letter from home. Wrote a letter to sister Jennette. Henry Tucker got his furlow to go home.

Sunday 12th. Cleared off this morning. Henry Tucker started home. Company E all well. A sermon was preached in camp of the fifteenth by Elder Mason. Judge Williams spoke to us at night. He spoke at the camp of the Fourteenth.

Monday 13th. No news in camp today. On Battalion drill. Cloudy today; some appearance of rain.

Tuesday 14th. Rained last night; still raining this morning; rather cool today; received a letter from Aunt Mary *(?)*. Answered it.

Wednesday 15th. Cleared off this morning. On guard today Corps of the 2nd Relief. Some runners at night. The rebels close to the picket lines. Camp at the Fifteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers. At Memphis.

Thursday 16th. All quiet in camp. A pleasant day; Battalion drill. Some news from Charlestown. Reported fighting there.

Friday 17th. A pleasant day on drill. Colonel Rogers drilled us in the manual of arms. Not much news in camp today.

Saturday 18th. A pleasant day warm. No news in camp today. Received a letter from Rush *(town).* Wrote a letter to Rush, to Susan Townsend *(family friends, siblings married Townsends).*

Sunday 19th. A pleasant day. Clear and warm. Chaplain Rogers preached a good sermon to us. Camp at Memphis.

Monday 20th. On guard today, Crop of the First Relief. All quiet in camp today. Pleasant day.

Tuesday 21st. A pleasant day. All night in camp. Some appearance of rain. Received a letter from John Taylor *(husband of cousin Margaret Dutcher)*. Answered it today. The Fifteenth Regiment on review at General Louman's headquarters.

Wednesday 22nd. A fine dry camp at Memphis. Down in the city of Memphis today. No news of importance from below *(most of the war was south of Tennessee).*

Thursday 23rd. Pleasant, dry; all quiet in camp. No news of importance; expecting to get our pay.

Friday 24th. Raining today. The expedition returned to camp from Hemando, Mississippi. Drove the rebels' from their strong holds. Received our pay 4 months. On guard today. Received a letter from home.

Saturday 25th. Some appearance of rain. Sent $40.00 home; come off guard at 9 o'clock. Wrote two letters home. One to pay Pa *(father).* One to sister Nette *(Janette).* Hail storm in the afternoon.

Sunday 26th. Raining today. I went downtown yesterday; received a letter from Dave *(Uncle David Spencer? Or Dave Miner of letter on 29th below?)*.

Monday 27th. In picket today. Cloudy, rainy weather. Hard shower in the afternoon. In one post with three men; all quiet along the lines.

Tuesday 28th. Pleasant day; quiet warm; was relieved of picket at 9 o'clock. No news of importance. In battalion drill. Camp at Memphis.

Wednesday 29th. Some cloudy today. All quiet in camp. Some news from General Banks Army. He captured 2000 prisoners. Wrote a letter to Dave Miner *(?)*. Got my likeness taken *(picture).*

Thursday 30th. Fine, dry; some news from abroad. The Second Brigade at Colonel Hall's headquarters. In obedience to the President's *(Abraham Lincoln)* proclamation holding this day in fastening and prayer.

<u>May 1863</u>

Friday 1st. A fine day; very warm. Received a letter from Maggie Taylor *(first cousin, 2 years his junior).* Wrote a letter to Janette *(sister, 3 years his junior)*. On battalion drill.

Saturday 2nd. Fine day. Company drill; rained in the afternoon. Wrote a letter to cousin Maggie Taylor. Went downtown today; returned at night.

Sunday 3rd. Some news from Eastern Lines; Hooker advancing across the Rappahannock. A good sermon preached by Mason, Chaplain of Twelfth Wisconsin Regiment.

Monday 4th. On picket guard today; some appearance of rain. On a post with 3 men. Rained at night. All quiet along the line.

Tuesday 5th. Relieved of guard at 9 o'clock. Returned to camp. Received a letter from John L. Taylor. No news in camp of importance. Raining today. On drill at camp.

Wednesday 6th. Rather cool today. Received letter from John L Taylor. Went downtown to night. Had glass of Lager beer.

Thursday 7th. Pleasant day. Hooker's fighting in Virginia. On drill today. Some appearance of rain. Camp in Memphis.

Friday 8th. On picket guard today. Pleasant, dry. No news of importance.

Saturday 9th. Was relieved of picket at 9 o'clock. Come to camp. The news is that Hooker is back in his old camp. Pleasant, dry. Colonel Hall raised a flag at his headquarters.

Sunday 10th. Warm day today. Chaplain Rogers preached a good sermon. Great news from Richmond -- the Stars and Stripes waving over the rebel capitol.

May 11th. On commissary guard today at General Louman's headquarters. Received a letter from sister Jennette. Good news from Hooker's Army. Warm dry.

Tuesday 12th. Was relieved of guard at 8 o'clock. Wrote a letter to sister Jennette today. Went downtown today on pass.

Wednesday 13th. The Second Brigade got orders to go on board transport. The Fifteenth Regiment got on board of the steamer Express. Started from Memphis 4 o'clock.

Tuesday 14th. Still on the boat. Passed Helena, run nearly down to Greenville. Fired into by guerrilla's. Three of the Sixteenth Regiment wounded. Anchored in the river; burned Greenville.

Wednesday 15th. Still onboard. The Express on the Mississippi River below Napoleon. Arrived at Youngpoint at dark, 6 miles above Vicksburg.

Saturday 16th. Arrived at the lower landing 4 miles from Vicksburg. Got off the boat; on a plantation the west side of the river in the state of Louisiana. Very warm. Got some black berries.

Sunday 17th. A pleasant day. Camp at Youngpoint. Wrote a letter to sister Nette. Marching orders.

Monday 18th. A warm day. Marched at 11 o'clock to the landing below Vicksburg; camped there at night. Marched in sight of the city of Vicksburg.

Tuesday 19th. Got onboard the Silver Wave bound for Grand Gulf. Arrived here at 10 o'clock pm. Camp on the flats of the Mississippi River. All of the troops got orders to go to Warrington.

Wednesday 20th. In camp at Grand Gulf 40 miles south of Vicksburg. The Regiment gone to Warrington. I am sick today with a fever. Very warm. Heavy firing in the direction of Vicksburg.

Thursday 21st. A pleasant day; no news from the Regiment. Still in camp at Grand Gulf. Heavy shower today. Cloudy at night. *(The dates for the next several days included only the number. Amza had probably lost recognition of the day of the week. No more pleasant days in a safe camp.)*

Friday 22nd. Not heard from the Regiment. In Camp at Grand Gulf. Very warm day; some appearance of rain.

Saturday 23rd. Still at Grand Gulf, Mississippi. Fighting at Vicksburg. Very warm day. No news from the Regiment.

Sunday 24th. Still in camp at Grand Gulf. No news from the Regiment.

Monday 25th. No news from Vicksburg today. Pleasant weather.

Tuesday 26th. No news today. Warm day. Very lonesome here at Grand Gulf.

Wednesday 27th. Left Grand Gulf at 10 o'clock bound for the Regiment. Onboard of the steamer Silver Wave; arrived at Warrington at 9 o'clock pm. Slept on the boat until the morning of the 28th.

Thursday 28th. Arrived at the Regiment; found them on the left of Grant's Army 42 miles from Warrington. Heavy firing all day. Regiment on picket. Captain Bradley killed today. Moved camp today.

Friday 29th. A pleasant day; camping on the left of Grant's Army. On the left of the picket lines next to the river in sight of the rebel works.

Saturday 30th. Some skirmishing today along the lines. Company I captured 10 prisoners. Very warm day. We were relieved of picket at 4 o'clock pm. Captured 40 thousand gun caps and 10 prisoners. They were trying to run the blockade.

Sunday 31st. Very warm day. Heavy firing this morning on our right. Went on picket; relieved the Fourteenth Illinois. Some picket firing a long the lines. No one in our Regiment wounded today.

June 1863

Monday 1st. Relieved of picket at 3 o'clock. pleasant day; firing along the lines. Advancing our picket lines today. Some fighting. The rebels gave way. No one was hurt on our side as far as heard from.

Tuesday 2nd. At rest in camp rear of Vicksburg. Some heavy firing on the right. Very warm day. To go on picket in the morning at 8 o'clock.

Wednesday 3rd. Advanced the picket lines this morning. Fifty-fifth (?) Indiana advanced on skirmishers. No one hurt in advancing the line. A very warm day. Received 3 letters. The rebels dare not show themselves.

Thursday 4th. Was relieved of picket at 8 o'clock by the forty-sixth. Wrote a to Jennette. Very warm day. Some firing today; not so heavy as usual.

Friday 5th. Went on picket; relieved the Forty-sixth. Heavy firing today. Some picket firing. The rebels opened a battery on us -- no one hurt. Grape cannides and shells flying all around us.

Saturday 6th. Was relieved of picket at 8 o'clock by the Forty-sixth Illinois. Some firing on the picket lines. Very warm day. Moved our camp today into the hollow.

Sunday 7th. Very warm day. Went down to the big spring. Got some black berries. Wrote a letter to Jennette. Was on picket. Some firing along lines.

Monday 8th. Was relieved of picket at 8 o'clock by the Forty-sixth Illinois. Very warm day. Wrote a letter to Nel, one to Maggie Taylor.

Tuesday 9th. In camp today very warm. Wrote a letter to Dave Miner. Wrote a letter to Peter Schoffield. Nel gone to Chickasaw Landing. Heavy firing as usual.

Wednesday 10th. On picket today. Very heavy rain. Rained nearly all dry. Cleared off at night. Some picket firing today.

Thursday 11th. Was relieved of picket by the Fourteenth Illinois; rained in the morning. Heavy firing along the lines today. Shelling the enemies forts.

Friday 12th. A warm day. Went after some black berries. Got enough for dinner. Wrote a letter to brother James *(Spencer, not known to be soldier in Civil War).*

Saturday 13th. On picket today. Heavy firing a long the lines; quite warm. Received a letter from Jennette.

Sunday 14th. Was relieved of picket 8 o'clock by the Fourteenth Illinois Regiment. Made some pies today. The rebels shelling our camp today. Not very well.

Monday 15th. Not very well today; went to see the doctor; got some powders. Heavy firing today -- shells bursting all around us.

Tuesday 16th. Still in our camp rear of Vicksburg. Received a letter from sister Maggie *(Margaret Renwick, step-sister, 10 years his junior).* Not very well today.

Wednesday 17th. Still in our old camp, rear of Vicksburg. Things unchanged. Some heavy firing today. Wrote a letter to sister Jennette.

Thursday 18th. A pleasant day. Received a letter from H. Butcher. Advancing the picket lines in front of our Brigade. Detailed for picket. Went out of our camp 2 miles; 10 o'clock pm very heavy firing on our right.

Friday 19th. On picket today. In the rear of our camps. Very warm day. Was relieved by the Fourteenth Illinois at 5 o'clock pm.

Saturday 20th. Pleasant day; the Siege of Vicksburg changed. Wrote a letter to Cousin Henry *(?)*. The Regiment on picket today.

Sunday 21st. Some appearance of rain. Wrote a letter sister Maggie. Some firing today along the lines.

Monday 22nd. The Regiment on picket today on front of the First Brigade. Heavy firing at night. The Fourteenth Illinois Regiment in front, digging rifle pits. They were attacked.

Tuesday 23rd. On picket today, some firing along the lines. Was relieved of picket at 8 o'clock by the Forty-first Regiment. Raining tonight.

Wednesday 24th. 200 men from Fifteenth Regiment on picket today. Cloudy, some appearance of rain. Was called out for fatigue duty to dig rifle pits in front of the rebel's forts.

Thursday 25th. Come off of fatigue duty at sunrise. Very warm day. Every available man was called out on the picket lines. General McPherson blowed up a rebel fort. Expecting the rebels to cut out.

Friday 26th. Received our pay today. Two months pay. Very warm day. Some firing along the lines. Part of the Regiment goes on duty at 5 o'clock.

Saturday 27th. Not very well today. Pleasant day. The rebels opened on our picket with their battery. One guy in Company K was wounded while on post. Received our pay.

Sunday 28th. Not very well today. Very heavy cannonading along the lines. Received a letter from sister Jennette, one from Dane.

Monday 29th. A pleasant day, very warm weather. Went to see the doctor to get some medicine. The Regiment was ordered out to build rifle pits close to the Rebel's works. No one hurt.

Tuesday 30th. Some very heavy firing along the lines today. Rebels shelled our pickets. Two boys hurt. Wrote a letter home. Getting some better.

<u>July 1863</u>

Wednesday 1st. Getting some better; feel quite well today. Some heavy firing today. A part of the Regiment called out to support the pickets. Wrote a letter to sister Nett.

Thursday 2nd. 160 men out of our Regiment on picket today. Rear picket about 2 miles from camp. Very warm today; all quiet along the lines.

Friday 3rd. Was relieved at 9 o'clock by the Third Iowa. Very heavy cannons firing this morning. The Rebels general sent a flag of truce to General Grant's headquarters for terms of surrender.

Saturday 4th. Vicksburg surrendered at 5 o'clock. Completed at 10 o'clock. The Stars and Stripes planted on the Court House. Thirty-two thousand prisoners taken. Part of the Regiment on picket.

Sunday 5th. Got marching orders to march at 10 o'clock for Black River. Very warm day. Some of the boys gave out from heat. General Sherman fighting with Joe Johnston. Marched 10 miles.

Monday 6th. Camp at Duck Creek. Got orders to march at 5 pm. Orders was countermanded to march in the morning at 6; very warm day laying in camp.

Tuesday 7th. Took the line of march at 6 o'clock am; crossed the Black River at the railroad bridge. Marched 8 miles. Camp at night. Got orders to march 8 miles passed Champion Hill at night.

Wednesday 8th. It rained very hard last night. Mud ankle deep. Camped until morning. Moved at daylight. Marched 3 miles. Camped in an open field 4 miles from Clinton. Got orders to march at 5 pm.

Thursday 9th. Marched nearly all night. Camped at 2 o'clock am. Took up the line of march at 7 o'clock *(am).* Marched as far as Clinton. Camped in a grove for the night. A very hot day. Skirmishing in front near Jackson.

Friday 10th. Left Clinton at 10 o'clock *(am).* Our Brigade train guard. A very warm day; stopped in an open field. Marched at 5 o'clock *(pm).* Come 3 miles. Camped in a pasture; some fighting in front.

Saturday 11th. Cavalry *(enemy)* trying to attack the Thirteenth Army Corps. Train ordered in a line of battle. The Rebel's Cavalry turned out to be our own Yanks. Cavalry camp on the north side of the Jackson road, 6 miles from the city.

Sunday 12th. Camp within 6 miles of Jackson -- guarding the train. The First Brigade in a fight near Jackson. A very warm day. Some appearance of rain. Got orders to march this evening.

Monday 13th. March on the evening of the 12th south of Jackson on the NDJRR. Lay down to sleep at 12 o'clock midnight -- started on our march to form our lines on the right of Hovey's lines.

Tuesday 14th. In a line of battle nearly all day; some heavy fighting in front of General Hovey's lines -- the rebels repulsed. The First and Third Brigade got cut to pieces very bad -- in a change on the 12th.

Wednesday 15th. Formed a line of battle at 4 o'clock am; a pleasant day. Received 2 letters: one from Aunt Mary; one from sister Maggie.

Thursday 16th. A pleasant day. Throwing up-breast works today. The Rebels attacked the center of our army. They were repulsed with heavy loss.

Friday 17th. The rebels evacuated Jackson -- in great haste leaving behind a large amount of stoves. I went to the city today -- Jackson is burning up -- returned to camp.

Saturday 18th. Got orders to go south on the railroad to burn the ties and rails. The regiment started at 9 o'clock. We went out 7 miles. It commenced to rain at 3 o'clock; returned to camp.

Sunday 19th. Still in camp near Jackson. A fine day; wrote a letter to sister Maggie. Went down to Pearl River. Went in bathing. Come thru an old rebel camp. Got orders to be ready to march at any moment.

Monday 20th. A pleasant day. Went down to Pearl River. Got orders to march for Vicksburg at 3 o'clock in the morning. Some news from Johnson's Rebel Army -- they are on the run.

Tuesday 21st. Broke up our camp south of Jackson at 3 o'clock. Marched at 4 o'clock. Marched to Raymond 16 miles. Very warm dry. The roads very dusty. In the Rebel hospital a great many sick at Raymond.

Wednesday 22nd. Started on our march at 4 o'clock; a very warm day. The roads very dusty. Several of the soldiers sun struck. Marched 20 miles to the Black River. A very hard thunder storm.

Thursday 23rd. Rained nearly all night. Slept in the water. Clothes all wet. No supper. Started on our march at 4 o'clock. Had to wade streams waist deep. Marched 14 miles to Vicksburg.

Friday 24th. In camp near the city of Vicksburg. A very warm day. Some appearance of rain. The boys are drying their clothes. Wrote a letter to sister Nett.

Saturday 25th. Got orders to march at 7 o'clock am. In the city of Vicksburg. Started at 7am. Marched down in the edge of the city. Got orders to march back to our old camp. A very warm dry. Wrote a letter to aunt*(?)*.

Sunday 26th. A pleasant day. Drew some new clothes today. A very heavy thunder shower in the afternoon. Wrote a letter to Dave.

Monday 27th. A pleasant day; camped near Vicksburg. Wrote a letter to Rush. On dress parade. An order read to us of our new Division Commander General Crocker.

Tuesday 28th. Some appearance of rain. Dick Patterson of the Forty-fifth came over to our camp. Some of the boys getting furloughs. Rained in the afternoon. AL Spencer Company E, Fifteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry.

Wednesday 29th. A pleasant day -- got orders to move camp inside of the fortification. Moved at 3 o'clock am. Pitched our camp in a big hollow Camped in Brigade order. Very warm.

Thursday 30th. A pleasant day; went round the works at Vicksburg. Wrote a letter to sister Jennette. Wrote a letter to Peter Schofield.

Friday 31st. A pleasant day. Very warm. Got-two months pay. Camp at Vicksburg.

August 1863

Saturday 1st. A very warm day. Wrote a letter to cousin Maggie. Some rain today.

Sunday 2nd. A pleasant day. Drew some new clothing. HD Gault started north being sick. Belden and myself had a good bath.

Monday 3rd. A pleasant day; got a pass to go to the city of Vicksburg to the camp of the Forty-fifth at the river batteries. A very warm day.

Tuesday 4th. Clearing up the campground. Wrote a letter to sister Maggie. Received a letter from Hattie *(Harriet)* Dutcher. Lieutenant Luke started for home. Some of the boys got their furloughs.

Wednesday 5th. A pleasant day, Newton and C. T. Hart got their furloughs. Wrote a letter to (?). Sent it by Newton. Drew rations today. On dress parade. Orders read to us naming the fort Summer.

Thursday 6th. A pleasant day; some appearance of rain. Crocker Division still in camp at Vicksburg. On dress parade reviewed by Major General Ord. The Brigade made good appearance.

Friday 7th. A pleasant day; some appearance of rain. Wrote a letter to Hattie Dutcher. The Fourth Division transferred from the Eighth Army Corps to the Seventeenth Army Corps -- Major General McPherson commanding.

Saturday 8th. No news in camp. Today camp at Vicksburg. On dress parade. Visited the Union Cemetery where ten thousand Union defenders lie dead. No not dead, they live in the heart of their countrymen.

Sunday 9th. A pleasant day. Dick Patterson of the Forty-fifth Regiment came to our camp. He was well. The Fourth Division transferred to the Fourteenth Army Corps. Drew rations today.

Monday 10th. No news of importance today. Company E got their flour. John Price, baker in Company K, baking for Company E.

Tuesday 11th. A very warm day; got orders to march at 3 o'clock for the landing for Natchez. Loaded our camp equipage at night on board the “Sunshine”.

Wednesday 12th. The Regiment marched onboard the steamer Sunshine at daylight. The Fourteenth Illinois onboard the same boat. Passed Grand Gulf at noon. Arrived at Natchez at dark.

Thursday 13th. Slept at the levy. The night of the 12th started for our camping grounds north of the city. Got our tents pitched and had to move about 40 rods. Got orders to march for Kingston.

Friday 14th. Arrived at Kingston at noon 16 miles East of Natchez. Camp in a poor area. Some appearance of rain. Moved our camp out on the Kingston road. Rained at night.

Saturday 15th. Our Regiment is 16 miles east of the city Natchez near Kingston. We have a good time in general. Only it is rainy weather. No tents nor shelter. Drew rations today.

Sunday 16th. Still in camp. No news of importance. Some beer in camp. A detail from our Regiment to load "Secesb" cotton. We have plenty of vegetables. Company E all right.

Monday 17th. Some appearance of rain. Plenty to eat -- such as chickens, turkeys. Rained at night. The boys got rather wet. Camp of the Fifteenth Regiment Volunteers -- near Kingston, Mississippi.

Tuesday 18th. Today finds the boys well with a few exceptions. Commissary Gibbs arrived with three days rations from Natchez. Drew 5 days rations.

Wednesday 19th. Rained very hard last night, cleared off this morning. Some talk of our going back to Natchez. Our Brigade teams hauling cotton. Rained all night; some of our boys sick with the ague.

Thursday 20th. Raining this morning. Got orders to march back to Natchez at 1 o'clock. Rained very hard. Roads very muddy. Marched 7 miles, camped near Cotton Creek. We are wet as wet can be. Soldiers luck.

Friday 21st. Started again at daylight; arrived at Natchez at 1 o'clock am. Marched to our camp north of the city. Drying our clothes very warm today. The sick are getting better.

Saturday 22nd. No news today. Bought a melon. Quite warm today. Sent my flour up to get it made into bread. Drew some clothing today.

Sunday 23rd. A fine day; no news in camp today. Drew rations today. Camp of the Fifteenth Regiment Illinois Volunteers Natchez, Mississippi. Drew 27 loaves of bread.

Monday 24th. Still in camp; a very warm day. Some Northern papers in camp. News encouraging from the East, West, North and South. Raining tonight. Got 26 loaves of bread.

Tuesday 25th. Rather cool today. Got a pass to go to the city of Natchez. Went all over the city. Got back at 4 pm. Received 2 letters: one from home; none from _____.

Thursday 27th. A pleasant day, rather cool. Wrote two letters, one to sister Nett. No news of any kind. Drew for the company 26 rations of bread.

Friday 28th. Rather cool today. Still in camp at Natchez, Mississippi. Went down to bakery shop; settled up the flour account. Got 26 loaves of bread.

Saturday 29th. No news today -- a pleasant day. Received a letter from Aunt Mary. The boys all right no signs of rebels. Some prospects of a march.

Sunday 30th. A pleasant day. on general inspection today; received by General M. M. Crocker. Wrote a letter to Aunt Mary. On dress parade, our Regiment makes a fine appearance.

Monday 31st. Rather cool this morning, General muster today. Some prospects of a march. Drew 10 days rations: 6 days ration of meat. Wrote a letter to sister Maggie.

<u>September 1863</u>

Tuesday 1st. Received marching orders to start at 10 o'clock am. Marched thru the city of Natchez. Crossed the river onboard the steamer Chowtaw. Got the Brigade across at 10 o'clock at night. Camped overnight on the bank of the river.

Wednesday 2nd. Our Brigade started at sunrise. Very warm today. The roads very dusty; arrived at Concord Lake at 10 o'clock am after marching 17 miles and ferrying across the river. We camped at night.

Thursday 3rd. Marched at daylight. Went 10 miles. Rest on the banks of the Gensas River. Marched at 3 o'clock pm. Crossed the Black River on flat boats, left the Seventy-sixth and Forty-sixth to guard the wagons. Marched 12 miles camp near the town of Trinity.

Friday 4th. Took up the line of march at daylight. Marching through the swamps of Louisiana. Marched 8 miles. Rest at the Corners of the Trinity and Harrisburg roads. The rebels supposed to be at Harrisburg. We marched to Ft. Beaureguard; found it evacuated. Marched 20 miles today. We took 8 pieces of cannon.

Saturday 5th. Marched from the corners of the Harrisburg and the Al *(this word not finished)* road to Black River; crossed at the town of Trinity on platoon bridges. Got our dinners. Marched to the Bijou of Lake Concord. Crossed on the ferry, in all 18 miles.

Sunday 6th. Marched from the Bijou to Vidalia -- 17 miles. It was very warm today, the road very dusty. Arrived at the Mississippi River a little before sundown. The infantry crossed; the teams did not cross until the next morning.

Monday 7th. I am on the western bank of the River at Vidalia. Crossed our teams over on the steamer Volunteer. Arrived at camp at 2 o1clock pm. Found the Regiment all in camp. Ira Fulton returned to this Regiment; today received 4 letters.

Tuesday 8th. No stir in camp today. The boys all tired out from that long march. No news in camp today. Very warm day. Received a letter from Miss May Wade of Ohio, daughter of Judge Wade.

Wednesday 9th. A very warm day -- no news in camp. Wrote a letter to cousin Maggie Taylor. Dress parade tonight. Some orders read concerning inspection.

Thursday 10th. A pleasant day. Drew 5 days of rations. Some appearance of rain. Wrote a letter to Dick Patterson *(?)*. No news of importance.

Friday 11th. John W. Luke returned to his Regiment this morning. Warm day. Wrote a letter to sister Maggie.

Saturday 12th. A very warm day. Still in camp at Natchez. Got a pass to go to the city. Went all over the town. Some appearance of rain. Bought a melon, paid 25 cents. Returned to camp. On dress parade.

Sunday 13th. A very warm day. No news in camp. On dress parade. The Chaplain preached to us in the evening.

Monday 14th. A very pleasant day, some news from the East. Some movement of Lee's Army. Wrote a letter to Susan *(?)*. On dress parade by Colonel Rogers. Chester Hart returned to his regiment.

Tuesday 15th. A pleasant day. Drew rations today for 5 days. Some appearance of rain.

Wednesday 16th. A warm day. No news. Wrote a letter to Mrs. Crowell. Company A on drill at Hall's headquarters. Company A got beat.

Thursday 17th. Some appearance of rain today. Company C on drill at Halls headquarters. A company of the Seventy-sixth won the certificate. Received a letter from Joe Bowker. Answered it today.

Friday 18th. A pleasant day. No news of importance. Camp at Natchez. Company D drilled at Hall's headquarters. Drilled against a company of the Sixteenth. Carried the day. Drew rations today. Weather very cool.

Sunday 20th. Rather cool weather today. Camp at Natchez, Mississippi, issued rations today. On dress parade this evening. No news of importance.

Monday 21st. Quite cold last night. Pleasant this morning. Company F on drill and inspection at Hall's headquarters. Drill against a company of the Seventy-sixth A Company of the Fourteenth Company of the 46th Company of the Fourteenth beat (*?*).

Tuesday 22nd. Very cool last night. No news today in camp. A pleasant day. Company G on drill. A Company of the Seventy-sixth got the certificate. Drew some clothing. Frank returned from the hospital.

Wednesday 23rd. No news in camp today. Pleasant weather. Company H on drill at Hall's headquarters. A Company of the Fourteenth got the certificate. Went down to the bakery shop; settled up for 75 loaves of bread due Company E. Lieutenant Clark died this evening.

Thursday 24th. A pleasant day. Company I on drill. A Company of the Seventy-sixth got the certificate. Wrote a letter to Henry Renwick (*unknown*). The burying of Lieutenant Clark. The Regiment marched out as escort.

Friday 25th. Drew rations today. Commissary Gibbs absent to Vicksburg Company Commissary. Mandyke reciting for Company A issued the rations. No news of importance today.

Saturday 26th. A fine day; went after bread for the Regiment. One of Company F boys (*?*). Some news from Rosencrans Army. The report is that he has been repulsed at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Sunday 27th. A pleasant day. No news of importance. The Fifteenth Regiment on inspection. The chaplain preached us a good sermon. Received 2 letters today.

Monday 28th. A pleasant day. No news. On inspection at General Crocker's headquarters. The General complemented us very highly on our good, soldierly appearance. We returned to camp. Some appearance of rain.

Tuesday 29th. Rainy day; nothing going on in camp today. The ground getting quite muddy. Wrote 2 letters: one to sister Jennette; one to Dane(*?*).

Wednesday 30th. A rainy day -- rained all night. Drew 5 days rations today. Some bad news from General Rosencrans' Army. The report is Army has been repulsed at Chattanooga.

<u>October 1863</u>

Thursday 1st. No news of importance. a fine day some appearance of rain.

Friday 2nd. A fine day -- it has cleared off this evening. No news today. Every thing quiet at this place.

Saturday 3rd. A fine day -- rather cool at night. Some news from Rosencrans' Army. A heavy battle in Georgia. The Union Army holds its ground. The boys all right in camp at Natchez, Mississippi.

Sunday 4th. A pleasant day. Colonel Rogers got hurt by being thrown off his horse. All quiet in this district. Camp at Natchez, Mississippi.

Monday 5th. A pleasant day. Rather cool at night. General Louman, General Crocker and staffs came to our camp to inspect the old Fourth Division. General Louman not very well. Received by the 2nd Brigade, rations.

Tuesday 6th. A pleasant day. Camp at Natchez, Mississippi. Went down to the bakery shop; settled up with McKegg. Went around the fortifications today. Returned to camp in time to go on dress parade.

Wednesday 7th. A pleasant day. Some appearance of rain. Wrote a letter to Kate. No news of importance from the seat of war. Received a letter from Dick Patterson.

Thursday 8th. Very cool last night. Pleasant today. Drew some Negroes rations.

Saturday 10th. Nothing of Importance today. Issued the rations today. A very fine day.

Sunday 11th. Nothing of importance today. Our teams hauling wood and lumber.

Monday 12th. No news in camp today. Heavy rain at night making bunks and flooring our tents. *(?)*

Tuesday 13th. Cleared off this morning. Our Regiment, the Fifteenth Illinois, was Inspected today by Lieutenant Colonel Strong, Inspector General on General Grant's staff. He complimented the Regiment very highly. The star of the division.

Wednesday 14th. Cloudy this morning. Rather cool. The First Brigade moved their camp near the city of Natchez. No news today. The officers building fireplaces in their tents. Quite cool this evening, Spencer *(like his signature).*

Thursday 15th. A pleasant day. Got a pass -- went to the city of Natchez. A busy day in town. Returned to camp in the afternoon. Colonel Hill moved his headquarters near the marme *(?)* hospital. No news of importance.

Friday 16th. A pleasant day; some appearance of rain. Wrote a letter to sister, Maggie Renwick. No news of importance. Camp of the 15th Regiment Illinois Volunteers Infantry, Natchez, Mississippi.

Saturday 17th. A very windy day. Wrote a letter to sister, Jennette. Drew one day's rations of fresh beef today.

Sunday 18th. A heavy shower of rain last night. Cleared up this morning. Nothing new from the Army A rather lonesome day.

Monday 19th. A pleasant day. Nothing worth reciting today. Wrote a letter to Canton Illinois. The rebels reported to be advancing on this place.

Tuesday 20th. A pleasant day. No news of importance from the Army. Drew 11 days rations. The Regiment got some letters today.

Wednesday 21st. No news in camp today. A pleasant day. Went down to the baker shop after bread for the regiment. Drew for Company E, 27 loaves of bread.

Thursday 22nd. Some appearance of rain. This morning received two letters: one from Snenc *(?)* from sister Margaret. Went out on the picket line to take some letters to Nel.

Friday 23rd. Light night -- it rained nearly all night. Still raining this morning. Very cold rain. Some good news from Ohio elections (Brongh elected Governor, Pennsylvania, gone for the Union.)

Saturday 24th. Quite cool today. Got some orders to get some buck *(?)* for the Company. I built a fire place in my tent today. Fulton got his furlow. Camp near Natchez, Mississippi. Spencer.

Sunday 25th. Rather cool today. Some of the boys building chimneys for their tents. Wrote a letter to sister Maggie. Ira Fulton got his furlow. Wrote a letter to Susan Townsend.

Monday 26th. A pleasant day. Some news from the Army of the Potomac. General Meade falling back closely followed by General Lee. The weather cloudy.

Tuesday 27th. No news of importance. Received a letter from Grand Rapids. I built a chimney for the cook's tent. Drew the balance of the rations.

Wednesday 28th. A pleasant day. No news of importance. Camp at Natchez. Helping Lieutenant A. C. Barnes build a fire place. Wrote a letter to Grand Rapids. All quiet here.

Thursday 29th. Some appearance of rain. Commenced sprinkling at 10 o'clock. Not much rain but remains cloudy. Received some overcoats, pants and socks.

Friday 30th. No news of importance today. Rainy day. Wrote a letter to Henry Renwick.

Saturday 31st. A pleasant day. Drew 10 days rations. Camp of the Fifteenth Regiment, Natchez, Mississippi.

November 1863

Sunday 1st. No news in camp 10 days. Some appearance of rain. All quiet at Natchez. Weather pleasant.

Monday 2nd. A very warm day. I went around the fortifications in company with Corporal Huett of the Provost Guard, headquarters of 2nd brigade.

Tuesday 3rd. A very warm day. John S. Jelley and myself cutting logs to build a cook shanty. Wrote a letter to Jennette. No more news today.

Wednesday 4th. Cutting and hauling poles to raise our cook shanty. Today a very warm day. Wrote a letter to sister Maggie. Some runners of the rebels advancing on this place.

Thursday 5th. No news today -- very unpleasant weather. Rained all day. Lieutenant Luke gave me his photograph. All quiet here, Natchez, Mississippi.

Friday 6th. A pleasant day; quite warm. No news of importance.

Saturday 7th. Very dull times here. No news.

Sunday 8th. A peasant day but rather cool.

Monday 9th. Rather cool today. Received a letter from sister Jennette. The 2nd Brigade got orders to March to Vicksburg as soon as transport arrives. The First Brigade is to stay here. Wrote a letter to Jennette.

Tuesday 10th. Rather cool today. No news of importance. We got orders to strike tents and go aboard the steamer Chouteau at the lending with the Company things. The Fifteenth Regiment got paid off today.

Wednesday 11th. The Fifteenth and the Fourteenth Regiment onboard the steamer Chouteau, bound for Vicksburg. Rather cool today. Some of the boys rather tipsy. Arrived at Vicksburg at 10 o'clock at night.

Thursday 12th. Unloading our transportation off the steam boat. Got every thing off the boat at 10 o'clock am. Marched out to camp in a big hollow, northeast of the city. Received two letters from D.R. *(a Renwick?).*

Friday 13th. Camp at Vicksburg. A pleasant day; wrote a letter to Dane. No news of importance. I went around the works rear of the city. Drew some flour and got some bread.

Saturday 14th. A pleasant day. No news of importance. I got a pass to go to the city of Vicksburg. Returned to camp at 4 o'clock.

Sunday 15th. Rather cool today. Camp at Vicksburg, 15th Regiment Illinois Volunteers. Peter Buninger and myself went around the rebels old works. North of the city. Wrote a letter to Kate. No news today.

Monday 16th. Very cool last evening. Drew 5 days rations today. Am cooking for the Mess #1; 6 men in the mess, 7 with myself. John W. Luke started home to recruit for the Company.

Tuesday 17th. A pleasant day. News from the army is good. General Meade has crossed the Rappahannock end occupies Fredericksburg. Drew clothing such as drawers, shirts. Camp at Vicksburg, Mississippi. A.L. Spencer.

Wednesday 18th. No news of importance today. Some appearance of rain. Camp at Vicksburg. A. Spencer, Company E, Fifteenth Regiment, Illinois Volunteers. All quiet.

Thursday 19. Pleasant day. Huett returned to the Company. All quiet here.

Friday 20th. A pleasant day No news in camp today. Rather cool today. Alfred, Foreman, Spencer and Company bought one bushel of apples, one box of cigars.

Saturday 21st. Still in camp at Vicksburg.

Sunday 22nd. Cleared off this morning; rather cool today. The Third Brigade arrived here from Natchez.

Thursday 26th. Camp at Vicksburg. Thanksgiving Day. Company E received a box of vegetables from the ladies of Nora. We received marching orders today. To march in the morning at 7 o'clock.

Friday 27th. Received marching orders to march towards Black River. Started at 9 o'clock am. The Fifteenth Regiment took the lead. Marched 8 miles from the city of Vicksburg. Northeast camp at Oak Hill.

Saturday 28th. Raining this morning -- no tents. Our teams' gone to the city after the balance of our things. A cool day. A picket called out of our Regiment. Our teams did not get back with our tents until 10 o'clock at night.

Sunday 29th. Cleared off; rather cool this morning. The boys putting up our tents. Camp of the Fifteenth Regiment, Oak Hill, Mississippi.

Monday 30th. No news of importance today. Received some bread from Vicksburg. Rather cool today. Got 4 letters this evening. Wrote it letter to James W. Spencer (*brother).*

<u>December 1863</u>

Tuesday 1st. Very cool last night. Received orders to build log huts. Camp at Oak Hill, Mississippi. Drew rations today. Wrote two letters home. No news today.

Wednesday 2nd. A pleasant day. No news of importance this morning. Late General Grant has whipped old Bragy *(?)*. Wrote 2 letters: one to Hattie Dutcher; and one to Maggie Renwick.

Thursday 3rd. A pleasant day. Glorious news from General Grant's Army at Chattanooga. Bought a paper tonight. Camp rear of Vicksburg.

Friday 4th. No news of importance today. E. Horn returned to his Company. The boys still building log huts.

Saturday 5th. No news of importance. Drew some rations. Camp at the Fifteenth Regiment 8 miles Company E of Vicksburg *(?)*.

Sunday 6th. A pleasant day; wrote a letter to Nora. Drew some rations today.

Monday 7th. Some appearance of rain. Ira Fulton returned to his Regiment today. Some good news from the Army of the Potomac.

Tuesday 8th. No news of importance today. Some appearance of rain. Order from General McPherson for reenlisting as veterans. Volunteered *(?).*

Wednesday 9th. All quiet today. Weather pleasant and warm. The boys of Mess #1 cutting logs to build a cabin. Camp of the Fifteenth Regiment, 8 miles Northeast of Vicksburg.

Thursday 10th. Some appearance of rain. Heavy firing on the picket lines. The firing turned out to be our own men firing off their guns.

Sunday 13th. Raining today. The boys commenced to haul logs. Wrote a letter to sister Jennette.

Monday 14th. The boys hauling in logs. Nell gone to Vicksburg. Wrote a letter to Rush.

Tuesday 15th. A pleasant day. Some appearance of rein. Mess #1 hauling logs in the forenoon putting up our house today. Nearly finished. No news today.

Friday 18th. The Company put in one mess today. Got our shanty finished.

Saturday 19th. A pleasant day. No news of importance. Cleaning up camp today.

Monday 28th. A pleasant day; no news of importance. Wrote two letters: Maggie Taylor, Jane Townsend.

Wednesday 30th. Camp Cowan, Oak Hill, Mississippi. Raining this morning. The boys all well in Company E. Wrote a letter to Wm. Petty. Rained all day. No news today. The boys are building the Chaplain a house.

(Transcriber 's note: As I recall, the last page was not decipherable. I am in correspondence with Amzy's son who had this diary. They seem to have lost it.)

Letter - Judgment Against Caffey

Ina M. Potterton, Clerk Richard E. Oribble, Deputy Clerk

Office of
CLERK OF THE CIRCUIT COURT
IOWA COUNTY
Dodgeville, Wisconsin

March 26, 1925

Grace Greenwood,
Grand Forks, North Dakota

Dear Madam:

Your letter received some time ago, and suppose you are wondering why you do not bear from us. We spent almost two days looking through the vault here for the papers. Did not succeed in finding them, but found out that George Messersmith was Sheriff and District Attorney was Wm. R. Smith. He was indicted September 12, 1842, and sentenced September 18, 1842. M. M. Jackson, Judge, tried the case and Caffey was hung in November 1842. This is all we could find out for you. Sorry that we could not do more, but hope you will be able to use what we did find.

Yours very truly,
Ina M. Potterton
Clerk

(above is a copy of a letter received by the author in response to an inquiry.)

Newspaper Article – Tribute to Captain Barnes

Tribute To Captain Barnes (about 1897)
Amza L. Spencer Writes Memories of a Deceased Comrade.

We have received the following interesting letter from Comrade A. L. Spencer of Marshfield, Mo.

“With much sorrow I read of the death of Captain A. T. Barnes. As a member of his company through four years of war in defense of the Union, I know something of the patriotism and love that Captain Barnes had for the American flag. In April, 1861, when Company E of the Fifteenth Illinois was organized at Warren, no one took more active part in the organization than A. T. Barnes. He enlisted as a private soldier. He did not want any office but would battle for his adopted country as a private. At the election of officers, Barnes was elected as third lieutenant of the company without any opposition. As that office had been cut out by the War Department, he was made orderly sergeant and really had more to do with the discipline of the company than any other officer.

“And I recollect that his morals were perfect and his advice was good in every respect. He was strict in his discipline, obedient to all superiors. He showed no partiality towards any one, but asked all to do their duty. While other officers were having what they called “a big time", he was not there, but could be found with the Company ready for duty at the tap of the drum. All through the long and weary marches in '61, in Missouri, wading rivers, in the heat end dust, walking 45 miles a day to save Lyon's Army at Springfield, Barnes was with us ready to call the roll at every stopping place. Fort Donaldson, Shiloh, where 19 of his company went down to death and 20 wounded, when darkness spread over that bloody field with its thousands of dead and wounded, seven of the company answered roll call. He had come out of it unharmed.

“All through the siege of Vicksburg he was with us; never missed a march, skirmish or battle. After the Company and Regiment was consolidated with the Fourteenth Illinois Infantry, he had command of the Company all through the Atlanta campaign. After the capture of Atlanta, we were sent back to guard the railroad between Kennesaw and Altoona. A part of the Battalion at Big Shanty, Moon station and Acworth, Hood's rebel army flanking Sherman's army at Atlanta, striking the railroad at Big Shanty after a hard fight, capturing the two companies that were there; then commenced the destruction of the railroad only six miles away from us; sending Hooker of Company C and Captain Barnes during the night scouting outside of the picket lines; coming back and reporting to the Captain in command that there were five thousand men in front, and we would surely be captured in the morning if we stayed there; Altoona only six miles away, well fortified the Captain refused to believe that there was such a large force in our front; the other officers asking Captain Barnes, he being the next ranking officer to take command, to fall back to Altoona - the Captain's answer was, ‘If I were in command, knowing that there is such a large force in front of us, I would fall back to Altoona; as I am not in commend, I shall obey my superiors.'

“The next morning we were surrounded by infantry, cavalry, and artillery. We held them at bay until nine o'clock, when they had planted several batteries with guns trained on the brick buildings we were in. The surrender was made; we marched out, stacked our guns in the street and Captain Barnes hung his sword on a stack of guns. The rebel General Lorin rode up end asked Barnes if that was his sword. He told him that it was one that be had carried in defense of the American Union. ‘Bring it to me’, he said. ‘No sir, if you want it, come and get it.’ The General rode up to the stack of guns end took the sword and said that he would put it to better use. Captain Barnes' answer was ‘There Is a difference of opinion in regard to that, sir.’ I doubt not but what he was just as good a citizen as he was a soldier, which was perfect. That Grand Army of Grant's which saved the country at Shiloh, Is fast passing away."

A. L. Spencer

(Captain Allan T. Barnes was born in Scotland, July 8, 1819 -- died in Warren, April 26, 1897.)

Newspaper Article – Veteran Amza Honored

An Old Veteran Indeed
Galena Honored By Visit Of Amza L. Spencer Of Springfield, Mo.

Tuesday Galena was honored by a visit of a rare old veteran of the Civil War, Amza L. Spencer, late of Company E, Fifteenth Illinois Volunteers Infantry. He was accompanied by Robert A Renwick of Warren. Comrade Spencer formerly resided in the town of Rush, with John A. Rawlins as a classmate.

Mr. Spencer was the first man in the town of Rush to volunteer as a soldier in the Civil War, when President Lincoln called for the first seventy-five thousand volunteers. Mr. Spencer was with General Grant from the great captain's first commission as Brigadier General, in his Missouri campaign in 1861, and up to the time of his transfer to the East to take charge of all the army. From the Missouri campaigns to the capture of Fort Henry, Fort Donaldson, Battle of Shiloh, Siege of Corinth, Siege of Vicksburg, and in the battles at Luke, Jackson, and the Hatchie, with the great general.

On the morning of April 16th, 1862, Mr. Spencer's Company E, Fifteenth Illinois Volunteers consisted of about 80 men. Before noon of that day his company lost 19 killed on the field, and about thirty-five wounded including himself, he being wounded twice that forenoon. Those of his company killed that memorable forenoon were: James F. Hastie, John W. Conlee, A. J. Leverton, W. Vrooman, David McClanioh, all of Apple River. Also Wm. Lathrop, Horace Ashkettle, Daniel W. Davis, Charles W. Helsby, John Huett, Edw. Watson, and Leonard Kellog, of Warren. Also Wm. Parkinson and John Jerman of Berryman. Also Lycurgus Haskell, Emory H. Cowen, and James Kenny of Nora. Also Silas Wiley of Rush and S. W. Godfrey of Stockton, all Jo Daviess county boys who “bit the dust” on Shiloh field on that fateful day, and all from a single Company.

Mr. Spencer served four years and three months, and seven months of the same was a prisoner of war at Andersonville.

He was called from his home in Missouri to the funeral of his brother who recently died in Rush, and came to Galena for a short visit with his old comrades, Thomas H. Hodson and others whom he had not seen for thirty-four years.

May he continue to live and prosper is our wish to old "Amsey”.